

# SAM. JONES'



## ANECDOTES

AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

RELATED BY HIM IN HIS

REVIVAL WORK.

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Leint, H.

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REV. SAM. P. JONES.

# SAM JONES'

## ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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### Christians Should Be Like the Palm.

Eastern people claim for the palm 376 good qualities. If Christians would undertake to enumerate what they were good for they would be on their knees before they would get through. Until a man carries above 376 Christian duties he ought not to talk about being overburdened. The devil has a great way of assisting lazy members into believing they are carrying too much.

"Just take a pencil, brother or sister," said Mr. Jones, looking at the front pews, "and figure out what you're good for. Listen to him now: 'I am good—good for—for—um—um.' (Laughter.) I have a contempt for a big, muscular horse that won't work except in a painted buggy, and if you hitch him to a heavy wagon won't pull enough to pull a hen off a hen roost. (Laughter.) Just like some of these fellows that come out at the 11 A. M. service on Sundays. See 'em come rackin' down to the church on Sunday. Oh, they'll work lively in a painted buggy, but hitch 'em to a prayer-meeting and they'll prance all around the pole. They're like the darkey's mule, ye know. 'At the plow he was thar, at the heavy wagon he was thar, at the buggy he was thar, but the trouble was to get him away from thar.'" (Laughter.)

Some of you say you were never "called" to pray or speak for Christ. Oh, I hate that word "called!" Were you ever called to buy flour or send your children to school, or put on an overcoat? The trouble is about one tenth of the church members are doing all the work totin' all the rest, and their tongues are lolling out, they're about broke down. (Laughter.) Instead of going out to do aggressive work for Christ, they will have all they can do in taking care of the sick in the church hospital. (Laughter.) There are too many of these "little" fellows, trundle-bed trash, you might call 'em. (Laughter.) Think of a mother with all her grown up sons lying around in the cradle and trundle-bed, the whole concern of 'em. (Laughter.) Many a preacher has hundreds of such babies on his hands. Think of a baby with whiskers. (Laughter.) The idea of a baby somebody's grandfather.

Some say they can't be Christians and keep house, or sell goods, or teach school, or mix in politics, and I guess that's a truth about the last. (Laughter.) I want to save one politician. I don't mean statesman. Have you any Christian politician in St. Louis? I'd like to see him. But there is a Christian lawyer and merchant and other business men in St. Louis that show that a man can be a Christian anywhere—just as the palm grows everywhere. The palm soon makes little palms grow all around it, and a good Christian ought to do the same and found churches.

---

### Hypocrisy.

The Bible has much to say about hypocrisy, but nine tenths of the hypocrites are out of the church. A man will often try to make people believe he is as good as any church member, but he is not held accountable for hypoc-

rise, for no one believes him. A hypocrite is a man who wants people to believe he is right, who tries to make people believe he is right and who does not want to be right. This being true, how many hypocrites do you think are in the church?

---

### Religion's Like Small-Pox.

I tell you religion's catching like confluent small-pox. (Laughter.) Some have only a varioloid type. (Laughter.) They say there's no danger in measles when they go in, and that's the trouble with a great many Christians. Their religion is not catching because it is all inside. (Laughter.)

---

### Mathematics and Miracles.

Mathematics is considered an exact science, yet I ask how we know it is an exact science? A man tells me he will prove it. He says: "Two and two make four."

I say: "Hold on; I don't want any of your foolishness."

He says: "Twice three are six."

I say: "Hold on; stop your fooling and show me something." One day it was determined to run a tunnel through the base of Mount Cenis, but how was this to be done? Mathematics stepped up and said: "I will show you how." The engineers with their fine instruments get to work and they render it practicable to make the tunnel. There is no two and two make four about this. Christianity may be demonstrated in the same way. A man will say to you: "Prove it." You say: "Find me a man born blind," and when such a man is found, you say: "Master give the world a demonstration that thou art God." He stoops down and gathers up clay, spits on it and rubs it on the blind man's eyes, saying to him: "Go and wash thine eyes in that pool."

The man of science says: "What a foolish thing to do; all the healing properties of the clay were taken out of it when it was wet," and that the man might have bathed in the pool a hundred times without receiving his sight. The man said to these men: "You may speculate all you please about these things, but I am going to try washing in the pool."

He went and did as he was directed, and when he lifted up his head he saw mountains and rivers. Then they called on him, and when they saw a miracle had been performed and wanted him to say Christ had a devil, he looked up, his eyes dancing in his head, and said: "I don't know about that, but I do know that whereas I was blind I now see."

When Christ instructed the ten lepers to go and see a priest people said they would not be received, but would be badly treated. They said: "We are going to see what the priests will do," and as they went they were healed.

Brother do you want any better evidence than this? This old world reminds me of a man standing down at the foot of a hill, who refuses to believe me when I tell him there is a light on the other side of it. I tell him to come up, but he refuses to do that. I then drag him up, but he turns his head and refuses to look at the light, declaring all the time there is no light there. He doesn't want to see the light, for he fears it will cost him something. Here is the grandest science the world ever saw, that will do more for a man than anything else if he will only believe in it. When a man tells me he is an infidel I only want to ask him three questions. I want to ask him whether he believes Christ will forgive sins; whether he will try and find out, and, if he answers in the negative, whether he acknowledges himself to be a fool? If the man refuses to



answer these questions I just leave him alone. He won't admit anything, and there is no chance for an argument with him.

---

### Doubt.

It is natural for a man to doubt and dispute, and frequently we are made to wonder. It is as natural for a sinner to doubt as it is for him to sin. A man does not sin because he doubts, but he doubts because he sins.

You never had a doubt in your life that did not have a sin at its top root, which you found when you pulled it up by the roots.

When Christ asked those standing about him: "Who say ye that I am?"

They replied that he was a hypocrite. When he asked Peter, Peter raised up his head and said: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of God." Peter had gotten into a secret, you see, that they had not found out. Strip yourselves of sins and you will not be troubled with doubts. If you have any doubts you had better not advertise them, for your admission will make you out a sinner. I notice that those who fulfill the practical part of religion are made to understand many of the mysteries of the Bible. The great scientific discoverers of the world were met with doubts and sometimes with doom. Galileo was imprisoned for saying the earth rotated, yet all people now accept the theory that the world rolls on. When Harvey discovered that the blood circulated they tried and convicted him as one of the greatest heretics of the age. To-day we honor Harvey as one of the world's greatest discoverers. When Watt discovered that steam had power almost omnipotent he was looked upon as one of the greatest heretics of the world. These

grand discoverers have proclaimed their discoveries, and to-day we are building monuments in honor of them. Eighteen hundred years ago the Lamb of God died on the cross and poured out his blood to save the world, and yet there is almost as much opposition to Christ to-day as there was then. What a sad thought it is that with the blood-washed in heaven, the angels, and the best of the earth standing up for him, there are those who doubt. Eighteen hundred years after the crucifixion of Christ I believe his blood will save my soul. Christianity may be tested as well as anything else. Some people think religion is something in the sentimental line for old women and children. Let us stop and think before we deride the science that His blood washed a world and means to make us meet for heaven.

---

### The Two Roads.

Repent of your sins, and by your repentance you will be armed against the assaults of the devil. I have said it before, and I repeat it, that there is but one road to moral eminence, and yet every road leads there if you only travel over it in the right direction. If you take the road out here in front of the church it will lead you anywhere. There isn't a spot in America that you can't go to if you start on that road, but you must go in the right direction. Every road is the right road in the moral sense, but the Christians are going one way and the sinners the other. At one end of the road is heaven and at the other end hell. Sinners and Christians are on the road, but they are passing each other. 'Taint which road you're in, but in which direction you're going.

I used to think that a fellow had to go weeks and weeks on a journey, over rivers and hills, and swamps and gullies to

get to the road to heaven, but I soon found out that I was in the road all the time, and I only had to turn around and go the right way; I was as much in the road as anybody, but I had been going the wrong way all the time. All you've got to do is to turn around and go the other way, and you'll go all right

---

“Hardshells.”

If any man will do God's will he will know of the doctrine. What is the will of God? What did Peter say on that remarkable day when 3,000 people were converted? He said: “Repent.”

I once heard of an old hardshell; he wasn't a converted hardshell, he was an unconverted hardshell. About the worst shape you can find the devil in is in a hardshell. Why, he don't believe in anything, and he don't think he can get religion anyhow. Why, he says: “If you seek it you can't find it, and if you find it you can't keep it, and if you can't keep it you lose it, and if you lose it you hain't got it.”

But when you see an Arminian sinner, he takes a different view of it. He says: “If you seek it you'll find it, you'll find it, and if you find it you can keep it.” And he works right along on that plane until he gets to heaven. I want to be an Arminian sinner before I get religion and a hardshell afterward. You're gone if you get to be a hardshell before you get religion—gone sure.

Well, the preacher said to this hardshell: “I wish you'd come down to the church this evening and hear what I've got to say about God.”

“No use,” said the hardshell, “I've been listening for the last sixty years.”

"Ever hear anything?"

"No."

"Well, you're pretty deaf now and if you couldn't hear when your ears were good, I'm afraid you won't hear anything very soon. Well," he said, "you come down to the meeting to-night and see if you can't hear something."

The hardshell was there at the meeting and before the close of it he was down on his knees before the altar a converted man, and the next morning he said:

"Methodism has done more for me in twelve hours than hardshellism done for me in sixty years."

Now, if I come across a case of that kind, I'd advise him to let the shell harden and stay in there and don't let the devil break in on you. But don't you try it; don't try to be a hardshell first and get religion afterward; get your religion first, and then let the shell harden afterward.

---

### Stay on God's Territory.

I say let all of you stay on God's territory if you profess to fight for the right. They tell a story of a young lady who went to a ball once, and while there she fell to the floor and died. They say that as she lay there the devil quietly stepped in, gathered up her soul and made off with it. Pretty soon in came St. Peter, and he saw the body there but found that the soul was gone.

"I see here's a Christian died here, but where's her soul?" he asked.

"Why, the devil came in and carried it off," some one said.

"Why, how long ago was that?"

"Just a little while ago."

"Oh, here, I must go and bring it back; he couldn't take

her, she was a Christian." So off St. Peter started after the devil and after a hard chase he overtook him.

"Hold on there," said he, "you've made a mistake; I want that soul."

"What?" said the devil, "It's mine, aint it?"

"No," said St. Peter, "you've made a mistake; she's a Christian."

"Oh, is that so?" said the devil. "I didn't know that; I caught her on my territory and I thought she belonged to me."

You can afford, perhaps, to run over on the devil's territory once in a while, but you'd better get out of there before you die.

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### The Test of Conversion.

Convert. I remember old Uncle John Knight, the bishop here remembers him very well. He was one of those plain, earnest Christians that travel the road the right way. Well, one day old Uncle John Knight was sitting in the back part of the church listening to George Smith preaching about conversion, and he was just agoing it about evangelical and legal repentance, and a splitting hairs a mile long into halves and quarters about the difference between evangelical and legal repentance, and he got old Uncle John considerably worried. Finally he interrupted George, and he said:

"George, will you stop a minute and let me tell 'em what repentance is?"

"Yes," said George, "certainly."

The old man got up out of his seat; he had a peculiar walk, like this (imitating), and started down the aisle, saying:

"I'm going to hell, I'm going to hell, I'm going to hell."

And then he turned around and started back, saying:

"I'm going to heaven, I'm going to heaven, I'm going to heaven. That's what repentance is, George. Tell 'em to turn around and go the other way, and don't stand there splitting hairs about your evangelical repentance and your legal repentance."

Converted means to turn around. "Vesto" means to change, and "con" means altogether, and whenever a man turns his back upon sin and goes toward God, he's as much in the road as anybody. God help us to see which way we are going, and if we are on the road to hell, to right about and start toward heaven. God help all of us to lead some one to turn his back on sin; to turn his back on hell. If you are going the wrong way turn around; that's the will of God; that's it.

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### Mr. Jones' Story of His Own Conversion.

Fourteen years ago, one sultry, warm day in August, down in my native State—Georgia—I, a helpless, miserable being, was brought to God. Oh, how dark my life was, and how hopeless it seemed to me. I refer to this reluctantly always, and never except to glorify Him. You might get me to doubt that I have a coat on my back; you might get me to doubt that I am now standing in Dr. Brookes' church; you might get me to doubt that I have been in St. Louis for four weeks; you might get me to doubt that I had a wife that I loved more than myself; you might get me to doubt that I love my children; but I can never doubt that fourteen years ago some divine power called me up to grace from the depths of my shame and guilt, and since that day I have been no more like my former self; I have been an entirely different man.

### The Great Question.

"I want time to consider this question." All that is necessary for you is to decide that you have already considered the question. And I don't think that the question is decided until you decide to start out upon what you have decided. I want to say to my brothers in the ministry and in Christ, that we must all decide the right. If God said arbitrarily, "We must be good," we would then all be good, and if the devil said arbitrarily that we must all be bad, then we would all be bad. Take a father for instance who wants his son to become a farmer. He buys him a piece of ground, stock and utensils, and tells him to till the soil. Suppose then that the son stays in the saloon and refuses to till the soil or work on the farm. Then that father is making a farmer out of his son with a vengeance. Take a father who wants his son to become a lawyer. He builds him a beautiful office, and stocks it with law books, and after all the son never goes near the office. He will be a lawyer at that rate. That father is making a lawyer out of his son with a vengeance. Just so, God can not make people good unless they decide to be good. If I decide to be good, the question is settled.

Another man says: "Really, I have decided this question, but am waiting for better terms." Here is the beauty of religion. God has made the right terms to those seeking him. I am glad that he has made such terms and never takes them until they learn to do good and abandon the evil. I am so glad that God Almighty took me in on such terms. What if God said I could drink and yet be his child. Oh, how glad I am that he made me lay down the cup. I used to sing "To the cross I cling," and how glad I was to sing the hymn. Now I sing "Safe in the arms of

Jesus." Fourteen years ago God emptied my pockets of the dirt and filled them with diamonds. I gave up dancing, card-playing and drinking, and everything that the preacher said was wrong. What did I get in exchange? I received hope in God, happiness and peace. What if I did not abandon that which was wrong? I would then walk in the lurid paths of hell with some other poor fellow like myself; and what poor consolation I would have in saying that I danced with more pretty girls and drank more champagne than any other fellow. What consolation would there be in that while meditating on the eternal damnation. And I will say that some of you might just as well enjoy yourselves as much as you can, as you are going to a place where there will be no enjoyment. You might just as well cut your patches while here, or follow your decision to do good. Down in Georgia there are many walls around the sections of land, and I want a ten-rail fence around Paradise, where the devil's goats can be kept out, and then those fellows who can not get up will be left out waiting for better terms.

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### Gold.

I never knew a man that took a stand and wanted to be a Christian that God didn't come to him.

The devil don't care what you feel or how you feel, but if you want to stir up the enemies of heaven commence to do right.

The time has come for you to be doing something; you have stood by long enough. "How long will ye halt between two opinions?" How many more gray hairs will you have before you come to God? How many more years do you expect to pass? How many more sins will you commit? Stop now, for the time has come.



Oh, brother, give me your hand, and make this, the 18th day of December, mark the change in your life. And one year from to-day you will say that there is as much of a change in you as there has been in me.

If you have never found peace, come to God and you will find peace forever. Run toward God and you will feel his love. You have put it off long enough.

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### **Come to Christ if you so Desire—Excuses.**

Now if you only want to come on, God will help you. There is a little side door to heaven, where infants and idiots are let in. They might squeeze you in if you are only honest. If you want to be Christians, and can't be good, you might be allowed to squeeze in. To be a Christian you must do what is right.

Another man wants to wait till the church gets right before he makes his start. Let me say right here that he's the biggest fool in the lot. Why, if you're going to wait till the church gets right, you'll be in hell a million years before things are ready for you to start. And it'll be lots of consolation to you then to know that the church has got all right, won't it? You hear men going around and saying: "Oh, I'm as good as this'n and that'n in the church." But you just notice and you'll see they'll always pick out some mean, old, lame and wrinkled church member to compare themselves to. They take some poor, old, wrinkled dwarf and lay him down in the road, and then say: "Come here, you fellows, and watch." And then lie down and measure themselves with him. But you never see 'em picking out a good, manly Christian and trying to measure with him. They won't do it. They know if they did they'd look like a rat terrier at the side of an elephant. (Laugh

ter.) I know it's a fact that we've got some mighty mean men in church, for they all come from your side, every one of 'em. (Laughter.) They came in, and we've never been able to do anything with 'em since. The reason they're not fit to be in the church is because they're just like you. We wish you'd take 'em back. And yet you want to wait till the church gets right. Now, which are you going to do—stay outside and go to hell, where you'll meet these hypocrites of the church, anyhow, or come inside the church, live Christian lives and go to heaven?

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### Do Your Share.

A father leaves his home some winter to be gone on a long journey, and before he goes he calls his four sons to him and tells them when spring comes to put in the wheat and corn and cotton. And along in March Bill and Henry say: "Well, I guess it's about time we're beginning to break ground." But Tom and John say: "Guess we won't begin to work now; if we do we'll have to keep it up." But Bill and Henry go ahead and put in their crop. The summer comes on, and one day Tom and John come out in the field and take a seat on the fence in the shade. By and by Bill and Henry get to the end of the row sweating and tired, and Tom and John say to them: "Just look at that crop, with the weeds growing up all over it. It's a fine crop, aint it?" And then Bill and Henry say: "Well, if you fellows would get a hoe and come out of that shade, we'd soon have the weeds all cleared out." And so I say that if you old sinners back there, who have been sitting in the shade so long, would come in and work we'd soon clean these weeds out of the church.

### Waiting for "Feeling."

Another man is not waitin' till the church gets ready, but he's waitin' for feelin'. They say, "As soon as I feel I will move." Now, suppose I go out some cold, frosty morning and find a man sitting down by the side of a tree with an ax leaning upon his knee. Noticing that he is shivering with the cold and apparently doing nothing, I ask him what he is doing. He says, "I'm going to cut this tree down." "Well, why don't you get at it?" "I'm waitin' for sweat." (Laughter.) "Waitin' for what?" "Waitin' for sweat." Well, why don't you get at it, and then sweat?" "Naw, I won't hit a lick till I sweat." Now, that's about the way with those "feelin'" fellers. They say: "If I do a thing, and don't feel like it, I'm a hypocrite." Doctor, when you are sleeping soundly at midnight, and the front-door bell rings and you are summoned to the side of that pale-faced patient, if you say: "I declare I don't feel like getting up now," but get up and go out into the cold, are you a hypocrite? Sister, when you wake up in the morning and say to yourself: "Well, I don't feel like getting up now and going down stairs to attend to my household duties," are you a hypocrite, if you do get up?

Why don't we have as much sense about religious matters as about any other matters? What do you mean, my friend, when you say "feelin'?" Do you mean serious thought? If you do, give me your hand. That is right. Every man ought to come into the presence of God only after the most serious thought. But if you mean some emotional stir, I say you are wrong. Why, I have gone down into the congregation and found a man trembling from head to foot, and I have asked him, "Why don't you come up to the altar?" "Why," said he, "I aint got any f-feelin'."

### Waiting for "Fitness."

Another man isn't waiting for feelin', but he's waiting till he's "fit" to start. When I was converted I knew it was my unfitness which commended me to God. Jesus Christ came into the world not to save the righteous but to save sinners. Ask the most intelligent lawyer in this town why he isn't a church member, and he will say he isn't fit. Then ask the most ignorant darkey you meet the same question and he will make you the same answer. The two are right on a level on that score. Suppose you'd lead a poor, half-starved man in five steps of a table heavily loaded with good things and should say to him: "There my friend, eat." Then he would say: "N-no, sir, I aint fit." "Why aren't you fit?" "My hands are dirty." "Well, there is a basin, wash them." "N-o, sir, I can't do it, I aint fit," and he would stand there and starve to death. What would you think of him? Well, you ask some men why they don't come into the church? "O, I aint fit." "Why don't you come into the church and get fit?" "No, I aint fit for that." They aint fittin' to get fittin'. (Laughter.) And they go on getting more unfit day by day and year by year, while wife and friends begin to despair. Oh, remember the verse: "All the fitness he requireth is that we feel our need of him."

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### Waiting for Enough "Steam."

Another man wants to wait till he gets enough religion to take him clear through to heaven before he starts. He says, "I have seen the beginning and ending of so many religious lives that I want to get enough when I start to carry me clear through." One day I stood in the Union depot at Atlanta, just before our train pulled out. I walked

up by the engine and found the engineer oiling the machinery. Presently he looked up to the fireman in the cab and asked, "Have we steam enough to start?" "Yes," responded the fireman, and I glanced up at the gauge and saw that they had about eighty pounds. "What," thought I, "is it possible that this long train can be pulled out by that amount of steam?" Presently, however, the engineer reversed the lever and pulled out the throttle, and the great train pulled out. When we had gone about six miles I stuck my head out of the window and saw that the engine was blowing off steam. They had more than they wanted—180 pounds. The engineer never asked the fireman if there was steam enough to take them to the river, or to Cartersburg, or to Chattanooga, but he asked him, "Is there steam enough to start?" He knew that the engine would generate steam faster a runnin' than a standin' and that they would have steam enough to carry them to their destination. He knew too, that had he accumulated full steam before the start it would soon have increased so rapidly as to have burst the engine into a thousand pieces. And so, if God was to fill your little soul at one time with enough religion to take you all the way to heaven, it would blow up in ten thousand pieces. But come, get enough religion to start, and you won't be ten miles on your way before you'll be shoutin' God's praises. It seemed to me when I was converted that I didn't have enough steam to start, and that I'd have to get a crowbar to push my engine along.

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### The Best Hope.

Oh, wait no longer. "What wait I for? My hope is in God," and there I know it is safe for eternity. If my hope was in stocks and bonds, although all the world

might be given me for them, I know they might take wings and fly away. What if my hope had been in my father? He has been buried fourteen years. Or in my mother? She has been in the grave nearly thirty years. Think of my hopes buried for thirty years! Or what if my hope had been in my wife? Although she has been all the world to me since God gave her to me, and she has been to me like a crutch under each arm, yet I know that she may be taken from me at a moment's warning. But my hope is in God, who will be my trust forever.

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### Having the Same Aim.

Some church members are very unlike each other, the members of one church are different from the members of other churches, and the members of the same church are in no wise alike; but, however different they may be, in one regard they are all alike—they have the same longing, the same aspiration for something holier. They desire to do something for God, and they are willing to make sacrifices for his service. They don't neglect their church.

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### Too Low a Standard.

The trouble is, our church rolls contain too many names which ought to be stricken from the list. One time a Georgia preacher was calling the names of his church members. Those who were there answered for themselves, and for those who were not some one else answered for them. Pretty soon they came to a certain name, when the preacher said:

“Where does that man live; what kind of a man is he?”

The man who had answered for him, said: “Well, he

lives next to me, and he's a good fellow. He don't go to church much and although he may not exactly do his duty in that line he's a mighty good fellow, nevertheless. The only fault he has is he's just a little bit inclined to be quarrelsome when drunk."

The trouble is, the standard has fallen; the church is on as low a plane as it can get. Now, I hope you understand that illustration.

The other day a lady said to me: "Brother Jones, we don't understand your illustrations." I told her I couldn't help the people's ignorance. I understood them.

I made some church members in a certain city very angry because I said if about a hundred of them were given to me I wouldn't send them away by freight, but put 'em in a little paper box, stick a 2-cent stamp on it and send it by mail. What we want is men and women who are men and women.

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### Mr. Jones Explains His Position.

I tell you we will have no revival here unless we have the spirit of prayer. You may think this is all a Christmas frolic, but, you mind me, you will find out before this is through that Sam Jones is no clown and no kin to a clown. You will never pray for a preacher as long as you criticise him. I know many people that have come to church to see a clown and have gone away looking at a devil, that is, himself; see? There are preachers that would sit down and see this old town damned rather than do anything that was out of propriety. Well, it tickles me to look over the religious papers and see that the preachers of this country have said more against Sam Jones than against Bob Ingersoll and the devil. Why? I am preaching on the line of the ten commandments, and when anybody says I ever

preached a word not in harmony with the ten commandments or the sermon on the mount, I say that man is a liar from head to foot. Now, what fight have these fellows with me? We are both on the same side.

**"Be Brief Brethren."**

We want only two minutes talk, and if you go on over two minutes will have to sing you down. We don't want any old fellow to get up here and bring out an old rusty experience and rack it down on us at a 2:40 gait. We couldn't wait till you cover the first mile, let alone getting clear down to us. Whenever any such one gets started I feel like going home and takin' a rest till they get through.

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**The Liberal Man and the Stingy.**

I like a liberal man. A stingy man has a hide like an alligator—you can't shoot him anywhere but in the eye, and when you've hit him there he's no more account.

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**A Chance for the Untaught.**

I have the profoundest contempt for those colonels and majors and judges who grace our curbstones and saloons. They have nothing to commend them to God but their money and their means. If there is anybody I want to see go to heaven it is poor white folks and niggers.

*A Sober Lamp Post.*

If negative goodness was religion, then one of these lamp posts out here would be the best Christian in town; it never cursed, nor swore, nor drank a drop since it was made; it never did anything wrong.



*Hard on Bob.*

I never uttered a sentence in my life to prove that the Bible was true. I never spent five minutes in my life trying to prove there was a hell. I never spent fifteen seconds in the pulpit in my life trying to prove there is a God. Nobody but a fool needs such argument.

*Drunken Christianity.*

I tell you I hate this thing you call drunkenness, and no man hates it more than I do, but I had rather have a member of the church who would get drunk every three or four months, but would work when he was sober and do his level best, than one of these sober fellows that ain't any account any how, that might just as well be drunk or just as well be dead.

*Progressive Euchre Damned.*

And I say another thing. There is no progressive euchre player in this house that ought not to be indicted for violating the laws of Missouri and be put in one of the jails of this county. How do you like that? It is just gambling scientifically, magnificently, gloriously, socially, and so forth. That's what it is.

*Away from Home.*

There is many a fellow that is a good Christian in St. Louis, but if he were to wear an indicator when he went to New York, when he got back his wife would quit him in my candid judgment.

*Red Liquor and the Church.*

Red liquor and Christianity won't stay in the same hide at the same time.

*A Theoretical Infidel.*

While Bob Ingersoll is a sort of theoretical infidel, that gets \$1,500 a night for being one, and you back here, like a fool, are one for nothing and board yourself.

*God's Elected.*

You all do the co-operating and God will do the indorsing, and then we will be elected by a large majority.

*St. Paul a Crank.*

And if St. Paul was to preach in St. Louis to-day, he would be telegraphed all over America as the greatest religious fanatic that ever made a crack in this country.

*Saw a Spook.*

I got a good, square look at myself sixteen years ago, and I have thought more of every nigger I met since than I do of myself.

*Rattle the Dry Bones.*

While I am here in St. Louis, God Almighty helping me, I'll give this old town an airing before I leave her.

*A Warning to the Decent.*

Now, all the decent people ought to be out of town during the airing, but it's going to be odoriferous. You can put that down.

*Dancing in the Dark.*

Go into a ball-room with your Christian light. It will go out. It won't burn there.

*A Nut for Dr. Tudor.*

If Dr. Tudor has dancing, theater-going, godless members, it is his own fault, and God will hold him responsible

for it. I would not have that sort of cattle in my church forty-eight hours.

*Saw a Show.*

Put the Lord Jesus Christ by you in a theater and see how he looks at certain things said in that theater; and there are Methodists in this house, and members in all the churches that patronize those places, and if they were to go into your parlor the next day and say the things they heard there the night before, you would kick them over your front gate.

*A Mortgaged Nose.*

And there are women in St. Louis that will go and hear things in the theater whose tendencies are the most vulgar of the vulgar, and she will be tickled all over, and she will come to the church and she will have her poor little nerves all shocked to pieces at something Sam Jones says, and she will turn up her nose at me, and I can always tell when the devil has got a mortgage on a woman's nose. It is always turning up. (Loud laughter and applause.) And he is going to foreclose it some of these days, too, sister, and he will get the gal when he gets the nose.

*Loosen 'Em Up.*

I want to get your hide loosened up. Sometimes the curry-comb is worth more than the corn in a hide-bound church to loosen them up, and to let them go.

*A Bone for the Dogs.*

I always throw a few bones without any meat on, and in as large a crowd as this there are always some dogs that want a few bones.

*Mud Slinging.*

P'd as soon you would throw mud at me as to praise me.

*Blighted Ambition.*

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.

*A Heavenly Pawnbroker.*

Take a money-monger, one of those 20 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.

*Morals.*

I assert that no man has a right to an opinion on a moral question.

*Whisky Drinking and Theater Going.*

I can sort of put up with a fellow who drinks whisky if he hangs his head down like a dog, but when he holds his head up and says he likes to drink it, I have a contempt for him. I can put up with a Methodist who goes to the theater if he wears a hang-dog look, but if he gets up and argues for it, I would not wipe my feet on him. I can sort of put up with a member of the church when he plays cards, but when he advocates card-playing I have a contempt for him.

*Theaters and Vagabonds.*

A man once asked me how long it had been since I had been at a theater. I told him I had not been at the theater since I had quit being a vagabond.

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**Being in the Right.**

Mr. Jones chose for his text the twenty-third verse of the fifth chapter of Second Thessalonians: "And the very God

of peace sanctify you wholly ; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." He proceeded to urge his listeners to keep themselves unspotted from the world, from the very appearance of evil. On this line he told of an old Georgia Christian who called on a friend, and was asked if he liked cider. He said he did, but when they went to draw it from a barrel, he said, "Hold on, there! I like cider, but I don't like the appearance about the barrel, so I guess I won't drink any." Of course you will say he was a greenhorn, but it is better to be a greenhorn than to get into entanglements with barrels. If a man is going to be a fool it pays to be one on the right side. There is a great deal of fervor about this sanctifying. A man isn't going to walk up to the altar and get sanctified when he is so mean he won't pay his debts, or is hard with his family. If there is going to be any sanctification it has got to be from the ground up. You can't reach the upper story of Christian life without passing through the first story. If you climb up the outside you are a thief and a robber.

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### Paying Debts.

I worked hard, and my wife did the cookin' and ironin', and I kept on, paying \$2.50 at a time, until I got down to one coat, and that a linen one and patched. (Laughter.) But I worked on, and in four years I had paid off all my debts, at one hundred cents on the dollar, and seven per cent. interest. Since Sam W. Small was converted he has paid seven hundred and thirty dollars, and has the receipts in his pocket. (Great applause.) I don't believe a man is truly converted till he settles up or tries to settle up his

debts. (Laughter.) Whenever you find a feller that was converted under my preaching you'll find he'll settle up his debts.

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### After Death.

The text was Proverbs xi., 19: "As righteousness tendeth to life, so he that pursueth evil, pursueth it to his own death."

When a good man dies he not only goes to heaven by natural gravitation, but by the common consent of all intelligent beings; and likewise, when a bad man dies he goes to hell, not only by natural gravitation, but by the common consent of every other man. Go to the funeral of a good man and hear the preacher say that this man's spirit has gone to God and the angels; and saint and sinners will say as they leave the church, "That's the truth; that good man has gone home to heaven."

But go to the funeral of a man of doubtful character, and when the preacher gets up and says, "Our brother's body has gone home to heaven," you'll see a hundred heads shaking incredulously, and hear people say, "That preacher has outraged every principle of truth." This old world won't let preachers preach bad men into heaven or good men into hell. This false preaching is the source of great harm. Let me say right now that if any of you should have a husband, son, wife or child to die who isn't a Christian, I'm the last man you want to get to funeralize him—for I'll tell the truth, no matter what it is.

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### A Deserved Rebuke.

Will you let me say that one great trouble with the world

is that its conscience has been stabbed to death by sin? The national conscience is dead. Men engage in credit mobillier and other like schemes, and are immediately dubbed "colonel," sent to the United States Senate and become a leading citizen, while a poor negro who steals a dollar to buy him some bread is sent to the chain gang.

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### Theaters.

I say a Christian man will not patronize a theater on Friday night when he knows that that same company will desecrate Sabbath by giving a show on Sunday night. (Applause.) If I had nothing else against the theaters I would be down on a crowd that can't make a living six days in the week. (Great applause.) As soon as theaters pledge themselves to keep the ten commandments I'll stand up and advocate them. I know that the theaters are growlin' mightily at me, and one manager, who has lately been down South, said the theaters would rather run against the devil than me. But I intend to cut a canal through this whole business and ditch it off and sun it awhile. (Applause.) I'll fight anything that breaks the ten commandments.

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### Ear-Marks of Two Parties.

As soon as the conscience of Atlanta was aroused, whisky had to go, and so it would be here, and all over the country. The majority rules, and if any feller don't like the majority's rule, let him emigrate.

I hear talk about sumptuary laws. I was born a Democrat, raised a Democrat, and never voted anything but a Democratic ticket, but I will say right here that if the Democratic party ever tries to force any sumptuary laws,

with a whisky barrel and demijohn attachment, down my throat, I'll die before I'll take it. (Applause.) What a fine sight to see the Democratic party riding along on a whisky barrel and a lot of little politicians behind a-straddle a demijohn. Now, they always say the other party is the advocate of the negro. They come at me and say, "Here's the Radical party, with its negro; and there's the Democratic party with its whisky—which are you going to swallow?" I look at them and say, "Have I got to gulp one or the other?" "Yes." "Well," I answer, "one bottle of whisky has done more harm to me than all the negroes in the United States. Just pin that fellow's ears back and grease him, and I'll swallow him." (Great laughter.) That's my honest sentiment.

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### The Sweetest Text.

The text was the ninth verse of the third chapter of 1st John: "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin."

Mr. Jones said: At one time this verse gave me more trouble than any other in the Scripture; it was to me a two-edged sword. And to a great many the reading of this verse is an application of the sword. But now this verse is the sweetest of all texts to me, and should be to all of you.

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### Sanctification.

I will not bring up now any point on which there is controversy—like sanctification—but simply an everyday religion; although I believe in sanctification. For the word of God says so, and that is enough for me.



**"I'm the Child of a King."**

Every Christian man must realize that he is the son of God. It is worth a great deal to a son to know that his father was princely, and that his mother was the purest woman that ever lived. Many a boy is saved from the brink of hell by his mind recurring to the noble qualities of his mother or father. I knew of an infidel in Mississippi, fifty years of age, to get up in a congregation and say he had roamed all over the field of literature and science, but nowhere could he find rest except in the memories of his father and mother, and he, therefore, wanted to renew his vows to them—and to all that was pure and good. An Eastern prince was kept from evil behavior by continually glancing at the badge which he wore, showing his royal character. Prince Edward of England, when he visited this country, was reminded to always act "like the son of a queen," and when he went away everybody said he had conducted himself "like the son of a king." Now, while we are not heirs to the throne of England we are children of a Heavenly King, and it should be the aim of every Christian heart to worthily represent the family and name of God. What a power is conferred on mortal man in making him able to bring a stain on the name of God! When the world hears a Christian say he is the child of a king it doffs its hat, but when it sees him acting falsely to his vows, I am glad it thinks enough of God to throw the man's falseness in his teeth.

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**Acknowledging Christ.—Planting Heaven with Onions.**

It is the duty of every Christian to inspire his weaker brethren, and experiences are a great encouragement. And

yet there are some Christians who, if put upon the witness stand and asked if they were saved by Christ's blood, would say no, and swear their Lord out of court. (Laughter.) Blessings are only waiting for us to get right. We have been raking around in the leaves so long while all the time above our heads hung the beautiful fruit, the blessings of God. There are lots of Christians who are ready to go to Canaan, all packed up, you know. They've got leeks and onions with 'em and they wouldn't be in heaven three weeks 'till they had planted it with leeks and onions. (Laughter.) You have got to unload your onions. There are some old Christians that send off their children to Sunday School, but won't go themselves, because they're too old. Law me! I can put up with a young dunce, but an old dunce! (Laughter.) Many a woman would be ashamed to be examined with her little girl.

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### No Woman Preachers Wanted by Mr. Jones.

If I say there's one good woman in this city, every woman will think she's that one (laughter), and away it goes, you see.

I don't take much stock in their takin' too much of a place in public affairs. At this point he was unaware that the president of the West End W. C. T. U., a prominent Prohibitionist, had her eye on him, for he went on to say: "I don't like to see any man's wife doin' what I wouldn't like to see my wife do. A woman can work in the prayer-meeting and talk; she's got a kind of a gift for talking, you all know (laughter), but I wouldn't like to see my wife a pitchin' and rarin' and prancin' in the pulpit."

### Besetting Sins.

Some people say they have besetting sins and they repent at night and the next night do exactly the same things. But they say they're all right because they are only besetting sins. Yes, those are the very ones that will damn you. Paul threw aside his besetting sins when he wanted to pass upward. In looking at myself it was easy to see that what I wanted to quit I quit, and what sins I wanted to continue committing, I was running right along. I want to see hell bring a sin that Christ can't save me from. This mental reservation is the cause of all these troubles in getting rid of sin.

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### Prepare for Death.

Death has shot many arrows but has many more to shoot at our hearts. At Knoxville, I had said one evening: "Prepare to meet your God." I had been absent from there only two weeks when I received a letter from a friend of a young man who had heeded the warning that night and died in a few days after in the blaze of Christian glory. There is only a "now" or a "never." When a man is prepared to die he is prepared to live or do anything. I would have everybody like two brothers in a Georgia regiment. They were two most pious boys in the regiment, singing and praying in their tents. At the battle of Gettysburg, a soldier told me, one of the brothers fell dead, but the living brother stood over his body and said: "Thank God he was ready." I want the world to look at my cold still body and say: "My husband, father, friend is gone, but he was ready." Crape is on the door of some house in St. Louis every day. Get ready to die. Won't you prepare to meet your God? The word says that he who often

hears but heedeth not will be suddenly cut off. Now, we will stand and sing, and if there's any one that wants to get prepared let's kneel right here at the altar.

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### Dancing and Drinking.

A lady said she would have stood at one of my meetings but there was to be a ball the next night, and she wanted to go. Never yet, though, have I stood up before God and said I wouldn't surrender to him because of some devilment I wanted to do the next day. (Laughter.) In all my plans I have never yet made provision for sin. Some people provide for their sins yon know, and that old maxim of choosing the lesser of the two evils is the biggest fraud ever imposed on the public. A man says that he must drink some place, either at home or at the bar, and so he guesses he'll choose the lesser, and he takes a demijohn into the house to make all his children drunkards.

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### We must Pray.

Again, Paul says we must pray without ceasing. A man can just as well stop in his work to pray as an express engine can stop at the coal station to get coal and water. If she didn't she would stall on the first grade. In St. Louis there are so many little engines that have gone by the coal station, have stalled on the grade and haven't turned a wheel in five years. A man's best licks are put in on his knees at family prayers. If you think it costs too much, figure out the cost of losing your son or a daughter. The life principle with a Christian is communion with God just as blood is the life principle of the body. Any man or woman who really prays anywhere will pray everywhere.

My wife once said she wouldn't pray in my meeting, but I told her if she was my wife she couldn't sit on the fence; and now she'll shell down the corn.

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### Riches and Contentment.

Many a man in New York, St. Louis and Chicago is running his life out, with his tongue lolling out, trying to keep ahead of the sheriff. He's lived above his standard, that's all. A woman that wants a diamond ring and knows she has been just to the poor, and simply desires the pretty stone, is entitled to it; but if she wants it simply because her neighbor's got one, she's a poor silly thing. She may not be wicked, but she's mighty weak. (Laughter.) Happiness is found in the consciousness of doing good. There is no element of selfishness without an element of sulphur, and when a man generates enough selfishness to kill him, he has enough sulphur to burn him. (Smiles.) About all a man gets in this world anyway is clothes and victuals. Be contented, that's best. A man offered his plantation to any man who was contented, and when an individual presented himself as the contented candidate he was nonplussed with the question why, if he was contented, he didn't stay at home. (Laughter.)

### MARRIED A THING.

Some men say they are afraid to pray at home. Afraid to pray. If I was a woman and had married a man like that I would petition for my maiden name. You see that you who have married such fellows are only married a little, not much, only "tolerable," "kind a sorter," you know. If I had a husband like that I would give him a little tin horse and tell the children to keep him quiet. (Laughter.)

Or I would shave his whiskers off, knock his teeth out, and nurse him. (Renewed laughter, and a sudden pulling out of handkerchiefs and fans among the ladies.) Don't you know you have married just a thing, that's all. There are too many "things" in the church. I would rather have my child in an orphan asylum than have him raised in some Methodist houses. And then these leading Methodists, or Baptists, or Presbyterians. Save me from being Brother Stuckup or you from being Sister Stuckup. If I wanted to make my boy an infidel I would join some big Methodist church, and be a big man, go to conferences, etc.

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### Mr. Jones Answers Some Biblical Enigmas.

"I would like to ask you a question or two upon biblical matters," suggested the reporter, after a pause. Mr. Jones expressed a willingness to respond, and the reporter said:

"There has been much discussion as to where Cain, after slaying Abel and fleeing into the land of Nod, got his wife."

"That's easily answered; he got her from his father-in-law," replied Mr. Jones, with a hearty laugh.

"Well, tell me your idea of hell; do you believe in a literal hell?"

"Why, of course I do."

"Well, where is it?"

"As I never expect to go there, I never took the trouble to find out. I do know where heaven is, and I'm heading that way, but before I'm in heaven six months I'll know all these things, and I'm satisfied to wait until then. I think those fellows who are going to hell had better find out where it is. When I emigrate to a strange country, I always inquire about it."

### A Height of Eulogy.

That reminds me of that Western fellow's eulogy of his wife. She died, and he couldn't get a preacher, so he funeralized her himself. After the neighbors had assembled he said amid sobs of grief, "Sally Ann wasn't much eddicated; she didn't know much of Greek or Latin, but when it come to darnin' socks and makin' fatty bread, she war a yaller dorg under a wagon." A "yaller" dorg was his ideal of fidelity and with his audience he could have said nothing more eulogistic of his wife.

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### General Hood at the Battle of Franklin.

I don't like to bring up memories of the late war, but this one which I heard will serve as an example of what I am going to say. When Johnston turned over his army to Hood at Atlanta, he placed it in the care of a great man. Hood was a brave man, and when he came around to Tennessee, the great battle of Franklin, of which you all have heard, took place. Hood's tent was stationed on an eminence, and as he walked around near the tent he could see a fort, in a locust grove, literally mowing down his ranks. He was moved to tears at the sight, and calling his adjutant-general, said: "Present my compliments to Gen. Cheatham, and tell him to take that fort in the locust grove." The adjutant started off, and soon returned, telling his general that Gen. Cheatham was missing and supposed to be dead. The tears trickled down the cheeks of the brave general, but whenever he turned he saw that fort in the locust grove literally tearing his army to pieces. He again called his adjutant, and instructed him to present his compliments to Gen. Cleburne, and tell him to take the fort, but

the adjutant soon returned with the intelligence that the general was dead on the field. Gen. Hood again looked sorrowfully toward the locust grove and saw the fort literally tearing his army to pieces, and again calling his adjutant he said, "Present my love to Gen. Cockrell and ask him to take that fort for me." When Gen. Cockrell got the order he shouted: "Come on, First Missouri regiment, and take that fort." They responded and the fort was soon taken. I am here as the Lord's adjutant-general. He calls upon me to have you conquer the evil of this city and bring about its redemption, and I want you to take this city to God. Work will have to be done, and only by strong fighting can this city be redeemed.

#### THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

I never held slaves in my life, but better men than I, did, but let that pass. I am glad that there is no more such thing as involuntary servitude except for crime. I don't know whether it has made the colored people any better though.

#### NOT MUCH ON DOGMA.

The idea of a Methodist gettin' up here preachin' infant baptism when the babies are all asleep and the old folks goin' to hell. The idea of a Baptist preachin' baptism, when probably nine-tenths of them would be in a place in ten years where they couldn't get a drop of water. (Smiles.) I hate these fellows that are all bound up in the ligaments of and choked to death by their isms. It is so funny that a man is clever about everything but his religion.

#### SOCIETY AND HELL.

There is not a society woman in St. Louis when she turns out the gas at night that doesn't say to herself, "I



must get out of society between this and the grave." I followed a preacher once who turned out thirty of his active members who drank, danced and attended theater. If a great many of the Christians of this city would violate the laws of city and State as they do the laws of God, they would scarcely escape the chain gang. About once every six months the back door ought to be opened and those who are violating the laws of God ought to be asked to go out, and if they don't go they ought to be picked up and pitched out head foremost. (Sensation.) But, you say, that would take the best paying men out of the church. Suppose it would; it would make no difference. I despise these entertainments you \$100,000 churches get up to help along the church. These little grab-bags, shindigs and such things, I despise them. I tell you it takes more money to run the saloons of this city one week than all the churches a year.

Suppose a barkeeper would get up an entertainment to run his saloon and invite the church members—but he wouldn't have to invite 'em; they'd be there. (Laughter.) Think of it! I tell you you are going to theaters with these fellows and they are going to your prayer meetings, and you are going all together, thick as bees. There's just one thing more wanted for you all to go to hell together, and it is coming to that sure.

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### Christian Purity.

Oh, the Christian character is all purity.

"Blessed is the man in whose spirit there is no guile."  
A guileless wife, a guileless child and a guileless father.

#### A PRETTY SIMILE.

The ermine, so pure and white, is captured by dirt being put in his path, which causes him to submit to death rather

than soil one of his white hairs. Whenever a Christian is ready to lie down and die before he will submit to a stain, his is a princely character.

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### A Puzzling Test—Being Proud of Divine Parentage.

My text you will find in these words: "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin." I John, 3d chapter, 9th verse. This one verse of scripture gave me more trouble once than any other. It was to me a two-edged sword. To a great many the reading of this text is but the application of a sword. To me it is the sweetest text of all, and ought to be to all.

#### NO CONTROVERSY.

I am not going to preach on any controverted point. I am not going to preach on sanctification, but on every day religion; although I believe in sanctification, because the word of God says so and that is enough for me. A clear exegesis of this text ought to benefit everybody in this room. The context reads: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." The context is the first announcement of a princely Christian. Every Christian man must realize that he is the son of God; that he is the son and God the Father. It is worth a great deal to a boy to know that his father was princely; that his mother was the purest woman that ever lived. Many a boy on the edge of hell has been called back by his mother's or father's good qualities having been called to mind. A man in Mississippi, fifty years old, an agnostic or an infidel, stood up in the vast congregation and said: "I have roamed all over the fields of literature and science and I have nowhere found rest ex-

cept in the memories of my mother and father, and here I renew my vows to them and to that which is good and pure." The son of an Eastern king was kept in good behavior by the sight of a badge on his coat showing his royal character. So St. Paul said he bore on him signs of his Savior. "The son of a king!" What does it imply!

## PRINCE OF WALES.

Prince Edward of England, when he came here, was announced by cable and was told by a delegation in New York harbor to act like the son of a queen, and when he went away everybody said: "He has acted like the son of a king." We can not say we are the heirs of the throne of England, but we can say that we are children of a Heavenly King. The highest aim of a Christian heart is to worthily represent the family and name of God. Oh, the power delegated to mortal man to be able to bring a stain on the name of God and Christ! When you walk out and say you are a child of the king the world doffs its hat. Whenever the world sees a Christian acting falsely to his vows, I am glad it thinks so much of Christ as to throw our falseness in our teeth. A man escaped punishment once because he was related to the manager of his company; and I have escaped punishment because I am the son of God.

## DISCHARGED BY CHRIST.

I had an indifferent colored servant girl, and one day my wife said: "Go home, I don't want you any more."

But the girl stood there and said: "I don't want to go. I know I am the poorest servant you ever had, but keep me."

If Christ should come down and discharge me I would say on my knees: "Great Christ. I know I am the poorest servant you ever had, but keep me, oh, keep me!"

("Amen, amen!" was heard all over the house.) Oh, look up and see your father's face shining on you and say, Abba, Father.

#### DEFIES THE WORLD.

I take this position and defy heaven and hell to deny it, that Christ is able to do all for me. A mere act of pardon that leaves me as I was is not enough. I want to be cleansed of all unrighteousness. If I had only one prayer it would be give me a pure heart. I don't want you to think about the style or manner of the sermon, but go home and think it out yourselves. There is no attitude toward God but a loathing of a sin; that is the proper attitude.

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#### Rejecting Wrong.

A little boy once fell and cut himself with his mother's pocket-knife so that he died, and when the knife was shown the mother, with its pearl all dabbled in her boy's blood, she cried: "Take it away, it has my darling boy's blood! and so every Christian when he sees impurity should say: "Take it away; it is covered with the blood of my Savior." I know what people mean when they say, is there anything wrong in this or that? If they would just get under the shadow of God they would find that he had given them things so much greater than those that they wouldn't ask.

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#### "The Lord Will Provide."

Once I emptied all my pockets of every copper and God filled them up with \$20 gold pieces. Talk about sacrifice. Why, there never was a Christian that sacrificed a thing that was not repaid tenfold by God.

### Being Trustworthy.

Whenever the world can point its finger at you and say they would trust you with everything they have, the Lord can depend on you. Get where God can trust you.

#### HITTING THE RICH.

But some of you are pretty hard to trust with money. If the Lord would draw a check on you, you would let it go to protest and swear you didn't have the money.

Another feature of the text is: "Blessed is he to whom the Lord does not impute guilt." I mean, when a merchant doesn't put your name on the books he knows you will pay; when a good Christian does wobble a little to one side or the other the Lord won't let the angel put it down against him, because he says: "I trust him, he will repent."

#### KEEPS BACK THE ANGELS.

The Lord won't let the angels put down much against a good Christian.

"His seed remaineth in him," says the text; that is, let you and Christian virtues so interlock that the devil can't get any seed in there. It will be a grand thanksgiving day for us if we can stand up and say "I'll consecrate myself to God's service."

Be so busy working for God that you can't give a minute to the devil a year. The Lord will bank on you.

#### THE DEVIL WITH JOB.

The devil tried it with Job, but the Lord said I can bank on him, and when all the trials fell on him, Job simply said: "Blessed be the name of the Lord," and the Lord took Job out to walk with him and said: "Job, I knew I could trust you."

### Criticising.

Now, whenever you reach a point where you won't criticise me, I'll reach a point where you won't find anything to criticise in me.

### PROHIBITION.

A telegram was read from Atlanta saying: "Prohibition is carried in Atlanta by 232 majority." (Applause.)

"St. Louis is dead to this cry," said Mr. Jones, "but it is the crack of a thundering cannon that will level the saloons of St. Louis." (Applause.)

Pray on and some time this old city will be redeemed.

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### Human and Divine Love.

He says in his blessed word, "When your father and mother forsake you I will take you." I have seen a mother follow her boy to the very curb of hell, and when she dragged back his poor dead body, bury it reverently and water his grave with her tears. I have seen a wife when every friend had forsaken her husband, when crazy with drink and debauched with sin, she helped his tottering footsteps along and printed kisses on his depraved cheek. Why did mother and wife do this? Because they partake of the character of godliness. But God is both our father and mother. You see that young man yonder—he has pledged his troth to that young girl, and he is going West to prepare a home and happiness for her, and after he is gone what does she do? Instead of remaining true to that good young man, she flirts with his enemies and associates, with men who despise him. Oh, what an unfaithful girl! So with all of us, while God is preparing a home and happiness for us, we are flirting with his enemies and associating with those who despise God.

The church of God will save all sinners. It has been a mother to me—more, it has been father and brother. O brothers, you do not know what you have missed by staying outside the pale of the church.

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### “Whosoever Will.”

If down in your soul there is a desire to be a good man, start to-night, start to-night. God throws heaven and hell at every man's feet and tells him to take his choice. I've read a great deal about the elect, and have found that the elect are the “whosoever wills,” and those who are not elect are the “whosoever won'ts.” That reminds me of the poor penitent down in Georgia who was in terrible agony, and whom the pastor tried to comfort, but who refused to be comforted, saying: “I am a reprobate. God did not die for me.”

“Yes, he did,” said the pastor. “If you saw your name, James B. Green, written in the Book of the Lamb, wouldn't you believe that God died for you?”

“I don't know,” replied the penitent, “there are lots of other people by my name in Georgia.”

“Well, if you saw James B. Green, Scribner county, Georgia, wouldn't you believe it was you?”

“There may be other people in this county by my name,” he replied.

“Suppose it was James B. Green, Nineteenth district, Scribner county, Georgia, wouldn't you believe then?”

“There may have been people in this county before I was born,” he remarked.

Then the pastor turned to the penitent and said: “God says, ‘whosoever will.’” And the poor sinner jumped up and clasped his hands and said “that means me.”

### Always Bless the Lord.

I want to call your attention to the fact that there is a religious experience in which the people of God can bless the Lord at all times—an experience that will keep us right up under the Master's wing at all times and in all seasons and all places. You remember the old text: "Come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty." That means if you want to conquer earth and hell you must go up to the help of the Lord. The herd can't reach you way out there; you're too far away. That Confederate soldier standing over here inside the Union line can't be protected by the Southern confederacy. Suppose the Confederates open up fire on the Union ranks; two to one the Southern soldier will be the first fellow to fall. And so it's no earthly use for God to fire red-hot shot at Satan and sin if you stand right in the Devil's camp waiting to be shot with the other fellows. You've got to come out and go over to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

Then I've seen Christians who were afraid to talk about their religion and their relations to Christ for fear they would be boastful. What if I was diseased from head to foot, and after every doctor in town has done his best for me, along comes a doctor from way off. I go to this strange doctor, who goes to work on me, and in three months I am as well as any man in the universe. Now, do you think I'd go away somewhere, hide my face, and say to my friends, "I don't want to say anything about my cure, it might sound like boasting"? No; I'd go around and tell everybody I met what a wonderful cure I had received. I'd boast about it—yes, boast about it, not to honor myself but to honor the great physician who had cured me. I couldn't tell about my cure without talking about myself. Corinthians is dotted all over with "I's."



### A Joke on a Husband.

Mr. Jones told a funny story about a husband who went down town one night "to post his books." His wife slipped an indicator in his pocket, and when he returned found that he had walked seventeen miles that night. She asked him if he posted his books while walking around the block, and showed him the indicator. He then confessed that he had played pool, and had actually walked seventeen miles around a billiard table. (Great laughter.)

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### A Glimpse of Mr. Jones' Personal Experience.

Mr. Jones related that at the age of twenty-five he had become appalled at the terrible record he had made. Spencer, Darwin, Tyndall, could give him no relief, and the Bible was his only refuge. Fourteen years ago, a poor, lost, wicked sinner, he saw the course he was pursuing, and was saved by the precious blood of the Son of God. Charged with Sabbath breaking, with infidelity; charged with everything, he trusted to God, and his record was washed out and God justified him by the force of testimony and the prerogative of pardon.

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### Life is Limited.

Paul warns you that the day is limited. Take care that you do not lose, by continued rebellion, your chances for heaven. Take care that you do not wake up some morning and find that your conscience is dead. To-day's limit is always before us. We know not what to-morrow has in store for us. Men amass wealth, not for its own sake, but to provide for the future. If you are so careful about your material welfare, why not be careful about your spirit-

ual welfare? Every man's biography can be written in three lines: "I live—I know not how long. I shall die—I know not when. I shall go—where?" Heaven and hell alone can answer that. It must be to one or the other. Be ready for death. You know not what hour the bridegroom cometh. Prepare for death by taking hold of the eternal Rock.

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### A Glorious World.

I don't like it said that the world is a howling wilderness. Those people who say that are the dogs who are doing all the howling. It is a glorious world, with all of its stores of remedies, edibles and blessings. What do you want that the world will not supply you? When we think of this tent and tabernacle, what must be the everlasting hills of God.

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### An Ungrateful Family.

I knew a preacher in the South who went to a house after the husband was dead, and he was given a place to sleep in the garret. Before he retired he saw a picture with the face turned to the wall, and, on looking at it, found out that it was a picture of the dead man. He had hardly grown cold before his picture was removed to the garret, and yet he left them a home and money.

### GOATS AMONG THE SHEEP.

But all of us sheep were goats once, and I dare say some of us are yet goats. And I will say to those who are not members of the church, that you are entitled to the best in the preacher's head and heart for your attendance.

**Sin, Sinners, Hell, etc.**

FROM A ST. LOUIS DISCOURSE.

Salvation was a personal matter and so was damnation. A man could get no one to stand before God in his place; he was saved or damned personally in and for himself. If he was lost it was himself, and not some one else that was lost. Men sinned in groups and ran with the multitude, but they were judged personally. This question certainly meant something. He did not ask his hearers

**WHY THEY WERE BORN SINNERS,**

but why they continued in sin. Some people thought sin was something floating in the atmosphere or a roaring lion that walked to and fro on the earth. Sin was simply saying and doing that which was prohibited by the commandments of God. Would any man in the house say it was not wrong to swear, steal, etc.? Had they not heard that he who broke the least of God's commandments was guilty of all? Did they not know that every sinner stood self-convicted? Every criticism a person made against a member of the church showed that he understood the difference between right and wrong. Church members were not permitted with impunity to do that which was wrong, for the world had its standard of right and wrong by which they judged the church members. Those who professed Christianity should not allow their standard of righteousness to fall below that of the world. The speaker had as much right to swear, get drunk or tell a lie as any one, God being the judge. The most absurd thing in the world was that some people appeared to believe they had a right to sin because they were not members of the church. If he were to go down town and get drunk the fact would be

telegraphed to all parts of the country that Sam Jones was drunk in the streets of St. Louis. Some red-nosed sinner could

#### GET DRUNK EVERY DAY

and nothing was said about it. This he simply mentioned to show the difference between a gentleman and a vagabond. The speaker could walk along the streets of St. Louis ten years and no one would ask him to take a drink; other men could scarcely walk along the streets without being invited to drink. This showed the world who was who. He was glad humanity never got so low down that it failed to recognize the good. Was there a man in the house who would say he did not believe sinners were to be punished? There was not one preacher in twenty at the present time who preached hell as it was asserted in the Bible. It was really considered vulgar to preach a literal hell in this age. Yet Bunyan, Milton, Spurgeon and all the noted divines who had become deeply imbued with religion believed in a regular sulphur and brimstone hell. Fourteen years ago the speaker got a great scare and had not yet recovered from it. He did not want to believe there was no hell until he passed through the pearly gates. If there was a topless heaven, there was certainly a bottomless hell.

Men knew what sin was and what it would do for them, yet they would leave the hall impenitent sinners. It was not a question

#### HOW LONG HELL WOULD ENDURE,

but how long sin would endure. Sometimes men put on an air of recklessness and appeared to defy God. In the speaker's native town a drunken man went to the railway depot one night and said he intended to walk up the track, seize the train as it came in and hurl it over an embank-

ment. No one, of course, believed he intended to try the experiment. The man nevertheless met the train, and, in his delirium, tried to seize it. He was knocked down, run over and killed in a horrible manner. People said how reckless this man was, yet there were men who rushed into the very face of God as if they would try to defy him. Many men were not willing to live out their allotted span of life, threescore years and ten. They went to bar-rooms and drank themselves into premature graves as though they were in a hurry to be damned. God, he hoped, would pity poor reckless human nature as it rushed on to its doom. There were men in the cemeteries of St. Louis who might have been present to hear him preach had they led sober lives. Many a man who appeared to be reckless was afraid of his God and eternity when he went home at night and turned out the gas in his room. The speaker had never seen a man who declared he had

**MADE UP HIS MIND TO BE DAMNED.**

A great many people expected to go to heaven because they did not "cuss" the preacher or throw stones at the meeting house. The saddest spectacle in the world was the man who slumbered while he had an immortal soul at stake. Oh, how could men sleep over their immortal interest? Many a time all earth and heaven seemed to arouse men with the cry of eternal fire. Why did this apathy exist in some men so strongly that nothing could arouse them? Was it because they had conquered the spirit and had secured that peace that meant the death of the soul?

**Don't Be a Miser.**

I like to see a man frugal and industrious, but not a miser

A man once saved and saved, until a neighbor said: "What are you saving for, you old miser?" He answered: "I am saving up for Sally and the children." And if he could see Sally with all her style, and the children with their handsome turnouts soon after his death, what would he think? Ah me, brother, what would he think of it? But when a man is too frugal, and saves up for his Sally and children and neglects his own soul, the money would be a curse to his wife and children.

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### Accursed for Money.

It aint only the rich men who run after the world. Many a poor fellow runs after the world and never gets anything. Many a fellow with only forty acres of poor land and a stiff-eared mule dies and goes to hell for his want of money, though he never had any. The world is only a walking stick for me to a higher place. Look at A. T. Stewart, the famous millionaire, who, before he died, had money enough to keep a hundred merchants busy for some time to estimate the amount. He was

#### MEASURED FOR THE GRAVE,

and it took but five feet ten inches to give a resting place. How many millionaires in hell would give all they ever had for a drop of water to moisten their parched lips? There are many fellows in hell who, while walking its burning streets, shout: "I am money damned. The devil tolled my knell with the jingling of the nickels." As I have said before, I would rather see the poor white and colored folks go to heaven than the rich people. Oh, how rough it is for the poor fellows who never have anything and yet go to hell. The rich man can, after his carriage rides, theater going and general good time, afford to go to hell.

**Conscience. Record. God.**

There are two somethings and one someone that I had to do with yesterday ; I have to do with them to-day, and I shall have to do with them forever. Conscience and record are the two somethings, and God is the one someone. Conscience, record, God. Conscience and record are like two index fingers pointing right up into the face of God ; and God the great index finger pointing to the final judgment. Conscience, that king reigning over my life, approving the right, disapproving the wrong. Conscience! When outraged it is that something that will not let me sleep no matter how soft my pillow. Conscience! That's something that will not let me eat, no matter how richly loaded soever my table may be. Conscience! That's something in me that makes me droop my head in guilt and shame when all the world around me is gay. Conscience! Ah, where is the man in this audience who never felt the pangs and pains of an outraged conscience? The poet was right when he said :

“What conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do ;  
This, teach me more than hell to shun,  
That, more than heaven pursue.”

And I am ready to say in my place, on this occasion, that the most fearful sin that a man ever committed in this life is to sin directly and to sin persistently against his own conscience. You do that thing that you ought not and conscience cries: “Murder! murder! don't do that.” Conscience! ah, my brethren, some one has said that an outraged conscience is the worm that shall never die, amid the fires that shall never be quenched. Conscience! Record! Record! My record is as much a part of me as an immor-

tal being as my hand is a part of me. "Yes," you say, "but the surgeon's knife can soon separate that hand from your arm." No, sir; no, sir. Some months ago I sat by the side of a man who had an empty sleeve dangling at his side, and all at once he said to me: "These fingers have been hurting me all day." Said I: "What fingers?" He said: "The fingers on my right hand." Said I: "My friend, there is no right hand there." "Ah," he said, "they tell me this arm is buried on a battle field of Virginia, but, sir, that hand is as truly there to-day as it ever was, and the pains and twinges and pangs of this hour are almost intolerable to me in these fingers." My record! It is a part of me; it belongs to me; it is inseparable from me. My record as a man; your record as a man.

#### A MAN WITHOUT A RECORD

would be an anomaly. A man without a record would be a moral monstrosity in the universe of God! What I have said, what I have done, where I have been, are but so many subjects upon this record of this life of mine. Record! Record! And then that conscience and record pointing up into the face of the great God, and the great God pointing to the judgment seat—the judgment seat. I tell you, my friends, if there is to be no final judgment when men shall be brought to the final bar and give an account for the deeds done in the body, if there is to be no judgment hereafter, there are questions, and feelings, and aspirations, and fears about my being that can not be explained in time or eternity. For all the deeds of my life, every wayward act of my life, every wicked word of my life, have been so many fingers pointing me ever and anon to the great day when I shall give an account to God for the way I have lived, for what I have done, for what I have said. Judgment is but



a forensic term, a law term, and means simply the equitable adjustment of an issue. But in ecclesiastical issues it means the final session of heaven's chancery, when God shall summon men, and when once God says: "Hence, ye accursed," there shall never be any pardon or revisionary control. The record of my guilt or my commendation shall be on one hand, or on the other hand; sparkling forever in full view of my eyes, my vindication in heaven, or my

## CONDEMNATION IN HELL.

When a man is convicted in Missouri there are but three ways in which he can escape. One by force of law, one by force of testimony, another by pardon. I grant you that justice may be defeated in many ways, but when man is once arraigned before the criminal courts of this country there are but three ways in which he can hope to escape. Yonder, yonder, before that tribunal there can be but three ways in which a man can escape. You can not dodge God's ministerial officers; you will come to judgment; to judgment. When some of us leave this room this afternoon some will go that way, and some that other way, and some this way; but every road you take this evening at last all of them converge right at the judgment seat of Christ, and if we never see each other's faces again all of these ways on earth merge into that concourse around the throne of God at last.

"I can not dodge God's ministerial officers. As the Bible would quote it: "If I take the wings of the morning and fly with them to the uttermost parts of the earth, lo, God is there. If I make my bed in hell, lo, God is there." No, sir, God Almighty will

## BURN THIS EARTH DOWN

and sift the ashes, or he will bring us all to the judgment

seat of Christ. I can not dodge God's ministerial officers already on my track. One of God's sheriffs put his hand on your head one day and since then it has been beginning to frost. God's sheriff touched your eye one day and you have been wearing glasses since then. God's sheriff touched your leg, you are walking with a cane, and wherever you meet a man God's sheriff has claimed him for his own. And then again you can not bribe God's grand jury. They have already sat upon your case and the verdict reads: "The soul that sinneth shall die and he that believeth not shall be damned." Some men defy their judges, but you can not defy God. Shall I, a poor, penniless, moneyless wretch, cry out to great God, rush up into the presence of such a God as that and defy him? No, sir. Shall I bribe this court—helpless, friendless, moneyless, shall I bribe the judge of all the earth? No, sir. But when I shall be individualized at that final moment, and walk up into the presence of that great God, I have but three ways by which I can hope to escape. One is by force of law. Now, sir, hear me. Can any man hearing my voice this evening, deny—and I shake that little bundle of paper [a Bible] in your face—that if that little bundle of paper is true it is worth all the universe? If this book is true—this little bundle of paper that does not weigh ten ounces—if this little book is true you and I have to die.

#### WE HAVE TO DIE

whether this book is true or not. If this book is true, you and I must meet the God that made us, and give an account of the deeds done in the body.

The law! The law! I want to say at this point, God will spring no new law but this. This is the code of heaven, published among men, "and the books were opened." No

new law sprung on us there. Men say, "I don't like to read that Bible, it condemns me." Listen: If it condemns you down in Missouri to-day it will condemn you up there in heaven to-morrow. You will be the same man, the book will be the same. "Ah! but I have never violated many laws." But listen: "He that breaks the least commandment breaks them all." He that breaketh the least of the commandments cuts his soul loose from God, just as if he broke them all. God looks not upon sin with the least allowance, and can any man stand up yonder before the final bar of God and say: "I have never violated the least precept of that book?" Until you can do that you can never hope to escape by force of law. The law condemns. The epistle tells us that no sins of the flesh shall be justified by the law. The law killeth, but the law is but the rule of action, prescribing what is right and prohibiting what is wrong. And to-day, brethren, hear my voice. If in your past life you have violated any precept of this book you can not hope to escape yonder by the force of law. I am guilty! I am guilty before God. I have violated precept after precept, not only repeatedly, but intentionally, willfully. I can not hope to be

#### CLEARED BY FORCE OF LAW.

Then I say: How about force of testimony? "So then everyone of us shall give an account of himself to God." "What I have written I have written." "You shall be brought unto judgment whether those things be good or bad." Now we stand there before the final throne. "What I have written I have written." I declare to you that it is my belief that every man and every boy of us are now writing testimony by which we shall stand or fall in the last judgment day. When you step across the line of manhood

you commence writing upon the tablet of your heart, and you have there line upon line, page upon page.

Record, record, record, and every man and every boy here this evening can stand up and face this fact: "What I have written I have written," up to this hour. The record of some men, the record of some boys, who hear my voice this moment! If your wife could read your record just as you have written it down, she would spurn you from her presence and drive you forever from her home. There are boys that listen to my voice this morning: if your mother could read the record of last night upon the tablet of your heart, she would spurn you from her presence as an unholy and unclean thing. O boys, every oath, every wicked deed, every midnight carousal is written in legible and indelible letters, and shall sparkle forever upon

#### THE TABLETS OF YOUR HEARTS.

Brethren, it makes no difference what street you took in coming here, but it makes an eternity of difference if you did right or wrong while coming. We sometimes say, "As true as the Bible." But every record upon the page of your heart is just as true as the Bible. Its secret record God would not suffer an angel in heaven to touch, and wouldn't suffer your precious mother to put her finger upon that record. It is the secret record of the soul by which it shall stand or fall at the judgment seat of Christ. Holy spirit, shine in our records this evening, and let us read them in thirty seconds, the record of immortal guilt, that will affright us and raise us up to some door of relief.

While I preach the gospel to others I never forget that I have a soul in this body that will be saved or lost. What is your record, husband; what is your record, father; what is your record, son? There are hundreds of men here this evening; the only reason you can hold up your heads, the

only reason you can move among the pure at all is the consciousness that nobody upon earth can read your record. It is hidden out of sight of men. There are men here, if I could tear one page out of your heart and stick it up on the wall in this room you would rush out of this hall and out of this town and never be seen within its limits again. Oh, brother, it is hidden now, but God's word for it, up there every secret thing, every wicked thing, that which is done in secret shall be proclaimed upon the house-tops. Oh, fearful thought! As the poet says:

"It is not all of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die."

You may drown out this record with a night's spree, but it comes with all its force in the morning. You may dance out and drown out its voice for a time, but ever and anon

IT STICKS ITS BONY HAND IN YOUR FACE

and says: "Read the record of last week or last year." "What I have written I have written." You have written down the record of your life. I stand here to condemn no man, but I ask you, brethren, in all love and kindness, what is the record you have made up to this hour?

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### The Doomed World.

You can take a piece of property that the insurance man would refuse to insure and you cannot get anything for it. You can't get insurance on this world, as it is already on fire in the basement and Vesuvius and Mount *Ætna*, the chimneys, are already smoking. This old world will surely burn. The astronomers have already discovered that certain heavenly bodies have been consumed and entirely lost sight of.

### The Most Miserable Man.

The most miserable man in the world is the richest one. He is continually seeking to increase his fortune and he is never happy.

When I was a young man a fellow told me that when he got \$10,000 he wanted \$20,000, and when he obtained that amount he wanted more. Such men cannot be happy; they are like salt-water drinking, the more you drink the more you want. I am very sorry for those fellows who cannot get enough. Josh Billings said that the old man who spent his whole life gathering money was like the fly that fell into the half-barrel of molasses. A paper once stated that a man had died leaving Sam Jones a handsome legacy. My friends rushed to me with the news, and asked me to write for the legacy. But I said that I was well enough without a legacy, and would not know what would happen if I had one. You can all have the legacy, and I will visit your residences, eat with you and you can pay the taxes.

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### A Lottery Experience.

I remember a small town in the South before the war—a town with eight stores and a doggery—I mean a saloon, where the news of the establishment of the lottery caused several of the people to purchase tickets. Among the purchasers was the barkeeper. Not long after the drawing a man drove up to the saloon and offered the barkeeper \$15,000 for his ticket. He was almost dazed at the news, and inquired for the amount drawn by the ticket. The caller refused to tell, and the barkeeper refused to part with the ticket. Another man drove up and offered him \$25,000 for the ticket, but he again refused. Others called until the amount offered reached \$85,000, but he still refused to sur-

render the ticket. Finally, the news of the drawing reached the town and he closed up his shop and left for the office to get the prize which he expected. When he glanced at the returns he found out that his ticket drew nothing. He moved slowly away from the place with a painful look of disappointment on his face and started to cross the road. As he passed out he heard the titter of the crowd, and turning around, he said: "You might think that I am feeling bad, but in reality, I feel glad that I did not get the prize. My wife and myself have had no sleep since the news that I had won was conveyed to me. I have suffered so much while waiting for that money, and while feeling myself a rich man, that I am glad I did not get it."

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### Which Will You Serve?

There are two questions that naturally and inevitably come up between employe and employer, or there will be no contract or intelligent agreement. First, the employe asks, "What kind of work do you want me to do?" Second, "What will you pay me?" There are people here to-night that probably never worked for anybody, and claim that they were never hirelings. In a spiritual sense every man is a servant. Our Savior said, "To whom ye yield yourselves to obey, you are their servants." And again, "No man can serve two masters." And getting stronger he said, "He that is not with me is against me." A great many men here when you ask them, "Are you good?" will answer, "No." "Are you bad?" and they will answer, "No." There are a great many of those men. Some of them belong to the church, but treat their neighbors wrong. And again others treat their neighbors well, but do nothing for God. Why do you want to do like either of them? I am

going to do what's right by God and the same to my neighbors. God said, "Love thy God with all thy strength and thy neighbor as thyself." No man can do the one. He is then only half a man.

Some of you admit that you are not fit for heaven and not bad enough for hell. Looking for some compromise station, I guess. I recollect at a country meeting, when a brother said, "I hope this meeting will be a success and much good will be done." I asked him to what church he belonged, and he answered, "None, but I am a Christian." I then said, "You are just the man I have been looking for, and I have been thinking of offering a reward to find you." That was very strange, so few Christians in the church, and unexpectedly running across one outside of it. I then asked him to lead the prayer when the penitents were called up, and he said, "I never pray in public." I said "Why?" and he replied, "Because I don't belong to the church." "Well," I said, "why not take some of the brothers in the woods and pray with them there?" and he again said, "No; I don't belong to the church." I then said, "No, that is not the reason. The fact is, the devil has got you from head to foot."

"He that is not with me is against me." He is either a servant of God or the devil. The devil wants his servants to violate the Sabbath, do everything that is wrong, and to make my wife and children think less of me. I can prove by many in St. Louis that that is true. The devil gives some pleasures, but woe and damnation in the end. While preaching in my church one Sunday I called upon a gray-headed sixty-five-year-old sinner to get up and describe his sixty-five years of servile bondage. He did not do it, but the next day I met him on the street, and he said, "Had I got up, I would have frightened many in the church. For



my sixty-five years I have nothing to show but a godless family, a hard heart, a stiff neck and no hope to be saved." Serve God and he will make you worship on the Sabbath, do what is good and make your family love you. There is nothing better than religion, although there are some hard things to do for God. The hardest thing that I ever did for God made me love him the more. What is the pay? He gives me enough money to live every day, and when I get old he will take me up in his tender and loving arms and care for me. Look at the difference. The devil he leads his servants to damnation in the end. God does everything for his servants that is good and why are there any servants of the devil? God serves the best wine in the end while the devil gives the good at first and the bad afterward. God's wine gets better and better until the end. I was always better at illustrations than preaching, and I will give you this one to show the devil's way of doing things. When I was young the devil took me to a palace and showed me all through it. Everything was beautiful and grand and tempting. He told me that I could stay, and I remained there. He gave me a chair of ease, a sofa of contentment, a table of pleasures and everything that made me comfortable. After staying there for several days, I slipped out, and when I returned my chair of ease was gone. I went out again in a few days, and when I returned the sofa of contentment was missing and next the table of pleasures was taken away. Day after day the beautiful pictures were taken away until the walls were left bare. When I went out another time the carpets were taken up and the windows were closed, leaving nothing but the bare rooms and bare walls. Finally I discovered that the walls were coming closer and closer together each day, and everything within looked dark. I next went out to see

my father die, and never returned. My friend remained there longer, until the walls became nearer and nearer to one another, until he at last laid down on his death-bed, with his wife standing at his side, and before he died he acknowledged that the "wages of sin is death." Oh, how I thank God that I left that den before those walls closed together upon me! I recollect the first drink I took. I thought it was grand and the panacea for all ills. And I continued drinking until I began to despise myself. Again I recollect the first oath I uttered and the effect it had upon me.

The devil gives the best wine at first. When Lord Byron, who drank from every cup that was known, and had the ministers from all sides ready to wait upon him, died, his life was not a happy one. While he was sitting in company one day, he wore a melancholy look on his face, and when one of those present asked him what he was doing, he replied that he was counting the number of happy days he spent, and he could get no further than eleven. There are depths to which we go, until we despise ourselves.

On the other side, the bitterest cup is that of conviction. When David drank from the cup, he said it was made of wormwood and gall. I can never forget the hours when I looked to God, and said, "Father! Father! take my hand." Those were awful hours, and thank God for them. I will never cross the quagmire again. The next cup I took was that of justification, and how I thought of those joyful words of God, "Son, daughter, thy sins are forgiven." And when you drink of that cup God will tell you that there is more to follow. Look at St. Paul. He was at first struck blind, and after wandering three days staggered until he met Ananias, who touched him and the scales fell from off his eyes. His last cup was the sweetest, when he said, "The hour of my departure is at hand, I will take the

crown awaiting me." If we just had St. Paul down here to-night to tell us of the good things in heaven, we would all leave this church shouting the praises of God. I have thought of heaven, dreamed of heaven and read of God, and if at the last hour he would say, "depart you cursed," I would be the worst disappointed man ever conceived of. But, if on the other hand he lets me walk within the pearly gates, I would see God, the angels and my mother. And I am just as sure of going to heaven as I am that I am in St. Louis here at present. I am even surer than that for I may not be in St. Louis. When I was in Waco, Tex., I was taken sick from my laborious work with typho-malarial fever, and was at one time very low. My wife and the physicians stood at my bed-side with anxious looks on their faces while I lay there suffering. The devil came in at the time and said: "You have worked yourself to death and will soon die." I said, "You just get right out of here." If I had the same to do again I would do it.

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### Some Uses of Money.

The rich man dies and leaves his daughter \$100,000, while the poor man near by dies and leaves his daughter nothing. The former goes to work to keep up with the fashions, while the other has to do serving for a living. The rich girl grows sallow after three years of following the fashions—for nothing will kill them better than keeping up with the fashions. On the contrary, the poor girl has rosy cheeks, even though she had to work in the sewing-room.

Ten thousand or a hundred thousand dollars will purchase any young man a through ticket to hell. If my father had left me \$25,000, I would now be in the pit. God bless the fathers who teach their sons to value

## CHARACTER ABOVE MONEY.

What is there in this world that takes up so much of our time as money. A father once said to me, "My boys are dissipated and I greatly fear that my money will ruin them." I said, "Are you sure of that?" and he answered that he was. I then said, "Give \$200,000 out of each of their portions for the orphan asylum, and if they get drunk again give me \$40,000, and if they get drunk a third time tell them that you will give a clear deed of their allowance to the orphan asylum." I don't know whether he ever told them that or not, but he never gave me a cent. I think that would be a first-rate way to cure them. Not long afterward that father died and left his money to the bar-keeper. "What does he do that for?" said I. "Well, he did not do it directly," replied my informant, "but indirectly. He left the money to his sons."

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**"Silver."**

You will find the most corruption among the rich and the most purity among the poor.

It is hard for a man to be a Christian who has a godless wife.

Saturday night is the devil's biggest night.

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**A Poor Exchange.**

I want to say to you, young men, who do not belong to the church because you want to dance, and you young ladies also, that though you attend 200 balls and dance 400 sets, you will find poor comfort for the pleasures when in hell. When you walk in hell you will say, "Well, I have danced four hundred sets," and that will be very poor consolation

Another who can not see the harm in taking a dram, may drink forty barrels of Robinson county whisky, but he will go to hell. What consolation will he have in boasting? "Well, I drank forty barrels of Robinson county whisky, anyhow."

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### Some Peaceful and Painful Death-beds.

Once in my church there was a godly lady, who was always engaged spending her money in charities and church work. She finally grew very ill with consumption, with which she had been suffering for many years. I went to see her, and talked with her about heaven. She said that she was afraid to die, but did love God so much. I went to see her a few days afterward, while there were several visitors in the room, and when I entered she motioned the others from the room and bade me come near her. She then told me that she was no longer afraid of death, and that she was patiently waiting to be called to her master. I asked her what caused the change to come over her, and she made this statement: "Yesterday, as I was sitting alone thinking of heaven, I felt that I was being put in a boat by angels and taken to a beautiful land. When I reached there with the angels, I beheld the beautiful sight and was introduced by the angels to the king. When I looked at him, I beheld the world's Redeemer." Shortly afterward she grew very low, and calling her husband to her side, she placed her arms around his neck, and faintly breathing the words, "Husband, death is grand," she quietly breathed her last. Eleven days afterward I met the husband on the street, and he imparted the sad news that his little girl, Annie, the only child, was suffering with diphtheria. I went to see her and asked her if she was suffering, and she said that she did not feel the pain, because her

mamma was calling to her. Her father and the physicians entered the room at that time and told her that she was going to have the pain burned out of her throat. She faintly answered that it was no use, her mamma was calling to her, and she wanted to meet her. A group of her playmates entered the room, and she asked them to sing her favorite hymn. While the children were singing, that child closed her eyes in sleep, and her young soul left to answer the call of her mother. Now I will give you an instance of the opposite kind, and I want you all to hear it. During the late cruel war, and, oh, how cruel it was! a soldier received intelligence that his brother had received a fatal wound and was dying in Virginia. The soldier hurried to the scene and found his brother still alive. On meeting the unfortunate man, he said: "Oh, how glad I am that I arrived in time. Now, tell me what is the condition of your soul? You know that you have always led a wild life." The suffering soldier said: "Oh, don't talk about religion to me, I am suffering too much, and you are only torturing me." The brother troubled him no more until the next day, when he again appealed to him in behalf of his poor soul. The injured man again refused to hear him, and the good brother made no further attempts to change the course of his suffering brother. Six days afterward, while he was sitting at his brother's side, he laid down with the intention of taking a few minutes' rest. As soon as he laid down he fell fast asleep and dreamed that his brother died with his mouth wide open and ere long the devil came in and looked down the throat of the corpse. Not finding the soul, he looked behind a pile of fire wood and immediately the soul rushed out with the wild cry of "Lost! lost! lost!" and was seized by the devil. The sleeping brother woke up in a fright and found the lamp out. He rushed over to where

his brother lay and found him lifeless with his mouth wide open. The poor brother then exclaimed, "I believe that God put me to sleep so that I could see the sight which took place."

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### **The Rumseller Who Valued His Soul at more than \$40,000,000.**

A liquor dealer once attended church with his wife, and was very much affected by the sermon. When he reached home his wife asked him why it was that he was not a Christian. He answered that he could not be a Christian while in the liquor business. She then asked him what amount he cleared by the business, and he answered \$2,000 per annum. She then asked him how long he expected to live, and he answered that twenty years was a fair average. His wife then told him that he could clear only \$40,000 in twenty years, which would be the price of his soul. He thought over the matter, and finally exclaimed, that he would not lose his soul for forty million dollars. The next morning he closed out his liquor store and became a good Christian.

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### **On the Run.**

Down South they used to put negroes on the block and sell them to the highest bidders, but sometimes the negroes got away and could not be put on the block, and were sold on the run. That is the way that God has found us—on the run from the Master.

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### **A Scriptural Exposition.**

Paul's Epistle to the Romans, first to the tenth verse.

These verses are perhaps the strongest arguments that we have of the spirituality of Jesus Christ.

You can't attain the kingdom of God by leaning on riches and your bank account. The religion of Jesus Christ is eminently spiritual, and he who is carnal minded is at cumity with Christ.

Why, I've known people who'd say, "what harm can this do," and I've also known of preachers taking people into the church with the understanding that they were to be allowed to do such and so.

Oh, these churches are feather-beds for falling Christians. They'll let 'em down easy and they won't be disturbed.

I often ask preachers "what kind of a man such and such a brother is," and they've answered, "Oh, he's a good man, but not spiritual." Now, what do you suppose they mean? I think they mean that he's a magnificent corpse.

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### Child Christians—An Anecdote of Jonathan Edwards.

A great many people say that a child is too young to understand the Scriptures; that a child is too young to join the church. Brother, when did you graduate? When did you become so wise that you could tell that little ten-year-old boy that he was too young to be a Christian? Our Saviour said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." He said to those gray-haired old men: "Except ye become converted and are as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." A little child can be taken to Christ.

I once heard an incident that will illustrate this; it was about Jonathan Edwards, who, perhaps, was one of the greatest minds this country ever knew of. He heard that little Minnie Lee, who lived in a distant State, had been converted and was a Christian. He didn't believe it, for he didn't believe it was possible for a child to become a Chris-



tian. He went hundreds of miles to see her. When he reached the door he knocked and the child's mother came to the door.

"I am Dr. Edwards," said he, "is this Mrs. Lee?"

"Yes," she replied.

"I have come here to have a talk with little Minnie."

"Walk into the parlor," said she, and he went in and took a seat. Mrs. Lee went out and brought in little Minnie and she was an angel sure enough. He took her on his knee and he questioned her and talked with her for over an hour and when he handed her back to her mother, there were tears in his eyes.

"Thank God Almighty," said he, "for now I know that a child four years old can know the Lord Jesus Christ."

Let's bring the children to the Lord Jesus Christ. In their younger days they should be brought to him. Thank God for any agency that brings the children to Christ. God bless the Sunday-schools, and the Sunday-school teachers and the Sunday-school superintendents. Help the children.

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### No Mystery About Religion.

There's a good deal of mystery been put around religion; there should be no mystery about it. When an old sinner says he's got religion, if he hasn't got religion what has he got. I'll go your security with my hope of immortality that if you stop your meanness and follow God you will be saved.

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### Surrendering to God.

There is nothing like walking up to the altar of God,

throwing off your cartridge box and saying: "I'm a surrendered rebel and I'll never fire another shot on the devil's side." God will get you and bring you safe before any devil in hell can catch you.

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### The Plan of Redemption.

"What must I do to be saved?" The answer to this question is, "believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." As a minister I have no right to ask a man to do anything that he may not have a right to ask me to do. As a minister I have no right to ask a man to do anything unless I am conscious what I ask him to do will bring about his salvation. I might ask a man to pray with his family at home and I am not able to see how a man can let time pass without having family devotion; yet a man may pray all his life and not be saved. I may ask a man to read good books and shun bad literature, and yet that man may die unsaved. A man may keep good company, and die unsaved. I may ask you all to join the church, and that would be good advice, for the message is, come and go with us. Such a step might lead you to a better life. I remember an instance in point here. One of the best women I ever had in my charge, as the pastor of a church, asked me one day if I knew how she happened to become a member of the church. She told me that she was standing in the aisle of the church one day when a girl only fifteen years of age, a schoolmate, in a mischievous way gave her a push, and before she stopped she found herself at the altar shaking hands with the preacher. After getting into the church in this way the girl became impressed with the belief that she must behave as a church member. She sought Jesus, and found him, saying afterward that

she would not take the world in exchange for that push that made her

#### A FOLLOWER OF CHRIST.

There is a good deal in the belief that you will go right if you get a start in the right direction; it makes but little difference how you get that start. I might tell you to commemorate the sufferings of Christ, yet I can see how a man can partake of the sacrament and go down to hell. I can see how a man may go from baptism to hell.

“What must I do to be saved?”

This is the most important question ever put to man. It is not what must I think but what must I do. Not every man that says, “Lord, Lord,” shall be saved, but he that doeth the will of the Lord. If I could understand all of the Bible I would know it was written by a man like myself, and that, therefore, it was not divine. Ingersoll once said, while delivering a lecture, that he could write a better book than the Bible. An old lady in the audience of the infidel said, “then you had better get at it as soon as you can for there is money in it.” I never can understand how the babe of Bethlehem became the king of angels. Yet I believe with all my heart that Jesus of Nazareth, the son of a despised carpenter, is the king of the angels and the son of God. What does a man mean when he says he gets religion? There is nothing in the book about getting religion. That term is deceptive. Many people believe that in getting religion they must be overcome with a sentiment that will stir them from head to foot. Religion is neither a shout nor a song. I can be devout without shouting. The trouble is, we have mystified others in giving our experiences. We have been led to believe that religion is something that must come down upon us and change us in

an instant. Many men say they have religion right in here (pointing to his heart). Some of these people will be buried with it right in here, for it will never get out.

"What must I do to be saved?"

What do you mean by getting religion? Christ's term was, "come and go with me." Religion is not something that bubbles out of the lips, but it is motive power that takes me somewhere. When a man says he has religion I want to ask him a question. I want to know whether he opened the door of his heart when Christ knocked and let him in. You can run Joe Smithism without Joe Smith, and you can run Confuciusism without Confucius, but you can never run Christianity without Christ.

#### A PARTAKER OF THE DIVINE NATURE.

It means this sinful nature of mine has been touched and that I am resolved to serve the devil no longer. Religion is a very plain thing.

Do you believe that God has wrapped religion in such mystery and fog that a plain man can not understand it?"

"What must I do to be saved?"

I must seek salvation. Salvation from the demijohn to sobriety; salvation from sensuality to chastity; salvation from gambling to justice, and salvation from things that degrade to things that elevate me. Salvation summed up is loving everything that God loves and hating everything that God hates. If a man will tell me what he loves and what he hates, I will tell you what kind of a man he is. Salvation is that which brings us out of harmony with that which is bad into harmony with that which is good. I am sure that God if he made me, can change me so I will hate evil and love good.

"What must I do to be saved?"

I must seek deliverance from the guilt of sin, from the love of sin, and from the dominion of sin. I wish people would try and live up to the precepts of religion. Hear me—there is not a plane of grace upon which the soul is allowed to sin. There is not a plane so low as that. The only difference between sanctification and regeneration is, one is an external and the other an internal effect. Sanctification puts evil out of a man's heart. Members of the church think they enjoy privileges not enjoyed by those on the outside. They say that's right; give it to sinners. They forget that the Bible says if the wicked will do right their wickedness shall not be remembered, and that the righteous man that sinneth shall be damned; that the soul that sinneth must die.

Let some of the members of the church ask, "What must I do to be saved?"

"What shall I do to be saved?" Let's look upon this earnest question looming up in our hearts. It is not what the church may do; it is not what the city may do; it is not what anybody else may do; it is what I shall do. "What shall I do to be saved?"

#### A PERSONAL MATTER.

I can get nobody to die for me; I can get nobody to be buried for me; I can get nobody to stand up before God in the day of judgment and take the consequences of my sins. God won't say to another man: "Here, you go and suffer for this man's sins." Nor will he let any one else bear the punishment for my errors. I must die and be buried and suffer for my own sins. I must appear personally before God and answer for my sins, and so must every man in Missouri and every man on the face of the earth.

"What must I do to be saved?" Some people may say

that that man may be saved who will confess his guilt and leave the dominion of sin ; who will love everything that God loves, and hate everything that God hates, but now, thank God, we have an answer that is straight to the conscience : "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." I am so glad that it did not say : "Believe on the Methodist creed and the Methodist discipline and you will get to heaven." Many a man would have said : "Oh, no, that will never do ; I can't do that." I'm so glad that it didn't say : "Believe on the Baptist creed and follow its precepts if you want to be saved." Some man would object to that. I'm so glad it didn't say : "Believe in the Presbyterian creed and conform to its usages, or you can't get to heaven." I'm afraid some might object. But it's not faith in any creed that will take a man to heaven. It's faith. There is

#### NOTHING IN A CREED

that will save any man ; a creed is nothing but a shadow of truth ; there is no life in it ; it is simply set up to look at. No creed *per se* ever saved anybody. But I'm glad that the word of God discloses fully what is necessary. Thank God that there is a way out for the poor sinner ; nothing but to fall at the feet of Jesus Christ and say : "God be merciful to me, a sinner." There is many a man in heaven who never heard of the Methodist creed ; there is many a man in heaven now who went there before he ever heard of the Methodist church or the Baptist church. Don't bother about this or that creed, but look in the direction of that bleeding form upon the tree, whose loving, languid eyes are turned upon you, and surrender your heart to him.

"What shall I do to be saved?" Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and you shall be saved. Well, what is faith ?

Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. I have read a good many

BOOKS ON FAITH,

and I found everything in them as clear as mud. I never read a book on faith that would give man an intelligent idea of what it meant. I found them all engaged in splitting hairs a mile long.

I want to say at this point that if a man believes anything after he gets religion that he did not believe before, I have never seen it. If I believed anything after I was converted that I did not believe before, I do not know what it is. I never saw the day I didn't believe in the Bible; I never saw a line in that book that I did not believe. I may be happily constructed, but I always did believe implicitly in the Bible, and that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and yet I went

WITHIN HALF A MILE OF PERDITION

believing those things. For the last fourteen years I have not only been believing, but I have been trying to do the will of God. For twenty-four years I believed the Bible, but I did not live up to its teachings. For fourteen years I have not only been believing the same as I did before, but I've been following right after God. I'll tell you what was the matter; I didn't know that faith had conditions. Now I hold my hands up before my eyes and I can't see that gas burner over there, but I take them down and I can see it very plainly; I can't help seeing it because I comply with the conditions of sight. But when my hands are up before my eyes I can't see the gas-burner, because I do not comply with the conditions of sight. A man riding along a road sees a tree in a field, and an apple on the tree. He says: "I can not taste that apple." But a boy says: "If you'll

get over the fence and get the apple and stick your teeth in it you can taste it." When he is in the road he does not comply with the conditions necessary, and of course he can not taste the apple. He must get over the fence and stick his teeth in it.

What are the conditions? Repentance. If we repent we can't help believing. It is having faith and acting; adjusting the soul rightly toward God and taking what he is willing to give. Faith is like a washerwoman praying for rain and then tightening the hoops of her tubs and setting them out where they'll catch water. There's many a fellow whose hoops are loose and

HIS TUBS ARE BOTTOM SIDE UP,

and yet he expects God to fill them. God can't fill these tubs unless they are put in proper position to receive what he grants.

Believe! Oh, how may I believe? That's the question. Now I want to bring you down to the point. I am very deliberate and I may not talk as straight as I would like, but I want you to see the light that is in God's word; I want you to see what God's word teaches us. It all depends upon the attitude in which the soul is toward God. It should be so that it can receive light. The hardest work we have is to go to God just as we are; we ought to work to bring the sinner to God just as he is. But we say: "Oh Lord, I want to get this fellow sorter in shape before I turn him over to you." We meet to brush up and fix up before we make that step, so as to present a proper appearance. It is hard to go to him "just as I am."

It is a blessed truth; God take me just as I am, without any brushing up. You take the meanest sinner in town, and if he goes to God in this way, he will be the most docile, kindest-hearted man you ever saw in your life.



### Families in Heaven.

“And thou shalt be saved and thy house.” Thank God we can go to heaven in families. To see man and wife march side by side to heaven, then the children following, would be as beautiful a sight as I’d want to see. Thank God he’ll let us have our children.

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### Light at Last.

“What shall I do to be saved!” A man who had been seeking religion sent for a preacher and asked him what he should do to be saved. The preacher told him that he must give himself up to God. He said he had done that more or less for twenty years, but he felt that he would die without religion. The preacher told him that he must submit himself freely to God.

“What more?” he asked.

“Well, let me baptize you.”

“No, I never could do that; it would not do for a man as wicked as I am.”

“Well, then, there is no use talking any more about it.”

“Well, if you think it would be right.”

“If I think it would be right?”

“Yes, if you think it wouldn’t be sacrilegious.”

“Then you must submit to the sacraments of God.”

“Oh, no, I could never do that.”

“Then there’s no use in talking; you must take my prescription or

I CAN’T CURE YOU.

Let me receive you into the church.”

“No man ought to do that until he’s got religion.”

"Then there's no use bandying words with you if you won't take the medicine I prescribe for you."

"Well, if you think I ought to I suppose I can."

"And now we'll pray;" and they sank on their knees, and when the preacher got up the other staid on his knees and he thanked God that light had come to him at last.

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### Two Stories of Faith.

I'll tell you what faith is when I see Steve Halcomb, of Louisville, with his little wharf rats, the poor, neglected children of the streets, before him. He takes a half dollar from his pocket and holds it out before him and says to one of the children :

"Here, Johnny, will you have it?" Johnny didn't take it; he just looked at it and smiled.

"Here, Billy, will you have it?" Billy smiled, but he didn't take it.

"Here, Charley, will you have it?" and so on down the line until he came to Tommy.

"Here, Tommy, will you have it?" Tommy just grabbed it and put it in his pocket. That's faith; and then the other children all down the line cried because they didn't take it when they had the chance. Faith is when God offers you Christ and salvation to take them when they are offered.

There was a young man down South who went to camp meeting and took with him his servant, a colored boy. They listened to the sermon and the boy went off in the woods, and in about an hour he was converted. They went home, and about a week afterward the young man called the colored boy to him and he said :

"Look here, Henry, how is it? I have tried to live

right, and yet I don't get converted. You was converted by the same sermon that I listened to, and you went off in the woods and secured pardon. I am still in the darkness. I live a moral and upright life and try to be converted, but I can't. I don't know why God should pardon a nigger and not me."

"I'll splain dat, massa. I went out in de woods an' I prayed, an' as soon as God saw my dirty rags I said: Oh Lord, clothe me in the garments of righteousness. God gave me de pardon right on de spot. Ef you wants pardon, massa, you must shuck off dem ga'ments an' take on

DE GARB OF RIGHTEOUSNESS."

The young man fell on his knees and prayed: "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Before Henry had got a hundred yards away the young man called him back and joyfully said: "I've got it."

### Told at a Love-Feast--A Scoffer's Conviction.

One of the presiding elders of a conference down in Middle Georgia was at a love feast—that is, something like a Baptist experience meeting—and he got up and related his experience. He said: "I am thankful to God that I had a Christian mother and that I was raised in the lap of purity." Then a bright-eyed young man, a licentiate preacher, got up and said he was sorry to say that he did not have a pious father and mother. "My father," said he, "was an atheist, and my mother was an infidel. I had nine brothers and sisters, and all of them were atheists and infidels. Two years ago I went over into an adjoining county to attend a camp meeting, for fun, as I usually did. At the first service I was leaning against a post of an arbor, when all at once it seemed as if the words of the preacher were like

fire in my soul. I was transfixed ; I wanted to leave, but couldn't, and after the sermon, when he called for penitents, I went forward and kneeled down and prayed, and from that hour I was a Christian."

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### Burdens.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord and he will sustain thee ; he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." I suppose that the greatest curiosity that could be presented to the gaze of the world would be an unburdened human heart ; a heart perfectly free from the cares and burdens of anxiety. Four thousand years ago a wise man of God said that man was born unto trouble as sparks fly upward. Just as naturally as the sparks ascend from a piece of burning wood, so naturally is man subjected to trouble. After all it is not a question of philosophy ; it is not how many troubles and burdens we have, but how we shall classify them so that we shall know what to do with them. I'll grant you that a great many of our troubles are imaginary troubles. There are people that are always looking for something that they never see ; they are always going to meet something that is never coming ; they are always expecting that something is going to happen that never does happen. That's human nature.

I reckon that the first thing we ought to do is to classify our troubles into imaginary and real. Imaginary or home-made troubles, as we sometimes call them. They are like home-made jeans or home-made shoes ; they outlast any other sort. They frequently last longer than anything else we can find. I can illustrate this kind of troubles faster than I can describe them.

### The Old Lady who Borrowed Trouble.

We'll say here's a good, kind-hearted mother, a good, kind-hearted woman with her little children around her from fourteen years down. She tells them one day that they can hitch up old John and go over to visit old Mrs. Brown or go riding. She's a good, kind-hearted mother, and she wants her children to have some enjoyment. She knows that they will be perfectly safe; everybody in the county knows old John; he's a good reliable old horse. When he's out in the lot, the children go out there, play around him, and climb up his legs just as if they were saplings. They can hitch him up to a sleigh or a buggy or a wagon, and do anything they want to with him. Why, really, when he is out in the lot eating grass, as he puts his feet down he seems to look carefully to see that none of the children's fingers or feet are under them. He has really learned to love the children. This is the old horse that they hitch up and start off with. When the hands of the clock get around to four the good old mother looks up and says:

"Them children haven't come back yet, and they promised to be back by four o'clock. They never have deceived me before, and I'm afraid something has happened."

You see she'll start her trouble machine to going and she'll remind you of an old woman at a loom. Did you ever see an old loom? A woman sits at it and she works a pedal with her feet and has a brooch or shuttle in her mouth and is working another with her hands. Hands, feet and mouth all going at the same time. I've seen a trouble machine going in the same way—hands, feet, heart, soul and mouth, put to work crying up trouble.

"Now I know," says this good hearted mother, as the

tears come to her eyes, "I know something has happened. I recollect that I had a presentiment that that horse would run away and kill one of my children. Oh, I'm not fit to be a mother. In addition to that I recollect that the last time I was driving old John he took fright and he shied and, Oh, Lord; how careless I am. I deserve that all my children should be killed and spread out along the road-side."

About this time the old gentleman walks in, and he sees the situation.

"What's the matter, mother?"

"I gave the children permission to hitch up old John and drive over to old Mrs. Brown's, and they promised they'd be back by four o'clock, and you know they never told me a story."

"Hush, wife; you know they tell you stories every day. Why, what's the use in borrowing trouble?"

"In addition to that, I had a presentiment that—"

"Hush wife; you're always having a presentiment of something. The children are all right, and they'll be here directly."

She's quiet a little while, but directly she says: "I never told you how old John was frightened the other day, and I'm sure he's got frightened again and run away, and I want you to go over and bring them children back dead or alive, or it'll drive me crazy."

"I'm not going; there's no use in it."

"Well, if you won't go, I will," and she starts to get on her things. He sees that—well he knows what that means, so he gets his coat and hat and he starts off, and just about the time he gets down to the front gate, here comes old John, jogging along on a regular camp-meeting trot; and the children leap out of the buggy, laughing and shouting

in high glee. The good old mother goes into the back-room and has a good cry, and says, "What an old goose I am anyhow!" and I think so too. Of all the old geese the goose that borrows trouble is the worst.

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### Another Trouble-Borrower.

I saw a woman once at church. She was sitting near the door and she didn't pay any attention to the services; but she kept looking anxiously out, and as soon as the benediction was pronounced she hurried off as fast as she could go. She had left a little fire at home and all during the service she had looked out toward her house expecting every minute to see the flames burst out through the roof. She hurried along home and there the house stood just as she left it and in the fire-place was a dead pile of ashes. "Oh, Lor," she says, "what a goose I have been," and I think so, too.

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### Men, Too.

But women are not the only creatures that borrow trouble; I'm sorry that they borrow trouble, but there's many a brother that I know of that borrows trouble, too. Many a man has gone home and rolled and tumbled in bed all night trying to work out some problem, when he should have gone to sleep and worked out his problems in the day time. Did you know that a bed was made to sleep in, and that it was intended that you should rest in it so as to be ready for the next day's battle? Oh, how foolish it is for a man to try to work out his problems at night when he should be asleep and getting needed rest. Many a man has said:

"I've been able to get along very well until this time, and

now starvation's right at the door. I've made the buckle and tongue meet right along until now, but now I expect that I will have to give up."

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### She Expected the Poor-House.

I knew of a woman once who was quite wealthy, and who prayed for two years to the Lord to give her grace to die in the poorhouse. She really kept looking forward to a time when she should lose all her property and have to die in the poorhouse. She died worth \$40,000, and in an elegant home. The Lord never would have given her grace to die in the poorhouse when she was going to die rich.

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### The Devil's Joke.

The devil's got a big joke on the Christian who loses his sleep worrying over his troubles. When he dies the devil says:

"Now he's dead and gone to glory, but I had more fun out of him before he left."

I'm not going to let the devil have any joke on me in that way.

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### Letting the Other do Some Worrying.

I heard the story of a man who went to bed in a hotel, and he heard a man walking up and down the room over his head. He couldn't sleep, so he went upstairs and knocked at the door, and said:

"What's the matter with you? You're walking up and down, and I can't sleep for the noise you make."

"Well," said the walker, "I owe a man \$10,000, which I



promised to raise to-morrow, and I haven't got the money and can't get it."

"That's bad; have you done the best you can to raise it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then you go to bed and rest yourself and let the other man walk awhile."

I'll walk till bedtime over most anything, but the other fellow's got to do the walking after 9 o'clock.

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### A Personal Experience.

Trouble, trouble; borrowed trouble! I've known all sorts of trouble, but I never lay awake at night about it. During the early years of my ministry I saw the time when the last bite in the house was on the table, and I knew that it was the last bite in the house. When I went out one morning to cut stove wood I knew that the pantry was empty, and my wife said to me that there was not another bite to eat in the house. I said to her: "Well, wife, I've tried to do my best and let's stick to it, and if we starve to death we'll make out that we died of typhoid fever."

That night when a wagon drove into the back yard, loaded with good things, I knew that God had answered our prayers. We had more good things in the house then, than we ever had at one time before or since.

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### The Great Burden-bearer.

There are burdens that I or you can not bear. There are millions of hearts that are weighted down with troubles that would make the angels shudder if they had to carry them. There is a point beyond which you can not go with your load. I believe if it wasn't for the cross of Jesus Christ, the great heart of the world would break. We can not carry them.



## TRUST IN GOD AND DO RIGHT

and you'll have no trouble. In the daytime put in your best licks and at night lay down with a perfect trust in God and with your head pillowed on the arm of him who loves you and will save you. I have told you these things not to tickle your humor, but to classify the troubles that you think afflict you. There is no use in praying to the Lord over imaginary troubles. You needn't go down on your knees and ask the Lord to head off old John when old John ain't going to run away. There's no use in asking the Lord to put out the fire in your house when there ain't any fire there to put out. He hasn't got time to bother with such things.

There's but one remedy for all these imaginary troubles of ours and that is good hard common sense.

If a man is well and strong and vigorous, why does he borrow trouble about being sick and in want?

I was born poor, and I was raised poor, and I've held my own ever since up to the present time, and I have never lost a moment's sleep over my troubles. I never take more trouble to bed with me than I can kick off with one lick.

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### Ungodly Education.

I'd rather see my boy learning his alphabet in heaven than to see him in hell reading Greek forever. All unsanctified knowledge is degrading. I'm willing to be taken for an ignoramus, but never for a rascal. I can afford to be called a fool, but God save me from being called a rascal.

#### BLISSFUL IGNORANCE.

Not long ago a fellow came to me and said: "Jones, how far along did you get in your education?" I wondered what he was driving at and asked him what he meant.

“Well,” he said, “a good many people think you are ignorant and illiterate, but I know better, and I just wanted to know how far along you went.”

Oh, my friends, you can afford to be called ignorant, you can afford to be considered illiterate, but you can't afford to be ungodly. You can't afford to risk the salvation of your soul by waiting a moment to give yourselves to God for now and forever.

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### Send for the Great Physician.

Every pang of your souls is the still, small voice of conscience crying, send for the Great Physician. Every burden, every trouble, every grief is the warning voice of God calling to sinful man, send for the Great Physician.

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### The Widow's Son—A Pathetic, yet Illogical, Anecdote.

Trouble. This incident was told to me by a friend. There was a company of ladies gathered in a parlor and they were telling of some of their troubles, and all had related something except a little woman with a pale, sad face, who sat in one corner. Some one said to her:

“But you haven't told your troubles?”

“No,” she said, “I've been listening to yours, and they seem to me as bubbles upon the great ocean of time; as mere specks of snow on the river, that melt away as they float down toward the sea. I too have had trouble. I was born in wealth and affluence, and was married to a wealthy man. We united our fortunes and lived in an elegant home on the Savannah river. We were perfectly happy for years, and God blessed us with five children. One night I awoke,

and putting my hand out of bed it fell in water, and when my husband came he found that the water was eighteen inches deep on the floor. A waterspout had caused a sudden and fearful rise in the river. My husband rushed to the children and succeeded in saving them and me. We got out of the house to a knoll, and remained there for a little time, but the water kept getting higher and higher and my husband said: "Wife, I'll get you and the baby over to that hill yonder, and then I'll come back for the children." He got us safely to the hillside, but as he was returning, one of those fearful rafts came floating down, passed over him, and I never saw his face again. I thought this was trouble, but it wasn't.

"Then I stood on the hillside, and by the pale light of the moon I saw the water rise slowly and swallow up the children that had been left on the knoll, and I never saw their faces again. But that wasn't trouble. I thought it was then, but I took my babe in my arms, and I watched and nourished it until it was seventeen and a pure good boy I sent him to college. And [that was the epitome of his dream."

So after that boy, that only boy, upon whom his loving mother had lavished the wealth of her love and affection as well as her money, had been at college for the required length of time, he came home; but oh, he didn't come home the pure, guileless God-fearing boy his mother had sent from her. He came home a wicked, debauched, godless disgrace. Now what do you suppose were that mother's feelings? Do you believe she loved him as much as before? No, she couldn't, but she did her very best to reclaim him. She still lavished her all on her wayward boy. She still prayed with him, she prayed for him. She sent her very heart's blood to the great throne on high, on bended knees

she implored her great master to unload her burden and save her boy. But it didn't seem to do any good; the boy went on from bad to worse, and finally he left home, a disgrace to the mother who bore him and whose gray hairs he was bowing to the grave, and a vagabond upon his mother earth.

One day a poor, lonely, worthless woman sat in her invalid's chair, perusing the newspaper, when her eye fell on the notice of an execution.

She gave one deep, long, and smothered sigh, and knew that her boy had been shut in a felon's cell; that he had been dropped from a felon's scaffold into a felon's hell.

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### Illustrations from Masonry.

In masonry they have three degrees, the apprentice, the fellow craftsman and the master mason. That's just the way it is in Christianity. We have our entered-apprenticed christians, fellow-craftsman christians and our master christians. The entered-apprenticed christian is the fellow who joins a church and then that's all he does. I confess it is a grand thing just to join the ranks of Christ, but what if the Union soldiers had stopped after they had joined the army, what would they have accomplished?

Now, the entered apprentice comes before the fellow-craftsman. That's a step forward, but don't let it end there. The fellow-craftsman christians are those who not only join the church, but are willing to do something else if it isn't too inconvenient. They will give money to a needy man. But say to this liberal fellow-craftsman christian, "Brother, lead us in prayer," and he will say: "I don't pray." He has reserved rights, and no one can be a christian who has reserved rights.

A master christian is one who loves God all the time with all his soul; who loves his neighbor as himself, and who loves his enemies. He is alive to God, alive to his duties, and alive to work. A master christian is worth his weight in gold to any neighborhood. Love God, love your neighbor, and avoid all the appearance of evil. When once a master christian you can never fall to a lower plane, thank God! Oh, for a pure religion! We want no more religion, but a pure religion.

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### Gospel of Power—Battle in Memphis—The Rev. Mr. Finney.

I believe in a gospel of power, not of good grammar. The head is always parsing, but the heart throws rhetoric to the dogs. I like a praying preacher. My old grandfather and my mother and father were both long praying people. I believe that the battle in Memphis was won in a great measure by the prayers of one old man that came to my room and prayed until morning. Mr. Finney, in my opinion, was the most omnipotent preacher that was ever in the American pulpit.

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### Strength from God.

A man is just as strong as the thing he commits himself to. If I venture out upon the broad ocean in a paper box, as soon as the water has penetrated the box it goes to pieces and I am lost. But if I commit myself to a steamer, neither the storms nor the waves can injure me. If a man commits himself to the flesh, he will be weak as the flesh; but if he commits himself to God he will stand until God goes down. Perhaps you will be afraid to start; you will be mighty

weak, but only say, "My hope is in God." Some one will tell you, "You will be tempted all along the way; ten thousand trials will beset your pathway;" but let your answer be, "My hope is in God." Are you weak? Are you tempted? Reach your hand up and take hold of the hand of God. He will strengthen you all along the way. Oh, for a breeze from God to-night that will waft many a soul into the haven of rest!

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### The Infinite Compassion.

Here's a man bending beneath his burden of sin and guilt, enough to weigh down a world. Why, I've felt that I was the most guilty wretch in the world; I've felt that God's sun would never shine on so great a sinner; but when the days were the darkest—when the clouds were the blackest—I've seen first a peep of God's glorious countenance, and then with mercy and forgiveness sufficient to wash all my sins away, the beauteous light of Christianity has poured its rays in upon the darkness of my sinful nature and all was well.

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### A Sad Personal Experience—Little Beulah.

Ah! I've had my troubles too. Death came to my humble cottage home once, and I can feel for you, poor, afflicted, grieving man, and you poor, lonely, heartbroken woman. Long ago, down in Georgia, I had a beautiful little girl. Once my wife went away for a few days, and on the day I expected her home I went down town and bought all sorts of pretty little things to please my precious baby—you see there it was—though I was about as bad and sinful as men ever get to be, vile vagabond that I was, my highest aspira-

tion was to please my child. Just about the time I was going to the train to meet my wife and child I got a telegram saying that little Beulah was very sick, and telling me to come to her at once, and as I went to my child, filled with anxiety, almost crazy with impatience and foreboding, the thought came across my mind that some of you'll have to experience before you change your wicked lives. Well, after awhile I got to the place, and I had to go part of the way in a buggy, and as I ran into the house my wife met me, and the moment I saw her I knew it all. I followed her into the parlor, my heart sinking with every step I took, and turned back a white cloth and saw all that was left of my idolized child. Oh, that fair face, looking so like chiseled marble! Oh, that brow so cold and calm! Then I felt those burdens that make broken hearts, but right here I'll say this, God's got my precious child, but my other children have a better father than they would have had if my Beulah hadn't died. I'm going to try to keep my children so they'll be ready when they're called to meet little Beulah in heaven.

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### God Rescues Us.

A great Newfoundland dog jumped into the water one day, just above a rapid, and his master knowing that his faithful companion would be dashed to pieces, called to him, but the dog would not heed. The master called again, but still the dog kept playing in the dangerous water, until finally his master threw a block into the water, and immediately the dog swam for it, and brought it to his master.

Thus it is: Many a time we wander off in the sea of life to the dangerous shoals, and are in danger of being dashed on the rocks of temptation. Then God throws a burden about us, and calls us back to Himself.



Blessed be God for His watchfulness and care.

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### A Wife's Prayers.

Once when I was preaching just as I've preached to-night, a lady came to the altar and kneeling began to pray. I asked her if she couldn't take her trouble to the Lord, and have faith that he would give her relief, and she said: "I'll tell you, Mr. Jones, I've prayed to God to soften my husband's heart until I've almost despaired of having my prayers answered, but you have made me feel that God will do all in his own good time, and I believe to-night is the time; now I am going to get on my knees and pray till God does change my husband's heart. I'll never leave my knees until my darling husband gives his heart to God."

While she was praying I went back in the church to where her husband was sitting—and I knew him to be the coldest blooded old infidel in the land—but I just said to him: "See here, there ain't enough weapons in the world to make me hurt my wife, and grieve her like you are doing yours. Now you just go up there and get on your knees and ask God to give you a new heart." So I went along down the aisle and presently saw the old sinner up there kneeling by his praying wife, and after a while she asked him: "Husband, have you given your heart to Christ?"

"No," he answered.

Again she prayed and again she asked him: "Have you given your heart to God?"

Then I said: "Surrender, man! It is useless for you to struggle longer. You are in the hands of a power stronger than you and the prayers of your faithful wife will prevail," and they did. That hardened old sinner just got on his knees and surrendered for time and eternity to his wife's

God. That wife would have died on her knees before her husband had been allowed to longer go headlong on his road to hell.

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### On the Sea of Galilee.

My friends, you can get the ear of God any time. He is always willing to hear you.

When the disciples were at anchor in Galilee's lake, and Christ was praying on the mount, a storm arose and the vessel was endangered; Christ said: "My disciples are in trouble. I must go to them." So he went down to the water.

The storm still grew more angry, and the little fishing boat was almost lost when Christ "walked upon the waters," and said, "Peace, be still," and the tempest was calmed.

My brethren, whenever you call upon Christ, you may be sure that he is going to hear you, and when Christ hears you, you may just set it down that land ain't a great way off.

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### Gold.

Oh, my brethren! you are burdened with the sins, not only of yourselves, but with the sins committed on your account.

Now let us come, fathers, brothers, all, and help unload that burden from our mother, our wife, our daughter.

Let us calm the aching, tormented heart; let us place a calm over the troubled waters of their lives.

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### The Lord will Sustain Thee.

Oh, how many hearts are there overloaded to-night, sink-

ing beneath the weight of the burdens too great for them to bear!

Once a little vessel, sailing upon the broad ocean, was tossed about in a fearful storm. The waves washed over her decks, the masts were washed away and destruction seemed inevitable. The little vessel sunk too low in the water to brave so high a sea; and just as those on board had despaired of succor, along came the Great Eastern, and her captain cried out:

"You are overloaded, so let us have a part of your cargo."

The change was effected, the cargo was transferred, the little ship righted herself and stood the storm. So, here we are above on the great sea of life. The storms of trouble and grief and misfortune are sweeping across our decks; the seas are yawning to engulf us, when along comes the grand old ship of Zion, headed for the Celestial city, and her captain cries:

"Cast thy burden on the Lord and he shall sustain thee."

We cast our burdens on the Lord, and our little ship then rights herself and makes a bee line for the everlasting city.

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### Mr. Jones' Most Touching Experience.

The most touching thing I ever had happen me in my ministry was the appeal I heard of a little girl who was praying for the conversion of her papa.

Oh, friends, take that home with you. Look there at your little girl asking God, on her bended knees and with outstretched hands, "to save my papa, and make him good."

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### A Stricken "Drummer."

I met a drummer on a train once, and after we had talked

a good while, he pulled out a letter he had gotten, and handed it to me, saying it was from his mother, and as he said this, I saw one, just one, tear steal down his manly cheek. He didn't grieve over his absence from home, but when he thought of the tremulous hand that traced those almost illegible characters, he thought, too, that perhaps he was the cause of all that, and he promised himself that if he lived to see her again, he would tell her, and truthfully, that her prayers had been answered, and her boy was saved.

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### Be Kind, Before Too Late.

I owed my wife a debt I could never pay except at Calvary's cross, for her prayers for her husband; those long, strong, earnest prayers; and I paid that debt, brethren, when I knelt with her at the foot of the cross, and said:

"Thy God shall be my God." Look, father, look, husband, look, son, at the wrinkled cheek of that mother, that wife; can you say that you never plowed one of those in that furrowed face?

Can you say that you never caused a hair to turn gray? Can you say that you never made her shed a hot, scalding tear of grief for your wayward course?

Friends, if any of us have caused a pain to cross the life of a friend, a neighbor, a husband, a wife, or a stranger, let us go to-night and do our best to undo the wrong we have done.

Why, if I thought I had done wrong to any one, I'd walk till daylight but what I'd take it back or undo it.

O, brethren, let us promise ourselves to-night that we will never wring another sigh from mother; that we will never grieve the hearts of our dear wives again. I had a

good home when I was a boy, and I had a good mother, too; if I hadn't had, I would not be here now, but, oh, I did wring very drops of blood from my mother's heart. I caused a well of sorrow to spring up in my mother's heart, but thanks be to God, I will repay her by meeting her in 'heaven as I have met her at the foot of the cross.

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### "Come Unto Me."

He announced his text as a part of the 11th chapter of Matthew, last three verses: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

The first verse of the text, said the speaker, is peculiarly the language of the New Testament. From Matthew to Revelations the divine book is full of that precious call, "Come unto me."

The Old Testament, on the contrary, written before that great epoch in this world's history, the birth of the Savior, tells us to go; it's all go. Go where? Why, toward that coming prophesied through every page of the Old Testament, after Adam's fall.

"Come unto me." Christ is not only the divine Savior and philosopher of mankind, but he is pre-eminently the Great Physician.

"Come unto me." He doesn't say "Go" to this one or that one; he doesn't say that you must appeal to any one else first, but "unto me."

Put your trust in the Lord. Place yourselves in the hands of Christ. He is the Great Physician. He can de-

tect the sore spot. He knows all your tissues, and can diagnose your case in the twinkling of an eye.

Oh, trust him.

Brother, have you heard of any better way than the one you are going ?

Sister, do you think you are in the best road ?

Well, I'll tell you, you ain't a-going the best way, and I'm surprised to see you keep your road when the other way is not only the road to everlasting bliss, but it's the easiest way.

"I am the way."

Christ is the way. He is the road, the thoroughfare, the place to walk on, the path, and when you once get headed the right way, you won't get lost, either.

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### The Truest Sympathizer.

And how many people there are who misunderstand us! How many there are who misconstrue us and attribute all sorts of things to us that we never thought of.

But, oh, my brethren! Christ will understand you. He'll know just what you want, and how to give it to you.

Christ not only knows what you need when you come to him, but he knew long before you came; and there he was, waiting and hoping and calling to you :

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest ; I'll ease your burden ; I'll heal your broken heart."

"Come unto me."

He knows which wheel is broken ; he can tell whether it's the coupling-tongue or the single-tree.

Oh, yes ! He can put his hand right on the place that hurts, and tell you right off what's the matter. When I see Christ take hold of a man I stand by and fold my hands in confidence, 'cause I know there's going to be a healing.

There aint going to be any mistakes made ; it will all come out just right.

If I went to Christ and he sent me to a priest I'd think I had to wait a lifetime to be healed ; or if he sent me to a preacher I know mighty well that man couldn't understand my case.

How is he going to put himself in my case? He, a man who's been raised by Christian parents, and who never drank a drop in his life. How is he a going to understand the case of a poor devil whose vry-soul has been steeped in the beverage of hell?

But Christ, my brethren, will understand you. He has been tempted in all things. He it was, you know, who sweat very drops of blood in Gethsemane's garden. Oh, that terrible temptation!

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### Meddlers.

Why, I've seen wives who didn't understand their husbands, and husbands who didn't understand their wives, and when this is the case it's mighty unfortunate, because if a husband and wife fall out, there's mighty certain to be a Mrs. Somebody or other willing to step in and fix things, and the worst of it is, she will fix things, too, so you won't be able to unfix them.

I'll tell you this, me and my wife never fell out, and we aint a-going to, but if we ever did, and Mrs. Anybody came in to try to fix things up between us, I'd be mighty apt to kick her out the same way she came in.

Now, I expect there are five hundred people here to-night that'll wonder why Jones went off on that tangent. My friends, I'm liable to go most any way, just so I get there ; it don't make no difference to me which way I go.

Then, there's a good many of you who'll say:

"Now, somebody has been telling him about us. He's always gettin' personal in his sermons."

My friends, you are all wrong ; I never call a man's name ; I don't get personal, I never talk at any man or woman personally ; but I'll say this: There's a heap of you that knows your number, and you don't have to be called out. That's what I know.

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### The Locomotive.

Now I'm a-goin' down to the Wabash railroad track. I never saw a track like this before. I wonder what it is used for. I go and get a wheelbarrow and start out along the track, but I don't go very far till I find out that that track wasn't made for a wheelbarrow. Then I get a wagon and start again. I aint found out yet what this track was made for. Then I go hunting around, and directly I come across the roundhouse, and see one of Rogers' magnificent engines in there. So I get up steam, pull open the throttle, and go down the track about sixty miles an hour. I've struck it this time. Did any of you ever see an engine off the track? Well, if you did you saw one of the most awkward, bungling things in the world. It can't move an inch ; it can't help itself at all, and there it stands until they lift it on the track again, and it becomes the grandest work of man.

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### The Spiritual Engine.

Now, we'll take something else. I've got a highway up here. Well, what's it made for? Let's see. I go and get an ox and start him on my highway, but he can't get along at all ; he don't know anything about traveling on this road. So I'll get a horse and try him, but he aint any better than



the ox ; he can't go a bit better. What'll we do now ? I just take an immortal soul and put him on the track, and there, away he goes, full tilt, sixty miles an hour, steering straight for its heavenly home. Now, my friend, just run your soul onto that track. Start your soul heavenward, on the road to salvation, and you'll go sixty miles an hour.

Right along by your side is that old atheist, but he won't get far ; he'll sink in the quagmire, and if he ever gets out he'll take another shoot next time.

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### The Spiritual Railway.

There are a heap of little branch concerns in this world. A heap of 'em don't start anywhere much and they wind up just about where they started from. There's a little wad here that starts out at Desire—and Desire aint no place at all—but it goes a little way and passes by Confirmation—and that aint no place neither—and you can walk back next day, but it goes ahead till it gets to Resolution, and there it stops for good ; then you are worse off than you were before, because you are clear out of reach of anywhere, and you'll have to walk across the country to Repentance. Well, I aint a-goin' to take that route while I am a-startin', I want to take a road that'll take me clear through ; so I check my baggage clear through to Heaven, and get aboard of the train on the Great Trunk Line of Salvation that starts out from Conviction. I passed along there, brothers, and it was the awfulest town I ever staid all night at. I never slept a wink and kept a-hoping that we'd start again.

The next place we stopped off at was Conversion. Ah, that's a mighty fine town ! We rested a few days there, and had a good time, and started again toward Consecration and Sanctification. I just know that's the grandest old

city this side of Heaven. God, help us to get aboard the right train!

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### Which Road?

Here's a fellow standing on the road-side, and some poor traveler comes along and asks which is the way to a certain place? The fellow answers that this way will get you there, but it's a pretty rough road, and you'd better take that other one. He aint sure about it going to the place you want, but it is a much nicer road to travel on.

Now, which road is that traveler going to take? Aint he pretty apt to take the road that he knows will get him there?

Here's a fellow that's got on some old clothes, and he's a wearing them out brushing them, trying to keep them clean.

Now, why don't he take 'em off and robe himself in the strong faith of Jesus Christ, and go his way to the everlasting city?

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### "Developing" as Christians.

There are a heap of people who are going to develop into Christians. Oh, yes, they are developing mighty fast.

Don't you see 'em? They are budding out now, and they haven't struck a lick themselves. "Yes," they say, "I'm done cussin'; I'm done swearin'; I'm done drinkin' whisky; oh, yes, I've done quit all them things; I'm a buddin'; I'm developing into a Christian."

My old wash-woman comes for the dirty clothes, and as she puts the basket on her head and starts off she says:

"I ain't a goin' to wash dese close de usual way, boss, I'ae goin' to 'velope em."

Why, that is just like the hardened old sinner, who gets on his knees and prays to God for more religion, more religion, when he's got enough to damn him already.

Oh, no! It aint more religion they want, it is religion of a different kind. It don't take much religion to fill a fellow, because there aint much of him.

Why, here's a fellow gets into the scales and pulls down 200 pounds; now he's all right; he's carrying religion for 200 pounds, but you just wait till God gets him into his scales, and he won't weigh an ounce, he won't shake the scales; but he is all right now, he weighs 200 pounds, and the most of it is religion.

Ah, my friends! recollect that handwriting on the wall:

Mene, mene, tekel upharsin! You have been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

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### Religion.

I have found religion; have taken it into my heart and soul and would never be without it. If I was young I'd want religion, if I was old I'd want religion. If I was rich I'd want religion, if I was poor I'd want religion. If I was happy I'd want religion, if I was unhappy I'd want religion. If I was in heaven I'd want religion and if I was in hell I'd want religion there too. Every hour, every day, every month, every year I'd want religion, and I'd want it always. Religion is like a beautiful casket, given to a friend, inlaid with pearls and precious stones. The friend takes it and places it on the center table in the parlor, where all can see it and admire it. One day when somebody is looking at it he touches a secret spring, the casket flies open and reveals the richest treasure which is within. Religion is like that casket to a man. It adorns

the outer man like the pearls and precious stones. One day death comes along, touches the secret spring, the casket flies open, the soul comes out and reveals the richest treasure which is within.

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### Two Classes to "Come."

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

There are two classes that Christ calls here: Those that labor, and those that are heavy laden.

The first class is composed of that great multitude that try to get to heaven without Christ. They try, oh, so hard; they go to church; they obey the commandments; they serve God after their own fashion. But that aint no way. You can't put new wine in old bottles, or the wine will spoil; and you can't put a new patch into an old garment, or you will spoil the garment and the patch, too. They obey the laws of God all their lives. Well, suppose they do? Then what? What are they going to do about that devilment they've already done? You mustn't forget that.

The governor of the State walked along the street one day and a man walked up to him and said: "Well, governor, I killed a man a little while ago, but I'll never do it again, I never will. If you'll just forgive me this time I'll never kill another man as long as I live. It's wrong, and I'll never do it again."

"Yes, but you scoundrel, you, I am going to have you hung for the man you already killed."

Suppose you do begin now and obey the laws and serve God? That aint all, you've got something else to do; you've got to make some kind of arrangement about them sins you already committed. Oh, yes, brothers! You can't go along by yourself to the end. You'll need help to keep you from falling.

Oh! Jesus says:

"Come unto me all you that are heavy laden," I know what you need; I know what's best for you, and I'll give to you if you will ask.

"All ye that are weary and heavy laden" takes in the poor, struggling thousands who have struggled and struggled, and struggled in vain.

Christ says: "Yes, I know you've tried; I know that you've done your best; you feel the great weight of your sins, and now that you've asked me, I'll lift your burden, and take it upon myself. I've borne the sins of the whole world and I am able to carry your cross for you."

Come unto me, all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. That's what he will give you—rest. There are a good many of your citizens now traveling around in the cities of Europe seeking rest—rest for tired bodies and tired minds. They have labored, they are heavy laden, and they have gone to Europe for rest. Brethren, that's what Jesus Christ will give you; he will give you rest. Come unto me, come to the foot of my cross, and I will give you rest. Soul-satisfying rest. Brethren, I would not give the rest that is to be gained in one night spent at the foot of that cross for all the rest that could be found by traveling years in all the cities in Europe.

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### Doing as You Please.

Take my yoke upon you, come into my service, do my work, and you shall find rest. Brethren, did you ever see an ox in the forest going wandering around, just doing nothing, doing as he pleased? And did you see an ox yoked up and working for his master? There is a difference between them. The first does as he pleases, and does nothing, or

worse than nothing. Thousands of men are like the ox in the forest, doing just as they please. When a man does as he pleases that's the poorest business a man ever engaged in. There are a heap of fellows in hell to-night for doing as they pleased. Doing as you please has made your nose so red. Doing as you please has made you drink the liquor that has made you neglect and ill-treat your wife and your families. Heap of fellows are and a heap more ought to be in jail for doing as they please. But when the ox is in the yoke what a difference there is. The ox in yoke obeys his master. When his master says work he works; when his master says eat he eats; when his master says rest he rests; whenever his master says do, he does. I see a sinner doing as he pleases, and I see him going on to hell. That's where the doing-as-you-please road leads. But when I see a sinner put his neck in the yoke, then he does as the master tells him to do.

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### Mr. Jones Obtains "Rest."

When I was down in Carthage, Miss., preaching three times a day, I became worn out, tired—I wanted rest. I said to my wife one evening: "I don't feel able to stand up there and preach to-night. I wonder if they would let me sit down and say just a few words to them?" But, brethren, I was coming to Christ; I had come to Christ and he gave me rest. When I began to talk that evening I felt strong and rested through all my body, and I preached for an hour without one tired feeling, and when it was over I was the best-rested man you ever saw. When I reached my home I threw myself upon the bed and slept well through all the night, woke up in the morning refreshed and never felt a sense of tiredness for three months. Oh, if you want rest,

I can beat a trip to Europe every time. Not only for a year, but for all time and for eternity.

Come unto me all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Fourteen years ago I was heavy laden, sunk in the abyss of sin, deep in the quagmire, heavy with the load of my sins, and I came unto the Lord Jesus Christ. When the Lord Jesus Christ spoke to me I felt his love pour into my heart and soul and I said if this is what you call rest, this is just what you wanted. Oh, I have been so tired and so tempest tossed and wanted rest and that was what he gave me. I was like the little lake of Gennesaret and the storms were beating me about, until I felt that all help was gone and I was lost. But when the storms were upon that little lake, he was sleeping quietly and they came to him crying; "Save us or we perish." And then the Savior just pulled that little lake up upon his knee as though it was a child and dandled it on his knee to rest. He hushed the waves and stilled the tempest, and they said, "What manner of man is this that is amongst us?" I'll give you rest. That's what we seek, that's what we want, that's just what he will give us.

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### The Two Kinds of Rest.

There are two kinds of gold, the given gold and the found gold.

A man goes marching over a mountain, and he picks up gold upon the ground. That is given gold. But if he wants found gold, he sinks his shaft, digs his tunnel, rigs up his hoisting engine, and goes down into the earth to search for gold. The gold that he digs for is the found gold. That's the way it is with Jesus Christ. He says come unto me and I will give you rest; but when he has given you

rest, he says take up your shovel and dig for rest. The more gallons of sweat the more pounds of gold. The harder you labor in his service, the more rest will you find.

*"My yoke is easy,*

and my burden is light." People who stand on the outside look in and say the yoke is hard and the burden is heavy. It is hard to do these things, it is hard to stop doing other things. But they are mistaken. I look back over fourteen years of the service, and the yoke is easy, the burden is light. Those fourteen years seem to me like fourteen months. Sometimes they seem like fourteen days of joy and rapture, days of blissful rest and glorious endeavor.

And what will you gain by wearing the yoke and bearing his burden? Those who suffer on this earth will reign in the kingdom. Those who bear the yoke will wear the crown. The crown of glory will be given for the yoke of service. I want my neck to show in heaven the marks of the yoke of Jesus Christ. If you want your neck to show in heaven you've got to look to it that you have worn the yoke. You've got to look after your stock. You can't let a drove of oxen go through the streets doing as they please, without getting the policeman after you. You've got to have them obey you, you've got to get their obedience, they must do your will if you would have them to show at your journey's end. And yet how unwilling you are to wear the yoke. Why, if some of you was to go home to-night, and just try to put on the yoke of family prayers, you would break everything all to pieces. And yet

Just Jesus bear the cross alone,  
And all the rest go free?

No; you have borne the cross, my Lord!  
And there's a cross for me.



### Life Compared to a Stream.

Look at the course of a little brook, and see how like to man's life it is. See how it begins in some out-of-the-way place, and then see what a hard time it has to get along. Down it goes, fretting and troubling, tumbling over great rocks and small, falling down places, working around other places, struggling through here and rushing headlong there, until it is tired out and ready to give up, all because it feels that it never can last till it reaches the end. It is so tired, it says. And then some kind friend comes along and throws a dam across its bosom, stops its troubled course and gives it rest. That's what it wanted—that's just what it wanted. It wanted rest, and there it stays, resting and gathering strength with which to do its work, to do good, to go along its course and reach the end of its existence. But it don't stay there all the time, or, if it does, it begins to breed miasma and mosquitoes. It gets tired resting and wants to be turned loose. Then the dam is taken away, and the stream goes along to find rest in activity. By and by a man comes along and puts up a mill, and the stream turns the wheel; lower down it does something else, and, after awhile, carries steamboats upon its bosom, until finally it reaches the ocean and finds its eternal rest.

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### Like the Old Lady.

If ever I get to heaven I will be like the old lady who said, "Good Lord, if you'll just save me in heaven you shall never hear the last of it through all eternity."

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### Personal Influence the Greatest.

One reason why I love to work at home, is because I know everybody, and I can take people by the hand, call

them by name, and exhort them to take religion in the sympathy of friendship. Oh, you who have friends in this house, use your influence over them to bring them to Jesus Christ.

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### The Pleasant Ways.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are paths of peace."

Let us see how it is now that the Christian's ways are so pleasant. Do you suppose that the way of the man going to the gallows is pleasant? Do you suppose that the wife, speeding over the railway, knowing that at the end is the corpse of her husband is on a pleasant way? There is no pleasure awaiting the person at the end of the journey. I sometimes think that when the angel of the Lord is given the command, "Go down to the earth and drill that army of 175,000 men," I imagine that the angel hesitates for a long time and then unfolds his wings slowly and goes on his way with reluctance. But when he is told to go down and carry peace and happiness to a hundred, the angel does not hesitate a minute, but unfolds his wings instantly and darts down on his errand, for there is pleasure at the end of it. And although the way of the Christian may sometimes appear to be hard, yet there is at the end of it great happiness. People from the North, and from elsewhere, consumptives, start from their homes to go to the land of flowers, Florida, for their health, and some of them are taken off the trains at Macon, Atlanta and other places, and die on their way. And we have often wished that we could help them, but we could not. But the Christian is assured that nothing will happen to him before he reaches his journey's end, that he will be protected on his way, and that the Lord

has pledged all the infinite resources of heaven that he shall make the trip in safety.

It helps to make the journey of the Christian pleasant to know that he will have all necessary accommodations. Remember it is said: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be. My grace is sufficient for thee." Providence comes from words meaning "looking before;" God is looking before us and providing for our comfort on the journey. The Providence of a wagon-train making its way out to the West is the man who rides before it and looks out for a camping ground at night and a good road by day and attends to its safety.

An illustration of Providence and its protection was given by a story of a man who starts to go to Kansas City, finds at the depot that he has left his pocket-book at home and returns to get it, misses his train and hears afterwards that it has been wrecked.

There are 10,000 ways to hell and only one to heaven, but with a good guide we need have no fear of losing our way.

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### The Christian is Protected.

It is pleasant for the Christian to have guardian angels and God protecting him on his way. You all know that story of Cæsar—how Cæsar once wanted to cross a river when it was stormy and the boatmen did not want to go, and he offered them money and they were still afraid, and he offered them more money and they consented, and when they got out into the river and the wind blew and the waves ran high and the men in the boat became afraid until Cæsar said to them, "Fear not, for you carry Cæsar." And how pleasant it would be to have Samson to go 'round with you—Samson the strong man. Why, if anybody didn't like

the way things were being run he could pick up an ignoble weapon and kill a few thousand of them, or if they shut us up in gates of brass Samson would just pick one of them up and carry it off on his shoulder; and so the Christian is guarded on his way to God and is protected and helped from all danger.

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### **The Christian Has Good Company.**

And it helps to make the journey pleasant to know that we are to have good company on the way. Why, I am glad to know that I am being accompanied on my way by the good brethren and sisters of St. Louis. If we have good Christian company on our way to heaven life will seem short, because life is so pleasant. You take a trip to New York alone, and the way seems very long, but after you get there and meet somebody from St. Louis, and travel back with him, how short is the way. I used to think when I was living in wickedness for twenty-four years that I was happy, but I was never so happy in all that time as I have been with you here. When I go to heaven I want to see all the good people I have known there. I want to see some good old colored people there—some people that I know I have done some good to.

It helps to make our way pleasant, too, when the way leads through green pastures and by still waters. David was thinking of us as sheep when he wrote that, but he meant to show what pleasures lay in and all around the paths of the Christian as he went on toward heaven.

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### **Singing Heavenward.**

It helps to make the Christian's journey pleasant to sing as he goes. It has been said that music hath charms to

soothe the savage. I have never been a savage and I don't know about that, but I know that music hath charms for the Christians and that Christians ought to sing more. I like those old songs, all of them, and like to sing them. Let us all sing more as we go on toward the end.

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### Other Pilgrims.

It helps us to see in our path as we go the footprints of the old heroes who have passed along before us. Oh, it helps me to think of my mother, who lived and died a Christian and whose spirit is watching over me. Oh, my mother, your example has been precious to me; and I love to think of my father, whose feet have passed along before me, and all the heroes who have made this journey, Bishop Pierce, whom we all knew and loved so well in Georgia, and that good man, John Bunyan, and as we pass along it does us good to see the marks of their feet in the pathway.

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### The Delightful End.

It makes our journey pleasant to know that it is going to end well. Oh, every time I see my wife sick—every time I see the color of health go away from her cheek and leave it white—every time that I have thought that she was sick, oh, I have thanked God that I believed that there was another world and a glorious end to our journey. And when I have watched over my boy and seen him vibrating like a pendulum between life and death, I have thanked him that there was a blessed end. Great God, help us to reach that end!

But the sweetest of all these thoughts is that our journey ends with God. He is the end of our journey. Why, if I

was to die and go to heaven and have God meet me and take me into the most magnificent mansion in all those beautiful, heavenly streets, and tell me I was to live there, and then turn around and say: "Well, good-bye; I'm going away." I would say: "No; I can't stay here without you." I tell you nothing but God can satisfy the soul—nothing. And if God is not with us all the time, I will be the worst disappointed man that ever went to heaven.

I have stood in the Union depot at Atlanta and watched one train after another come rushing in on time and pouring out its passengers, happy and contented, and I have gone away and thought that the dearest hope of my soul was that I may be permitted when I get to heaven to stand outside of the gates and watch the throng of the blood-washed pass in with happy faces. Lord, grant us an abundant entrance into the kingdom of Christ!

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### The Judgment-Day.

. What, then, shall I do when God riseth up to judge me, and when he visiteth me with punishment what shall I say?

There each one is individualized. Here on earth we go in companies and in schools. But we die alone, and we walk up to the judgment bar alone, and there we must answer for ourselves, with no one to help us or accompany us through that great momentous ordeal. God shall call us up one at a time on the great judgment day. When the Bible speaks of the judgment day it does not necessarily mean a period of twenty-four hours. It does not intend to imply any certain period of time. The judgment day may cover thousands of years; for our God is going to give each and every one a fair investigation, if it takes a thousand years for one soul. He will have a complete history of our

earthly life, with not one act, not a thought, not a hope left out. It is right that we have a full investigation, and God is not going to deprive us of any of our rights. If Jesus were to set too short a period for so important an investigation, some might be treated unfairly. I know that if I should get to heaven and not find my mother there, I would think it very strange. But, if I saw that my mother had had a fair investigation, and that her life condemned her, then I would say "Amen." Many of you will be very greatly surprised when you get to heaven, because you do not see certain persons there. You will find that a great many preachers are not there—men who have spent their lives in a pretended effort to save others' souls.

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#### Mr. Jones Explains Himself.

I know that there are some who condemn me; some who cannot endure my style of preaching. But let me say before you and before God that I am perfectly natural and sincere. One of my ministerial friends came to me one day and said:

"Brother Jones, if I were to preach like you I would lose all of my religion."

"Well, brother," I said, "if I were to preach like you I'd lose all my congregation (laughter,) and that would be a great deal worse. For you can get your religion any morning before breakfast, but it's a very different thing to get a congregation."

Now, I know it is the notion of some people in this town that if I had just come here and attacked sin, it would have been all right. But when I go to running off on to dancing and card-playing and theatre-going they are up in arms. Here, my friends, let me ask you a question. You say it is

no harm to do these things. Why is it, then, that you never see a real spiritually minded Christian in the ball-room, or at the theatre, or playing cards? How many spiritually minded Christians are there here to-night who dance? Let any such stand up, and let's see how many there are. Be honest about it, now. Just stand up, if you give dances at your home or send your children to the ball-room. Oh, you needn't look around—nobody's standing up. (Laughter.)

Fellow-Christians, I know they say there are two sides to the question, but why don't they say it about some of these other questions? If I was to get up and go to preaching against stealing, they'd say, "Go it." If I was to proclaim against murder, they'd holler "Amen" at the top of their voices. But when I go to preaching against these things that are despoiling our homes and damning the young they jump and say it won't do. God knows my heart. He knows I wouldn't abridge the pleasures of any man; but he keeps me from feeding on the husks that swine eat.

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### What Will You Do at the Judgment?

It is all well enough for you to do these things and stand up for those things in this world, but what are you going to say when you go to stand before the judgment seat of God? When your soul walks out in the presence of God what will it say?

One man says: "I would fly away from the presence of God." But, look here, my brother. You may take the winds of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, but God will be there! You may make your bed in the deepest recess of hell, but God will be there. The only way to get out of his way is to run up closer to him.



What will you do? Will you defy him? Will you—a poor, puny, insignificant worm of the earth—stand up before the great white throne of God and say: “I won’t be tried?” What if he should lift against you that great arm and strike a blow each spark from which would make a world?

Would you say not guilty, when every angel in heaven and every angel on earth would be against you? Let me tell you, friends, that you are going some day to a tribunal which will try your souls.

What if you were called to judgment at twelve o’clock to-night? Would you say “I never heard a sermon?” Would you say “I have heard a thousand sermons, but I never could understand them?” Or, “I thought there was no need of religion when one-half of the men in church are hypocrites?”

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### The Mother at Her Son’s Trial.

One time I watched in court a mother who was watching the trial of her son for murder. For a whole week she sat there, pale and anxious, and watched every act in connection with her son’s trial for life. How eagerly she listened to every witness, how her lips quivered and her heart came up in her mouth when a witness gave some damaging testimony against her boy. And when the trial was ended and the jury went out to make their decision, what a life of agony she spent in those few minutes. And when they returned and the foreman handed the clerk their verdict, how her blood stopped flowing as he read: “We, the jury, find the defendant—” What? It looked as though the mother would die before the next word was uttered. And when the clerk said: “We, the jury, find the defendant—not

guilty," how the mother sprang and clasped her darling son in her arms! Her boy's life was saved.

Mothers, have you neglected your children's spiritual teaching? If so, what will you do when you stand before the judgment bar of God? Fathers, if you don't pray with your sons and set them a good Christian example, what can you say when they are put on trial before God? It will be too late then to change. This is the world for doing, and that is the world for receiving. What you do there will not be taken into account.

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### No Reason for not Being a Christian.

One time I went to a man and asked him to come join the church and give his heart to God. He responded:

"I can't do it."

"Why?" I said.

"Well, I have my reasons."

"My friend," said I, "will you go home now and write a reason which you think would satisfy God if you were called to him at this moment?"

I did not mention the matter to him again, but the next day he came to me, deeply affected, and said:

"I can't find a reason that would do up there—not one."

Why can't every man here to-night, that is not a Christian, walk up and say: "I know there is no reason why I should not give myself to God, and I will do it now."

Now is the better time. You can't say it up there; and you can't say you did not understand God, or that the church was not right.

### Mr. Jones at the Judgment.

Do you ask me what I would do if I were to stand before the judgment bar? I would stand there, having nothing to do but to trust my blessed Savior, and I would say ·

“ Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the waters nearer roll,  
While the tempest still is high.

“ Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.”

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### A Last Appeal.

Oh, fathers, mothers, commence to-night to live with a view to the final judgment day, and be then prepared to say: “ Every word, every act, all that I have done and said has been with a reference to this day.”

Some time you and I will have to stand up yonder together. Would to Almighty God that no one of us should hear the Master say: “ Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting flames!” I wish that my strength would permit me to talk to you longer. God bless you and keep you and save you all, is my prayer!

And now, before I pronounce the benediction I want as many in this house as will to stand up and say, “ God help me.” Those who do are going to stand up on the final day when God judges all. How many standing and sitting can truly say, “ I want with you to be ready for the final judgment day.” All those who can will please stand and hold up their hands.

### Hired Servants.

"Make me as one of thy hired servants." Now in my opinion that boy made a bad mistake right there, which I am glad his father afterward corrected. There is no hired servant in the kingdom of Jesus Christ. If that father had hired that boy as a servant and given him \$15 or \$20 a month the chances are it would not have been more than a week or two before the boy would be stealing. (Laughter.) There are too many hired servants in the kingdom of the church now hanging onto the outer edges. But then I am glad to see people get to that state where they are willing to take anything.

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### Of the "Prodigal Son."

You recognize this immediately as the parable of the prodigal son. Some one has truly said that it carries on its very face proof that its author was divine. If he had done nothing else this parable alone entitled Jesus Christ to the title of God-man. There is a great deal of human nature in this parable. I never read a portion of it but it created a mirror for me in which to see myself, not only as a prodigal but to also see my father with outstretched arms welcoming me back.

In speaking on this parable we shall modernize it, doing no harm to it or its meaning, but simply to make it more practical. Now take the very first line of the parable, "Give my share to me, and the father immediately divided." I have heard preachers get up in the pulpit and say some very hard things against that boy. I don't know where they get their ideas, as the very face of the parable shows that he was a good, honest, upright boy. Now, so-

— cording to the law of those days, he being a younger brother, had no right to any portion of the estate, the oldest boy inheriting it all. And the book says he asked a portion of it and his father gave it to him immediately. Now don't you think that if that father had sense enough to accumulate that property, or if he had inherited it and kept it that long, he had too much sense to give it to a boy who had no claim upon it? I don't think that boy was a prodigal. If he was a prodigal, then the father was an old fool! (Laughter.) The fact that his father gave him a portion of the estate when he was not entitled to it, shows on its face that the son was a good boy and that his father had confidence in him. The father immediately divided the estate, and not many days after the boy started out on his journey.

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### The Boy Leaves.

I imagine that boy was very busy while at home these few days getting ready for his journey. What with gathering together his camels, herds, flocks and servants that composed his caravan, he must have been very busy. And after he got all his caravan together—we'll say Monday morning—he came out with his caravan, and when he got in front of his father's residence ordered the men to halt. Then that boy stopped, went to the house and took his father's hand and told him good-bye. And the father pressed his son's hand warmly, and there were tears in that father's eyes as he said the words good-bye. And I imagine that mother took her son to her heart and wept as she bade him good-bye. The boy gave orders to the caravan to move off, and on they moved, and on they moved, until the sun sank lower and lower in the heaven, and finally the boy saw what he thought would be a good place to stop for the night, and

there they pitched their camp. And as that boy pillowed his head and looked up at the heavens and saw the stars twinkling there like so many jewels, he no doubt thought: "This is the first night I have ever been away from home. This is the first night I have ever been from under the protection of my father's presence. This is the first night I have ever been from my mother's prayers and heart." I wish that boy as he thought of those things had made up his mind before he went to sleep to turn back and go home as soon as he arose in the morning. If he had done this how much trouble and how many heart aches he would have saved! When the sun went down the next night he would have been back home, and could have said that he never spent but one night away from home; had never been but one night away from the parental roof. But, instead of returning home, the boy went on and traveled all next day until he found another favorable spot for a camp. On the second night if that boy had only thought he had made a mistake and turned back he could have saved a great deal of anguish. He had now traveled two days and it would take him two days more to get back, and he would necessarily spend four days traveling and be three nights from home. Don't you see how he was getting away? Well, he keeps on traveling and finally a beautiful Sabbath day comes and he camps and spends the Sabbath. The thought no doubt occurred to him that it was the first time he had ever spent a Sabbath away from home. I wished that as he looked on that bright Sabbath day he would have thought the best thing for him to do was to go home. I wished that as he looked upon his father and plenty spending that Sabbath, that boy would have said to himself: "This is the first Sabbath I have ever been from home, and in the morning I shall turn right about and go back to my parents." If he had only done

this how much anguish and disgrace he would have saved! But on he drives and we imagine that by the end of the second week he has reached a beautiful country. The trees are covered with a glorious foilage, the grass is green and fresh, flowers are blooming, lading the air with their sweet perfume, and everything is beautiful. And no doubt the boy was impressed with the place and no doubt wanted to settle there. But then he thought: "This place is too near and if I settle here I won't have settled down more than a month before father and mother will be here and bringing me back. The fact is, the only object I had in leaving home was to get my share of the inheritance, and after investing it go back rich and show father and mother that I had been able to do well for myself without anybody's assistance, and am worthy of them." And I have no doubt but that the boy was honest in all he thought, and had gone off for that very purpose. He was just as honest as that man back there who, when a moderate drinker, thought he would never be a drunkard. That boy no doubt had the whole picture of what he would do fixed in his mind. And on he drove until the third week, and then probably reached a country also very beautiful. He thought he would settle here, but maybe there was a post-office there, and he thought: "It will not be a month before I will get a letter from father or mother wanting me back, and I don't want to go back yet. My idea is to be somebody, and to show them I am somebody, and make the world look upon me as a man. And what was the result? He went to a far off country where he purchased half a million acres of beautiful land, bought a magnificent residence and was king and lord of that country. And what? In that far off country he wasted his substance in riotous living, and when he had spent all,

## A MIGHTY FAMINE CAME.

There was another thing about that boy. He moved off in magnificent style. The elegance of his caravan no doubt astonished the people by whose places he passed. I imagine that the caravan was the talk of the neighborhoods through which it passed for weeks. If that boy stopped at a residence and spent the night, I imagine that next morning when he asked what his bill was, and the kind host would say there was no charge; that he was not in the habit of charging for his hospitality, that boy insisted upon paying, and told the host he couldn't insult him and must take pay. And then, no doubt, he paid the host handsomely. I imagine that if cash became scarce he could sell a servant. There was no need of his being a pauper, and he moved off in magnificence. And on he moved, and when he got to that far off country he

## SPENT ALL IN RIOTOUS LIVING,

and when all had been spent there arose a mighty famine in that land. Did you ever notice how scarce a thing is when you haven't it? (Laughter.) When you run out of a thing there is a terrible panic. Why, haven't you noticed that when you haven't a thing nobody else has it? Haven't you ever noticed, sisters, that when your sugar, or tea, or coffee, or anything gives out nobody has any? It is astonishing how when you have plenty of money nobody lets you keep it, and when you haven't a cent you can't get any. (Laughter.) A man who is immensely rich has more than he needs, everybody goes to him with their money and wants him to keep it for them, and people frequently won't receive pay from him for things. But let a panic strike that man, and let him lose all he has, and then when he needs money the very people who came to him before and insisted on his



taking care of their money will not give him a cent. When a man has plenty all have plenty, when he has nothing there is nothing.

## LET US GO BACK

and take the practical lesson gone over. Every man, woman and child, at a certain period in life, ask God for their spiritual heritage. What does he give them? A mother's good advice, a gentle heart, good Sunday school teaching, a precious Bible and a Divine Providence to shed its beauty and glory all about us in every step in life. Oh, what an inheritance God gave us! And what is done with these gifts of God? Man frequently goes to a far off country and shatters them—mother's advice and prayers, books and all come to woe. That man sitting back there had a tender mother's advice; where is it to-night? There are men in this house that throw away the prayer of their mother, forget their father's counsel, and throw away all their spiritual gifts to the breeze. Where is the Bible your mother gave you? Gone! gone! forever gone! Where is the tender heart that God gave you in your early days? It is gone, and you have only a heart as hard and cold as stone to show in its stead. Where are the teachings of the Sabbath school you received? Gone! forever gone! They are scattered by the wayside. You have spent all and when in the far away land you spent all a mighty famine arose in that land.

No, sir; take these characters who have spent their

## ALL IN RIOTOUS LIVING,

and have found that of all they had they now have nothing, they go down to the last without their Bible; but there is one name that can not be mentioned lightly without their considering it sacrilege. They can recollect when mother

ceased to sing: "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" Mother is not forgotten even in the very depths of a godless life. The Sunday school lessons he heard in his youth are scattered in the whirlwind of dissipation together with the wise words of a good father. Infinite misery and desolation fills his soul; no father advises him, and the memory of his righteous, youthful days has been spent with all the rest, but there still lingers in his heart a tender memory of mother.

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### The Presiding Elder's Incident.

A presiding elder once told me of an incident concerning a young man who was in the same class with him at college. They entered college together, and graduated together, but they had not met for fifteen years. One day he was riding over his district in a buggy, and he came to a cross-roads grocery at a little country place. As he drove up he saw a man come staggering out of the grocery, pale, haggard, unsteady, nervous, ragged and desolate. He looked at the buggy and called out to the elder:

"Howdy? Don't you know me?"

"No," said the elder, "I don't know you."

"Why, we graduated together," said he, and he told the elder who he was. After a few words he said he joined the church and lived right for a while, but that he fell into bad company, became dissipated and sank into a wretched condition. He had been on a four weeks spree, and was almost in a state of delirium tremens.

"I want to tell you an incident that just happened to me," said he. "I went into that grocery and called for a drink, but my hands were so unsteady that I couldn't pour it out. The barkeeper poured it out for me and I took it

with both hands and raised it to my lips. While I was tottering there and trying to drink it I felt my good old mother's hand on my head, and she whispered in my ear:

'Now I lay me down to sleep;  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.  
If I should die before I wake  
I pray the Lord my soul to take.'

"I dropped the glass from my hands and was making out of the grocery when you came along."

That precious, good old mother was the last to forsake him, and she followed him even to the gates of hell. She had been in heaven twenty years, but her influence came back to him to try to save him. He went back into the grocery, drank recklessly and was carried out a few hours afterward a corpse.

Gone forever! the spiritual heritage that he had received was scattered to the winds. I may waste my money and my bonds, and thousands have become bankrupt in this way, but they are not totally ruined. But that boy, when he ruthlessly threw away his Bible and scattered his early teachings to the breeze, became bankrupt indeed, and in an appearance and condition calculated to make the angels tremble and God himself weep over that fearful bankruptcy. All gone! all gone!

Now let us take up the lesson and bring its teaching right home to us. Let us see if we cannot get the golden grain of truth out of it to make us happier and better in the days to come. "There arose a famine in the land and he began to be in want."

#### HUNGER KNOWS NO LAW.

The object of the devil is to strip us of every vestige of our substance and then prompt us to lie and steal to get subsistence. It was the devil that made that young clerk steal

to get money to take his girl out riding and to buy theater tickets, and to buy tickets in the Louisiana lottery in order to try to get more money. Finally, when the sheriff got hold of him, the devil just walked off and left him in despair. It's astonishing to me that we have anything to do with the devil after we have learned how infernally mean he is.

"As he began to be in want he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he sent him into his fields to feed swine." That man was a Jew, and without knowing I reckon that was about as low down a thing as that Jew ever did. "Sent him to feed swine."

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#### Mr. Jones on Pork.

A Jew don't have much amity for a live or dead hog. I reckon I'm about nine-tenths that way myself, for I'm inclined to believe that the more hog meat we eat the more like hogs we become intellectually. Sent him to feed the swine. Listen! He gave his swine husks to eat. What did the devil do when he went to feed the swine? What did he do? Wanted him to eat husks. What would he have him eat? Husks. Just what you feed others on in your meanness the devil makes you eat. Here's the barkeeper; he deals out poison to other people, and nearly all of the barkeepers die drunk. What you poke down other people's throats the devil pokes down yours. Here's the man who gambles; the devil raises up a friend to gamble with him who gets every dollar he has. It's the devil that makes you so mean. What you make others eat, the devil makes you eat. Here's the woman who makes it her business to go tattling all over the settlement; why, it aint long before every woman in the neighborhood's

## TATTLING ABOUT HER.

That's just what happens; you have to eat just what you make other people eat. Here's the fellow that don't pay his debts; he says: "If other people would only pay me what they owe me I could pay my debts." What he makes other people eat he has to eat himself; it is a law of the universe and it never fails. I believe that if we treat our neighbors right we'll be treated right ourselves; if we do nobler and better things for them they will do nobler and better things for us.

Then while he was in that condition he was willing to feed upon husks, and listen: "No man gave unto him." Now he says: "When he came to himself he said: How many hired servants of my father's house have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger. I will arise and go to my father, and I will say unto him: Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Here, what was the matter with that boy? Was he crazy? Was he suffering under a mental delusion, or what was the matter with him?

"And when he came to himself." He had gone away from the best home that a boy ever left; a home of affluence and love, where he wanted for nothing and where he could always have had plenty. But he took his fortune and went away into a far country and after he had spent his substance in riotous living he joined himself to a citizen and began service in a very disagreeable capacity. But one day he came to himself. Was he crazy? There is one of the most powerful truths in the word of God. At twenty-four years of age I was waked up to the consciousness of my wicked condition and was

## BROUGHT TO GOD.

After that I was not like myself; I was a different man; I came to myself. You tell me that I'd done that if I'd been myself; that I'd have done that when I was sunk in such depths of wickedness? No, sir; I tell many a man that all he's got to do is to come to himself. There's not a man in the whole land if he comes to himself that will not move up and go back to his father.

He came to himself, and when he did, just listen how he talks; he talks sense now. He says: "I will arise and go to my father and will say unto him: Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants." It's a good thing when a man finds out that he's hungry and knows where his bread is. He knew where there was a table loaded with bread, where he could appease his hunger, and he made up his mind to go there. Then he'd done something. When he came to himself he said: "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger. I will arise and go to my father." Yes, but let's argue that thing with the young man; here you are away from home a thousand miles; how are you going to get back? Got any money? Not a cent. Got any shoes? No. Got any hat? No. Got a coat? No. How are you

## GOING HOME WITHOUT A CENT,

without shoes, a hat or a coat? You don't want to travel about like that. But he didn't stop to think of his money or his clothes; he just said: "I will arise and go to my father," and when a man says that he goes by telegraph; there aint no trouble when he says that. If the poor fellow had done like many of us he would have felt that he

must have the shoes and the coat and the hat and the money to pay for them with. If his clothes did not fit he would be doubtful if his father would let him into the house. But this young man thought of only one thing; he was perishing here; it did not matter how he went back or what he wore. He just said: "God helping me, I'm going back," and he went. When that boy went back there was a horrible difference between his going and coming. He went out with a grand pageant and in grand style; nothing was too good for him; but he went back without any money, coat or hat, and almost anything was good enough for him. You let a man start the wrong way and he's a whale or anything bigger and he's that all along the route. I've had ladies say to me: "Mr. Jones, I'm going to bring my husband to church next Sunday and you must be particular what you say for he's very sensitive; he went to church once and he didn't like what the minister said and he's never been there since. He's very sensitive." But going back you never can hurt his feelings. Ah, me, I can tell which way a fellow's going without any trouble. "Brother Jones, be very particular what you say; you might hurt his feelings and he wouldn't come to church any more." That fellow's going full tilt for the hog-pen; put the hounds on his track and they'll

#### TREE HIM AT THE HOG-PEN.

Have to be particular for fear you'll hurt his feelings! God have mercy upon him, for he's going the wrong way.

This young man started out in good style, but he's going back now. I can imagine I see him approaching the residence where he stopped for dinner on the way out and felt insulted because the man didn't want to take pay for the meal. He didn't want to be insulted by having a dinner given to

him, and threatened to whip the man for refusing to take pay for the dinner. He was traveling in great style then, but he's going back now. When he gets within half a mile of the house he says to himself: "I don't want to see any of those people up there now," so he gets over the fence and takes to the woods for fear some of the family will see him if he goes up the road past the front of the house. And I can imagine him going back to a negro cabin in an out-of-the way place and saying: "Auntie, I wish you'd give me some bread; I don't care about there being any meat with it; just bread will do. I haven't got a cent to pay for it, but I've got the best father in the world and if you ever come up by our house he'll pay you for it a hundred times over." He takes the pone of bread, goes off in the woods, scrapes a place in the leaves and sleeps there quietly till morning. I expect the people gathered in the neighborhood where his father lived, just as they did when he went away and remarked about his appearance.

"Didn't you see something about his countenance that reminded you of him?"

"No, that can't be the same fellow that went away from here in such great style."

"But there's something about him that makes me think it is."

"There is something about him, but he don't have as much style as he did."

There are young men in St. Louis, perhaps, who ten years ago were

#### THE PRIDE OF THE CITY,

or state, or nation. One of them left ten years ago, and last week he came back staggering along the street, a miserable besotted wretch. A visiting gentleman sees him, and asks a friend:



"Who is that?"

"Why, that is the son of old John So-and-so."

"Sho, that can't be. Why, he was one of the leading young men in the city, the pride of the city, and this man is a poor, besotted vagabond."

"I don't care how he looks, he's the same fellow."

Oh, my God, how sin changes a fellow. We can't believe our eyes when we see a poor, miserable wretch whom we have known in his prosperity of years ago, and yet we look into his eyes and see it is the same man, but sin has degraded and besotted him. I've seen many a man headed the wrong way, and they were insulted when I spoke to them of religion.

"Well, if I can't do anything else," I said, "I can pray for you."

"I don't want your prayers."

Proud and insulting. I said to a man: "If you ever turn, you'll want the prayers of some one."

A man once said to me, "I despise you and the gospel you preach." But he went home and, with tears in his eyes, met an old colored man that lived on his place, and said: "Uncle Tony, I wish you'd come up to my room and pray with me; I believe I'm the wickedest man in the world." He was glad to get an old colored man to pray with him. Oh, my friend, I'm hopeful that the time will come when you'll let people talk with you about your meanness.

Worn out and desolate the prodigal son walks till he feels that he can't walk another mile; he is near the old homestead and he takes a view of it with

#### TEARS OF PENITENCE

in his eyes. "Oh," he says, "how sorry I am that I ever

left such a home." He sees the cattle on the farm, the haystacks and everything suggesting peace and plenty, and he sits down on the root of the big old oak tree and gazes on the old homestead with tears in his eyes. "I am not worthy to be called thy son," he says. He is ashamed to go another step. "And when he was a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him." Eyes of mercy looked out on that poor boy; legs of mercy ran to meet him, and words of mercy were spoken to him; hands of mercy were placed on the head of that boy, and the kisses that were given to him were kisses of mercy. The poor fellow tried to look up into the benign face of his father and said: "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight and am no more worthy to be called"—and the father just put his hands over the boy's mouth and wouldn't let him say another word. Then he saw the servants standing around and looking with wondering eyes on the boy and he saw that the shabby clothes were attracting attention, so he tells the servants to bring forth clothing to put on the boy and shoes for his bleeding feet. "Let's be merry," he said, "for this, my son, was dead and alive again; he was lost and is found." Blessed be God. How that reminds me how God welcomed me a poor sinner, fourteen years ago. The first thing I knew his arms were around me and a Father's eyes were bent lovingly upon me. I've been astonished not only because he gave me pardon, but that he let me into his house. Blessed be God! He will give you a royal welcome. You feel mighty mean and disgusted with yourself and that you were not worthy, but you get a royal welcome. Friends, let us go back; Father is waiting for you, and there's plenty of room in the old homestead. May the Lord give you peace and spiritual plenty, God help us.

### "Sing with the Spirit."

Said Mr. Jones, when the time for opening the services had arrived: "We'll all stand up and sing number 370 (Bringing in the Sheaves). I hope everybody will join in that song. If you can't sing—holler anything to make a noise. (Laughter.) There are some of us who have sat still until we don't think we can do anything. But the Lord turn our tongues loose and help us to praise him to-night with our tongues."

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### "God is Love."

The more I read this precious book I hold in my hand (the Bible) the more I am persuaded of this one fact, that God is doing all that infinite wisdom and infinite love could do, to call back a wandering world to himself. There isn't a page of this blessed book I hold in my hand but I find expressions and declarations that convince me in my mind that God loves me and God is interested in me; that God wishes me well, and that he is ever ready to manifest himself as a gracious benefactor.

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### The Divine Spirit.

One of the divinest agencies, and perhaps the most omnipotent agent, in the calling of men from sin to righteousness is the divine spirit.

"I have called you by my spirit."

God in his gracious love gave us his Son to die for us. The son came and took upon himself the redemption of the race. He suffered and bled and died; was buried and did rise again from the dead and said: "It is expedient for you

that I go away, for the Son of God, the Comforter, will come." And I have thought many times, that if God had left this world without the presence and power of his spirit after the sacrifice of his Son, O! what an unmeaning sacrifice that would have been!

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### Calls to Better Things.

I said a moment ago I was more persuaded every day that God loves men, and that God wishes us well and that he is continually calling us from something and continually calling us to something. Every time God calls a soul from hell he calls that soul to heaven, and when God calls us to heaven he calls us from hell. When God calls me away from, he calls me up to; and when God calls me up to his bosom, he calls me away from all that would offend him or tempt me as an immortal man. And now we discuss the text in a plain pointed way, and will you give us your prayers and your attention while we discuss this text.

"Because I have called." Oh, the numberless ways in which God has been calling this world up to repentance; calling us to a better life, to nobler things, to higher heights, to greater usefulness, to greater blessedness; and there never has been a call of God to man that did not draw us on to something better, and something happier and something wiser, and something grander—calling us upward. Who is it to-night that doesn't want to be acquainted with a better state of things? Who is it that wouldn't have St. Louis called upon a higher, better plane of morals and right living? Who is it that wouldn't like to see his children upon a better and happier plane of right living? Who is it that wouldn't like to see this old world elevated up into an eternal sunshine of blessing? Who is

it that wouldn't like to have it announced that there is no dram drinker in our city; that there is no gambler in our city; no profane swearer in our city; no licentious person in our city; no wicked person in our city? Who is it that wouldn't like the electric wire to carry the grand, the glorious news to the world to-night that St. Louis is literally redeemed from sin, and redeemed to God? Instead of profanity we have praying; instead of wickedness we have righteousness; instead of theft and robbery we have

#### THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Do unto all men as you would have them do unto you."

And over all this blessed book God is calling us away from something that is wrong and towards something that is better. As I heed God, as I hear and heed God, and obey his commands, I am always leaving those things which are bad and going up to those which are better. Do you want to be a better man? God wants you to be a better man, a better woman, and God wants you to be a better father, a better husband, a better citizen; and this book doesn't mean anything better, from Genesis to Revelation, except it shall make you truer, happier, and wiser and better.

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#### The Meaning of the Crucifixion—A Mountain Sunrise.

You see that cross yonder with its bleeding victim, the Savior of the world, hanging upon it and all mankind gazing upon it. It was the dim outlines of something the world didn't understand. Just as in the hills of North Georgia some mornings I have walked out upon the front porch of a country residence before daylight, and I would look out upon the beautiful scenery of North Georgia, dim

by the darkness of night. And I couldn't see anything but the dim outlines of mountains and valleys. It was an indistinct picture that didn't mean anything; and I have gone back into my room and then after a while I would walk out on the porch again, and the sun had risen up over the eastern hills and bathed mountain and valley in a sea of light. Then I looked over mountains and valleys and saw beauties and glories that my mind didn't conceive of when I looked at them in the dark. And as the cross stood yonder, erected in the gaze of the world, and its bleeding victim hung dying there, the old world looked upon it and didn't understand it. It was the dim outline of something; but when the Holy Spirit, bathed in the light of God's countenance, rose on the scene and bathed that cross in a sea of light, then we could see One filled with a sea of light.

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

"Sure never, with my latest breath,  
Can I forget that look;  
It seemed to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke."

Look, O, man! The divine spirit of God shines over the cross on Calvary's mount and bathes it in a sea of light.

O Holy Spirit of the Redeemer, arise on the scene here to-night that we may see thee in thy wondrous glory.

God calls upon us to look, and with shaded eyes and throbbing hearts, we gaze upon the God-given scene of the spirit on the cross, and we know then that Christ came into the world and took upon himself the agonies of Gethsemane and the awful experience of Calvary's cross, that we,

POOR, WICKED, HARDENED SINNERS

may enjoy forever the light of God's radiant countenance. Then let us grieve not the Holy Spirit by resisting the

divine call, but rather let us harken to that voice that would call us away from the trials and turmoils of a godless world to that high position which God would give us. Let us yield to that divine touch and obey that voice.

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### The Consolations of the Divine Spirit.

Ah, it will sound sweet when the adversities of life are upon you; when friends turn away and leave you to your own conscience-stricken meditations; when all the world looks dark and you are haunted by self-reproach, and see before you every moment the ghost of your misdeeds, away back in the dead, but oh! not forgotten past. Will you yield to that call? Will you surrender to God's keeping that soul given you by him? Will you now, to-night, say I give myself to God; he made me what I am. He deserves all the credit for the good in me, and has done his part to cleanse me of the bad.

Oh, me! whenever the Holy Spirit of God knocks at the door of your hearts and seeks admission to your innermost thoughts, then, my friends, open the door and let the spirit in. When God comes from on high to lift a soul from the degradations of sin, from the associations of every-day life, he wants to take that soul into the pure light of Christianity, where the sun of righteousness lights and illumines and pervades every recess, and shows, above all, the exquisite goodness and glory and mercy of himself.

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### God Continues Calling Us.

But God doesn't stop after knocking; he calls and calls and calls again, and by signs unmistakable he makes known to you that he wants you to come to him, and forever

dwell in that land of promise, reserved for those who love and serve him.

My friends, do you know how many calls there are in God's book? This old book, that has lain on your table all your lives, that has been in your pathway, that is a part of your household, is filled with the calls of your Creator, "Come unto me, all ye!" In this world are millions of these books, in every tongue, in the remotest part of the earth, and in each of these books there are millions of calls. Oh, this blessed book, and its blessed consolation.

Many men love God's book only to ridicule and revile and criticise its holy teachings. But oh, I love it, and I want you all to love it. Yes, I do love it, and it makes my heart fairly shout with gladness to think that my darling mother loved it too, and pressed it to her bosom, saying:

"Holy Bible, book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine."

Look in every page of this holy book, so full of calls, and you may always see, "Come unto me, come unto me."

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### Joseph Cook,

the Boston Monday lecturer, once said that this turmoil of life up to the edge of the tomb is no joke. And if in our world of realities and pleasures life is no joke, surely that which comes after the tomb is no joke. Amid the rush and cares of life, stop now and then and listen to see what you can hear. God speaks occasionally through it all. It sometimes appears that the roar of commerce has drowned God's voice, but amidst all the confusion of rumbling trains, humming factories and clicking telegraph you ought to listen to that small voice which never misled a human soul. God is continually talking to us through his precious book.



### Ministers.

Then, my dear brethren, we know that God is in earnest, for he not only gave us his only son that "all who believed on him might have eternal life," but to impress on our minds the great truths of his holy Word, he gave us his ministry. Yes, the ministry, the consecrated ministry. We often think the preachers are not of much use, that they are not doing much, but I want to tell you, every one of you (and I say it to the honor of the ministry), that you never heard a sermon preached in your lives, no matter who preached it, whether the most ignorant old darkey in the land or one of the most talented ministers in one of your city churches that hadn't enough truth in it to save your soul. 'Taint the preacher who is at fault. 'Taint the man of God who hardens your hearts to the divine call. You all expect too much of your preachers. Why, some of you are so mean that you'd sbnt your preacher up in an icehouse and then abuse him because he wouldn't perspire. Oh, no, my friends, it ain't the preachers; it's your own wicked selves, and right here I want to tell you that you may say whatever you please about the preachers, but I've noticed this: that whatever an infidel may do, how ever many there may be, you never yet heard of

#### AN INFIDEL CITY.

Infidels won't live in an infidel community. Why, the meanest, wickedest old infidel in this town would not stay here a day if there were no Christians here; if the preachers all left. No, sir, he wouldn't stay here with his family, if he was married; and if he was an old bachelor, he would have some other excuse and get out himself.

### Going to Perdition after being Warned.

The people who are determined to go to hell, and pursue their headlong way, heedless of the cries of the men sent by God to warn you of the wrath to come; I say that the people who are determined to go to hell from here will go there with a vengeance, and they'll never stop till they get all the way there. Why, I'd rather go to hell from a lonely island, where the light of God's sun never penetrated, than to go to hell from right under the very eyes of the ministry.

But the man or woman that sinks down to death and hell from under the voice of the pulpit—you perish awfully, and you perish justly.

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### The Ministry.

"I have called you by my ministry."

"I have sent preacher after preacher to knock at the door of your conscience, to arouse you, to awaken you from your lethargy." Thank God for every consecrated preacher that walks the face of this earth, and we'll never know how to esteem the preachers in this life. The people of this world don't recognize how God himself has thrown a preacher in the pathway of every man to check him and stop him and turn him round and bring him to God.

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### The Sermon on the Mount.

At his first service in St. Louis, Mr. Jones chose for his text the sixteenth verse of the fifth chapter of Gospel by St. Matthew:

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your father which is in heaven."

The verse in the text is a priceless message to every one; it is from that wonderful sermon of the Savior while on earth. I have often thought that if I ever get to heaven I will hunt up some intelligent man who heard that sermon, and have him describe it to me—its effect on the audience and how the face of God lighted up when he uttered it. We little preachers think we are doing well in putting a few minutes on each firstly, secondly, and so on, of our sermons; but in this wonderful sermon there were a hundred different propositions discussed in the plainest and yet most wonderful manner.

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### Putting the Fodder Down Low Enough.

One time in Memphis an old colored sexton came to him and said: "Bro. Jones, I thank the Lord that we've now got a preacher who puts the fodder where we can reach it. Last year my preacher didn't put the fodder down low enough. I was always hungry when I went to church and by the time I left I was almost starved." He believed that the Christly way was for the minister and audience to find a common level.

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### Faith.

Mr. Jones said he would choose the most important word and analyze it. "Let your light so shine." He considered scriptural light to be trinity in unity, faith in God, love for God and obedience to God. The opposities of these were unbelief, enmity and disobedience. These two contraries could never be mixed. It was either faith, love and obedience to God, or unbelief, enmity and disobedience. Oh, how omnipotent is faith! Faith brings God to us. All the

world may be against us, but if we have faith in God the world becomes as nothing. The world has a custom of calling men of strong faith fanatics or enthusiasts. If the Bible is true and I believe in it, am I an enthusiast?

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### F-lying Reports.

Now, you've read in the newspapers a great many strange things I have said and a great many that I have *not* said. The newspapers have been very liberal in this regard, and if I were to try to separate what they claim I have said from what I did say it would take me forever. But I am not sorry about this; it helps me on. If I'd have to pay for all the free advertising the devil is giving me it would break me in three months. Taking it for granted that all of these things are true,

### AM I CRAZY?

Because I believe in the Bible, and want to do God's commands, am I crazy? If so, I want to be so crazy that I would be willing to walk through the streets of this city on my knees, working for God. I'll tell you one kind of fanaticism that is fatal—it is the fanaticism which makes men fold their arms and walk right down into the fire without a quiver. It is the fanaticism of stagnation, and I consider stagnation as next door to damnation.

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### Never Heard Even a Grunt.

I read a few days ago about an eminent preacher who got up in his pulpit and talked about a religious sensation. And yet I know there has not been a stir in that preacher's church for twenty years. He has preached Sunday after

Sunday for twenty years, and never heard a grunt. It's about like a tombstone lifting up its head and telling all the other tombstones in the graveyard to keep quiet. I'll never die until I'm dead. I intend to keep on talking for God as long as I have a tongue to talk and lungs to breathe.

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### Wesley, Luther, Spurgeon, Talmage, Moody.

When a man believes the Bible he does strange things. When John Wesley and Luther and Spurgeon and Talmage and Moody believed the Bible, they did strange things, and things moved before them.

When Moody first returned to this country after a successful visit to England he was met by a delegation of friends who said, "Mr. Moody, we greet you and praise God for the thousands you have saved, but fear you can never duplicate your work on this side of the Atlantic." Mr. Moody quickly answered, "Take the infidelity out of the heart of the church and I will bring all America to Christianity."

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### Bob Ingersoll.

Who cares for Bob Ingersoll's infidelity? The only difference between him and you is that he is a theoretical infidel at \$1,500 a night, while you fool back there are a one for nothing infidel and boarding yourself.

To my faith I have added the other great principle of

#### LOVE.

There are two kinds of love—that which is low and groveling, and that which is pure and ennobling. A man's loves determine his character. Tell me what a man's loves

are and I will tell you his character. Love is a great ruling principle. Alexander lived without loves and died a conquered wretch; Napoleon ruled without love, and died a pitiable wretch. Jesus Christ looked out and loved the world and lay down and died for it, and now he has well nigh conquered it. I frequently have people say to me, "Bro. Jones, my great trouble is, I can't love my neighbors as myself." I always tell them that don't trouble me any more. I got a good square look at myself about fourteen years ago and have thought more of every nigger I have met since. Love opens the heart. If you find a poor fallen wanderer by the roadside, conscience will prompt you to take him in and give him a night's lodging, but love will lead you to try and save his soul. Conscience whips you on; love leads you. Love should be perfectly unselfish. Of all the folks I meet, I most despise a 200-pounds avoirdupois case of self-love. I have heard fellows get up in class-meeting and confess every sin in the business except selfishness, and I've never heard one confess that yet. It's a disease they don't find out till it kills 'em.

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### Praying Beggars.

Then, there should be obedience to God—a willing, uncomplaining obedience. Oh, what a contempt I have for those church-members who are always praying, "Lord, gimme somethin'." "Well, what do you want?" "Don't know; just want somethin'." Such people barely have religious sense enough to keep out of the asylum.

Then I don't like to hear church-members get up and pray for more grace. It's the grace they've already got that they've misused. "Lord, give me a clean heart and an upright spirit!" That's the kind of prayer I like to hear renewed by consecration and dedication.

When I was at High Bridge, the pastor of a Lexington church got up in the meeting and said that twenty years before his love for the South had led him to march in the ranks of Lee, in Virginia; to march barefooted; to sleep out of nights, sometimes in the mud, to bare his bosom to 10,000 bullets; yet, although he had been a soldier of the cross of Christ, he had never gone hungry, nor barefoot, nor through the mud; and he prayed for renewed allegiance to God. Give us that kind of religion. I have only contempt for Christians who can not pray without it's "Gimme somethin'; Gimme somethin'." I believe in faith, but also in work. I liken it to the hungry darkey who was hoeing corn and, by faith, saw an ear of corn on each stalk about so long.

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### Proper Christian Qualities.

Many people think that Christianity is only a hot-bed of effeminacy, where a lot of fellows are always crying, "Peace, peace." Let us have purity first, and then have peace. I am glad to see that the world is getting more and more accustomed to ask, not what church do you belong to, but are you honest, what is your life and character?

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### Let Your Light Shine.

"Let your light so shine"—all the world is in darkness. It needs light. The condition of the churches in this connection reminds me of a freight-train; the headlight throws all the light right in front of the train, while in the rear is hung a little flaring red lantern, but all the rest is in darkness. So the church is throwing the light all in its own path and letting every fellow help himself. God grant that

the church may gather the light from heaven and reflect the rays on this old earth.

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### Some Rebukes.

There are some places where physical light will not burn. I remember, when I was a boy, my father hired two Irishmen to dig a well, and when Saturday night came and they got their pay, as Paddies usually do, they went off on a long spree. When they returned to work, the middle of the next week, one of them told the other to get him a candle. This was procured, and the other, lighting it, lowered it slowly into the well. As the light approached the bottom it began to flicker, and suddenly went out. Then the first one said: "Mike, it's death to go down there." They procured a lot of pine knots, and setting them on fire, dropped them in the hole and there let them burn. After awhile they again lit the candle and lowered it as before. This time it burned brightly all the way to the bottom, and they then knew it was safe to go down. My Christian friends, there are some places where your light will not burn. Go into the ball-room and it will go out; go into the saloon and it will go out. Red liquor and Christianity won't stay in the same hide at the same time. Take God with you to the theater and see how it will look. There are hundreds of church members in this city who attend the theater regularly. They sit there and laugh at things, which, if said in their parlors the next day, would cause them to kick the perpetrator out. The only difference is that when they pay for it, it is all right; but when they get it for nothin' they kick him out. The women go to these places and laugh at all kinds of jokes, whose nerves are shocked at something Sam Jones says, and they turn up



their noses in disgust. I can always tell when the devil has a mortgage on a woman's nose—it turns up just so, and he'll foreclose it, too, some of these days.

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### Approving Laughter in Church.

The laughter that this brought forth prompted Mr. Jones to say: "I am glad to see such a hearty response in this church. I know now that you're not dead. I never can do anything with a dead crowd. It is possible sometimes to get a reformed gambler turned round, and then he goes at a forty-mile gait, but it don't make any difference with a dead man which way he's turned.

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### Christians Illuminate the World!

The speaker urged co-operation of Christians in lifting the world out of darkness, and beautifully compared it to the lighting of the streets in a great city of evenings. The lamplighter goes from one lamp to another and light jumps from one jet to another all the way up the long streets, until at last all the city is a ray of light. He said many Christians have lived in the church a lifetime without ever asking themselves how much they had done for God. They should wake up to endeavor. Let them ask, "What can I do?" Perhaps they would be rusty in the work, and would need renewed grace.

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### God Will Give You Strength.

One night at Chattanooga I watched an engineer oiling the machinery of his engine, going first to one place and then another—now the driving-wheels, now the trucks,

now the steam-chest, etc., but all were oiled out of the same can. So with Christians—out of God's great reservoir they may ever obtain renewed strength for the duties of life.

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### "Personals."

I presume you have found in this service about what you expected when you came. Church-going is about like shopping—you go after just so much, and when you get that you are satisfied. Perhaps some didn't get just the kind of meat they wanted. I always throw out a few bones with no meat on them, knowing they will be picked up by the proper ones. So if you have any growling you'll understand what's the matter with the dog. Then if you see any runnin' away and hollerin', you'll know they've been hit, because if they were not hit what are they yelling about? I expect to hear criticism about my style of conducting things, but I've always said I'm willing to swap fishin'-tackle with any feller who can show a bigger string of fish. One time a good old preacher down in Tennessee began to pray for me. He said: "Oh, Lord, do straighten out Brother Jones. I know if you'd take away those peculiarities from him he would do a great deal of good." Then the Lord answered him: "If I should take away all those things from Brother Jones, he'd be worth no more than you are."

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### Revivals.

You don't know what can be accomplished by hard work. In a certain town I went to one time my meetings gradually fell off till there was nobody left but myself, the pastor and two good women. I first asked them to get down on their knees and pray, and then I told them I wanted them

to go and ring every door bell in that town and when a woman came to the door to tell her they were all going to the devil. The parson and I would do the same with the men. I told them if they were not willing to do that to get up off their knees. But they did as requested and the result was that when I left that town of twelve hundred inhabitants there weren't but twenty-seven unsaved sinners in it. I have no use for those "revival Christians"—the kind that come out during a revival, sun themselves and then go back into their hole again. They are like the switch engines that go puffing and spluttering about on the side track, scaring horses, etc., but the heavy-pulling engines are found on the main track. The object of a revival is not to get people to spouting and make them happy, but to make them do something. I don't like these Christians who are moved at revivals only to feel good. They're like the old toper who takes a drink just to make him feel good.

At home I used to return from a revival and go with my wife to visit a good old colored woman who was dying of the cancer, and try and make her sufferings easier by reading the Bible to her and giving her some of the comforts of life. To hear her "God bless you, Massa Sammy," made me happier often than any experience at a revival.

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### Salvation.

In speaking of the salvation of mankind, it is not meant to those who are dead for fifty years, or those who are to live a hundred years hence, for they have yet to be born, but for those only who are walking on the earth at the present time. Now, I propose to-night not to draw upon your imagination or credulity, but to talk to you from this book. When we begin to talk about the hope for the

prisoners and the salvation of mankind we encounter the "I knows," the "he knows" and "she knows;" then we begin to get nearer to one another. I know that after every day I am twenty-four hours nearer to the grave. You know that in your youthful days your heart and will were more easily affected than to-night. You know that your life and character are not as good to-night as they ought to be.

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### "Prisoners of Hope."

"Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope." Then the prisoners without hope, the first of whom are those angels who sinned against God and were put away in darkness to await the judgment day. As I look upon an immortal spirit in everlasting darkness, my heart shudders at the sight. But I know but little about those angels. Another class of prisoners without hope are those men and women who walk the streets and lived with every chance to enter into the true spirit, but died without God. But the sinner cannot be too bad, as God loves the bad man as well as the good.

"While the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return."

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### A Duty of Prayer.

And I will say in reference to the duties imposed upon you, mothers, fathers and sisters, have you prayed for the departed? Mothers, have you prayed for your husbands since they bade you good-bye? Sisters, have you addressed your prayers to God for your brothers?

### Mr. Jones Preaches to the Living Only.

I have preached the gospel in twenty States in the country, and if God wanted me to preach in China I would go as cheerfully as when I bade my wife and children good-bye to come to St. Louis. But one place I will not preach in, and that is in the cemetery. As the book teaches, we know there is no repentance in the grave. And those men and women who have lived in our midst, and in spite of all the chances offered them, and whole wagon-loads of sermons, and spite of all died without any preparation and were plunged into eternity to await the judgment day. And no matter where we go, every step taken is toward the cemetery.

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### The Miserable Millionaire.

I see men who throw away chances, just like the millionaire in England, who spent his whole life gathering money, and was at last stricken with meningitis. He called his physician and asked him if he could recover. The physician said: "You have got the meningitis, and there is but little hope." The millionaire then said: "Keep me alive for sixteen hours and I will give you £100,000." But the physician told him that the time belonged to God and nothing could be done. The man died in his sins. How grateful I feel to God, and how much do I feel like shouting his praises because he did not let me die in my sins. A prisoner without hope—Oh! have you ever shaken the hand of one without hope?

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### A Youth Falls Dead.

I said in St. Joseph that some of them were missing their

chances, and one young man who had heard it staggered to his feet in a drunken and dazed way and fell dead on the streets of that city.

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### The Saddest Thing Mr. Jones Ever Heard Of.

I have often thought of the young man who when dying called the pastor, who was his intimate friend, and when he came, that young man said: "I do not want you to pray for me. I have been living a life of sin and I have not the courage to hear your prayers. When you preach my funeral sermon, tell my friends that if any of them had slapped me on the back a year ago and said, 'Tom, in one year you'll die without religion,' I would have laughed at them, for I knew I had a Christian mother and I could not die without religion." Oh, that was the saddest thing I ever heard of.

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### Dead, Though Alive.

There is another class of prisoners without hope, and that's the men and women of this city, who are just as certain to be damned as I walk the streets. They are those who, though living in the city for years, have never heard a sermon in twenty years, and others who have set their minds never to repent. If I met those men who said that they would never repent, I would rather shake hands with dead men—for they are dead. In my short life as a preacher I've seen men reject and reject the gospel until I thought I saw the gates of mercy close in their faces. Brothers, will your hearts be as tender in the future as in the past? Isn't it the probability to-night that some of you will die without repentance? Oh, the soul that dies without repentance

gravitates to its own home with the damned! I wonder if there are men here to-night who are just as disinterested as if they had no souls to save. If we, brothers, fail here in this work, no matter what others do, "we'll secure a mansion in the skies."

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### Classes of Prisoners.

There are classes of prisoners with hope. First men and women who keep the commandments and try each day to serve God. My father was a prisoner, but, thank God, a prisoner with hope, and to-night he walks the golden streets in heaven. My mother was a prisoner, but, thank God, a prisoner with hope, and to-night she walks the golden streets of heaven. I never see my wife with sunken and pale cheeks, that I don't thank God, that there is a country where the cheek will never lose its color. And again, I never see my children sick and swinging like a pendulum between life and death, that I don't thank my God that there is a land where the light will never cease to sparkle and where suffering is unknown. A prisoner of hope—blessed God, there is an assurance in man's heart that brings comfort. Thank God, there is another class of prisoners with hope. They who stood up here yesterday to express their determination of looking towards God, hoped, though they don't belong to any church.

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### Take the "Chance."—Garfield's Fortitude

When Garfield was lying down, with the physician standing, the brave president looked up and said: "Is there a chance?" The physician said "Yes," and he bravely said: "I will take that chance." There is a chance for all of you. Take it.

### Compliments to the Catholics.

I saw in a paper the other day the boast that St. Louis was a Catholic city. I deny it. I deny it. How do I know the Catholics? I know them by the cross, which is a sign of purity. And take this city with all its saloons and lewd houses, and say that it is a Catholic city. I will say that it is a lie. The proud old Catholic church will never iather the vices of this city. When I see the Sisters of Mercy going on their missions of charity of the noblest kind, and the bishops and priests, who are always doing good, I will say that such a statement is untruc. But if the Catholics redeem St. Louis and close the saloons and suppress the vices, I will then give up this work. I am not here to fight the Catholic church, but for the purpose of doing good. God bless the Catholic church.

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### Hell a Graded Place.—The Missouri and Georgia “Sunday.”

The speaker then read a letter written by the secretary of the Chicago Reform alliance, informing him of the intention of the alliance to close the saloons on Sunday. He stated that the alliance had decided to prosecute all the saloon-keepers who violated the Sabbath, and had the help of some of the best lawyers in the city. While reading the letter Mr. Jones paused and repeated the sentence in the letter which seemed to amuse him immensely. It was: “One of the members told me that there would be no trouble with the first-class saloons.” The speaker laughingly remarked that hell must be a graded place. “There is a law on the statnte books of Missouri, to-day,” thundered the speaker, “which speaks plainly on this question of liquor selling on Sunday. Thank God, the governor of my State,



and that is Georgia, is a Christian and earnest deacon in the Baptist church. Our supreme court justices are all Christians, also. (Applause.) But you can't do good in a State with an old swill-tub for a governor, and a lot of mash-tubs for justices of the supreme court. If a freight-train is run through Georgia on Sunday, the brakemen, engineer and firemen will be given a place to sleep in the police-station. If a saloon-keeper opens his saloon on Sunday he will soon be given a place in the police-station."

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### **No Christian Can Sell Liquor.**

No man can be a Christian if he sells whisky. I hope the grand old Catholic church will kill this nefarious traffic. I hope that the proud old Methodist, Baptist and other churches will join in the crusade.

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### **Long Prayers.**

I like those long praying preachers. My grandfather, father and mother were all long prayers. He thought Finney the most omnipotent preacher who ever occupied an American pulpit, and it was Finney's belief that no great revival ever takes place unless there is a constant spirit of prayer. And we will have no revival here unless we have the spirit of prayer.

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### **Mr. Jones "Compliments" His Traducers.**

Perhaps some of you consider these meetings a kind of Christmas frolic, but you'll find out before I'm through here that Sam Jones is no clown and no kin to a clown. You will never pray for a preacher as long as you criticise

him. There are preachers who would see this town damned rather than do anything out of the bounds of propriety. It tickles me when I look over religious papers and see that the preachers of this country are saying more against me than against Bob Ingersoll—and the devil. Why is it? I have been preaching right on the line of the ten commandments, and when anybody says I ever preached a word not in harmony with the ten commandments or the Sermon on the Mount, I say he is a liar from head to foot. What fight have these fellows with me? We are both on the same side.

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### Saving a Cow by Prayer (?)

You don't know what prayer will do for you until you try it. A woman's cow was dying, and she was asked if she had done everything to save her? "Yes." "Prayed for her?" "Well, I never thought of that." "If you have anything to stand on, then pray for her." "I don't know what you mean." "Why, have you ever given any butter and milk to the poor?" "Yes." "Then stand on that butter and milk and pray." "And," said Mr. Jones, "that cow got well as sure as I am standing here."

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### Pray Right.

What we want in St. Louis is the gospel of prayer. I want to see great, strong men fall down before God and pray for forgiveness; and I want the weight of good men and women to help the meeting along. The trouble is that gospel guns sometimes shoot the wrong way, like the fellow down in Georgia who shot a cannon out of his canoe. The canoe shot about two hundred yards up the river, while the ball dropped in the water.

### "Short Meter" the Best.

If any old fellow gets up here and brings out an old rusty experience and goes to getting it off at a 2:40 rate, we'll sing him down.

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### Paul.—Athens and St. Louis.

It takes heart and mind to make the true man. I believe that I am ready to say right here in my place that Paul, being a good man, God put him straight once and he never went wrong. He was noble, pure and honest. We all purpose being at first truthful and then honest. There is a good deal of difference between looking at a thing and considering it. For example, take a picture of a beautiful country home. When I look at it I can form some idea of what it is, but when I come nearer and examine it, I see the birds flying in the air, the trees, the shrubbery and a thousand things that I didn't see before. That is considering a thing. Paul considered the city of Athens, when his whole spirit was stirred within him. Speaking about that which existed in Athens to move St. Paul, I can bring it all here to St. Louis. I take up the daily papers here and without the use of my Bible, or anything else, I read in that paper of things that ought not to be. There is too much murder, too much suicide, too much debauchery daily presented in your papers. Take and walk in the street of St. Louis and before you do it a week, you will see things that ought not to be, see and hear things which should not be seen or heard.

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### The Heart.

Did you ever look at your hearts? My Bible teaches me that they that sin, and sin willfully, are impure of heart. It

says: "Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God." I once saw a pictorial representation of the different conditions of the heart. The wicked heart was represented as being filled with hissing serpents, beasts and unclean birds; in the one under conviction the beasts and serpents were moving out; in the pure heart everything was beautiful, and in the backslider's heart the horrible things were moving backwards, back again into the heart. This world in some of its phases reminds me of the man down South who was trying to clean out a spring. While he was at work a stranger passed by, and on learning what this fellow was doing he told him to move further up the hill, and by doing so get the bog away from it. There is no such thing as a clean life without a clean heart. You cannot separate morals from Christianity. A man that is honest and pays his debts may be a villain at heart. I know how proud we are of human nature, but I tell you that unrenewed and unsanctified humanity won't do. My heart, O my heart, the seat of my affections! O God, cleanse my thoughts and the inspiration of my heart by the Holy Spirit.

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### To Sinners.

Although Moody never said an unkind word to sinners others did. The Lord himself never lost a chance to throw hot shot and canister in the hearts of the Scribes and Pharisees. If any of you men who have no church nor practice Christianity want to go to theaters, dances and the like, go it! Go it! But don't let me catch those church members a-doing it, for if I do I'll brand them as hypocrites, and will see that their names are scratched from the church lists. Yes, I will.

### Anecdote of Moody.

On one occasion at a revival given by Moody while he had several penitents in front of the pulpit, he walked down in the church and asked some ladies and gentlemen to step forward and pray for the conversion of the penitents, but they refused to do it. He asked them why and they answered that they were praying that he might be pure of heart. He felt sad at the reply, but when he went home that evening he knelt down and after a fervent prayer he saw his heart, and he saw that there was too much Moody there, too much selfishness. He then resolved to banish the weakness and thereafter he brought more souls to the altar than ever before. There is no use a talking, we can't be Christians until we've washed away the devil's fleas from us.

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### Humbugs.

I have an intense hatred for humbugs and shams, and among all the humbugs, the religious humbug is the humbugest. An old professor, in Cambridge, I believe it was, was a great man for bugs. He had bugs of every kind in his room and was known as one of those bugologists. One day the boys in the college gathered portions of different bugs—the legs of one kind, the head of another, and the wings of still another, and, putting the parts together, carried the composition to the professor. He took it, and, after putting on his specs and giving it a thorough examination, he exclaimed: "Gentlemen, that is a humbug." Such a humbug is the religious humbug; he has the qualities of all the other humbugs. The hardest work a man ever tried was to be a Christian without having a pure heart. I like a transparent heart—one that can be shown without

making its owner ashamed of it. Oh, how glad I am that God can see our hearts and judge us accordingly, no matter what the world says. Oh, these wild beasts, these serpents and unclean birds that are in our hearts. Oh, pray to God to-night to have him let you see your hearts to see these beasts and serpents and unclean birds, and then drive them out. I will say that there are a great many people in front of me, who, if they had real beasts and serpents in their hearts, instead of the dark stains, I would hate to be around them when they began to clean them out. (Laughter.)

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### The Tongue.

For every dollar a man has he ought to have it said, that they are as honestly obtained as if God himself would handle them. Look at your hands and tongue, and see if you ever did your neighbor any wrong. Now the Methodists pour water on the head, the Presbyterians sprinkle it on, and the Baptists duck you into it, but in every way the tongue comes out perfectly dry. The tongue often leads men into wrong doing. Many men who get to hell, lay down and exclaim: "I am tongue damned. I would have got to heaven if it were not for my tongue." A saint once went to a man and asked him to teach him the Scripture, and the neighbor readily consented to do so. He took the Bible and gave the saint the following passage to study thoroughly: "I will take heed to my ways that I will not sin with my tongue." And after that the saint went to his home and remained there for some time, until the neighbor went there to inquire why he did not come for another lesson. When the saint was questioned he said: "I have this to learn and will not take another until it is learned."

Shakespeare said he that stealeth my money stealeth

trash, but he that taketh my good name, makes me a poor man. If every word that you people have said in your time was written up in this hall where all could see it and charged to you, we would soon see how quick you would clear out of here. The worst thing that you can do with your tongues is to speak ill of any one. I will say it that I never in my life spoke an ill word about any person. Once there was a crowd looking at a dead dog, each one having something to say about the dog. One said, "Oh, how ugly!" another said, "His hide is not worth taking off!" another, "What crooked legs!" While they were thus commenting upon the condition of that dog a voice was heard to say: "What beautiful, pearly teeth!" When the crowd heard the remark one of them remarked: "That voice must have been the voice of our Lord Jesus, for he is the only one that could find something beautiful about that dog."

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### The Feet.

The Scriptures have something to say about the feet also. It treats of the narrow way that leads to heaven. Imagine a Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Catholic in a ball room, with those feet cutting a pigeon wing. Speak to them and they say our church don't object to it. I am going to say that whenever a Methodist, Baptist, Christian, Presbyterian, Catholic or Congregationalist, or members of any other denomination, says that the church allows dancing and theater-going he lies, and I'll tell him so too. Now, if there is any church which is more bitter against dancing than the others it is the Episcopal church, and it has always thundered against dancing. I was sitting in a train once, which was waiting at a station, when three la-

dies stepped out on the platform and began talking. Finally one of them said, "Aint you going to come to the ball this evening?" The other answered, "No," explaining that she did not want to go. Then the other one said, "You are a Methodist and you can't come;" and the other one exclaimed, "Yes, I am a Methodist and I am proud of it." When that train pulled out I felt like jumping out and shouting hurrah for Methodism. (Applause.)

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### To Church Members.

Did you ever look at yourselves as members of the church and wonder if the other members did as little praying and good works as you did, and whether they contributed as little as yourself to keep the church from the hands of the sheriff?

I wish that I could get all the Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians and others to do what they ought to do. Take the Episcopalians; just see how good they are in Lent and how indifferent at other times. Oh, I expect that they intend to die in Lent, but God help them if they die at any other time. (Laughter.) The devil in this town is not easily beaten, and sometimes he gets the members of the church to do his work for him, while he holds his hands in his pockets and looks on. In some towns the leading ball-room dudes are members of the church, and they are the fellows who bring around the devils.

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### On St. Louis.

Oh! but what a lot of wickedness there is in this city. There are saloons on every street, beer gardens at every turn, and, also, though I must say it, too many soiled doves



in the city, and that item alone is an aggregation of wickedness. Oh! how I pray for strength to show the crime of the city to the people, and I inwardly exclaim: "Oh, Jones, do your best and show these people how they are drifting to hell!"

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### Dogma.

The idea of a Methodist gettin' up and preachin' infant baptism when the babies are all asleep and the old folks a-goin' to hell. The idea of a Baptist preachin' baptizin' when nine tenths of his church will be in a place in ten years where they couldn't get a drop of water.

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### Bouncing Sinners.

I knew a preacher once who turned out thirty of his active members for drinking, dancing and going to the theater. That ought to be the way with a good many churches here. About once every six months the back door ought to be open and those who are violating God's laws ought to be asked to step out, and if they don't go out they ought to be picked up and pitched out head foremost.

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### Church-Members and Saloonists.

What if a saloon-keeper would get up an entertainment in his saloon and invite the church members—but he wouldn't need to invite them; they'd be there—what would you think of it? Yet I tell you they are going to the theaters with these fellows, and they are going to your prayer-meetings. They all go together—thick as beea.

### Saturday Night Services.

I want to say now that there will be services on Saturday night. I know that aint the rule, as it's the devil's biggest night. But if he'll let up, I will.

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### Backsliders.

If you tolerate a backslidden member in your church you are all backsliders. If you sit still and see a brother backslide it shows you have no real love for Christ. Down in Rome, Ga., there is a brother. A young man was dying, and when the pastor spoke to him he said: "Brother, none of the 316 members of your church ever did anything for me. When you preach my funeral sermon tell those people that they did nothing for that poor boy—left him alone to rough it."

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### Brotherly Love.

I say to all to-night that this brotherly love which ought to be displayed, is being played out. Some of the members of the same church don't associate with each other and in many cases don't know one another. I am beginning to think that the angels will have a big job introducing those members to one another when they get in the golden streets of heaven. I tell you that often I would rather go to the wholesale liquor dealers, than to some of those church members. They will bother you for about six months and then think that you belong to them. Again I say, that you must help the weak brother, for the Bible says you must bear with one another's infirmities. In one of the counties of Georgia, which was noted for its wickedness and crime,

I had a man about fifty years of age come up to me in a small town, where I happened to be pastor, and joined the church, and he never backslided. I once asked a fellow if he ever backslided and he answered, "No." I then asked him if he was ever converted and he said, "Never." I would like to know how he could backslide if he never was converted. (Laughter.) You can't have a fellow fall out of a tree without his first climbing it. You often see fellows sitting under a tree, but it doesn't follow that they climbed it. A man once said to me, "How is it, Jones, that you know so much about backsliders?" I answered that I never associated with any but backsliders. (Laughter.)

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### A True Christian.

There was a man down South who would go out in the street and stop two brothers who were fighting by placing his hands upon their shoulders and saying: "If you are fighting about a bill I will settle it." And if he saw a brother going in a saloon he would follow him in, not to take a drink like a good many of you people would do, (laughter) but to prevent him from drinking. At another time he picked up a brother who was rolling on the street drunk and took him home and put him to bed until he got sober and then gave him coffee and read the Scriptures to him. He was a good man. Now if a preacher takes a drunkard in the church some member will complain about it, and the preacher will regret receiving that drunkard. And that poor brother will get no kind word from the church and as a consequence he will fall again. And when that man gets drunk and falls in the gutter they will gather about him and say, "I knew it." "I say," thundered the

speaker, "that the drunkard who lies there before those men is a gentleman, a scholar and a Christian, compared to those old Pharisees who stand around him." (Applause.)

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### True Christianity.

At a revival in Louisville some time ago, fifteen of the worst imps in the city came up to the penitents' bench, among the number being the son of an editor of the Louisville *Democrat*. Those men were taken in hand by the pastor of that church and turned into the bath-room, after which they were given decent clothes. Fifteen months after that I visited the church, when I learned that out of that fifteen one had died a happy death and had gone to his Savior, another had backslided, while the remaining thirteen were the strongest members of the church. Mr. Harney who was lifted from the path to ruin and eternal loss, is now one of the chief book-keepers in the Louisville and Nashville railway office.

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### A Personal Inquiry.

I hope I have not been guilty of lying to God. If I am doing wrong, if I am a hypocrite, I want to know it. I want some one to point out to me where my fault lies and I will try and correct it. If I can't I shall leave the pulpit and return to the world. Now I want to ask if there are any present who can stand and say, I have not lied to my God this year?

The minister hesitated a few minutes, but not a soul arose.

"Brethren! brethren! Can it be possible!"

Then an old lady stood up, saying: "I don't think I have lied to my God."

An old gentleman, probably three score of years, followed, "I have tried to do right."

"I don't intend to keep my seat," remarked Rev. Dr. Tudor, "for I believe I have done my duty."

Several others arose, but the revivalist said:

"We don't want the question shifted. 'Did you lie or did you not!' that is the question. O, brethren, you are in the deepest water this side of eternity. Your conduct shows it. You are asked if you have lied to Christ, and there is not one of you who dares stand up and cry, 'I have not!' Ask me the question and I will answer you. You are yoked unequally. Take warning! Not long ago in a Southern city, I knew a preacher who was using his ministerial influence in arranging a ball, to which he added the word 'charity.' It was an unequal yoke, and when I heard of it I said: 'The devils will get you yet, old fellow.' The ball came off. What became of the preacher? He is now in jail, guilty of one of the lowest crimes man can commit. I knew it; I prophesied it, and it came to pass. Ah, brother, take warning."

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### Selfishness.

I also find from the Scriptures that the first duty of a man is to avoid selfishness. Hell itself is nothing but pure, unadulterated selfishness. The greatest man I ever met was the most unselfish, and the smallest one the most selfish. There is a little preacher who now rides a circuit down in Georgia who whenever I went near him I would sink almost out of sight, because he is the most unselfish man I ever heard of. He never thought of himself, but was always anxious to do good for others. I like that sort of a man. Speaking about selfishness, there was a man

down in my State who spent his whole life gathering money and when he had \$200,000 a neighbor asked him how he was fixed with pork for the year. He said: "My smoke-house is full and that will do for this year. I've got hogs enough to do for next year and I've got pigs enough for the next year, but the Lord only knows what I will do in the next year." There was a man really selfish. I used to think that there was a great deal of difference between the members, but in reality there is not. We have first-class, second-class and tenth-class men, but there isn't a whole man in the lot. We have pieces of men, but there is not a whole man in the city, all because of this selfishness. Some church members talk about dancing and threaten to leave if a certain member is not put out because he goes to dances, and then that very fellow will lend money at twenty per cent. Another fellow has no money, nor attends dances, but he is being run into hell by the demijohn. Another man does none of those things, but trade with him, and in nine cases out of ten he'll beat you.

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### The Great Test Failed.

Speaking about bearing infirmities, it often happens in a church that some members have to do all the praying while others have to do all the paying, and those who neither do the paying nor praying are the worst growlers in the congregation. I want to ask the question, how many of you here to-night go to church regularly, do your praying and paying, visit and help the sick brothers, don't go to theaters, don't play cards, don't go to dances. I want all of you who are such true Christians to arise. No one arose, and all in front looked around to see if any in the rear arose. After sweeping the crowd with a glance, from the reporters to

those in the gallery, the speaker said: "Don't look around, I just wanted to see if we had any perfect Christians here. (Laughter.)"

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### Some Impossibilities.—Joe Jefferson.—Theaters.—Circuses.—Drinking.

Talk about reforming the theaters, there is one man who has been trying it and that is Joe Jefferson, and he is a good man. And look at the circuses; the only genuine circus I ever saw was a sot, a one-eyed nigger and a yellow dog. It is all nonsense, this talk about reforming the theaters by having the good people attending them. That reminds me of a lot of girls in a town in Georgia who went to work and married all the drunkards to make them sober men, and now you go there and you can find more whip-poor-will widows than you ever saw before. (Laughter.) It looks a great deal like the man that drank the barrel of whisky to keep it from doing harm. Another thing, God does not want you because you live in a four-story house or bang your hair and put on style, that isn't a-going to get you to heaven.

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### Prayers.

Speaking about prayers, some people never think of praying. There was a fellow once who never prayed, and one evening he had visitors, and it struck him that he ought to lead in prayer. He called the family and knelt down to pray. Well, the cats in that room were so astonished at the sight that they actually jumped out of the window. And again, you should all pray at the table before eating. When a man sits at a table before his children and begins to eat without saying a prayer he is eleven-tenths a hog. (Laughter.)  
**Yes he is.**

### Saving a Husband.

Oh, how the providences of God rouse and stir us up at times! The providence of God! In our town there 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; I heard his child was sick. I walked down to his house. I was invited into the family room, as his wife was an old friend of mine; we were boy and girl together. When I walked in she sat in the family room with a sweet, sick child in her arms. I looked at the child and looked at her and said:

"Virginia, God's going to take this little fellow from you. It is certainly not going to live."

I saw tears start from her eyes and spurt down on the sweet face of the child.

"Well, Virginia, have you ever thought that God's doing his best to save your poor husband?" (Her husband had drank, and drank, and drank, and had suffered with delirium tremens a short time before.) I said:

"Virginia, did it ever occur to you that God's doing his best to save your husband?" And she broke completely down, and said:

"This is the sixth sweet child I have given up if he dies. But if God, by this, saves my husband, I would be willing to give them all up, though it nearly breaks my heart."

I went down town and hunted the husband up and slapped him on the shoulder, and said:

"John, I am just from your house and you have almost an angel for a wife. And that woman has bathed that sweet, sick child of yours in her tears this moment. I said, 'Virginia, do you reckon God's doing his best to save your husband?' and she just said:

"'If God can save my husband by taking my sweet chil-



dren from me, he may have them, though it nearly breaks my heart.'

I said.

"John, in the name of God surrender, and give your heart to God and to Jesus."

I want to tell you now that that man is an earnest, faithful, efficient member of one of the churches of our town, and walking arm-in-arm with his wife to the good world.

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### Providences.—Personal Experiences.

I am so glad God will not suffer us to perish until he has done his best to save us. If a man had asked me fifteen years ago—fourteen years and three months ago—if a man had asked me:

"My friend, what is the worst thing could happen to you?"

I reckon I would have spoken up involuntarily:

"The death of my precious father. Oh, I would rather lose all than him."

And yet my father came to death's door, and the providence of God brought me around his dying pillow, and I watched him as he passed out of this world; and I want to say to you this: God Almighty threw my father's corpse in my pathway, and I turned around and I said:

"I will go back! I will go back! I will go back!"

And many a time a man has drifted so far that God couldn't stop him until he put his dead wife in his pathway. And many a man has turned and said:

"I will turn back! I will turn back!"

Many a time their sweet, angelic babe, like a babe chiseled out of marble, is thrown in the pathway of its father. This much I know; God will suffer no man to be damned until God has done his best to save him.

I believe in the great providence of God ; I believe that God is at all times ready and willing to give ear to his children, and I am sure that God will care for those who trust him.

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### When the Husband is Ungodly.

There are a great many family circles in this town. A St. Louis preacher once said to me :

“One of the troubles of our church is that so many of the husbands and fathers are out of the church and irreligious.”

Another one said :

“In my congregation I know of twenty women who have godless, wicked husbands. There are twenty members of my church, pious, consecrated wives, who have wayward, wicked husbands.”

I just want to look at every man to-night that has a good wife; I want to say this to you from the very depths of my soul, and may the Holy Spirit of God burn it into your conscience! Listen to me, listen to me, who stepped upon a good wife's heart and almost crushed the last drop of blood out of it. Let me say, you owe that precious wife a debt you can not pay her until you pay her at the cross of Christ. You owe those innocent children that throw their arms round your neck and love you with all their heart—you owe them a debt you can never pay until you pay it with your wife around the consecrated altar of God.

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### Children.

It is a concern of everlasting joy to me that I love. I had at my home a precious child—

[Mr. Jones was overcome with emotion at this point.

Hastily brushing away the tears that blinded him he continued:]

I had at my home a precious child, when I was a wicked, wayward, Godless man. It is the only sweet child I ever had that looked in my face when I was a wicked, wayward man. That child is in heaven. But thank God! I haven't a child that looked in their father's face when he wasn't serving God and doing what was right.

I think, many a time, if there is a deeper, darker, more awful place in hell for one than for another it must be for that husband and that father, who in spite of a wife's tears and children's following his example, breaks through it all and despises it all and makes his bed in hell. O, friend, when you talk about children, if you can not touch a man when you bring to bear the relations of his precious children, then he is dead to everything that is noble and true and good.

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### A Penalty.

God's going to take something from us. As I said just now, there is many a happy circle in this town; but you mark what I say this moment: You had better look out. God don't like the way you're doing, brother; he don't like the example you're setting your children, and if God takes from you two or three of your sweet children, it is certain you're going to be a better father to those that are left. Now you mark what I tell you.

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### A Father's Story of Seeking Religion.

In a meeting like this once I threw it open for talking, and one gentleman stood up in the congregation and said:

"I am from a distant State; I am a stranger to you all, but I love God and want to be a Christian all my days. And," he says: "I just want to say something to the fathers and I want them to hear me. I went through the last war and never went into a battle, and I was in forty or fifty hard-fought battles, and didn't go in that I didn't take a solemn vow that if God would spare me from that battle I would be a Christian; and when the battle was over I promised God that if every battle was over I would become a Christian if I came home. God spared me and I came home and only received one slight wound through the war. When I came home I promised God that when I married I would be a Christian." And then he said:

"God gave me a good wife and then I said: If we ever have children old enough to follow their father's example, then I will be religious. In the course of time God blessed us with sweet little Mary and sweet little Martha. When Mary was eight and Martha was six, one day I walked into the house. A dozen times I had promised God I would become a Christian. I walked in home from the plantation and wife said:

"Husband, little Mary is very sick. She has a very high fever and she is now scarcely in her right mind."

"As soon as my eye fell upon that child I said to myself: 'Now, sir, your vow to God! Recollect the promise you have made.'

"The child grew worse and worse and next day that precious child died. And over the grave of that child I told God I would keep my vow to him. But I put it off until next day. A week from that wife said:

"Precious little Martha is taken just like little Mary."

"I never went into the house but just went to the woods and said: 'Good Lord, if you will spare that precious

child, right here, and now and forever, I surrender and will be a Christian.' And I surrendered unconditionally to God on the spot, and went back to the house and walked on the porch, and my wife heard me coming, ran to meet me on the porch and said:

"'Strange to say the fever is gone, and that child is perfectly pert.' I said:

"Wife, I am not astonished. I have just got off my knees in the grove yonder, and promised him from this day I would be a Christian if he saved my child. Wife, if I had been a Christian two weeks ago our precious little Mary would be with us to-day."

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### Warning.

I know that there are people here to-night who will laugh at what I say, and think, "Oh, well, you've told us all this before, and we won't be scared at this alarm." Yes, I have told you all this before, and I've told this same thing to others, and it has come true, too, and the God who takes care of the orphan, and never suffers even a sparrow to fall to the ground uncalled for, will hold you, each one, accountable to him for your conduct in this life. Then plead you, with your God, to save you from your unrighteousness and to give you another trial to-night that you may be saved to all eternity, before a dread calamity befalls you to awaken you to a realization of your great danger. O God! try ordinary means with these poor sinners, and if ordinary means fail, then bring to their succor the extraordinary means at thy hand.

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### A Personal Account.

Oh! I often look back to the time when I was a boy.

wild, wayward, and careless of the things of this world, and still more careless of the life to come. Gracious God, would I have gone on in this way till now had not my father died? Would I now be a vagabond and a disgrace in this world and lost for eternity?

If I had been asked who was most dear to me on earth, who would I cling to closest and last, I would have said my father; and still he died, but in his death there came to God's vineyard an earnest worker, and when I was at my home in Georgia with my loved ones around me and thought of you up here, I also thought of making an offer to come to you. I came, I left all I hold dear; I broke, for the present, the ties of home and turned a deaf ear to the calls of family, and I want to say right here whatever my Father chooses for me, that will I willingly accept. I will face for him the most loathsome poverty; will endure the greatest hardships; separations from the dear ones shall go for naught; wherever God calls me there will I gladly go. I wouldn't for the wealth of Vanderbilt endure for an instant the displeasure of my God, but will make all sacrifices to serve him.

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### Spurgeon's Comparing Life to a Day.

The great Spurgeon knew what he said when he told his people that the sun could lead a man through his life. He said: "When we walk forth in the early morning and see the beautiful light of heaven just awakening the world, throwing the resplendent, tinted rays of God's sun over all, we have before us man's birth; he comes into being pure as the morning dew; he comes from the hands of his maker as fresh and undefiled as the air which we breathe. At noon we look again, and there, in the zenith, is the sun

shining over all, and it points backward over its ethereal way and says, there, my journey is half over. Do you see any spot along my pathway? Is there a stain along my course? At evening, again we look and behold him sinking his glorious orb beneath the western hills. Then comes the question, and how awful it will sound: 'O man! My work is done; my day's career is over, and I enter into the security prepared at the beginning for me. Can you say the same? Are you, too, looking forward to the time when you can sink into the bosom of the God who gave life, and be prepared to say, 'It is well?'"

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### Candle-Flies of Society.

Then we will walk into a room in the evening, and around the candle there are fluttering those little, foolish candle-flies. They dart here and there, attracted by the light, and try to get always nearer; presently it flutters and falls; its wings are scorched and it dies of its very folly. Ah, have you, my friends, anything to boast of over the foolish candle-fly? You are attracted by the mote of society; you yield to the brightness and glitter of things temporal; you are dazzled by the frivolities of life, and you, too, fall crushed, bruised, burned and dead, dead to eternity, dead to God, and dead past redemption to your poor, miserable sinful self. God says that some day the gates of heaven, which are now ajar, will close and all inside will be the eternally saved and all outside will be the eternally damned.

Where will you be? Inside with God or outside with hell and the devil?

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### How Have You Answered God's Call?

You must make up your mind pretty soon. God will

give you every opportunity and will point out to you in your daily life the means of salvation. If you are a farmer and go forth to sow your seed, when you return God says, I am sowing the seeds of life eternal in your heart. Are you a lawyer? God will say, the tables are turned, and you are the client now; have you an attorney to plead your case at the final judgment bar? Are you a teacher? God will say, Jesus is teaching you the way to life everlasting. A blacksmith? The holy truths of Christianity are being driven with sledge-like force into the innermost depths of your soul. Are you a merchant? The scales in which you are to be weighed are held in the hand of mercy, and the way has been pointed out, but if ye do not seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, beware the handwriting on the wall, "Mene, mene tekel upharsin," you have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Look at the beautiful trees in your city—will you eat of the tree of knowledge and of eternal life?

And the stars, they are sprinkled over the canopy of heaven to-night, but they will fall some day, but your soul will go living on forever.

Oh, yes, my friends, God has called you; he calls you every day, and not once, but a thousand times; and you are not only called, but you hear the call, and the most awful part of it is, you have understood the calls.

O God! help me to-night to impress upon this people the great necessity of harkening to the call to salvation. Help me to urge them to come now and forever into the fold of God's chosen. They hear thy voice and refuse to come; they hear thy call; they understand the greatness of thy call and still they refuse to come.

God has not only called you thousands of times, but you have heard every one of those calls. Ah, me, you have



not only heard them with your ears, but those calls have been running down the chambers of your soul. You have heard them in the innermost depths of your conscience. God has called you not only ten thousand times, and you have not only heard those calls, but—most fearful point of all—you have understood those calls. You knew what they meant. But you had something else on hand, something else you wanted to attend to. If God has called us a thousand times we have heard a thousand times and understood those calls. Then if we perish we perish awfully and we perish eternally. Just think of how many calls, how many calls.

“Because I have called and ye have refused, I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded.”

Oh, when I think that God has not only called us with his divine voice, but stretched out his merciful hands and said :

“Here, take it ; whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.”

And God has stretched down from heaven and pushed his divine hands out in reach of every man in the world and said :

“Whosoever will, let him take what I offer him.”

God’s arms extended to save mankind.

“I stretched out my hand and no man regarded.”

“I also will laugh at your calamity and I will mock when your fear cometh.”

Brethren, I announce a most fearful truth this moment. I hear men laugh to-day, and scoff to-day, and revile to-day, and despise to-day ; but listen to the most fearful announcement in the book of God :

“What measure you mete shall be measured to you again.”

And your time now is spent in laughing and scoffing and despising, and just the way you treat God now he will treat you by and by.

"What measure you mete shall be measured to you again."

"Good measure, heaped up, shaken down and running over." Oh, brethren, as you laugh to-night at the pleading, earnest face of God, just so when you plead God will laugh at your calamity—laugh when your fear cometh. Oh, sir, now you have got me at a point in the fight: "God laugh at the calamity of a soul? God laugh at my calamity? Do you mean that?"

Then I ask you this question: While God in his divine love and compassion calls you to-night, I will ask you one question: Do you laugh at God? Do you? As God stretches out his hand and begs and pleads "Come and live," do you laugh at God? Will you explain that? Then, if you will, I will explain to you how God will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh. I tell you how I am going to do: God helping me I am going to treat God to-night just as I want him to treat me when I am helpless and powerless at the judgment door. As I look to-night at the loving, gentle face of God, and he yearns in heart and soul for me now, I will return that yearning, and say:

"My God come, and if I hear Thee I will obey Thee," and then by and by when I return to God and raise my voice at judgment:

"Jesus, refuge of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the nearer waters roll,  
 While the tempest still is high.  
 Hide me, O my Savior, hide,  
 Till the storm of life be past;  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 Oh, receive my soul at last."

Brethren, I am going to heed God to-night, and he will heed me by and by.

### God Mocking at Calamity.

“And I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh.”

My friends, I can't explain this text; what! God laugh at my calamity? God mock when my fear cometh? I will give you, as an illustration,

#### A STORY

told me by a preacher. He was a pastor in a country town, and about two miles out in the country lived a very wealthy gentleman who had an only son. The father fairly lavished his wealth on his precious boy; he was the pride of his father's heart, and the very god of his idolatry. The father sent his boy to college, and for weeks before the close of school the fond father conjured up in his mind his bright, talented, handsome boy, who would go into the world favored among men, with every opportunity to succeed beyond bounds.

And what was that father's thought when his boy came home to him a debauchee, confirmed drunkard, with no hope in life and no surety for eternity?

That father's heart bled for his poor boy, but he still lavished his love and wealth on him, the boy, the while, tearing into the father's very heartstrings, and

#### STABBING HIS FATHER

to death. Oh, that boy! he went from bad to worse, from bad to worse, and one day when the father drove into town he found his poor boy in a terrible condition, and when he attempted to take him home, the now almost maniac son

struck his tender, devoted father, but that father said never a word; he got into his buggy and started for home—but those who saw him noticed a strange look in his face.

When he got home he went into a deep wood and after standing with outstretched arms for a moment, he gave vent to a scream that almost burst the ear-drums of the hearers. A second time he stretched forth his arms and screamed a heart-rending scream; again he screamed, and turning on his heel, went into the house. Presently the son came home, but the father met him at the door and cried with the very anguish of despair: "Depart from me; leave this place; I will never see you more; I am done with you for good." The boy left, and in one short week was found a

#### CORPSE IN THE STREET GUTTER.

But the father never went again to the lost boy! Ah, me! This is what breaks a mother's heart and bows a father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. A man once said to me:

#### ANOTHER STORY.

"Jones, what can I do with my boys? They are killing their mother; she'll not live a year. They went, as usual, to bed drunk the other night, and when I found their mother sobbing her life away, I called those boys to me and said: 'Now, my boys, you may go and get my gun and load it to the muzzle, and put the entire charge into your mother's heart, but you shall not slowly, by inches, stab my wife to death.'"

Jesus does the best he can for all mankind, and if he ever did his best he did it in Jerusalem, and when weeping over the failure of his work he said: "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered you together as a hen gathereth her chickens, but ye would not."

### "Keep Me!"

Once I had an indifferent servant girl, and my wife said to her, "Go home, I don't want you any longer." But the girl stood there and said: "I don't want to go. I know I am the poorest servant you ever had, but keep me." And if Christ should come down to-day and discharge me, I would fall on my knees and say: "Great Christ, I know I am the poorest servant you ever had, but keep me; oh, keep me!"

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### A Princely Character.

The context also speaks of the purity of Christian character. Ah, a Christian character is all purity. "Blessed is the man in whom there is no guile." A guileless wife, a guileless child, a guileless father. The ermine, so pure and white, is always captured by putting dirt in his path, for he submits to death rather than soil one of his white hairs. Whenever a Christian is ready to die rather than submit to a stain, his is a princely character.

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### Prohibition.

Just before the close of the meeting a telegram was received from Atlanta, saying: "Prohibition is carried in Atlanta by 232 majority."

"St. Louis is dead to that cry," shouted the evangelist, "but it is the crack of a thundering cannon that will level the saloons of St. Louis. Pray on, and some time this old city will be redeemed."

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### A Test of Christian Character.

He who is born of God can not sin. If I should say to

you an honest man can not steal, a sober man can not get drunk, you would say, "That's so." Now, by the same logic, a man born of God can not sin. Lies are often sung in churches. When you sing, "Surely the captain can depend on me," can the world point its finger at you and say it would trust you with anything it had? If not, the Lord can not depend on you.

Be so busy working for God that you can't give a minute a year to the devil. Then the Lord will bank on you. The devil tried to tempt Job, but the Lord said: "I can bank on him." And when all the trials fell on Job he simply said: "Blessed be the name of the Lord," and the Lord took Job out to walk with him, and said, "Job, I knew I could trust you."

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### How Mr. Jones Prays.

Mr. Jones himself offered the opening prayer—a simple, quiet, but fervent appeal to the Almighty for power. The evangelist is never in the least demonstrative in his prayers—a feature of his service that has won him favor.

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### Law.

The evangelist chose for his text the first verse of the eighth chapter of St. Paul's epistle to the Romans: "There is, therefore, no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit."

In the succeeding verses St. Paul goes into a sort of psychological analysis of what constitutes the law of God. Blackstone calls law a rule of action prescribed by some supreme authority, commanding what is right and precluding what is wrong.

Law is a rule, a line, a straight edge, which we are to follow, but which in itself contains nothing to help us to follow it. It is a mirror which reveals all our imperfections without helping us to get rid of them ; in it we see the mud and dirt, but it don't help us to wash it off. So with the law of God ; it is a mirror which reveals our imperfections without the power to cover them. And so a man, with no outside help, would be compelled to cry out: "Oh, wretched man that I am, who will relieve me from this body of death?" There he is chained by his load of shortcomings and weight of guilt, and stung by the offensive odor of his past sins. But fortunately here is a way provided. This book lifts the curtain of Christ and of law to every one who believeth and hath faith in him.

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### Depravity.

I am not going to enter into any discussion on depravity—as to whether it's partial or total, innate or developed. But I will say that every man has natural innate depravity enough to damn him, and I don't know what he would want of any more. If he does, he's greedy.

Now, as I said before, a Christian life is a straight line, and heaven is at the other end ; and if you can't walk that line you won't get there. Some will try to dodge around and take nigh cuts, and think they will come out at the other end all right. But I'd like to see a man take a nigh cut on a straight road.

Now I wish we could all come to the same conclusion with Paul in the seventh chapter of the Romans. I believe with the old preacher who was always saying that if we didn't get out of that seventh chapter of the Romans into the eighth the devil would get us sure.

But "there is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," or Christ Jesus in them—either would do, for our Savior uses the terms without distinction. He says: "I'll come in and sup with you." Oh what a blessed guest! I'd be ashamed of the table I'd have to set before him, but just to think of having Christ for your guest. And then he says, "Now you be my guest." Oh what a privilege, to sit and eat with Christ, heaven's bread and angels' food.

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### Wanting Christ.

Oh, we need Christ now—not the historical Christ, the Christ of Calvary, the Christ of 1,800 years ago, but a present, abiding Christ. The question which naturally comes up in this nineteenth century is, who is Christ? What is Christ? Thousands of books are being published to answer this question, and they are on the increase. More have been published since I was born than during all time before. The world is eager to know this question and has been for a thousand years. They turned their eyes to him and said: "Tell us who thou art?" and at last came a response—a still small voice descended and said: "We know this much, that he is, and they waited a century, and again the voice came and said: "I am that I am." They were thankful for that much light; but the earth was restless, and desired to know more of this mysterious power. And listen; again the voice was heard:

"I am the way." Oh, lost sinner, who has been wandering in the wilderness for a hundred years, here is a highway, a thoroughfare on which to walk.

"I am the truth." Now let this old world, which has been wandering in error a thousand years, walk in the light of the truth.



"I am the bread." Listen, ye hungry; here is bread enough and to spare.

"I am the door." Here is a door; and a door means a house and home and hospitality and comfort and happiness for the poor and the homeless.

"I am the light." The world has groped in darkness. Let it walk up into the meridian light.

You remember that place in the Bible where the hungry multitude surrounded our Savior, and his disciples, becoming alarmed, said: "Bid them go away." "No," said the Savior, "they need not depart. Get out your little loaves and fishes, and I'll multiply them until all can be fed." Blessed be God; men needn't go away from God hungering and thirsting.

But the great question is: Who is he? What is he? The finest authors are struggling with this question. I have been charmed with some of the works of our best authors, but one disciple told me more than all of them in five little words:

"HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD."

There it is all expressed in five little monosyllabic utterances. It describes a life without a flaw. You may ask any infidel about his life, and he'll say he can't pick a flaw in it that was below the dignity of God.

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### How to Tell a Good Christian.

But you will ask, how will you determine when a man has Christ. Why, he will be a wise man, a just, a true, a forgiving man, a man of lovely character.

"I die daily for God," says St. Paul. That is, every

morning he drops on his knees and dies to the world, to its smiles, its money, its condemnation, its pleasures. A man never truly lives till he dies for God, and a man who dies in this way is the livest man in the broad, wide world.

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### Prohibition.

Wisdom is the skillful application of knowledge. There are a great many knowing men in this world, but very few wise ones. The men of this earth have enough knowledge to run four worlds, but haven't enough wisdom to keep out of jail. Here in St. Louis there is an abundance of knowledge, but you haven't enough wisdom to run the town and shut up the saloons. I want to see one town that has died for prohibition. I'd like to attend the funeral and be funeralizer. I think I have a text that'll make things bounce when I find a town that has died because it went dry. Thank God that on yesterday Atlanta, a city of fifty-eight or sixty thousand inhabitants, they voted this fearful stuff out of their midst, and I want to see this question agitated on all sides. It is not a question of grain and revenue, it is a question of blood, and death, and hell. Wives are tired of seeing their husbands staggering into drunkard's graves; mothers are tired of seeing their sons turned into vagabonds and debauchees. I expect a great many professed Christians, when they get to heaven, will be greatly astonished to see that heaven is run without a few saloons to keep up the taxes.

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### Justice.

Justice! Ah, I have heard men say, "Better be just than generous." But it's ten times harder to be just than

to be generous. A man can help a poor widow, but does he give God, his family, his neighbor and himself their dues?

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### **"Two-wheel" Christians.**

Christly wisdom adopts the best means for the best ends. I never hear a good man say anything has helped him, but that I adopt that thing for myself. I'll adopt every plank for my platform that will help a man to be good. Now I have contempt for these little, silly Christians who have just two planks in their religious platform. They say their little prayers and read a little in the Bible, and that's as far as they ever go. They remind me of the two-wheeled engines they used to have. They made schedule time—oh, yes—just three miles an hour. But they soon got tired of that sort of schedule, and put jack-screws and six more wheels under the engines, and now they make sixty and seventy and seventy-five miles an hour. Some of you need more wheels put under you. There's many a man who has belonged to church forty years and hasn't gone ten miles yet. The devil could give him ten miles start and then catch him before breakfast. Let Christians keep out of gunshot reach of the devil. The trouble with too many is, the devil can go a mile while we're gettin' on our boots. I like this get-up-and-get Christianity. Let those two-wheel Christians switch off on a side track and get out of the way.

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### **Old and New Christianity.**

Acts of the Apostles, x., 1, 2: "There was a certain man in Cesarea, called Cornelius, a centurion of the band called the Italian band; a devout man and one that feared God

with all his house, which gave much alms to the people and prayed to God always."

Ah! There was a charm and a simplicity in the piety of that day. In the subject of our discourse, to-day, we find none of that ostentatious parade of religion; none of the fashionable God worship of our time. Oh, no; he was a "devout man who feared God," and the apostles have been accused of turning the world npside down, of destroying the even tenor of the lives of the people of that day by introducing new ideas, new forms and a new God. Yes, they did invert the order of things, and it is wonderful how the introduction of the religion of Jesus Christ inverts everything it comes in contact with. If you people of to-day were to build a great pyramid, placing the greatest men at the top, you'd crown your work with the richest man among you; your doctors of the law and professors of learning would be placed next, then the merchants and the great financiers, the farmers and mechanics, then last of all you would put the little children; but ah, thank God, you won't have it your way. God's going to upset all this, the finest piece of architecture that the world has ever constructed, and place first, highest and brightest above all, the little children, and then he will say to you, pointing to the little ones: "Except ye become as one of these, ye can not enter the kingdom of Heaven."

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### What Christianity Is.

Christianity is not a sentiment, a shout, a song, but a great living principle. I have heard a great many preachers talk about how many converts they've had. But converts from what? and to what? Converts from the works of the flesh? and converts to love, mercy, justice and wisdom? That's

the Bible platform. I've heard some country fellow talking about two hundred converts. Yes, two hundred quarter of a quarter fellows at ten cents a year for missions, with a demijohn in every house.

Practical Christianity pre-supposes a longing desire for Christ. Is there a man here who never had a longing desire for a better life? A healthy and good condition spiritually is a hungering and thirsting after righteousness. The supreme passion of a man's life is hunger and thirst. Did you ever try to locate the sensations? One time a little fellow was asked by his father to describe physical hunger. "Well," he said: "When I'm hungry I feel like I want to chaw somethin'."

And so the soul hungers for Christ. See the little two-year-old in the hands of the nurse. The mother has gone up town shopping and the little one twists and cries and writhes. The nurse offers it toys. "Don't want toys; want mamma." Then marbles. "Don't want marbles; want mamma." "Don't want candy; want mamma." And, at last, when the mother returns, it rushes to her arms as quiet and sweet as an angel. And so with a true Christian. Offer him the ball room, and he says: "Don't want ball room; want Christ." "Don't want theaters; want Christ." "Don't want cards; don't want more money—nothing but Christ." Earnest, heartfelt desire—that is what we want. I hear a fellow say he's been seeking religion for ten months. Well, the reason he didn't get it was because he found something else that satisfied him.

Submission. The trouble with some is that after they get to Christ they don't want to submit to him. They beg leave to differ with God on a great many questions. Look not upon the wine when it is red. Why? Don't dance. Why? Go into one of these houses in your city, which is

morally as dark as perdition, and ask that pale, lost woman where she took her first downward step. She will answer, in the ball-room. It is not lying, stealing and drunkenness that is ruining the church. Those old red-nosed devils—who cares for them? If a man is a liar or steals, no one respects him. But it's the worldly amusement that's paralyzing us. And then some church member will come to you and ask if it's any harm to dance. Why don't he ask if there's any harm in prayer-meetings? The lying rascal, he knows it aint right.

If I had a child that could not read, or hadn't sense enough to work, I'd teach him to play cards. If my daughter was such a simpleton that she didn't know how to behave herself I'd send her to some hook-nosed French dancing master and have him teach her how to dance. If her head was a failure I'd make it up on her body.

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### Michael Angelo.

Take a piece of that grand statuary carved out of marble from the mythical mountains by the chisel of Michael Angelo, and those men of old, whose fame passes to us and is raised by the hand of time into very gods; take one of their statues and dress it up in the gewgaws and frivolous apparel of our day, and what will it be like? Why, the sculptor who framed it would turn in his grave and say reproachfully: "Lay not your desecrating hand on my work; hold not up to ridicule that which you can't imitate."

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### Mr. Jones no Croaker.

I want you all to understand that I'm no croaker, but I will say that the works, the manners, the doings, the ideas

of the great first century are all molded in part by the great hand of him who walked this earth then setting

AN EXAMPLE FOR THE WORLD TO FOLLOW.

But, ah, me! we are all too much like the school boy who copies the first line in his copy book from the teacher's specimen, but the next line he copies from his own just above, and so on until the last line on the page will be the poorest of all. Yes, my friends, this old dogmatical, hypocritical world of ours needs a black eye mighty bad, and the only thing we can hit it with is godly men, godly women and Christ-like things.

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A Devout Man.

"A devout man, and one that feared God with all his house." Cornelius was truly devout and simply pious. He was devout in all things and pious at all times, and I am going to say this, that the man who is religious in anything is religious in all things; and the man who is religious at certain times or certain places hasn't got one spark of religion about him. Here's one man who says: "Well, Jones, I am thankful that I have my dear religion, but somehow I don't enjoy it." Well, do you know why he don't enjoy it? Because he hasn't got it. A man must enjoy his religion if he has any; he can't help it. Why, I once knew an old lady who enjoyed poor health, and I am sure if one can enjoy poor health he can enjoy religion. For myself, I don't know anything a fellow can get more solid comfort out of than he can out of religion.

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The Greatest Question.

What is the greatest question up for solution to-day? Is

it that of finance? Is the tariff question uppermost in the minds of the people of the nineteenth century? Is it the color line, or bread and meat? No, it is none of these; it is the great question which each must solve for himself: How is it about my eternity and that of my children? Why, I'd rather have for my son a good, simple minded, God serving boy, who could go along and plow his corn straight, and live an upright life, than to be the father of the brightest, most talented man that ever lived—if he was a dissipated, red-nosed drunkard.

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### Aims and Legacies.

“And he gave much alms to the people.” Cornelius wasn't rich or he wouldn't have been a centurion, but he gave much alms, and God says he'll judge a man in proportion to his means of doing good. Agur said: “Give me not riches lest I be puffed up, neither give me poverty lest I be poor and steal.” Oh, how envious we all feel when some millionaire dies, and the will is read; he leaves to this one a million, and that one a million, and the other one a million, and the other hundred million he divides between his two dear sons, who'll probably buy a place in hell with it unless they have been so “trained in the way they will go, that they depart not now therefrom.” Oh, I'd rather have the heritage left me by my sainted father, who didn't have a dollar to give me, than all the riches ever claimed by man. “Oh, my poor, godless, wicked, wayward boy,” my father said, “promise your father that you'll meet him in heaven.”

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### Children.

When you die your wife won't slip a thousand dollar bill into your shroud and say, “Take this to pay your ferriage



across the river of death," and your son won't say, "Father, you leave me half of your money and you take the balance." Oh, no; you'll just die and leave every penny of it behind you.

And about your children. It is easier to steer an ocean steamer through the reefs and rocks into the harbor than to guide the footsteps of a wayward child along the roadway of life to the gate of heaven. I look often at my sweet children nestling in their mother's arms, and I wonder, God forbid, if that mother will ever have to ask, "Oh, where's my darling boy to-night?"

Brother, you can't say that darling boy of yours, that you love as the apple of your eye, won't die drunk; sister, you have no assurance that your precious daughter, whom you have reared so tenderly, will not marry a drunkard, and have great furrows in her cheeks, which came by the constant rolling down of bitter tears of anguish and despair.

It is becoming a very common thing for daughters to disobey the wise counsel of their loving and thoughtful mothers, and go off and marry some sinful, debauched, dissipated vagabond, all for luring passion's sake, coming in the guise of love. Why, in some parts of New York I hear they have to lock up their girls every night to keep them from skipping off before morning with—possibly the coachman.

"Feared God with all his house." He not only feared God himself, but he saw to it that all his house did likewise. Religion in the family, the sacred things of home. Bob Ingersoll, that enemy of God and child of Satan, has attacked everything in heaven or earth, but you never heard of him saying aught but good of his sainted mother. He never did that and no man who has the God-given instincts of a man ever did it.

### A Father Lets His Child Drown.

I heard a story once of a father and child crossing a stream in a little boat; in the bottom of one end of the boat was a great bag of gold, while in the other end sat the little boy. All of a sudden the boat capsized, and they were thrown into the water; the father, unmindful of the cries of his child, caught the gold, and struggled, and tugged, until he got to land—the boy was drowned, and all the people who saw it cursed and beat so unfatherly a father.

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### Instructing Children.

In the schools of to-day, at the fireside, in public, and in private, the great lesson taught to children is, how to make money, how to get rich, how to make the best living. Why I'd rather be a beggar and enjoy God like a prince, than to be a prince on earth and be a beggar for God's mercy in hell. There's another thing I want to tell you; when you are dead and gone, your children are going to talk about you; they'll say, "Why, father did this, and he was the best man on earth; why, mother used to do this, and there were none so good as she." I suppose it was true; I never dispute anything about dead folks. I go into the cemeteries and I read this man's epitaph, and that man's; I see they were pretty much all of them perfect; and I think, well, they're dead now, and they're gone to glory, perhaps, so I won't disturb their record on earth. But you fathers and mothers, just make up your minds now to set an example for your children; if you set a good one, all right; but if you set a bad one, recollect it'll be charged up to your account in the book kept by the recording angel. If you people don't need any of this kind of talk, I am precious glad

of it; but if I was guessing at it I'd say you need it—some of you.

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### Alms-Giving.—A "Stingy."

"And he gave much alms to the people." So, then, we have Cornelius, right in himself, right with his family, and casting a halo of his goodness and piety and the God-given principle of generosity to all the people around him. Well, you'll all say, we are charitable, too; we give to the poor; give much alms to the poor. There are many ways you keep account of your charities. Here's an old sinner, who keeps a little book, in which he puts down everything he gives to the poor; let's take a peep into it; there's his list: First, is a poor blind man in distress; you give him 50 cents; next, is a poor lame man in a terrible condition; he's got marked for him 25 cents; then is a poor negro, 25 cents; a little starving girl, 10 cents. Then he started to write "preacher," but rubbed it out and didn't give him anything. Do you know the way he got out of it? I'll tell you; he said to himself: "Why, I've given away everything I had; I'll have my family starving if I don't stop it. Yes, I've really given away every dollar I've made this year." Then he gets his book and counts it all up; 50 cents, and 25 cents, and 25 cents, and 10 cents—\$1.10; poor man, isn't it a wonder he don't starve?

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### A Bishop's Story of Giving.

One of the bishops of this church told me a story the other day; he said he asked one of his church members for a donation, and the man hemmed and hawed, and finally said that he couldn't—he had been called on so often that

he really didn't know how much he had given; it had become an everyday occurrence for him to have to give to this thing or that. The bishop knew him and advised him, if he didn't know how much he gave, to keep on giving till he did know how much it was. I tell you, let a fellow give till the blood comes, then he'll know how much he has given.

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### How a Preacher "Bled" Skinfint.

A preacher came to my town in Georgia not long ago, to raise money to build a church in Florida, and the first man he called on was the meanest man in town, and was never known to give a dollar for anything. When the preacher asked him to give him \$10, the merchant said he couldn't; he had been bled so often already that he had been bled dry—really he couldn't give a dollar. The preacher rolled up his sleeve and said, "You see my arm; look at that scar, and that, and that; well, the doctor drove his lancet into each one of those places but only got a drop of blood in each but they called it bleeding. That's the way with you; you are bled, and bled, but the blood don't come." The merchant gave him \$10.

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### Another Such.

Not long ago, an infidel of our town sent for me to come to see him; he was awful sick; I went, of course, but when he asked me to pray for him to get well, I just told him that God knew me to be an honest man, and I couldn't fool with God by asking him to spare his life. I told him that I didn't believe he had ever done any good in his life; he never gave anything to anybody; he was never kind to

anybody, and I did not believe his life was worth praying for; I didn't know but what the world would be just as well off without him as with him. He asked me if my orphans could use some corn, and I said yes, and when he promised to send me some for them, I felt like I could pray a little then, and I did pray for him. He got well, and was a useful man afterward—and my orphans got the corn, too.

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### Paying for a Ticket to Heaven.

The good book says it is "more blessed to give than receive." You rich man, which would you rather be, the man who gives five hundred dollars for the conversion of the poor heathen, or the Chinese who gets it? People won't understand that a man can buy his way wherever he wants to go. He can buy it part of the way to heaven, too, but if he hasn't got anything else to fall back on he'll get left. He can get to heaven without a cent, if he wants to; so he can to New York, but he'll have a pretty tough time. Water is about the cheapest thing going, and if you want it here in St. Louis all you have to do is to take your bucket and go to the river and get it, but if you want it brought through the pipes to your house you've got to shell out for it. So religion is about as cheap as anything, in the long run; it takes more money to run that old red-nosed toper than it will two or three Christian gentlemen. If a man has money he can do as he pleases; he can go up to heaven or down to hell, or he may run along on a "dead level," if he don't slip off and go down. By running on a dead level I mean that if a man plants corn he gets corn; so he's no better off than he was before; he may have more of it but it'll still be corn; if he takes that corn and distills it that's

going to hell with it; but if he has two bushels of corn and gives one bushel to that poor widow under the hill, he'll go to heaven on that bushel of corn, all things being equal, of course.

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### Too much Wealth an Incumbrance.

I never was able to distinguish the difference between one hundred thousand dollars and a million. A hundred thousand dollars is as much as any man can conveniently tote. If a fellow has one cane it'll help him to walk, but if he has fifty they have to be toted.

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### "Praying Ground."

You've all heard one of these old hard-hearted sinners get on his knees in church to pray, and begin by thanking God he's on prayin' ground. Why, he ain't in a thousand miles of it. Praying ground is the highest ground you can get.

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### Peter's Refusal to Eat.

God spread a four-cornered sheet out before Peter on the house-top, and said, "Peter, kill and eat;" but Peter said, "Not so, Lord, I never did eat anything unclean." The Lord spoke a second and a third time, telling Peter to "kill and eat," and finally, when God said "What I have cleansed is not unclean," then Peter did eat, and with that act Peter opened the floodgates of love and mercy, and baptized the world in the waters of God's salvation.

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### Mr. Jones Explains.

I am going to close now, and will soon leave you, and if

I've said anything unkind since I came to your city, if you could see the forces of love and sympathy which dictated it, you would know that I have no other feelings than a heart-felt love, sympathy and interest in your welfare, here and hereafter.

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### Three Impossibilities.—Fraud.

We say there are three absolute impossibilities in this life. There may be a thousand; we know of three. In the first place we say it is an absolute impossibility for a man to continuously and successfully practice fraud upon his own immortality. The price God puts on a soul is too great for him, the author of that soul, to suffer me to practice a fraud upon it. If I am a good man I know I am a good man; if I am not a good man I know it. It is perfectly natural for the human nature at times to bring to bear upon itself the flattery of its friends and the good opinion it may naturally hold of itself. But after we have listened to the flattery of those who speak to us, and after we bring to bear all our self-pride, thank God there are moments in our life when God breaks the silence of eternity and speaks out to us in no unmistakable language. He shows us who we are, and he shows us what we are, and he shows us whither we are tending. I am so glad God will not let man lay down and sleep his way to hell. I am so glad that ever and anon God will wake humanity up and show us exactly what we are. Poor human nature, it would listen to the flattery of the world around it; it would bring to bear all its self-pride and find refuge in these things; but God will sweep away these refuges and show us what we are, in spite of ourselves, in spite of our friends, in spite of the world, in spite of the devil; God will make us see ourselves. It is a blessed con-

solution, if I am a good man, I know it; it is an awful condemnation if I am a bad man, I know it. It is absolutely impossible for a man to continuously and successfully practice fraud upon his immortality.

We say, again, that it is absolutely impossible for a man to practice fraud upon his neighbor. Now, if you are a good man, your neighbor knows it; and if you are not a good man your neighbor knows it. The Bible tells us that "the good on earth are like a city set on a hill that can not be hid." The book tells us that "the good are like a light upon the candlestick sitting upon a table," and no matter how great the darkness the brilliancy of the candle shows itself to all that are in the room. It is a delusion of human nature and human kind that, "After all I am not so bad as I thought I was; and, after all, men do not think me as bad as I am." Oh, what a luxury in human experience is the consciousness that nobody knows me just as I am. There are some things that are covered up; there are some things that no eye ever looked on; there are some things that I can shut the door upon to the world and say:

"Thou canst not enter and see."

But after all you are deceiving nobody. I will tell you what to do if you wish to find out what you are. Dress up in a disguise and go to one of your neighbors and sit and talk with him two or three hours; get him to talking about you and he will tell you some things that you didn't dream anybody in this universe knew anything about. And your property may be for sale next day for all I know and: "I will emigrate (laughter); I had no idea that people knew all my things; I thought they were buried ten fathoms in forgetfulness and ignorance." Oh, me! this world knows us as we are. This old world knows the preachers, knows the efficient members, knows the little insignificant members;



this world knows you, friend of the world, and what you are, and who you are. No man can successfully and persistently practice fraud upon his neighbor. We know you.

“By their fruits ye shall know them.”

Then again, no man can successfully and continuously practice fraud upon God. God knows me through and through. He knows all about me. He knows where I live, which room I sleep in. His eye has been upon me from my mother's knee up to this hour. He knows all the acts of my life and my thoughts, and the motives behind each act. God knows me through and through. I am as transparent in his sight as the clearest glass you ever look through. God knows me as I am.

The language, “be not deceived,” is: don't suffer yourselves to begin thinking that you can practice fraud upon yourselves. Don't suffer yourselves to be beguiled into the notion that you can deceive your neighbor; and above all things know: “God is not mocked.”

The literal translation of that sentence: “Be not deceived; God is not mocked,” the literal, every day, practical translation of that is this: “You needn't be turning up your nose at God as if you were playing pranks on him. He knows you through and through.” That is about the most straightforward and practical way we can put that sentence. That is just what it means through and through.

“God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.”

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### Reaping as Sown.

“Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.”

That text is true whether there is any God at all or not. That text is true whether man is immortal or not. That

text is true whether there is a heaven or not or hell or not. That text would have been as true if you had found it in Hume's History of England as it is in the word of God. That text would have been as true if Socrates had said it, as it is true when God says it. That text is true whether there is anything else true in the moral universe of God or not.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

This is a common platform upon which all humanity are agreed. That is one of Ingersoll's favorite texts.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

No matter whether he be Jew or Gentile; whether he be Christian or infidel, atheist or deist, all are agreed on this truism:

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Now, this is true in the physical world about us; this is true of all nature around us.

"Whatever you sow, that you reap." If I go into my garden and sow a row of lettuce, I don't expect anything from the time the seed drops from my fingers until covered up in earth, until the vegetable is gathered to the table. I don't expect anything but lettuce. If I go into my field and sow wheat I don't expect anything but wheat. If I drop corn in that row, from the time the furrow covers up the corn until I gather it, I don't expect anything but corn.

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### The Increase of Sin.—Seeds.

A member of my church in Georgia once said to me: I found a seed of oats in my garden last spring and it occurred to me that I would see what it would do, so I cultivated and cared for it. It grew, and in time ripened, and when I pulled that stalk of oats I found in its head 8,700

oat seeds, all from one grain; now, suppose you plant these 8,700 oat seeds and then plant the offspring of theirs; why, in a few years you would have this earth covered with oats. And so it is with sin; you may sow one little sin in some out-of-the-way place, but when you hear from it again it will have multiplied until it has reached the gigantic proportions represented by a lost soul, and perhaps many souls have been wrecked on the rocks of eternal destruction because you sowed that little seed.

Ah! that calls us away back 6,000 years to the Garden of Eden, where dwelt the purest, holiest, most beautiful of God's creatures, a perfect man and woman; but Adam dropped in the soil a seed of sin, and that seed has grown until its shadow darkens the face of God's glorious earth and the whole world is full of sin. Like begets like; you sow tares and you will reap tares, you sow thistles and you will get a crop of thistles, and as this is a law in physical life, so it holds good in moral life. Each one of us carries on his arm a basket of the seeds of life; some one kind, and some another; but whatever it is, you may be sure that when you sow them they'll grow, and the strange part of it is that the worse the seed, the better they'll grow, because the devil takes mighty good care of his crops, but they'll be exactly the same that you sowed, only multiplied an hundred fold.

Whenever I want to know the moral status of a community, the religious affairs of a place, I'll ask you for a little of its history; what kind of seed has been sown in the place. If you'll tell me what kind of influences have been uppermost in a community, I'll tell you what kind of people there are there now. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap." Every word I say to you to-night, my friends, you can count on being strictly true, because every-

thing I tell you, I've learned by some mighty bitter lessons, and if you felt like I do about these things I wouldn't have to talk very long to you. Then there's another thing about these seeds, my friends, whenever you sow one of them, it's gone forever; you'll hear from it, and you'll see it, but you can't recall it.

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### Priest, Woman and Thistles.

A woman went to her priest once and in the confessional she told him that she had been the means of making much trouble between her neighbors, by talking, tattling, carrying tales from one to the other, but she didn't intend to do harm by it; she never thought so much would come out of it. "Well," said the priest, "before I can give you absolution you must do penance for your sin, and for penance you must go and gather a basket of thistles, and when you have gathered them you must scatter them around all about the houses of these people you have so grievously wronged. The woman did so, and came again asking absolution, but the priest told her: "Oh, no, your work isn't finished yet, you must now go and gather all the thistles again and bring them to me, that they may be destroyed." The woman, almost in despair, cried: "O father, I can never do that; I can never gather them again;" and so, said the good priest, "you can never undo the great wrong you have done, but you must live a whole life of atonement to God; and pray him to in part release you from the burden of your weight of sin."

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### The Liquor Traffic.

"Whatsoever a man sow that shall he reap." You sow whisky and you'll reap drunkards, and you needn't believe

I'm telling you the truth if you don't want to; but if you doubt my word just you go into the hovel home of one of these starving, miserable families; look at that sallow, weazen-faced woman in the corner, hovering over her freezing babes; the pale, emaciated half-dead children crying for a morsel to eat, and which that mother would almost barter her soul to give them, but can not; you ask that mother and those babes what is the cause of their misery and degradation, and in chorus they'll say, "The arch demon, rum!" As an illustration of this, take your own city, St. Louis, with her 2,000 dram-shops and her young men going to hell by the thousands, and follow me for a moment to

#### THE DOORS OF INIQUITY

in your midst, and I'll show you a sight over which the very angels in heaven are weeping now. And I want to say this to you too, every one of you are *particeps criminis* to this great evil. Every man and woman among you will be held responsible for this state of things until you have used every means in your power to stamp it out; until you have used all your available measures toward changing these things.

You sow whisky and you reap drunkards. I reckon a good many of your people will say that I make an ugly picture of these things; that I exaggerate; that I want to scare you, but I don't do anything of the kind; but I can go out to your cemeteries and bring in here and place on this sacred table a dozen old skeletons that'll make you all cut a mighty different caper. Oh, they'd teach you a thing or two about whisky and the hot-bed of hell that is. But modern humanity wants everything sugar-coated. If a man expects anybody to listen to him he must smooth

things over; he must make his talk sound nice to the refined ears of our modern civilization.

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### "Take Your Medicine according to Directions."

A man got very sick once and sent for a doctor and a nurse. They came, and the doctor left medicine with the directions for giving it. Next day when he came his patient was much worse and he asked the nurse how that was; he surely had not given the medicine as directed. "Oh, yes;" the nurse said, "he has taken the medicine every two hours as you ordered, but the doses you left were so large that I thought they were too much for the poor man in his weak condition, so I only gave him half of each powder." The man died, and that nurse was to blame in not giving according to directions; and so it is with

#### THE GREAT MEDICINE

contained in the word of God. The preachers are the nurse, to give the medicine by the directions, and if they do it you say they exaggerate. My brethren of the clergy, God has told you just how much and when to give his medicine, and you needn't stop to think whether it is too much or too often. I'll tell you what I'm going to do; I'm going to give the medicine, and if it kills the fellow that's taking it, why, he'll have to go. Oh no, my friends, I aint a homœopath when it comes to dosing out God's medicine. There's one beauty about religion. If President Cleveland had begun by attacking the Democratic party, and showed up its rascality and swindling, why, he'd a broken it up long ago, and if J. G. Blaine had made his speeches attacking and abusing his party it wouldn't have been in existence now. But religion aint that way; the more you abuse it

and say mean things about it the more it'll grow. The more you denounce the wrong way the more the people will flock to the right.

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### A Scathing Indictment.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." If I ever wanted to sell whisky (I never shall boast if I did want to), I'd want to go to a Christian community, in a Christian country, and when I got my license I'd want it indorsed by Christian alderman and a Christian mayor; then I'd give it into the keeping of my wife, and tell her that when I died I wanted her to bury that license with me, and on resurrection day I'd go up to the judgment bar of God, and when he asked me what I had done in this world I'd pull out my license and tell God that I didn't think there was any harm in what I did because I was indorsed by all his good Christians. Then God Almighty would put the whole shebang in hell together.

Sow whisky—reap drunkards. Yes, my friends, I am responsible to God for the way things are managed until I put my strongest veto on record, and you all are responsible too. Why, if you church people want to you could stop this whisky selling in the North, and I'll say this too, that if you church members would stop drinking whisky that would close about half the saloons itself. Oh, you old red-nosed devil in God's church! You're a disgrace to the universe.

Sow oaths—you reap damnation.

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### A Profane Father's Remorse.

In a town in Georgia there lived one of the most profane men on earth; why, he'd swear for nothing, or he'd swear

for something; he'd swear on all occasions. One morning, as he was walking down town with his little boy, four years old, the little fellow tripped and nearly fell, and just as soon as he recovered his equilibrium he began the most awful tirade ever heard; he gave utterance to the vilest oaths that ever crossed a human's lips. The father turned and looked at his boy, then said to a gentleman near: "You hear me, I'll never swear again, so help me God." And he never did, but the harvest for hell had already been reaped for that little boy, not four years old.

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### "No Cards."

Sow cards—reap gamblers. Many of you here will disagree with me, but I'm going to tell you the truth, and if you don't believe me now you'll believe me before you die; I say that nine out of every ten gamblers in this world are the products of Christian homes.

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### A Misunderstanding.

Right here I want to say that how the press misunderstood me a while ago is a mystery to me. When I referred to whisky mashes and swill tubs, I didn't have any idea of attacking the governor of your State or the Supreme Court. Nothing was further from my thought. I run a sort of wholesale gospel shoe store and whenever a man comes along and finds anything to fit him, why he just puts 'em on and goes ahead.

Some of you people think I've said some hard things about you, but I'll say this, and you all know it: You've all said a heap harder things about me than I've said about you; and now I want to tell you that whenever I say hard things I don't say them for anybody that they don't fit.



## "Cards."—Society Sins.

I guess I was a pretty hard case in my time—yes, I know I was a miserable sinner; but I never learned to play cards. If my father and mother had taught me to play cards, I reckon I'd a been gone too far to recall, long ago.

But some one says: "If you stick to that you will never get into society." Society is a heartless old wretch. Society, society, society. Society is the leech of the soul; it sucks the soul until the soul is hollow as a drum. Nothing in there, nothing in there. Society—a heartless old wretch. She has cursed ten thousand homes in this world. Society—so-called, I mean—you know what I mean, too. (Laughter.) God being my helper and God being my trust and judge at the final day, I shall never go into anything or be in partnership in anything that will curse my children when I am dead and gone. Many of the fathers and mothers in this house are laughing in their sleeves at what I am saying at this moment. If I could just run down twenty years and show you some members of your household, it would bring tears of blood to your eyes. I have seen a wife who set wines on her table in the first year of her married life, and cut up a big shine, according to the laws of society, and that same wife would come to me with weeping eyes, screaming and crying: "Oh, save my husband; he is gone forever." And I have said it many a time, if I was a wife and any man brought his demijohns and wines to my home I would tell him:

"Sir, in the name of God, don't bring that here in the presence of my children."

Instead of that some of you will stir it and sweeten it and fix it for him. I would tell him in the presence of my children:

"Go down town and let the bar-keeper do that. I won't soil my hands and damn my children stirring your toddies for you." (Laughter.)

I know some wives in this country, and mothers, who will suffer anything rather than have their little children demoralized and damned in their own homes.

"Sow cards; reap gamblers."

God Almighty pity the Christian home that can not get along without a pack of cards. (Turning to the ministers on the platform Mr. Jones said in an audible whisper: "I wish you would say 'Amen,' along occasionally." This sally was greeted with laughter and applause and had the desired effect on the ministers.)

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### "Balls."

"Sow balls, reap germans."

I am glad those are called Germans; I am glad they ain't called Americans. (Laughter.) I am glad we had enough respect for America to give that a foreign name. (Laughter.) There is nothing more demoralizing to society than what you call germans. Sow a german (laughter) and reap a spider-legged dude (laughter) and that's getting down pretty low. (Laughter.) Sow a spider-legged dude and reap half a thimbleful of calves' foot jelly. (Laughter.) I got to fighting the dudes here in Nashville, and the boys unloaded on the darkies (laughter) and the next day there were more darkies going about with tight pants and toothpick shoes than I ever saw in my life. (Laughter.) The darkies didn't care and I don't think they ever got on to the joke. (Laughter.) Oh, me, I tell you humanity is running it mighty fine along these lines, along these lines.

**"Old Maids."**

But some one says: "Except you mix with these things your daughters will die old, old maids."

Well, bless my life, there are 10,000 things worse than old maid-dom. (Laughter.) The Lord knows I would rather have fifty old maids on my hands than a son-in-law like some of you have. (Laughter and applause.) I do! (Continued laughter.) I say to you all to-night that the legitimate end of such lives as are manifested in some homes in this town is the raising of just such sons-in-law, and I have thought many a time if the devil—I don't care how much he's got against a fellow—if you will just put one or two sons-in-law loose on him he might declare it off. (Laughter.) There is nothing on earth or in hell to beat one. (Laughter.) You have tried it, you know. (Laughter.)

Ah, me, the legitimate end of the life of some parlor shams in these homes. You reap, you reap that which will curse you when you are dead and gone.

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**"Sowing and Reaping."**

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Sow profanity, reap it. Sow dram-drinking, reap drunkenness. Sow cards, reap gamblers. Sow balls and reap Germans. The German is the legitimate product of the ball-room. I tell you, humanity, when you start it down hill you ain't going to stop. The square dance. This world put up with it a while and said: "Let's go on with it a while," and then on with it a little further, and on, and on, and on, and then

**THE ROUND DANCE.**

I could say some things that would make the blood boil,

but I forbear. It will come up legitimately before I quit here. There are some things on that line that every faithful man ought to say. He owes it to those that are just as certain to be driven to destruction as we are in the house of God to-night.

Friends, will you hear to-night? Do you know what the Bible says?

“For he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting.”

Look at the guilt of this old world; look at the guilt of this city; the guilt of some of our families. We have been sowing to the flesh, and of the flesh reaping corruption. What is it we can do? There is but one thing. What's that? Change sowing these seeds. Thank God, that is a way we have left to us. Change sowing; change sowing.

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### Leading Astray and Right.

I want to say that I was the leader of the boys of my town, and led many of them to wickedness and sin; and all that I ever led astray I have converted back myself. I preached the gospel in my town, and at our last arbor meeting God blessed my work so that he gave me the last associate of my boyhood days, and now the last boy that I ever led astray is, owing to me, a member of the church and on his way to heaven. Thank God, there's such a thing as reversing the sowing. (Amen.) Thank God, there is a carrying of souls to heaven instead of pushing them down to hell.

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### Parental Responsibility.

I preached on the home and family religion once when I

was a pastor, and about three or four weeks afterward I met one of the leading members of my church, one of the most intelligent men to whom I was ever pastor. When I met him on the road, he in his buggy and I in mine, he stopped me and said:

“You know you preached about family religion. It waked me up, put me to thinking, to studying, to praying. I went home and studied my children’s faults, since I saw you, and I have reached the conclusion—”

Hear it:

“After three weeks’ close study of my children, I have found out that my children—”

Hear it, parents,—

“Haven’t a single fault that me or their mother hasn’t got.”

There’s enough to bring parents to their knees. “My children haven’t a single fault that me or their mother hasn’t got.”

I saw this evening where a father who was a famous climber in strength and muscle, was climbing up the slippery side of a mountain and making most fearful struggles in making his way, when he heard his boy’s voice say:

“Father, keep in the safe path, your little boy is following you.”

Your little boy’s following you.

Some years ago a father started to his plantation to look after stock, and after going a hundred yards or more his little Willie, seven years old, cried: “Father, may I come with you?”

“Yes, son, come along.”

The snow was ten inches deep. The father went on and said:

“Follow me, son.”

“Ah, father, I am putting my tracks in your tracks.”

The little fellow was putting his tracks in his father's tracks. The godless father said :

"That is true in more senses than one, and by the grace of God, I will never lead my boy to hell."

I am putting my tracks in your tracks. Oh, my fellow-citizens, when you bring this thing down where my children will imitate and follow me, then I say above all things, may God guide my doubtful footsteps! Let me make no mistakes, my children are on my track.

It seems to me if there is a hell made for time and eternity, it must be for that man who leads his children deliberately down to death and hell.

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### Grandfather's Story at His Golden Wedding.

Six years ago, I got a letter from my old grandfather Jones, who lived across two counties from us, and he wanted me to come and visit him. The letter said that "You and your wife and children must come to see us; your grandmother and I have lived happily together for fifty years, and now we are going to celebrate our golden wedding." I didn't intend going, but I thought over it and concluded to go, and we went. After we had done dinner the old man formed all of us around him in a circle and told us this story: "Away back, when he was sixteen years, in the southern part of Georgia, he was bound out until he was twenty-one; while he was trudging away at his work, the little village was stirred up one day by some Methodists coming through holding a revival meeting, and he, like every one else, went to hear the preaching, but not like every one else, he was converted to God, and was baptized; a few years afterward he was ordained and has preached the gospel ever since. There are fifty-two members in our

family, of these twenty-two have crossed over on the other side, sixteen were infants, and with God as my surety, I know they are in heaven; the other six died happy (and one of these was my father).

“There are thirty left, and all but one are in the church and on the straight and narrow path that leads to heaven; but that one, oh, I have wept over that brother; I have shed tears of bitter anguish; I have prayed for him and with him, and at last he surrendered to the power greater than he, and is to-day a powerful minister of the gospel.”

Then the old man said, with tears in his eyes, that he didn't care whether he stayed down here with his thirty children and grand-children, or went up yonder with the twenty-two, to wait for us all.

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### In Heaven.

I believe I have been the means of saving many souls, and if I saved a million, when I got to heaven I'd give them all to him for a crown of glory, for he is worthy of them all. I've often asked myself, shall I get to heaven? If I get to heaven I expect to find my mother there, to see my father there, and my loved ones there; and it will be joy to me to look at the face of Jesus Christ, my precious Savior, as I walk the golden streets. But I tell you the grandest hour I shall see in heaven is some moment as I walk the golden streets and I shall see my precious wife winging her way to the shining court, and I'll join hands with her in that town yonder; we are here forever. The next gladdest moment shall be when wife and I shall sit down under the tree of Life, and the archangel wings its way to us, and brushes our little Mary out under his wing.

### Harvest: In the South; In the Revival.

The revival work is the harvest time for Christianity. In the South we have no machinery, and carry on the harvesting process with our own manual labor chiefly. If you go there in harvest time you will find everybody busy at work cutting and carrying away the sheaves. The men will be doing the hard work, the children toting the sheaves and buckets of water, while the females will have charge of the cooking. Everybody, from the little four-year-old to the old gray-headed grandfather, will have some occupation.

This is your harvest time and you should be at work. You stand around, saying that you are ready to work, but you don't see anything to do. But never fear; there is plenty to be done. Down South, when the sky looks threatening and the black clouds obscure the sun's rays, and the thunder rolls and the lightning flashes, the harvesters set to work with an increased vim and vigor, to get the sheaves under cover before the clouds break and let loose their vast sheets of rain. When all the work is done they all fly to the house to escape the shower, and when they all get indoors they look around for little Willie, and find that he is missing. They at once rush out of doors to search for the missing child, and go over the same ground again and again, looking for him, while the thunder rolls and the streaks of lightning dart across the skies in a fearful manner. They at last find little Willie, struggling under the weight of a bunch of sheaves. The little fellow was anxious to do some work, and fell time and again under his burden. Oh, what a picture! to see father raise little Willie, together with the bunch, and carry both to a place of safety. Do your best, every one of you, and God will carry you to his kingdom, like little Willie's father, carrying both worker



and burden. I heard the account of the burning of a house from a little boy, and as he narrated the occurrence I asked him what his father and mother did. He answered that they worked hard to save the property. I asked him what he did, and he replied that he cried. If you can't do anything else, do what the little boy did. I have been preaching and praying, and I want you to tell me what I can do for God. I am so anxious to serve him, and will feel thankful if you tell me something else that I can do. Now, I want to know what you have been doing. I want you to arise and tell me what you have been doing for the success of this meeting.

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#### Mr. Jones' Catholicity.

God bless the Presbyterian, Baptist and Congregationalist churches in this city. God bless every church that bears the name of Christ in this city. When you unite every Christian heart in the fight you can battle with the world, the flesh and the devil that curse this city. Put your faith in it and then you will have a hard time of it without prayer and work.

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#### Last Words.

Our text this evening is from the fourth chapter of St. Paul's epistle to Timothy, where he instructed him on four things necessary for salvation. These words of St. Paul to Timothy might be considered his dying words and they were said to Timothy in the gospel. I have been frequently touched when reading the verses of St. Paul at the tender care he bestowed on Timothy. As he had to pass to his reward he had these things mentioned in the chapter to say to Timothy. Oh, how the last words of a dying neighbor

a dying mother and a departing father are cherished by us. We might forget a thousand things they said at other times, but their last words cling to us like a dream. And these were the last words to Timothy. The watchful spirit so necessary was also spoken of in the gospel. Thy adversary, the devil, goes around like a roaring lion seeking whomsoever he might devour.

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### Be Watchful.

Watch in all things and be on your guard. Washington said when danger was around, "Put none but Americans on the outskirts to-night." And in this spiritual battle we want none but the vigilant on the outskirts. Why is it that they are so hard on the sentinel in the armies when he goes to sleep on the outposts. The reason of it is, because the enemy might slip up, when he would be asleep, and slaughter probably 60,000 men. No wonder the general says, "Death to the sentinel that goes to sleep on duty." The Bible says to walk circumspectly. The word is from the Latin and means to walk around. The Indian in his primeval condition always walked circumspectly. When walking through the forests no wild beast or enemy could steal upon him, and when he left his wigwam in the morning he bade his squaw and children good-by and went out into the wild forest in search of food, but nothing ever happened to him. He walked circumspectly and through such a precaution was never taken unawares. Walk circumspectly. I know not what sort of an enemy might come upon me if I do otherwise. I will obey the scriptures and walk circumspectly.

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### "The World, the Flesh, and the Devil"

The world, the flesh and the devil are our enemies. Spur-

geon said: "The devil is a cunning fellow, but with the grace of God I can conquer him. The word is a multitudinous affair, but with the grace of God I can conquer it."

When you go into the world be careful that the world doesn't get into you. At our conference a short time ago, at which Bishop Whitman presided, a preacher said he was afraid to go out to preach because the devil was hid behind the pulpit. The bishop replied in his polite manner: "You mislocate things; the devil is in you."

People often mislocate things. A fellow was once afraid of another, on the ground that the devil was in him, and some of the other fellow's devil might get into him. He had mislocated the devil. The Christian man, who is the best to fight the devil, is one that knows where he is located. Our trouble, if located correctly, is within. And if I were fighting I would be more careful to fight the enemy within the fort than the one on the outside. Have any of you got the devil within? How many of you are guilty of neglect? and how many fail to pay their debts and thus lose the respect of everybody? The man who has the spirit of neglect does it at the cost of his soul. The man who starts out to pray night and morning and then neglects to do it until he does not want to do it, has the enemy within. The man who reads his Bible and then begins to neglect it is another who has mislocated the enemy. Oh, neglect is a terrible curse! God condemns many, not for what they have done, but for that which they neglected to do. Neglect to pay your pastor and you will soon see him in poverty.

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### The Tongue.

Watch also your tongue. Often it is not what you do that is wrong, but what you say. I will watch my tongue.

I have sometimes wished that I had no tongue. Oh, well, brother, if we just had some way of recalling the words we have uttered, just like the president can recall the ministers and consuls whom he had sent abroad on missions, would it not be grand? It is astonishing the evils that arise from not watching the tongue and temper.

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### Temper.

You know where we get that word temper. We get it from the blacksmith who takes an ax and heats it to a certain degree and then throws it in the water and watches it turn color, which is the tempering process. The farmer then comes for the ax and asks the blacksmith if it is tempered. The blacksmith then takes the ax and tells the farmer to test it on a knotty hickory tree. The farmer does so, and after withdrawing the ax from the tree he finds that the edge is full of dents. He again gives it to the blacksmith and he gives it the proper temper. Just like us; we have our tempers, and when we meet the knotty hickory in the form of grievances or disappointments we get our temper full of gaps, just like the ax. There are a great many good-natured people in this world who have good tempers. A man once said that he knew a fellow that had the mildest temper that he ever saw. But that fellow was of no account.

It was said of a young lady that she was a good-natured girl, her only fault being that she was of no account whatever. (Laughter). People that have no tempers should have some good qualities.

I'll watch my tongue. The best way I had to do it was to clinch my teeth, and not allow my tongue to run out. When I was converted and went to preach, I thought I was to defend myself from all wrongs and insults. I resented a

couple of insults and got into a muss, and after that I prayed to God to help me; and since then, eleven years ago, no one has treated me worse than I have treated God. What has anybody ever done to you that was worse than what you have done to God?

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### An Anecdote of Talmage.

I often think of an incident in the history of Dr. Talmage. A ten-year-old boy once came to Dr. Talmage and asked to be allowed to join the church. The boy's father refused to permit him to do so, and Dr. Talmage called upon him, and after reasoning with him he allowed the little boy to join the church. Not long afterwards the boy's father met Dr. Talmage and said:

"I knew that the boy should not be allowed to join the church."

"Why?" said Dr. Talmage.

"Why, I caught him in a lie only a short time ago."

Dr. Talmage then said: "When did you join the church?"

"Oh, me? why, I joined it at the age of twenty-five."

"Well, how many lies did you tell after joining the church?"

"Why, that is a 'horse of a different color,'" said the father.

"Yes," said the speaker, "in his case it was a gray horse of a different color."

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### Be Vigilant!

I'll watch in all directions. We see numerous trials every day and as each one approaches we should be ready to meet

it; we should be on the lookout for our enemies and be ready to fight them as they come. Our duty is to watch and pray under affliction. It is one thing to do things for our God and our religion and another to suffer for it. There are always enough Christians, as I said yesterday, who are anxious to be the hammer, but few are willing to be the anvil. Most any one is willing to knock down for God, but are you willing to be knocked down? Are you willing to obey the injunction of our Lord Jesus in regard to turning the left cheek when some one strikes you on the right?

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### "Turning the Other, Also."

One of the most impressive illustrations of that spirit I heard of some time ago. There was to be a prayer-meeting in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association in a certain city, and they got a young man to stand down on the sidewalk to hand dodgers to the people who passed by. He handed one to a man who turned and knocked him down. He quickly regained his footing and was ready with a dodger for the next passer-by. Presently another man came along and slapped his face. He never resented it, but kept right on giving out the dodgers. A gentleman who saw the incident became interested and stopped to see how the young man took the treatment. By and by a man came along and knocked him down, and it seemed as if he had mashed him clean into the ground, but he was up in a minute and had his dodgers ready. The stranger went upstairs into the meeting and after the sermon was over he got up and told what he had seen. "And oh," said he, "I want you to pray for me, I want some of that same thing that made that young man take that treatment in the spirit in which he did."

### Endure Affliction.

Endure affliction. Humanity wants to hit back and kick back and talk back, but the best way is to hold your enemy away from you at arms' length and let him kick himself to death, and he'll do it if you only give him time enough and hold him steady.

Endure affliction. I once heard a soldier say that the hardest work he had to do in battle was to lie still under fire. You've probably seen a man use a tribulum; well, a tribulum is a long, round stick with a slit in one end, and in that is a swinging stick. A man takes this and threshes the wheat which he has spread out upon his barn floor. He does this to separate the wheat from the chaff. Brother and sister, this tribulum and wheat idea is a good one. These troubles and trials are

#### GOD'S TRIBULUM

just trying to separate the wheat from the chaff in us. What seems strange to me is that God has continued to beat away at us so long when he gets so little wheat. Why, he's been beating away on some of us for the last sixty years and hasn't got more than half a peck of wheat.

Endure affliction; bear whatever is sent upon you. There's nothing like affliction in this world to bring us nearer to God. Many a man has given up his worldliness and gone into the church simply because of the afflictions that have been put upon him. God knows best how to win men to him.

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### Afflicted by Typhoid Fever.

I knew of a man who had a severe attack of typhoid fever. At the end of fifteen days his case was declared doubt-

ful. After twenty days the doctor took his wife aside and told her that she must prepare for the worst; that her husband would probably die. He heard the doctor talking in whispers to his wife, saw his wife's lip quiver and saw her wipe the tears from her eyes. On the twenty-first morning the doctor said he was a shade better, that he had reached the crisis and if he passed it he would perhaps get well. At the end of thirty-five days he was sitting up in the big, old armed rocker with his dressing-coat on and thinking how near he had been to death. All the family had gone out of the room and he sat there with a very solemn look. Then he said, "Thank God I am up once more; one more time I will be well." Then he quietly gets up and slowly walks over to the door and turns the key in the lock. Then he slowly walks back to the chair and kneels down between the arms and prays, "Thank God I am well once more; one more time I have been lifted up;" and he praises God with all his heart. He becomes a member of the church and a good husband and father. But the Lord had to put him on a forty days' attack of typhoid fever before he could get him.

#### GOD NEVER LETS A MAN GO

until he is too bad to be saved by any possible means, and even then there's a chance for him. Sometimes he will take a man right up to his coffin and when he lets go of him he'll strike the ground a-running, and he'll be a good Christian after that.

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#### Repentance when Scared.

But sometimes these repentances and professions don't last. I remember a case once where a fellow had a serious attack of bilious fever, and he was very near death's door.



While he was that way he prayed very earnestly, and he promised that if he ever got well he would be a good Christian and a church member. After he got almost well he was out on the street one day, and I said to him:

"Burdette, how are you getting on?"

"Improving slowly," said he.

"Are you praying and going to church yet?"

"Well, no; not yet."

"But didn't you promise that you would?"

"Yes, but a man'll promise most anything when he gets as sick as I was."

Oh, how a man does go back on himself sometimes in a case of that kind! Endure affliction. There's nothing like patience to bring the heart to God. There's a big, grown boy, and he's done something wrong. His mother picks up a big brush, and she starts for him to flail him. She thought he would run, and she goes for him with the intention of giving it to him good. But instead of that he just stands still and looks at her, and when she gets to him he just leans right up against her. She throws down the brush, clasps him in her arms, and cries. Brother, when God runs up to you, don't you run, just throw yourself in his arms, and may be he'll throw down the brush and not strike you, after all. I found out, when I was a boy, that the closer I got to father when he was going to whip me, the better.

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### Be a Propagandist!

St. Paul says, "Endure affliction and do the work of an evangelist." You say, that refers to Timothy, and not to us. God intends that you should be a propagandist; that's the idea; that you should do everything in your power to win souls to him. The trouble is that you want to turn

this work all over to us preachers, and you want us to run it, but we are not running it as we ought to. Of course we are doing the best we can with the material we have to work with, but we want all the help we can get. We preachers have been at work at this for nearly nineteen hundred years, and we have succeeded in getting about one in every twenty-eight to profess religion. Now we are working hard every day, and we want others to join in the labor. God intends that every converted man shall become a preacher, and he can do it if he will only make the proper effort. Suppose that, right here in Brother Lewis' church, you start out and make up your minds that, God helping you, you will each save one soul each year for Christ. That will be 720 souls by the first of next January—1,440 souls a year from next Christmas. One soul a year for Christ, and there will be gained 2,880 souls in two years, and so on, a soul each year; and before my head or yours is gray, St. John's church will have won

#### THE WHOLE CITY TO CHRIST.

That is arithmetical progression. When one half of the people of the United States have been won to God, and each one says, "I will save a soul to Christ," the whole nation will be brought to God in a day. (Dr. Tudor: "God speed the day.") One soul a year. Brother and sister, it does seem to me that if we couldn't save more than one soul a year we ought to go out of the business.

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#### Mr. Jones' First Appointment.

And I want to say this: A few years ago, down in Georgia, when God stooped down and touched my poor sin-scarred soul I made up my mind that I'd give my life and my best labors to God; and when I went up to Atlanta to

the first conference that I attended, I didn't really believe that they'd give me any work to do, but when it was announced that Brother Jones had been assigned to a circuit, I believe I was the happiest man in the State. The idea of what it would pay never occurred to me; I didn't think of that, but presently some one came up to me and told me that that circuit I couldn't live on; that it had never paid but \$65. But then I didn't mind it; I was happy, for I had a place to go to and work. I was not very wealthy then, either; my worldly assets all marshaled up consisted of a wife, one child, a pony and \$8 in money, and my liabilities footed up to several hundreds. I went down that circuit and I worked as hard as I could and I never thought of anything but my work. They used to say to me: "Brother Jones, you'll starve down there." But I didn't, and it wasn't a case of conversion under typhoid fever either. I felt that it was in the strict line of my duty, and the three years that I worked down there were the three happiest years of my life, and God saw that we had three square meals a day and respectable clothes, and that's all you have, aint it? If not, where do you put it? Perhaps in the bank or government bonds, or something of that kind.

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### Vanderbilt.

I have no word to say against the late Wm. H. Vanderbilt, on the contrary, there are many things about him that I admire and could recommend to the business men of this country, but last evening when he fell from his chair while he was talking with a wealthy railroad president he was the richest man in America, but when he fell to the floor he was as poor as I am. When I leave this world I want my friends to say: "There's a good man gone to heaven,"

and not to wonder what effect my death will have on the price of stocks. You don't hear so much about Vanderbilt's life, nor about his funeral, but the whole question seems to be how his death will affect stocks.

Now, as God is my judge, through all my religious life I have labored to see others brought to Christ. The happiest moments of my life have been when I have seen the most souls brought into the church. Every day I long to see others led to God, and I want to see each one here promise to save one soul. I may gather wealth to curse my children, but when I gather souls to God I am laying up a treasure in heaven far beyond all other treasures in value.

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### The Lady's Dream of a Starry Crown.

That reminds me of a dream that a young lady once had. She dreamed she died and went to heaven, and while she was standing there praising God, she saw that each of the angels had a beautiful crown on her head with brilliant stars in it. She said to one of the sister spirits:

"What do those stars in your crown represent?"

"They represent the souls that we have been instrumental in saving; each star represents a soul."

She then took off her crown and looking at it she saw that there was not a single star on it. Then she awoke, and she was so happy to know that she still had a chance to save souls that she pledged herself to work to fill with stars the crown she would wear

"IN THE SWEET BY AND BY."

Brothers and sisters, may God help me to win stars, not for my crown, but for Christ's, to whom all the power and glory belong, for he died for us that we might be saved.

Do work as an evangelist; go out and work and bring somebody to Christ. Again, make full proof of thy ministry. Work and then shout over the result.

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### The Drunken Husband.

I had once in my charge a precious good wife and mother when I was a pastor. Seventeen years before she had married a young man who was sober and industrious, but after a time he began to associate with drinking men, and he began to drink. One day they brought him home suffering from an attack of delirium tremens. In the morning the two doctors who had been attending him said to her: "Madam, you must prepare for the worst. Your husband will die to-day."

She looked up at them and said: "No; he will not die to-day."

"But these symptoms, madam, indicate that he can not live."

"No; he will not die now."

"But how do you know?"

"I have been praying for the past fourteen years that God would convert him and save him before he dies; and I have prayed earnestly and I know God hasn't converted him; that is why I know he will not die now."

That evening the doctors said that he was better, but she didn't seem to be a bit surprised; she hadn't been worrying about it at any time. She said:

"I knew God would never let him die until he was converted; if he had I would have died an infidel. I have been putting up earnest prayers and I knew God would answer them." In two weeks he was converted and he lived a good life for two years; then under the strain of a fearful

temptation he fell. She took her troubles to God and she prayed earnestly :

"My God, save my precious husband." He had a case of articular rheumatism, I think the doctors called it, and he suffered on day after day but finally surrendered to God. He then became the meekest, patient sufferer imaginable. One morning he said to his wife :

"Good-by, precious wife; I owe it all to you; I shall taste the joys of the blessed."

She stood and watched him as he died, and as soon as he had ceased to breathe she sank upon her knees and said :

"Glory to God; he is saved."

This mother and her seven precious children are now earnest workers in the churches. Pray God to help us to be earnest with the children; start them right and pray that they may be kept in the right path. Pray to God to-night to interest us in the work of saving the souls around us.

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### A Glorious Work.

I could stop here and relate incident after incident where neighbors and friends have interested themselves in others and have won many souls to Christ. Let us go on and win stars for a crown in heaven. Oh, if this assemblage would only say : "We will save one soul."

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### Invitation to Work for Souls.

We are going to have a little meeting here after the benediction has been pronounced. If any of you have important business that will take you away you may leave before we commence. But if you will follow St. Paul's work, we would like to have you stay ; I want to see how many will

remain. We are going to sing a little and pray a little and have a talk about religion. The theaters won't be out for some time yet, and I think if the people can stay there we ought to be able to stay as late. I think there will be profit in it. You who desire to remain are welcome to do so; you who want to go are free to do so. I pray that this night may begin a great religious movement. We should all take off our coats, roll up our sleeves and help to save souls to Christ.

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### What are You Doing?

Whenever a man gets up before a community and proclaims his infidelity, then I have just one question to ask another party and one to ask him. I say: "Infidel, what are you doing in this world?" And the infidel steps up and says: "I am fighting Christianity. That's what I'm doing." "Christianity, what are you doing?" And Christianity says: "I am rescuing the perishing and saving the fallen; I am building alms-houses; I am founding churches; I am speaking words of cheer to the race; I am lifting up the fallen; I am blessing the world; I am saving men from hell; I am saving them in heaven." Why, infidel, are you fighting alms-houses, orphans' homes, and churches, and happy death-beds, and pardon, and peace, and heaven? Oh, get out of my presence, thou great beast! Don't you tell me you are fighting such things as these! You ask me: "Mr. Jones, what's your business?" It's to throw my arms around every poor lost man and bring him to peace and happiness and heaven. And now, opposers, what are you doing? "I'm going to fight that man's vulgarity and witticisms until I die." Fight what? Fight what? Lord Jesus, show us that there is something ten thousand times bigger

in this than the way Sam Jones preaches and the way Sam Jones talks. Why, that's nothing but the little bubbles on top of the ocean; that's nothing to be talking about. This is a great work of the Gospel in saving men from hell, and that is what you ought to be talking about. Let's get up higher and unite with one another. No preacher will ever accomplish a great work in any town as long as those who profess to be with him will get to one side and say: "I'm sorry he said some things," and "I wish he hadn't said some things," and "Oh! if he had only said it in a different way." I don't care for that, but what are you doing? You're putting a club in your enemy's hands to club you down with. Let's see what we can do by uniting and praying for the best influences of our hearts and lives on the salvation of the town.

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### A Truth.

The more your heart is raised to God in prayer for His blessing on this service the more good there will be in it to you.

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### The Three Best Words.

There are three words in our being which we associate most intimately, and each is the sweetest word in the language—mother, home, heaven. We take the three, and after all what is home without a mother? And how may I ever go from my home to heaven without a mother's hand to lead me, and a mother's heart to yearn over me and a mother's example to guide me? Mother. The sweetest word with the most endearing recollections. Mother. The lullabies of my cradle linger with me to-day like the memory of



## A PRECIOUS DREAM.

Mother. What does mother have to do? What may mother do with this world? Let us look at history a moment. Nero's mother was a vicious, blood-thirsty, wicked woman, and she gave to this world the most vicious, blood-thirsty wretch the world ever knew. Lord Byron's mother was a proud, intellectual woman, and she gave to this world one of the most profligate, intellectual autocrats the world ever saw. John Wesley's mother was a pious, sensible, good woman, and she gave to this world one of its finest religious characters and workers. George Washington's mother was a simple-hearted, strong-minded, good, sensible, plain, and sincere woman, and she gave to America the man whom we honor with the title, "The father of his country."

No wonder some one said, "If I could mother this world I could save this world." Some one else said, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

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**Training Children.**

I noticed, some time ago in one of the Northern cities, a convention, a meeting of mothers was held to discuss the training of children. One mother said in answer to the question they were discussing, "How old ought a child be before a mother begins to train it?" "I believe we ought to begin with our children when they are seven years old." And another good sister stood up and said, "We ought, I believe, to begin at five years of age." And another sister said, "I think we should begin at six years of age." Another said, "Why not begin at four?" And directly a good old mother in Israel stood up and said, "I will tell you when to begin; begin twenty years before the birth of the

child on the mother. Give it a good mother, and then indeed it shall be trained for usefulness here and for blessing hereafter." Really, when I see this question in all its breadth, I believe God's greatest gift this side of his Son to any man or woman is a good mother.

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### King Josiah, One of the Best of Boys.

In reading the history of King Josiah, sister, I see there was a man reared up in the midst of all kinds of idolatry and wickedness, with bad influences permeating the atmosphere around him, and yet, amid all this idolatry, and amid all the wickedness around him, King Josiah grew up from his youth one of the best of boys, and one of the purest men the world ever saw; and as we search history for causes we can trace the life of such a man at such a time to no other source than that he had one of the purest mothers a boy ever had, and I am ready to say in my place this morning, you put the Bible, and the Sunday school, and the preaching of the gospel, and every means of grace on this side of me, and put my good mother on the other side, and then tell me, "Now, if you want to make sure of heaven turn your back on that mother and take hold of these other things" or "let you turn your back on these other things," and I will say, "Give me my good mother." And I believe I'd more assuredly get to heaven with her than I would with all these means of grace. Above all things a boy has a good start in this world when he has a good mother. A good mother is the greatest blessing that ever crowned an American home, or any other sort of home; and a godless, prayerless, giddy, gay, fashionable mother is the greatest curse that ever blighted an American home, and you'll find that out some of these days, when you will weep tears of blood.

### God's Help Needed in the Home

If there is any being in this world that ought to have a good understanding with God, if there is any being in this world that needs the help of God, if there is any being in this world that needs the mercy of God and the goodness of God, it is a mother. There are problems, sister, you can not work out without the help of God. There are difficulties in your home you can never solve without the wisdom of God; and there are things transpiring in home life where you need the mercy of God extended toward you every day. Sister, the better the relations you sustain toward God the better you are going to get along with your home affairs. Haven't you felt many a time like standing up before your husband and children and saying, "Oh, who is equal to these things? Who can settle these difficulties? Who can work out these problems? Oh, I am insufficient. I am the poorest mother, and I am the poorest wife that ever graced an American home." Haven't you felt it? And, sister, whatever may be the pleasures of your home life, and I hope you all have pleasant homes, you know that there are problems coming up, and difficulties to be settled, and there are instances that must be governed by wisdom; and oh, mother, in right relations toward God you have the wisdom of God, and the love of God, and the compassion of God guaranteed to you in all the intricate questions of your home.

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### Spoiling Children.

Now, many children are spoiled because mothers have what we might denominate false kindness and false goodness toward their children. When you do anything for

your children that that child ought to do for itself you work against the best interests of that child. Do you know that? When you permit your children to go somewhere rather than speak the honest and earnest convictions of your heart, and say, "You can not do that"; whenever by tacit, quiet consent, or by given consent you say, "You can do that," when you know it is wrong, you are about the worst enemy, for the time being, your children have on earth. It takes as good a mother to say "no" as it does to say "yes," and it takes ten times a firmer mother to say "no" than it does to say "yes." Now, we love our children, I know we wish them well, and above all things, mother, you need the wisdom of God, and you need the goodness of God, in helping you to settle the questions and

#### THE PROBLEMS

you can not settle wisely without God. Of all beings on the face of the earth a mother ought to be religious, a mother ought to keep in right relations toward God, and a mother ought to know and be intimately acquainted with him and his ways; and mother, whenever a knotty problem comes up you say, "Lord, help me to say and do to these children as you would have me to do to them, and that I may do the best thing for my children."

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#### Controlling Children.

Really I am sorry for a mother who has to control her children at all. The secret of a well regulated household is not in constraints or restraints on the part of a mother or a father, but the best governed household in this world is where you put the rod in your child's hand and let it govern itself by rules and regulations that will work out its best interests in time and in eternity. You take a child and

confine it and cow it—and many a woman has whipped everything out of her little boy she admires in her husband, and when he grows up he will be a great big dude, a first-class dunce, shrinking from everything in the universe.

Mothers, don't whip out of your children all the strength and manhood in them, but regulate them. That's the thing. Don't keep the boy caged, and don't keep him constrained, for if you do when he is twenty-one he will get out of your control

#### LIKE A BIRD

out of a cage, and he is gone; but what you want to teach your boy is that he must control himself, and that he must manage himself, and govern himself by rules and regulations by which he should do it, and when he fails to manage and govern and control himself you'd better then take a hand and command him.

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#### Home.

Talk to me about home. I think I understand somewhat about that. We have got our churches—and there never would have been what we call organized churches in the world if God could have made home what he wanted it to be, for there would be no use for any churches. Suppose home life was such that the greatest means of grace poured out would not be necessary, why there would be no use for revivals.

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#### Revivals.

Some people say they are opposed to revivals, and they

say they do it in all wisdom, and they may be very wise, but I never saw a man that had religion that was opposed to revivals in my life. A man who opposes revivals may be a very sensible man, but he is not a pious man. Piety and revivals mix just as naturally as light drives away darkness. Really the good belong together. Do you know that ninety-nine out of a hundred of the people converted in this country at all are converted in revivals? Do you know that?

You take the church in its ordinary atmosphere—a child born in an ice-house may live, but it never gets over the chill of its birth. These that happen in along the line, you say,

#### AIN'T MUCH ACCOUNT

after you get them in. I want a man to come in with the momentum of a cannon-ball, and he will cut all things in front of him down, and he'll go through the world with the same momentum. There are so many in church that don't know how they came in, and they don't seem to see any change after they do get in. Those folks come in on the "perennial revival" line.

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#### "Perennial" Revivals.

"My, my; a perennial revival! Any preacher here who ever run a perennial revival? Heard of one preacher down in Georgia going to run a perennial revival the year through, and along in August I heard from him; and I declare to you if that's what you call a perennial revival, God deliver this world from perennial revivals! [Amens.] But, you say, "I don't like the reaction." Never any reaction in perennial revivals is there? Notice that? A fellow has got to get up a tree before he can fall out. A man lying flat

on his back ain't going to fall down. I never heard of any reaction from a perennial revival in my life; did you?

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### Revivals Needed.

I branched off a little there, but I want to say this; hear me. The church of God was born in a revival, and her life was perpetuated by revivals. You say, "We had a big meeting last year." Yes, and now you need another one, for they're getting cold. You say, "I ate a

#### BIG DINNER YESTERDAY,

and I'm hungry again to-day, but I'm against dinners at all. If you ate that, you'll get hungry and I'm going to quit." Is that logic? If I ate dinner yesterday and I'm hungry again to-day, that isn't proof I ought to have eaten yesterday, but it's proof I ought to eat again. See? When the reaction from revivals sets in it's time to start another. If our homes were what they ought to be there would be no necessity for revivals.

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### Revivals at Home.

There's one place in the world where we can run perennial revivals, and that is at our homes. I want to say, sister, if any man in this world lives in a house that God gave him it's this man. I believe the cottage in which my wife and children eat and sleep, and that we call our home, I believe that God gave it to us. I do. Well, when it was finished and God's people paid for it voluntarily, I dedicated the house to God solemnly; I called in the ministers from the towns surrounding us, and friends, and we met in the cottage and dedicated it to God just like a church, and my house is dedicated to God just like Brother Barrow's

church. I said, "Wife, these are God's children here and we're raising them for the Lord, and let's raise them in God's house, and let each one of our children go out into the world with the consciousness that they were raised

#### IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD

and dedicated to God. Then I'll tell you another thing I did right there; I got rid of parties and cards and suppers and all such as that. Do you know that there's not anybody in my town mean enough to ask me to play cards in my house? They'd just as soon go to a church to play cards as to want to come to my house to do it. They know the house is dedicated to God, and nobody wants to play cards there, or dance, or give wine suppers at my house. They'd be afraid God would strike them dead in the room. They know they can't come into a dedicated house and dance and play cards and have wine suppers. I don't reckon there's anybody down in Georgia mean enough to ask that privilege; and don't you see how I gave the devil and his crowd one pitch and got shed of them at one lick? That's good, aint it? I want to run a perennial revival at my house. My children are flesh and blood like your children, and they have as many faults, maybe, as your children, and as many virtues, maybe, as your children; but hear me, sister, my home shall be dedicated to God and the home of prayer, and it shall be the home of the Bible; my home shall be where God can come and feel at home, for there is nothing there to distract him, and to grieve away his holy spirit, and

#### BLESSED BE GOD

for what he has done for my home. Blessed be God that the little ones just get religion and join the church before they shed their pin-feathers—just little bits of feathers,



but I like that. I do. (Laughter.) You call them kids, but I call them chickens. Which is the worse? Now don't fly into a rage because of what I have said. I like that way of coming in, and I want to say to you this.

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### Mr. Jones' Heaven.

The sweetest conceptions of heaven to me, sister, is that my wife and children and myself shall sit down in heaven together and look in each other's faces, and say we have passed grave-yards, and coffins, and sick-beds, and we live forever together in this bright world of bliss and peace. My highest and sweetest conception of heaven is the fact that wife and children will enjoy it with me.

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### Consecrating Home.

Brother, sister, I want to consecrate home for my children, and I say to-day, that if I knew that night and morning my wife did not read the Bible with my children, and kneel down and lead in prayer with those children, I never would spend another night away from home again, neglecting my children, and going about preaching the gospel to other people's children. Brothers, first let our children be right, and then let us go and preach the gospel to others. (Amen from the preachers on the platform.)

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### Preachers' Children.

God have pity on the preacher that has bad children. The devil does his worst on our children; he does his best to damn them with the worst influences in the world, and we have a hard time raising them right; but, good Lord,

give us preachers well regulated homes, for you ain't going to do much in any community if you have a lot of card-playing, dancing, theater-going, no count, trifling children. Put that down. I'm sorry for any young lady whose father professes to be a preacher of the gospel and she has got no more decency and no more brains, to say the least, than to go about scandalizing the professions her father has made before the world that he's a minister. I hope to God I'll never see the day when one of my children want to go to those places, much less to scandalize the professions their father makes.

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### "Complimenting" A Preacher.

I understand one preacher in this town—and you have more sorts of preachers here than any place I've ever been in my life, and you've got them from on a dead level with the devil up. Well, one preacher of this town stood up in the pulpit last Sunday and openly advocated card-playing and dancing and theater-going. I wouldn't wipe my feet on him at my front door. I wouldn't. It's a scandal. ("Amen.") When the sons of the Lord appear the sons of the devil come on the scene.

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### Mother, Consecrate Yourself.

Recollect that assertion. Hear me. An adjustment of yourself and your home, literally, toward God, sister—that's what we want. Oh, my Savior, I present, first, myself, and then my home, and no mother can give her children to God when she hasn't given herself to God. First yourself. Joshua said: "As for me, first me, and then my house, thank God we will serve the Lord." And no mother can

give her children to God when she hasn't given herself to God; and the first duty of every mother in this world is to give herself to God. "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

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### Heed God Rather than the World!

"Be not conformed to this world." And when I do that, I have got, in the nature of the case, to get in right relations toward this world. I have not only got to come to an understanding with God, but I've got to come to an understanding with this old world around me. We're too thick with this world, sister, and we're running after this world too much. You think a great deal more about what the community thinks about a thing than what God thinks about it.

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### "Society Bit."

You take these entertainments—you take this social club. Social club! I said it before, and repeat it with all the honesty of my soul. I'd rather my little Mary would get

#### RATTLE-SNAKE BIT

than society-bit. Rattle-snake bite will kill the body, but not the soul, thank God. Let a woman start out in society in this town—I mean the bung-tung (bon ton) line—and that's their name for it, I want it understood—their pronunciation of it, I mean. You get one of these thick-tongued, goggle-eyed, big-headed, part-his-hair-in-the-middle cusses around this town and hear him rear and pitch awhile. They're a curse to God Almighty's creation.

## Actors.

I've been fired at many times about my expressions; but listen to me, mothers. You may talk about my roughness, and my coarseness, and all that sort of thing, but you don't talk about that beautiful actor in the theater; you say, "She's charming, grand; she's the leading star of America;" but when that rough, course,

## VOLUPTUOUS FELLOW

puts his arms around her you don't say anything about that. You like it and say, "Ain't that lovely," but you'll come to church and talk about Jones' coarseness. God bless you, Jones may be coarse in language, but he's clean in his life. (Applause.)

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 "Germans."

The leaders of the german, and all such as that! I've said many a time I'm glad they didn't call that the American—I mean the dance, not the German people. No gentleman—hear it—wants to see another man put his arm around his wife, his mother, his sister, or his daughter. No gentleman wants to see another man do that, and no gentleman will do toward another man's wife or daughter or sister as he wouldn't have another man do by his. That's good logic, ain't it? So you can see what kind of cattle are running these germans.

## HUGGING SET TO MUSIC.

I'm going to regulate some things in this world; and when a mother dresses up her daughter to go to a german, there to be hugged by every fellow that comes along, that mother is out of right relations with God, to say the least of it; and

a german is nothing more or less than hugging set to music. Hugging set to music. I like that young fellow at the german when a girl came up and said, "Come, let's dance a round dance, the german," and he said, "I'm tired, let's sit here and hug. Let's not get up, I'm tired." When the girl was showing the boy the grip to dance the german, and when she gave his hands just the right grip, she said, "Now proceed." But the boy said, "This is as far as I have ever gone." Yet we will dress up our daughters and start them out to a place like that. Oh, mothers, God forgive us that we will help debauch our daughters.

### Low-Necked Dresses.

I saw where a gentleman—and it's in your own papers—was at an entertainment the other night, and a lady asked him the next day, "How were the ladies dressed at the supper table?" And he said, "I never looked under the table to see at all. No dress above the table." God pity us if we have gone to such depths as that.

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### Some Denunciations.

And some of you look as innocent now like you never knew what we mean, but you helped fix up your daughters for that very frolic, maybe. You who don't want to hear plain talking can just rack out when you get ready. It's part of my business to give you a piece of my mind on some things that are debauching and ruining the race. I'm glad I never had such a mother-in-law as that to raise my wife, and with the pulpits hushed on this question it's no wonder the world is drifting to the devil. We don't open our mouths to speak out, brothers, and mark what I tell you

you may call me obscene and vulgar, but I talk about the actual things that occur every day. You may call me whatever you please, but, God helping me, I will build a wall a mile high around every pure woman in this country. (Applause.)

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### Advice to Girls.

Girls, don't suffer any man on the face of this earth to touch your person. Tell him, "Hands off, sir; I'm as pure as an angel." (Applause.) And the only way you can protect virtue in this country is to let these men who get up these entertainments know "you can't touch my person; I am as pure as an angel." (Applause.)

#### RIGHTLY ADJUSTED

toward this world. There are some places I won't let my children go, and there are some places I won't go, and I'll let you guess what's the name of it; but since I've been here I heard of an entertainment like I've been talking about—and you needn't go far from here to find it—and I understand they piled a load of them in a carriage and hauled them home drunk. Did any of you hear of that? "Frequently," says one preacher. Now, bless you, my daughter shall not go where men can not go without being hauled away from there drunk. Better protect your children, mothers. I will tell you, mothers, in the name of my Father in heaven, it is time this country was calling a halt. Calling a halt. That mother out there that spends more time making one muslin dress for her daughter to wear to a ball than she ever spent on her knees in her life praying God to save her daughter from hell. Oh, my Savior, wake up the mothers of this country, and we will purify society and make it what it should be. Mothers! mothers! O<sub>h</sub>

my; what we want in this country is some earnest mothers.

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### Amos Kendall's Mother and Brother.

Now, suppose we had a few mothers like Brother Amos Kendall told me about. He was the presiding elder of one of the Mississippi districts, and he told me himself: "There were ten of us boys. My mother had

#### TEN BOYS

at her home, and my brother Will was the only bad one among us. Nine of us were preachers. Brother Will was a bad boy—the black sheep of the family; and," said he, "brother Will went from bad to worse, and by the time he was twenty-four years old, he told me himself, there wasn't a sin known to God and man that he had not committed except the sin of murder. Will went off and stayed two years, and mother didn't know where he was, but he came back home one day and walked in the front gate. Mother was sitting on the front porch knitting, and he walked up, and mother looked at him as he walked up the steps and came on the porch. Mother threw her eyes into his face, but there were such traces of dissipation in the boy's face mother didn't recognize him, but when she threw her eyes into his eyes, she jumped up and threw her arms around him and cried out, "My poor wayward boy. You never shall go down to hell until you have swum through rivers of my tears and climbed over mountains of my prayers." And mother broke the boy down there on the front porch, and he gave his heart to God; and he's been the best boy mother has had from that day to this."

What we want in this country is some mothers like that. You needn't talk about salvation coming to your house when you let your children run with the world, the flesh and the

devil, and run wild through this country doing as they please.

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### Col. Inge's Son.—A Mother's Faith.

When I was preaching down in Corinth, Mississippi, Colonel Inge, Speaker of the House of Representatives, came to the meeting one night and was converted, and gave his heart to God. Afterward Mrs. Inge came to me and said, "I have a boy in Texas somewhere; he's drummer for a New Orleans house; he's a bright and smart boy, but he's dissipated, and wicked, and wild. Now God has converted my husband, and I want you to engage in prayer with me that God may send that boy here to be saved too." I told her I would, and I engaged to go to the house Thursday—I believe that was Monday—and when I went there that noon I walked in (Colonel Inge was sick in bed) to his sick room, where the doctor was sitting around. I missed Mrs. Inge, and I didn't know where she was, but in about half an hour she came walking into the room with this boy, and the tears were streaming down her face as she said, "Mr. Jones, we have prayed this poor, godless boy here, now I want you to come down to the parlor." I carried him in there when he came and said, "Poor boy, father has been converted, and now mother wants you saved. Pray God to save you here," and he fell down on his knees with me and prayed. The boy said, "Mother, I couldn't account for it, but when I stopped at Texas I had an undefinable desire to come here. I can't tell why or how, but I went and deposited my grips

#### AT THE HOTEL

and took the first train home. I couldn't go in any other direction and I'm here." And mother said, "Son, get



down on your knees and mother will pray for you." And the boy said, "I am not worthy to kneel down by a pure woman like you are." And the mother said, "It don't make any difference, get down on your knees; mother is going to pray for you." And she knelt and prayed a half hour and the boy was converted to God, and the last I heard of him he had applied for a license to preach the gospel of the Son of God.

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### Mr. Jones' Good Wishes.

God bless every good man and every good woman in this city, and God help you that ain't good to get good. That's all the harm I wish you in the world.

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### On "Society."

Adjust yourself right to this world. Quit this entertainment business. Don't you know you have been unhappy ever since you were at it? Don't you know it's a source of infinite misery to you? I never belonged to society in my life. They never would let me join it. I don't know whether it was because I was poor or whether they were afraid I'd tell on them, but they never would let me into the old thing, and I'm glad of it to-day. As God is my judge, I don't want them ever to let my wife or children in. If they do I will say good-bye, for I never have yet known a reformed society woman in my life. I heard one say she was a society woman once, and she was only partially reformed. I'll tell you what they'll do; they'll gather in bunches and ridicule every means of grace God can bring to bear on a soul. You define your relations to-day and see how near you are kin to God and to these things around your home.

### Affecting Anecdote of an Atlanta Woman.

I wish I could see every woman in this house to-day do like that woman down at Trinity church in Atlanta. We had a consecration meeting, and that woman gave her heart and life to God, and he accepted her, and she went home immediately, and when she got home the children were at school, and the husband was down town at his store. She walked in through the house and she met the servant on the stairs, and she said, "Sallie, I got a great blessing to-day. I don't know that you knew I was a member of the church at all. I didn't reckon you knew it. I got a great blessing to-day and I gave my heart and love to God, and now, Sallie, will you help me all you can until I get sort of settled down, and you won't put one thing in my way to harass me, will you?" And Sallie said, "Yes 'um, I will do the best I can. I'm awful glad to hear you talk that way." She went on through to the kitchen and she said there, "God has sent a blessing on me, and I reckon I've been the poorest Christian you ever saw, but I want you to help me. Now, don't do one thing to contrary me for about a week until I get settled down. Will you help me all you can?" And the cook said, "Yes 'um, I'll do better myself, for I've been thinking about it." Directly the children came from school, and she took them

#### INTO THE PARLOR

and said, "Children, your mamma—I don't know whether you knew your mamma was a Christian, but she is now and will be forever. I have been the poorest mother children ever saw, and I want you to do all you can to help mamma to be good. She needs all the help she can get." The children all kneeled down at her request, and she gave them to God, and they said they would help her. By-and-by her

husband, who was a merchant, came in, and she met him in the hall and carried him into the parlor, and she said, "Husband, you know we joined the church together. I have been the poorest wife a man ever had. I am to blame for the whole thing, but I'm sorry for it. I gave myself to God to-day, and I'm going to make you the best of Christian wives as long as I live, and I want you to help me. Now, don't do a thing to throw me off for about a week. I want to get settled down before anything happens." The tears commenced running down his cheeks, and he said: "Wife, I've been thinking like you. God bless you, and help me to start out on a better life."

Sisters, that family made a bee-line for the better world that day; and I hope some of you sisters will have an understanding with your cook that there's to be no more entertainments hereafter, no more cards, and no more champagne to be brought up, and that you are going

#### TO REGULATE THINGS

on God's plan. I wish I could get every Christian in this town to set the fashion, instead of following the fashion set by others, until the devil nearly gets you.

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### A Governor's Wife's Good Sense.

One of our governors moved to Milledgeville; his wife was a country woman, and when she sent her children to school, first she put red flannel on them and started them off to school, and all the rest of the children at school laughed at them. Well, when the children came home they were crying and mortified almost to death, and they said, "Mamma, take this red flannel off us. We're not going to school." "Why, what's the matter with that red flannel?" asked the mother. "Why," said the children, "everybody

says it's out of fashion," and the mother up and said, "I never come here to follow the fashion. I come here to set the fashion, and I'm going to set it."

Sisters, we follow this old world until we follow it to hell, nearly. Let's quit following the fashion set by the old world, and let's set it ourselves and make them follow it, and let us set it in righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, and show them that a consecrated Christian home will beat all the fashionable homes in this city. "That fellow has a spite against society," some people say. I haven't. I have a way of

#### TELLING THE TRUTH

on them. If there's a society woman here that says what I say isn't true, let her stand up and I will take it back, if she has the grit to stand up. You needn't look around; she isn't going to stand up.

With a right adjustment toward God and a right adjustment toward this world, and a good understanding with ourselves. That's it.

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#### Two Pictures of Different Mothers and Children.

I have already talked about an hour, but a word or two more in conclusion. I will present you two pictures to take home, and then I will quit. I haven't followed the line, exactly, I intended, but I have talked sense and truth, too, about this whole matter, and you know it, and your conscience knows it. A word or two on these pictures. Here's a picture; I get it from your house, and here's one I get from yours. Recognize the pictures? Each one of you take one home with you, if you haven't one there. Which-ever you like best, take that one.

Here's a mother sitting in the room quietly, we will say,

and here comes in little five-year-old Annie, and Annie walks in and says, "Mamma, please give me a needle full of thread to sew my doll's dress." And mamma looks at her and says, "There you are, you little vixen; you have wasted more thread than you and the doll's both worth. If you

## BOTHER ME ANY MORE

to-day, I'm going to wear you out. You quit your bother and go out to play." And Annie walks out of the house with her head dropped down, and says, "That's the way with mamma. She never speaks a kind word to me. I wish I was dead." That's all the harm I wish anybody in the world.

Next day little Annie goes back and says, "Mamma, please, mamma, give me some scraps for my doll-dress," and her mamma says, "There you are again. Just look at you. You've already wasted more scraps than you and your doll are worth. You get out of here, and go over to Mrs. Brown's and see if you can't torment her a little. I have no pieces for you." Little Annie walks out of the room, drops her head as she goes out of the door, and says, "I wish mamma was dead; now, that's all I wish in the world. She never has a kind word for me." But she walks on over to Mrs. Brown's. She comes back next day and walks in and says, "Mamma, please, mamma, loan me your thimble." And mamma says, "Yes, and you had that thimble yesterday and lost it. I'll wear you out if I ever catch you with it again. Quit your bother and go out and play. You're a torment to me whenever you come about." And Annie drops her head and goes out and says, "Well, mamma takes the sacrament of the Lord but if I'd take the sacrament I wouldn't talk to my child that way. I declare I wouldn't." Next day Annie comes back again and says, "Mamma,

## LOAN ME YOUR SCISSORS."

And mamma says, "I won't do it. I lent it to you yesterday, and you liked to stick your eyes out. Do you want to stick your eyes out and be blind on my hands? You go away or I'll wear you out." And Annie grows on and on, until by and by she is grown; and I go to see the family, and the old sister draws down the corners of her mouth to a level with her chin and says, "I don't know what's the matter with my Annie. I've done my best on her and she's the worst girl in all this settlement." She has done her best on her too and ruined the girl and her disposition, and now that girl is the terror of the whole settlement. What's the matter with Annie? Only one thing in the world—she's just like her old mother. That's the only thing in world the matter with her. If I was a widower and the old lady was a widow, I don't know which I would take—Annie or her mother. I believe I'd take the old lady, because she wouldn't live quite as long as the other one.

Recollect, mothers, these daughters of yours you're raising up to bless some home or curse some home.

## DON'T FORGET THAT.

Here's the other picture: Little Mary—Little Mary, just about five. She walks into the room, and says, "Mamma, please mamma, give me some thread." And mamma looks up at little Mary with a kind face, and says, "Darling, I'll get it for you directly. Mamma has been thinking about sweet little Mary. Mamma wants you to be good above all things. Darling, will you let me read a verse? I've just been reading in the Bible." Yes, ma'am." And mamma read, "Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth, before the evil days draw nigh when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them." "Mary, do you know

what that means?" "No, ma'am." And mamma says, "That means you ought to give your heart to Jesus now, and be good from your youth up." And mamma threads the needle for her and puts a thread in the end of the needle and gives it to her, and says, "Now, darling, sew as nicely as you can. Mamma is proud of your little work."

Little Mary walks out and says, "I know I have the best mamma in the world. She's just as good to me as she can be." And next day Mary comes back and puts her arms around mamma's neck and says, "Mamma, I want

## SOME MORE SCRAPS.

I done sewed up all the scraps you gave me. Now, mamma, please m'am, give me some more." And mamma says, "Yes, darling. Mamma will get them directly. Do you recollect what mamma read you yesterday?" And little Mary says, "I don't just recollect what it was you read me, mamma, but I recollect what it means." "What does it mean, Mary?" asked mamma. And Mary said, "It means that I ought to be good now and give my heart to Jesus and be good, and mamma, when I went out yesterday I went into my room, and I prayed as best I could, and said, 'Good Lord, make me good like mamma. I want to be good like her,' and mamma, give me some scraps, won't you?" And mamma says, "Yes, darling, you know the Lord is a heap more willing to give you good things than I am to give you scraps. The Lord loves you better than I do." "Mamma, can the Lord love me better than you do?" asked little Mary, and her mamma said, "Yes darling," and the next day Mary comes back and says, "Mamma, please m'am, loan me your thimble?" and mamma says, "Yes, darling, here it is, but bring it back to me when you are through with it, and recollect always, darling, that mamma

wants to do all she can for you, but she wants you to be good."

And next day Mary comes back and says: "Mamma, loan me your scissors." And mamma says:

"YES, DARLING,

there they are; but you must be careful that they don't hurt you, for mamma wouldn't have her little girl stick these scissors in her eye for anything in the world." Mamma said: "Now, darling, come into the closet with mamma and kneel down and pray." "Yes, mamma." And mother takes Mary by the hand and starts into the closet and shuts the door, and just as the door slams to I see a thousand disappointed angels shut out on the outside. They want to see what God is going to do for little Mary and her mamma, and they wait outside the door, and directly mamma comes out of the closet and little Mary walks behind her with folded hands, and just as little Mary walks out a tear that would not have stained an angel's cheek courses down Mary's face and drops off her cheek, and just as it is about to fall an angel pushes his hand under it and it crystalizes, and he leads a whole host of angels back to God, and calls them together and says: "Here's a tear of a sweet little girl that a mother has trained for the bright world of bliss and peace." By and by little Mary gets to be eighteen, and everybody says what a precious girl she is, and what a sweet child she is; she's an honor to her mother and a blessing to the world. What's the matter with Mary? She's just like her precious good mother, and good Lord, help us to raise daughters like she is, and I want every mother in this house, and every wife and every daughter that wants to live like I tried to preach, if you believe it's right, every one of you that wants to live on that line stand up a moment.



The entire congregation of women and girls rose to their feet, and Mr. Jones, continuing, said, "Thank God for such a crowd, and may God help and bless every one."

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### Mr. Jones' Good Work for the Orphans.

For five years I have carried the Orphans' Home of my State on my shoulders; I have been agent for that home, and everywhere I have gone the good ladies raise a contribution to send to the Orphans' Home to help take care of the orphaned children; and now, Thursday morning, at half past ten, I'm going to give you wives and daughters an opportunity to contribute to these orphaned ones. If I was down home I would take up a collection every Sabbath, and sometimes during the week. Now I wish you would give me something to send to these poor children. I am the agent of the home but I get no salary. If you have all you can do to give to the orphans here, you needn't give anything; but if you can give anything I would like for you to do it.

(This collection amounted to \$92.)

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### An Epitome of the Human Side of the Gospel.

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

This is an epitome of the gospel, of the human side of the gospel, and here is one preacher that has very little to do with any side of the gospel except the human side of the gospel. If I will attend to my business and get you to attend to yours, I am not uneasy about the Lord attending to his.

### To Preachers.

There is many a preacher in this world fishing on the divine side of the ship. Nobody around there but God, and I am sure that he won't bite at our hook. Put that down. Many a man sitting on the tusset of the bank of the sea of sin and death, and fishing the year around and never getting a nibble. What is the matter? He better see first if he is fishing on the right side, and secondly, he better overhaul his bait—something wrong.

God said, "I will make you fishermen of men," and that means, "I will help you catch men," don't it? Our Savior taught us a lesson when he came down to those disciples on that occasion and found them in a terrible strait. I have imagined I could see

#### THOSE POOR FELLOWS,

sad, dejected, desolate. Jesus looked at them, he divined the situation, and said: "Cast your net on the other side of the ship." And they said, "Why, Master, we have toiled all night and caught nothing; nevertheless at Thy command down goes the net on the other side of the ship." And it break with the fishes. Good Lord, help every preacher in this world to cast his net on the human side of the ship. There is where the fish are. Brethren, if you want to catch them, just drop your net on that side.

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#### "Hardshell" Education.

"Now, there is a human side as well as a divine side to the gospel. An old hard-shell church held a convention over in South Carolina, and they held that convention to determine whether they should educate their children or

not. They didn't want to interfere with the Lord's work, you know. They wanted him to have all the glory. And they finally decided, "We will send them to school until they can spell and read and write a little; and that was the final adjustment of the whole matter. They didn't want to interfere with the Lord's work.

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### On Farming.

Now, we say, brother, there is a human side and a divine side to this whole question, just as truly as there is a human side and a divine side to farming. There isn't an old lazy farmer in this country but what wants to swap sides with God; he wants to rain and shine and get the Lord to do the plowing and hoeing, and he wonders why in the economy of the universe the thing wasn't arranged that way. Now, he would rain and shine with a vengeance, wouldn't he, if the Lord would turn it over to him? If the Lord should turn over one of these June clouds to one of these old farmers he would burn the world up with electricity in a night, and I reckon he would thunder big. Don't you reckon he would? And a human being has no more business on the divine side of the gospel than a farmer has on the divine side of farming. Here, brother, if I want to teach a man to farm I don't teach him astronomy and how the clouds are formed, and I don't have him running to the barometer every few minutes, but I tell him to plant at a certain time, plow deep, plow well and work your crop, and if I can get him to weed enough, and dig enough, and plow enough, I am never uneasy about the corn and wheat, and the rye, and the oats. But, brother, listen. You let the Lord rain and shine on your farm and then you do the work.

### This Comparison Continued.

Now, in the question of salvation, let's you and I do the confessing and repenting, and let the Lord do the renewing, and let the Lord do the blessing, and let the Lord do the saving. That is the way

#### TO TALK THIS QUESTION.

So many of us preachers everlastingly preaching, "Ye must be born again." Jesus Christ, the great pattern preacher, never touched that subject but once, and he touched it at midnight when there wasn't but one man to hear it, and that was Nicodemus; and when Nicodemus heard him say it he staggered back and said, "How can these things be?" And Christ waived him off with a simple illustration, as much as to say, "I am sorry I mentioned it to you at all." And here we are, running all around over the creation preaching to mixed audiences, "You must be born again." I would as soon bring a mountain to a fellow and grease it, and pin its ears back, and tell him to "swallow it now old fellow." There is about as much reason in one as in the other. But when Christ announced the grand truism, "Ye must be born again," though he announced it only once and to only one man, he announced it forever, and to all men. Oh, brethren, let us not try to explain what Jesus himself did not attempt to explain.

Now, there is a human side, and if he can get you to work up your part of the human side, then, as sure as God is just and God is true, he will do his part on the other side of the question. He has promised us seed-time and harvest. Now, you stick to your plow and hoe, and you will find God is true, old fellow.

Now, here is an epitome of the gospel on the human

side: "If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from

ALL UNRIGHTEOUSNESS."

There is the gospel as it touches human beings all around the world. Now, let us watch to-night and see what is our part in this great work. If we repent of our sins—let us look at it in that shape a moment—if we repent of our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.

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### Learning Religion is like Acquiring Other Knowledge.

Repentance to a man in this world in his relations toward eternity is just exactly what the alphabet is to a man of letters; precisely that thing. That little boy standing at his mother's knee, just four years old, is learning a, b, c, d, e, f, g, and the little fellow learns from a to z, and from z back to a, and now he commences with m, and goes up and down, and directly he has his letters perfectly. Now, mother says, "Son, you know your letters well, know the alphabet, and we will begin to spell." The little fellow turns over a page, and as he turns the page he says, "Good-bye a, b, c's." But when he turns the page it is a-b, ab. He could not spell the first word without the alphabet—and then "ib;" and I recollect when I got over to "baker" I was getting on finely, and I could not spell baker without a "b," and an "a," and a "k," and an "e," and an "r;" and when I got way over to "publication" I thought I would have my diploma in a few days. And I could not even spell "publication" without a "p," and a "u," and a "b," and so on. Well, by and by I got clear through

THE SPELLING BOOK

and the teacher said: "Now, tell your mother to get you a

First Reader." Then I thought, "Good-bye a, b, c's, now I am going to read." Well, sir, when I opened my First Reader the first page, the middle page, the last page were covered with the alphabet, and I couldn't read a word without my a, b, c's. By-and-by the teacher said: "Now, you tell your mother to get you a grammar." "Well," thinks I, "Good-by a, b, c's now;" but I opened my grammar and every page was covered with the alphabet. And one day the teacher said, "Tell your father to get you an arithmetic." Well, I says, "That is the science of numbers; I won't be bothered with the alphabet there." But they couldn't state a proposition in mathematics without the alphabet, you see. And finally they said, "We will take you into rhetoric." Well, thinks I to myself, "Now I will bid farewell to a, b, c," but my rhetoric was covered with the alphabet. And so finally the teacher said, "I will put you into Latin." Well, thinks I to myself, "When I get among the dead languages good-by a, b, c," but the first page of my Latin book was covered with the alphabet; and by and by they said, "We will put you into Greek." Well, thinks I to myself, "Surely I will get away from that alphabet business now;" but it was "Alpha," commenced that way, and went on down, a, b, c,

#### CLEAR THROUGH.

Well, then, when the last lesson has been said the president writes me out a diploma, and bless your life, every line of the diploma is filled with the a, b, c's, and I say to myself, "The higher up I get the more need I have of the alphabet."

Well, brethren, just what the alphabet is to a man of letters, just that thing repentance is to the sinner in this world.

### Repentance.

The first thing I ever did religiously in my life was to repent, and I have been repenting every day since I started; and about the last thing I ever want to do in this world is to get down with a good, hearty repentance before God and go to heaven a poor sinner saved by grace. I like that way of getting to heaven. David was a man after God's own heart. Why? Because he was so good? No, because he was a first-class repentor. You show me a man that is a good repentor and I will show you a man that recuperates from his falls and from his hurts and runs on. Repentance is the bounce there is in the fall, and every Christian on his way to God ought to be like a good rubber ball; every time he falls he ought to bounce higher than he was before he fell. It is not so much the fact that you never did wrong, but it is in the power of recuperation from wrongdoing; that is it—and

#### HUMAN PERFECTION

does not consist so much in never having done wrong, but it is in the power of recuperation from wrongdoing. It is not how hard did you fall, but how high did you bound. It is not how many times you fell down, but how hard did you try to get up and run along your way to God. And human nature can find no hope in making its eternal peace with God this side of the consciousness: "If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father," and "he that repenteth of his sin shall be forgiven."

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#### What is Repentance?

What is repentance? What is repentance? Well, I can tell you one thing it ain't. It ain't snubbing and crying.

Ah me, brother, you have made a mistake. I had as soon think to laugh myself into the kingdom of God as to cry myself into the kingdom of God. I have seen a heap more people laugh themselves in than I ever saw cry themselves in. You all say that it is mighty strange doctrine, but if there is anything that ought to make a fellow laugh it is the fact that "I have thrown down all my meanness, and I am going right from now on"; and that is repentance from the bottom of it and the top, ain't it?

Now, you fellows keeping on in your meanness, you ought to mourn and snub, and cry, too, you mean rascals, you; you ought to keep at it. But if you are going after God and living right get a smile on your face as broad as heaven and go around to the mercy seat.

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### Brother George Smith Rebuked by "Uncle" John Knight.

Repentance. Brother George Smith, of our conference—he is a theologian with a big O in the middle. He was up once preaching on repentance at Milledgeville, Ga., and he was preaching on evangelical repentance and legal repentance; you know he was running the analogy, and he was splitting a hair a mile long to get there, getting at the difference between evangelical repentance and legal repentance. Well, as I said before, a man can get fifty cents a hundred for splitting rails, but he can't get ten cents a million for splitting hairs, and I don't know what he wants to go into that business for. Well, he was splitting hairs that night all night there, and a grand old Methodist preacher was sitting way back; he got in late and he took a back seat—old Uncle John Knight, a grand old fellow, and he had a great deal of the most uncommon thing in the world



—that was common sense—and he sat back there, and he heard George whack away, you know, on his analogies and distinctions, and he got utterly disgusted. The old man was gray and halting for the tomb. He got up, stood way back down there, and said he, “George, will you sit down and let me tell these people

WHAT REPENTANCE IS?”

“Why,” he says, “yes, Uncle John, I will always sit down to hear you talk.” Uncle John was away at the back of the church, and he started right up the aisle this way (walking); “I am going to hell, I am going to hell, I am going to hell!” and he got up to the front of the aisle, and he turned right around this way, and he says (walking back): “I am going to heaven, I am going to heaven, I am going to heaven!” Now, you have got it.

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**But One Moral Road.**

There is but one moral road in the universe of God, one moral road, and every man in this universe is in that road. Heaven is at one end and hell at the other, and it is not who are you, but which way are you going? And if you turn your back on heaven and walk the other way you are going to hell every step. If you just turn right around you are going to heaven every step. And brother, hear me to-night. Thank God, you don't have to go a hundred miles across wildernesses and rivers and creeks to get in the road to heaven; but God bless you, every sinner in this house, if he will just turn around he is in the road to heaven, as much so as any man that walks the earth. Don't you see that? That old man walked up that aisle that night; he put the thing so plain that every man that had a particle of sense could see it. And hear me, my brother, it is

## ALL TOM-FOOLERY

about you having to weep and mourn and cry around over creation, and go to every big meeting that comes along to get into the road to heaven. If you will quit your meanness and turn around you are as much in the road to heaven as anybody, don't you see ?

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**The Ship of Zion.**

And many a preacher has run the ship of Zion away out beyond the light-house, and he has stood out on her bulwarks and cried to the sinners ten miles in the distance—they could just hear his voice—"Come over here and be saved!" The old sinner, he looks and he says: "My Lord, it is ten miles to that thing, and I can't swim out there; I will drown before I get there." I haven't got the heart to try that game. Brother, God never told you to anchor that old ship out there ten miles from land; but I tell you, hitch the tug of humanity to the grand old ship of Zion, and pull her right into port, and run her right up to the wharf, and throw down your gang plank and tell the ruined world: "Come aboard! and let us go to God!" That is the way the Bible puts it.

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**Mr. Jones Points Out His Way to Heaven.**

You want to go to heaven, you want to go to heaven. In the road now, but you are going the wrong way. Turn around; that is repentance, that is repentance. Conversion is a distinct term from regeneration—"Con," "version," conversion—"verto" turn; "con," altogether. Now, if I am walking along this way I verto, I turn to the right;

## I VEERTO,

I turn to the left; but if I convert, I turn altogether, and start right the other way.

Now, repent and be converted. That is repenting and throwing down your meanness. Be converted, turn altogether, and now you are as much in the road to heaven as any man that walks the face of the earth. God help these poor sinners to see that Christ loved you and yearns over you, and you do not have to take a ten-weeks' journey to Jerusalem, but, blessed be God, you are in the road right now. Turn around and strike out, and heaven is just where you get out of breath and fall. There is heaven—if we repent of our sins.

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**A "Sister" Aptly Defines "Repentance" and "Religion."**

Well, what is repentance? A good old Christian woman once was sitting talking with me. She says, "Brother Jones, I will tell you what repentance is." Said I, "What?" She said, "It is being so sorry for your meanness that you ain't going to do it any more." Says I, "That is the best definition I have ever seen or heard in my life; that is repentance. 'Good Lord, I am so sorry for my meanness that I don't intend to do it any more.'" And she says, "I will tell you what religion is." Says I, "What?" She says, "It is this: If the Lord will just forgive me for it, I won't want to do it any more." "Now," says I, "sister, there is repentance and religion in a nutshell, so every man in the world can get hold of it."

### It is Wrong to be Caught Twice in the Same Trap.

I don't like a fellow that will do two mean things alike. Rather the devil had got up a new twist on him and caught him. The folks that get under the same trap every day and get caught under the same trap every day, and the Lord has to lift it off of them every night for 365 nights in the year, the devil is going to catch you for the last time some of these days and drag you off. Do you hear that? I don't like a fellow that will do two mean things alike. I can sort of stand a fellow that will get on one drunk, but I never did understand these Christians that could get drunk twice, never, never. I can sort of understand a fellow that will tell a lie about a thing one time, and see him repent and quit it; but I don't know how a fellow can get himself shaped up to tell two lies about the same thing; I don't understand that; you are getting me into mysteries now, old fellow. I can understand how a Christian can go to one ball and dance, but I never can understand how they can go to a second one. Do you hear that? A Christian may go to one ball and dance, but no Christian ever went to two. Now, what do you say?

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### Mr. Jones not as Severe as the Bible.

And, brethren, in the name of God, you brethren of the ministry, please don't let up on this theater going and dram drinking and card playing and dancing crowd. Don't stand up in the pulpit and tell them you think Jones ought to make some exceptions. It's a lie! It's a lie! It's a lie! There is no exception in God's word. ("Amen.")

You talk about Jones being too sweeping. Well, God bless you, did you ever see a more sweeping thing than that book (the Bible)? Don't that sweep 'em?

### Repentance in a Nutshell.

I know what repentance means: "Why, I have found out that thing is wrong, and I will quit, I will quit." You can't do violence to your conscience and be a Christian one day after another. Repentance—I will quit; I am done. This is what it means.

---

### Confession—Reformation—Repentance.

If we repent of our sins—well, I like the term of the text, "If we confess our sins." I like that term; that is a good one. "If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us."

Now, brethren, confession is always preceded by reformation, and reformation is repentance. Now, some of you say "Jones, that won't hardly do." But, when a fellow quits a thing, ain't that proof that he has repented of it? "Don't like that; I am done with it; I am done with it."

Reformation is not regeneration. Understand that. But reformation is repentance, thank God; and if my boy is doing any devilment, about all the repentance I want of him is to just quit it—"Now, you quit, sir,"—and the proof that he has quit is proof to my mind that he saw that thing wouldn't do, and he was sorry he had done the way he did, and he quit it; that is it.

---

### A Forcible Illustration about a Drunkard.

A fellow coming home every night, his wife heart-broke and his children beggars—he coming home every night drunk, and sitting there and blubbering and blubbering, "Wife, I am so sorry I got drunk again to-day." I will

tell you another thing—this world is wrong on some things, sure as you live. We have gone around here and patted these drinkers on the shoulder and said, "You are a mighty clever man; it is a pity you drink, it is a pity you drink." Why, he is one of the nicest men in the country, ruining himself with drink. Look here, my friend, if you are drinking whisky and pauperizing yourself and children, and breaking your wife's heart, if you call that clever, I want to be the meanest man that walks this earth. Clever! You call that clever! I don't believe the devil himself, if he was a married devil, would do his wife like some drunken scoundrels in this town do theirs. (Great applause.) Talk about a clever fellow, it is a pity that he drinks. Nothing clever about you; you are mean and debauched, and

#### THE MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD

is the man that will mistreat his wife, I don't care who he is. Clever fellow, pity you drink. You mean devil you! Talk about clever! Many a fellow in this town quit drinking his whisky, thinks he ought to have a chromo; he thinks he ought to

#### BE PETTED;

he thinks he ought to be petted now. "Wifey, you ought to pet me; I have quit drinking." You ought to have a thousand lashes every day for ever having done your wife that way, sir, and you don't want no chromo; you want the community to look on you as a dog.

---

#### More About Drunkenness.

Repentance. I want to relieve your minds. One preacher has come along at last and don't pat you on the shoulder

and tell you it is a pity you drink ; you are a mighty clever fellow. You are mean, sir ; and when a man reaches that point where he can put his heel on the heart of his wife and crush the last drop of blood out of it and then the community pat him on the shoulder and tell him he is a mighty clever man, it is a pity he drinks, my God, I don't want any cleverness about me. I used to have them say that about me, members of the church pat me on the shoulder, and I would go in and get another drink to their health, you know. I thought I was getting along swimmingly, you know.

You quit that, you quit that ! Whenever you see a man drinking whisky he is a doggedly, rascally man, or he is a fool of the deepest dye ; he is a fool, or a rascal, one, whenever he drinks it, and frequently you will find it is a compound of both, and my Lord, what a compound that is when you bore into it, fool and rascal,

BOTH MIXED.

When I talk about drinking whisky, now, I know what I'm talking about. I would give this world if I could recall three years of my married life, and say that by the grace of God, from the day I married my wife I have never brought a tear to her heart ; but I want to tell you to-night, you drinking men, you dram-drinkers, you quit that ; and above all things, you wives, the biggest fools are the wives that will stir a toddy for their husbands. A wife who will stir a toddy for her old drunken husband ! Thank God my wife never played the bar-keeper for me. And whenever your husband wants a toddy you tell him to "go down town to those poor devils there who pay a license to stir that stuff and damn people ; you can't get it stirred about my premises, if you please." Wouldn't that be a good idea ?

**A HAG WHO HAD BURIED THREE DRUNKEN HUSBANDS.**

When I was preaching down in Georgia a few years ago, I was preaching prohibition in a town there, and one old woman sixty years old, said: "I hope that man Jones will die before the day of election." I said, "who in the world is that?" and they said, "Why, that's Mrs. So-and-so, and she has already buried three of her husbands that died with delirium tremens." Old hag!

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**What Repentance Means.**

Repentance means, "I will quit drinking, quit telling lies, quit doing wrong." That's repentance. If you'll quit all your old meanness, the devil will get up enough new meanness every day to give you all you can look after. You give up the old and fight the old every day. What do you say?

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**Confession.**

When a man quits his meanness he'll confess, but he'll die before he'll confess before he does quit. The Bible says, "If we confess our sins." When you do that then we know you have quit your sins. There's a great deal in confession. A man's religion never goes deeper than his confession. Never.

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**Two Drunkards' Confessions.**

Here I got up two brethren once for drunkenness; one got up and confessed, and says, "Brethren, I went to town 'tother day and I didn't eat any dinner, and I just took one little drink and it flew to my head and made me tight," and



they forgave him. The church said they'd forgive him, but I said, "He'll get drunk the first time he goes to town again," and they asked "Why?" and I said, "Because he told two point blank lies. He said he took one little drink and it flew to his head. Now, one little drink won't make any man drunk unless he's a fool, and it didn't fly to his head, but to his feet, for he could hardly walk; and then he said it made him tight and he was the loosest fellow in town from the way he was staggering about. That fellow doesn't mean to quit." Sure enough, when he did go to town again he got drunk again. The other fellow got up in meeting and said: "Brethren—if you'll let me call you brethren—I got beastly drunk the other day, and I disgraced myself and my family and my church, and if you can bear with me, brethren, God being my judge, I'll never do so again." I said: "I'll underwrite for that fellow," and they said, "Why?" And I said: "He's confessed

TO THE BOTTOM,

and that means reformation to the bottom." There's a great deal in foundation, brethren. That's what's the matter all over this country. If we members of the church need anything it's a hearty confession.

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**Recommending Confession to Church Members.**

If every member of the church went to church next Sunday morning and told the preacher, "You keep your seat; we don't want to hear from you, sir; we want to confess heartily." If we did that the Holy Ghost would set the whole crowd on fire. But some of you have got to that point that when you confess you want to begin to argue for your devilment, and say, "It is all right." I can put up with anything in a man until he begins to argue for his mean-

ness. "No harm in that," he says. Lord have mercy on people who not only are guilty of their meanness, but who will absolutely champion their meanness, and say, "There's no harm in it." Confess. Confess. "An honest confession is good for the soul," and I'll tell you, brethren, the only hope for the church of God in this country is for us all to announce a grand confessional, and let us all go there and confess to the bottom." (Amen.) That brother out there can confess, "I've never been to prayer meeting this year; I have played cards nine Wednesday nights out of ten since Christmas; I have neglected my

#### FAMILY ALTAR;

and, brother, if you'll get up and make an honest confession, and start out on the right line, your pastor won't know you in two weeks from to-day, and he'll have to call in the balance of the members to identify you. He'll say, "Why, you look like the same man, but I can't recognize you," as the old brother says. Confession. How many people in this house are willing to confess to-night, "My life isn't right. I have neglected my duty. I have lived in sin, I have done wrong before God"? I say you, members of the church. When I stand up and preach to sinners, "You must confess your sins," and do this, that, and the other, you sit there and look as happy over it, and think, "He's pointing out the way of life to my neighbors. I'm so glad." And there you are, sir, in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity, and you'd die right where you are before you'd confess your unfaithful life. Now look innocent! (Laughter.)

---

#### Honest Confession very Beneficial.

"If we confess our sins." Oh, me; I go a great deal on

confession. I like it. The only remedy for us, brethren—mark what I tell you—in the universe of God, is an honest confession before God for our shortcomings. An honest confession. Well, when a man makes an honest confession he's going to move up again. That means business. "I have confessed, and am going to move up

#### ON THE RIGHT

line." That's it. If the Lord don't give you preachers (turning to the ministers on the platform) in this meeting a single new member—and I don't know what you want with new members. What do you want with them anyhow—to help pray? You've got more members now than could pray in a year if you would call on them by routine. What do you want new members for, anyhow? To help pay? Why, you've more old rich fellows in the church here than anywhere.

---

#### Financial Apoplexy.

Many an old Christian church member here absolutely dying with financial apoplexy, and you can't get a lancet in their old hides deep enough to bleed them, and they're just dying with financial apoplexy. Want some one to help you pay?

---

#### What We Want.

If God doesn't give us a single new member God make all our old ones new members (amens), and make them what they ought to be the balance of their lives. That is what we want. (Amens.)

### Stinging "Old Stingy."

That old, stingy member of your church, and the only reason you keep him, largely, is because of his respectability and his money, I mean that opens the way for him anywhere, and, brother, he's an absolute incubus on your church. He's worth half a million and you can't get \$500 a year out of him for your church. Such a member as that is a curse in any church.

#### "SISTER FINNICKY-FINNICKY'S" ENTERTAINMENTS.

But what the old, stingy fellows lack in making up Sister Finnick-y-finnicky gets up suppers and little entertainments, "and makes up the nicest suppers you ever saw, and grab bags and the nicest entertainments." God pity a church that has to have these little entertainments to get up a little money. I've said it before; it's a wonder your stingy old husbands don't stop you at the table when you're eating, sister, and before you're half done. Won't let you eat enough. It's a disgrace to the financial religion of this city. That old sister out there don't like that. She says, "Why, that's all I can do for the church, to get up little suppers, and he's knocking the back out of my program." If that's all you're fit for, sister, we'll give you a certificate agreeing that we're ready for you to go to heaven—we have no further use for you down here. You quit that business.

---

#### Steps in Reformation.

Repentance. Confession. "I have gone astray. I have done wrong." And when we confess that means reform. Reform. "I have quit it." Oh, for reform all over this country, that brings the church of God up to where she

touches not, tastes not, handles not the unclean thing. That's what we need, brethren. If we confess our sins as members of the church, as sinners, he is faithful and just to forgive them. If I confess God will forgive me. How do you know? Because he has said so.

### Mr. Jones' "Little Bob's" Precocity in Religion

My little Bob had more religious sense when he was five years old than I had when I was twenty-five. I had got home one Monday afternoon, I had been away a week or two, and when I got to the house wife was all alone, and I asked, "Where are the children?" And she said, "They're gone to hear Brother Smith." That was the same theologian, but he didn't talk theology to children. "They were delighted with Brother Smith. He is the Sunday school agent, and our children are very much interested, and he has been a blessing to us all. He's been preaching here two or three days to the children every afternoon at 3 o'clock, continued my wife. I sat talking there for a while and at last here comes little Bob running ahead of the other children, and I took him up in my lap and kissed him, and directly mother turned to him and said, "Bob, what sort of a meeting did you have?" "Oh," said Bob, "a fine meeting, mamma." "What did you do?" "Brother Smith preached a good sermon, and invited us up." "Did you go up?" "Yes 'um." "What'd you go for?" "To have my sins forgiven." "Did you get them forgiven?" "Yes 'um." "How do you know?" "Brother Smith said if we'd come up and ax God to forgive us

HE'D DO IT,

and I axed him." "Are you going to sin again, Bob?" "Yes 'um, I 'spect I will." "What'll you do then?" "I

expect I'll wait then until Brother Smith comes round again, and I'll go up again." And, brethren, the little fellow had it as straight and nice as myself.

"If we confess God forgives us." How do you know? He said he would. And then, thank God, if we sin again we have an advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ, the righteous; and the only thing the little fellow had wrong in there was

#### THE PRIEST IDEA.

That's one idea he had in there that a man ought not to have in him, and that's the priest idea. Bob had the idea if he would confess God would forgive him, and he got it; and he went on along for two or three years, and began to grow sort of cold in his religion, and I think he got to where he needed Brother Smith again. Just like you, brother. You know how it is. You've tried it.

#### MORE ABOUT "BOB"—HIS BEING BLEST AND JOINING THE CHURCH.

During our bush arbor meeting at Cartersville—the arbor was put out about two hundred or three hundred yards from my house—out at the arbor while the meeting was going on one evening just about dusk, little Bob came out on the porch where his mother and I was—he was eight years old now—seven and one-half—

#### HE CAME OUT,

and he looked me in the face, and he says: "Papa I am going to get a blessing to-night." "Well," says I, "Bob, who blesses folks?" He says, "The good Lord blesses them." Says I, "How do you get a blessing?" He says, "You go up and promise God you are going to do better, and he will bless you."

"Well," says I, "I hope you will get it good, sure enough, old fellow, you are needing it." And that night while I was preaching—he was a very little fellow of his age—he was sitting out by the side of his mother, and his eyes shone in mine while I was preaching, and when I got through preaching I said, "I want everybody that wants to be saved and blessed to come and kneel around." Bob started first, and his mother grabbed him and says, "So many are going they will hurt you." "Oh," he says, "turn me loose, mother, I want to get a blessing." And she had to turn him loose right there, and he run up there, and while he was coming he was saying, "Oh, I want to be a good boy, do bless me." And when it was over with I lost sight of him, and he run out from under the arbor and caught my hand, and I looked at him. I says: "Bob, did you get your blessing?" "Yes," he says, "I did; I have got it sure." Bob joined the church the next day, and the next Sunday the preacher was standing up there and called, I believe it was, 117 names, and they

## ALL COME UP.

Bob stood back by his mother, and when the preacher got through calling the names he didn't call Bob, and Bob broke out crying like his heart would break, and his mother turned to Bob: "What are you crying about, son?" "Oh, mamma," he says, "Mr. Robbin never called my name, and I joined yesterday." She motioned to the preacher, he came to him and took his name, and begged his pardon, and Bob hushed right up, wiped the tears out of his eyes and went and took his stand at the end of the row, and he didn't look much bigger than a frog standing there. He stood there and answered all the questions and come into the church, and brethren, before God, that boy has got re-

ligion; now you mark what I tell you, he has got it as sure as you live, and he got it just on that plan—"When we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." There is the whole question. Let me put it this way. I illustrate this way.

### Come, Ye That Thirst!

Out West they have pools where the stock water. They tramp around in the water, and muddy it, and they have got so now they wall around, put large rocky walls around the pools, and just put a platform up over the water, and then they put a trough off on the edge of the platform, and weather-board it from the outside so the cattle can't see in the trough from the outside, and

#### AN OLD OX,

if he was to come and rear up on that weather-board and look down he would say, "There isn't a drop of water in that trough, and I ain't going around on that platform; there ain't no water in it." But when an old thirsty ox comes around and walks up on the platform, the pressure of his weight on the platform forces the water up into the trough, and by the time he gets to the trough the living waters are there to quench his thirst. And, brethren, here is the plain God's promise now; here is the platform: "If we confess our sins he is faithful to forgive us." This platform is right over the pool of the water of life, and the trough is weather-boarded in, and Mr. Tyndall and Darwin, and those fellows, they have climbed up and looked down over into the trough, and they say: "There ain't a bit of water down there; I can see; I can see there is not a drop in it." But, thirteen years ago, a poor sin-sick, thirsty soul,



I walked around up on this platform of God's promise, and the pressure of my sins on the platform forced the water of life up into the trough, and I have drank, and I have never been dry since.

GLORY BE TO GOD.

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