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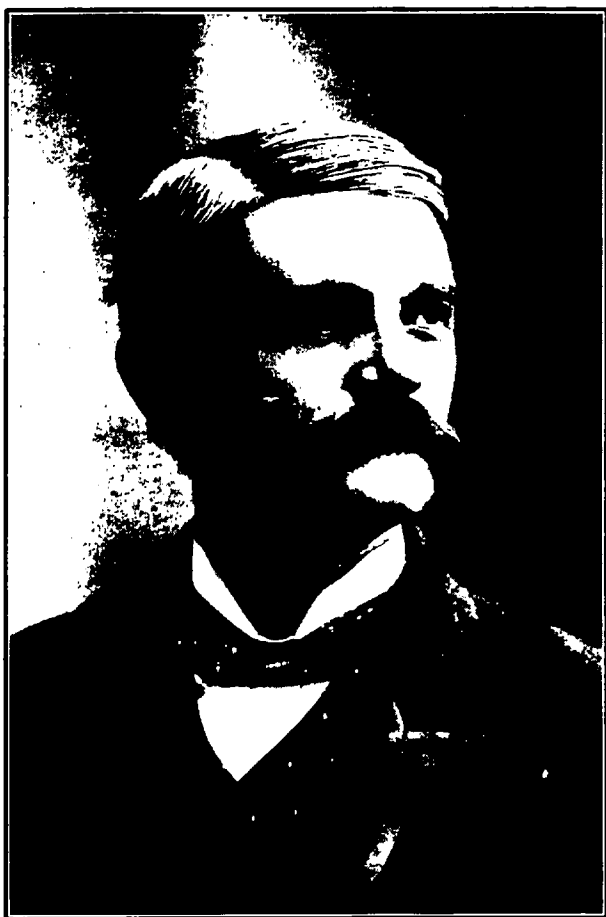
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Sam. P. Jones.

Famous Stories of Sam P. Jones

Reproduced in the Language in
Which Sam Jones Uttered Them

By

GEORGE R. STUART

For sixteen years his co-worker and associate



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Introduction

A COLLECTION of the best stories told by Sam Jones, during his revival services, in illustration of the great truths which were always the basis of his preaching, should be considered invaluable. Books of illustrations are numerous enough, yet when such books are winnowed, but few great illustrations remain.

The power to appropriately and beautifully frame a great truth of the Gospel was one of Mr. Jones' most striking and most constantly exercised gifts. In this particular no man has ever surpassed, if, indeed, any man has ever equalled him. In him was poet, painter and finished artist, and his stories aroused the laughter, tears and noble resolutions of old and young alike. So powerful were they that one, for instance, which a painter heard in New York City, was put by him on canvass upon his return to his studio, and when finished, was sent to Mr. Jones at his home in Cartersville, Georgia, where it now hangs over the mantel of a front room and bears unique testimony to the genius of the master of the home and to the skill of the artist.



Famous Stories of Sam P. Jones

A New Life

I know there is a reality in religion. It has made a new man out of me. I can prove it by my wife and every citizen of Cartersville, Ga. Some time ago I met an old Cartersville fellow, who said: "Hello, Sam Jones! Are you the Sam Jones I used to meet in the saloons of Cartersville years ago?" I said: "No, I am not the fellow. He's dead. I was on the spot when he died, and the moment he died another fellow was born and I am that other fellow. I am the new Sam Jones."

No Neutral Ground

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 said: "I'm mighty glad to see this grand work going on here. I hope this whole community will be saved." "Well," I said, "thank you, brother. What church do you belong to?" He said: "I don't belong to the church, but 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 years. I've offered a reward

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—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'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, this afternoon, when I call up the penitents, I want to call on you to pray for them." "Oh, no," he says, "I can't pray in public." "Why?" "Because I am not a member of the church." "Well," said I, "when the service is over this afternoon, take one of the boys—one of the penitents—out from the altar, and go out into the woods and pray with him." "Oh, no! I can't do that." "Why?" "Because I'm not a member of the church, Mr. Jones." "Well," said I, "can't you just take one of the boys by the arm and carry him off in 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; and he that gathereth not with Me, scattereth abroad."

To See His Face

To look on the face of every hero who has been the champion of a great cause in the hour of final victory would be a great sight. It would be a great sight to see the face of Thomas Jefferson when the last government is a republic; to look in

the face of William Penn when the last Indian is in possession of the inheritance of his race ; to look in the face of William Lloyd Garrison and Abraham Lincoln when the last slave on earth shall have been set free ; to look on the faces of Judson, Taylor and Livingston when the last heathen shall have heard the Gospel. But I want to look on the face of Jesus Christ when the last sinner has been washed in the blood and come home to God.

Got an Audience

Some one asked : "Have you been out to hear Sam Jones?" "No ; I don't like the way that man goes on," was the reply. Do tell me how it is that Christians can look on at a battle between the good and sin and not be moved ; just because they don't like the crack of my rifle they refuse to take any part in the fight. If a Newfoundland dog came to my town fully accredited that he had won souls to Christ, I'd take him and keep him. As long as God gives me a string of fish, I don't care what they say about my pole and hook.

Hardships

ONE morning the pastor of the Lexington, Kentucky, church stood up in a talking meeting and said : "Brethren, I feel like I ought to be in sack-cloth and ashes. I am ashamed of myself"—a grand man he was, too, a true man. Said he : "I will tell you why ; when I look back to the years of the Civil War, I see how my love for the Southern Confederacy and for the Southern cause marched

10 FAMOUS STORIES OF SAM P. JONES

me out in the ranks of General Lee in Virginia ; and my love, my consecration and my loyalty to the Southern Confederacy marched me many a day harefooted. I slept out many a night in the snow and mud, and I had many a day without anything to eat ; I bared this breast to ten thousand bullets, and all for the Confederacy. But I have been a minister for twenty years, and I have never marched barefooted for God and have never slept out a night for God. I haven't gone hungry a single meal. To-day I renew my allegiance to God, and I mean to march for Him, die for Him, or bear the load for Him!" Oh, Lord Jesus, give us that sort of religion.

The Upward Flight

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 towards 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 towards that blessed home 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 for the other world.

Heart

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 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 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! Who can know it?

Purity

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 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, the hardest job a man ever undertakes in this world is to lift up his life with an unclean heart. There is no such thing as a clean life without a clean heart.

Hypocrites

I can stand anything better than I can a hypocrite. The students at Princeton, I believe it was, played a joke on one of the professors. He was one of those old bugologists, and I reckon he had specimens of all the bugs in the world in his frames and boxes. 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 as if nature had so formed them, and then they laid it on the old professor's table and walked in, and asked him what kind of a bug that was; and he said: "Gentleman, that is a humbug." When a fellow gets a little of everything in him, and is made up of a hundred different sorts of things, then he is a first-class humbug in every sense of the word.

Sin

There is no attitude towards God that is acceptable to Him except the attitude that turns with loathing away from sin. Here is a mother sitting quietly within her room. Her only child, little Willie, just four years old, the pride of her heart and the joy of her life, sees mamma's little pearl-handled penknife lying on the table. That little

knife is the present of a friend, and mother values it highly. Little Willie, unknown to mother, picks up the little knife and runs out of the room; and in an hour mother wonders where he is, and directly the nurse comes in hurriedly and says: "Little Willie is lying all bloody in the front flower-yard;" and mother rushes out, and there is little Willie just gasping, and breathing his last. He stubbed his little foot and fell and the blades pierced the jugular vein. The mother grasps the little almost lifeless child in her arms, and runs into the room, and just as she lays him on the little bed he breathes his last; and the mother kisses her child and says: "Sweet Willie, just speak one more time." Next day mother carries little Willie to the grave and buries him, and comes back to her home with broken heart; and as she sits down and turns back the dark veil, the nurse comes out of the front yard and says: "Madam, here's the little knife. Here's your little pearl-handled knife." The mother looks at the knife and the blade all covered with the blood of her sweet child, and she shrinks back in horror and says: "Take that knife out of my presence. I never want to see it again. It has the blood of my precious child upon it." And when a Christian man or woman, under the light of God's Holy Spirit, can see that every sin in the moral universe of God has been covered with the blood of the Son of God, then he shrinks back in horror and says: "Oh! take it out of my presence. It is covered with the precious blood of my bleeding Saviour." Oh, brother, you will never

know what purity is until you see all impurity bathed in the blood of the Son of God. Oh, let us hate sin and abhor it, and turn away from it, and despise it utterly.

Valiant Service

When Gen. Jos. Johnston retreated with his army before General Sherman he retired turning the army over to General Hood when he reached Atlanta. 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 back into Tennessee with it, and, you recollect, fought the bloody battle of Franklin, perhaps one of the most bloody of the war. When that battle was waging hot and thick, General Hood's tent was on a prominence, and from that prominence General Hood, in walking up and down in front of his tent, could see the battle-ground. He could see the lines and he could hear the booming of the cannon and the rattle of the musketry. 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 men by the hundred. After he had watched the fight a while he called his adjutant-general to him. That officer rode up on his horse, and General Hood said: "Adjutant, go and present my compliments to General 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: "General Hood, General Cheatham is missing. They think he has been killed. He has not been seen in two hours." General Hood dropped his head, and again marched up and down in front of his tent, and every time he turned his face to the lines, he saw that fort in the locust grove 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 General Claiborne, and tell him I ask at his hands the fort in the locust grove." The adjutant-general went down the lines and in a few moments came back and said: "General Hood, General Claiborne is dead on the battle-field." General Hood dropped his head, the tears ran down his cheeks as he still tramped up and down in front of his tent. He looked through his tears as they glistened in his eyes and saw the fort in the locust grove still hewing his ranks. 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 General Cockrell and tell him I ask at his hands that fort in the locust grove." The adjutant-general loped off down the lines, and rode up to General Cockrell, one of the youngest generals in the Southern army and said: "General Cockrell, General Hood sends you his love and says he asks at your hands that fort in the locust grove." General Cockrell straightened himself up in his saddle, and

said: "First Missouri Brigade, attention!" And he dropped his fingers on that fort. They charged upon the fort with intrepid courage and captured it, and General Cockrell called his adjutant-general and said: "Adjutant-general, go and present my love to General Hood, and also tell him that I present him the fort in the locust grove." I am here as the adjutant-general of the Lord Jesus Christ, and I say to you Christian people, as I point over the wicked cities, that the Lord Jesus Christ presents His love to you Christian people, and He wants at your hands every fort of sin in your community.

Record

Lumpkin, one of the grandest jurists that ever sat upon the supreme bench of Georgia, said: "I would rather trust the smallest slip of paper, than the best memory man was ever gifted with."

Here is written testimony: Start an engine from New York to San Francisco, and there is attached to its side a little piece of mechanism which indicates the number of miles it has travelled, the stoppages it has made, and how long it stopped at each station; and if you want to know the record of the journey you need not ask the engineer a word. The little piece of mechanism on the side of the engine tells you its record. You go to the city of New York and you see the Fifth Avenue Hotel with its seven hundred rooms. You see that it is lighted up day after day and night after night, some rooms burning a hundred jets, some ten, some one. You step to the proprietor and say: "How

can you keep an account of this gas? How do you know how much you burn?" And he says: "Come with me." You walk with him down underneath a double stairway. He strikes a match and lights a candle and holds it to the dial plate of the gas-meter. He says: "You see that finger trembling on the face of the dial? That indicates to the one-hundredth part of an inch how much gas has passed through this meter during the past three months. There is the record for you!" Oh, the record! Every oath, every wicked deed, every midnight carousal, every debauched act of your life, is written in legible, indelible letters and shall sparkle forever on the tablets of your heart.

The Opiate of Sin

In our state we had a Mr. William A. Rogers, president of the Marietta Female College. One morning his wife was indisposed and he sent his servant to the drug store for quinine. In a few moments the servant returned with the medicine. Mrs. Rogers took the powder and put it on her tongue. She rinsed it down with water, but as soon as she had swallowed it she walked to the front porch, and to her husband, who was in the flower-yard, she said: "Husband, that was not quinine I took just now. I sent for quinine, but I am satisfied that was not quinine." Mr. Rogers ran down with all his might to the drug store, and said: "What was that you sent my wife?" The druggist threw up his hands and said: "Sir, I have sent enough morphine to your house to kill a dozen

persons." Mr. Rogers ran over to the doctor's office and brought two physicians home with him. They administered emetics and strong coffee and various remedies, but directly a deathlike stupor began to crawl over her frame. The agonized husband turned to the doctors and said: "Is there any chance to save my poor wife?" "Yes," they replied, "if we can keep her awake for four hours we can save her life." The minutes seemed like hours, as they walked her up and down the floor, and threw cold water in her face, and whipped her person with cruel switches, and every means was used. That deathlike stupor became so oppressive that she turned to her husband and said: "Husband, please let me go to sleep;" and he said, "Oh, wife, if you go to sleep you will never wake in this world." "I know that," she said, "but please let me go to sleep." They walked her up and down the floor, and soon, when the stupor overwhelmed her whole being, she turned to her husband and said: "Husband, please let me sleep for just five minutes." And he said: "Wife, if you go to sleep for five minutes, you will never wake up. Arouse! Arouse!" Thus they persevered until the four hours had passed, and the doctors pronounced her safe. I have seen the soul of man just in that condition. I have worked with him, prayed with him and wrestled with him day after day and week after week; and the devil would administer opiates to his soul, and he would say: "Just let me sleep until this service is over—just let me sleep through this." Oh, brother, how men sleep over their im-

mortal interests! How men sleep over the interests of their souls!

The Water of Life

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, then they hold a council, 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 one's 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 hallooes back to the next man: "Water, I have found it!" 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.

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

Feeling and Principle

You know the difference between feeling and principle? Yonder is an old sailboat out in the

middle of the Atlantic Ocean, and when the wind blows, she travels ten miles an hour; but let the wind lull, and she will lie there two weeks, within a hundred yards of where the wind left her. She don't go anywhere. That is feeling. When the wind blows, off she goes.

What is principle? Yonder is a grand old ocean steamer, and when the wind blows she spreads her sails and works her steam, and on she goes; and when the wind lulls, the engineer pulls his throttle wider open, and she goes at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, whether the wind blows or not. And that is the difference between principle and feeling.

Gratitude

The way to get more good is to thank God for what you have. That was a grand old man, an old Presbyterian pastor, of whom I heard. He was the idol of his people and a blessing to his city. After years of faithful service, all at once he commenced bleeding from his lungs, and hemorrhage after hemorrhage followed. Every time he tried to preach it grew more violent, until finally his physician said to him: "It will cost you your life to attempt any further service. You must quit the pulpit now, and, perhaps, forever." That was sad news to him, and a few days after the leading elder of his church came to him and said: "The new pastor is coming in and you must vacate the parsonage; but the best place in my house is at your disposal, and you and yours shall be cherished in my wife's heart and in my own, and shall have a

home as long as you all shall live." That was worthy of the elder, and in a few days he moved the old pastor and his family to his home. In a short time the old pastor's only child was taken suddenly ill, grew worse, and then died. What a stroke was that! A few days later, and the old pastor's wife was stricken with some eye trouble, and she became totally, hopelessly, blind. One day after this new affliction the pastor walked out in the pleasant evening, and when he returned to his room his wife heard his footsteps and hurried up to him, put her hands on his shoulders, and turned her sightless eyes up to his face, and with tears welling up that would not have stained an angel's cheek, she said: "Husband, I have gained a great victory since you left, and have made up my mind to submit to God." He said: "O wife, what great victory? Did you gain it understandingly?" "Yes, yes," said the wife. "Well, we have the best home here anybody ever had." "Yes," said the good woman. "Well, we have the best friends God ever gave anybody," said the old pastor. "Yes, that is true." "Well, we have a darling daughter in heaven, sitting now under the shade of the tree of life to be with God forever. Will you submit to that?" "Yes, yes," she said. "Then, wife, we have all the precious promises of God to be ours every day. Will you submit to that?" "Yes, O yes." "Well, God is going to come after a while to take us both to heaven to live and reign with Christ. Will you submit to that?" "O my husband, hush, hush;

I'll never say anything more about submission as long as I live. I'll praise God the balance of my life." In the direst extremities of life we can thank God for ten thousand blessings we receive from Him. We can love God and submit with patience and gratitude to His will.

When Conditions Meet

Several years ago, I was walking on the railroad track just above my town, with the pastor of our church. He was a younger man than myself. "Jones," he said, "we will have a cyclone this afternoon about two o'clock." I said: "Have you gotten out your almanac yet?" "No," he replied. "Well," I said, "if you have got so you can predict storms and cyclones, you ought to get out one." "I am not joking," he said; "don't you see how the wind has changed? Just now it was in our faces; now it is at our backs; in another minute or two it will be on our right; and then on our left. You look out about two o'clock." Well, we went out and took dinner with my brother, and then he drove us into town in his buggy. We got home just about two o'clock. My brother was around at the back, and we heard him suddenly shout: "Look! look!" We ran out to the back door, and there was one of those fearful cyclones, carrying houses and trees, and almost everything, in its sweep. I stood watching it in its deathly course, as it passed just a mile below us. It was just about four hundred yards wide, and looked like a thousand coal-burning engines chained to-

gether. "There's your cyclone," I said to the pastor. "I will tell you why it had to come," he said; "because conditions met. Whenever the proper conditions meet we shall have a cyclone." What a grand thing to see conditions meet so that God can bless people in a spiritual cyclone.

Ornaments of Religion

Did you ever visit Central Park, New York? When they were surveying that park, the engineers came to an immense heap of rock in the park. They stood and thought. They did not know what to do with these rocks; it would cost thousands of dollars to move them. They were standing one day discussing the matter when a lady walked up; and hearing the conversation, she said: "I will tell you what to do with these rocks. Plant honeysuckles and other vines about them, and they will climb up and shade them." The engineers thought this was the very thing, and they planted honeysuckles and other vines around these rocks, and now the most lovely and fragrant place in Central Park is where these rocks stand. Take the characteristics of Christ, and plant them around this ugly and jagged nature of yours and blend them into your heart, and your character will grow like the grand character of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Race

I like a race. To see a pair of fine Kentucky blooded horses champing the bit, and prancing under the jockey, eager for the race; to see them

prance around to start, and at the signal, lunge forward as if determined to win the prize; to see them come around to the finish, neck to neck, nose to nose, nostrils distended, every muscle doing its best, each horse apparently understanding the situation, and putting his very life into the race—my, that's a sight! Preacher as I am, I'd risk one eye on that. As fond as I am of fine horses, I haven't seen a horse-race in twenty-five years. Not that I object to the fine horses, but I object to the scrubby little devils laying around the race-track betting on them. The horse is a thoroughbred, the man is a scrub. I should like to see every Christian in this world running the race to glory, like a horse runs a race. I was going into a great city some time ago, on one of our great railroads, and a few miles before we got into the city our train came around a curve parallel with the track of another railroad, and right at our side was a passenger train on the other road, making for the same destination. We could stretch our arms out the window and almost shake hands with the passengers in the other coach. The trains ran parallel for a few hundred yards, and everybody on both trains caught on to the fact that there was a race up between the trains. We all began to feel racy. Our train was being pulled by a large Rogers engine. We had a heavy train—mail, baggage, first and second-class coaches, and three Pullman sleepers. The other train was a lighter train, and pulled by a small Schenectady engine. At first our train plunged on ahead, until the little engine was right at my side. I looked

out and the side-arms of her driving wheels were going so fast I could hardly see them. The old fireman was heaving coal into the furnace, the engineer was seated on his box, with his hand on the throttle and his eye on the track, and the little engine was doing its level best. I looked out the window and said: "Good-bye, little engine, we've got you beat." But I saw that little engine, as the engineer pulled the throttle a little wider open, and shook his sand rod, sanding the track, dash forward, regain what it had lost, and get in advance of our engine. I said: "Look at that; we are beat." But there came a dip in the track, and our ponderous old engine, with its heavy train, plunged down the track, gained on the little engine until it was again at my side. I said again: "Good-bye, little engine, we've surely got you beat this time." But I saw the engineer jump from his box, catch the reverse lever, move it forward two inches, pull his throttle a little wider open, grab the sand rod and sand the track again, and I saw the little engine fairly lay down in the sand and wallow on the track, and shoot out ahead, and run into the station ahead of our engine, and I said: "Go it, little engine. I am glad you beat the race. You deserve to win."

Brethren, I should like to see all the Christian churches of America out on a race for glory, like that. I should like to be in the great Central Station of the sky, and see them come rolling in on time, with their millions of passengers. I should like to see the big old Methodist engine rolling in with her long train of singing, shouting Methodists.

I should like to see the shining Episcopal engine rolling in with her Pullman coaches loaded. I should like to see the polished engine of the Presbyterian Church rolling in with her beautiful train of elegant passengers. I should like to see the great Congregational train rolling into the station with her thousands, and the Catholic train roll in. I should like to stand there and see all these great trains roll into glory with their millions. Then I should like to look down the river, and see the Baptist and Christian steamboats come puffing up the stream.

Honesty

I'll tell you the sort of honesty 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 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.

Disproportionate Talent

I'll tell you what I've got a contempt for in the highest sense—a fellow that is a first-class lawyer and a tenth-rate Methodist; he is the best lawyer in town, but the worst member of his church. Now, sir, that fellow isn't worth killing in any country in heaven or earth. I'll tell you another fellow I have a contempt for. It is this fellow: he is the best merchant in the city and he is about a fifteenth-rate Baptist. There is another fellow—the best doctor in the city, but as a Presbyterian he is the deadeast failure in the town. Now, if a fellow is no account anywhere, the Lord can sort of put up with his being no account in the church; but if he is a first-class anything out of the church, God wants him to be a first-class everything in the church. Don't you see?

Heaven

Some years ago a preacher preached a sermon on heaven. The following Monday morning one of

his wealthy members met him and said: "You told us all about heaven yesterday, but you failed to tell us where it is." The old preacher said: "Do you see that little hovel away across yonder on the hill? A poor widow lives there. She is sick and destitute of every comfort of life. If you will go down in town and hire a dray and load it with flour, sugar, rice and tea, coverlets for the bed and comforts for the home, get your Bible and go with that dray up to that door and walk in where that poor invalid child of God is lying and tell her you are sorry you have neglected her so long and that you have come as her brother in Christ to administer to her wants, and tell her what you have brought; and then open your Bible at the Twenty-third Psalm, sit down by her bedside and read that Psalm, then kneel by the bedside and pray; if you don't find heaven before I see you again I will foot the bill." The following day the preacher met this wealthy member. He said: "My pastor, I did what you told me to do. I loaded my dray, took my Bible and went to that humble home and found that poor, patient invalid woman. I showed her what I had brought, and as the tears of gratitude streamed down her patient face, she clapped her hands and said: 'I knew that He who feeds the ravens would not neglect His child. You are God's messenger, my brother. I welcome you as an angel.' I read the Psalm and kneeled by her bedside. The Spirit of God came upon us in prayer. When I arose from my knees she was exultingly shouting, and I joined her. It was the sweetest

hour of my life. I found heaven according to your directions and I am willing to foot the bill."

Fine Wrought Theories

Some of these scientists amuse me with their fine wrought theories. A friend of mine said to me some time ago: "The fact has been demonstrated that man has no spirit. The scientists have analyzed the human body—every element in it—and no soul was found." I said: "Pshaw, brother, you had better talk something your size. Suppose you take an egg and analyze it. That's about your size." After telling me its component parts, I said: "Are you sure you have analyzed everything?" He said: "I am." I said: "Then tell me what gender that egg is, whether it will be a pullet or a rooster." And he said: "I can't tell that." Then I said: "If you can't find the gender of an egg, I wouldn't put you to looking for the soul in a man."

The Rubbing Post

In the East, among the shepherds, large posts are placed in different parts of the pastures. These are called "rubbing posts." The sheep, when itching from the bites of insects, or irritated by disease, resort to these posts to rub themselves. By this means the shepherd can detect the diseased ones and proceed at once to doctoring them. Now the progressive euchre table, the dance and the theatre, are the devil's rubbing posts. Whenever you see members of the church rubbing against these things

you may know they are diseased—sinsick—and proceed at once to doctor them. If this be the test, there are many sick ones in these parts.

The Gospel Train

I remember when I boarded the gospel train for Glory; the station where I got on was called Conviction. My! I thought the train would never leave that station. We moved on up to the next station, which was Conversion. What a bright and beautiful station that was! The next station was Obedience. My! how orderly everybody moved about that station. The next station was Brotherly Love. I never saw people so loving and tender and gentle to each other as they were at that station. When we moved out from that station the porter stuck his head in the door and cried out "Generosity"; and my! how they began to jump out of the windows. One old fellow said: "I worked mighty hard for what I've got and I ain't goin' to give it away;" and out the window he jumped. When we rolled up into that station there were only two on board that train.

Love

Twenty-four years ago I looked at God's love to my wife, to my child and to me, and I said: "O God, what dost Thou ask of me?" And all that He asked was that I should love Him in return. I am as frail a man as lives. I have my faults, I have my weaknesses, but I have won the love of my dog. When I go home from a trip my dog Hero runs to

meet me in the way. He climbs up on me and kisses me like a dog kisses a man, and says: "If you want to hunt to-morrow, I will go with you and find birds as fast as you can shoot them." I say: "Hero, why do you love me so?" He wags his tail and looks up and says in his way: "Because you are so good to me." I have won the love of my horse. I go down to the stable and he lays his face against mine and talks to me in his language, and says: "I am so glad to see you back. If you want a horseback ride, have Joe put the saddle on me and I will give you every gait that a horse ever went." And I say to him: "Dexter, why do you love me so?" And he says: "Because you are so good to me." My brother, if you do not love God, who has been so good to you all of your life, you are lower down than my dog or my horse. God's goodness to you is enough to melt a rock.

The Storms of Life

I was standing once with a friend on Staten Island, and he called my attention to a great storm-cloud gathering in its fury. When the lightnings began to flash and the thunders began to roll we watched every little sailboat and rowboat and fishing-smack come hurrying to the shore, and just as the storm was bursting in its fury we saw a great old ocean steamer move out from the shore and stem out to sea right in the face of the storm. We saw her ride out to sea in safety. When the storms of life come upon us, the little fellows seek earthly shelters; but the Christian goes out on the

bosom of God's love and mercy. The storms we can safely face are determined by the strength of our Christian character.

A Timely Warning

Some few years ago the governor of Pennsylvania sent engineers to Conemaugh Valley to examine and report on the dam there. They came back and reported that it was in bad condition and warned the people that the dam was unsafe. The people heard the warning and laughed in their faces, and said: "It is a trick of the land sharks to buy our property. Our houses are not for sale." That fall the engineers again, by order of the governor, went up and examined the dam in the Conemaugh Valley, and again said to the people of Johnstown and Conemaugh Valley that the dam was unsafe; and the people again laughed in the face of the engineers and said: "You can't scare us with that kind of a tale." The next spring these faithful engineers went up again and examined the dam, and said again to the people: "We warn you again and warn you now that the dam is cracked from base to top and will break away and engulf the entire community soon." The people said: "We've heard that so often." It was not fifteen days before that dam burst, and ahead of the great rush of water came a man on horseback, with his horse all foaming with sweat, and the man cried out: "Fly for your lives; the dam has broken." But they still laughed at the man as he went sweeping by on his errand of warning, and in a few minutes afterwards

came the mighty rushing waters and engulfed the city of Johnstown; and when the waters had subsided they had piled up the people and the débris against the bridge below the city. It took them seven weeks to dig the thirty-seven hundred bodies from the débris. You may say, "Frighten me if you can." You may laugh and scoff; but I tell you the Gospel is a warning—a solemn warning sent by God. God grant that you may hear and heed it.

God's Love

I have sometimes in my life, in better, sweeter moments, said: "Where, O where is the storehouse of God's music?" All nature responds in harmonious tones, "We know not where." Then I said: "Where is the storehouse of God's colours; from which every flower gets its tint and the rainbow gets its colours?" And the answer comes back: "We know not where." Then in the sweeter, better moments of my life I ask: "Where is the storehouse of God's love, from which every mother gets her love for her child, and every wife her love for her husband?" The answer comes back: "It is the great heart of God itself beating against every heart in the world."

A Thousand Calls to God

Are you a farmer? Every time you go out in your field to sow seed, God says: "Man, I have been sowing the seed of life in your heart all your days." When you come out to look at the grain coming so beautifully, God says: "Man, where are

those seeds I have sown in your heart?" When you go out to reap your wheat, God says: "Man, the sickle of death will reap you down after a while." When you thresh it and separate the wheat from the chaff, God says: "That is just where I shall be by and by, separating the wheat from the chaff, and the chaff shall be burned with unquenchable fire."

Are you a lawyer? Every time a client comes to you, God whispers back and says: "Man, have you an advocate up yonder to plead your cause before the eternal bar of God?"

Are you a school-teacher? Jesus says: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart."

Are you a blacksmith? Every time you bring your hammer down on the anvil, God says: "Oh, man, I have been hammering your heart with the hammer of My word and love, all your days, and yet it will not give."

Are you a merchant? Every time you measure off a yard of calico, God says: "Man, I am measuring off your days to you." And when you take your scissors and clip the cloth, God says: "Man, the scissors of death will cut you loose from time one of these days." As you put your sugar in the scales and weigh it, God says: "Mene, mene, tekellai; you are weighed in the balance and found wanting."

As I turn my eyes to the burning fire in the grate at night, God says: "Man, will you shun that fire that shall never be extinguished?"

As the grand old Mississippi floats by you here, God says: "Man, will you flow over the banks of the River of Life, and drink its waters forever?"

And as you look out upon the shade-trees of this city, God says: "Man, will you eat of the fruit of life, and sit down under the tree of life in the world above up yonder?"

As you look at the stars above your head, God whispers back and says: "I have sprinkled the canopy of this moral universe with golden promises, and I bid you look up and live."

As I look at the sun, he says: "I will grow dim, but you shall live on." As I look at the moon, she says: "I shall sink in darkness and be turned to blood, but your immortal spirit shall live in heaven forever, or be with the damned cast out."

And no matter who I am, or where I am, or what I am doing, God is calling me every minute to a nobler and better life.

The Everlasting Arms

Brethren, I look not at the things that are seen, but to things that are unseen. See that old ocean steamer ready to leave New York for Liverpool. I get aboard; she weighs anchor and moves out. One day is clear, the next is cloudy; one day is calm, the next is stormy; one day I am sick, the next I am well. These are the things known and seen. What are the things unseen? Away down underneath that grand old ship is her mighty propeller, pushing her right on to Liverpool, no matter whether it's clear or cloudy, whether it's calm or stormy, whether I am sick or well. So it is in my Christian life—sometimes it's bright, at other times it's dark; sometimes I am in joy, at other times I

am in sorrow ; sometimes I am sick, at other times I am well. But underneath are the everlasting arms bearing me safely towards the everlasting shores. My prayer shall constantly be, whether it's dark or bright, whether I am sick or well, whether I am happy or in trouble—"Oh, God, let me feel the everlasting arms underneath me."

Choose Ye

Christianity is a matter of choice. God says, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." You cannot make a Christian out of a man until he chooses to be one, any more than you can make a farmer or a lawyer out of a boy until he chooses to be one. I will say I have a boy twenty-one years of age. I desire to make a farmer out of him. I go out in the country, buy five hundred acres of rich land, stock the farm, furnish it with implements, put up the buildings, and turn it over to my son and say: "There's your farm; now make a farmer." But the boy spends his time in town, loafing around the streets and stores. He don't even go out to the farm. Now am I making a farmer out of him? How can a man make a farmer out of a boy until the boy chooses to be a farmer? I failed in making a farmer of my boy—I will now try to make a lawyer out of him. I will build him an office, stock it with the best law books, and turn it over to the boy. But the boy locks the door, puts the key in his pocket and goes down to the club and spends his time. Shall I make a lawyer out of him? How can a man make a lawyer out of

a boy until he chooses to be a lawyer? But suppose I have a boy who has chosen to be a farmer. I say to him: "Son, I am very sorry, but I have neither land nor stock nor buildings to turn over to you." He goes out in the country, walks up to the gate of an old farmer, and says: "Can you use a green town boy for his board until he learns how to farm? I want to make a farmer." He sets in with the farmer. Soon he is the best hand on the place; the farmer depends on him. Directly the farmer turns his farm over to the young man and moves into town; and in a few years the boy owns the farm and is the best farmer in that section. He chose to be a farmer and went at it. Suppose a boy chooses to be a lawyer. He will walk up to an old lawyer and ask for a place in his office as collector or stenographer. Every moment of spare time is spent poring over his books; his cheek grows paler and his eye grows brighter. In a little while the old lawyer begins to turn over business to the young man, and his business increases; and in a short while the old lawyer says to him: "I am growing old. I want a partner. I have selected you." And in a few years he is the finest lawyer in the city. He chose to be a lawyer and made one. Suppose you want to make a Christian out of a man. Hire him a preacher, start for him a Sunday-school, give him a Bible. Every man in this country would be a Christian if that would make one, for every man in this country has a preacher and a Sunday-school and a Bible if he wants them. But suppose a man has chosen to be a Christian. He can fall down on

his knees, give up his sins, surrender his heart to God, and become a Christian if there is not a church or a preacher or a Sunday-school within a thousand miles of him. It's a matter of choice. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

Cards to Entertain

Some of you mothers and sisters play cards with your sons and brothers to keep them at home at night. They begin with you and finish up with a professional gambler.

During one of my meetings in a Southern city a mother and daughter attended my service for women only. I said some pretty plain things on card playing. As they walked slowly home the mother criticised my sayings as rough and extravagant. The daughter said: "So far as I am concerned I should feel very bad if it should turn out that I had encouraged my brother in a game that would finally ruin him." After discussing the matter together they resolved to give up the cards, and they burned them up. The boy came in the evening, and said: "Mother, I can beat you and sister in a game of cards." The mother said: "Son, I heard a sermon this afternoon that settled me on that question. I am done with cards." He turned to his sister, and said: "Sister, you will play with me." And she said: "No, brother; I heard that same sermon and I have burned up the cards. I want you to go to-night. Mr. Jones is going to preach a sermon to men only and I want you to hear it." He replied: "I don't care to hear him." But after supper, un-

der their persuasion, he said: "Well, if you won't have a game of cards with me, I will go and hear what he has to say." He attended the service, was convicted of sin, came to the altar and was converted. On his return home his mother and sister were prayerfully waiting. He rushed in the door, threw his arms around his mother's neck, and said: "Oh, mother, I have been saved, and I was a drunkard and a gambler and you didn't know it. I learned to play my first game with you, and took my first drink of wine at your table." I am talking to mothers and sisters in this city to-day who are making drunkards and gamblers of your husbands and brothers, and yet you do not realize it. God help you to stop and think.

The Cross

The cross of Jesus Christ was to the Greeks foolishness, and a stumbling-block to the Jews. They could not see its meaning; just as I have walked out on the porch of a North Georgia home two hours before day, and in the dim starlight I could see only the faint outline of mountain and hill. I could not tell what they were. It was an indistinct picture that had in it no meaning to me. I have gone back to my room and after a while have walked out on the porch again. The sun had risen on the scene and bathed hill and mountain and valley in a flood of light, and then I looked and saw hills and mountains and valleys and streams that mine eyes had never seen before.

At first this old world looked on the cross of Christ, but could not understand it. It was a dim outline of

a picture which they could not take in. But when the Holy Spirit rose on the scene and bathed the cross in a flood of golden light, 'twas then I saw :

"One hanging on the tree
In agonies of blood.
He fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood."

Because I Have Called and Ye Have Refused

There are some truths in the Bible very difficult for us to understand. When God says, "Because I have called and ye have refused, I have stretched out My hands and no man regardeth; therefore, I will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh," it is difficult for us to understand this. But brethren, there are times when love and mercy reach their bounds.

Some years ago an old preacher told me that three miles from the town in which he dwelt there lived a wealthy old farmer, who had an only son. The father had lavished upon him every luxury that money could buy. He had graduated him at one of the best colleges; but that boy, like many boys, went off to college and matriculated in learning and graduated in sin and debauchery. He came home from college dissipated and debauched, and went from bad to worse. The father, kind and indulgent and good, did all he could to win and save the boy. He used every means that a mortal man could use to rescue and save his boy; but day after day he walked into the home drunk. One day, as the boy came in at the gate drunk, the father met him and

turned him around and said: "Get off these premises and never come back again. You are no longer my boy." The father turned around and immediately walked up into a grove and stopped at a large oak tree. He took off his hat and laid it down on the ground and clasped both hands at the back of his head and uttered the most unearthly groans. Three times he did this; and then picked up his hat and put it on and walked back to the house. That boy lived a life of debauchery and sin in that town, died and was buried. The father never attended the funeral and never asked a question about him. He stood that day by that oak tree and pulled that boy up out of his heart and threw him away, though it almost killed him to do it.

Oh, what a picture of abused love and affection! "Because I have called and ye have refused, I have stretched out My hands and no man regardeth; therefore, I will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh."

Light

"Let your light so shine." Don't go to places where your light will not shine. Some years ago my father had two Irishmen digging a well for him. They went off on a drinking spree, after they had gotten the well about three-fourths done. They returned to finish up, but long experience and observation had taught them that what is known as "fire damp" or poisonous gases sometimes accumulates in the bottom of a well. They came to the house and asked my mother for a bucket and a can-

dle. My mother feared they had returned before they had sobered up, but gave them what they called for. They set the candle in the bottom of the bucket, tied a string to the bail and lowered the bucket slowly into the well, and the candle went out. Pat said: "Ah, Jamie, there is death in that hole." They got some pine brush, tied a rope to them and swished the well out with them. They again lowered the candle and it burned brightly, clear to the bottom. And the Irishman said: "The candle burns bright; she's safe now." If you want to know whether a place is safe or not, put your preacher in ahead of you, or your Bible in ahead of you, and if your preacher and your Bible don't look all right, you better not go there—there's death in the hole.

Courage Rewarded

A minister once told me that in one of his revival services there was a young man who came up repeatedly, but seemed to be hesitating. He detained him after service to talk with him. "You seem to want religion; what is your difficulty? Why is it you have not given yourself to God?" "I don't know, only I am clerking in a grocery house, and in one wing of the house they keep liquor. Every time I get on my knees that whiskey is in the way." "Give up the place." "I have thought of that; but if I give up my employment, my mother and sisters will starve." "Go along; quit that job, do your duty, and trust to God." The next morning the young man went to his employers and told them: "You have always

been kind to me ; but I have tried to get religion as your clerk, and I can't do it." Said they : " We hate to give you up ; you have been a good boy, but we can't give up liquor ; it is the most lucrative part of our business." Avarice has cursed its thousands and damned its millions.—The boy was converted that night. A few days after a note came from his old employers, asking him to come back. " Come into the other room with me," said the liquor-dealer ; and behold, the last barrel had been rolled out, and the floor swept ! " We want you to go to work ; we will give you a hundred dollars a month instead of the fifty we have been paying you." It is true that if a young man will forsake houses and lands, friends, and mother and father, to be the Lord's disciple, he will be rewarded an hundredfold.

Conviction

When I was preaching at Memphis, one Monday morning I received a letter written in a fine business hand from a gentleman, which started out by saying : " Mr. Jones, I am from Kansas City, Mo. I came into this city Saturday evening, and as soon as I stepped off on the soil of this city a strange something took possession of me. I went to my hotel and retired to my room, but all the time I could not feel at ease. I went to bed and could not sleep. Next morning I got up with the same feeling, walked out across the street, to church and listened to the sermon, and afterwards returned to my hotel without a desire to eat. I had no relief. That night I was out, again heard

the Gospel, and when I got home from church I said, 'I must know what this is.' I knelt down and commenced to pray, and found out it was the Lord Jesus Christ knocking at the door of my heart. And," he said, "the old rusty hinges had been closed so long I could not open the door; but I want the Lord to pour His oil on these hinges that I may open the door and take in the Lord Jesus Christ." That night after preaching I said: "I got a letter from a gentleman with a heart with rusty hinges;" and he jumped up right in the meeting and said: "I will write to Mary this night, and she shall have a letter from her husband showing that he has got the Lord Jesus Christ at last." "Behold I stand at the door and knock."

Early Training

No wonder some one said, "If I could mother the world, I could save the world." In one of the Eastern cities the good women met and mingled in common prayer for their households. The meeting was called together by mothers to discuss the interests of children and home; and in that meeting they discussed the ages at which we ought to begin to train children. One mother got up and said: "I commence with my children at six years of age." Another said: "I begin with mine at five years of age; I think that is the time to begin." Another said: "We ought to begin when our children are only four years of age." Another said: "I think you should begin at three." By and by an old gray-headed mother got up and said:

“I will tell you when you ought to begin—twenty years before the birth of the child,—give it a good mother, and then you need not worry about its training.” In the light of the Scriptures if you will give me a good mother, and take all the other means of grace away from me, I believe I can make my way to the good world; but if you give me an irreligious, godless mother, and then throw all the other means of grace around me, my chances for heaven are pretty slim. There is nothing in the economy of grace that can make up to your child that which it loses in the fact that it does not have a good mother. “The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.”

Impatience

Here is a mother; there is a little girl. The little girl comes in and says: “Mamma, please give me some scraps for my doll dress.” And the mother says: “I won’t do it. You have wasted more scraps than you are worth; and if you bother me any more I will whip you.” Little Annie goes out with her head drooped. In a few minutes she comes back and says: “Please give me some thread.” “There you are again, you little vixen! I wish you would get your things and go over to Mrs. Brown and see if you can’t worry her.” And little Annie goes out saying: “I just wish that I was dead, that is all I wish. Mamma has never a kind word for me.” The next day she comes back, and says: “Mamma, loan me your thimble, please ma’am.” “You took my thimble yesterday, and it

took me two hours to find it. If I catch you at it again I will make you dance." Little Annie walks out, saying: "I wish mamma was dead. She is just as mean as she can be." After a while she comes back and says: "Please, mamma, lend me your scissors." "I shan't do it. You just want them to put your eyes out and be here blind on my hands to support." And little Annie goes away; and by and by she grows up, and she is the terror of that neighbourhood. Oh, she is a sight! You go to see her mother, and she doesn't know what is the matter with Annie—"Lord knows I have done my best." There is but one trouble with Annie. She is just like that old mother—she is a chip off the old block. Many a woman in this country is rearing her children just that way.

Patience

Here is a mother sitting by her sewing-machine, and little Mary comes up and says: "Mamma, please give me some scraps to dress my doll." And the mother says: "Yes, my dear, in a moment. I was just sitting here thinking about you; and the one desire of my heart is to see you grow up a Christian girl. You are just six years old. Now, darling, will you listen to mamma read a verse or two before she gives you the scraps?" Mamma gets down the Bible and she reads: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," and so on. Now she says: "Do you know what that means? That means that you ought to give your young heart to God and be a Christian all your

days." In a moment the mother gives her the scraps, and Mary walks out saying: "I just know I have got the best mother in the world. She is so good to me." The next day Mary comes in and says: "Lend me your thimble, mamma; I have lost mine." And the mother says: "Do you remember that verse I read to you?" "Yes, mamma, and I recollect what you said it meant. You said it meant I ought to begin now to be a Christian girl; and, mamma, I got down on my knees and prayed the best I could for God to help me to be good just like my mamma." The next day little Mary comes back and says: "Mamma, will you please lend me your scissors?" And mamma says: "Yes, child; but I have not prayed with you to-day. Will you go into the closet and pray with mamma?" "Yes, mamma, I will go with you." Mamma takes little Mary by the hand and leads her into the closet. And by and by the mother comes out with a glow of beauty on her cheek and little Mary holding her finger; and as little Mary walked out, a tear that would not have stained an angel's cheek ran down her bright face; and an angel pushed his hand under it and caught the tear, and winged his way back to God and called the heavenly hosts together and said: "Here is the tear of a sweet little girl whose mother is training her for this bright world of ours." Here is Mary now sixteen years old, and everybody says she is the pride of the settlement. She is a blessing to the whole community; and they look on her and say: "How is it she is such a sweet, good girl?" It is because she is just like her good

mother. God give us good mothers, and then we will have good Annies and good Marys.

Good and Evil Influence

A pastor in one of the cities in our Conference told me this. Said he: "Just after I was stationed at this place I married one of my Christian young men to a worldly-minded, un-Christian girl; and a few days after that I married one of my Christian girls to a worldly-minded, wicked man." Sometimes this is a mistake as long as eternity. "But," said he, "before six months had passed away the Christian girl had brought her worldly husband to Christ, and he had joined the church; before another six months had passed the gay and giddy girl had taken her husband out of the church, and he was going arm in arm with her to hell." There are two things for you to think of. That good girl had her husband on the way to heaven in less than six months after the time she had married him; that worldly girl had her husband out of the church, and they were walking together to death and hell. Wives, let your influence be for God and the Church.

Love and Prayer

Nine-tenths of our troubles are because we are not developing the fruit of love. I knew two brothers in Georgia who got mad at each other, and they quarrelled and quarrelled; and I tried to get them to settle it, and then I tried to get them to fight it out. At a big camp-meeting I saw these

two brothers out hugging each other, as happy as they could be. I took one of them aside and asked him how he could pray, since he had been mad so long. He said: "If I have acted the rascal I haven't acted the fool. I haven't been on my knees since I got mad. As soon as I got on my knees to pray, I saw how it was, and I made the difficulty all right."

Ministering Unto Others

"Big-meeting" religion is not the best religion in the world. Once I heard of a woman who was going to fly to heaven from a big meeting; she attempted it, gave a flop, and down she came; and when she got up all the people were laughing at her; and she said: "You need not be laughing at me; I just did not get the right flop."

I will tell you about a woman whose heart abounded in love, and the right sort of love, and she got the right flop, and went in all right. One morning after breakfast she went into her cook-room and took a waiter from the shelf, and set a nice piece of toast, and a piece of chicken, and a piece of ham, and a cup of coffee, and a glass of jelly on the waiter, and started out. She went down the street, and turned and went into an alley, and went up to a low hovel and knocked at the door; a faint voice said, "Come in," and she walked into the room; and when she walked in there lay a poor sick widow, with her unkempt, unwashed, hungry children around her. The woman wet the corner of a towel and bathed the fevered face of

the sick woman, and then she sat down and fed the woman and her children; then she inquired for her Bible, and read: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," etc.; and she prayed: "O Lord, I have fed this poor woman and her children on earthly food, now feed us on spiritual." And I saw from the glow of beauty on her cheeks, and the light of love in her eyes, that she had been to heaven sure enough, where God and the angels are.

The Wages of Sin is Death

In my own state one of the presiding elders of our Conference said that he was passing near a cross-roads grocery store when a man stepped out and took his hand, and said to him: "Brother, you don't know me; but we graduated in the same class, we joined the church at the same time, and now it is twenty years since I saw you." The poor fellow was in shabby clothing, and, with trembling limbs, he said: "I have had a fearful experience. I walked into that grocery just now to take a drink. I was so nervous I could not pour out the liquor. The barkeeper filled my glass. I tried to get it to my lips with both my hands, and before I could get it to my lips I felt my mother's hand come down on my head, and she said: 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' I dropped the glass from my hand and walked out of the grocery just as you came along." "Well, sir, God bless you; your precious old mother is following you to the very gates of hell, and laid her hand on your head. Will you stop?" He went on with his drinking, and was

carried out of that grocery a corpse. "And he wasted his substance with riotous living."

Pointed Preaching

Everybody in this country has an old aching tooth, and the first dentist that won't hurt them they are going to have to pull it out. I have been hunting a painless dentist for a long time, but they don't live in this country. They might fill you with laughing-gas and pull your head off. A great many people object to pointed preaching because they say it pains them. This suggests the story of the old lady whose daughter's tooth ached. She sent for a dentist. He came, bringing with him a pair of big old-fashioned forceps. The old lady screamed out: "Don't put them things in my daughter's mouth; pull it with your fingers!" That would be mighty nice if it could be done. If you will let me get the old gospel forceps hold of these teeth, I will bring them out; but I cannot pull them with my fingers.

Virus of Sin

Senator Hill, of Georgia, had some trouble on the side of his tongue. It was caused by a fractured tooth, the papers said. The next I saw was that Senator Hill was under the knife of a surgeon in Philadelphia. They took out one-third of his tongue, and cut out all the glands of one side of his face. When the operation was over, young Ben Hill asked the surgeons: "Is there any chance for my father?" They replied: "If we have ex-

tracted the last particle of the virus of the cancer, he will get well; and if not, he will die." The next thing I heard he had gone to the springs somewhere in the West. A few days later I walked down to the depot in my town; the passenger train rolled up and stopped, and I saw what looked like the outlines of Senator Hill's face. He pushed his bony hand out of the window of the car. I said: "Is this all that is left of Senator Hill, the grandest man that Georgia ever produced?" Shortly after that the *Atlanta Constitution* said: "The largest procession ever seen in Georgia carried Senator Hill to the cemetery yesterday." Now, I say just as certainly as cancer killed Senator Hill's body, just so certainly the virus of sin will kill your soul.

Conversion of Convict

I want to tell you this incident from the penitentiary in Indiana: Several years ago there was a man incarcerated in prison for eight years. His time was nearly out. He had never taken any interest in religion. He took very little interest in the preaching of the Gospel at the prison. Just before his time was out a man came in to preach, and took his text: "Call upon the Lord in time of trouble, and He will succour thee." This poor fellow heard the sermon and was converted. After a few days his time was out, and he put on a suit of citizen's clothes and walked out into the city; and when he walked out on the streets he looked up and down and said: "What can I do? I have not a friend in the world; I have not a dollar in my

pocket, nor any work to do. Here I am." "Call upon the Lord in time of trouble, and He will succour thee." And he lifted his eyes up to God: "O God, if you will help me for two days so I won't do anything wrong, then I will be a Christian man forever." He had not more than gotten the prayer out of his mouth when, casting his eyes up the street, he saw a horse with a phaeton hitched to it coming down at full speed. Every one was getting out of the way, and no one stopped the horse. This man saw a piece of plank on the sidewalk, and he took it, and as the horse came by he hit him on the head, and the horse fell. Inside the buggy was a three-year-old boy unhurt, unharmed. Directly the father of the boy came running down the street, and when he reached the carriage and saw his sweet little boy unhurt, he asked: "Who was it stopped the horse?" They pointed to the poor convict, and the man ran his hand into his pocket and pulled out a twenty-dollar gold piece and handed it to him. As he took the gold piece, the fellow thought: "Call upon the Lord in time of trouble, and He will succour thee." Then a man asked: "Where do you live?" and the poor fellow said: "I have no home in the world." "Won't you come to my house to dinner to-day?" and he gave him his name, with street and number. After dinner he told this good man his life—how he had gotten out of prison, and how the man had given him twenty dollars. When he got through, the man said: "Well, sir, I am a Christian man, and if you want to be a good man I will help you; you can

have a position in my store, and work in my family." To-day, in the city of Indianapolis, that man is one of the leading Christian merchants of the city, and goes on his way to bless God and humanity. If you want to do right and get along in this world, call on God, and the first thing you know God will work out your problems for you.

Hereditary Sins

There was a young man at Dr. Haygood's school who became very dissipated in his habits. His father was wealthy, and after many efforts to reform the boy he wrote Dr. Haygood, saying: "I am out of patience with that boy; he may go to the dogs." Dr. Haygood wrote him: "Come; I want to talk to you about this boy." Dr. Haygood asked him: "Were you not a moderate whiskey-drinker at the time of this boy's birth?" He had to acknowledge he was. "Was not your father also a hard drinker, and did not your wife's father die a drunkard?" "Yes, it is true." Here are facts; you can't dodge them. Sow whiskey, reap drunkards!

Sowing Seed

A man said to me that he was down-town one day and walked into one of these peculiar kind of grocery stores, where they have provisions in the front and a barroom in the rear. You can go in to get a pound of soda, also get a drink without suspicion. Said the proprietor: "Come in and take a glass of beer." He walked back, and when the beer

was drawn he turned it up to his lips. He then noticed for the first time his little Willie, five years old, pulling his finger and saying: "Papa, what is that you are drinking?" As he walked out of the grocery, he said: "My little boy pulled my finger again and said: 'Tell me, papa, what was that you were drinking?' On the street he asked me again: 'What was that you drank down there?'" He said: "I would give almost anything in the world if I could call that back. I am afraid that one thing will make a drunkard of my poor little boy." Every step of your life you are sowing seed which will take root in the life of some one just like the seed you sow in the fields.

Example

Once where I was preaching a young man about twenty years old, who was a hard drinker, came to the services, and continued to come. The third night he went to sleep. His father got him home and put him to bed, and watched him until the next morning. When he got up he said to him: "O my son, do not go back to town! Give your heart to God, like your father did." "Get out of my way; don't stop me here," said the son. "Your poor mother's heart is bleeding at every pore. Stop drinking, and give your heart to God," said the father. "Do you know, father, who gave me the first drink? You were the first being that ever pressed drink to my lips." The father, who is now a steward in the Methodist Church, said: "I just turned my poor boy loose. He is drunker to-day

than he was yesterday." O what must that father feel! "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Profanity

Some time ago a woman was on a train accompanied by her little grandson, and there were two men on the train uttering oaths. She heard the swearing, and saw that the little fellow's attention was drawn to it. She put her fingers in her little grandson's ears. "Hold on, grandma; I can't stand that any longer!" She was forced to appeal to them: "Gentlemen, do stop that swearing. In God's name, do not swear any more so that my little grandson can hear it!"

Learning From Father

In a certain town in Georgia there was a father, the most profane man I ever saw—nearly every other word was an oath. He was a merchant, and was standing out on the sidewalk with a gentleman, when his little boy was tripped by a passer-by and came near falling. The boy turned round to the man who tripped him and swore with the volubility of a sailor. The father and the other gentleman listened to it. "Hear me," said the father: "I will never swear another oath while I live." Before that boy was four years old there was the harvest of hell. God pity the brute—the humar. brute—that will swear before his child!

Too Late

How many more days do you want to spend in rebellion against God? I am reminded of that little boy who ran to the train. Just as he reached the platform the train moved off and left him. He stood there panting and watching the train, now in the distance. A man said to him: "You didn't run fast enough." "No," said the boy, "I ran with all my might, but I didn't make it because I didn't start soon enough." Many a man will rush up and find the gates of heaven closed, and say, like the boy, "I didn't start soon enough."

Conviction

I often think of the girl who heard the preacher say: "This may be your last chance." As she walked off with the young man accompanying her, she asked him: "What made the preacher say the last chance—the last chance?" The young man said: "I don't know." "Well, it darted through my soul like a dart from the eternal world." When she walked up on the steps at her home, she said: "That rings through my soul—the last chance! I would give the world if the preacher had not said it." She was taken sick. Her father called a physician; but at one o'clock the next day she breathed her last, saying: "The last chance!" God pity the young man or young woman who throws away the last chance for heaven!

Giving Up Sin

A man has got to give up sin or do worse—one or the other. A man said to me once: "Why, sir, if I give up now, I will lose everything I have." This thing was illustrated once by a man who came to service and was powerfully convicted. His wife tried to get him up to the altar, but she could not. When they got home she asked him: "Why did you not go up?" "I wanted to go there, wife, but I can't get religion in the business I am in." He was a barkeeper. "It is giving up too much; I can't afford it." "Husband," said she, "how much money do you clear a year with your bar?" "Two thousand dollars." "How long do you think you will live to run that bar?" "I ought to live about twenty years." "How much is two thousand dollars a year for twenty years?" "Forty thousand dollars," said he. "Now if a man were to walk in the door right now and say, 'I will give you forty thousand dollars for your hope of going to heaven,' what would you say to him?" "No! By the grace of God I will close in the morning. I will give myself to God right now." Let every man who is not a Christian start right now for glory and for God.

Death

An eminent man in London was dying. All the time he had to prepare for eternity he had spent in accumulating money. He amassed hundreds of thousands of pounds, and at last he was taken sud-

denly ill. He sent for his physician. When he had examined him, he said: "You have meningitis; you will be dead in two hours." He looked into the doctor's face and said: "Doctor, if you will keep me alive till twelve o'clock to-morrow, I will allow you one hundred thousand pounds." The doctor replied: "I have assistance to give, but I have no time to sell. Time belongs to God." Sure enough, in two hours the poor fellow went into eternity unprepared. The experience is just ahead when you would give all in the world for one hour more under this gospel light. God wants you to be on the highway.

Turning Away from God

Over in an Eastern country, one morning two visitors walked out in the valley in the suburbs of a village. The convent bell commenced ringing. They met some one and asked: "What is that?" "That is a convent bell. It rings two hours every Sabbath morning—from eight to ten." They turned over the hill; the clear notes of the bell were pealing out on the atmosphere. They heard the notes distinctly. They walked slowly, and by and by one said: "Do you hear the tones of that bell dying out?" Finally one of them said: "I can't hear the tones, though it is still ringing, for it is not ten o'clock." The saddest experience in human life is that when you have gone up the hill of life, ascended and reached the summit, you can hear these calls distinctly in your soul, but when you turn down on the other side, away from God and His ministers,

your hearing becomes dulled, and these calls become fainter to you. The Gospel is being preached all over this land, but its notes have ceased to reach your ear forever!

Repentance

I am like the old preacher who preached on repentance once; next time he preached on repentance, and again on repentance. One of the old stewards took him out and asked him: "Is that the only sermon you have? You have preached that the third time." The preacher asked him: "Have all the people repented?" "No, but they want something new." "I cannot find any better text so long as they are not all converted."

The Simple Gospel

While preaching on the text, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven," I often think of the discourse on homiletics delivered by the coloured sexton of the First Methodist Church in Memphis. He had been sexton of that church for thirty years and more. He was a pious, consistent, good man. The preachers on one occasion, during a revival meeting, were discussing the mode of preaching, and what was the most efficient means. This old coloured man jumped up, and said he: "Brethren, I have heard for years that sort of preaching. Our pastor

don't put the fodder down low enough. I went to see our preacher in his study a few mornings ago, and he had six books open before him. I said to him: 'Brother, if you get one sermon out of six books, you are going to put that fodder up where I can't reach, and where a great many others can't reach;' and," said he, "I have gone into church hungry many a Sunday morning, and left hungry; but thank God we have got a preacher now that just puts the fodder down on the ground and every one can reach it." And that's a fact. Every one can reach a thing when it is on the ground; and, as far as I am concerned, I believe it is the Christly way to find a common level and stand on that level to preach to the masses.

Sensationalism

You can't go beyond Stagnation without going on to Damnation. I read a few days ago where an eminent preacher stood up on Sunday morning before a vast congregation that packed every pew, and preached against religious sensationalism. He preached right square against religious fanaticism; and there hadn't been a grunt in his church for twenty years! That is like a poor old fellow pushing up his tombstone, sticking his head out, and telling the other tombstones: "Be quiet! Don't kick up any row! Keep perfectly still!" and then he drops his top slab back, and lies down in his grave.

Infidelity

When Mr. Moody came back from across the water, after the greatest revival in Europe, he was met in New York by an American delegation. They said: "Mr. Moody, we greet you. We glorify God in behalf of the things you've done over in Europe; but, Mr. Moody, you can't do that over here." Mr. Moody looked at these Christian men and said: "If God Almighty will take the infidelity out of the heart of the Church in America, we will bring all America to Christ." And he announced a truth as broad as the depravity of America.

Love

The omnipotent principle of the world is love. When Alexander the Great wanted to conquer this world he mustered his forces and blood flowed like a river; and poor Alexander when he died was a conquered wretch. When Napoleon Bonaparte wanted to conquer this world, he mustered his forces and all Europe was drenched in blood; and Napoleon died a defeated wretch at St. Helena. But when Jesus Christ wanted to conquer the earth He looked at it, loved it, walked to Calvary, and laid down and died for it; and Christ has well-nigh conquered this world. Napoleon said: "Alexander, Charlemagne and myself founded our kingdoms on force, and they have crumbled under our feet; but Jesus Christ founded His kingdom on love, and to-day millions of men would die for Him."

Light

“Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.” I saw this illustrated one dark night at a church in Georgia. After service we walked out, and the darkness could almost be felt, it was so dense. A gentleman came out of the church with one of those large reflecting lanterns : when he turned the lantern in front of him, everybody in front could see just as if it were daylight, and everybody in the rear was in darkness ; and when he turned his lantern around, everybody in the rear could see perfectly, and every one in front was groping in darkness. And God says to the Church : “Gather all the rays and reflect them back on this benighted world, and show them the way to God.”

Grace from God

Some time ago at Chattanooga, I was going out on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and I walked around the great engine that was going to pull us out in a few minutes, and as I did so I saw the engineer jump off his engine with one of those long-necked oil cans in his hand to oil the machinery, first one part and then another. I saw him oil the driving-wheel, the piston-rod, the rock-around and the steam chest. I saw him going from one piece of machinery to the other, and I thought this way : “Well, if I was any part of that grand engine, I’d like to be the driving-wheel ; there is the secret of

the great speed. If I could not be the driving-wheel, I'd like to be the truck and roll ahead of all the rest; and if I could not be that, I'd like to be the steam chest, where the power is located." And I noticed that every part of that machinery got oil out of the same can, whether it be the big piece or little; and I want to tell you, that, out of God's great reservoir of grace, whether you be a big worker or a little worker, you get oil out of the same can.

Pharisee

Take a money-monger, one of those twenty per cent. fellows; if he were to be let into heaven, he would set up immediately on a corner lot and have a mortgage on half of heaven. I am glad God Almighty will not let such men into heaven. Take one of those old demijohns and carry him to heaven as he is; when he would awake next morning the first thing he would want would be a drink, and if there was a low place in the fence he would jump over it, repair to the nearest barroom and be back again before breakfast. Heaven is a prepared place for the prepared.

Sober-Minded

Look at the stationary engine out yonder at the sawmill. You see little governors playing around over the steam chest, and you see that saw as it runs right into the log, and the little governors let down, and additional steam is thrown against the piston-head, and you 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 saw runs at the same revolutions to the minute, whether it is in or out. There is the Christian man, like Job. Job was a sober-minded man in prosperity, and when adversity came and the last dollar was swept away from him, he ran in and out that log, and he was running the same revolutions to the minute when he ran into infirmity and disease and pain, and as he ran right through and came out, he said: "I will trust Him though He slay me." I like a sober-minded man—a man who will do the same thing all the time. I want a fellow who knows you when he meets you, everywhere, and will do the same thing everywhere and under all circumstances.

Honesty

I was once appointed to a 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 ten 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 drouth, I know your crops are failures, I know you are poor; but," I continued, "listen to 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 our 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.

The Tongue

Pambus, one of the middle-age saints, went to his neighbour with a Bible in his hand and said to 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 neighbour 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 the neighbour met him, and he said: “Pambus, I thought you were to come back and let me read you a passage of Scripture each day?” And Pambus said: “Do you recollect that verse you read to me the other day?” “No,” said the neighbour. “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, if every man, woman and child would only determine to live *that* passage of Scripture!

Loyalty

I was sitting in a train some time ago and the train rolled up to the station, and just upon the platform, near by, were three ladies. One of the ladies said to the other: “Are you going to the

ball to-night?" The other lady said: "No, I am not going." "But," said the other, "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 up on top of the train myself and shouting: "Hurrah for Methodism!" Whenever the Church goes into co-partnership 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. I love the Methodist Church and honour her to-day because she has stood like a bulwark against, and denounced these things from first to last.

Neglect of Duty

The pastor of one of the leading churches in Rome, Ga., told me this incident. He said that a young man, perhaps twenty-two or twenty-three years old, was dying with consumption, and just the day before he died the young man said, "Brother L., you are my pastor; I belong to your church; I joined your church three years ago, and I have tried to live right and do my duty; but," said he, "Brother L., not a single member of your church ever spoke to me on the subject of religion. Not

one came to me to speak a word of comfort or a word of cheer, or a word of encouragement. Say to your church as you preach at my funeral, that with three hundred and sixty odd members, they have never been any help to me. And tell them, when I am dead and gone, never to do any poor boy as they have done me—just leave him to himself and tell him to rough it.” And I tell you to-day, from all the Christian churches in this country, men and women have strayed off and made their way to hell to whom you never opened your mouth on the subject of religion.

Brotherly Love

If a Mason were to come to a city, and he needed assistance and needed help, and he was a Methodist as well as a Mason, which would he go to for help, the Methodist Church, or the Masonic fraternity? If a man were an Odd Fellow and a Baptist, to which class would he go to get means to follow his journey? Would he go to the Odd Fellows or go to the Baptists? Ah, brother, the Irishman told a great truth when he said: “If there was a little more of the milk of human kindness in this world, what a grand world we would have.” I tell you I would frequently rather go to a wholesale liquor dealer to get help, than to go to some members of the church. These members of the church “brother” a fellow for about six months and then think he belongs to them; and that is just about the way the thing goes. We can never

accomplish what we ought to as a Church unless the spirit of self-sacrifice and of brotherly kindness and love takes possession of us.

The Vilest Saved

In the Fifth and Walnut Church, at Louisville, Ky., several years ago, one night during a revival meeting, fifteen men came up and took the front seats, and those fifteen men on that front pew were the very imps of the devil. I never looked, and no man ever looked, at such men in the church of God. Now, how about these fifteen men? The pastor of that church—one of the sweetest spirited, most Christly men I ever saw—went to each one and took his name and said to him: "Please remain here after this service." There sat the son of old Colonel ——, the editor of the *Louisville Democrat*, that had been drunk on the streets of Louisville for twenty years; and here was another, one of the veriest reprobates that ever walked the face of the earth; and here was another, and there was another, and there the fifteen men sat, and that preacher took their names and asked them to remain. He said to his Board of Stewards: "Now, let us take these fifteen men to the bath-room, and to the clothing house and have them made respectable and win them to Christ." I was at that Louisville church just fifteen months after. Now, how about the fifteen? One of them had died—had gone home to heaven; one of them had backslid; but thirteen of the most earnest workers at the Fifth and Walnut Church came off that front

bench; and the son of Colonel ——, of the Louisville *Democrat*, was a bookkeeper for the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and that same man would jump up in the meeting now and then, and say: "Glory to God! I get up to say that God has saved the lowest sinner that lived in Louisville." God help us to do what we can for the poor outcasts, men degraded by drink.

Work is the Test

What a man does is the test of what he is. What an engine does is the test of what an engine is. When the president of the Wabash Road writes to Mr. Rogers, at his locomotive works, and says: "I want an engine that will pull twenty cars up a grade of so many feet to the mile," Mr. Rogers sends an engine. They couple twenty cars to it and start it up the grade, but it stands stock still; and the president of the railroad telegraphs to Mr. Rogers: "Come after your engine; I don't want it." Mr. Rogers comes. They walk up to the engine, and he says: "Look at that cab; it's the nicest cab ever sent out of the shop. Look at that bright piston-rod; how it glistens in the sunshine. Look at those magnificent driving-wheels." The president replies: "I never said anything to you about cabs or piston-rods or driving-wheels. I want an engine that will take these cars up that grade." Another engine is built and it is ready for the trial. They fire her up until the gauge indicates one hundred and sixty pounds pressure to the square inch. The engineer opens the throttle. The engine starts

up hill moving the cars with it, and when it turns the grade it seems to say: "I could have pulled ten more cars if you had put them on that train." The president says: "That is what we want." God does not want to know what you have, how you look or where you live; but God does want to know how much you can do in the kingdom of Christ.

Infidel

I once knew a man in the state of Mississippi, who was an elegant, cultured gentleman. He was what we call an agnostic or infidel. After the meetings had progressed several days he stood up one morning in the vast congregation and he said: "My fellow citizens: I have roamed over all the range of science and literature, I have never found rest to my soul, and to-day my mind turns back to the purest, sweetest mother a boy ever had. My mind goes back to my precious father and the family altar, and the sacred conversations at home, and I stand up to-day to confess my sins and give my life to Christ." If we realize who we are, then that will help us to be what we ought to be.

The Badge

A certain one of the crowned heads of an Eastern country turned his son over to a tutor to train and educate. He was an unruly boy some twelve years of age, and the great question of the tutor was: "How will I manage this boy? I cannot use a rod on the king's son! How am I to manage him?"

And, finally, he adopted this plan: He made a bow of ribbon and bound it on the lapel of the boy's coat. The boy turned to the tutor and said: "What does that mean?" The tutor said: "That is the sign that you are the son of a king. That is the emblem of your royal character." And ever after, when the boy misbehaved, the teacher pointed his finger to the badge, and the boy subsided in a moment and begged pardon for his rudeness. St. Paul says: "I carry about with me the marks of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Sinner

An old sinner, ninety years old, told me once: "I never proved but one passage of Scripture, but I know that is true." "What is that?" "That passage," he says, "which tells us, 'The way of the transgressor is hard.'"

One of the soldiers in the last war told me a story which has an interesting application. He said: "Jones, I fought in one hundred different battles. I have faced the musket and the cannon as they flashed in my face; but," he said, "the hardest thing I had to do during the war was to obey the order to lie down." He said: "Every man fell upon his face and the shot and shell just whizzed and buzzed over our forms as we lay sheltered there. The hardest thing I had to do during the whole war was to lie still under fire; but if I had got up I would have been riddled with bullets in a minute." Now, when Almighty God lets loose His grape and

canister, you had better lie low. And every bullet hole you have in your body to-day, you have because you would not be still.

Submission to God

I think every Christian man in the world ought to give himself up as fully to God as one of those grand Roger engines gives itself up to the engineer. I have stood on those engines, and as I talked with the engineer I have seen him stand with his hand on the throttle and his eye on the track. Presently he would pull his watch out and look at it quietly. Then I would see him pull the throttle a little wider open, as much as to say, "Give me six or eight more miles an hour—we are getting a little behind." And I have seen him as he approached a station shut the throttle off, drop the lever forward, and stop the engine right where he wanted to stop it. I think every Christian man should turn his soul over to God, just as the engine turns its throttle over to the engineer, and say: "Oh, Lord, if I get a little behind, open my soul and I will move faster; or if I am going too fast, all you have to do is to shut me off a little, and I will slacken my speed."

Piety

When I got after one of my old brethren, who was a physician, and a member of my church, about not coming to the church services, he said that he tried his best to get there, but he could not. "Well," said I, "I'll tell you, old fellow, if heaven was a sickly country, I don't believe I'd want to go there."

"Well," he said; "why?" "Well, I am afraid there are going to be very few doctors there." I don't know what in the world's the matter, but there are so few doctors that are pious; but when you do find one that is thoroughly pious, he is one of the best men on the face of the earth. What's the matter with our professional men? Have they grown too big to be religious? Have they grown up to where the Bible is considered only their mother's and their little children's book, but not their own?

Conscience

Some months ago I sat by the side of a man who had an empty sleeve dangling at his side. All at once he turned to me and said: "These fingers have been hurting me all day." Said I: "What fingers?" He replied: "The fingers of my right hand." I said: "My friend, there is no right hand there." He replied: "They tell me this arm is buried on the battle-fields of Virginia, but, sir, that hand is as truly there to-day as it ever was, and the pains and the twinges and the pangs of this hour are almost intolerable to me in those fingers." Conscience! Record! My record is as much a part of me as my immortal being is a part of me.

Prisoners of Despair

I have often thought of the experience and incident of a young man, vigorous and healthy and strong, raised by pious parents, who, on his dying couch, sent for his pastor. The pastor was a per-

sonal friend of his, and when he walked into the room and saw his sunken condition, the poor boy looked up in the preacher's face and said: "I have sent for you, but not to pray for me. I have given all my life to sin and worldliness, and I have not courage now to turn over the poor dying man to God; and," said he, "I have not sent for you to pray, but I have sent for you that I might give you a message to my friends at my funeral service. I want you to tell them that I died a lost man, lost forever. But tell them that if any man had slapped me on the shoulder ten years ago, and said: 'Tom, ten years from to-day you will be dying without religion,' I would have told him: 'No, sir.—I had a good mother. I have respect for religion, and I intend to give my heart to God.' And," said he, "if any man had said to me twelve months ago: 'Tom, twelve months from to-day you will be dying without religion,' I would have looked the man in the face and said: 'You don't know me; I will never die without religion; my purposes are fixed to seek and obtain religion before I die.'" Said he: "If a man ten days ago had said to me: 'Tom, ten days from now you will be dying without religion,' I would have said: 'No, sir, you don't know me;' and," said he—the saddest thing dying man ever said—"at last; at last; after all my mother's prayers, and all my good resolutions, and all the means that have been brought to bear upon me, at last, at last, I am dying without religion." And that is the saddest thing mortal man ever said upon his dying couch. If you die to-night, the world would sit

around your corpse to-morrow and say: "At last! at last! -After all his resolutions and all his purposes, he died without religion!"

Hell

A man asked me once where hell was. Said I: "I don't know, and by the grace of God I never will know." And he asked me whether there was really genuine, burning brimstone there. I said: "I am so afraid there is, I am never going there, and I am never going to see whether there is or not."

I like very well the definition of the old coloured woman. When the old man came home he said: "Auntie, the preacher preached to-day about hell-fire and brimstone;" and he said: "Auntie, where does God get all the brimstone to burn forever?" The old woman said: "Honey, all the old sinners takes the brimstone with 'em there to burn 'em forever." God, keep the gate of heaven wide open before me, and some of these days I will run right into glory and to God; and then, in heaven, shut up forever, I shall be delivered from hell forever.

Recklessness

In my own town one night, one of our citizens, a daring, reckless, drinking man, stood on the platform of the depot, and said: "To-night I am going to walk up the railroad and meet the down passenger express. I am going to meet it on the

track and gather the engine in my hands and hurl it into the ditch on the side of the track." His companions laughed at him; they felt his recklessness had assumed a very humorous turn. That night, as the down passenger train came rolling and thundering along, just a quarter of a mile above the depot, this maddened, reckless man met it on the track and stopped to catch it, but it rushed on him and he was ground to death. Oh, how reckless that man was! There are men here rushing up into the face of God and His judgment, and by and by, instead of tossing God and the judgment to one side, "upon whom this stone shall fall, it shall grind him to powder."

The Wages of Sin

Preaching once in my church, I turned to an old gray-headed sinner sitting over to my left. I said: "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: "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. I can tell you, sir, that for sixty-five years of sin, all I have to show for it in the world is the most godless family in all this settlement, a hard heart, a stiff neck, a rebellious soul, and no assurance at all that I will ever be saved." Oh, when a man of sixty-five

years of age reaches a point where his stock in trade is only this, it is enough to frighten a man who has not gone farther than some of our boys.

Worldliness

Lord Byron, who drank of every cup that earth could give him, and who had all the ministries of earth around him at his bed—Lord Byron, with an intellectual and physical nature that could dive down into deepest depths and could soar to the highest heights, whose wings when spread could touch either pole—that poor man, just before he died, sitting in a gay company, was meditative and moody. They looked at him and said: “Byron, what are you thinking so seriously about?” “Oh,” he said, “I was sitting here counting up the number of happy days I have had in this world. I can count but eleven, and I was wondering if I would ever make up the dozen in this world of tears and pangs and sorrows.”

Oh, brother, he went to the depths you know nothing of, and to heights you will never reach. Let me say that 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.”

There are depths to which humanity can go where we loathe ourselves and despise ourselves, and yet these things promise mighty nice in the beginning.

Money

An incident occurred in Oak Bowery, Alabama, a little town off the railroad, where I was born, before the war. There were a great many wealthy planters that lived all around this little town, and there were about eight or ten little stores there and one grocery-saloon. That was just about the time the lottery tickets came out and were popular; several of the leading men invested in lottery tickets, and this barkeeper invested in one. So the morning after the drawing, one of these wealthy farmers drove up at breakneck speed to the barroom, jumped out of his buggy, and ran in and said to the barkeeper: "I will give you \$15,000 for your ticket in the lottery." The barkeeper said: "What did I get? What did I draw?" "It makes no difference, I'll give you \$15,000 for your ticket in the lottery." He said he would not take it unless he knew what he drew. And directly another drove up at great speed and jumped out of his buggy and said to the barkeeper: "I will give you \$25,000 for your ticket in the lottery." And the barkeeper said: "What did I draw?" "Well, I don't care what it drew, but I will give you \$25,000 for your ticket." But the barkeeper would not take the money. And directly here was another driving up, and another, and they just came on and on, until they ran the ticket up to \$85,000; but he would not take it. And they all came out and the fellow locked his back door, and locked his front door, and put off for home and

never came back any more that day. Next morning he went up to the post-office, walked in, and got the news from the lottery; he saw what the news was and that he had not drawn anything; he walked right back through that crowd, and as he passed through there was a suppressed titter; he walked on a step or two, then turned right around, walked back and faced them, with a mingled look of resentment and sadness and disappointment and joy in his face, and he said: "Gentlemen, hear me. Before God, as an honest man, I tell you I am glad I didn't get a cent. I left my grocery yesterday about eleven o'clock, just as certain that I had that capital prize—I could not have been more certain if I had had it in my hand—and I went home believing I had it, and I commenced talking with my wife and we just sat there all day; and sat there all night long, and never slept one wink, talking about what we'd do with that money; and, as God is my judge, the most miserable time I ever spent in my life was since yesterday morning. I am glad that I didn't get that money. I was rich yesterday and last night, just as rich as if I had it in my hand, and I am poor now. I'd rather be poor a thousand times than rich once."

Salvation

Brother, you saw some years ago that a ship in the Atlantic Ocean sprang a leak away down in the bottom of her hull. The announcement that the ship has sprung a leak is made by the captain, and the pumps are set to work; but they will not pump

out the water as fast as it enters by the leak. The only hope for the safety of the vessel is that some one will give his life in order to stop the leak. Volunteers were asked for, and one man spoke up: "I will go down and stop the leak." He went down and down—to the upper, then to the lower, and then to the third deck—and then he reached down into the water and worked there until perfectly exhausted. The pumps began to work, and by and by the old ship grew lighter, and by and by the captain said: "The leak is stopped, but let us go down and see about our friend." They went down to the third deck and saw his body floating on the water. They brought him up and embalmed his body, and when land was reached they carried it ashore and buried it. The spot was marked by a tombstone, on which was the epitaph: "This friend gave his life that all of us might live." The names of those he saved were all engraved below. They bless the memory of that man and say: "If he had not died we should have been lost."

Yonder is the old ship Humanity, and now the waves of God's wrath and judgment begin to pitch and toss her and drive her on the rocks, and she is about to go down forever, when the Son of God sees her, and I see Him come from the shining shores of heaven as swift as the morning light, and throw His arms around this old sinking ship. She carries Him under three days and nights, and He brings her to the surface on the third morning; and then God grasps the stylus and signs the magna charta of man's salvation, and then at that blessed

moment it is written: "Whosoever believeth in the Son of God shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

All Things Work Together For Good

A man once gave me this illustration of this text. He said he was sitting out under a tree in a garden eating a biscuit, when he saw a little ant climbing upon the seat. He watched it, and said: "I reckon this little ant is in search of food." He had dropped a crumb, but the little ant was going in the opposite direction to it. He put his finger in the way of the ant to direct it to the crumb, and the little thing seemed to lose patience and want to quarrel with him, and it seemed to say: "Why do you stop me? I am hunting food for my young." The ant started off in another direction, and he dropped his finger again in front of the little ant; it seemed to be madder than before, and to say: "Oh, you great, intelligent creature, why do you stop me? I am hunting food for my young." He said he dropped his finger in front of the ant until he directed it to the crumb, and when it picked the crumb up it seemed to say: "I am so glad you put me in the way of finding this. Here is more food than I could have found in a month if you had left me alone."

In this world when we are moving in the wrong direction, down comes the providential finger of God, and you say: "I know I have the worst luck of anybody." And we stand and quarrel with God and ourselves. We start out in another direction, and just about the time we think we are about to

succeed, down comes God's providential finger, and we say: "Just look at that." In this way... drives us right to the gate of heaven, and when we walk in there we say: "Glory be to God. If we had been left alone, we would have gone to perdition, but He has driven us right to the joys of everlasting life."

Providence

I believe in Providence as strongly as I believe in anything. Here is a wagon train moving westward. A horseman lopes ahead, picks out a camping-place, buys the provender for the stock and arranges everything. That man was the providence of the wagon train—providence to go on ahead, to arrange and plan everything. Let us learn to trust in God's providence.

I hold a baby's hand as it walks. Its foot strikes something and it falls with a force that would crush its face. But I hold the baby by the hand and I say: "Baby, I am so glad you had my hand. If you had not held it, you would have ruined your face on the rocks." I have sometimes gone along and fallen, and I have thought I was gone forever, but the Lord had my hand and held me up, and I say: "Bless the Lord! If He had not held my hand I should have fallen down into eternal despair."

One day my two little boys ran ahead of me on the sidewalk. Directly I noticed they were back again holding by my fingers. "Well," I thought, "what does this mean?" I looked ahead and saw a few steps in advance a lot of cattle on the side-

walk. Just as they saw the cattle they ran back and got hold of my fingers and continued to laugh and play, as much as to say: "We were afraid when we saw those cattle alone, but now we would laugh and play if all the cattle in the world were here, for we are with father."

If you have hold of God's hand you are safe. When dangers and disappointments beset you, you laugh and rejoice.

Faithfulness

I think one of the most impressive things I ever heard was where the young man belonging to the Young Men's Christian Association was standing out on the sidewalk in a city, handing dodgers to folks out in the streets and pointing up to the room where they were going to hold the service, and a gentleman who walked along with the crowd saw this young man hand a dodger to a fellow, and the fellow up with his fist and almost knocked him down on the sidewalk; but he regained his foothold and was ready with a dodger as another one came along; and directly another man slapped him in the face as he gave him one; and the gentleman got interested in watching how the young man took it; in a few minutes, he put a dodger in a man's hand, and the man caught him and just knocked him right down to the ground, and tore one of his coat sleeves, and bruised him up generally; but he got up and had another dodger ready for the next man that came along. The stranger went up into the room and after hearing the leader he said: "Gentlemen,

I never heard a sermon in my life yet that impressed me, but I stood out here before your door and saw how the roughs mistreated that young man over there, and I saw the spirit in which he accepted it; and I walked in here to your meeting, and I want the very same spirit which that boy manifested." "Endure affliction," but it is the hardest thing in the world to do.

Answer to Prayer

I once had in my charge when I was pastor, a precious, good wife and mother. Fourteen years before that she had married a young man, sober and industrious; but after their marriage he commenced associating with drinking men. He soon commenced to drink himself, and he led a very dissipated life for several years, and finally he was taken home with delirium tremens. One morning two doctors came and examined him, and they called his wife aside and said: "Madam, your husband will die to-day." She looked at the doctors and said: "No, he won't die to-day." "Well," they said, "madam, the symptoms he has never fail. He will die." "No, doctors," she said, "he won't die." "How do you know?" they asked. She said: "I have been praying for fourteen years to God to convert that man and save him before he died. And I have prayed earnestly and with faith, and I know he is not going to die. I do not care a cent about your symptoms." That evening the doctors came back and examined her husband and said he was better. She said: "I have not been uneasy

about him. I knew God had not converted him, and I knew God would not let him die until he was converted. If he were to die in the fix he is in, I would die an infidel. I could never have believed that God heard and answered prayer. I have been praying for his conversion for fourteen years, and I knew God would not let him die before he was converted." The man got better and he was converted, and he led a pure, good life for two years, and then, under some fearful temptation, he fell and began drinking again. She went back to God and prayed: "Good Lord, save my poor husband at any cost. I will work my hands off to support my seven children. My God, save my poor husband. I do not care what becomes of us." Two or three months afterwards her husband was taken with articular rheumatism, the most fearful kind of rheumatism that ever afflicted humanity. There he suffered day after day, and he turned his heart again to God. He was one of the meekest and most patient sufferers I ever saw, just trusting in God every moment. One morning, when his wife was standing by, he said: "Good-bye, precious wife. The moments are coming when I shall leave you; I shall leave you—and I owe it all to you and Christ—I shall go to heaven and pass into the joys of the blessed." She stood over him until his last breath had gone, and his face was placid and calm in death. As soon as she was sure that he had gone into eternity, she clasped her hands and cried: "Glory to God, he is saved. Now I am willing to work my hands off to support my children."

When you get in earnest you will see this world as it is and will say: "God help us to be in earnest about our loved ones and neighbours."

God's Call

In our town was an old associate of mine, an old schoolmate, a kind-hearted, clever boy; we were raised boys together. I walked down to his house one day, for I had heard that his child was sick. On reaching the house I was invited into the family room. His wife was an old friend of mine—we were boy and girl together. When I went in, she sat in the family room with a sweet, sick child in her arms; I looked at that child and I looked at her. I said: "——, God is going to take this little fellow, too, from you; it certainly cannot live." And I saw the tears leap to her eyes and fall down into the face of the sweet child. I said: "——, has it ever occurred to you, have you ever thought, that God is doing His best to save your poor husband?"—her husband was a drinking man, and he had suffered with delirium tremens but a short time before that. She utterly broke down and sobbed, and said: "This is the sixth sweet child I will have given up, if it dies; but if God would save my husband I would give them all up, though it break my heart." I went down-town and hunted her husband up. I met him on the sidewalk and walking up to him, I said: "——, I am just from your house, old fellow; and you've got almost an angel for a wife, and that woman is bathing that sweet, sick child of yours with her tears this moment, and I said to your wife:

‘——, do you reckon God is doing His best to save your husband?’ and she just sobbed aloud and said: ‘If God can save my husband by taking my sweet children from me, He can have them all.’ And,” said I, “——, in the name of God, surrender, and give your heart to God and be a religious man.” That man is now an earnest, faithful, efficient member of one of the churches in our town, and walking arm in arm with his wife to church. Many a time God has thrown the sweet angel babe in the pathway of the father, and stopped him. God will never suffer any man to be damned until He has done His best to save him.

God's Call

I once threw a meeting open for testimony or experience, and one gentleman stood up in the congregation. He said: “I am from a distant city; I am a stranger to all of you, but I love God and I want to be a Christian; but I want to say some things to fathers. I want you to hear me. I went through the last war, and I never went into a battle—I was in forty hard-fought battles—that I didn’t go in with a solemn vow that if God would spare me through that battle I would be a Christian. Then when the battle was over I would promise God that after I got home from the army I would be a Christian. And,” said he, “God spared me through the whole war, and I came home after receiving only one slight wound. When I got home I promised God if I married I would be a Christian; and then God gave me a good wife; and then I

said: 'If we ever have children that need to follow a father's example, then I will be religious.' And in the course of time God blessed us with a sweet little Mary and a sweet little Martha. When Mary was eight years old and Martha six—and a thousand times, I guess, I had promised God I would be a Christian—I walked in home from the plantation one day, and wife said to me: 'Husband, little Mary is very sick; she has a very high fever; she is now scarcely conscious.' I walked into that room, and as soon as my eyes fell upon that child I said to myself: 'Now, sir, your vows to God. Do you recollect the promises you made?' The child got worse and worse, and the next day the child died, and over the grave of that child I said I would keep my vows; but I got home and I didn't do it. I kept putting it off till next day. Just a week from that time I walked into the room, and wife said: 'Husband, precious little Martha is taken just like little Mary;' and I never went into the house at all. I just went off to the woods and fell down on my knees and said: 'Lord, if you will spare that precious little child I am going to be a Christian right here and now.' I made my surrender uncompromisingly to God right there, and I got up off my knees and went back to the house and my wife met me on the porch and said: 'Strange to say, husband, the fever is all gone and the child is getting much better.' I said: 'Wife, I am not astonished. I have just gotten off my knees out yonder in the woods, and I told the Lord if He would spare my child I would be a Christian from

this day ; and, oh, if I had done that a week ago our precious little Mary would have been with us to-day ! ” Oh, you don't know, brother, how many thousand ways God has used to bring you to a better and nobler life. God calls us by His providence. Let us stop and listen.

Family Feud

I was once preaching in a town of twelve or fifteen hundred inhabitants. There had long existed a family feud in this town, which had involved nearly all the family connections. It went from bad to worse, until pistols were used, and until the thing had gotten into the most corrupt shape. Now one of the principal parties was a widow, whose children were, with herself, involved in this difficulty. While they were sitting in the church—the first time, I guess, for months and years that both parties were in God's house at one time—and I had finished preaching, the meeting was thrown open for a talk. One talked, then another talked ; and directly this woman stood up about the middle of the house. She looked at me with a flush on her face and a sparkle in her eye—and she was one of the most intelligent looking women I ever met—she looked at me and dropped her finger on me, and said : “ Sir, if there is a woman on God's earth who has literally lived in fire for years, I am that woman. I was once a happy child of God, but how utterly miserable I have been. ” And then she said : “ Listen to me, sir—I record the words before the judgment bar of God and before mankind—if cruci-

fying myself and denying myself and giving up all that God despises, loving my enemies, doing good to those that spitefully use me—if that will take a soul to salvation, I am just as good for salvation as if I had stepped inside the golden gates.” Then she stepped across the house, and taking the hand of her enemy she said: “To-day I bury many fathoms below the surface of the earth every unkind thought, word and act of my life. From this moment what I do shall be by the faith of the Son of God that loved me and gave His life for me.” I returned to this place twelve months after that, and this woman said: “Blessed be God! Twelve months of my way to the good world have passed without a disturbing ripple or a darkening cloud.” Twelve months later I met her again; and she said: “Not a cloud, not a difficulty. Just swept right along to the good world; and if you get there yourself you may look out for me; I am going through.” Oh, the soul that settles all these questions, that will give up the world and all that God despises, and trusts in Jesus, and can say: “I will trust all I have in the hands of God.” That is the sort of Christianity we want.

A Queer Start

One of the most remarkable incidents was related to me by a woman I had in my charge as a pastor—a true, noble, good Christian woman. She said to me one day: “Did you ever hear how it was I got into the church?” I said: “No.” “Well,” she said, “I was a fifteen-year-old girl, and I was stand-

ing outside of my pew in the aisle when the congregation arose to sing, and the preacher invited inquirers forward. I had stepped a little out from between the pews and had taken my stand in the aisle, and stood there singing, and a mischievous schoolmate of mine standing behind me gave me a push and started me up the aisle, and started me so forcibly that I could not stop, and I just went right on up and gave the preacher my hand, and," she said, "that is how I came. I was so impressed by the fact that I had joined the church, that it made me very serious; and the following week, whenever wrong or error would come up, I'd say: 'I cannot do that; I am a member of the church;' the thing so weighed upon me until finally I said: 'Can I be a member in the church and not be a true Christian?' I sought the Saviour and found Him." And she said: "I would not take the world for that push that girl gave me that day."

It doesn't make much difference what starts you, so you get a good start.

Children

This incident I have heard related of Jonathan Edwards, perhaps the greatest man that ever preached the Gospel in America. He heard of the conversion of little Minnie Lee, in a distant state. That good man did not believe that children could know Christ, and he went hundreds of miles to hunt the home of this little girl. And when he knocked at the door and was admitted by the mother of the child, he gave her his hand and said: "I am Dr.

Edwards. Is this Mistress Lee?" And she bowed and said: "I am Mrs. Lee." "Well," he said, "I have come to talk with your little Minnie." And she said: "Walk into the parlour." He walked in and took a seat. The mother went and dressed little Minnie, combed her hair and brought her into the parlour looking almost like a little angel, sure enough. And Dr. Edwards took her up on his knee and questioned her and probed and dissected every utterance for almost an hour. Then he took little Minnie and set her in her mother's lap, and took out a handkerchief and wiped the big tears from his eyes, and said: "Thank God Almighty, a child four years old can have the Lord Jesus Christ." Oh, brethren, let us bring our children to Christ; let us save them in their younger days. Thank God for every agency in this country that brings children to Christ.

Faith

Steve Holcomb, with his little wharf-rats before him at Louisville—a poor little beggar children's Sunday-school—called four of them out before him, and pulled half a dollar out of his pocket, and said: "Johnny, you may have that." Johnny sat and looked at it, but never opened his mouth. And he said: "Willie, you may have that;" but the little fellow sat and grinned and never opened his mouth. And he said: "Henry, you may have that;" but Henry sat there and never said a word. And he said: "Tommy, you may have that;" and Tommy put out his hand, grabbed the money, and ran it

down in his pocket. And Brother Holcomb said: "That is faith." The other boys cried and cried because they did not take it. Faith is taking just what God offers you. God offers you Christ and Salvation.

Mother's Letter

Some months ago I met a drummer on a train and he said: "Mr. Jones, I was very much touched the other day. I got a letter from my mother. It was a sweet, good letter; but it wasn't mother's words that troubled me so. It was not how she wrote; it was not what she said; but it was the tremulous hand on the paper. Mother is nearly done writing to her boy. And, Mr. Jones, that letter has touched me, and before God, I want to be a joy to my mother the balance of her life." Let's think about precious mother!

Cleansing Needed

A good many people believe that they can develop into Christians; they run upon the developing process. They say: "I am budding now, and by and by I will blossom. I am getting along fine. I have quit cursing." Another says: "I have quit drinking." Now they are going to bud and develop into Christians and be religious. What would you think of an old washerwoman who would put a pile of clothing on her head, and say: "Boss, I am going to develop your clothes." You would say: "You old dunce, I want those clothes cleaned. I

do not want any developing about them." Sinner, you don't want any developing; you are big enough! You want cleansing.

Great Discoveries

When Harvey discovered that the blood circulated from the heart to the extremities, and back again to the heart, he was arraigned by the world. They admitted that the earth rotated on its axis, but they would not admit that the blood circulated. They thought Harvey a great heretic. Yet, now we honour him as one of the earth's greatest discoverers; and to-day, when the physician walks into your sick-room and lays his finger on your pulse, he determines the nature of the disease by the accelerated action of the pulse, which is the indicator of the arterial circulation. No one doubts now that the blood circulates.

When Watts discovered that steam—a bland vapour—had a power almost omnipotent, the world laughed him to scorn, and considered him a great heretic. And when Stephenson constructed his engine, that infidel world stood and looked on, ready to laugh him to scorn; but when he pulled back the throttle and the engine moved off before the gaze of an infidel world with an astonishing power and velocity, the world hung its head. Can anybody doubt the power of steam who sees these iron horses moving over this country a mile a minute, pulling their freighted tons? All opposition to this grand discoverer has died out with the past.

When Morse discovered that a man might chain electricity to a wire, and that one man might sit in one city and talk to a person in another city, the world pricked its ears up and said: "We have a sure enough humbug now, and we will condemn him without trial." Who doubts now that I can go into a telegraph office or telephone office and talk for an hour to a friend in Liverpool, England? And to-day the world builds monuments to these grand discoverers and honours those who have proclaimed these discoveries to the world.

But the grandest discoverer in this world's history was He who eighteen hundred years ago discovered the balm of Gilead and poured His own precious blood out to redeem this world. Oh, why is it that we accept everything from everybody that is proven true, and yet when the blood-washed throng in heaven, and the best of earth, stand up and testify of Jesus' power to save, there are those who have doubts and misgivings about His power to save a soul to God?

Repentance

Old Uncle Johnnie Knight, of our Conference—a saintly old man he was—sitting back in the church one night listened to George Smith, and George was preaching on repentance; and was speaking of evangelical and legal repentance, splitting hairs a mile long, showing which was legal repentance and which was evangelical repentance. Old Uncle Johnnie Knight sat back there listening until he was tired; then he stood up and said: "George,

won't you stop a minute and let me tell these people what repentance is?" And George said: "Yes, Uncle Johnnie; I always like to hear you talk." Uncle Johnnie started up the aisle, and said: "I'm going to hell; I'm going to hell." When he got up to the end of the aisle, he started right back and said: "I am going to heaven; I am going to heaven. Now," said he, "George, tell 'em to turn round; that means repentance; that means conversion; and don't stand there splitting hairs on evangelical and legal repentance." All that God asks of a sinner is to turn around. It is yours to turn, and then it is God's to bring the times of refreshing upon your soul.

Fruit

The ultimatum of all vegetation around us is to mature fruit. I look at that grand old oak-tree with its bare branches, and in a few weeks, in the spring, it will begin to bud and blossom, and leaf out; and then I notice that grand old oak-tree is gathering from all the stores in the atmosphere, and drinking in all the moisture at its roots, and by and by I see that old oak-tree pouring its vital fluid into the little acorn; and I see the acorn, week after week, growing and developing and expanding, and the old tree is bending all its forces and gathering from all resources, and pouring its vital fluids into the little acorn, and still the acorn grows; until by and by I see the yellow, rounded, beautiful, matured acorn lying on the ground beneath. And then I see the grand old tree shed its

leaves in the fall, and see its forces going back to winter quarters. That old tree, from the first bud on its branch until it shed its leaves, the ultimatum of its efforts was to produce ripe acorns.

Go into the garden in the spring and see that apple-tree bud, leaf out and blossom, and the little apple appears, and then I see the tree bending all its energy and pouring out into the little apple all its vital fluid, and I see the little apple growing and developing and expanding, and by and by there's a ripe, juicy, red, luscious apple. The tree started out to mature ripe apples, and as soon as matured it ceased. It reached its ultimatum when it bore matured fruit. I grant that there are a good many intervening difficulties between the blossom and the ripe fruit; there are the cold frosts of April and the wintry winds of March and the worms that gnaw at the vitals of the fruit; but the tree answers the end for which it was created just in proportion as it overcomes all these obstacles and matures the fruit for your garnering.

In the vegetable world around us, just as the ultimatum of the oak and apple-tree is to mature fruit, so the ultimatum of every Christian life is to produce and mature Christian fruit. The fruit of the Spirit is love. This is the fruit that blossoms highest up the tree; this is the fruit that Christ raised upon the spiritual tree, and shed its blossoms on all below.

Down in Georgia, in the peach orchards, after the trees have blossomed out and the farmer sees there is going to be a cold north wind and a clear

sky, and he knows he's going to have a frost, he rolls logs and makes big heaps of brush and burns them all night, and lets the heat and smoke blow over the orchard and keep away the frost of the night. Oh, how essential it is to keep the warm fires of the Holy Ghost burning all around us to keep the deadly frost away. It is all essential that we pray to develop our fruit.

Peace

I very much like the old woman in Stewart County, Georgia, when my father was refugeeing South. Father was going along one day and drove up and asked: "Mother, is your husband in?" "No, sir." "I want to get some corn, if you please, for my stock," said my father. "I think my husband has corn to sell, but he isn't at home," the old woman said. "When will he be home?" "Not before to-morrow." "I would like very much for you to let me have some corn," my father said again. "I can't do it; I don't know whether he has corn to sell or not," the old woman replied. "It's very necessary I get some," said my father. "But, mister, I don't know whether my husband would like it or not; and I would rather have peace at home than abroad," said the old woman finally.

The Need of Prayer

I heard of a fellow once who had so much work to do on a certain day that he had to lay it all down and stop and pray three hours in order to get through with it. The Bible says: "Pray without

ceasing." Do you see that engine stopping yonder? The schedule of that passenger train is forty-five miles an hour, and that train has stopped still. I look at it and I say: "What does all this mean? The engineer has stopped and he is on schedule time. Why doesn't he go on? What has he stopped for? He has stopped one minute, two minutes, three minutes, five minutes. Why doesn't he go on?" I look a little closer, and see he is taking on coal and letting water in the tender. He has spent six minutes at the station and has secured a supply of coal and water, and now he says to himself: "I have lost six minutes, but I have got steam power enough to carry me along sixty miles an hour if I want to go that fast; but if I had run by that coal station I would have stalled on the first grade. But now I have power enough to carry me through." When you run up to God's coal and water station, you must take on enough for your needs. That is the meaning of prayer.

Usefulness

The Eastern people boast 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 for 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 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 good and useful. There is not a particle of the palm-tree

that is not useful. The righteous 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.

Truthfulness

Once I was in a store when a farmer came in to get some plow-points.—He had just moved into the settlement, and it was the first or second time he had been to town. He came into the store and asked the proprietor: "Are these plow-points tempered enough?" "No," said he, "I think not; I tried some of them and they are soft." When the farmer had gone out I said to the proprietor: "Why didn't you tell that man that the plow-points were well-tempered and hard, and would do the work he required of them? Why, you told him the naked truth and missed a sale; you're a strange man." But as long as I stayed in that community, that man had a customer who would spend his last dollar with him.

Fashion

One of the governors of Georgia removed to the capital of the state. His wife, a good woman, accompanied him. After they had moved into the city of Milledgeville, she sent her children to school, and one afternoon they came home and said to their mother: "Mamma, if you don't take these red flannels off of us we'll quit school." "What's the



matter?" said the mother. "Well," said her children, "all the other children laugh at us for wearing red flannels, as they're out of fashion." The old governor's wife said: "Now, look here, children; you mustn't come here and complain about the fashions, because I set the fashions for the other folks." Let's look this old world in the face, and set the fashion of what is right, and keep it.

Firmness

I heard of a gambler in Louisville, who gave himself to God and joined the church; and when he went on the streets the next day, and met his former companions, he said to them: "Good-bye, 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 to-day and cut it forever." That is what I call taking a stand! And if you want to be a Christian, take a stand.

Honesty

Do you enforce the command, "Thou shalt not steal"? If you do not, you ought to do as the preacher did in Maine, where the business of the community was to get out and market logs, and where the great sin of the community was stealing logs. This preacher preached from the text, "Thou shalt not steal," but without success, until at last he found he must fit his text to the settlement in which he lived, and so he said: "Brethren, my text to-day reads: 'Thou shalt not steal—logs.'"

Lord, help us to make the practical things of Christianity clear and plain, and help us to live up to those things.

The Saviour's Arm

A man ascends a narrow, rocky, difficult pathway up the Alps; on and on he goes, until at last I see he reaches a point in the pathway that is impassable; he is on this narrow cliff and he can no more pass this point than he can fly. He can't get any further. But he has a guide along, and his guide says to him: "Now you can pass that rock;" and the guide lies down on the rocky path and pushes out his brawny hand and arm, and says: "Step on this hand here and I will pass you up and around the rock, and you can step safely on the other side." And the guide pushes his sleeves back, and the man steps on the brawny arm and hand of the guide and passes safely around, and presses on his journey to the mountain top. There is a point in every man's experience which he reaches before he gets to heaven, where human power gives way; but the divine Saviour lies down and tells us, "Step on this hand, and I will pass you safely round and you can pursue your way to glory."

A Sober-Minded Man

There are a great many fellows who will go to New York City and do things they wouldn't do at home for any amount of money. A man who will act in that way is like a fellow I heard of down in

Paulding County, Georgia. One day the preacher asked him to come up and give his soul to God, and the fellow said: "I guess you are mistaken in the man; I don't live in this county. I live in another county." There are a great many of that kind of characters in this world. A man that is just as good in one place as he is in another under all circumstances, everywhere, is a sober-minded man!

Habit

I received a letter from a commercial traveller once, in which he said: "I am a New York drummer. I believe in Jesus Christ, my Saviour. For some years I thought I could not sell goods without drinking with my trade, but finding it a dishonour to my Lord, I wrote down in my order-book: 'No more drinks of any kind, so help me God;' and God blessed me. And I did the same thing with smoking, and ever since I wrote that down I have never used tobacco in any form. Just tell the drummers that God saved me and kept me from drink and tobacco, and His grace is sufficient for me." "I thought on my ways."

Debt

Down South our farmers are furnished money by merchants or warehousemen and provisions to last until they make their crops. The farmer comes to the merchant and mortgages his farm, his buildings, his horses and stock, and crops, and draws

money and provisions to use during the year. At the end of the year he goes into town and pays about sixty cents on the dollar, and when he has paid this amount he says to the merchant: "You must carry the other thirty-three per cent. over to next year." The merchant holds the mortgage on his farm and stock, and carries him over to the next year. The next year the same thing is repeated, and he carries over another thirty-three per cent., making sixty-six per cent. for the two years. And then he does the same thing the third year; there is another thirty-three per cent. added to his indebtedness. The next year I see the sheriff with a paper in his hand, crying: "This plantation for sale." What does it mean? It means that the mortgage is due, and the officers of the court are selling the owner out to pay his debts. Sin is a debt that will bankrupt us sooner or later if not put away.

God is Love

The sun in mid-heaven shines on everything alike. It shines on the verdant valleys and 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.

Hunger of the Soul

See that baby boy, how he cries and kicks and screams! His nurse endeavours 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. 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 on 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. Brethren, whenever a soul gets to the point in its childlike simplicity, that the devil, the world, the flesh, and all its other allurements cannot satisfy it, and it says: "I don't want that; I want my Saviour," He is sure to come and abide with that soul.

Backslider

I saw some time ago an illustration of how the devil works among his crowd, by an old coloured 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 Saviour, here's de Christuon, and here's de debbil. Now when de Christuon move up to Christ, den de debbil he move off; de Christuon move nearer to Christ, and de debbil he move furder off; den de Christuon sorter backslides, den de debbil move up; de Christuon gets furder and furder away from

Christ, and de debbil moves up closer and closer to him, and de first thing you knows 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.'" 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."

The Work of Grace

The process in this world is to take from, and not to add to. Michael Angelo never added anything to the marble block; he just cut it away and chipped it off, until finally there was an angel, sure enough. Now, brother, you lie still under fire, and let God chisel off the rough and rugged points and angles of your nature, and let grace work you down to where you ought to be, and you will be beautiful enough to charm heaven after a while.

Church-Member

An engineer told me once that after every trip the engine went into the round house; her machinery was overhauled and the bolts tightened; but, he said, about every four years she must go into the shop and be taken all to pieces, overhauled, and made new again. I said to the engineer: "How do you know when an engine needs this thorough overhauling?" He said: "When she gets so she can't make schedule time and carry the loads." So with our church-member-

ship; every time they come to the house of God we overhaul their religious machinery and tighten the bolts of their purposes; but ever and anon the revival occasions are but the grand shops, where our memberships are taken all to pieces and overhauled from head to foot.

Work

“All things work together for good to them who love God.” God makes all His forces work to, and converge at, that point, where they must bring salvation to you if you love Him. God is an active God. As I look about me in this vast world, I see how God has put His power and energy upon and into everything. I see it in the cyclone and in the storm. He made the sun to shine by day and the moon to give light by night, and the rivers to flow, and the flowers to bloom, and He made all nature to manifest His power and activity; and amid the rush of the world and the stillness of the stars, God looks down and says: “Why stand ye here idle? Look at all nature how she rushes and stirs. What are you standing there for?” God is all activity, and He says: “All things work together for good to them who love God.”

Gift

Sometimes we value a present, not so much by its intrinsic value as by the person who gives it to us. I have known a souvenir of some sort, a present not worth fifty cents if its associations are taken away; but the owner would not take thou-

sands for it. This was a gift of a precious mother on her dying bed. This was the gift of the best friend you ever had. Brethren, God's gifts to His children are invaluable. The Bible was given to us by God. You cannot price such presents as that, and yet God is giving, and giving, and what have we shown in return?

Cheerfulness

Down in Columbus, Georgia, one of the pastors, a happy, bright brother, walked into the post-office one morning and asked for his mail. The postmaster asked him inside. "Do you see these boots?" he said, pointing to a handsome pair of new boots on his feet; "what do you think of them?" "They are very good." "Well," said the postmaster, "you go to such and such a place and let them take your measure. I want you to have a pair made just like them." The pastor said: "I don't need any boots specially. What does it mean?" "Well, it's not because I have heard you preach so often, but because you've put your head in at my window about three hundred days during the year and given me a pleasant smile." A cheerful man is to the world what oil is to the engines of a workshop. He keeps away friction and makes things run smooth.

Smiling

In Monticello, where I was pastor, a carriage manufacturer called up his hands for a final settlement, and when he had paid them all off he called to a coloured boy of about twenty, and said:

“Harry, come here; here is a twenty-dollar gold piece for you.” “What’s that for? you paid me,” said Harry. “It’s because I have called you up at all times of the day and night, and sent you off on all sorts of errands, and I never saw you except with a smile on your face. This is for the way you did your work, not for what you did.”

Joyfulness

The sweetest-throated birds that ever warbled a song are said to be the larks of Scotland. They roost upon the grass of the fields, and early in the morning the Scottish farmer walks through the fields, and he flushes the larks, and they begin to rise, and circle as they rise, and sing as they circle; and it is said that the highest note of the lark is its sweetest note, and, listening to its last sweet tone, it seems as though the heaven bent down and mingled its melody with the melody in the throat of the lark. O brethren, a Christian ought to be like the larks of Scotland. Let us get up, and circle as we rise, and sing as we circle. Let us sing a victory over sin and death and hell.

Brotherly Love

A man once bought a farm and the neighbours said: “You can’t live with your next-door neighbour. He is a terror to the settlement. That’s what the other man sold out for. He will torment you to death.” The new man said: “If he fools with me, I will kill him.” Well, they told the bad neighbour this, and it made him worse than ever.

He would cripple his stock and throw rocks at his children. There was not a mean thing in the world he wouldn't do. The new neighbour would send him quarters of sheep, and care for his stock, and give his children apples and books and kind words. One day the bad neighbour was coming home with a load and he got stalled on a big hill. The new neighbour came and helped him out and offered to do anything he could for him. The man dropped on his knees and said: "You said you were going to kill me, and you have knocked me cold and dead; and I am going to make you the best neighbour you ever had in your life." You see, if you kill a fellow with love, you don't have to bury him. Get the right spirit towards Christians, and you will soon get the right spirit towards sinners. Brotherly love and kindness.

Prayer

We had a revival once in the lumber regions of Maine. There was a man there who had never been to church in his life, and wouldn't associate with Christian people. And the good Spirit permeated the community so that it took hold upon this man, and he surrendered his heart to God, got up in the meeting and told how God had saved him. He was called on to pray. He had never heard a public prayer in his life. He got down on his knees and said: "Good Lord, you have had such good luck on me, please try your hand on some of those other sinners." It was the first prayer he had ever prayed, but wasn't it a good one? That was an

earnest and sensible putting of his feelings—a thousand times grander than those elegant prayers you frequently hear in public.

Selling Out Too Cheap

Here is a man sitting on the pinnacle or cone of a five-story building. He sits there whittling with a little penknife which cost only fifty cents, but it is a beautiful little knife; all at once the knife slips out of his hands and slides down to the edge of the building and stops. He sits and looks at that knife, and says: "I am sorry I let that knife slip out of my hand; I believe I'll go down and get it." "But you might slip and fall off; it's very near the edge." "I know that, but people have gone that near the edge and not fallen. It is true the knife is worth only fifty cents, and it is risking a good deal; but I think I can get it and not fall off." "But if you fall, it is death." "Well, I know, but I am going to be careful." And he crawls down to the edge and grasps the knife, and just as he grasps his knife, his hold loosens and he falls and is crushed to jelly on the rocks below. But he got the knife. What is there in a game of cards? What is there in having a dance? What is there in going to a theatre? God keep us from going to hell without a particle of reason for it. You will find out that you have sold out yourself and your family too cheap.

Unstableness

There's one kind of an engine that's always a nuisance to me, and that's these little switching en-

gines down by the station. They run up and down side-tracks, shoving cars; and that's all they do from week to week and from month to month. They're always getting in the way of wagons and scaring horses. But when I see a grand locomotive start to the seacoast cities, there is music in her whistle. There is something that says she is determined to land her passengers at their destination on time. There are a great many of us Christians just switching backward and forward on side-tracks. There's many a one that the preachers will never see again until the next big meeting—everlastingly switching along big meetings and going nowhere.

Confession

In one of the Southern cities there was, perhaps, as respectable a woman as ever moved in the high circle to which she belonged. She became interested in a series of services and gave her heart to God, and on the Saturday afternoon before she was to be received in the church, she sought one of the best women in the town, and said to her: "I've come to talk with you. To-morrow morning I'm going to join the church—the church you belong to; I have given my heart to God and have repented of my sins, but I shall be disgraced to-morrow when my name is read out to the people." "Why," said the lady, "what do you mean?" "I mean this: I have lived a false life; I am living a falsehood. You know my little son, Willie, ten years old?" "Yes," said the lady. "Well, you know I am

called Mrs. Blank. My name is not Mrs. Blank, but it is Miss So-and-so; and so it shall go on the register of God's Church. I will go to the bottom." God pity us if there is anything wrong, whatever it is; let us go down to the bottom, and out with it. That woman had to do it or be damned. You cannot live a false life and be a Christian. Go down to bottom facts. David said: "I acknowledged my sin unto Thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid."

Sincerity

If the Presbyterians have a good meeting, the Baptists will attend, take a back seat, look on, and say: "The thing is too stiff, formal and cold. The people are not being converted—merely joining the church." The Presbyterians attend a meeting conducted by the Methodists, and you ask them if the Methodists are having a big meeting; they answer: "Well, they are making a great deal of fuss around there—it's all excitement, however, and soon will blow over—very little in it; but they've got quite a stir among them." Then the Methodists attend a revival at the Baptist Church, go late and take no part, and, when the people are converted, you ask a Methodist if the Baptists are having a big meeting, and he replies: "Well, it's mostly water—just talking water, water." It is the sure test of a man's sincerity and religion to be able to rejoice at the prosperity of the Lord's work in the hands of another.

Holding the Gun All Over the Tree

There is nothing like holding the gun all over the tree. As did the old palsied father who went out with his son, squirrel hunting; the old man's part was to shake the bush, and he had but to take hold of the bush and it would shake without any effort. On one occasion when he was to shake the bush and turn the squirrel, after he had turned the squirrel for four or five different shots for his son, all of which failed, the old man said: "Give me the gun and you shake the bush." The boy gave up the gun and shook the bush and turned the squirrel. The old man held up the gun in his palsied hands, and as it "wobbled" all over the tree, "bang" went the gun and down came the game, at which the old man remarked joyfully: "I told you I'd git him." The boy replied: "Anybody could kill a squirrel up a tree who would hold a gun all over it, as you did."

Cures Infidelity

A leading citizen of Huntsville, Ala., came to me and said: "I want to be a Christian, I want to love God and do right, but I can't believe in the divinity of Christ to save my life." I said: "Don't come to me with talk like that; do just as Christ told you to do, and if you don't make the landing I'll swim out to you and drown with you." "Well," said the man, "what would you have me to do?" I replied: "Come to the meeting to-night, and when I call for sinners you be the first one to come forward."

When the doors of the church are opened you join." The gentleman replied: "What, join the church when I can't believe!" "Now," I said, "I told you to keep your mouth shut; I am prescribing for you, and you take the remedy, and I'll warrant the cure." That night he walked up and joined the church. I said to him: "Go home now and have family prayer, and come back to the service to-morrow, and I'll ask you to pray in public; I'll get you straightened out if you will just keep your mouth shut." That night he had family prayer, and started right; then I called upon him to pray in public, and he offered a very earnest prayer. He had started right, and a few months afterwards when I went back to Huntsville for a special service, I said: "How is Brother Blank getting on?" The pastor replied: "He is one of the best members we have." "How is he on the divinity of Christ?" "Oh, he has quit doubting long ago." I have always believed that if a man would put himself in the right attitude for salvation that God would lead him into the light.

Butterfly and Bee

One of these little fitting society girls, compared to a substantial Christian girl, reminds me of a butterfly, compared to a honey-bee. The butterfly flits here and there with its beautiful colour, and nobody ever knows what it's for or when it goes. The honey-bee flies from flower to flower, lighting with a velvet tread upon each blossom, extracting its sweetness without marring its beauty, and lays up honey to bless the world.

The Do-Nothing Christian

A man newly converted came to me and said: "Brother Jones, don't call on me to do anything." I replied: "Do you want to make a first-class Christian?" He answered: "Of course, I do." I said: "Well, here are two members for you to examine. There is old man Green—doesn't pray in his family, doesn't pray at the prayer-meeting, doesn't speak in the experience meeting, doesn't work in the revival, and gives very little to the church. You want to be like him?" He replied: "Why, Mr. Jones, do you mean to insult me?" I said: "Well, look at the other one. There's Dr. Watts—he prays in his family, prays in the prayer-meeting, is the superintendent of my Sunday-school, testifies in the experience meeting, and is the most liberal giver in my church. Everybody loves and respects him for his broad and consistent Christian living. How would you like to be like him?" He replied: "That's the kind of a Christian I want to be." I said: "Yet you want to live like old Green and be like Dr. Watts."

The Practical Preacher

These old, cold, dogmatic D. D.'s will never save the world. One of them will get up Sunday morning and say practically this: "Here I am, Jeremiah Jones, D. D., saved by grace. If you can swim five miles through the cold sea of metaphysics and theology to where I am, you will be saved. If you can't, you will be damned; and I don't care much if you

are." I like the practical preacher, who runs the life-boat right out to the shore, throws a gangplank of practical illustration right down at a fellow's foot, and says: "All aboard for glory," and the sinner takes passage.

Faith and Works

There are two kinds of Christianity I have always had a contempt for. A fellow who just depends on God, and does nothing else, and a fellow who tries to do the whole thing himself without God. Both are little fellows. I like the fellow who works just like there wasn't any God, and then trusts God just like he couldn't do a thing. One of these fellows who just trusts God for everything, will come out like the old negro. Two old negroes were going down the road discussing this question. One of them says: "Brother Johnson, I does all I can first, and then I trust the Lord." The other old negro says: "Brother Brown, you got that wrong. I just lays right down on the promises." Just about that time a big, mad Jersey bull came down the road with mud on his horns, and business in his eye. The negroes took to the woods. They came together about a mile away, after a lively race. "Brother Brown," said Brother Johnson, "I thought you said you just trust the Lord, but I notice when that mad animal took after us you took to your heels, just like I did." "Well now, Brother Brown, I tell you, I don't think der's any of dem bad animals loose when God made de promises." It takes God and man both to get up

the best specimen of Christian manhood. It takes God and man both to make a big ear of corn. Man can make nubbins without God, and God can make nubbins without man. If a man will plow deep and work faithfully, he can make nubbins whether it rains or not, and with favourable season, God can make nubbins whether man works the corn or not; but when you see an ear of corn about eighteen inches long hanging on a stalk, it took God and man both to get that up. And when you see a well-rounded Christian character, it took God and man both to get that up.

Preserve Us

The Bible says: "The Lord will preserve us." I never fully understood that until I went into the kitchen where my wife was making preserves. She had a big pan of peaches peeled and cut up, and a big bowl of sugar, and emptied them both into a brass kettle, and I said: "What are you doing?" She said: "I am preserving peaches." I said: "What is that?" She said: "I am fixing them up so they will keep, and keep sweet." Some of you old kicking, quarrelling, grumbling Christians think you are preserved. You are not preserved, you are just pickled.

Kind Words

Once in Jerusalem a great crowd—it was eighteen hundred 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 like those people that always like to say something kind of people in their ways and walks of life. The best thing we can do with our tongues is to speak well and speak kindly of all men.

Imperviousness to Sin

"He that is born of God doth not commit sin. . . ." Now if I were to say that an honest man cannot steal, everybody would say, "That is true." If I were to say a sober man cannot get drunk, they would say, "That's a fact." If I would say a chaste man cannot be vulgar, they would say, "That is true." Well, now, brother, if a truthful man as a truthful man cannot tell a lie, and an honest man as an honest man cannot steal, and a sober man as a sober man cannot get drunk, if logic is worth anything and common sense and religion will mix up together at all, then I say, is there anything unreasonable in the proposition that: "He that is born of God doth

not commit sin, because His seed remaineth in him." Now suppose some man had said to me this morning when I got up: "Brother Tudor came here last night and stole your watch and clothes, and has run away." I would look the man in the face and say: "Brother Tudor cannot steal my watch and clothes." You don't mean that he could not have walked out on the street and gone into my room and carried off these things as a physical act, but you say: "It is against his principles, and against his interests, and against his conviction, and against his desires and purposes and everything, and I just know he didn't do it." There's a man with the love and respect of everybody in St. Louis, and with no interest at all for stealing anything from me, and I just know he couldn't do it; and if every man in the city of St. Louis was like him, we could quit shutting our front doors at night and throw all our keys away, and just close up our sheriff's institution and every jail and every calaboose in the city. Ain't that so? It is like a train when you see it going thundering along the track towards Kansas City—you know it isn't going to St. Louis, because all its momentum is the other way. And when a man's momentum and desires and purposes and intentions are set heavenward, with all the power that God can give him, then he can't go to hell.

Doing Nothing

I see a farmer the first three months of the year, instead of cleaning out his fence corners, and re-

pairing his fences, and turning his land, and being just as energetic and active in January as he is in May—instead of that he is loitering around doing nothing. I don't need any tongue of the prophet to tell how he'll come out farming. I have seen him down South. I have watched him, and I have told him before he started in how he would come out, too. Said I: "I'll tell you what will happen to you. You'll buy your corn from the West. You put in forty acres to the old mule and before the year is out the grass will have your cotton, and the birds will have your wheat, and the buzzards will have your mule, and the sheriff will have you, and that's about where you'll wind up." Didn't mean anything—that's the trouble.

Courage

Courage! Courage! I tell you this sickly sentimentalism that we have that God's people are peaceful, quiet and getting-out-of-the-devil's-way sort of people, is a mistake. Down in my state I have been preaching prohibition, and in Georgia I have gone into those counties where prohibition was being fought the hardest, and said: "Brethren of the church, take a stand and hold it. Do not let a barkeeper that has not got more than three gallons of whiskey, and that bought on credit, come out on the square on election day with an old, rusty pistol in his hand that hasn't been loaded since the war, and curse two or three times and talk loud and run every member of the church out of town. God have mercy on you pusillanimous

wretches ; hold your ground, and tell them that if they can die for their infernal traffic you can die for those precious children. Go on and God's approval will rest with you."

Money

A father in one of the Southern cities said to me : " Oh, two of my boys are dissipated, and my money will ruin my boys, and I know it." I said : " You say you've got money enough to ruin those boys ? " " Yes." " And you are certain it will ruin them ? " " Yes." I said : " I will tell you how to dodge that thing." " How ? " " Well, give me this afternoon twenty thousand dollars apiece of those boys' money for the orphan home out here, and you go home to-night and say to Tom and Henry : ' I have given Sam Jones twenty thousand dollars of each of your portions, and the very next time you get drunk I am going to give him forty thousand dollars more ; and on your third drunk, I will make him a deed for that orphan's home for every dollar I have got.' And," said I, " you will straighten those boys right out."

Love

Nine-tenths of the world is made up of don't-know-what-to-thinks. Oh, how numerous they are ! But what is the use of going on in that way ? When I was a ten-year-old boy, if you asked me, " Do you love your mother ? " I should reply : " Yes, sir, I do." " Do you know why ? " " Because when I do what mother tells me to do I feel

good about it, and when I do something mother told me not to do, I feel bad about it." "Well, what other reason?" "I love her, and I love to hear her name reverently and kindly used." "Well, what other reason?" "It makes me feel bad to have any one speak unkindly and irreverently of my mother."

Now you ask me: "Are you a Christian?" "Yes." "Do you love God?" "Yes." "How do you know you do?" "Because when I do like God tells me I feel good about it." "How else do you know it?" "Because when I do something He told me not to do, I feel bad about it." "How else do you know it?" "It does me good to hear people praise God and speak reverently of Him, and it gives me a horror to hear any one blaspheme Him."

I have as many reasons why I loved God as I had why I loved my mother.

Riches

"How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God." How many genuinely Scriptural, pious, rich women do you know in town? I do not mean how many belong to the church. I know the church will get them in, and it's glad to get them, religion or no religion. I ain't talking about that. How many genuinely Scriptural, devoted, pious, rich women have you got in your city? How many pure, noble, consecrated, self-sacrificing, pious men, who are millionaires, have you got in your city? Now I never said there were not any. I never said how many. I ask you how many?

The Promise of God

“If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us.” Now let us put ourselves honestly and squarely on this one promise.

The stockmen of the West, in order to prevent the cattle from wading in the pools in their pastures and making the water muddy, have built a rock wall about the pools, and put a platform over the pool, and put a trough on the side of the platform. The trough cannot be seen from the outside, and I expect that if an old ox were to rear up and look over the platform he would tell the others, “There is not a drop of water in that trough. I can see it and there is not a drop of water in it.” But that old ox, thirsty for water, walks around the wall and on to that platform, and the pressure of his weight on the platform forces the water, sparkling and gurgling, up into the trough, and he drinks and is never dry.

Brother, this naked promise of God is right over the pools of the water of life, and these scientific gentlemen have somehow seen down into the trough and said: “There is not a drop of water in it.” Mr. Tyndall got up there, and looked down, and he said: “There is nothing in it.” They are right about that; but let the poor sinner walk out on the platform, and his weight will force the water of life into the trough, and he drinks and rejoices in the fact that religion is true.

There is but one way of testing, and that is like a little fellow whose father said to him: “Son, how

does candy taste?" And the little fellow stuck the candy he was eating up to his father's mouth and replied: "Father, taste for yourself."

Organization

Some years ago I was holding a meeting in Atlanta, Georgia. I said, The difference between a locomotive engine and a pile of scrap-iron is that the locomotive engine is organized and the pile of scrap-iron is not. See that pile of scrap-iron helpless, unable even to move itself. See that steam-engine on the track; touch the throttle and see it move off like a thing of life, pulling its freighted tons. How I should like to see the Church of God organized like that locomotive engine and every part of her machinery doing its work as effectively as the parts of that locomotive engine! Suppose this congregation to be the members of the Church of God. Let us organize it. Each one of you stand up and tell me what part of the machinery you will be. One brother arose and said: "Brother Jones, I would like to be the driving-wheels of that engine. That is the secret of her speed." Another said: "I would like to be the side-arms that connect the power with the speed." Another said: "I would like to be the throttle, so that every time God laid His hand on me something would move." Another said: "Glory to God, Brother Jones, I would like to be the whistle to sound His praises abroad." I said: "Hold on, brother; we've got enough whistles. The Methodist Church reminds me of a little steamboat down on the Coosa River—

a tiny engine and a great long whistle. When she blows she can't run, and when she runs she can't blow. We've got whistles enough." About that time a consecrated man of God rose to his feet. I knew he would say something. He was a man who gave liberally to all of the causes of the church and was faithful in every duty of life. He said: "Brother Jones, I have been thinking what part of that old engine I would like to be. How I would like to see the Church of God organized like a steam-engine and hitched to the old world to pull it home to God! Others may be driving-wheels and throttles and whistles and bells, but I am willing to be the old black coal that the fireman pitches into the engine to make steam to carry the old engine along." My brethren, that's the consecration we need. We need more men and women who are willing to be consumed that the work may prosper.

The Streamlet

If you want to know my idea of the difference between a liberal Christian and a stingy Christian, I can give it to you in the picture of the little stream and the old pond. See the little stream leaping down the mountainside. Running along in its healthful activity it passes near a pool or pond. The old pond hails the little stream: "Whither away, master streamlet?" The streamlet replies: "I am going to bear this cup of water to the sea." The old pond smiles complacently, and says: "O, you poor foolish thing; we have had a backward

spring and we will have a hot summer to pay for it, and you will be dried up then if you waste your water." "Well," said the streamlet, "if I am to die so soon I will use this blessing while I have it for the good of others." The old pond smiled again and threw its arms around all it had and said: "I won't let one drop get away. I know I shall need it for myself by and by." The hot summer did come—hotter and hotter still. The sun's rays poured down upon field and hill and mountain. And how about the streamlet? The trees lined its verdant banks and locked their arms above its bosom and did not let a ray of sun touch the streamlet. The cattle sipped its tide; the birds sang its praise, and on it went rejoicing in its useful course. And how about the old pond? The sun poured down on its bosom hotter and hotter. The old pond began to breed malaria and the wind scattered it over the settlement. The people began to have chills and fever. The sun came still hotter. The frogs cast venom on its bosom; the cattle met at its brink, but would not touch its water; the birds flew away without a note of praise. Then in mercy to the land the sun smote it with a hotter breath and dried it up from the face of the earth. And how about the streamlet? It ran on to the river and gave all it had, and the river caught it up and carried it to the sea, and the sea sent up its incense in clouds; and the winds, like waiting steeds, caught up the clouds and carried them until they stood right over the mouth of the streamlet, and tipped the cup and poured the water back into

its mouth. The streamlet then, with renewed vigour, went singing down the mountain, passing near the old pond, now dried up, sang out with merry voice :

Old ponds may come, old ponds may go,
But I go on forever.

The Palace of Sin

When I was a boy the devil appeared to me as bright as an angel, and taking me by the hand led me down a beautiful avenue into a most beautiful palace. He took me all through it and showed me its beauties and luxuries. He allowed me to pillow my head on the lounge of contentment and sit down in the chair of ease, and when he had shown me through he said : "If you will serve me all of this will be yours." And I said : "I consent." But I walked out one day and when I returned my chair of ease was gone. I went out another day and when I returned my lounge of contentment was gone. I went out another day and when I returned the table of pleasure had been taken out. Day by day all of the beautiful furnishings disappeared and all was desolate. Finally I went out one day and when I returned a window was gone, and the room was never as bright any more. And again another window was taken out, and another, and then a door ; and at last every window and every door had been taken out except one, through which I left, thank God, and I never entered again. A friend of mine lingered longer. He lingered until the last door was taken out and the walls closed in

and finally crushed him, and in his fearful agonies he realized what God said is true: "The wages of sin is death."

Never Touched One

I heard a preacher preach once, and the only thing he did was to make me believe the biggest lie I ever heard. I heard a fellow say that he saw a deer with antlers seven feet wide run a mile a minute through a thicket, with trees every three feet apart, and the deer never touched a tree. I never believed that tale until I heard an old D. D. run a mile a minute through God's moral universe, with thoughts as thick as hair on a dog's back, and talk an hour without ever touching one.

The Liquor Traffic

See that great mogul engine clipping it along on the steel rail with her freighted tons of cars. See her strike that ox and toss it from the track. See her strike that team of horses and dash them in the ditch. Nothing seems to stop her. But see the little white snowflakes falling along her track. At first they melt away, but after a while they begin to accumulate one upon another, and after a while this great engine plows into a snow-bank and stops stock still. That's a picture of the infamous liquor traffic. See it toss a mayor and council to one side. See it toss a legislature to one side, even a governor and a president of the United States, and on it goes. Nothing seems to impede its progress, or to stay its march of destruction; but

some of these days the snow-white prohibition ballots will fall on its track and it will run into them deep enough to stop it still, and then we will dig under it and drop it into hell, from which it came.

Obstacles

The obstacles in a man's way are determined by the gait he's going. An old negro driving a mule down the street three miles an hour has to get out of the way for everything; but when the chief of the fire department comes down the street a mile a minute, everything roosts on the sidewalk and gives him the right of way.

Theories of Hard Times

Darwin would say: "Hard times evolved from the nature of things in the Garden of Eden when Adam saw that he must be clothed, with no money and no credit." John Stewart Mills would say: "Abstractly considered, hard times were brought into the world by the concurrent action of atoms, space and accidents, but that these things cannot carry them out of the world." Experience teaches us that hard times has its origin in false economy, laziness and prodigality.

Serving God

"Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin, for His seed remaineth in him and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." Brethren, this text means that if God has the territory there is no room

for the devil. Down near Rome, Georgia, where the Oostamala and the Ettawa form the Coosa River there is a little triangle of rich land, where some splendid trees have grown up. They have rooted themselves in the rich soil, drawing moisture from the rivers, and have locked their arms and literally taken possession of the ground, and not a weed or sprig of grass can be seen anywhere. The trees have got the ground. You could sow oats or wheat or plant corn in that fertile soil under those trees, but no fruit would mature. The trees have got the ground. A man's heart thus occupied by Christ has no room for the world. If a sinner should ask such an one to go to the theatre with him Monday night, he would say: "That is the night I visit the sick." "How about Tuesday night?" "That is the night I devote to my family." "How about Wednesday night?" "That is the night I go to prayer-meeting." "How about Thursday night?" "That is the night I study the Sunday-school lesson." "Well, when could you go?" "I am so occupied with the delightful services of God that I don't know a night in a thousand years that I could devote to such a thing."

"Commit Thy Way Unto the Lord"

"Commit thy way unto the Lord." Do you know what that means? Here it is. I step down to a livery stable and call for a horse and buggy. The horse is led out and I step up into the buggy and the liveryman passes the reins into my hands. That horse is committed to me. If I want him to go

to the right, I pull on the right rein ; if to the left, I pull on the left rein ; if I want him to stop, I pull both reins. The horse is committed to me and responds to the least pressure of the reins. Some of you old church-members pretend that you have committed your ways to the Lord, but you remind me of an old Georgia negro and his mule. The old negro drives his mule into a Georgia town on Saturday afternoon. He has ropes for lines and strings for holding-back straps, and his harness is made up of a bundle of strings and patchwork. His old buggy wheels are uneven and he has an old sack for a cushion. He drives up to a store and gets his bundles, and on his way home he drives to the upper end of the town for another bundle. Just as he comes to the road that turns off towards home, the stubborn old mule starts towards home. The old negro begins to pull on the reins ; he pulls the bit out of the mule's mouth away up on the side of his head. He pulls the old mule's head around towards the store, but his body is going towards home all the time. That's the way some of you old sisters are committed to God. When He pulls on the prayer-meeting rein you turn your head a little, but your body goes straight to the theatre.

Church Babies

What do you think of a mother who had thirty babies, the oldest thirty years old and the youngest at the breast? Not one of them had grown any since they were born. Poor woman ! ten babies on the bed, ten on a pallet on the floor, five or six in

the crib, and four on her lap, and all of them squalling! She is to be pitied. But this is the condition of many preachers in this country. A hundred members, and all of them babies. Not one of them able to take care of himself, much less to help his brother.

A Joke

I know that Ingersoll was a man of great oratory, who joked on the Bible and tried to get up a laugh on God and sacred things. He reminds me of the young man with his young friends on one of the fast Western trains, who proposed to get up a joke on the conductor by pulling the air brakes' cord. His friends warned him against it, but he said: "I want a joke on the conductor." He pulled the cord, the air brakes were applied, and the train came to a standstill in a cut on a sharp curve, and the dude began to laugh at his big joke on the conductor. A moment later a lightning express train, two hours behind time, crashed into the rear of the standing train and sixty people were dashed into eternity. Wasn't that a joke on the conductor? Ingersoll may pull the cord on Bible and religion and bring the world to a standstill as a joke on God, but when the lightning train of death and judgment crashes into the rear and millions of souls are dashed unprepared into eternity, I call that a poor joke. I love fun, but there are some things that have no fun in them to me.

Dare to do Right

Dare to do right. They said to Daniel: "If you keep on praying to God, we will put you in the lions' den." Daniel said to himself: "Well, if I don't do the square thing I'll go to hell, and if I do what is right I'll go to the lions' den." But he kept on praying to God. So they threw him in the lions' den. When the time came to retire I imagine an old lion stretched out and offered his mane for a pillow, and as Daniel pillowed his head on the great shaggy mane, he said to himself: "Well, this beats hell."

The Water of Life

During my meeting at Huntsville, Ala., I was taken down to see their great spring, which is the most famous thing about the town. I watched the great gushes of clear water from the head of this marvellous fountain. My friend said: "This spring supplies the whole town with pure, fresh water." I asked: "Where is the engine that pumps the water into the homes?" He said: "We have no engine. Do you see that wheel yonder, run by the water of this spring? It pumps the water into the homes." I replied: "You don't mean to tell me that this spring has not only enough water to supply the whole town, but power enough in itself to throw itself into every home of the town?" And he replied: "That's exactly the case." And then I thought of the great river of life—enough for every thirsty soul on earth and power enough to

throw itself into every thirsty soul. All we have to do is to make the connection.

Enough Religion

I was sitting in a Southern hotel, when two old negroes passed under my window. One said to the other: "Have you been down to the big meetin'?" He said, "No." The other one said: "You ought to go down there and get more religion." The first replied: "I've got all the religion I want." The other said: "Well, you are the first nigger I ever saw who had all the religion he wanted." The other replied: "Well, ain't salvation free? If I wanted more I would get it."

Hard to Move

Some of you church-members are like the old nigger and his mule—you are hard to move, and when you do move you move up just far enough to do damage. An old negro down South was driving a stubborn old mule into town hitched to his shackling old buggy. The mule took the studs. The old coloured brother beat him and cursed him, but the old mule stood. He got out and tried to lead him, but the old mule pulled back on the reins. He got a bundle of fodder and tried to toll him. Finally he raked up a lot of leaves and piled them under the old mule and set them afire. When the fire blazed up the old mule moved up four feet and stopped the buggy right over the fire and burned it up.

Christian Science

You know that the Christian Scientists believe that everything is true that they think is true. An old negro came up to see a friend of mine, and my friend, who was the negro's employer and a Christian Scientist, said: "Ben, you're late again. What's the matter?" "My brother's got the rheumatism," said the nigger, "and I stayed up all night and nursed him; that's why I am late." "He hasn't rheumatism, Ben," said the boss; "he just thinks he has." The next day the nigger didn't show up at all, but came the following day. "Hello, Ben," said his boss; "guess your friend thinks he's got the rheumatism again, doesn't he?" "No, boss, he thinks he's dead—we buried him yesterday."

Christianity

I think I have run upon some things in human life as beautiful as the stars and as fragrant as the flowers of the garden. Some of these beautiful things that memory takes hold of belong to the sturdy men who pull the throttle and the bell-cord of our railroads. Take this one instance in the collision near Adairsville, Georgia, some months ago. Engineer Dobbs was mortally hurt. He was lying on an improvised litter at Adairsville, when No. 93 rolled down to the depot and stopped. Engineer Dobbs looked up at the approaching engine and said: "That's Van Bell on that engine, is it not?" They answered, "Yes." He said: "I want to see Van." The wounded engineer was carried back to the

sleeping-car. Van Bell got the summons. He stepped down off of his engine and followed his brother engineer to the sleeping-car and walked into the car among the many passengers with his overalls on and the smut of his engine on his face. He knelt down by the wounded brother engineer's side, and said: "What can I do for you?" The dying man said: "I want you to pray for me." And the Christian engineer knelt down in the sleeping-car among all the passengers and lifted his voice in earnest prayer to God for the soul of the dying brother. He prayed earnestly and fervently and remained with him fifteen or twenty minutes, until the wounded engineer told him that he accepted the offered Christ and surrendered his heart to Him. Van Bell bade him hold on to God by faith, and said good-bye. As he was returning to his engine, the conductor said: "Van, we've lost twenty minutes." Van replied: "Yes, but I have helped a dying brother get right with God. I would rather lose my job and help him, than hold my job and neglect my brother." The incident was reported to Superintendent McCollum when the train came in. Major McCollum said: "You did right, my brother." It adds to the beauty of the picture when you know that a more faithful Christian than Van Bell never lived, and a better engineer never pulled a throttle.

Faith in God

On the Southern road between Atlanta and Birmingham, an engine of a passenger train jumped

the track just before it ran on to a high trestle. The engineer slapped on his emergency brakes and reversed his engine. The engine, with the train, ran out on the trestle. The engine was so neatly balanced that I am told a man could have pushed it off to the gorge below. If it had gone six inches further, it would have gone over and pulled the train with it. It looked like a marvellous providential intervention. One of the leading officials of the road told me afterwards that he went to the engineer and asked what explanation he could give why the engine did not go over. He replied: "I don't know whether you are a Christian or not; I am. I never go on a run without committing my train and my life into the hands of God, and when I saw the danger on that occasion I put on the emergency brakes, reversed the engine and turned my face to God and called for help. I believe it was the hand of God that saved us from a most horrible wreck."

Stand for the Right

Where are the men that can die for the truth without flinching? Do you know my ideal preacher of all the Bible?—John the Baptist. He jumped on a king one day and cleaned him up. Next thing we hear of him he is in jail, and no doubt next evening his followers go down about the jail to hunt him up and they stand outside and call, "Brother John, you are in there, aren't you?" "Yes, I am here," says John. "Well, we've just been up to see Herod," say the disciples of John,

"and he's awfully mad. He's going to cut your head off. Say, Brother John, we don't believe Herod wants to be hard on you. What you said is true, but you oughtn't to have said it. You had better make a little statement, modifying what you said, and Herod will turn you out. Better modify and come out and preach to us to-night. You will have a hundred new converts at the meeting to-night. You are not doing any good in here, either for yourself or for the cause. Better modify." But John replied: "I have never said anything but what was true and whether I am preaching in the forests of Judea, living on locusts and wild honey, or whether I go to prison for the truth's sake, it is the same to me. Before I will modify any statement made by me, Herod may cut off my head, or I will rot in this prison inch by inch." Brave John! And that night they sent and cut off John's head and the disembodied spirit went home to God, and to-day I imagine when John the Baptist walks the streets of the New Jerusalem the angels give him the right of way and they say as he passes by: "There goes the bravest man God ever called to preach."

Practical Demonstration

I don't go much on theoretical religion. I like practical piety. I like a man's work to show up his life. I don't go much on long articles in an agricultural journal. I want the old farmer to take me out to the field and show me his corn and oats and wheat. I want to see what he has done. I don't

care much for long articles in stock journals. I want the stock raiser to take me out and show me his fine horses and cattle and hogs. I don't care much for beautiful drawings and plans of houses on paper. I want the architect and contractor to take me out and show me the splendid buildings they have put up. I don't want a doctor to talk to me about the theory of medicine. I want him to take me out to the cemetery and show me what he has done.

The Christian Mother

Two boys, who were attending Harvard University, went to hear Bob Ingersoll. Walking away from the lecture, one of them said to the other: "Jim, didn't old Bob mop Christianity off the earth to-night?" And Jim replied: "I don't know. I am inclined to think my good old Christian mother is left yet, and I wouldn't give her, with her sweet Christian life and example, for all the Bob Ingersolls that could be crowded on the earth."

Resisting Temptation

Some of us are everlastingly twisting the Scriptures. Pat was asked to take a drink by one of his friends, who said: "Pat, didn't Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?" Pat said: "Yes, but my name is not Timothy; and if it was, there's nothing the matter with my stomach."

“ He That Hardeneth His Neck ”

During the last meeting that Brother Stuart and I held at Palestine, Texas, there was a man who scoffed at us and said that a visit from Sam Jones and George Stuart was worse than a pestilence of smallpox; and just on the very day and at the very time we were holding the last service, that man fell down dead on the sidewalk of the town and leaving the meeting the people found him there on their way home. “He that being often reproved and hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed.”

The Way

What is the way? It is a highway; it is a thoroughfare to go on, to walk on, to run on. That is what we mean by a way. I go down to the railroad, and there is a way—a highway. I never saw a railroad before in my life. I wonder why those ties are laid along there and those steel rails are strung along those ties. What are those for? I never saw anything like this; I'm going to find out, though, and I say: “Get me a wheelbarrow.” And I get a wheelbarrow, and I roll it ten steps on that way, and I say: “Well, this thing was never made for a wheelbarrow; this won't do for a wheelbarrow, sure.” And I say: “Well, I will try it until I see what it is for.” “Drive me a wagon up on this way.” And I drive that wagon ten steps upon that track, and I say: “Take it off; this way was never made for a wagon, that's certain. This don't suit a wagon.” I go out in the roundhouse

searching for something that suits that way, and I step down and I see a magnificent Rogers engine. I measure the bulk of the wheels and the flanges on the wheels; I examine that engine through and through, and I say: "I believe that is suited for this way;" and I roll it upon the steel rails, and I put the steam on until the gauge indicates that that engine is carrying one hundred and fifty pounds of steam; and I see that engine thundering down the road at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and I say: "Well, I have found out what this way is for now. This way was built for this engine, and that engine was built for this way." Don't you see? The great trouble with humanity is, it has wandered off and is lost; and about all humanity needs now is to be put in the way, the high way, the holy way. Christ said: "I am the way."

Preacher Forestalled

I heard of a worldly congregation some time ago who had called a very brilliant preacher, but they objected to his denunciations of their worldliness. An old preacher met him on the way to his new pulpit, and said: "Doctor, I am glad you have accepted that call; those people need your kind of medicine." The week before he got there the leading members met and passed a series of resolutions, requesting the new pastor to refrain from the discussion of worldly amusements, as the church was divided in opinion on that subject. They called a good preacher and then spiked his game before he got there.

That reminds me of an old negro who went to a doctor to get medicine for a sick mule. The doctor gave the negro twenty grains of calomel and told him to put it in a long quill and insert one end of the quill in the mule's mouth and one end in his own mouth, and blow the calomel down the mule's throat. A few days after, the negro came to the doctor, and said: "Doc, that medicine you gave me came mighty nigh killing me." "Why, Tom, I told you to give that medicine to the mule." "Yes, sir, boss, but de mule he blowed fust."

That preacher had the right medicine for his crowd, but they blew first.

Out of Harmony

A well-trained musician sits down to a piano and sweeps his fingers over the keys. A cloud gathers on his face as he recognizes a discord in the instrument. What is the matter? Three of the keys are out of harmony. These three keys that are out of harmony are out of harmony with everything in the universe that is in harmony. I say to that musician: "Close up that piano and let it alone until it puts itself in harmony." He replies: "It is impossible for the piano to put itself in harmony." "Who can put it in harmony?" I ask. He replies: "The man who made the instrument." The instrument is placed in the hands of the man who made it and in a few hours every key on the piano is in harmony, and the piano being in harmony with itself is in harmony with everything else in the universe.

Men get out of harmony with themselves. Sometimes a man wills to do something that his judgment does not approve; sometimes his will and judgment will concur, but his conscience does not agree; sometimes will and conscience agree, but judgment is not in harmony. The very worst you can say of poor humanity is that it is out of harmony with itself. What is salvation? It is the putting of one in harmony with himself. I am unable to put myself in harmony with myself, but I can come to the God who made me and His divine touch can bring me into perfect harmony with myself, and then I shall be in harmony with Him and with everything else that's right in the universe.

The Resurrection

I believe in the resurrection of the body as firmly as I believe in the immortality of the soul. But you say, "How can a body be resurrected?" Here is a body buried in Georgia, an arm of which has been buried in Virginia; here is another buried in Tennessee, a leg of which is buried in Missouri; here is a man who died at sea and was thrown overboard, and the fishes ate up his body; here is another whose body was cremated; nothing remains of it but a handful of ashes in the urn. How can these bodies rise again from the dead? Some time ago some friends were visiting an eminent chemist in Paris. They walked with him through his laboratory. The chemist handed to his friends a beautifully engraved silver cup, stating that it was a prize given to him for some feat in chemistry. One

of the party, in examining the cup, accidentally let it drop from his fingers. It fell into a jar of acid and melted like a snowflake in water. The friend, grieved beyond expression at the unfortunate accident, cried to the chemist—"Oh, sir, see what I have done! I have dropped your beautiful cup in this jar of acid and it is melted and gone forever." The chemist smiled and said: "Do not worry; it is a small matter." He stepped to a shelf, picked up a small piece of mineral and dropped it into the jar of acid. The silver settled to the bottom of the jar, and he collected it together. "I will send it back to the manufacturer," he said, "and have it more beautifully engraved than ever." So I believe God has a mineral in the laboratory of the skies and when He drops it upon this old earth, bone will come to bone and limb to limb, and mortality shall put on immortality, and the soul will be united to the body and we shall triumphantly cry out—"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

The Picture of Christ

The story is told of a distinguished painter, whose life purpose was to produce on canvas a great picture of Christ. He worked diligently and studiously upon his canvas until he had finished the picture. Covering it with the delicate drapery to protect it from every foreign substance, he congratulated himself that he had reproduced Christ on canvas. He stepped down in front of his studio where some little girls were playing. He took one of the little

girls by the hand and led her up to the studio. He took the drapery from the picture, and said: "Little girl, who is that?" The little girl looked intently for a moment, and said: "I don't know, sir. It is some good man." As she walked from the studio, the artist sat down in deep disappointment. After a season of serious thought over his failure, he said: "I fear my trouble is that I do not fully know Christ." He went to the New Testament and began to read and to study the Christ. He became convicted of sin, dropped down on his knees, surrendered himself to God, and arose conscious of a personal knowledge of the Christ who saves a sinner. With this knowledge of Christ, he began his work anew. When the last finishing touch was given to his picture of Christ, he stepped down and took a little girl by the hand and led her up into the studio, and uncovered the picture and said: "Little girl, who is that?" And she gazed a moment and said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And the exultant artist wiped a tear from his face, as he exclaimed, "Thank God! I have painted the Christ so that a little child may recognize Him." So, my brethren, if we would reproduce Christ in our daily life, if we should give a genuine picture to the world, we must know Him.

The Bible and Humanity

Some time ago I was sitting on my front porch, when an express wagon was driven up and a box

placed upon the porch. It was addressed to me and I took off the lid and found that the box was full of pieces of machinery. Here was a leg and there was a wheel; and here was a bolt and there was an arm. I said: "I don't know what this thing is." I called my wife and she examined it, and said she could not tell what it was. I told the boy to remove it to the lumber-room. About a week afterwards I went to the post-office and received in my mail a booklet, containing drawings similar to the pieces of machinery I had seen in the box. I opened my box again and examined carefully the pictures and the pieces of machinery in the box. I read the instructions given and began to put them together, according to the book of instructions. I found them to fit perfectly, and in a little while I had the machinery together and found that it was a sewing machine. My wife sat down to it and it worked beautifully. I said to my wife: "That machine and that book go together." I began to think about that machine and that book, and how necessary they were to each other, and I said to myself: "Sam Jones, twenty-three years ago you were all gone pieces. I took down the blessed old Bible and began to put you together, according to the Book, and for twenty-three years you have been running as smoothly as that machine." Show me a man that has been put together and properly adjusted in all his being, according to this blessed Bible, and I will show you a fellow who will discharge the duties of life as perfectly as a piece of perfectly adjusted and oiled machinery.

Suffering and Song

It is said of Jenny Lind that when Goldschmidt first heard her sing, somebody said, as he walked out of the opera house, "Goldschmidt, how did you like her singing?" He said, "Well, there was a harshness about her voice that needs toning down. If I could marry that woman, break her heart and crush her feelings, then she could sing." And it is said that afterwards when he did marry her and broke her heart and crushed her feelings, Jenny Lind sang with the sweetest voice ever listened to; so sweet that the angels of God would almost rush to the parapets of heaven to catch the strains.

Among the Dead

Frequently when I walk down the aisle of a church I say to myself, "Tread softly, old fellow; you are among the dead." The devil can run a mile while the church is pulling on its boots. I do not know whether you have more churches in this town than saloons, but if I wanted to run this town I would go in with the saloons every time.

The Naked Truth

Do you know why Truth is always called the naked truth? I will tell you. Once Truth and Error went in bathing together in a stream, and when Error came out of the water, he put on Truth's clothes by mistake, and went away. When Truth came out and saw Error's clothes lying

there, he said, "I won't put them on; I will go naked the balance of my life first."

A Girl's Best Friend

A mother's girl is worth her weight in gold anywhere. But some girls care more for one of these little dudes than they do for their mothers. See the old hen clucking around, and the little chicks playing about her! A hundred birds may fly athwart the sky, and she clucks on. But let a chicken-hawk dart in sight; and she instantly gives a chirp, that brings every little chick up under her wing. She instinctively knows when there is danger in sight. God Almighty has put in the heart of every mother an instinct to protect her child from harmful influences. If your mother don't like the man who comes to visit you, give him his walking papers. But some of you won't do that. You will say, "I will marry him anyhow." But you won't stay married. You will come back; that's the trouble. Stay by your mother, girls. God Almighty somehow made the mother the best friend the child can have. When God gave you life, He put you into a mother's lap. You could not walk a step for twelve months. He fixed it so your mother had to carry you everywhere you went. Then your mother had to take you by the hand and lead you for another year. And then He fixed it so your mother would have to look after you several more years; and I want to tell you, God Almighty has placed your mother here where she could take care of you, and the closer you stay

to your mother, the safer you are in this world. Don't drink wine. It takes a straight, sober girl to take care of herself. I know what I am talking about; let that stuff alone. I will tell you another thing; the best thing for a girl this side of heaven (until she marries a worthy man) is right by the side of her good mother. Don't call your mother an old foggy. Some of you girls sit around, and let your mother do the cooking, and let her clean up the house, while you sit up-stairs, and take care of your complexion. I would rather have the colour of a Jap, and wait on my sweet mother, than to have her drudging for me, and wear the complexion of a lily. Take care of your character, and let your complexion go. What do you want to be pretty for anyhow? The most dangerous thing in all this world is to be an exquisitely beautiful woman. Pretty is as pretty does; for by and by the worms of your body will gnaw the roses from your cheeks, and fade the lustre from your eyes, but a beautiful character will shine when the stars have gone out. It is the beautiful character, girls! It is the beautiful character!

The Architect Knows

After all, brethren, it is to the unseen that we must look. I walk into a great workshop, and I see in there pieces of timber, boards, carpenter's tools, saws, planes, and machinery at work. I say, "What is all this? It's confusion and disorder to me. What do they mean?" The architect looks at me, and says, "Wait about three

months, and I will show you what it all means." And I wait three months, and there is a palatial residence that grew out of the disorder in that workshop. I did not know what it all meant, but the architect did. In this world of temptations and trials and griefs and tears, sick-beds and good-byes, we do not understand these things, but the great Architect, who is working out the problem of eternity, understands them all, and if we only stand still, He will show us the mansions "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Waiting for Feeling

A man waiting for feeling is like a fellow sitting down by the big oak-tree in the morning. It is a frosty, cold, crisp morning. He is sitting there, with an ax leaned up against his knee. I ask him, "Friend, what are you going to do?" "I am going to cut down this tree and maul it into rails." "You are?" "Yes." "Well, why don't you get up and go at it?" "I am waiting to sweat." "Well, if you will get up and go to cutting, you will sweat." "I—I ain't going to cut a lick until I sweat," and he just sits there until he freezes to death. Now, what are you going to do with a fellow like that?

Above All Things Salvation

I believe in the immortality of the soul, and I believe in the grand old doctrine that we shall rise again. But above all things I believe in the salva-

tion of a sinner. Whether anybody else has been converted or not, I know that I have been. You might make me believe that I was preaching to an empty hall, but you cannot make me believe that something did not get hold of me twenty-three years ago. And you cannot make me believe that that something did not make another fellow out of me. This picture of the salvation of the sinner is the sweetest picture in the Bible to me. You remember the story of the storm in Galilee, on the Lake of Gennesareth? The lake is surrounded on all sides by mountains. If there is any place on earth which you would think by reason of its situation was afforded complete protection against the winds, it is that Lake Gennesareth. Nevertheless, the four winds of the earth are contending for the possession of the little lake. You recollect the story of the Master and His disciples crossing it. The day was calm, the water smooth, when suddenly one of those fearful squalls arose. The lake was lashed to fury; the white foam dashed itself against the sides of the small vessel; the ship began to roll, and pitch and toss, while the Master was lying on the deck asleep. And the disciples went to Him, and, arousing Him, said, "Master, we are engulfed in this squall; death awaits us, except you save us." The Master looked at the waves, saw the raging of the sea, walked to the prow of the boat and pulled the angry little sea upon His knee and dandled it to sleep as a mother would the infant in her arms. The disciples looked up and said: "What a calm!" I went to the Master when I was dashed

and tossed in the storm of sin, and when I approached Him in penitence and prayer, He put His loving arms about me, and pulled me unto His great loving heart, and said: "Peace be with you." And now, "no wave of trouble rolls across my peaceful breast." Thank God for religion, which is the best thing on earth, and than which heaven itself has nothing better! May heaven bless you and pour it into your souls!

The Table Turned

If you preachers think you can saddle and bridle your Uncle Jones, and ride him around just as you please, you are mistaken. You preachers remind me of the fellows that tied the cannon to the back of the old mule during the war. Several rebels, members of the home-guard, hearing that a small federal gunboat was coming up the river, found an old cannon and determined to shoot at the boat as it came opposite a certain place on the river bank. They loaded the cannon, but could find nothing upon which to plant it. At last they brought up an old mule, and strapped the cannon to his back, with the muzzle of the gun pointed towards the rear. They backed the old mule out onto the bluff, and waited until the little boat was in line of the gun, and then touched off the fuse. When the fuse began to splutter and spark, the old mule, not understanding what it meant, began to turn around, and every fellow in the gang had to climb a tree.

You preachers have invited me up here to shell

the woods over the sinners, but I'll have every one of you up a tree before I leave.

Steam Enough to Start

Once I was going out of Atlanta. Just before the engine backed down to couple on the passenger train, I was walking out around the engine. I wanted to look at the magnificent locomotive that would pull us out towards my home. The engineer was oiling it up. Directly he looked up in the cab and said to the fireman, "Have you got steam enough to start?" The fireman answered, "Yes." I walked back and examined the steam gauge and I saw he had about seventy or eighty pounds of steam. About three minutes later he rolled his engine back, coupled on to the passenger train, rang his bell and moved out. When I got on that train, I thought, "Well, it is strange; it is one hundred and thirty-eight miles to Chattanooga, a great deal of it up grade; that engine carries one hundred and sixty pounds of steam, and he left here with eighty pounds. I wonder what in the world is the matter with those men? What do they mean?" Then I got to thinking. The engineer never asked if he had enough steam to run to Marietta, twenty miles, nor enough to run to Cartersville, fifty miles, nor enough to run to Chattanooga, one hundred and thirty-eight miles, but he asked, "Have you got enough to start with?" Just before we got to the Chattahoochee River, seven miles from Atlanta, the engine turned around the curve, and why, she was blowing off; she had more steam than she wanted;

she had more than one hundred and sixty pounds. Then I got to thinking this way: Suppose that engineer had stopped and waited in Atlanta until the engine had steam enough to run to Chattanooga. That would have blown the engine into ten thousand pieces; she couldn't have held it to save the world. There is a little fellow out there who is waiting for enough religion to take him to glory; before he will turn a wheel, if he could get that much into his little soul, it would blow him into ten thousand fragments.

Thistle-Seed and the Slanderer

When a Catholic woman went to her devout priest in confessional, and said to him, "I have talked between my neighbours, and I have got the community in a perfect uproar; neighbour is mad with neighbour, and it is caused by what I said," the priest listened through, and said, "Now I have heard your confession. I give as a penance that you go and gather a basket of thistle-seed and go between the houses in the community, and scatter the thistle-seed to the right and to the left along your pathway." Next morning she came back and said, "I have done as you told me. I pray for absolution." "No," the priest said. "Before I absolve you I want you first to go and gather up all this seed you have scattered by the wayside, and put it in a basket and bring it back to me." "Oh," said the despairing woman, "I can never do that." "Neither," said the priest, "can you ever undo the mischief you have done in your community."

A Glorious Death

A good man died some months ago. As he struggled for breath in the last extremities of life, his large family of Christian boys and girls stood around him. 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, "Father, tell us what you want." Again he said, "Bring——" and could not utter another word. The children bent over him, and said, "Father, what do you want brought?" Presently his system relaxed in death, and with all his remaining energy his lips uttered the words:

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

A Beautiful Epitaph

I think the finest tombstone I ever saw, and the best epitaph I ever read, were noted 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. On it I read her name and the date of her death, and her

simple epitaph was this line: "She made home pleasant."

Eternal Life

Blessed be God, I believe in eternal life. I cannot live with any other thought. Just thirty years ago I tiptoed into my father's parlour, one morning, and they said: "Be quiet; mamma's dead!" I was not old enough to understand it. I walked up to the casket and looked down upon my mother. She looked paler and sadder than I had ever seen her, and when they removed the lid father kissed her, and elder brother kissed her, and I kissed her, and I said: "Precious mamma's lips are so cold." She has been buried in the state of Alabama thirty years, and if I were to go down there to-morrow and dig the earth off of my mother's body and disinter her bones, I suppose I could gather them all up in my hands, and as I would stand there looking at my mother's bones, I would say: "Great God, is this all that is left of my precious mother?" All at once a voice would speak audibly in my ear, and say: "This corruption shall put on incorruption. This mortality shall be swallowed up of immortality." And I would look up, and say, "Thanks be unto God that giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Our Maker and Mender

I remember reading a few months ago about Mr. Edison, the great inventor. In many respects he is the most wonderful man now in our country.

He agreed to furnish some publishing company a printing machine by a certain day, and just sixty-seven hours before the time for the delivery of the machine it was finished. He tried it and it would not do its work. Mr. Edison took it to pieces and worked on it, and put it together again, and it would not work. He took it down again, and put it together and adjusted it; but it would not work, and these sixty-seven hours, without eating and without sleep, he worked at that machine, and just at the hour for delivery the machine worked perfectly, and he turned it over to the printers. Then, as soon as the work was accomplished, he went home, ate his meal, and laid down on his bed and slept twenty-seven hours without waking up. This is a fact given in his history. Now if Mr. Edison would spend sixty-seven hours in regulating that machine in order to make it work perfectly, in order that he might deliver it in time, don't you think that if God made you, and you are out of order, if you go to Him, God will not only work sixty-seven hours, but will lay aside all other machinery and will spend eternity to get you straight? God made me and He knows how to put me in good working order, too.

On the Track and Off the Track

A locomotive engine on the track is the grandest thing you ever saw, but off the track it is a helpless lump of iron. So humanity is of no use on the highways of worldliness.

A Beautiful Casket

Religion is like a beautiful jewel box. A man takes one home to his wife, and she puts it on the centre table in the parlour, and friends come in, and she shows it to every one, and they say, "Oh, how beautiful it is!" But one day the woman picks it up and touches a secret spring, and when the lid flies open for the first time she sees that it is not the inlaying on the outside, but the gem inside, that makes it lovely. Religion, with love, joy, peace, long-suffering, is like so many diamonds inclosed in this old, wretched nature of ours. It is beautiful to the world in its outer appearance; but, when Christ touches the hidden spring, then heaven itself opens up in all of its glory to the eyes of the faithful.

The Mother and Her Poodle Dog

Let me tell you, whenever canary birds and poodle dogs take the place of children, the human race is running out. There ain't any doubt about that. I was sitting in the train some time ago, and a lady, an elegantly dressed lady, was sitting across the aisle with a poodle dog in her lap, and the nurse on the next seat with two of the brightest, sweetest little children I ever saw. The nurse was fondling the children, and the mother was fondling the dog. I sat and watched those two with a great deal of interest, and I said to myself: "There is a reason for everything; there must be a reason for

that. Why is it that that mother turns her children over to the nurse, and fondles that poodle dog?" And do you know how I finally worked that out? I came to the conclusion that that woman just had an overweening love for her husband's kin-folks, and so she was nursing them.

The Infamy of Selling Liquor

Down in New Orleans some time ago, a poor drunkard came staggering into his little hovel; his wife was in the little shed room cooking a meal for herself and child. The drunkard walked into the room where the child was playing on the floor, and when the little one shrank from him, and screamed, that ruffian deliberately kicked the babe on its temple, and the brains of the child oozed out as the father turned on his heel and left the room. The wife, hearing no more noise from the baby, went into the room, picked up the child and rushed out after her husband who had gone into a saloon across the street, and just as she entered the door of the little dive, her husband raised a glass of whiskey to his lips, but fell dead before he swallowed the liquor. The poor woman in desperation looked for a moment upon the scene, and then laying the mutilated infant upon the counter, and looking at the corpse of its father, she turned to the barkeeper and said, "Oh, sir, see what you have done. Now take your pistol and blow out my brains, and finish the work." Tell me that any one but a damnable scoundrel would sell that stuff.

A Prohibition Victory

Not many years ago I was asked to go to a Georgia county and speak, and when I got there some saloon-keepers came in and stood up by the wall on one side of me, their object being to intimidate me. I said, "Neighbours, you have sent for me to come and speak to you on the whiskey issue. I am no orator; I am no Brutus. I am not going to tell you which side of this question I am on, but you just step up to God and ask which side He is on; go to Christ and put me down on His side. Go out there to the graveyard, and take up that mother who has buried her husband and sons in drunkards' graves, and ask which side she is on—and then put me down on her side. Put me down on the side of God and Christ, and the women and children of this land."

The leading saloon man in the crowd wiped the tears from his eyes. He had just buried a sweet wife and child, and he walked out and said, "Boys, I'm done; I throw up the sponge." The next election in that county the prohibition element carried the day by five hundred majority.

A Trick on the Devil

I thank God for every churchman in my town. There are some trifling members, but then I am talking about the good members. The devil has worried me lots about the trifling members of my church. I have learned a new trick on the devil.

He has worried me a heap by trotting out an old hypocrite and asking, "What do you think of him?" When he does that, I propose to just trot out old Brother Loveless here in town (one of the best old men God ever made), and ask the devil what he thinks of him,—and the devil will have to walk off. Whenever the devil trots out a hypocrite, you trot out a first-class man, and the devil will have business somewhere else at once.

The Prong-end of the Pitchfork

When I get after the old scoundrels that are selling liquor in this country, they say, "Sam Jones is too hard on us." I say, "Ain't you killing the sons and fathers of this land with the stuff you are selling?" Too hard on them! Now, ain't that a joke? I'm like the fellow that was going down the road with a pitchfork on his shoulder when a big bulldog came bounding out of a nearby yard and made at him full tilt. The man took the fork from his shoulder and literally pinned the dog to the ground. The owner of the dog, seeing what had happened, came out of his yard and said, "What do you mean by killing my dog; why didn't you hit him with the other end of that fork?"

"Well," said the man with the fork, "why didn't your dog come at me with the other end?"

The whiskey men are coming at us with the devil-and-destruction end of their business, and I propose to hit them with the prong-end every lick.

The Barkeeper's Sign

I once saw a man start from a saloon, and he was so drunk that he fell down at the door of the dive. A small boy seeing the man lying there, called to the bartender, and said, "Say, mister, your sign has fell down."

Candidates Only Elected

I am so glad that God's word includes every one on earth. He said: "Whosoever will, may come and have Life Everlasting." All a man has to do is to will to come, and he will be all right. If a man should go to hell who had never had a chance to go to heaven, I believe there would be such a commotion raised in the devil's domain that the angels of damnation would sympathize with him. But no one is going to heaven unless he wills to go, for it is very much like the old darkey said: "Dar ain't nobody 'gwine ter be 'lected, 'ceptin' he a can'date."

The Demands on Salvation

If we could get the press converted to God we would be able to take the world in a short while, but we preachers will not have the right of way until the papers are saved. But to save all the newspapers would put a strain upon the plan of salvation. A sinner once asked a preacher if old Bill Johnson had been converted. The preacher replied that Bill was at the altar several times but that he had not been converted.

"Thank God," said the sinner.

"What do you mean?" asked the preacher.

"Don't you want the old man saved?"

"Not until I'm saved," said the sinner.

"Why?" asked the minister.

"I'm afraid that if Bill is saved before I am it will exhaust the plan of salvation."

The Applied Gospel Needed

The day has come for the practical application of the Gospel. There is a great deal of difference between a dissertation on truth, and the application of truth. Suppose a fellow has the cramp colic and is tied up in a double bow-knot. They send for a doctor. By and by an old dignified doctor comes in with a can of mustard in one hand, and a dissertation on mustard in the other. He walks up to the bed and says: "My friend, be quiet about an hour, or au hour and a half, and let me read you a dissertation on mustard. This mustard grew in the state of Connecticut; it was planted about the first of June, and cultivated like potatoes ——" About this time another paroxysm hits the fellow, and he says: "Good Lord, doctor, I don't care how it grew or where; spread some on a cloth and put it on." It is the application of the thing that does the work. It is the plain naked truth slapped on the consciences of men that proves effective.

The President's Engine and the Mogul

Some time ago I was standing in the shops of a railroad in Nashville, Tenn. I have always loved to

look at an engine. The foreman took me into the roundhouse, and as we moved about among the iron monsters, my eye was attracted to a little engine all shining and bright. She was as bright as labour and polish could make her. Her brasses and Russian iron were polished so highly that she shone almost with the brilliance of a diamond, but she was cold and inert, without one pound of steam.

I asked the foreman, "Look here, what do you keep this beautiful little locomotive for?"

He replied: "That engine, Mr. Jones, belongs to the president of the road. It is only occasionally that she goes out of the roundhouse. Once in every three or four months she is called on to pull the president's train over the system, and that is all she does. She has plenty of time to be polished and cared for."

Just about that time there came into the roundhouse, a great big old mogul freight engine, and she was greasy and dirty from top to bottom. As I looked at the dirty old freight engine, I asked: "What is the matter with that engine? Why isn't she clean and bright?"

"Well," said he, "that engine has just come in from Chattanooga with forty loaded freight cars behind her. She hasn't time for the polish and care, for she will turn round and go back with another long train at once."

You can't go where I do and keep clean to save your life. I can stay in the finest pulpits in this country and keep as nice and polished as you can; but if you will go with me to the gates of hell and

couple onto about a hundred old sinners and pull them back to the seat of mercy, you will be dirty and grimy from head to foot.

The Dismissed Servant

Once I was sitting in my home quietly reading, when I heard my wife in the hall say to the nurse, a coloured girl, some sixteen or eighteen years of age, one of those kindly, indolent, lazy, good-for-nothing girls: "Sally, you can go home; tell your mother I don't want you any longer, and she can come over after a while and receive the balance of your wages." But I heard no retreating footsteps, and directly I turned my eyes towards the door, and the girl was standing in the door with the tears streaming down her cheeks, and she said: "Miss Jones, please ma'am, don't turn me off; I know I am the poorest nigger you ever had, but please ma'am, don't turn me off. I don't want to be turned off; I will do the best I can." And I looked at her tears, trickling down her cheeks, and I said, "Don't turn her off;" and when the girl walked away from the door I said to my wife: "If the Lord Jesus Christ should come into this room now, and look me in the face, and say, 'You are no account to me; I don't want you any longer,' I would do just like that poor negro, and fall at His feet and bathe them in my tears, and say: 'O Lord Jesus Christ, I am the poorest servant that you ever had, but please don't turn me off; I don't want to be turned off.'" Oh, bless God for love that wins me and blesses me and keeps me day by day!

When Men Sell Low

You have about twenty thousand people in this town and one hundred saloons. Each saloon pays you \$250.00 a year. That makes \$25,000.00. Divide that 20,000 into \$25,000.00, and it makes \$1.25 per capita. The saloons walk up to the citizens of this town, and say, "Friends, you let us debauch your homes, and wreck your boys, and ruin your town, and we will give you \$1.25 a head." A 200 pound hog is worth here \$10.00. And folks \$1.25 a head! Don't you wish you were a hog? Hogs selling on the streets of this town for \$10.00 a head, and people—Anglo-Saxon American people—selling out at one dollar and twenty-five cents! Why, brother, you and your whole family would not bring enough in this market to buy a suckling pig. If the good women of this town whose husbands must have the \$1.25 per capita, paid by the saloons to run the town,—if each of you good women would get a little four weeks' old pig, put it in your back lot and feed it on the dish-water from your table for twelve months, the mothers in this town could sell hogs enough to give the town the twenty-five thousand dollars, and still have ten thousand dollars for the charities of the town. If I were one of you women, and had a little husband who was willing to sell out for a dollar and a quarter, some day when he comes home I would have the children catch the little daddy, and I'd take the baby out of the cradle, and put the little daddy in, and have the children rock him a little. And if he did not

get a move on him, I would knock his teeth out, and wean the baby, and nurse him. He needs help.

Tracking His Father

On a cold winter morning a father started out from his house to go to his barn. The snow was deep, nearly twelve inches having fallen during the night. When the father started, his little boy asked if he might go to the barn with him. The father said, "Yes, you may come." The father had not gone many steps when he looked back to see how the little fellow was getting along in the deep snow. He said, "How are you making it, little man?"

The boy replied, "Oh, I am doing fine. I am putting my feet in your tracks."

As the clear voice of the child reached the father, he stopped still in his tracks, for he was a godless man. He reflected, "Where am I leading that boy; to heaven or to hell?" And then and there he promised God that if He would receive him and forgive him, he would be a good man; and the next Sunday he found Christ and was baptized.

On the Wrong Territory

A girl died on a ballroom floor, and the devil took her up and lugged her off. She was a Methodist, and St. Peter came and asked for her, and everybody said: "The devil's got her and gone long ago." Peter broke after him, and overtook him and shouted, "Down with that Methodist!" But

the devil answered, "She is no Christian." "Yes, she is," said St. Peter; "and she belongs to the Methodist church." "Well," responded the devil, "she died on my territory anyhow, and I thought she belonged to me."

A Mother's Love

One calm, bright, sweet, sunshiny day, an angel stole out of heaven, and came to this old world. All day long he roamed through field and forest, city and hamlet, and just as the sun went down, he plumed his wings and said, "My visit is up; I must go back to the world of light; but before I go I must gather some mementoes of my visit to earth." He looked into a beautiful flower-garden and said, "How rich and fragrant those flowers are!" He plucked some of the most beautiful roses in the garden, and made of them a bouquet, and said, "I have seen nothing more beautiful and fragrant; I will take these flowers with me." Then he looked again, and saw a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked babe, smiling in its mother's face, and he said, "Oh, that baby's smile is prettier than the bouquet; I will take that, too." Then he looked beyond the cradle, and beheld the mother's love, pouring itself like the gush of a fountain towards the cradle and the babe. "Oh," he said, "that mother's love is the prettiest thing I have seen on earth. I will take that, too." So with the three in hand he winged his way to the pearly gates, but stopped without, and said, "Before I go within, I will examine my mementoes." He looked at the bouquet of flowers; it had withered.

He looked at the baby's smile; it had faded away. Then he looked at the mother's love; and there it was in all its pristine beauty and fragrance. He threw aside the flowers and the smile, and went within, called the high hosts of heaven together, and said, "Here is the only thing I found on earth that would keep its fragrance all the way to heaven; it is a mother's love."

The Prepared Sermon

St. Paul prayed earnestly and devoutly for the Church. I believe, brethren, that every true minister is really a man of prayer. We Methodist people down in the South and out in the West, we come to the bishop every year there, and say, "Bishop, we want this sort of preacher, or that sort of preacher. Send us a preacher who is popular with the young folks; one who is popular with other denominations; one who is popular with everybody." But I never heard a preacher being asked for, who is popular with God Almighty, whereas the man who is popular and intimate with God is the most omnipotent man you can get. The man who gets down on his knees and talks with God, that man when he goes to church will have something to say to you that will touch your heart. I thank God that that privilege is guaranteed to every preacher. I never preach to a man until I have prayed for him—and I never preach to an audience until I have prayed for it. I know that a man must also think, and study. I don't believe in the old idea that if you will open your mouth the Lord

will fill it. Yes, I do believe He will fill it with air—but I don't know of anything else He will put in it. And do you know there is many an old air-gun running around over this country? I don't believe a man can preach without preparation, and I believe that preparation means thought, study, prayer. I believe that every true minister studies to show himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. He studies and thinks that he may divide the word of God rightly and give to each his portion in due season.

God Finding the Lost Sheep

God's nature is love; it is as natural for God to love as it is for the sun to shine. The sun is no respecter of objects as he pours his rays of light and heat on the verdant valley, the arid desert, the blooming rose, the beautiful tree—they all receive alike from the great burning, shining sphere. God is no respecter of persons. Everywhere that man lives and breathes, God loves. I go further still. God loves the sinner as much as He loves the Christian. God loves the worst man in St. Louis as much as He loves the best man in St. Louis. I go further still. If there be any difference in God's love, He loves the wicked, the wayward sinner, better than He loves the Christian. "Well," you say, "where did you get that doctrine?" I get it out of my Bible. I will take it from the lips of Christ Himself. You remember about a certain man who had a hundred sheep, and one strayed off. Did he say: "That is a bad sheep; let him go"? No,

sir. He left the ninety and nine just like they were not in the world, and went forth and sought and hunted the poor lost sheep away up the dark mountains; and when he found it, did he kick and club and beat him all the way back to the fold? No! No! No! Poor, tired, hungry sheep, it could not stand a kick or a club, and he just took it up and laid it on his shoulder, and brought it back safely to the fold.

A Transfigured Home

Twelve years ago I was entertained, during a meeting which I was conducting, in a splendid home in the suburbs of a great city. The mother of the home was one of God's jewels, the daughter was a treasure in herself, and no better, truer man lived in that city than the father.

The first Sunday morning these three went with me to the tabernacle, and on Monday morning and Monday afternoon they were also there. Monday night we were sitting at the supper table, and everything was nice and pleasant. All at once there was a dull thud, as though some one was falling on the soft carpet in the hall. Instantly one of the liveried servants waiting on the table stepped out of the dining-room and closed the door behind him; and I saw the light go out of the faces of those around the table. Nothing more was said until I left the table, and as I left the mother spoke up, and said, "Brother Jones, excuse us; we won't go with you to the services to-night." I went up to my room and got ready, and went down to the

meeting. The next morning when I got up from the breakfast table the mother followed me into the sitting-room, and said, "Brother Jones, I don't know what you have heard about it, but that disturbance last night was my poor, wayward, wrecked and ruined boy. When he was seventeen years old a better boy I never knew. If he had a bad habit we did not know it. We sent him off to college. He came back at the end of four years, graduated into debauchery and ruin. He has been back a year now, and we have done everything that the heart and soul of man can do; but he has gone from bad to worse, and I expect he is the most depraved boy in all this city to-day. In your meetings did you ever see any family so sorely afflicted?" I said, "By the hundreds." She said, "Will God save my boy?" I said, "Let us get right down on our knees now here together, and pray that He may." All through the prayer I could hear her fervent "Amen," and when we got off our knees she stood up in front of me with tears that would not have stained an angel's cheek running down her face, and said: "Oh, will God hear that prayer, and save my poor lost boy?" I said, "He certainly will," and then I went to the young man's room and tapped on his door. A harsh, rough voice said, "Come in." He was standing before a mirror, brushing his hair, dressed, except his coat and hat. When I stepped in, I extended my hand, and said, "Young man, I am the guest of this home; my name is Sam Jones; I thought I would talk with you a little while, if you don't care." He just

turned deliberately, put on his coat and hat, and, paying no attention to me, started out by me. I stepped in front of him and said, "Young man, just a minute; I have been on my knees by the side of that heart-broken mother of yours down in the sitting-room, as we prayed, and now, young man, you go right down-stairs, put your arms round your mother's neck, and say, 'Mother, I have drunk my last drop, and debauched my last night;' or else go back to the dresser, and pick up that pistol, load it freshly, go down-stairs and push the muzzle against the tender temple of your sweet mother, and pull the trigger, and the angels of God will clap their hands, as she falls to the floor, and thank God another angel mother is out of suffering forever." He looked me in the face a moment, then threw his arms around my neck and sobbing, said, "Mr. Jones, tell me the truth; is there any hope for a poor dog like me?" I assured him there was, and said: "Don't go out of this room to-day." He said, "If I do not, I will die." I said, "If you do, you will die. Stay here; I am going to the tabernacle, and will pray for you." I went down-stairs and said, "Mother, go up-stairs; your boy is on his knees praying. He has promised me to stay in his room until I get back; you go and stay with him." She looked me in the face, and said, "Oh, is God going to hear my prayers?" I said, "He certainly will." She went up those steps like a young girl. When I came back from the services, she was sitting by the lounge, stroking his nervous temples with a gentle hand. I walked in, saying, "Mother,

you can go. I will stay with the young man." I said, "What now, young man?" He said, "Oh, Mr. Jones, nothing but prayer will do a poor miserable creature like me any good." I said, "We will kneel and pray; you pray first." He said, "God won't hear a miserable being like me pray." I said, "Pray the best you can." He started in, "Oh, for mother's sake, have mercy on me. If there is any mercy in heaven let it come to a poor, miserable ruined dog like me." We got off our knees, and he said, "Mr. Jones, don't trifle with a poor miserable creature like me. Do you think there is any chance for me?" I said, "Of course there is." That night I got up from the supper table, and said, "Mother, you fix up a cup of coffee and I will take it up to the young man; he don't want any supper. You go on to the services, and I will bring him with me." She said, "Are you going to carry him there?" I said, "Of course I am." I carried a cup of coffee to him, and he was so nervous he could not take it in his hand and drink it. I poured it into the saucer and held it to his lips. I said, "Get your hat, and we will go to the service." He said, "Are you going to take me to the tabernacle?" I said, "Yes, it is the place for you." He put on his coat, took my arm, and we walked down to the tabernacle. I set him about four pews from the front, and all the time I was preaching he kept his nervous eye on me, and when I invited penitents forward he came along with the others. I walked out to him to encourage him, and he was praying with all his might; and, to make a long story short,

the third night after that I saw that boy converted from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. It has been twelve years ago, and he has never drunk a drop, and has been a blessing to that home from that day to this.

The Richest Man

Just after the Civil War—and it was a cruel war—a man coming up a street leaning on a crutch met an old colonel, owner of a large farm. The man asked the colonel if he might go into one of his vacant cabins. The colonel gave him permission. A few days later the colonel went to the cabin and saw the poor man eating his meagre meal, and asked him if that was all he had to eat. He replied that it was. The colonel asked if he slept on the pile of straw that was near by, and the poor fellow said that he did. “And you have served God all your life?” asked the colonel. “I have,” replied the man. “I would never serve your God for He is a mean God,” said the colonel. Shortly afterwards the colonel dreamed three successive nights that the richest man in the county was to die soon. The colonel thought it meant himself, for he was the largest property owner in Harris County. He sent for the doctor, but the physician told him that he was in the best of health. Going across the field that afternoon he met a darky who told him that the old man in the cabin had died the night before. Sure enough the colonel’s dream had come true. The richest man in all the county had passed away.

A Mother's Hand and Voice

Nowhere is a mother's hand and a mother's voice forgotten. During our late Civil War a mother was telegraphed: "Come to the front. Your boy is seriously wounded." She left on the first train, and when she arrived where her boy was being cared for, the lady of the home met her at the door, and was asked if a wounded soldier boy was in the house. "Yes," the lady replied, "and we are expecting his mother." "I am his mother," she said; "where is my boy?" "He is in his room. The doctors are in there now, but they will be out in a moment or two." Directly the doctors came out, and she introduced herself, but they said, "We are glad you have come, but you mustn't go in where your boy is. His fever is so high, and his nervous system on such a tension that if you walked into his room, the excitement of seeing you, his mother, might produce death. We will be back early in the morning, and we will let you know when you can see him." The mother stayed in the adjoining room all night listening to the cries and moans of her poor wounded boy. But in the morning the doctors only said, "You can't see your boy this morning. He is still delirious, and it would be a dangerous thing to let you into his room." But when they all went away, she slipped down the hall with the tread of a cat, and she went in at the open door of her boy's room, and stole past the nurse to the side of his bed. She stood there a moment, listened to his cries, watched the nervous

twitching of his body, and then she began to stroke his forehead with her hand. Her boy passed off into a quiet sleep, and the nervous twitching all stopped. He lay perfectly quiet for a moment, and then he said, without moving his position, "Oh, how like my mother's hand!" Ah! There is something in a mother's love sweeter than the lullabies of the skies, sweeter than a golden harp.

God's Hand on His World

You know that when a man has an old mill that won't run, you'll never catch him round there. But when the mill is running, the miller is there all the time, and from time to time he pushes his hand under the spout to see if the mill is grinding right. God has set this world running, and He is running His hand under every spout to see that the grist is panning out right, and He sees that all things are working together for the good of them that love God. You take a clock for instance. Did you ever take a clock to pieces? I have. And did you ever try to put a clock together after you had taken it to pieces, and found you had wheels enough for one more? The clockmaker must put the clock together, and must put every wheel in its place. Suppose I take the face off a clock and look at the works. I say, it's impossible for this clock to keep time even if the face and hands were on. Here's a wheel going fast, here's another going slow, here's one going the other way. Just look at it. You needn't tell me that it will keep time. But put the face and hands on

and there it goes tick, tick, tick; and it strikes one, two, three, and I say I don't care how it looks, it keeps time anyhow. The Word says "ALL things work together for good;" not two, nor ten, nor twenty things. It takes all the wheels for the clock to keep time, and it must be put together by the clockmaker. One says, "Well, I can't see that it works for my good that my loved wife died." Ah, that is one of the wheels going backward. Prosperity comes to you—this is one of the wheels going forward. No matter what comes or goes, God puts all the wheels together and watching the dial-plate says: "All things work together for good."

He Leadeth Me

In the morning when I come down to my breakfast-table and gather my children about me, and feed them, and wait upon them at my table, God looks down at me, His child, and says, "My son, come to Me; I will give you the bread of life. As a father giveth good gifts unto his children, so much more will I give good things to My children if they will ask Me." When I bid my family good-bye and go off to my business in the morning, God speaks to me through the glorious sun that is shining in my face as it mounts higher and higher in the sky. "My path lies upward and upward," it says. "Old man, I have reached my meridian height. Have you?" And as I am coming home in the afternoon I see the sun sinking in the west, and it says to me again:—"I am preparing for the evening decline, and, old fellow, you are going

down to the grave. Will you go down in splendour, as I am going down, or will you go down in the darkness of despair?"

Get Aboard the Train

A great many people will say, "I am honest, I pay my debts. What quarrel hath God with me? I am satisfied with myself. I don't see why the Lord's not satisfied with me." A great many men think just that way. But, brother, if it was imperatively necessary for me to go to Detroit, would the fact that I wanted to go, and the fact that I walked down to the station, and the fact that I looked at the engine and the cars, and the engineer and the conductor, and then stood there like a fool and let the train go off and leave me, have a great deal of comfort for me? Well, I didn't go, but I had a good glimpse of the engineer, and saw the conductor, and I would know him if I see him again; and I saw the passenger train, and counted every coach in it; but I didn't go. Some people think there is virtue in that. They say, "I never threw any rocks at the engineer, and I never cursed the conductor, and I'm satisfied I am going to Detroit." "Did you get on the train?" "No, no, no. I haven't been on the train—don't intend to get on; but I think I will get to Detroit, because I never said a word against the engineer, and behaved myself all the time I was in the depot." Look here, brother, ain't it possible for you to have as much sense about your soul's salvation as about other things in this world? Brother, it isn't walking into

the dining hall; and it isn't looking at the bill of fare; it is not a consciousness that you are acquainted with every dish on the table, but it is eating the dinner that satisfies hunger. And I want to tell you to-night, it's not coming to God's grand central station; it is not looking at the engineer or conductor; but when God shouts, "All aboard!" you jump aboard and keep your seat, and when the signal is blown for the pearly gates, you shall sweep in, blood-washed forever. It is getting aboard the train that gets people to places. It is not wishing well to the people on the train. It's getting on board; that's it.

The Need of a Foundation

A good old presiding elder came home one day and his wife said to him: "Husband, the cow is sick. It's a good cow, and if it dies we can't afford to buy another. I've done everything I can for her, but I think she's going to die." Said the elder:—"Have you prayed for her?" "No," she said; "do you think that would be any good?" "Well," said the old elder, "have you got anything to stand on? Have you given away any of the cow's milk and butter?" "Yes," she said, "I've given a quart of milk to old Brother Scott every day, and butter when I could spare it." "Well," said her husband, "I guess you can stand on the butter and milk, and pray to the Lord and He'll hear you." Next morning the cow was better. She had stood on the butter and milk and prayed to the Lord. If you have anything to stand

on, the Lord will hear your prayer. Get something to stand on.

The Soul-Saving Instinct

Here is a lost ship, wrecked among the icebergs of the Northern Ocean. A rescuing party comes near. They lower their boats and climb upon the wreck. They go from deck to deck, and as they go to each man they find him frozen stiff and cold. Finally they find one man who shows signs of life, and they take him to their own ship and try every means in their power to resuscitate him. They work away for two hours, and at last they see his lungs expand, and he draws in one breath of air. What do you suppose he said? "I am so glad you found me before I died"? No; no. What then? "I am so much obliged to you for rescuing me from such a death"? No; nothing of the kind. As he drew in that breath of air he said, "There's another man on board that may be saved." And just as that man thought of his friend with first returning life, so the mind of him, who has truly entered into the kingdom of Christ, reverts at once to the others in the ship that he has left, that may yet be saved.

All Things Work Together for Good

When I was at Columbus, Ga., I walked through an immense cotton factory. I was shown all the machinery, that which cut the hoops around the raw cotton, that which picked the cotton, and I followed one machine after another, from one floor

to another. I watched some machinery carding cotton, others pulling it on to reels. At times I would say: "Look here; surely this is not the way to make cloth. If I did not want to make cloth, I would do just as you are doing." But when we got to the last machine, on the fourth floor, there was a pile of cotton cloth bundled up ready for the market. I looked down the line of machines and said, "Every machine in this factory works together for cloth;" and, by and by, when you step into the heavenly gates, you will look back and say: "Everything in my life worked for good." O how true these things are!

The Pedometer

Some months ago a lady slipped a pedometer into her husband's pocket as he went out in the evening, and when he came back she took it out and consulted it. The faithful little dial told her that her husband had walked seventeen miles that night. And she said to him: "Husband, where have you been to-night?" He replied: "I have been posting my books." She said: "Husband, that won't do. Do you post your books as you walk?" "No," he said, "I post my books sitting at my desk." She pulled the little indicator out and put it in his face and said, "There is the record of your work! Seventeen miles to-night. It is half a mile to the store, and half a mile back. Explain yourself." She made him explain, and it turned out that he had walked sixteen miles round a billiard table. And I tell you, my congregation, that

within your bosom there is a faithful record being kept every day, and when at last God shall say, "Who art thou and what hast thou done?" the record has passed into the recording angel's hands, and he shall read line after line and page after page of guilt that is enough to damn the universe.

The Christian's Earthly Reward

When I was a poor sinner, they used to tell me that if any man would forsake houses, and lands, and wife and children, and home, and friends, and be Christ's disciple, He would give him a hundred-fold more in this life, and life everlasting in the world to come. Thirteen years ago, brethren—listen to me—I left one little cottage home in Cartersville to follow Christ, and, glory to His name, He has given me a thousand homes as good as any man ever had. Thirteen years ago I bid farewell to a few friends in my town to follow Christ, and He has given me a thousand friends for every one I left on that day. Thirteen years ago I left one mother—a stepmother, but kind and good to me—to follow Christ; and I want to say to you that everywhere I have gone, God has ever given me a hundred mothers just as good and kind to me as my own mother could be. I left two brothers at home to follow Christ, and God has given me a hundred thousand brethren who are just as good to me as my own brothers could be. I stand here to-night to testify to the fact that God gives a hundredfold more in this life, and His precious promise of everlasting life in the world to come. Half of the

promise is true, and I just know that God is going to fulfill the whole promise.

The Real Good Man

Some time ago in the state of Mississippi there was a Methodist. He had been a Methodist for seventeen years, and he had been a steward of the church for fourteen years. He woke up one morning, and said to himself, calmly, deliberately: "I have been a Methodist all these years, and yet I have never been religious a single day since I joined the church. I know I have been an average member, but God knows I haven't been a bit religious. And, good Lord, if you will help me from this moment to the end of this day, to the sun's going down, I will put in one day in being thoroughly religious." Before the breakfast bell, he cried, "Wife, get the Bible and call the children, for I am going to begin family prayers this morning." She said, in astonishment: "I am glad to hear it. What's got possession of you?" "Oh, nothing; only I'm going to set out to be a religious man." So he read a chapter, kneeled down and prayed with his wife and children. And then the breakfast bell rang. The children came in to the table, and they turned their plates up immediately. "Hold on, children," said the father. "Turn your plates down. Your father is going to ask a blessing on the breakfast." They obeyed, and he said: "Gracious Father, accept thanks for these mercies Thou hast spread before us." After the blessing was asked, he commenced helping the plates. He

helped the plates of the children first. He was a business man, and always in a hurry, but he took time to help each one of the children, gave them the breast and second joint of the chicken, and just left the neck on the dish for himself. You can tell whether a fellow is a Christian or not by the piece he gives his children. Well, then, he helped himself, and ate his breakfast like a Christian ought to, got up and went round to his wife, and kissed her and the baby, and the one next to the baby good-bye, and went to the store. Then he shook hands with the clerks, and said: "It's a pleasant morning, and I hope we will have a good trade to-day." He went home to dinner and kissed his wife again: and I expect she thought he was crazy. At the dinner-table, he helped them all again, and after eating, he said: "Wife, you know I am always hurried, but there is half of a broiled chicken and some nice toast left, and if you will get it ready I will take it up to good old Brother Johnson, and ask him to forgive me for being so negligent of him." And after Brother Johnson was through eating, he said: "Now, do you care if I read the Twenty-third Psalm with you, and pray before I go to the store?" And he knelt and prayed, and the angels came down, and mingled there with them, and he went to his store happy, and treated his clerks kindly all the afternoon, and came home that night, and after supper he called for the Bible and prayed again earnestly. After retiring, his two eldest boys, who slept in the adjoining room, were talking together, and one said: "Tom! Tom!"

The other boy said, "What?" "Old man is going to die to-morrow." "Why?" "He's getting pious. Did you ever see anything like it in all your life?"

Expensive Fun

While sitting one day at dinner in the home of one of the best men in Atlanta, Ga., I saw a punch-bowl, and a dozen glasses on the sideboard. I pointed to it, and asked, "Where does that come in?" His wife said, "It doesn't come in at all, but I keep them there just to show him the difference between then and now." When we went into the library, he told me this story. "I was once a high roller. I gambled and caroused, and drank, and went all the gaits. But no matter how late it was, when I came home I found the little woman waiting for me. One night I looked at her and said to myself, 'Where are those roses that used to bloom on my wife's cheek? Where is the light that used to dance in those eyes? The blue veins are now plowing their way through her temples. Old fellow, you are having a good time, but it is all at her expense, and I'll quit, here and now.' I walked into the next room, and told her to get down and pray for me." God pity the man whose fun makes him wade through the heart of his sweet wife to hell. I am after the fun that makes old mother happy, and that makes the good wife shout.

Trading God for Society

Twenty years ago I knew a splendid fellow of great business capacity in Georgia. He was super-

intendent of the Sunday-school, his wife taught a class, and their children attended. He sold out, went to a city and made money. They moved in society. One day I went to their house. Presently a little woman came down-stairs. I asked her, "How's your soul?" She looked at the carpet, and then raised her eyes, and they were swimming in tears. "We've got no God and no piety now," she said, and told me that her two boys came in staggering drunk at night, having learned to drink at her own table. Three months afterwards the younger boy had died the most debauched death, and three months after that the elder shot down his boon companion in a saloon, was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged. I went to see the mother, and I said, "When a woman swops off her God and her piety for the whirl of society, she has made a poor trade." I've seen the last piece of their property go under the hammer. I've seen the husband where I had to pay money myself to keep him out of the penitentiary, and that poor little woman with hardly a friend in the world. Do you mean to say society is what it is cracked up to be? No! I tell you that when you've lost your hold they'll kick you out just like one of those white-aproned devils kicks you out of the saloon if you don't pay for the drink.

Practical Religion

Once I was "Pasture" away down in a rural district. Yes, that's what they called me—"pasture." There lived there a young married man who was

godless and who hadn't been to church for a long time. Well, he came to church one day when I preached a good, old-fashioned sermon, and I said: "If you will do before you get religion, just what you would do if you had it, you will get it." This young man walked up to the altar and joined the church. He went home, and said, "Wife, I joined the church to-day." "Why, husband, have you religion?" "No, but the preacher said if I'd do before I got religion, as I'd do after I got it, I'd get it, and I know if I had it, I'd join the church." And on the same principle he had family prayers at night and morning, and prayed in public, and in three weeks he had the biggest kind of a case of religion. Broke out all over him from head to foot; and it's lasted twenty years. If you'll take up the means of salvation, you'll get religion.

Hope in God

When I was a sinner I thought I did not have feeling enough to start; and when I got started I got scared that I could not hold out; when I joined the church I was afraid I would bring a stigma upon the church, and I was afraid temptation would be too strong for me, and I started out along that line. But listen, when I first started, I started doing my best, and I did my best the first day I joined the church. I started that way, and they said to me, "Jones, ain't you afraid you will break down?" "My hope is in the Lord." "Well, ain't you afraid temptations will overthrow you?"

"But my hope is in the Lord." "Well, ain't you afraid you will not be sufficient for these things?"

"But my hope is in God." "Well, ain't you afraid there will be a recurrence of incidents in your life that will swamp you?" "Yes, but my hope is in God." "Well, ain't you afraid that you will fail?"

"Yes, but my hope is in God." Oh, brother, whenever the soul looks up and leans on God, then the emblems of triumph and the evidences of victory can set the soul in a living fire. Thank God! Thank God!

Now, I want to tell you, brother, I am glad I started. If my hope had been in the church, and the church had turned her back on me, my hope would have been gone. If my hope had been in the preacher, the time might have come when the preacher would have turned his back on me, and my hope would have been gone. If my hope had been in my wife, my faithful, kind, sympathetic wife, who has been the crutch under each arm, on which I have hobbled along in my Christian life, the time might have come when my wife would have turned her back on me; then my hope would have been gone. My hope might have been in my children, and the time might have come when I would have buried the last sweet child; then my hope would have been perished forever. If my hope had been in the angels, the time might have come when they would have plumed their wings, and flown away and left me; and my hope would have been gone. My hope might have been gone. My hope might have been in the earth, but the time

will come when this old earth will be burned up and fade out of existence, and then my hope would be gone.

But let me say this to you. My hope is in God. He never forsook a soul; He never left a soul in time of need. Now I have realized this, that a man is just as strong as the thing to which he commits himself. If a man starts across the Atlantic Ocean in a paper box, he is no stronger than the box he commits himself to, and just as soon as the paper gets wet, and goes to the bottom, he goes down with it. If a man starts across the Atlantic Ocean out of New York harbour, on a grand old ocean Cunarder, all the strength of her hull, all the power of her engine, all the comforts of her cabin are his, and the storms may beat and howl about him, but that man, confident in the security of his position, says, "I will never go down till this grand old ship goes down." He is as strong as the thing to which he commits himself. If I commit myself to an arm of flesh, I am no stronger than the arm to which I commit myself; when it fails, I fail, too. But when I commit myself to God, I will never go down until God goes down. I am as strong as the thing to which I commit myself; and if you want strength, old fellow, just say this morning, "I shall do my best from this day till I die, committing myself to God." Then victory will certainly come.

The Last Invitation

During my meeting in Augusta, Ga., a few years ago, at an hour like this when I had reached the

last service of the series and was just closing it, an old minister, one of the pastors, stepped to the front and said, "Brother Jones, before you pronounce the benediction, let me say a word." I said, "Go on, my brother; you always have the right of way in my meetings." The venerable old preacher looked like a veritable prophet of God, as he stood before the great audience. He threw his forefinger out over the audience three times before he spoke, and then in the deepest emotion he said: "My brethren, this scene to-night reminds me of the scene in my boyhood days. My father's home was on the beach, and every morning when I came out on the porch to wash my face and hands my eyes swept the beach. One morning as I looked up and down the beach I saw that the storm of the night before had driven ashore an old ship that had been unloaded and deserted. I picked up my little cap and ran down to the beach and stood beside the old ship, as it lay careened on one side, high and dry on the sand. I looked upon it with boyish sympathy, and said, 'Poor old ship, I wonder if you will ever go out to sea again?' I waited anxiously for the spring tide. As the waters came out farther and farther and higher and higher on the old ship, I ran down to the shore. When I saw the old ship moving under the pressure of the waves, I threw up my little cap and said: 'Go out, old ship, go out, old ship; this is the high tide. You better go out with this tide, or you will fall to pieces on the shore.' But the spring tide receded and the old ship was left again high and dry. I said, 'Poor

old ship, you ought to have gone out with that tide.'

"I waited anxiously for the full tide to come in. I ran down to the shore to watch the ship. I saw the high full tide come out around the old ship. I watched the water get higher and higher, until the ship began to move under its tide. I waved my little cap again and said: 'Please, old ship, go out. This is the highest tide you will ever see. Go out, old ship; go out with this tide.' But the waters receded and the old ship was left again on the sand. I arose one morning after a stormy night. I stepped out on the porch and as my eyes swept the shore, I saw that the old ship had crumbled into ten thousand pieces the night before. I ran down to the shore, and looking at the wreck said: 'Poor old ship. I told you so. You ought to have gone out with that tide.' My brethren, how like that picture is the scene of the last night of these services! I have sat here and watched the tide of God's love and mercy come over this audience night after night, and as the tide has risen higher and higher I have said in my heart, 'Go out, old sinner; go out with this tide.' I have seen you moved to tears under the influence of the gracious services, and as the tide rolled higher and higher I have cried in my heart again, 'Go out, old sinner, with this tide; go out.' But the services have closed and you did not move. I have watched the tide rise in the next service; I have seen you moved under its influence, and again I have cried in my heart: 'Go out, old sinner; go out with this tide.'

But the tide has receded again and you have not moved. And now we have come to the last service, and I have watched the tide rise higher and higher, until I have said in my heart: 'This is the highest tide that ever struck Augusta. Go out, old sinner; go out with this tide, or you will be left to be shattered by the storm of death forever. God help you go out with this tide. Go out with this tide.'

Politician

An old politician takes everything in sight. He reminds me of the case of the old Jew, who said to his wife: "Vell vife, I vill see vat Iky vill be. I vill put on dis table von Bible, von silver dollar, von bottle of liquor. Ve vill hide till Iky comes in and see vat he vill take. If he takes de Bible, he vill be von high priest. If he takes de dollar, he vill be von business man, like his fadder. If he takes de bottle of liquor, he vill be von vagabond." They hide and Iky comes in, walks up to the table, picks up the Bible and puts it in his pocket; picks up the silver dollar, puts it in his pocket; picks up the bottle of liquor, takes a drink, puts it in his pocket and walks out. "Och, vife, he's took 'em all! He's going to be von politician."

Gratitude

I never carried a bucket of slop to a hog that he didn't grunt his thanks. I never carried a bundle of fodder to a horse that he didn't nicker his gratitude. But some of you men sit down three times a

day to a well-filled table without a word of thanks, and you coil up in your bed like a hog in a pile of leaves, without a word of family prayer. You are lower down than the animals around you.

Epigrams and Pointed Paragraphs

*Culled from the Sermons and Addresses
of Sam P. Jones*

It doesn't take anything to purchase religion, but it takes a good deal to keep up repairs after you have got it.

Some of you old hard-headed Methodists could take three square butts with the billy-goat and send him home by the drug store to get headache medicine.

I like a fast horse ; but good Lord deliver me from a fast woman.

Some fellows have acted the dog so long till all they lack of being a dog is a little more hair and a tail.

Some of you society women object to my plain speech ; and yet you will go to the theatre and witness vulgar costumes, indecent insinuations and vile plots until nearly midnight, and come home greatly rested and refreshed. I sometimes give a little slop to the hogs, but I never get down in the pen and eat with them.

These little idle, godless club bucks that live on their appetites and passions are no higher animals than the pig that lies in the trough and waits for buttermilk.

I would rather have an old woman give me a pill and pray over it, than to have a doctor who is an agnostic.

If you are playing policy, somebody ought to take you out and bore you for hollow horn and bleed you in the frog of the foot.

A profane swearer is fit for nothing but to be butted to death by a goat, and I would hate to be the goat that had the nasty job.

The greatest rascals are those who are scrupulously honest. If I see a man walk across town to pay a nickel, I watch him.

In a Georgia town a number of girls married men to reform them, and now the town is full of little whippoorwill widows.

A horse that will pull on a cold collar will do to depend on—and the best Christians are those who never need “warming up.”

Whiskey is a good thing in its place, and that place is hell.

Jesus Christ is the great telescope and microscope to the Christian's eye.

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.

If you want to whip the devil, just fall on your knees in prayer.

Some communities have many a Christian in it that can't make schedule time. The devil can run a mile while many of them are pulling on their boots.

It is the bruised violet that sends forth the sweetest odour. The sweetest Christians are those most deeply afflicted.

It helps almost any man to shake him over a coffin for a while and then turn him loose; and when he is turned loose he will hit the ground running a mile a minute.

It is about the toughest job a man could undertake to rule a genuine, solid lump of pure concentrated selfishness.

Think of a soldier that does nothing but come up and draw his rations! Some of you church-members ain't fit for a thing in this round earth, but just to come up and get your rations.

The speed, and momentum, and destination of a cannon-ball are to be determined always by how much powder is behind it; and your speed and course to the good world will depend a great deal upon how you start.

Keep your faces straight, and if they get out of shape, let it be with a great big smile as broad as the double doors in your parlour. I like a smile a mile long.

The best way to get away from God is to run towards God; and the best way to live is to die; and the best way to be happy is to get very miserable about your meanness.

If you will do gladly and cheerfully what the Lord gives you to do, He will not only pay full price for what you have done, but will pay you over again for the way you have done it.

Our Christianity is too slow. Half of us never get up with an old sinner until he is dying, or dead drunk, or too sick to move.

I have known preachers who didn't expect to do anything but worry the living and bury the dead.

I haven't seen a horse-race in twenty-five years. Not that I object to fine horses, but I object to the scrubby little devils laying around the race-track betting on them. The horse is a thoroughbred, the man is a scrub.

Some of you old kicking, quarrelling, grumbling Christians think you are preserved. You are not preserved, you are just pickled.

Whatever hurts the soul or keeps it away from God—that's the proper subject of a sermon.

The people always want a preacher who is quiet and meek, and who will not step on anybody's toes.

To me there is no better recommendation for a preacher than that he has raised the devil.

The tendency of human nature is downward and hellward, and you may trace its origin where you may.

Just as certainly as the virus of cancer kills the body, just so certainly will the virus of sin kill your soul at last.

A man can never reform his life until he sees what his life really is.

A man's money will help him to heaven, or it will help him to hell, whichever route he wants to go. He can take his money and go up with it or down with it,—either way.

The charity that will simply pitch a ten-dollar gold piece into a poor widow's lap, is not charity. The charity that hunts up and sympathizes with and puts its arm around and helps a brother—that's the charity that takes us close to heaven.

Don't take me to the graveyards to find good folks. Everybody out there is good, if you will read their epitaphs and what is written on their tombstones. Everybody is good after they die.

God deliver me from these religious bushwhackers that don't belong to any command, but are just after the spoils.

It is an absolute impossibility for a man continuously and successfully to practice a fraud upon his own immortality, his neighbour, or his God.

My most earnest prayer, my greatest longing, is to live to see the day in this grand country of ours

when there is nothing to break a mother's heart or to make a wife weep her life away ; when there is nothing in America that will make a man stagger, and make an honest man steal and a sensible man a fool.

I have thought many a time that every swearing man ought to command some lonely island to himself—get off like Robinson Crusoe, and curse it out among the goats.

Sow parties and reap balls ; sow balls and reap germans ; sow germans and reap spider-legged dudes ; and sow spider-legged dudes and reap a thimbleful of calves'-foot jelly.

Of all the creation of God, the greatest moral, mental, physical monstrosity in the universe is the natural product of fashionable society, the dude and the dudine ; and you never catch a dude and a dudine marrying one another. They will spoil two houses in spite of creation.

If you will just turn your opinions around on the back track, and put the dogs after them, the dogs will tree them in hell.

A mother—a good mother—is immortal in the memory of her children.

I despise theology and botany, but I love religion and flowers.

I am no metaphysician, but I can see a hole through a ladder, if there is any light on the other side.

The man who will drink is a fool, and the man who will sell liquor is a scoundrel, and the church-members who will rent their stores for saloons and will give their sympathy to the saloon-keepers, are bigger scoundrels than the red-nosed devil that drinks it, or the bull-neck scoundrel that sells it.

God pity a quack doctor that carries his saddle-bag full of whiskey and prescribes it for everything. He is not good enough to be a dog, much less a doctor.

If I say a thing that hurts a man who prays night and morning in his family, and pays his just debts, and hasn't but one wife, lives right before good men, if I hurt that sort of a man I will apologize every time. But I will die before I apologize to you uncircumcised Philistines. I won't do it.

I am a fisher of men. When one of your soft-spoken, namby-pamby little preachers can show a bigger string of fish than I can, then I'll try his kind of bait.

I despise to see a man who knows more than everybody else in the community, and who does not know enough to behave himself. Some men haven't got sense enough to be decent.

There is nothing in grace that will make you a sober man with a quart of whiskey in your stomach.

The less sense a fellow has, and the less he thinks, the more opinions he has.

Many a man is trying to cleanse the stream of his life with the devil wallowing in the fountain.

Every bar-room is a recruiting office for hell.

David was a great sinner, but he was a first-class repentor.

The Lord has a magnificent army on dress parade.

I pray for my daily bread, but I have to hunt for my corn pone with the sweat running down the hoe-handle.

Whenever you see me with a grubbing hoe on my shoulder I'm out after grubs, and if you ain't a grub sit still—I'm not after you.

There is a woman in a show, they say, who has 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 a little out of proportion!

If you want an easy religion, some of the churches in our cities will accommodate you. That is, they will accommodate you as far as they run their train. There's many a little short branch road in this country, and they are trying to advertise them as Grand Trunk lines to Glory!

If there's anything in the world that disgusts me, it is to see an old sinner walk into the church and take out the lamest, shortest, crookedest,

triflingest old member we have got, and measure with him. Why doesn't he pull out a first-class member and measure with him? If he were to lie down by his side, he'd look like a little rat-terrier lying by an elephant.

I'll tell you, whenever you hear a man talking about hypocrites being in his way, it's because he is in the rear of the hypocrites.

If you ever get a good look at yourself, then you are going to think more of everybody you meet than you do of yourself.

The dog is running on feeling. When he feels like running rabbits, he will run them, and when he doesn't he won't. If I were you, and had made up my mind to run on feeling, I would run rabbits the balance of my life. I think I would make that my business.

You've got steam enough to start with. If you will pull your throttle wide open, and move out, you will be blowing off before you get half-way to heaven.

The people of the world are more interested in the fashion of the world than they are interested in the good of their children.

There is many a fellow in the Church who is good for nothing but to serve as a stationary engine back in the pine woods cutting out lumber for the work of the devil.

If you will tell me what you love, I will tell you

what you are. A man's likes and dislikes determine his character.

Right in the middle of the path of duty there is no power in earth or hell that can harm you.

If I can't bring the Bible down to my experience and my experience up to the Bible, you may burn it up—it is not worth anything to me.

If I throw a stone into a crowd of dogs, and one runs yelping, you know that is the one that is hit.

It takes a lot of religion for a fellow to shout at another preacher's meeting.

It is astonishing how when a man has plenty of money, everybody will take money to him and ask him to keep it for them. It is astonishing, when a poor fellow hasn't got a dollar in the world, he can't get a dollar.

And there is many a Christian in the lane, between Christ and the world, you know. They won't go over into the green pastures of God's love, and they won't go over into the valley on the devil's side.

I run a sort of wholesale gospel shoe establishment and just make shoes for the public; and every man puts on those that fit him, you know, and goes out.

Society! That heartless old wretch! Society! Society! Society! the leech of the soul, that sucks it until it is as hollow as a drum.

I have seen wives who set wine around on their table in the first years of their married life, and cut up a big shine according to the latest fashion of society—I have seen such a wife with streaming eyes and with a face that God must pity to look at, begging me: “Oh, help me to save my husband! He’s gone forever.”

Religion is not something that bubbles out of the lips and from the lungs of a man; but religion is motive power taking one somewhere.

You can run Mormonism without John Smith, and you can run Confucianism without Confucius, but you cannot run Christianity without Christ.

What is salvation? Well, when you sum it all up, here it is in a nutshell: Salvation is loving everything that God loves and hating everything that God hates.

What a man loves and what a man hates determine his character.

The hardest thing a poor fellow ever tries to do in this world is to give himself up to God just like he is.

If you cannot do any more, be a crutch for some poor crippled fellow to help him home to heaven, and when he gets to heaven his crutch will be there.

If you lie down with dogs you will get up with fleas.

I like the fellow who works just like there wasn't any God, and then trusts God just like he couldn't do a thing.

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.

We can sort of put up with a fellow that sins as we sin, but when he does something we won't do, we are ashamed of him right straight.

You go about through the community and you will find the whole Church up in the wagon—the whole thing; some of them up there laughing, some dancing, some cursing, some shouting, some praying—the whole thing up in the wagon, and the poor little preacher out in the shafts trying to pull the thing to glory; and every little while some fellow up in the wagon will say: "Tap him up a bit! Move him up a little, boys!"—and feeding him on wheat straw all the year round. No horse ever made 2:40 on wheat straw.

These fellows that don't pay any and don't pray any, are the growlers, and there ought to be an addition to every church in this country, and call it "The Growlery," and run them in there.

If there is anything in the world I have got a contempt for it is to see two or three fellows sitting back in a Pullman sleeper with a dead-head ticket in their pockets, quarrelling with the conductor about how he is pulling the train.

I can sort of put up with a fellow in the Church that won't do anything, but who'll pay well. There ain't a railroad in heaven or earth that don't charge extra for a sleeper, and you ought to pay it.

And you say: "Jones, what are you always fighting the theatre for? Why, don't you think Joe Jefferson is a worthy and good man?" Certainly I do, and if you will kill all the other tribe off but Joe, I will never say another word against theatres.

I have a contempt for those folks who, when I go to their house, want me to conduct family prayers for them, and who never have any at any other time.

There is many a Christian in this town whose children, if he were to go home and resolve to be religious for one day, would punch one another in the short ribs and say: "The old man is going to die."

Wisdom is sense enough and the right use of sense enough is to do the best thing and do it in the best way.

No man was ever conquered on his knees in prayer to God.

I never saw a spiritual man in my life that would stand up and ask me: "Do you think there is any harm in the dance?" Why don't you ask me if I think there is any harm in prayer-meeting, or if I think there is any harm in family prayer? You

know there ain't. And whenever you hear a fellow asking if there is any harm in the dance, you can reply: "You lying old rascal, you know there is."

A big head in a man is a heap worse than it is in a horse. A horse will die in about a week; but the poor fellow lives on in the way of every one in the country.

My highest wish for a longer period of life is that, before the day of crystallization, God may eliminate from me all that is evil, and develop me into all that is good.

I have searched this Book from Genesis to Revelation and I find that God never did choose a man to do a great work for Him, but that the man was game from head to foot.

I say to-night, every man that walks out before this world and would make it purer and better, that man shall, like his Lord, have his Gethsemane, and his Pilate's bar, and his Judas Iscariot, and his Simon Peter, and his cross.

I never made much of a practice of being afraid of folks before I had religion, and, thank God, I am not now afraid of the universe, if I am in the right.

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 I and my wife and children starve to death, we'll make out like we died with typhoid fever.

A man who is privately corrupt can never be politically pure.

The biggest fool this world ever saw is the man that gets in the biggest, broadest, plainest road to hell, and stops on the way trying to persuade people that there is no such place as hell.

Many a man in this world expects to get in at last because he didn't cuss the preacher and throw rocks at the meeting-house.

If a man filches from this government a few hundred thousand or a few million, he is dubbed "Colonel." But if a poor negro steals a dollar to buy him bread, he spends a lonely, weary time in jail and in the chain-gang.

You don't pray in your family ; you don't attend your prayer-meeting ; you don't do anything scarcely that a Christian ought to do, and yet you say : "I feel all right." The old fool don't know the difference between feeling all right and not feeling at all—that's what is hurting him. And I will tell you it takes a philosopher to go in there and tell the difference, too.

No man who is an enemy to his neighbour is a true friend to God. And no man who is an enemy of God can be a true friend to his neighbour.

If I have worked myself to death, glory be to God ! I have worked myself into heaven, and that is the grand consummation of it all.

A poor fellow don't have anything in this world, and then to lie down and die and be damned forever is the most awful thought I ever had in my life !

These fellows riding round, having a big time, and ignoring God, and drinking fine champagne, and playing cards every night, and going to the theatre, they can sort of afford to be damned; but we poor white folks can't.

A millionaire with so much money and so many business worries that he cannot enjoy it, is like a fly that has fallen into a barrel of molasses—too much molasses and too little fly.

A hundred thousand dollars will buy nine boys out of ten a through ticket to hell, and they will invest in it the first thing they do and check their baggage right through, and heaven and earth cannot stop them.

When a man gets drunk on liquor we try to save him, but when a man gets drunk on money nobody bothers him then. He just goes on and on, and to perdition he goes forever.

Repentance is this: "I am so sorry for my meanness that I won't do it any more;" and religion is: "I am so glad that God is so good to forgive me, that I won't want to do it any more."

About nine-tenths of the lying done in this world is to get out of something we have done that is wrong.

The best cure for infidelity in the earth is for a fellow to just go on living the pure precepts of the Bible, and his head will come straight. A man cannot start head foremost towards God. He will

strike a hard substance and break his old head.
You start heart foremost—that's the way.

There is some hickory the Lord Himself could not
make an axe-handle out of, unless He makes the
hickory over again.

The Lord knows I would rather have fifty old
maids on my hands than have a son-in-law like
some of you have got.

If some of your wives knew you as God knows
you, they would give you the whole house to your-
self.

You say the reason you don't pray in your family
is just because you are timid. That is a lie. It is
because you are mean, and you know it. Talk
about a great big fellow, with whiskers six inches
long, who will go down-town on 'Change and talk
bigger than any other man in the pit, and he won't
go home and pray with his children!

I want to get God's old family prayer elevator
down into my house every night, and let wife and
children get into it and all go to heaven for a few
minutes, and then come back and go to bed.

I don't care whose boy, or wife, or child you are,
you cannot stand the pressure of bad company.

Above everything in the universe, a man ought
to be choice about his company and about his
books.

Always hunt better company than you are, for

214 EPIGRAMS AND POINTED PARAGRAPHS

when some of us get out with ourselves we are with the biggest rascal in town.

Some of you have reached the last stage, the anteroom 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.

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 a city.

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!

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.

A man can't help evil thoughts coming into his mind, but he can prevent them from developing into a purpose.

Whenever a man is a cordial liar he has perverted his nature from head to foot.

The most lonely feeling that overtakes an immortal spirit on its pilgrimage to eternity is the feeling that nobody prays for him.

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.

Mr. So-and-so is a mighty smart man, and he does not agree with the preachers. Yes, there are plenty of brains in hell.

The best evidence that a man has got religion is that he has quit doing wrong and is doing right.

We need a revival of downright honesty in the Church of God.

A woman will go into a store with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods all around her, buy a paper of pins and walk out; that is all she came for. I have seen the storehouse of God's grace packed from cellar to ceiling, and I have seen men go in and gather up an expression of the preacher and go home. He is a little fellow. If I were your wife, I would get you a little tin horse with wheels and let you drag it through the house.

The Christianity of Jesus Christ makes the heathen Chinese my next-door neighbour.

Many a fellow is praying for rain with his tub bottom side up.

Whenever you see an old maid it is because some man has not done his duty, or she was too particular.

There is an old preacher down in Georgia who preaches against woman's work, and that preacher hasn't had a conversion since the war.

I love a woman who not only mixes in the best society, but in whose presence the poorest labouring woman feels at home.

I have never known a failure where Christ was in the firm. Take Christ into partnership with you.

The sweetest rest a man ever had is the rest he finds in activity.

God loves the meanest man that ever cursed this earth as much as He loves the best man that lives on the face of the globe.

Sin is a disease. It is but the outward eruption from a terrible inward disease.

I'd rather have a boa-constrictor around my neck than to have a drunken son-in-law.

Talk about high license for whiskey! I'd as soon have high license for smallpox. I don't want liquor at any price.

There are plenty of old red-nosed demijohns walking around this city. Ain't you sorry for a poor

woman who has to put her tender arm into the handle of an old demijohn every time she goes to church ?

There are always some little spelling-book critics sitting around who will go back on a fellow's grammar. I shouldn't mind being swallowed by a whale, but I should hate to be nibbled to death by minnows.

Some fellows say: "Don't mix politics with religion." When you hear a fellow talk that way, you may know he hasn't any religion to mix.

I stick to the human side of the Gospel. I don't preach much on the divine side; the water is deep over there.

You old missionary sisters going down to your missionary meeting carrying your dime, remind me of a lot of little girls with some broken dishes and a tea-cake playing dinner.

If I had as much money and as little religion as some of you folks, I would bring my dinner and sit up with this meeting.

There's many a fellow in this country, if you were to analyze him and show him how much genuine dog he had in him, would be ashamed of himself the balance of his life.

When you get your life in such shape that God can run His smoothing-plane over it and cut a shaving as thin as tissue paper from one end to the other of it, you're getting right then.

Many a man is like a horse. He never saw a prayer-meeting. If you hitched him to a prayer-meeting, he would run away with it. If you hitched him to a family prayer, it would take three wagons to take in the pieces after he got through with it. He never had a Christian's collar on, and yet he has professed to be on the Lord's side for years.

I would rather be an honest, pure, and upright man dying in the poorhouse, than be a man who has to make himself disreputable and be dishonest in his own eyes in order to make a living.

There are no hired servants in the kingdom of the patience of Jesus Christ. After that boy had gone home and his father had made a hired servant out of him and given him \$20 a month as a field hand, he would have been stealing something before he had been there ten days with his father. I am glad his father saw proper to correct that fatal error in that boy's mind. There are too many hired servants around in the kingdom of Christ now, on the outer edges, hanging on for the loaves and fishes, maybe.

Did you ever notice how scarce everything was when you didn't have any yourself? Why, there's a fearful money panic all over this country when a fellow hasn't got a dollar himself and can't get a dollar.

It's as much your duty to get ready to hear, as it is my duty to get ready to preach.

Brother, God knows each chord of your nature,

and knows what one to play upon when He wants the sweetest music.

I believe I'd rather a fellow would steal anything I've got when I'm asleep than buy from me on credit and not pay me.

Every Christian should be as jealous of his purity as the little ermine is of his fur.

The wife either makes or unmakes her husband.

It is the little things in this life that keep up the worry.

There are few men in this world better than their wives.

Let's make it fashionable to love God and keep His commandments.

God pity the mother that has to send her children to the dancing school to learn grace and manners.

The girl that will marry a boy whose breath smells with whiskey, is the biggest fool angels ever looked at.

If my daughter had only one dress, that should be a whole one. If it lacked anything at all, I should cut it off at the bottom and never at the top.

Heaven is just the other side of where a fellow does his best.

Pastors, if you've got a lazy mule in your team anywhere, that's the one to tap up.

An aching conscience, a wretched life, and damnation in the end; those are the wages the devil pays.

These goody-goody fellows that don't serve God and don't serve the devil, as they claim, but try to stick on the fence all the time, with their hands in their pockets, are too mean for anything. They're beneath the contempt of the devil, and he just don't care to give them anything to do. If I were going to hunt out the smallest character in God's universe, I'd catch such an one as this, if I could get a hook small enough for him to swallow.

Have an opinion of your own, even if you get your head broken in consequence. Be a man with a cracked head.

You're a mighty small animal in God's universe if you're not for the devil and won't serve God.

Brethren, you cannot take a nigh cut on a straight road to save your life.

A man's reformation never goes deeper than his confession.

Sin not only makes a man a rascal, but it makes him a fool.

O how tired I get sometimes listening to a little fellow trying to explain the unexplainable. Little

boats should keep near the shore; the large ones can venture more.

I want to be recognized here. When I get to heaven and have a crown on my head, and a harp in my hand, and am a heavenly millionaire, you need not recognize me. I do not want it then. I want earthly recognition.

A man in my own town once said to me: "If you will convince me it is wrong to play cards, I will never touch them again." I replied: "There is one thing you are already convinced of; that you are no account in your church." "Yes," he said, "I know that." "Then," I returned, "if you are of no account in your church I have no time to fool away with you."

I don't want you to endorse me. I don't think it would do me any good to be endorsed by a one-horse member of a church.

The daughter of a well-known minister once said to me: "My father does not believe in revivals." "Your father and the devil are together in that," I replied; "I do not know how they stand on other 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.

I never spent five minutes in my life trying to prove there is 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 arguments.

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.

When our members go to the devil we say: "They have lost their religion;" and when your members go to the devil you Baptists and Presbyterians say: "They never had any." Well, it don't make any difference which way it is; the devil has got them sure.

I would as soon be a chain-gang nigger as a policeman walking a beat in a city, with flagrant violations of law going on every night with my knowledge, and passive consciousness by the knowledge that every hour I walked my beat I was violating my oath as an officer and living the life of a perjured scoundrel.

If I were judge, I could clean up your town and county. I would call my sheriff in and tell him if he didn't trot the violators of law into court, I would bring him in for the violation of his office; and when he brought them in, I would give them the limit of the law. All any community needs is a judge with a conscience and a back-bone like a circus pole.

If some of these old money-mongers get to heaven, they will be out before breakfast digging up the golden streets.

There is very little difference between the two old parties and the liquor question. The Democrats let the world know they are with the saloon gang. The Republicans make out they are for temperance, but whenever they can side up with the liquor gang and carry their point, they do it. One crowd plays the rascal, and the other the hypocrite.

The devil better not let all these old city wire-working politicians in hell at one time. They will get up a scheme to elect one of their gang, and he will be out of a job.

If the devil were mayor of one of your cities, I don't think he would make any changes. I don't see how he could get the city any wider open; how he could have any more saloons or gambling hells or bawdy houses or dirty clubs, or how he could get up a dirtier set of grafting, wire-working politicians to run his business for him.

Some people seem to have a queer kind of reverence for the devil. They act like they would have me call him Mr. Devil, Colonel Devil, or Major Devil. I call some of his sons Colonel and Major, but I just call him plain old Devil.

I would rather be the poorest old negro woman down South, with wrinkled hands in the wash-tub from morning till evening, and lie down on a straw bed at night with a conscious peace with God and

the hope that if death should come in the night heaven would come in the morning, than to be one of you fine-dressed, diamond-decked society women, with an unholy and worldly influence, with no conscientious salvation and no well grounded hope of eternal life.

I did not come here to please the people. I came here to please God. If my preaching don't please you any better than your conduct pleases God, we will have a lively time before this meeting is over.

I would rather be a pauper and act like a prince, than to be a prince and act like a pauper. I would rather be in the penitentiary of my state, knowing I was innocent and God knowing I was innocent, than to be some of you fellows going round loose with a consciousness that if justice were measured out to you, you would be in the penitentiary as sure as the stars shine to-night.

It tickles me to see an old deacon or elder or steward down on his knees praying, "O Lord God, turn your guns loose on the enemy," when the first fire of the gun would fetch his old worldly, godless wife and his dancing, society, theatre-going daughter.

It's hard to make an impression on some of you church-members. You remind me of the negro and his mule. He was thrashing his old mule along and a white man met him, and said: "Tom, your old mule's lazy, ain't he?" The negro said: "No, sir, boss; he's just got a thick hide and a short recollection."

If I should get an order for some of you little fellows, I wouldn't send you by express. I would just put a half a dozen of you in a match-box and put a two-cent stamp on you and send you by mail.

Some of you fellows are so little I can put a half a dozen of you in my vest pocket and never know you were there, except when you got a-straddle of my toothpick.

You little stingy, narrow-hided rascals—a fly could sit on the bridge of your nose and paw you in one eye and kick you in the other. You could look through a keyhole with both eyes—and not be cross-eyed either.

I hear some of these society dudes are threatening to kill me. If I live till a society dude kills me, compared to old Methuselah, he will be a plum baby.

Some of you dear old women haven't got as much sense as an old cow. If you would put hay and briars in an old cow's rack, she will eat the hay and leave the briars. Some of you dear old sisters pass over all the hay that I put down, and if there chances to be a briar you will pick that up and go off wow-wowing.

I would rather my boy would work hard all day for a dollar, than to wiu five hundred in gambling in one night. He could put his hard-earned dollar in his breeches pocket at night, and slip his breeches under his pillow, and the eagle on the honest dol-

lar would turn to a nightingale and sing him to sleep.

When I urge these boys to keep good company, the painful thought comes to me when the boy walks the street with his own father, he's in the worst company the town affords.

You hard-working men labour all week, Saturday night get your money, and then go around these saloons and gambling hells and let them get every dollar of it before midnight. You remind me of an old cow—she goes out and picks grass all day and then comes up at night and backs her leg and lets them milk her; then goes out the next day and picks grass, and then comes up at night again to be milked. You fellows will go out and work a week, and then come up Saturday night and let the saloons and gambling hells milk you.

God never bestows a greater blessing on a man than when He gives him a good Christian wife and seven or eight children; and the devil never plays a bigger joke than when he gives him a little society wife with a canary bird and a poodle dog.

Some of you old Christians have got a head as hard as a nigger's. The niggers joke each other about their heads being so hard. One of them came up a short time ago, and said: "Boss, better go down there about the barn and see about your mule." The white man said: "What's the matter with my mule?" The negro replied: "He kicked

a nigger on the head and he can't put his foot to the ground."

Some of you Christian people are mighty slow. You remind me of the old negro going along with his flop-eared mule. A white man met the old darky, and said: "Uncle, did you pass a man riding a gray horse?" He said: "Now, boss, let me tell you; I meets as many folks as any man on the road, but I ain't never passed nothing yet."

You may not like these plain truths I am giving out to-day, but they will stick to you, all the same. They will be like a cockle-bur in a sheep's wool—they will be there when they shear you.

It tickles me to see one of these little flop-eared editors take another drink out of his jug, sit down on one ear and fan himself with the other, and try to write an original editorial on Sam Jones.

I could preach nice if I wanted to, but nice preaching has been tried on you a long time. If nice preaching would have saved this town, you would have had your wings and been off to glory ten years ago.

I believe the Bible from lid to lid. I believe the whale swallowed Jonah, and if the Bible had said Jonah swallowed the whale, I should have expected to have met old Jonah with his waistband let out.

Some old fellows are always talking about the glorious past. They remind me of an old switch engine with the headlight on the tender, throwing all the light behind.

If some of you Christians would get religion and go to having family prayers, it would surprise the animals. It would be like the irreligious family that called on the preacher to have family prayers with them, and when the entire family began to scamper out of their chairs to get on their knees, the cats got scared and jumped out of the window.

A Christian ought to be as completely under the control of God as a Rogers engine is under the control of an engineer; so that every time that God would lay His hand upon him, he would move at His will.

These wishy-washy fellows are worth about ten cents a dozen—the price of eggs in warm weather, for the same reason—they won't keep.

You say I have stirred up this town and raised a muss. I have just let my bucket down a little too deep and stirred the mud. It's your mud and my bucket.

You society people betray Christ to His enemies and then for a pretense of His love give a charity ball. I would rather be Judas Iscariot. He had less light.

A box-car on the side track never disturbs anybody. It's a moving train that raises the dust.

When you hear me drop down in style and grammar, you may know I am just seeking the level of my crowd.

It takes an expert to tell when a man's dead, but

anybody can tell when a woman's dead. When she quits talking, she's gone to the land of pure delight.

I am sorry for an infidel who thinks he can't be saved, because he can't believe anything he don't understand. If he would only give his heart to God, He would soon comb the kinks out of his head.

If we are farmers, let us grow and plant and let God rain and shine. If we start out to be Christians, let us do the human side and leave the divine side to God.

Some of you preachers are trying moral suasion on your crowd. You can't toll a hog out of a corn field. You have to put the dogs on him, then he'll come a-humping. You see some of your crowd in this meeting that you have been tolling at for ten years.

I have entered the fight against the devil never to give up. I will kick him as long as I have a foot. I will hit him as long as I have a fist. I will bite him as long as I have a tooth; and then gum him till I die.

Some of you old rich rascals are loaning your money to the devil, buying ballroom dresses and theatre tickets for your daughters. First thing you know the devil will be paying you off in bad sons-in-law.

I honour a good lawyer, but I've got a contempt for one of these little shysters who will do anything

the devil wants done for five dollars, and then excuse himself by saying he did that as an attorney. I guess when the little devil turns up in hell, he will be there as an attorney.

Going to heaven is just like riding a bicycle. You have to keep-a-going to keep-a-going. You got to keep a-moving—you can't stop.

Disappointment may worry, and grief may sadden, and adversity may bring hardship and hunger to life, but, blessed be God, sin is the only thing in the universe that can leave its permanent mark on character—a mark which shall last forever.

I have never seen but one man in America that would stand up and say he drank whiskey and never told his wife a lie about it. Have you got one here to-day? Is there a man who drinks whiskey that never told his wife a lie about it? If there is, stand up. I want to see you. I expect some of you would have stood up, but your wives are with you and you don't want to be caught in a lie.

At every conference you notice a delegation going up to the bishop from the leading churches. The delegation will go up to the bishop and say: "Send us a preacher that is popular with everybody." But I never heard of a delegation going up to conference and asking the bishop to "Please send us a preacher that is in favour with God Almighty."

I don't care what a man says he believes with his lips; I want to know what he says with his life and actions.

I shall never get mad with any man unless he treats me worse than I have treated the Lord Jesus Christ.

You goody-goody church folks are going around the whole Christian world to-day singing,

“Oh, to be nothing, nothing,”

and you have sung it until it has got to be true in your case.

When poor old Sister Snipe comes to your house begging, you will go and get an old worn-out, faded dress and sit down and cut the buttons off of it and give it to her, and come in with a pious look, saying: “Thank God, I am laying up treasure in heaven.” If God makes you old sisters wear in heaven what you give to His poor on earth, you won't go calling much the first few days.

Some of you merchants will give a young man fifty dollars a month, and hire a young woman to do the same amount and kind of work for twenty dollars a month. If you don't go to hell it will be because that institution is burned out before you die.

One of these little society dudes that lives off of his daddy and plays with the girls is just a naught with the ring rubbed out.

When two men are walking down the road and a dog following them, you can't tell whose dog it is until the road forks. Then you can tell. The dog will follow his master. Next Wednesday night the

theatre will open and the prayer-meeting bell will ring. Right there the road will fork and if your wife will keep her eye on you, she will find out whose dog you are.

One of the greatest positions in life is to be where you can pray and be heard. Some of you old fellows get down on your knees and thank God in pleading terms that you are on praying ground, and you are not within a thousand miles of there. That's the highest ground a mortal ever occupied. Most people say their prayers; very few people pray their prayers.

Don't worry about your money. God bless you, they'll haul you off in a shroud without a pocket—and if it had a pocket your arm would be too stiff to get into it.

There are four things you can appeal to in a boy—his sense of honour, his conscience, his pride, and, lastly, his hide.

The tune of America is pitched to the dollar.

A man or a chicken is no good without sand in his gizzard.

Dignity is the starch of a shroud. The more dignity a fellow has, the nearer dead he is. I expect to be as dignified as any of you when I get into my coffin.

There is just as much religion in laughing as in crying.

As far as solemn looks are concerned, if I had

been stealing something, or robbed a widow, or been drunk during the past week, when I came into church on Sunday morning I would look solemn, because that would be the time to look solemn; but if you have been acting right, you just wear a smile as broad as you please when you come into the presence of God.

I am sorry for any man in this world that has a great big two-hundred pound avoirdupois case of selfishness to take care of.

I have heard many an old fellow get up in a class-meeting and talk, and he would confess a thousand things; but I have never heard of a man getting up in meeting anywhere and confessing that he was selfish or avaricious.

No man was ever doomed to death and hell who did not have a good chance to get to heaven.

If I could only have religion in one place I would have it in my right hand, so that I could go out and do something for God.

The only way to tell whether a man is crooked or straight, is to put the straight edge of the Bible to him.

Never say a word anywhere that you would not say in the presence of a parlour full of ladies.

The grandest period in a man's life is when he walks up and gives himself to God.

Some pieces of humanity are put up like some bales of cotton down South; they put the nice white

cotton outside, and in the centre they put the dog-tail cotton—the worst cotton there is. Be what you are through and through.

Death is better than debt. A man that will buy a luxury on credit is a fool.

Sin is a debt you have to meet at the mercy-seat of God with an honest, open confession, or you will have to meet it in the judgment with eternal bankruptcy of your soul.

You cannot live a false life and be a Christian.

We see God all around us. The mountains are God's thoughts upheaved; the rivers are God's thoughts in motion; the oceans are God's thoughts embedded; the dewdrops are God's thoughts in pearls.

I sometimes think we make an idol of our creed and our Church. After all, the churches on this earth are nothing more than a duster we put on over our cloth coat, to keep off some of the dust and dirt of earth; and when we get to the pearly gates, we will pull off our dusters and walk in with our dress coats.

When a church reaches the point where its services are all formal, where there is nothing but formality, then religion with it is nothing more than what you see represented in a watermelon patch—a scarecrow put up on a forked stick.

Justice makes a fellow do the clean thing. If I

trample upon the feelings of a dog, I will pet and feed him and show him I am sorry for it.

I would build, if necessary, a wall a mile high around the virtue of every girl in this country.

I want to take a plumb-straight aim with my gun, and if I hit a fellow anywhere else but in heart or head, I will step up to him and apologize, and tell him I meant it to be a dead shot.

The best way to kill an enemy is to love him to death, then you don't have to bury him and make a widow out of his wife.

God measures you off a lot in size and dimensions on the streets of the New Jerusalem by the amount of love which you have to pay for it.

God gives us all enough love for a million-acre field in heaven, and we will have elbow room then.

Riches are as much in the way of religion as poverty.

A cheerful man is to the world what oil is to the engines of a workshop. He keeps away friction and makes things run smooth.

You must have eyes to see the sun, but you must keep your eyes open.

If you will show me a praying pew, I will show you a powerful pulpit.

It takes a first-class preacher and a first-class hearer to get up a first-class sermon.

Really I would rather run forty locomotives, direct twenty cyclones, and look after forty earthquakes, than to look after two hundred pounds of the genuine selfishness that wears breeches, and looks like a man.

I have seen preachers who looked as sad and solemn as if their Father in heaven was dead and hadn't left 'em a cent.

Red liquor and Christianity won't stay in the same hide at the same time. As one goes down the other's coming out, sure!

Repentance is the first conscious movement of the soul from sin towards God.

The man who really prays anywhere, will pray everywhere.

Love is not only the divinest and sublimest, but the most omnipotent, power in the world.

It takes less sense to criticise than for anything else. There are a great many critics in the lunatic asylum.

Tell the people and the papers to pitch in; I am able to "tote my own skillet."

The test of the fisherman is the length of his string.

Find a man who is first-class at some one thing, and he is pretty good at everything.

It takes grace, grit and greenbacks to run a meeting. God will furnish the grace; but it is our business to furnish the grit and the greenbacks. I

can furnish the grit, you the greenbacks. I like a division of labour.

Hell is the centre of gravity for wickedness; heaven is the centre of gravity for righteousness. This is the lineage of damnation, and the lineage of salvation.

Many a man imagines that he has got religion because he is solemn, when it's only liver-complaint.

Perhaps if you don't talk about your religion, it is because you haven't any religion to talk about.

The devil is too much of a gentleman to stay where he is not welcome. Why does he stay in your heart?

Reputation is cheap. Reputation is like the glove. I may put it on my hand or take it off, or rend it to pieces and throw it away, and not feel the loss of it. But character is the hand itself; and when once it is scarred it is scarred forever. Character is immortal.

The devil has no better servant than a preacher who is laying feather-beds for fallen Christians to light on.

Thank God this old world has never seen the time when it did not take its hat off and make a decent bow to a good woman.

They will put you in jail for stealing a man's money, but you can be an average church-member and steal a man's reputation.

Why not preach the Gospel so that it tastes good? I always like sugar i my coffee and salt in my bread.

We preachers do not any longer speak with authority. If I should go through Edison's laboratory and he should tell me not to touch a live wire, I would not do so ; if I did I should be an angel in a minute. Preachers tell a man if he keeps on sinning he will go to hell, and he leaves the church, saying: " Shucks, I have heard that before."

The back door of the church ought to be opened once a year and give all who have not lived up to its rules an opportunity to pass out.

When I first started out I was afraid I would hurt somebody's feelings. Now I am afraid I won't.

Ignorance is round as a ball and slick as a button ; it's got no handle to it and you can't manage it.

The meanest woman in the world is the woman who will give four dollars a yard for her dress, and then go over to that poor old woman who is a member of her church and jew her down to the last nickel she can get her to make it for.

If a horse is sound, he don't mind being curry-combed ; but if he is not sonnd and has any tender spots, he will kick and bite when the comb is run over his hide. That's the way it is with the Christian. He don't mind criticisms if he's all right, but he'll kick and squirm if he ain't.

There is a class in this community that I have a hearty contempt for, and yet I pity them. They come up to the preacher and tell him to scratch off their names. They are goin' to quit. Ain't goin' to try any longer. What would you think of a man that would get trusted every day at your store for a year, and then walk in on Christmas, owing you five hundred dollars, and tell you to scratch off his name; he is going to Texas? You would want your five hundred dollars. Yet this man comes into the church and lives five or six years, and has had a thousand blessings, and yet he says he is going to quit. Going to quit telling the truth; quit staying sober; quit being a man, and going to be a dog. If you take a small auger and bore into that man, you won't bore very long until you discover he is all dog but his hide.

Here are a hundred before me who have promised God, in time of extremity, they would do better. Sister, you promised it to Him on what you thought was your death-bed, if He would restore you. That is what discounts death-bed repentances. Men get well from their death-beds and never do any better. They have lived and never done better, and I am afraid when they died they were lost.

I know of one church when twenty were praying for the millennium and two hundred were playing for the booby prize in a progressive euchre party. Such Christians as that would not be in heaven six months before they would be gambling for each other's crowns.

Some say, "My trouble is doubt." If you will take hold of your doubt and pull it up by the roots, you will find a seed at the bottom, and that seed is sin. If you will empty your hearts and meet the conditions then the doubts will be gone. If you quit sinning you will quit doubting.

Most men when they feel mean feel natural.

I can't bribe God's grand jury, nor defy the Court that tries me at the last day.

If a man hasn't enough religion to pray in his family, he hasn't enough to take him to heaven.

The devil gives the best wine at the first; God gives the best wine at the last.

When a man builds on God's pattern, and is contented with his lot, and is hopeful for the future, that man is happy anywhere and everywhere.

When you run up to God's coal and water station, you must take on enough for your needs. That is the way to get steam to make the trip. That is the meaning of prayer.

An ungodly man means simply an ungodlike man. Ungodliness and ungodlikeness are synonymous—they mean the same thing.

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 in ten.

The roar of commerce, the click of the telegraph,

and the whistle of the engine have well-nigh drowned out the voice of God.

That heart that beats in your bosom is but a muffled drum beating your funeral dirge to the tomb.

The best way to help yourself is to help somebody else.

No man can be religious without living religion, and no man can live religion without being religious.

Whenever I see a member of the church going into bar-rooms and frequenting beer-gardens, I expect soon to see him have the sign of it on his nose. I'm so glad liquor paints its own sign.

I like to see the cross fences in the churches taken down. I like to see the Presbyterian come over in the Methodist pasture a while and the Methodist go over and feed on the final perseverance grass a while. Somehow or another when they come back they stick better.

Thank God for a bee-line to the good world! Do you know what a bee-line is? The bee, after going from flower to flower with its velvet tread, extracting the honey, soars above the tree-tops, and makes a bee-line for its hive. Happy, happy—thrice happy—will we be when, after extracting all the sweets out of this life, we can soar above the world, and make a bee-line for the glory land!

You pack your preachers in an ice-house and abuse them all the year because they don't sweat.

Everything they say about me helps me. If they lie about me, I'm so glad that it's a lie that I can't get mad.

The secret of a happy life is do your duty and trust in God.

I'd rather die on a well-fought field of battle than run away and speculate on the spoils of the war.

There are some people who like to be a hammer, but they won't be an anvil. We preachers are all willing to be hammers and strike. The softest people in the world are the preachers and editors. They are always pounding, but they won't be pounded on.

The lawyer who knows as little about Blackstone and the Supreme Court reports as the average Christian does about the Bible would have but one case. The sheriff would be his next client.

Look here, brother, I have had about as much trouble in some days of my life as you've had, but I never took more trouble to bed with me than I could knock off at one lick.

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 would not be a hod full of ashes. We want a revival of righteousness. We want a revival of honesty. We want a revival of cleanliness and purity.

I have put my fodder on the ground so everything from a giraffe to a billy-goat can get it.

The devil has done lots of free advertising for me.

I always throw out a few bones with the meat for the dogs to growl over.

When a fellow shows more fish behind his tackle than I do, I will swap methods with him.

Don't fear starvation in the discharge of duty. God will feed a good man if angels go on half rations.

If all the members of some churches get to heaven, they will keep the angels busy for a month introducing them.

Going to a theatre to reform it is like drinking a barrel of liquor to get it out of the way.

You can't beat doing right. You can't take a short cut on a straight road.

Some little fellows waiting to be converted like Saul of Tarsus, remind me of a snowbird sitting on a limb, saying: "I will never fall until a cannon-ball hits me."

When liars and drinkers and gamblers and hypocrites get thick with me, then I will know I am wrong.

The elects are the Whosoever Wills, and the non-elects are the Whosoever Won'ts.

There ain't a bank in this town that will loan you five dollars on your church certificate.

The sheep will run from a shepherd who never calls them except when he wants to shear them.

A preacher who is more concerned about his next appointments than about his present success, is on the down grade.

A Methodist who does not believe in annual contributions to foreign missions may be a good fellow, but his trouble is above his eyes.

"Come unto Me and I will give you rest." Not resting—resting is inactivity. Rest means I am now ready for a new service.

Debt is the hardest master that ever cracked a whip over a human slave. It works him all day and worries him all night.

I don't believe we came from monkeys ; but when I look at some of you fellows, I feel that some of us are headed that way.

You women will spend more money for Easter bonnets than you spend to convert the world from heathenism. Then, rigged out in your finery, you will come to the church and sing: "Must Jesus bear the cross alone and all the world go free?" And to be consistent with your lives, you ought to sing: "No, there's a cross for every one, but an Easter bonnet for me."

A town bully is usually at heart a coward. He

proposes to cut and shoot, but if any real danger arises he will cut home and shoot under the bed.

Ignorance and prejudice are the slippers for the devil to walk around lightly in.

Your Won't power ought to be equal to your Will power.

Job was made perfect through suffering and in heaven he will wear a glorious crown. But if most of us had to go through what Job went through to win that crown, we would let Job keep it.

The fact that I want to live forever is a strong proof that I shall live forever. God never made a fish with fins until He made an ocean for it to swim in. God never made a bird until He made an atmosphere for it to fly in. And God never put the longings for immortality in a soul until He had made a grand heaven to satisfy these longings.

Every deed in your life is a seed and falls in some human heart, and comes up and produces and reproduces something like the seed you have sown.

I have been poor; poor as a dog—poor as two dogs—but I say to-day before God I prefer poverty a thousand times to debauchery.

The devil can get into anything. I have seen him get into a horse and he wouldn't pull a hen off of the roost. I have seen him get into a baby and it would squall and break up a meeting. I have seen him get into a man and he would fuss and

fume and cuss a blue streak. I have seen him get into a woman, and—I never waited to see what happened.

You can't feign faith any more than you can feign courage. If you've got grit, you've got it; and if you ain't, you ain't.

Some fellows who have had difficulties with their brethren say they have buried the hatchet; but they know where the grave is and they have a monument over it. As long as you know where the hatchet is you can dig it up very easily.

There is but one thing in the universe of God that is stronger than a man's love of life and his dread of death, and that is despair; and suicide is the last retreat of despair.

Women, wine and cards are the three great evils that are cutting the grit from under this country.

The Lord 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.

It's a wholesome thing for a man to get down to bed-rock facts concerning his own life.

The Bible says, "Cast your bread upon the waters and after many days it will return unto you:" but I'll tell you now if you go about throwing crumbs in the river with an eye single to getting them back with interest, you will get badly left.

John the Baptist said he would lie in jail until

the ants toted him off through the keyhole, before he would modify what he had said to Herod.

Anybody can jump on a little fellow and stomp the feathers off of him, but it takes a man to tackle a king. I have quit jumping on little fellows myself.

Many young men get ahead in science, but graduate in villainy and deviltry long before they receive their diplomas.

Many a man is dying with financial apoplexy. You've got to bleed him, or he will fall into hell in a financial apoplectic fit.

God is like a mirror—when you stand a long way off from a mirror you look like quite a decent man; but when you get closer you see how many defects there are in your face.

Every now and then I hear some fool say that more whiskey is sold in a prohibition town than is sold under the license system. Don't they sell all they can under license? I suppose when we get prohibition they sell more than they can, according to the fool's theory.

It is easier to do your duty than it is to find a lie that will answer for an excuse.

A bad book is worse than a bad associate. The book is with you after your associates are all asleep.

Equipment is as essential to achievement in a human life as to a railroad, a bank, a farm. A man

who is not equipped may make a shrewd politician, a shyster lawyer, a quack doctor; but he can never succeed.

Rhetoric may charm, logic may convince, oratory may win the applause of men; but the preacher who is really succeeding in his calling is one who embodies the truths which he preaches in his own life and practices the virtues which he extols.

One of the chief differences between San Francisco and hell is that San Francisco is partly surrounded by water.

Some people say they associate with worldly people to save them. How many sound potatoes does it take to pack around a rotten potato to save it?

You preachers ought to wallop those old deacons in your church that you know are not doing right. Maybe they won't pay you as much as they do now, but the consciousness of duty performed beats all the money in the world.

Have you ever noticed that the little dishonest and mean things you have done during the day will come up and get between you and the mercy-seat when you attempt to pray at night?

God will never listen to a man who has done some one a wrong that he refuses to right.

The preacher who don't preach the Bible from cover to cover better get another job. How long would a general put up with a colonel or a captain

that would believe just parts of his orders and commands?

What the world needs to-day is less criticism of the Bible and more religion from the Bible.

Some horses are expert on the stop, but not much on the go.

If you tell the truth you can go on about your business; but if you tell a lie you have to go back every day or so to see how it's getting along.

I love fun as well as any man alive, but I could never joke about my mother's grave or my father's religion.

When the devil wants to catch anything else than a cusser he baits the hook; but the cusser swallows the naked hook.

If you are a profane swearer, you lack that much of being a gentleman.

I never call names, but every fellow knows his number when I call it.

The Gospel's free, but the preachers must be supported. As the old negro preacher said: "The water of life is free, but the pitcher cost something, and I is the pitcher."

Take the Bible from Genesis to Revelation and I will show you that a man who has the fear of God in his heart is not afraid of anything else.

O for manhood that stands by womanhood, for that's the greatest manhood on earth.

Some people are like a terrapin—they carry everything they've got on their backs.

Thought is the result of impression on one of the five senses. I hear something, I see something, I feel something, and it puts me to thinking. If the sight of seeing evil produces thought, I had better be careful what I see.

I think I owe my success as an evangelist to the fact that I have something to say and say it. I use plain Anglo-Saxon language. I don't say decay; I say rotten. I don't say penetrate; but pierce. I don't say donkey; but jackass. I don't say pandemonium; but hell. I don't say "Home of the Good;" but heaven. And I always liken a fellow to the thing he is most like, whether he be like a hog, a dog, a fox, or a skunk. The plain truth plainly spoken is, I think, the most omnipotent thing in the world.

I have faith in God and in humanity, and in my ability to do anything heaven calls me to do. I never calculate who is against me. I just know that God is stronger than evil, heaven is stronger than hell, and that he who fights for the right will ultimately be on the conquering side.

As for my personal ministry I have never counted the cost. I have been no respecter of persons. Dudes and bums, millionaires and paupers, gold buggers and silver diggers, when the band begins to play, are all alike to me.

Brethren, I have come to this town with the con-

sciousness that I am mad with nobody except the devil. It is true that he has a great many children in this town, but I have come, not to jump on his children, but on the old gentleman himself.

Christianity is the science of life, and the best Christian in town is the livest man in town.

I would rather own stock in hell than in a brewery. Hell receives the poor fellow after he's debauched. The brewery takes him in his innocence, debauches him and prepares him for hell.

Don't talk much unless you are posted. If you don't know much, don't say much.

I don't go much on Billy Mahone's politics, but I like his pluck and the answer he gave to the question, "How much do you weigh?" He replied: "I weigh ninety-five pounds, and ninety pounds of that is back-bone."

I don't go much on church creeds. If my mother and the mother of this Baptist preacher here had swapped babies when we were a week old, in all probability I would have been a Baptist and he would have been a Methodist.

I have known women too poor to own a pair of shoes, but I never saw one too poor to have a looking-glass.

It's a mighty poor Christian who takes a back seat in church; but I have seen some mighty big rascals in the amen corner.

The difference between a backslidden Methodist

and a lukewarm Presbyterian is, the Methodist is afraid he has lost his religion and the Presbyterian is afraid he never had any.

The shortest cut to wreck and ruin is by the road of gambling.

The man who loves the truth, lives the truth and believes the truth is the most omnipotent man alive.

A Northern brother once asked me if I believed all the niggers would steal, and I replied: "No, I don't even believe all the white folks will steal."

A man said to me the other night: "I wouldn't have missed your sermon for ten dollars." And yet when the plates were passed around that fellow put in a copper cent! He was \$9.99 ahead.

The railroads have mail-cars, baggage-cars, passenger-cars, sleeping-cars and smoking-cars; and now they should add a cussing-car and all swearers ought to be shown to seats in it as a protection to the travelling public.

If you will, God will. If you won't, the devil will.

I wonder that some of you preachers do as well as you do, when I look at the team you have got hooked up. Here is about a fair picture of your team. Suppose a man should come to haul saw-logs for you, and you would go out and look at his team and see that he had hooked up a mule, a billy-goat, a skunk and a bumblebee—a kicker, a butter, a stinker and a stinger. And some of you preachers

can find every one of these animals in your team ; the old kicker, kicking at everything that comes up ; the old butter, with his head as hard as a billy-goat's ; the old drunkard smells worse than a skunk ; and the old long-tongued sister, who can sit in the parlour and lick a skillet in the kitchen.

A good wife is a help-meet ; a bad wife is a hinder-meet.

God's best gift to a little boy is a good mother. God's greatest gift to a grown man is a good wife.

The old saying : " He's a pretty clever fellow ; it's a pity he drinks ; " that's a lie. A man who breaks the heart of his good mother and his noble wife, and destroys his home, is not a clever fellow. If he is, God save me from being a clever fellow.

We have a few hypocrites in our church, but we got 'em out of your crowd and you can have 'em back any time you want 'em.

I'll tell you my platform and then you can guess my politics. I'm for everything that's against whiskey and against everything that's for whiskey. Now you know me. I am a concentrated, consolidated, eternal, uncompromising, every-day-in-the-year, stand-up-to-be-knocked-down-and-dragged-out prohibitionist.

High prejudice and low religion go together.

Whenever a Christian fails to meet his obligations he ought to be able to give the same excuse that the

old negro gave for her husband. When his employer said: "Aunt Lizzie, where's Mose? He promised to come here to-day and do a day's work for me." And she said: "You'll have to scuse Mose, boss, 'cause he's dead."

I thank God for the disposition I have to be with the bottom dog. If you want to find Sam Jones just scratch under the bottom dog. If I'm not there, I've just gone to dinner.

Some of you old farmers would like to swap jobs with God. You would like to do the raining and shining and let God do the plowing and hoeing. But wouldn't you shine, though!

Some people talk about choosing between two evils. When I find two evils, I take neither.

There never was a more dangerous weapon of self-destruction put into a child's hands than money.

When a man proposes to preach to me I want to ask him three questions. First, are you posted as to the subject you are going to talk about? Second, do you mean kindly to me? Third, do you live up to what you preach?

Profanity heads wrong. A man who will swear will break the Sabbath. A man who will swear and break the Sabbath will covet. A man who will swear and break the Sabbath and covet is in moral condition to steal.

The heart is like a field with a fence around it. The fence may be good, yet if there is one broken

EPIGRAMS AND POINTED PARAGRAPHS 255

rail or rotten rail some long-nosed hog will find it and get in and destroy the crop. So the heart may be very good, but if there is one little sin that it loves, one broken rail, the devil will root around and get in and ruin him.