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(James, Sam. P.)

GOOD NEWS

A COLLECTION OF

SERMONS

BY

Pastor.

SAM₁ FONES

AND

W.

SAM₁ SMALL.

FIRST SERIES.

A Second Series, under the title "Joyful Tidings," will soon be issued.

NEW YORK:

J. S. OGILVIE AND COMPANY,

31 ROSE STREET.

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A SECOND SERIES of Sermons by Jones and Small will soon be issued under the title "JOYFUL TIDINGS," and will be uniform with this book in style and price.

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SAM JONES.

SKETCH OF SAM JONES.

THE Rev. Sam Jones was born in Oak Bowery, Chambers County, Alabama, October 16, 1847. His grandfather, who is still living, was a preacher, and named Sam Jones, and his father was a distinguished lawyer. The associates of Sam Jones's people in Alabama comprised the interblended blood of Georgia, Kentucky, and

Virginia, and their saintliness, tender home life, kind neighborliness, absence of city conventionalism, and freedom of rural manliness, doubtless made an indelible impression on young Sam, and filled him with that intense fervor of spirit which his later life has developed. When he was quite young his parents removed to Georgia, and he was given a good English education, and was undergoing a Latin course preparatory to entering college when the war broke out, and he was prevented from continuing systematically his studies. Afterward he studied law, and was admitted to the bar and practiced for a while. Then he fell into habits of dissipation, and, like most Southern youths, went to great excess.

His conversion occurred in 1872, upon the death of his father, to whom he was tenderly attached. A Southern writer, speaking of that event, says :

“The death of his father led to the conversion of Sam. Such a scene as was witnessed in that chamber of death is not often beheld. The hour was tragic. Falling on the floor the prodigal son cried out : ‘I’ll quit! I’ll quit! God be merciful to me, a sinner!’ The great change came by the renewing power of the Holy Spirit; and think you that an ordinary life would, by the laws of nature and grace, follow such a conversion? Miracles aside, I find room in Saul of Tarsus, in Bunyan, in Ignatius Loyola and Wesley, to trace both the physiological and psychological effects of tragical circumstances in developing intensity of religious character.”

Immediately upon his conversion Mr. Jones united with the Methodist Church and studied for the ministry. When qualified he was assigned to the North Georgia Conference, and for about nine years was engaged in circuit work in the mountains of Georgia. He was

always fearless and outspoken, and his incisive sentences were familiar in rural districts in Georgia long before he became universally known. He has always had his present impetuous and fervid style of speaking.

He is rugged and outspoken in his denunciation of wrongdoing, and has an intense hatred for hypocrites. He first came into general notice while working as the conference agent to build up the North Georgia Orphans' Home. This institution was in debt, and in endeavoring to extricate it Mr. Jones traveled beyond his conference borders, and people who heard him were not slow to sound his praises. He succeeding in clearing off the incumbrances on the home, refurnished it, and still maintains it by his own exertions. His fame spread with such rapidity that he has had invitations to visit nearly every large city in the country. He has already held large and wonderfully successful meetings in Alabama, Missouri, Georgia, Texas, Tennessee, and in Brooklyn, where he preached in Talmage's Tabernacle, and of late in Cincinnati. During his preaching in Atlanta, Sam Small, his co-worker, was converted, and entered into the work with as much ardor as Mr. Jones himself.

He is simple and regular in his habits, and has tremendous powers of endurance. Mr. Jones was married sixteen years ago to Miss McIllwaine, of Kentucky.

JUSTICE AND HONESTY.

WE invite your attention to the eighth verse of the fourth and last chapter of St. Paul to the Phillipians. And there St. Paul gives us a clear, philosophical, succinct idea of what the gospel is.

We have been misled, perhaps some of us, as to what Christianity is; we have heard much on the subject of the terms of discipleship; we have heard a great deal about repentance for sins committed; we have read a good deal about pardon and heard a good deal on that subject. We have heard a thousand sermons, more or less, on the subject of faith, and many on the subject of regeneration and sanctification, but here is a clear, sensible, philosophical statement as to what Christianity is.

St. Paul begins this verse with this word "finally;" finally! "finally, brethren," as much as to say, "I have written many things previous to this. I have said many things in your hearing, but, brethren, you may forget all I have said, and take your eye off all I have written, if you will just fix your mind and memory on what I am going to say now (for I will now give you the whole thing in a nutshell), you can get hold of this, it is brought to you clearly and plainly.

"Finally, brethren, now, whatever you may remember, whatever you may have read from me,

FORGETTING ALL,

fix your mind now on what I am going to say. Finally, brethren, I will sum it all up in a word.

“Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think—think! think! on these things.”

As a man thinks, so he is. What I think to-day will determine what I may be doing to-morrow. The actions of this day are the embodied thoughts of yesterday. As a man thinks, so he is. Let me know what you are thinking about to-day, and I will tell you what you will be doing to-morrow. A man partakes of the nature of the thing he is looking at with his mind and eye. You may bring into my presence now a coffin and in it a corpse, you may take off the lid and I put my mind and eye intently upon the picture before me, and the first thing I know I am saturated with a gloom and melancholy from head to foot; I partake of the nature of the thing I look at. You may bring in a beautiful bouquet of flowers, and I put my mind and eye intently upon that bouquet, and the first thing I know my whole nature is saturated with the aroma and beauty of the flowers; I partake of the nature of the thing I look at, hence God tells us He will keep him in perfect peace whose mind and heart is in Him.

And, brethren, we have something to do with the creation of the world around us. And then we

PARTAKE LARGELY,

morally, I mean, of the world in which we live.

I have said before, I repeat it, we go along singing "Sweet Bye and Bye." We are ever looking to the "Sweet Bye and Bye." Look here, brethren, I have quit singing "Sweet Bye and Bye," and I am singing "Sweet Now and Now." I want it here now, you know. I tell you here is the place for it, and now. I would rather have more heaven here now and less of it hereafter. I need it more now. I am by this, as I am by "heavenly recognition." A great many preachers are continually preaching on heavenly recognition. Well, that don't trouble me at all. I don't care so much about heavenly recognition, but what I want is earthly recognition. I am a poor fellow; I fall about; I am weak and poor and helpless.

Brethren, we want earthly recognition—please recognize me. I am here, and help me all you can, but when I get to glory, and sit down under the shade of the tree of life, and take my harp and strike the chords, if you do not want to recognize me then, don't do it—God bless you, I'm all right then, and I don't care for your recognition. I want heaven in Illinois and in Georgia and all about me. And he who thinks and sees only goodness, mercy, glory, and blessings with his own eye, shall live and die in a perfect

ATMOSPHERE OF HEAVEN.

Brethren, let's have some more of it down here now. Let's not talk so much about hereafter. I need it here. This old world needs heaven, Chicago needs heaven, needs it implanted right down in every street, in every home, and in every heart in the community. And I say unto you, if you will, under God, make Chicago what God intended Chicago to be, instead of being called a

suburb of St. Louis, you'll be a suburb of the city of the New Jerusalem.

Think on these things. And after all what is a thought? I am no metaphysician, and I'm no kin to one, but we'll say, for the sake of the argument, as the lawyers say, that thought is the result of an impression upon one of the five senses. Now we won't go into the discussion of intuitional thought, that's a matter too deep for me, but we'll take things as we see them. We say all thought, below the strata of the intuitional, then, is the result of an impression upon one of the five senses. I know God has come into my soul, but when I touch intuitional thought God gets in without entering through one of the five senses, for I do not hear Him come in, I do not see the door open as He comes in, nor do I see it close as He goes out, and yet I know God has been in there and talking to me.

I see something that puts me to thinking; I touch something and it brings up a thought; I taste something and it sets me to thinking, and so all the way through. The sense of perception then looks upon the scene, and the sense of conception then carries me back into my room and shows to me again, even with my eyes closed, the picture I have just perceived. Then judgment will measure and weigh the picture for me, and by and by I turn it to the faculty of imagination, and I see her poise on her wings, and then go up, up, and up, until she goes above the stars and the moon, and, like St. Paul, I find myself over the city of God, looking down on towering spires, jasper walls, and pearly gates.

Thought! Well, if what I see opens my mind to thought, I had better be careful what I look at. If what I touch opens my mind to thought, I ought to be careful what comes in contact with my hands. If what I taste

brings forth thought, then I ought to be careful what I taste. Brother, be careful of what you hear, touch, taste, feel; be careful of your five senses. I heard some men once discussing railroad conductors, and saying that railroad conductors were dishonest; and I told them the reason why the railroad conductors were dishonest generally, and they said a good many things bad on the subject. I was disgusted with the men talking. "Well," I said, "gentlemen, listen: I don't say that conductors ever stole, or ever will steal; I take no part in that, but I'll say this thing: if you ever catch a thieving conductor on this railroad here, I'll tell you how things will look; he'll collect \$10 or \$12 cash, and before he gets to his destination he will put \$10 in his pocket and give \$2 to the company; then he will walk through the train with his head erect, looking as innocent as an angel. Now, how can he do it? How can he hold his head up? Listen, he knows that four out of every five persons on that train would beat their way if they could, as he runs with that sort of a crowd. If you reform the traveling public that conductor will quit stealing or leave the road.

Think on these things. Well, we say, thought is an emotion, something we see, something we hear, we are affected by these things around us. A developed thought is ready for the hand, is ready for the tongue, is ready for the foot; that's the idea of developed thought—thought gotten into shape for the tongue, for the hand, and for the foot. A thought will develop into an idea, you had better look out there, there's danger all along that line. A man can't help evil thoughts coming in, but he can prevent them from developing into an idea. Wesley said: "I can't help evil thoughts from coming into my mind any more than I can help birds flying

over my head; but I can help the birds from building their nests on my head and there hatching their young." Always keep the back door of your mind open whenever you open the front door, and make these evil thoughts pass along, and say to them: "You can't stay until you are developed into an idea." I can't help a tramp knocking at my front door, but I can prevent myself from asking him into my parlor and telling him to make himself at home. Ten thousand evil thoughts may come in unawares, but I say, gentlemen, you can't stay here and make yourselves at home and develop into an idea. Bad ideas are like the devil, he tries to make your acquaintance and be with you, but he is too much of a gentleman to stay where he is not wanted. I'll tell you another thing, if the devil comes and stays with you it is because you make him at home and treat him well and are kind to him.

Thinking on these things—now, brother, St. Paul said if you would be what the honest aspirations of an honest soul would be, now put your mind and thought entirely upon the truth. The truth! the truth! Now, just as with the pictures of the bouquet and the corpse, I stirred my nature up, then just so, by thinking of God, I can put myself in an attitude and keep there until my whole nature is stirred with religion and truth, and when I speak I speak the truth just as naturally as I breathe. Truth is always uppermost in the normal state of man, and no man who is a man of integrity will tell a lie until he rams back the truth first. Men tell the truth naturally, but it is unnatural to tell a lie, and now if I come up those steps and a man shakes my hand and bids me godspeed, it is perfectly natural for me to say that he shook my hand and bade me godspeed, but it is perfectly unnatural for me to say that the man cursed me and kicked me

down the stairs. It's natural to tell the truth; it's unnatural to tell a lie. Whenever a man is a cordial liar he has perverted his nature from head to foot. A liar is a consolidated, concentrated lump of falsehood, and when he talks he tells lies just as easily as he lives in that atmosphere. I despise a liar. I have seen some men who thought on evil so much that they couldn't tell the truth at all. The man who thinks on the truth, who reads the truth, and fills his heart with the truth will speak the truth, for out of the depth of the heart the mouth speaketh.

I like a truthful man. I like a truthful child. We have left a great deal for George Washington, but George Washington was the father of his country; but somehow or another he never begot one in his own likeness if he never told a lie in his life. I have made propositions like this: "Every man in this vast audience who never told a lie in his life stand up." Every fellow began looking around, as if anybody was going to stand up, but he took care not to get up himself, and if anybody had gotten up I'd have sat down myself. A man can tell lies and never open his lips; he can tell lies with his hands, and he can tell lies

WITH HIS FEET

—with my eye I can tell a lie; with an expression of my face. Oh, brother, be so true to truth that it will be impossible for you to tell a lie or act a lie. That's it. Loyal to truth.

And, brother, you can never be right unless you are saturated with truth and on the true side of everything. Now, brother, at home with your children, as I with my children, if you have a child that has exaggerated or prevaricated—not intentionally, perhaps, but to make it ap-

pear well for them,—and when there has been a little trouble one child gives her statement, and another his, and another hers; but if you have one in your family, thank God for one like this, that you can call and say, “Come here, Bobbie,” and take the little fellow in your lap and say, “Now, my son, tell me about it.” The little fellow will sit there and recount it exactly as it occurred, and will split a hair a mile long to get at the truth. And you set him down satisfied that you have got a true statement of the affair. We have got one little fellow down in Georgia, a plain, sensible man in many respects, not noted particular for anything except the fact that when he tells you anything it’s just that way, no more, no less, like that sort of a man. And I tell you, brother, if my wife ever told me one falsehood I never would

RESPECT HER AGAIN.

I would lose respect for any one who told me a falsehood. God give us truth if we have anything else or not. We need it all over this country. We want men we can bank on. If everybody in Chicago and in Illinois will not tell another lie for ten years it will starve the lawyers to death and put them to plowing; no doubt about that. Now I don’t say that this profession lives upon the falsehood of the world. They may have to defend truth. It is not always a lawyer’s duty in his practice to assail the opposite client, but it is the noble duty of a great lawyer to defend a good man against the onslaughts of unjust men. God give us lawyers who scorn the wicked side and stand up for justice and truth. The fee of \$5 will act as scavenger for the devil and his crowd. Do your own dirty work, and when you get to hell tell them you are there as a lawyer.

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Truth—I think in truth, I saturate mind and heart with truth and speak the truth as naturally as I breathe. It ought to be the normal state of every man. “Whatsoever things are true”—brother, let’s avoid evils of every kind; let’s look out for the things that would lead a man into

TELLING A LIE.

Let our utterances be truthful, and let us die before we tell a lie.

Then he said, “Brethren, whatsoever things are honest.” Now if you’ll let me define the word “honest” I subscribe to its truth. Now when I say “honest” I don’t mean simply a man who pays all his just debts, as we call it. I have heard of a man walking all across the town to pay a nickel he owed, but I wouldn’t trust that man in my room when I was asleep, if I had a quarter in my pocket. Bless your soul, he is often paying that nickle to get some hold for an imposition upon the community. When you let me define that word “honesty,” it is a man who lives up to his convictions and will die by his convictions. That’s what I mean by being an honest man. Many a man who has paid every dollar he owed in this world may be put in hell at last for being a thief. You say that is mighty strong; but theft is the unlawful taking of the property of another without their knowledge and consent. You can steal from a man when he is looking at you as well as you can when he is asleep if you just

COVER UP SOME FACT

in the trade and thereby carry your point; but maybe you would have seen the covered point if you yourself had not been working your tricks to gouge him.

Dishonesty? Down in my State I had my mind directed two or three times to a man of whom every one said: "There goes an honest man." I thought a time or two, I'd walk out and take his hand and ask him if he didn't feel lonesome in this country. He was a cotton buyer, and he would pay the most ignorant negro as much for his cotton as to the shrewdest white farmer. An honest man going around by himself in broad daylight!

Honesty! Honesty! Honesty! It is said that every honest man has a patch of hair right in the middle of his hand. I haven't got any in mine, I'm sorry to say. Oh, brother, let's deal honestly, and deal honestly toward all mankind.

I was in a store, in a circuit I was in once, when a farmer came in to get some plow points. He had just moved into the settlement, and it was the first or second time he had been to town. He came into the store and he asked the proprietor, "Are these plow points tempered hard enough?"

"No," said he, "I think not. I tried some of them, and

"THEY ARE SOFT."

When the farmer had gone out I said to the proprietor, "Why didn't you tell that man that the plow points were well-tempered and hard, and would do the work he required of them? Why, you told him the naked truth, and missed a sale; you're a strange man." But I tell you one thing, just as long as I stayed in that community that man had a customer who would spend his last dollar with him.

Tell the naked truth. The naked truth that makes a man honest.

Do you know where we get that expression, the "naked" truth? Now look out for your mock modesty along here; you may get it smashed.

The old story is that Truth and Error a long time ago went in bathing together. It isn't told what Truth was doing, but while in bathing Error ran out of the water and put on Truth's clothes and ran off with them on, and when Truth saw that Error had taken all of her clothes, she said: "I have nothing left to put on but the clothes Error has left, but before I will put those on I will go naked the balance of my life." Since that time we have had the plain naked truth, and I never want any clothes on it.

Honesty! honesty! honesty!—"Whatsoever things are honest"—Deal honestly with all men.

And then he said: "Whatsoever things are just"—I like a just man. Brother, you hear people say, "You had better be just

"BEFORE YOU ARE GENEROUS."

It's a great deal harder to be just than it is to be generous. I could pull out ten dollars and give it to a poor woman and I don't miss it, and it don't bother me. But to be just to all mankind, that's another thing. I tell you what it is, it is a great deal easier to give fifty dollars to an orphan's home than it is to be just. I hurt my little boy's feelings, and take little Bobbie in my lap, precious little fellow, and say: "Son, forgive your father for hurting your feelings." It's a great deal easier to be generous than it is to beg your little boy's pardon for your harshness and meanness.

Justice! It is very easy for a man to be generous, but brother, have you the justice in you to implore the

forgiveness of a wife for an unkind word uttered? If I infringe on the rights or feelings of another, then I will go to them and do right by them. That's it!

My forty minutes is about out, that I have left in this service. And, brother, let's take hold on these things. Put your mind on truth and keep it there.

"Whatsoever things are pure"—pure in word, pure in your life, pure in all manner of conversation, in everything. Observe it—purity! purity! purity!

[Numerous persons in the crowded gallery at this time got up and noisily walked to the stairs.]

I hope the congregation will have respect enough for itself to keep quiet until we dismiss. If you can't do any better to-morrow, don't you

PUT YOUR CARCASS

in this hall at all.

"Whatsoever things are pure."

We want purity! purity! I tell you, my brother, if a man lives pure and acts pure and is pure, he is good in the best sense—in the most refined sense. Purity is like the little ermine, with its hair and skin as white as the driven snow, and when its capture is sought, its path to its home is made dirty and muddy, and when the little animal reaches the mud and dirt it lies down and subjects itself to capture and death before it will besmirch one of its beautiful white hairs. I want to say to the Christian world, rather let us lie down and subject ourselves to capture or death before we besmirch our character as Christians by any contact with the sins of the world.

God make us pure on earth.

God bless you and take you under His care, and God

help you to live so that if you put your head under the block and it is severed from your body that God will be there to pick it up and put a crown of everlasting life on it. God bless you all, and bring out of this service a happy sweet experience, and a blessed and saved home to every man, woman, and child in the city of Chicago.

THE WAY OF TRANSGRESSORS.

EVENING SERVICE AT CHICAGO AVENUE CHURCH.

BRETHREN: We invite your attention this evening to the first and second verses of the first Psalm:

“Blessed be the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful, but his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his Lord doth he imitate day and night.”

These psalms are an interesting study to any man. I like to read Dickens and Thackeray and Bulwer and Shakespeare, because they give me such a deep insight into human nature.

A man may study the pages of such books as these to advantage, but there is more for me in these one hundred and fifty psalms than perhaps the writings of all these masters. These men I have named give me human nature simon pure, as we would say if we were standing on the street or in your store. But David gives us

human nature as it is acted upon, influenced by the Divine nature. I never have much to say against human nature. I have very little abuse for man in his normal state. I preached to the colored people frequently in my State, and on one occasion when I was preaching to

THE COLORED BRETHERN

and after I was through the colored preacher got up and said:

“Breddern, dar was a trufe struck my mind while the preacher was a-preaching, and I believe it's true 'fore God. I believe dat the nigger is wuss now dan he war when he war born,” and brethren, I think it was the most self-evident proposition I ever heard stated in my life. It is perverted human nature I fight. It is the perversion of hand and foot and tongue and mind that I pronounce all the maledictions of my nature upon; but I have very little to say about human nature in any of its normal and right attitudes. David gives me human nature as it is acted upon and influenced in the best sense, and in the best way. I love to read David, because, in the first place, David knew what he was talking about. I love to hear a man talking that seems to know what he is talking about. I've heard men trying to explain a great many things they didn't understand themselves, and I've heard men discussing subjects they didn't seem to know anything about themselves. I love to read David, because he seems to know what he is talking about. No man before him knew more of God and more of humanity than David, and the best preacher that ever planted his foot in Chicago is the preacher who knows

THE MOST ABOUT GOD,

and the most about humanity. He gets between the

two, and every preacher ought to know God, and lay his hands on the shoulder of his living father in heaven, and then put the other arm around the race, and try to lift humanity up to God. This was David. Now with the broad views of the Psalmist, a man who had studied life in all its phases, a man who seemed to understand God as no man before him, and very few after him; a man who seemed to understand himself and understand human nature—that man gives us the result of his study. He gives us the conclusion he had reached in these words, “Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,” as much as to say, “If you want to be a happy man”—and all men want to be happy—“if you really are in search of happiness listen to this prescription: ‘Blessed and happy you will be if you walk not in the counsel of the ungodly.’” An ungodly man may be a very moral man; an ungodly man need not swear, or drink, or violate the Sabbath, or commit any of the flagrant sins which men are so often guilty of. An ungodly man means simply an ungodlike man. Ungodliness and ungodlikeness are synonymous—they mean the same thing. What does ungodly mean? We say it is a man who is not acquainted with God, and God’s ways.

EVERY MAN IN CHICAGO

who knows God loves God, and every man in Chicago who don’t know God don’t love Him. It is just as natural for a soul that knows God to love God as it is for a mother to love her babe, or as it is for a father to love his son. An ungodly man is a man who cares nothing about God. He is moral in a great many senses; he don’t drink, he pays his debts, and walks uprightly in a

thousand ways; but I'll tell you the distinguishing characteristic of that sort of a man is that he loves to talk and give advice to people. You know him, don't you? Old Colonel So-and-so, old Judge So-and-so, old Major So-and-so, old General So-and-so—you've seen them, haven't you? They don't belong to the church—don't make any professions of religion. They scoff at the idea that anybody ever died for them, but they are all right, and they give more advice, and practice less of it than any tribe in creation. The old Colonel says, "I don't see any use in all these meetings; I can be as good and not go to church as I can be and go. I can be as good and stay at home as I can to be running to church so much. I don't see any harm in a social game of cards—never could in my life. It is not a sinful game—it's a scientific game." And, brethren, whenever a man wants to be a first-class sinner he always rings in

THAT WORD "SCIENCE"

somehow or somewhere along the line. "It's a scientific game." If he wants to dance he says: "Why, what in the world harm is there in dancing?" The way to tell an ungodly man is that he is always talking about what harm is there in this, that, or the other thing, and the way to tell a godly man is, he is always hunting around for something with good in it, and not going about trying to find something that people can see no harm in at all. If there is no harm in cards at all, why I haven't got the time to play cards, and I am sorry for any man that professes to be a true man that has time to play cards; I am sorry for the woman who has time to play cards, and I am sorry for the man and woman that has time to dance. I tell you, brethren, when I look around me and

see a sinking world and humanity drifting off from God, and so many sick beds to visit, and see so many that are needy and need sympathy and help, I am not one to look about me, for God knows I tell the truth when I say I haven't seen the day in thirteen years past that I had a minute to spare to give to these things, and you wouldn't either if you were any account. You can put that down! You might just as well be at that, as far as you are personally concerned, as to be at anything else, for if you weren't at that

YOU'D BE ASLEEP,

and about all the time you're awake you're hunting for something to do and read that will amuse you; and the only difference between you awake and asleep, as far as we are concerned, is, that you're a little more quiet when you're asleep than when you're awake—that is if you ain't one of that snoring tribe.

“Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly.” In other words, if you want to be happy in this life don't take counsel or advice from ungodly men. Don't do that! When you are lost as to any moral problem, go to the best man or the best woman you know in the world for your advice, for they're the only ones capable of advising you. I want a man first to practice what he preaches, and show me it is good to do it, and then tell me how he did it, and then I want to do just like him. An ungodly man! As I said before, you can hardly pick a flaw in him; he never goes far enough to be dubbed immoral. What's the difference between an immoral sinner and a moral sinner? Why, its just the difference between the typhoid fever and the small-pox. That's the only difference at all. One's internal, and the other is external, but both will kill

NINE TIMES IN TEN

if it is not cared for. Our Saviour used to look at you sort, and drop His finger on your sort and say, 'You whited sepulcher, beautiful without, but within you are full of rottenness and dead men's bones;' and if you'll translate that into nineteenth century language it means "You whitewashed rascals you!" That's what you are! Rub the whitewash off him in spots, and he's the most deformed, ungodly wretch you ever saw in your life. Haven't you seen it scale off, brethren? An ungodly man "can't see any harm in anything." Like the Irishman down in our town, he was a devout member of his church, but he was a very profane fellow, and a man said to him one day, "Jack, how can you be called a devout member of your church and swear and cuss like you do?" and Jack said: "Faith, sir, and there is no harm in cussing unless you make harm out of it." Got the idea, brethren? I am not hunting those things that have no harm in them, but I'm hunting the things that have good in them, and so are all good men under all circumstances. They ain't inquiring whether there is much or little harm in this, that, and the other thing. If you want to be happy, brethren, don't take the advice or counsel of the ungodly, or of those men who run on that line of things. They'll

GET YOU INTO TROUBLE

sooner or later, sure. Take your advice, your counsel, from the best man or woman this earth has ever seen.

Take the question of theater-going, and nine-tenths of these ungodly people in the church and out, you'll find go to the theaters. Let's raise that question a little while

here. One of your Chicago preachers told me in St. Louis, that during his pastorate in that city, I believe, there was a young lady, a bright young lady, teacher in one of the schools, came to him during his revival. Her conscience was stirred, and she walked up to him and said, "I want to be a Christian. I want to join your church, but you object to theater-going, and I can't see any harm in that in the world." The pastor said to her "Sister, give your heart to God, join the church and go to the theater as much as you please." Brethren, I believe I'd go to the theater every time I wanted to go, but thank God, since I joined the church I never wanted to go. Don't you see? I never got down that low in my religious experience from the day I gave my heart to God to this minute, and whenever I do "I'm going back," as the old brother said, "to the old stump and git it over again, as my first stock is about played out." Well, the pastor said this young lady

GAVE HER HEART

to God, joined the church, and he heard after that that the young lady went to the theater. Next summer the revival started again, and this young lady came into the church and took a class in the Sunday-school and tried to live right. One day during the revival one of this young lady's pupils who had come up as a penitent, came to her and said, "Miss So-and-so, do you go to the theater?" and she said, "Yes; I go occasionally." The pupil then asked, "Do you think it is right as a Christian to go to the theater?" "Well," said the teacher, "I don't know." And the pupil asked again, "Miss So-and-so, if you can go as a Christian, can I go as a penitent?" And the young lady said, "I looked that sweet girl in the

face, and said, 'Darling, I'll never put my foot inside another theater, God helping me, as long as I live,' " and she said afterward to the pastor, "My liberty as a Christian was costing that girl her soul, and I said, 'My liberty shall never do that,' and I gave up the thing that was leading a soul off from God." That's the way a Christian will settle that question every time. My liberty and license in these things shall never cost a human being his soul. "No harm in this and that and the other" they say. Lord cure us of this abominable way of talking about

"WHAT HARM

is there in this," and put us to hunting the things we don't have to ask that question about. They ask, "Is there any harm in dancing, theaters, in this, that, and the other thing?" but nobody has ever asked me, "Is there any harm in family prayer?" Never! They never asked me if I thought there was any harm in reading the Bible. They never asked me if I thought there was any harm in praying weekly for God's grace and help. Do you want to know why? Because they knew there was no harm in it! Why did they ask me the other question? Because they knew there was harm in it, and that settles the whole question. Take the Universalists—and I have a great many friends Universalists—but I'm sorry for a fellow that has to go on that sort of broad gauge, and take every scoundrel on earth to heaven, or hell, with him in order to get there himself. I never did like that sort of a schedule. I say to you, brethren, don't you risk yourselves on that sort of a theory. You come square up to the measure and get your advise from the good of earth and live on a plane with them, and die by their side. "The counsel of the

ungodly! Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly." When a man gets to listening to bad advice the next thing he is going to do is to stand in

THE WAY OF SINNERS.

I've heard preachers say standing in the way of sinners meant to get ahead of them, and not let them get by into the kingdom. There isn't such a thought contained anywhere in this expression. Standing in the way of sinners means keeping the company of sinners, and a man isn't going to listen to bad advice long before he'll be with sinners. I don't care whose boy, or wife, or child you are, you cannot stand the pressure of bad company.

Now, when a man gets so he will listen to bad advice, the next thing you hear from him he is in bad company. Bad company. We need to inform ourselves in this question of company. There isn't an angel in heaven that can keep the company some of you do and be pure. Above everything in the universe a man ought to be choice about his company and about his books. If you will show me the company you keep, I will write your biography ten years ahead of your death, and I will not miss the mark one time in ten. All I want to know of any man or any boy is what sort of company does he keep. "Evil communications corrupt good morals." "Birds of a feather flock together."

I will tell you another thing. There is but one safe rule in this line. Don't you ever go with anybody that will say things you won't, that will do things you won't do. You won't run with them long until you will be

DOING THOSE THINGS

and saying those things yourself. Always hunt better

company than you are, and when some of us get up to ourselves we are with the biggest rascal in town right then. And that gets things in a bad shape, don't it? I am sorry for a fellow that every time he goes off by himself he is in the worst company he was ever in in his life. I will illustrate that for you. There was a very stingy man I heard of once—very scarce, you know, but occasionally you will run across a stingy man. Well, we run across one down in our country. His wife was a Methodist, and he would go with his wife to church, but he never would pay a dime toward the support of the church—he was very close—and one summer he professed religion and joined the church himself. Well, shortly after he joined the church the steward went over to his house and spoke to him kindly and told him: "Our preacher is scarce now of provisions, and I come over to see if I could get some meat from you for the preacher." He had a smoke-house full, and he thought a minute: "Why," said he, "certainly I will give the preacher some meat." He went out to his smoke-house; the steward sat in the window; he walked out to the smoke-house, unlocked the door, got a big, fine ham down, brought it about half way back toward the house, and stopped and

LAI D IT DOWN

in the path, looked at it a minute, and turned around and walked back to the smoke-house, got another and come and laid it down, and he stood and looked at it a minute, turned right around to the smoke-house and got another and come and laid it down, and the steward was watching him, and he looked down at the three hams. He says: "If you don't shut your mouth, you old stingy devil, you, I will go and give him all there is

in the smoke-house." The devil was in him, the devil was in him, and the devil told him every time: "You going to give away that ham." "Are you going to give away that ham." And just kept after him, and he tried to hush the devil's mouth by putting in one ham at a time, but finally he silenced him when he said: "If you don't hush your mouth I will give him every ham in the smoke-house." And the devil hushed then. And a man can be in bad company when he is by himself. "Bad company will ruin you."

Above all things we ought to be careful about the association of our children. If that neighbor of yours is worth fifty, or seventy-five, or a hundred thousand dollars, he may have the worst children in the town, and yet you will let those children of his come over there

AND RUIN YOURS

because he has got a little money. Did you ever notice that streak of human nature? If that neighbor's son of yours is the worst debauched young man in the town, and yet he drives a fine horse and buggy in the streets of this city and he belongs to one of the fashionable clubs—and, God bless you, that is all I want to know about any man, and it is a question of time when he will be drowned in debauchery and ruin—is he a member of a city club? I have preached in different cities and I have worked with all my might, and I have preached to hundreds and thousands of people; I have seen thousands converted in different cities, but I never have yet, as God is my judge, known of any member of a city club ever being converted to God, and that is the saddest commentary that God or man could pronounce on those institutions. Just as soon as one of them be-

comes impressed with the gospel and he goes back into his company they ridicule him, and deride him, and laugh him out of his impression. A man is almost as certainly doomed as he will ever be damned when he goes into those institutions. Bad company—and I have nothing worse to say of clubs than the fact that in all my ministry I never have seen a member of a club give his heart to God, join the church. And I don't care if you are as pious as Job, if you will join one of those clubs and begin to

RUN WITH THEM

I would swap chances with Judas Iscariot if I was you for a hope of heaven.

I am determined to be understood, you see, and you all can disagree with me if you want to; but you shan't run away from here and say: "I will declare, I didn't understand that fellow. You shan't say that. I am going to make you see what I am talking about. Company. A young man can move out in this town who has got \$20,000 or \$100,000 in his own right, and he drives around here in style and smokes the finest Havana cigars and drinks the finest wines, and he can debauch himself all the week in his drunkenness and spreeing, and Saturday night he can spend the whole night in a shameless place, and Sunday evening he is dressed up, perfumed up, and sitting in the parlor with one of the nicest young ladies in this city.

I will tell you what we need. We need some daddies in this country that will just meet those young bucks at the front door and kick 'em clear over into the street.

Some one said: "If I could mother the world I could save the world;" but if in this sense I could

FATHER THE WORLD

I could come nigher to saving the world.

Down in one of our towns down South there was a whole lot of girls got together there, and agreed between one another that they would marry the drunken boys of the town and reform them. They marry them, you know, and reform them. And now there are more little old whippoorwill widows going around that town than in any place I ever saw. A little idiot. I say a young lady, a girl, or a grown woman that will marry a man with his breath tainted with whisky is the biggest fool this world ever looked in the face of.

“Nor standeth in the way of sinners.” Keep out of that company. You recollect the young lady who said: “Father, may I go to the ball to-night?” at a certain place. “No, daughter; I don’t want you to go.” “Why, father?” “Well, daughter, I don’t like the company you will be in.” “Well,” she said, “father, I know all of them are not good that will be there, but,” she said, “I am not afraid of their hurting me.” About that time there was a dead coal lying upon the hearth. He said: “Daughter, what is that?” She said, “A dead coal.” He said, “Pick it up.” She picked it up in her fingers, and he said, “Does it burn you?” “No, sir.” “Well,

“THROW IT DOWN.”

She threw it down, and he said, “Daughter, what is that on your fingers?” She said, “It is smut.” “Well, daughter, remember when you go into bad company if they don’t burn you they will smut you every time, every time; you can’t dodge it, you can’t dodge it.”

Oh, mothers, look to the company of your children.

Fathers, look to the company of your young men, your young sons. And I say to you to-night, whenever it becomes a known fact that my daughters keep company with dissipated young men, and my sons have gone out into bad company, I shall lose all hope for the future of my children. Oh, stand by your children and protect them.

“Nor stand in the way of sinners.” Boys, listen to me, you beardless boys. You never can get higher than the company you keep. Listen, boys. If you would be noble and true, seek the best atmosphere of earth, and live in it forever. “Nor stand in the way of sinners.”

Now, he said, “Nor sit in the seat of the scornful.” Now, brethren, we notice first he is walking along, walking along in the counsel of the ungodly. Now you see that posture, that attitude, walking along in the counsel of the ungodly. Well, now, when a man is walking along this way he can

TURN TO THE RIGHT

or turn to the left by the movements of one set of muscles; but you let him stand right still and he has got to move every muscle in his body to get off; and then let him sit down and nine times in ten he is there to stay. Walking along in your youthful days, God's minister used to come and impress you and move you and turn you, and by and by you got to standing, you got into a standing posture, and now the thunders of worlds cannot shake you or turn you. Some of you have reached the last stage, the ante-room to hell, and that is sitting in the seat of the scornful. God pity a poor wretch that went through bad counsel into bad company, until finally he is sitting down in the seat of the scornful, where he

can laugh at the preacher and make fun of God and scorn the Bible.

I will tell you, among other things, what has done a great deal of harm in Chicago: these opera-houses and other places filling up to hear such men as Bob Ingersoll lecture. I have said it before, and I can say it in Chicago, where I understand he is a very popular lecturer. If I had a dog, and he would jump out of my yard at night and go and hear Bob Ingersoll blaspheme the name of God, if he ever got over in my yard again I would

FILL HIM WITH BUCKSHOT.

He should eat no more of my meat and bread and sleep under my house no longer.

“Sitting in the seat of the scornful.” A man going and sitting in the presence of the scornful and hearing the God that made him scorned and scoffed, and stand there or sit there to see Bob Ingersoll chip the words off his mother’s tombstone, “I am the Resurrection and the Life!” To see Bob Ingersoll as he demolishes the forces and the powers of Christianity so far as he is able to do it! Thank God Almighty! I never had a man closer than a forty-fifth cousin of mine that had ever had that sort of idea of life that would force him to go and pay a dollar and sit down and hear the like of that. And the difference between you and Bob Ingersoll is, he gets a thousand dollars a night for his infidelity, and you go there and sit and listen to him like a fool for nothing, and a dollar to go in there and hear him. Who wouldn’t be a sort of an infidel a while at a rate of one thousand dollars a night? And you get so you won’t pay old Bob one thousand dollars and he is done. Hear that? It is so much a head. Bob can make five hundred dol-

lars a night lecturing that there is no God, but if you paid him on the other side and let him lecture that there is a God, he

COULDN'T MAKE TEN DOLLARS

a night to save his life. You see there is four hundred and ninety dollars difference in his propositions, and old Bob is after the dollars. I know that by the way he treated that infidel convention. He was to lecture and give them the profits, and they said he gave them the lecture and he took the profits. They say that is the way the thing wound up.

“Nor sit in the seat of the scornful.” “Nor sit in the seat of the scornful.” A man never gets over the fact that he has taken such an attitude toward God. “But his delight is in the law of the Lord.” I tell you, brother, when you get to where you will like this Book, and read this Book, ah, you are laying a foundation then. Young boys, take this Book; let your delight be in the counsel, in the law of the Lord.

I never think what this Bible is to a man but what I think of a little boy—he was the good boy in the town, and all the boys recognized him as a good, upright boy. And they laid their traps to get him drunk; they fixed their plans. They sent one of the shrewdest of the bad boys to him, and he met him on the street, and he says, “Johnny, come into the grocery and let us have a mint julep.” Johnny says, “O, no, I can't go in there.” “Well, why?” “Well, my Book says, ‘Look not upon the wine when it is red,’

“MUCH LESS DRINK IT.”

“Oh,” he says, “I know the Book says that, but come in

and take one drink." "Well," he says, "I can't do it." "Well, why." "Because my Book says, 'At last it biteth like an adder and stingeth like a serpent.'" "Oh," he says, "I know the Bible says that, but come in and take one drink." "No," he says, "my Bible says, 'when a sinner enticeth thee, sin thou not.'" And the bad boy turned off and left him and went over to his companions, and they said, "Did you see him?" "Yes." "Did you get him to drink?" "No; couldn't get him in the grocery." "Well, why?" He says, "That boy was just as chuck full of Bible as he could be, and I couldn't do a thing with him." Ah, brother, but "his delight is in the law of the Lord."

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

Now, I have talked forty minutes. We are going to hold

AN AFTER-SERVICE

in this room to-night. While we sing—we are going to stand and sing; and all of you that want to go, you go, and all you that want to stay, you stay. If there is a man here to-night that is hunting something better than he has ever enjoyed, you stay here. If you have got all you want, go. Now, you do as you please; if you'd rather go home, you go. We are going to hold an after-

service of ten or fifteen minutes, and you can sit and enjoy it with us or you can go, just as you please. We will stand and sing. Pray for him who shall preach to you. Now, in this after-service, if you want to remain, do so, If you do not, you can go. We will stand and sing and give you all time to retire that want to go.

A LIVING SACRIFICE.

MORNING SERVICE AT CHICAGO AVENUE CHURCH.

WE invite your attention for a few minutes—for I purpose not to talk longer than thirty minutes at these morning services—to a consideration of the following verses in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans:

“I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.”

This verse, wisely understood,

WISELY STUDIED AND UNDERSTOOD,

will adjust the soul rightly toward its God.

The next verse: “And be ye not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.” This verse, properly

studied and wisely understood, will adjust a man rightly toward this world.

And now the next verse: "For I say through the grace given unto Me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith." This will bring a man to a good understanding with himself. I have to do with myself. I have to do with the world around me. I have to do with God. And if a man ought to come to a good understanding with his Maker, he ought to come to a good understanding with the world. And then he ought to come to a good understanding with himself. Nine tenths of all the trouble in the world is because men don't have a good understanding with themselves to start with. All the trouble you have ever had with labor and servants and hirelings has in the main arisen at this point, that you didn't have a good understanding with yourself to start with.

The first verse. "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." The first duty of every man in this world is to adjust himself rightly toward God—to get in harmony with God—and after all, brethren, that man is the most religious who is the most in harmony with God. I won't say that a man is the most religious who is most

IN HARMONY WITH CREEDS,

for though Christ did many wonderful works, He left the construction of creeds to those who would lead a less busy life than His. It isn't to have faith in creeds, but to believe on and follow Christ—to put your foot in every track Christ made—that's faith.

“I beseech you, brethren, that ye give yourself,” soul and body, for time and for eternity, to God. Really, brethren, God can make me good—not so much by what He gives me as by what He takes from me. Michael Angelo once saw a large marble slab by the roadside; he stopped, and, after looking upon it intently for a while, he got out his mallet and chisel and went to work on it. People said to him, “What are you going to do?” and he said, “I see an angel in this slab of marble,” and he went on hewing and cutting away—hewing and cutting away, he didn't add anything in the world to it; but when he had finished the taking process there was an angel sure enough; and if God had breathed the breath of life into it, it might have taken its place around the throne in heaven.

This utter nonsense of always getting something from the Lord and never giving anything back looks like a man always taking from his farm and never putting anything on it. You want to know where that man is going to end; the buzzards will get his stock, and the sheriff will get his farm. That's the sort of way that farmer will wind up. I am heartily out of all patience with this world's waiting for God to continually be doing something for it. Now, brethren, it's your time to be doing and my time to be doing. What more could God have done than He has done for me—and then what have I done for myself and for God? That's the question—that's it. Christ said, “It is finished.” All you have to do is to put yourself in a line with God. Then, indeed, you will

FULFIL THE MISSION

upon which God has projected you in this life.

The first thing you must do is to manage to get in

harmony with God. If you can do that best by crying, cry; if you can do it best by mourning, mourn; if by laughter, then laugh; or if by praying, pray. I won't prescribe the method by which you should get into harmony with God; but if the method you have been trying has proved a failure, then try something else—anything but the line you've been running on and failed. Go and give yourself to God just like you are. Get in harmony with yourself and with your God. It's the hardest work a man ever undertook in this world, giving himself to God just like he is; but you just give yourself to God as you are, and God will make you what you ought to be. It is not, Lord, what wilt Thou have me believe? but, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? We always want to patch up and fix something first, and do a thousand things for ourselves—God wants you as you are. I have often thought of an incident where a moral young man asked in the presence of his servant, who had been converted, "How is God willing to save a miserable negro in an hour, while I have been praying for years?" The negro said: "Boss, when the Lord God came down to me, I saw I was ragged and dirty, and I couldn't 'shuck' off these ragged, dirty garments, but now the Lord clothes me in garments of righteousness and purity. But," said he, "boss, you have been moral all your life, and you've only had a little greasy spot on your coat, and you are trying and trying to 'shuck' it off before you go to the Lord; but if you go to Him He'll put a new one on you for you to wear in heaven and rejoice."

The trouble is you want to do a great deal, but it's

ON THE WRONG LINE.

Now, brethren, first give yourself. The Lord says you

are His; say to Him, "Now, Lord, speak, thy servant heareth." The most startling question in all this universe for souls is this: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"—not what you are to believe—not what you are to think or what you are to read, but, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" A man gets into harmony with God by effort and movement. You can't think yourself into harmony with God—of course I think all intelligent action is based on intelligent thought.

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, present your bodies as a living sacrifice." The first thing you are to do is to give yourself wholly and entirely to God as you are. "Here I am, Lord." That means I belong to God, exclusive of everything in the world; that is to be in complete harmony with God.

This word "consecration" covers the ground. "Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord." We have different ways of consecrating ourselves, and I have been disgusted in different places when I hear pastors or evangelists say to the people, "All you've got to do is to consecrate yourself to God. Just come up and consecrate yourself to God." They come along up, and afterward you stop one of those who went up and ask him:

"What did you come up for?"

"I dunno; just come to consecrate myself."

"What do you mean by consecrating yourself?"

"I dunno. Just consecrated; that's all I know."

Consecrate! I see a man walking up to a table, and he has on a plate

A BEAUTIFUL CAKE,

and a knife in his hand, and he says, "Lord, I am going to consecrate this cake to Thee, and in testimony there-

of I cut Thee a little of this brown and burned edge off the 'fur' side." That's just the way we run our consecration nowadays. But what do you mean by consecration? I bring a cake up to the table, stick the knife deep into it, and say, "My God! there is the cake, and there is the knife; cut where and what you please, and if you want it all, take it. I am not worthy of it." Now you put yourself in an attitude where God can take you up into the arms of His love and mercy. The fact is, the sweetest meat the old Jew ever ate came from the altar of God. When he took it home he said it was the sweetest morsel he had ever tasted. It came from God's altar. God just wants you to give up the things that you have long enough to sweeten them and make them glorious, and then give them all back to you.

"Consecrate me now"—give yourself to God. I am ready to say here in my place that no amount of training, Sunday-school teaching, mother's love, or Holy Ghost power ever made any man religious. If these things made a man religious, everybody in Chicago would be religious to-day. You've heard preaching, had Sunday-school training, had mother's love and influence, and the power of the Holy Spirit has ever been willing; but is that all? It is man who walks out and says,

DEEP DOWN IN HIS SOUL,

"I will be religious." Now you have got started, and God will do something to help you; but God Himself is powerless to do anything for a man that has not decided for himself to be religious. God Himself can never help a man until that man decides to be religious. Can He? If He can, how can He? A man wants to make a farmer out of his boy; he buys him land, stock, and implements.

But if that boy is lying around bar-rooms, and won't consent to become a farmer, and won't farm, that's making a farmer of him with a vengeance, now, ain't it? Now what are you going to do? God wants to get you where you will decide to be religious—going to be religious, God helping me. I decide to be religious. Now you open the way for yourself, for the facilities are all forthcoming. Present your bodies a living, holy, and acceptable sacrifice. I tell you, brother, I will be religious, and religious on God's plan, too. Come to a good understanding with your Maker. We go about, nine tenths of us, singing, "Surely the Captain may depend on me." Yes. He may surely depend on you—for what, though? Singing? And it's less religious to sing than to do anything else under God's kingdom; and yet I think singing is a grand part of sacred service. I read a little incident the other night where a mother was told of a poor woman in

DISTRESS AND SUFFERING

for the necessaries of life. When this mother told of this poor woman at her home, one of the children spoke up and said, "Mother, we must try and help them."

Said the mother: "Are you willing, daughter, to give up sugar in your tea in order that we may help them?"

Said the child: "I'd like to help them, but you know tea is mighty mean without sugar in it."

Then the mother said: "All you children go into the garden and think over it an hour as to what you are willing to give up for that poor family." And I reckon they thought an hour about it, and they came back and said:

“Mother, we are perfectly willing to give up our lessons in order to help these poor people.”

That's just the attitude that there is in the world: “I'll give up prayer-meeting; I'm perfectly willing to give up Sunday-school; I'll give up preaching for Christ. Oh yes, I'll just give these up. I ain't particular about them anyhow.” But, brother, who is the man that will say, “I give myself to Christ, to God, with all that I am”? That's consecration, nothing more nor less. That's the beginning and the end of a religious life, consecration to God. Then “Be ye not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.” I want to live in such an atmosphere of a religious life that this world won't bother or trouble me. I can live here in Chicago

A HUNDRED YEARS,

if God is as good to me here as He is in Georgia, and I never would get an invitation to a card-party; I never would be asked to take part in a charity ball. God helping me, I'll never fall so low in my religious life as to be invited to these things. I never have; and I have crossed some of the swiftest rivers on some very narrow logs. I say we will never be religious until we give this old world to understand some things. I never have gone to these things since I have been religious. This old world knows who it fools with.

Now, if that's your style, I don't fight you; I just say, “Poor thing, what are you doing? I am very sorry for you, not mad. I wouldn't say a word to hurt you, poor little fellow! I'll let the devil do that later. In my heart of hearts, I tell you, instead of being happy and

living like you should, glorifying God and being a blessing to the world, here you are, grovelling away down, and this old world will never let you be religious until you let this old world understand that 'I am going to consecrate myself to God.' "

A prominent sporting man in Louisville went and joined the church. The next day he walked the streets and met his former sporting friends. Said he:

"Now here, boys, I gave myself to God yesterday, and you need never ask me to drink, or to

THROW ANOTHER CARD,

or to go to horse-races, for I'm not going. Boys, here: good-by; if you don't intend to live right, then we'll have to part." Like St. Paul, I'll lay aside everything that cumbers me. If it's my coat, I'll take it off; if it's my hat, off it goes; if it's my shoes, off they go; and I'll run this race if I have to go into heaven barefoot and bareheaded. I tell you heaven is just where you get out of breath on that line. This world has a contempt for these things, and you know it. I sustained the relation of a sinner towards God for twenty-four years of my life. I never saw a member of the church at card-tables and other such places that I didn't feel an instinctive contempt for him. I will never get that low down, for card-playing is the game of starvelings, mentally and spiritually. Go out here to this asylum and you'll see in nearly every room in it a pack of cards—they amuse idiots with cards; it's the amusement of idiots in asylums.

Yes, idiots are in the majority in this country, but that

DON'T MAKE IT RIGHT

to be so; I want that to be understood.

“Be not conformed, but be ye transformed.” Get right and in harmony with God, and out of harmony with all that’s bad; that’s what this verse means.

Then, brethren, let no man think more highly of himself than he ought to think. Get a wise estimate of his mental faculties. Get a wise and proper estimate of yourself. About three fourths of the Christians are singing this: “Oh, to be nothing, nothing!” And they have sung it until it’s the God’s truth—they are nothing, not a thing, just blanks in God’s moral universe.

I don’t want to be nothing. I want to be something and somebody, and when I die I not only want the songs and prayers and blessings of men, but a half of the angels in heaven, looking over the parapets, ready to bear me away to God.

“Oh, to be nothing!” Brother, you ought to have your name changed, and let us call you Old Brother Nothing and Old Sister Nothing.”

The Lord have mercy upon us, and give us a wise estimate of what we are.

May God help us to take hold of some of these thoughts, and reach a higher and a

NOBLER STATE OF LIFE.

We have had sentiment enough; let us now run our life on the ethics and morals, practically telling the truth, paying our debts, being good husbands and wives.

I have talked a half-hour, and I reckon these reporters are glad I am going to stop. I sympathize with you. There is no set of men like you. I love you, boys. I feel at home with you in my room and elsewhere. God bless all you reporters in this city, and as they are reporting me in these sermons, I pray God that the good

in them may be impressed in the hearts and minds of these reporters. I preach at the rink to-night, and I want your prayers and sympathy; I need them.

At the conclusion of the services many persons crowded on the platform to shake the hands of the evangelist. Almost the first to approach him and extend his hands was Professor Swing, who introduced his daughter to Mr. Jones. Shaking his hand, Professor Swing congratulated Mr. Jones upon his solid reasoning and pointed manner, and he trusted that a great deal of good would be the outgrowth of this meeting.

AFTERNOON SERVICE.

The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Lorimer, of the Immanuel Baptist Church, in the absence of the Rev. Dr. Henson, the pastor of the First Baptist Church, who was in Minneapolis. The services were opened with the singing of a hymn by the audience and a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Williamson, who, after the singing of a hymn by the congregation, was followed with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Tracey, assistant rector of Christ Reformed Episcopal Church. Dr. Lorimer then called upon the audience to stand

AND SING A HYMN,

but when the audience had got safely through the first verse Sam Jones go up and told the audience to get down and hunt for their pocket-books, for a collection was to be taken; that the services would not be orthodox without a collection; that a good collection would

show good will and good intentions on the part of the audience.

Dr. Lorimer made a few remarks, bidding Mr. Sam Jones a hearty welcome to the church, and soliciting the private prayers of the audience for the success of his services.

Mr. Sam Jones then rose and spoke as follows:

It is our purpose to meet promptly at 3 o'clock every day and dismiss at 4 o'clock. I was betrayed into being late this afternoon by a good Methodist preacher, who said it would only take about half an hour for me to come here, while we were forty-five minutes coming, and that was the reason I was delayed. Let us meet promptly every afternoon at 3 o'clock, and we will dismiss you at 4 o'clock. I want you to feel easy at these services. I don't want you to feel under any restraint, or have any restraint at all. I want you to feel at perfect ease. Any minute that you want to get out, get out. You can consider the benediction as pronounced, and get out. We won't miss you, at least I won't. We want all of us to feel

PERFECTLY FREE AND EASY,

and whenever you get your little cup full, that is the time for you to leave. You can leave instantly and nobody will notice you. I will surely not. I can laugh and pray just as easily without them, and you can if you have the sort of religion you ought to have.

I will call your prayerful attention this afternoon to the following verses from Paul's First Epistle to the Thessalonians:

"Paul, and Silvanus, and Timotheus, unto the church of the Thessalonians, which is in God the Father, and

in the Lord Jesus Christ, grace be unto you, and peace from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ.

“We give thanks to God always for you all, making mention of you in our prayers.”

I will only read these two verses now, and we will take up some of the remaining verses at some future services in the afternoon. But these two verses will suggest more than we will be able to get over this afternoon.

Paul and Sylvanus and Timotheus unto the church of the Thessalonians! I have studied these epistles of St. Paul and St. Peter and St. John to the church with much interest, and, I trust, to some profit, and I came deliberately to this conclusion: that whatever may be said of the church of the first century, we must admit that it had power with God and influence over man. And then I studied the church of this century in the light of the church of these epistles, and I found that just in so far as we are like the church of the first century we still have power with God and

INFLUENCE WITH MEN,

and that in just so far as we have lost that likeness with the church of the first century, just in so far have we lost power with God and influence with men.

Now, I believe in a progressive theology, but I do not believe in a progressive Christianity. I believe it is possible we may now know more of God. I believe it is possible that we may reach further out from God than the past generations of men; but you can never improve upon those ten commandments and upon the Sermon on the Mountain. You cannot beat them. And when Bob Ingersoll said of the Bible, “I could write a better book myself,” a good sister said to him, “You had bet'er get

at it, then. There's money in it." And there is. If he can beat the Sermon on the Mount and the ten commandments, he could make a fortune in a day, and many a shrewd man would have got up that trick had it been possible.

I say we can improve theology. Thank God, it is getting filtered from year to year, and the oftener you filter it the better it is, and I am in favor of filtering theology, because every time it is filtered the better and clearer and purer it gets. I have the same use for theology in the moral sense that I have for a telescope in astronomical science. I want a telescope in studying astronomy, because I can not only see the stars through it, but because it brings them down to me where I can examine them and name them. And so I want theology as a moral telescope, so that I can see God more clearly through it, and because it brings God and the angels clearly in sight, and brings them to me. That is the only use for theology that I have. It gives me a clearer view of my God and my duties. I say that I believe in a progressive theology but not in a progressive Christianity. We have not improved in Christianity, whatever we may have done with theology. I even think that our Christianity loses instead of being made better and grander,

IN MANY SENSES.

I think that the church reminds me of a schoolboy's copy-book. The teacher sets him a copy. The boy commences writing. The first line of his writing imitates his copy. Then the next time he tries it he imitates his own writing, and the next time he imitates his last. Did you see that the bottom line was the worst he wrote? And so Christianity, with its great pattern, Christ.

When you are copying it, without getting the original every time, you find that the bottom line, the last copying, is the worst on the page. "Ye are our epistle, written in our hearts, known and read of all men." I am afraid sometimes that that is not true, and yet I am not one of those who are going about declaring that the world is growing worse; that it is getting evil. No; I am looking forward towards a millennium, and, God helping me, I am going to work day and night to bring that about in our own country. God grant that the day may be near when I shall see it in the face of Christ, and see reflected in His countenance a redeemed world, and the lost sinner found and brought before Him. That will be a grand time, brethren. And yet there are a great many Christians that ought to improve their copying, and in doing so one cannot do better than go to the fountain-head—to the headquarters—when we get our orders and instructions. Let us get them from headquarters. Now let us take up these verses

ABOUT PAUL AND SILVANUS

and Timotheus. At this time St. Paul and Silvanus and Timotheus were on their way on a missionary tour among the Gentiles that rejoiced in their belief; and after an absence of some months at Thessalonica, Paul writes these words, "Into the church of the Thessalonians, which is in God the Father, and in the Lord Jesus Christ." Now, the first fact that I notice is this: that the word of God is the home of His church, and that the word of His church is the home of God.

"In God the Father, and in the Lord Jesus Christ." You can run Confucianism without being Confucius; you can run Mormonism with Joe Smith dead and

buried; but you cannot run Christianity without a living, personal, embodied Christ. And it is not the Christ of history; not a Christ of 1800 years ago; not a Christ crucified, dead, and buried, so much, brethren, that we look to. We look to Him in a form more dear. We look at Him to-day as an underlying power in the soul of men. We look at Him as one that redeems not only from sin but from the life and condemnation of sin. That is what we mean. We want that kind of Christianity. We want a Christianity in Christ Jesus, because, having Christ Jesus in you, you are

A NEW CREATURE.

If any man be in Christ, he has a new character; and if you have Christ in you, you have Him in glory. If you are in Christ Jesus, Christ Jesus is in you. These are interchangeable terms. "Behold, I will stand at the door, and I will knock. If you open to me, I will come in and sup." Oh, what a privilege it is to answer the knock of Christ at the door of the human heart and to invite Him in! I did. I was ashamed of the home I had to offer Him. I was ashamed of the table; I was ashamed of everything on it. But I ministered to Him the best I could. And now He says you shall be guests with Him, and He will be your host, and you shall sit down at His own table, and feed with Him on heaven's breath and angels' bread. A personal and intimate acquaintance with Christ is what you need, and you will never gain much by an acquaintanceship unless it is intimate and personal. An intimate acquaintanceship with Christ will prevent me from going where I ought not to go, or prevent my having a desire to go to such places. I say to you this, that the gospel through Jesus

Christ is not only one of the sweetest pleasures and the greatest joys and the greatest blessings, but it is nothing but a pleasure and a blessing and a joy. It is glad tidings of great joy, and there is really more enjoyment in

ONE HOLY GHOST MEETING

of a good Christian than in all the sinful pleasures of life to a man out of harmony with God.

“In Christ Jesus,” how a church partakes of the nature of each individual member of that church! Suppose we have got fifty good members in a church. I don’t suppose any church will average more than that. A church is in good luck that has got fifty members true to God and true to the right. I will tell any pastor that has that many, “You are the luckiest pastor I have ever seen in this country.” I expect that if Brother Lorimer wanted to call a meeting of all his first-class members, he would call for it to meet in the parlors of the church. He would not think of calling it in the auditorium. If they should meet there, he would lose sight of them among the empty pews.

“Love their God with all their heart, and their neighbor as themselves.” What is Christianity in its noblest aspect? Love to God and love to man. If he has fifty who do this, he knows that he has got fifty good men and women. They are better than all the three hundred indifferent, tolerably good ones put together in a church. We have got a perfect gospel and a perfect Saviour, and all Jesus wants is to get an army. Surely the Captain may be depended upon. Let every one say, “I will

STAND IN MY CHARACTER

like a man and do my duty.” “In Christ Jesus.” That

one then says, "I belong to the Baptist Church." Another says, "I belong to the Presbyterian Church." Now as to church membership. A man was asked what church he belonged to. He says, "I am a Baptist." But what do Baptists do? He answers that he does not do much on that line. That is generally the way of a good many members of churches. We are Methodists, but we don't look after it much, but I am as good as any man north of Mason and Dixon's line. That saying is not a true one. Every man should belong to his church, so that he can say, "Every drop of my blood, every faculty of my soul belongs to it. I go nowhere without the permission of my pastor and my church." How many of the people of your church live on that line? Many of you say that you belong to a church, but you act as if the church belonged to you. There is a good deal of that sort of acting in this world. "Our church"? Well, you may run the church, but I have found long ago that the church has no ownership over you; and that whenever you own the church, God does not come within

A MILE OF YOU.

Have you not run many a prayer-meeting without the Lord? Have you not run many a service without Him? A man and woman who belong to God from head to foot, through and through, all over, are every day in the work. That is Christianity. Just as God lives in the heart of the church, and the church dwells in the heart of God, just in that proportion will we appear in the eyes of God and in the eyes of our fellow-men. I said in a sermon—I believe it was at Nashville, and it provoked a good deal of criticism on the part of churches and preachers—I said then, "I look at this whole world

steeped in wickedness; at people drifting hellward. Whose fault is it?" And every man ought to ask himself this question, "Is the gospel of Jesus Christ adequate to reach the depths of human depravity?" And if you say "yes," then I have got you. The gospel, if we live it, would save man as sure as the sun shines. Is the gospel inadequate to reach the depths of human depravity? Nobody will take that position. Then if the gospel is equal to reaching the depths of human depravity and to saving the world, what is the matter? We don't live as we preach the gospel; and it is as necessary that you live the truth as it is that

YOU SHOULD PREACH IT.

Take the weight off the driving-wheel of an engine, and it cannot roll itself along, much less a train; and every good Christian is a weight on the driving-wheel of truth to enable it to pull souls after it.

I am ashamed of this generation of men. I look back a few years and see Whitefield up early in the morning before daylight, and I see 40,000 people gathered around him, and in one hour's time George Whitefield has had 2000 penitents and 1000 born to God. What is the matter with us? Eighteen hundred years ago St. Paul preached a plain sermon. There is not a preacher in Chicago that cannot preach a better one, without any disrespect to Paul, and yet St. Paul had three thousand saved. It would take about three thousand such sermons to save one convert now to Christ. The tub is turned upside down, and you cannot get out anything from a tub bottom side up. I want to see a gospel of power in Chicago, a gospel that men cannot resist. I have seen several tall, stalwart men fall before the

power of the gospel, and big men pray for them. That is what we want in Chicago. Let us pray for that. I will tell you how to get it. I will tell you that if you Christians of Chicago will put your weight

INTO THE FIGHT

you can win it. The enemy will back. We will stampepe this town from centre to circumference. We will do it if you will get the weight, if you will get your whole crowd on the engine, the movement. God goes by weight. And the most disgusting sight in the world is to see a great 200-pound Baptist, a 210-pound Methodist, a big, old, fat, flabby Methodist, put on God's scales, and he don't weigh an ounce. You see men putting all their weight upon themselves, upon a scaffolding that is to be taken down in a few days, and forgetting the scaffolding on which they are to climb to heaven. The Lord God help us now to begin and weigh for Him, lest we be found wanting when it is too late. I tell you that there is but one church that the infidel will grin at, and that is the soul that is bittered by the unfaithful lives of the members of that church. I have a great deal of respect for sensible infidels, but a fellow who never thinks, but who goes about putting on airs, and thinks that he has got to be a little sceptic, I despise. You will break into an asylum some of these days. That will be the end of you. I have got some respect for John Stuart Mill and his sort, for sensible men who are infidels, and I believe that God

RESPECTS A SENSIBLE MAN

when he has lost his bearings in the search after truth; but these little fellows that never think, never thought

consecutively in their lives for ten minutes together, and who say, "I don't know what is the matter with me lately, I am growing sort of sceptical"—God have mercy on the poor little fellows.

What I want to say is that we want a gospel that will make men; a gospel that we could get if we consecrated our lives to the word of God.

Every faithful man should be a praying man. The best preacher, the most efficient preacher, is the preacher who prays the most. I tell you when a preacher goes down on his knees, when he does get up he has something to say to you. Whenever a preacher has been listening to the Lord in his closet, he says something when he gets up. Your prayer should be, "Send us a preacher that is popular with Almighty God. We want a preacher who knows God." It takes two things to get up a good sermon, a preacher and a hearer. People should pray for the pastor, should pray for themselves before they go to church, should pray that God will bless them both. How many of you came from prayer? About a dozen; and I thank you heartily for praying for me. Those who don't pray before they come we don't want. You can stay away and growl and bark as much as you please.

GOD PITY YOU.

And no prayer? Don't you do that any more while I am here to preach. If you cannot get time to pray, stay away altogether. Some have prayed on their knees. Some can pray all day long. And some have exculpated themselves.

[Dr. Scudder here got up and said: "I would like to say a word. I don't think that it is necessary for a man to get on his knees to pray. I don't think it is necessary

for a man to get on his knees to pray for a blessing for this meeting.]

Mr. Jones then went on as follows:

I will say that when I said exculpatory statement, I meant to say "explanation." But I have reached my object in bringing up this question to you. Let us come from our closets to the church. And I think it is done completely, too. I think that question is settled. I don't think we will have to raise it again at all. It was only to impress upon you the duty of praying—if not with bent knees, then with bent hearts. It is the spirit of prayer that is dear, and if you have that you can walk the streets and pray. You can pray anywhere and everywhere. And I trust the good Lord will teach to us the spirit of prayer, and that He will teach us to pray God's spirit to be poured down on these services. And I simply wanted to make the point strongly, so as to get you to prayer; nothing more, nothing less. Now pray that God will bring us that strength we need.

In Huntsville, Ala., when a meeting was being held there, and had been going on for four or five days, and where a brother of mine was at the same house, and another preacher

WAS IN THE ROOM,

I was disturbed at night by the snoring of some brethren. I said to one of them, Luke Brown, "You must help me into the parlor with my bed. I cannot get to sleep. I have to work to-morrow." And about 12 o'clock they helped me into the parlor with my bed. We found my brother in the parlor in the dark, on his knees, wrestling with God for the power of salvation to be granted to the morrow's meeting. When Brother John rose I looked my father in the face and said: "My brother, listen.

God Almighty is going to move this town to-day as it was never moved before. When God's people pray so, you are going to see the gates of heaven open." And that is the point I want to open to you. Let us get into the spirit of prayer. This story is related of Dr. Storey. He is in the eighteenth year of his ministry. God has blessed him every year with a gracious revival. I did not understand him, and so I spoke to him; and he said the other day, "I never understood why God would bless such a preacher as I was, until a good old man said to me, 'I have never been able to give you much money for your work, but I have spent half of Saturday night praying that God might bless you and your work.' Never had I thought that there was one man in the church who would spend half of Saturday night praying for God to rest upon my congregation."

No wonder that he was

SUCCESSFUL IN HIS REVIVALS.

Our preachers cannot preach with the power they ought to preach, when they are not prayed for. Dr. Finney related this incident. He said: "When I went to the church one night and left Brother Nash in the room to pray, all at once the Holy Ghost came down upon us, and every soul was converted, and every Christian blessed." And he said, "I never saw such visible presence of God in my life before." And he was told that Brother Nash all the time had had a big time with the Lord. He had been praying for the blessing of heaven on the meeting. He had commenced walking the room and shouting, and he had shouted so long as he could, until he fell flat on his back.

God help us that we may pray for the power of heaven upon this congregation.

Now, in conclusion, let us take the lesson of this hour to God and get some good out of it. The turn that things have taken in every direction will prove good to every one, and those that don't want to get out of it may find something to criticise and something to talk about; but I say this with love and sympathy to every one. I point out the means of bring the herd with us in our work. It has proved so in other cities, and I pray that the truth may be grander in its victory in this city than it has been in other cities. Pray that God may be with us, and may God come with you in such power as you never had in your services before.

EVENING SERVICE AT THE CASINO RINK.

The Rev. R. W. Bland presided. Prominent among those on the platform were the Revs. H. M. Scudder, J. M. Caldwell, John H. Barrows, R. W. Bland, M. M. Parkhurst, Arthur Edwards, F. A. Hardin, J. W. Richards, E. F. Williams, William Tracy, John Williamson, U. J. Harkness, Thomas R. Trowbridge, Aurora; F. P. Woodbury, Rockford; George B. Millar, Freedom; E. Middleton, Ridgefield; H. B. Ridgeway, Evanston; J. Wardle, Freeport; S. T. Shaw, Wilmington. After the hymn "Trusting Every Day," prayer was earnestly offered by Dr. Ridgeway, of Garrett Biblical Institute, following which two verses of "Jesus is Tenderly Calling Thee Home" were sung; the Rev. William Tracy then read from the third chapter of St. Paul's epistle to the Colossians; "Almost Persuaded" was the next hymn; then, after announcements were made by Dr. Barrows, came

THE SERMON.

Brethren, I hope that you who believe that God hears and answers prayers will pray much to-night that the word of God may have free course to run and be glorified in the salvation of men.

We invite your prayerful attention this evening to the Gospel from the fifth to the eleventh verses of the first chapter of the second epistle general of St. Peter:

“And beside this giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge;

“And to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience; and to patience Godliness;

“And to Godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity.

“For if these things be in you and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

“But he that lacketh these things is blind and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins.

“Wherefore, the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure; for if”—and heaven and hell, brethren, are both wrapped up in that one little word—“ye do these things ye shall never fall.

“For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.”

I have read several verses, but we take the two verses as read: “And beside this giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue, and to your virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience Godliness, and to Godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity.”

Six thousand years ago "God said, Let there be light, and there was light." But this world enjoyed its rays for thousands of years before it had a philosopher that could analyze physical light and tell us what it was.

At last one stepped to the front, and he told us that pure white physical light was the symmetrical blending of the seven primary colors that we see in the rainbow, red, orange, blue, violet, and the different colors we see in the rainbow all blended to give us what we call

PURE WHITE LIGHT.

They tell us again if you subtract one of these constituent elements from physical light the world would be flooded with darkness. Eighteen hundred years ago Jesus Christ looked out on His church and said; "Ye are the light of the world, and St. Peter, the great philosopher in Christianity, steps to the front and tells us what pure spiritual white light is. He tells us it is the symmetrical blending of the seven primary graces of Christianity: faith, courage, knowledge, patience, temperance, godliness, brotherly kindness and charity. Where these seven primary graces are blended in a human life you have a pure white light pouring itself on all men around you.

But, changing the figure, we build a Christian character, a Christian superstructure, and we build it according to a divine pattern, under divine direction, and out of divinely furnished material. Character is the immortal part of me, if it is the immortal part of man. Character! My reputation is not worth much. Reputation is like a glove; you can put it on or off, or you may rend it and throw it away, and you then haven't lost much; but character is the hand itself, and when once it is scarred it is scarred forever.

If I was to build a character, this structure that shall outlive the stars, if I was to build a house without hands, I must build according to divine direction and pattern, out of divinely furnished material; and we carry up the structure without the sound of a hammer, and when this building is finished, God will stoop down and push one hand under this building and the other resting on the top, and will set it down on the streets of the New Jerusalem, and it is my house to live in forever.

If He does not do that He will run the streets of the New Jerusalem right out in front of my building and incorporate me in heaven, and let me live forever in a house not made with hands.

The first character foundation rock we put down under this superstructure is faith. This is the bed-rock we put down—faith. Without faith it is impossible to please God.

Brethren, not only does the Christian superstructure rest upon faith, but all structures rest upon faith. Every building here in Chicago is bottomed on faith. Every ear of corn this rich State of yours grows is germinated and springs up out of faith.

Faith! but for your faith that corn would never have been planted, and but for your faith it could never be gathered. Faith is the principle upon which the omnipotence of God centres, and "he that believeth, unto him all things are possible," and the man who says

"I BELIEVE"

and feels it in his blood and bones, that man is omnipotent anywhere, and under all circumstance. If I believe in my cause, though it be a wrong cause, I am a power. Faith is a power no matter how it is directed.

Faith! I believe!! I dare assert, brethren, here in my place before these Christian people of Chicago, that if God will eliminate the infidelity out of the heart of the church in this city, we might bring this whole city to Christ.

Now we have what we call theoretical infidelity, and thank God there is not much of that. We have what we call theoretical infidelity, but, brethren, practical infidelity is worse than theoretical infidelity. Let me make myself understood at this point, and it is the effort of my life in the pulpit to make myself understood. I don't care a cent whether you agree with me or not, but I want you to understand me, and I don't want anyone to go away and say: "Well, that man said something I don't understand." I am going to throw the fodder down to where even little children can get hold of it. I say, brethren, we have preached faith in this country on a certain line until every man in this country almost is running on the principle that "he that believeth not shall be damned," and he just believes everything, for he is afraid if he don't he will be damned. Let's quit running on that, brethren. I mean a sort of a tacit assent to everything that is said and done.

Brethren, that is not what we want. We don't want an inherited faith in which we acquiesce in the truth of the proposition, but we want a faith that says, "I believe, and not only do I believe, but I will demonstrate it. I will do like I say I believe."

There's a man out there; he says he believes in Sunday-school, but he hasn't been inside of a Sunday-school for ten years, perhaps, unless he passed through one incidentally, but he says, "I believe in Sunday-school with all my heart." There's a Methodist out yonder who says he

BELIEVES IN CLASS MEETINGS,

but he hasn't been seen in one in five years. There's a Methodist out there says, "I believe in family prayer; it is a great institution in the family;" but he no more prays in his family than he flies to a distant sphere. There's another man out there says, "I believe the gospel was intended for all mankind," and he gets happy under the preaching of "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel." He believes in missionaries, but he tries to get off with the least possible cent every year, and if he thought he would be respected in his church he wouldn't give even a cent. Talking about his belief in a thing! The Bible talks about unfeigned faith. What do you mean by that? If I was a Methodist, a Baptist, or a Presbyterian in this town, and a man came to me and asked, "Do you believe in supporting the gospel?" I wouldn't answer him, but I'd say, "Go to Mr. So-and-so, my deacon, my steward, and ask him."

Well, he goes over to the deacon, or the steward, and says, "Look here, does Brother A. believe in supporting the gospel?" and the deacon will say, "Why, if he don't, he's the strangest man I ever saw. He pays \$500 every year to the preacher, and he gives us about \$800 for our mission work, and if he don't believe in it he's the strangest man I ever saw." A man comes to me and says, "Brother Jones, do you believe in family prayer?" I won't answer him a word, but I'll tell him to ask my wife and children, and he goes to them and he asks, "Does your husband and father believe in family prayer?" and wife and children will tell him, "Why, if he doesn't, he's a strange character, for he's getting down that Bible there every night and morning and

READING AND PRAYING

with me and the children. He's a strange man if he don't believe in family prayer." A fellow comes to me and says, "Mr. Jones, do you believe in prayer-meeting?" and I say, "Go ask my pastor; I won't tell you;" and he goes to the pastor and says, "Does Brother So-and-so believe in prayer-meeting?" and the pastor says, "Why, I reckon he does. I've never missed him from prayer-meeting since I have been pastor."

Brethren, let me say this to you, I never believed in a thing since I was converted that I didn't believe in before, and the only difference between me now and as I was fifteen years ago in sin is that then I used to believe it but wouldn't do a thing, but for the past fifteen years I have been believing all I could and doing all I could, and that is the faith that means business! I believe like I do, and do like I believe. That's it! Away with this infidelity in the church! Suppose every man demonstrated to the world that he believed in the doctrine and institutions and social meaning and home piety that he professes to believe in? Suppose he lived these things every day of his life as he says he believes in them? Then there would be no theoretical infidelity.

I said once before there is but one soil in the universe of God that infidelity will grow in, and that is the soil that is littered with the unfaithful lives of professing Christians. No compliment to infidelity or Christianity either, to say that, but that's the truth, as certain as I am standing here to-night. Wherever you find a few old backslidden members of the church you'll find a Christian there, one to ten. I have known infidels to denounce their fathers as hypocrites and insincere, but

I have never known an infidel yet to question the honest piety of his precious mother.

Faith! I believe!! I believe!!! Right is right, and I will do it! Wrong is wrong, and I'll die before I do it!!

NOW YOU'RE GETTING IN SHAPE

so God can use you, and you're getting to where you'll be some account. I believe in the right, and the ultimate triumph of the right. I believe religion is good on earth, and I don't believe there's anything better in heaven than religion. Good Lord, give us religion that will make us stick to the right, and die by the right, and eschew wrong. Practical Christianity is Christianity that prays in the family, and attends prayer-meeting, and gives to all good causes, deals honestly and walks uprightly before men.

Faith! I believe!! I believe!!! The omnipotence of the apostles is proof of this doctrine. They stood up before men and talked about the certainty of these things. Infallible saints! Sure words of prophecy!

Now this is the first great rock we put down. I believe in God, in Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son, my Saviour; I believe in the Holy Ghost; I believe in the communion of saints. I believe in present joy and pardon and everlasting life beyond the grave.

A man who purposes to get all there is for himself between this and the grave, Lord, you

CAN'T MAKE MUCH OUT OF HIM,

but when you stretch out before him the infinite future and show him he is susceptible to infinite development, and will live on and grow on, and by and by he will lay

his old worn-out body down, like the child does its doll when it is tired playing with it, and will push his friends back from his dying couch, and overleap those around his bedside, and he will go above, until he overvaults the very throne of God itself. You can do something with a man that believes he can live forever, but you can do nothing with a man that has every instinct of the brute in him, and will die like a brute as he believes. If I lived the life some people in this world live I would want it to be the life of a horse, and have it wind up pretty quick. I would that! I believe in the truth of God, in the virtue of the blood of Christ; I believe in the power of the Holy Ghost, and I believe it with all my heart.

With this rock put down according to divine direction, let's see what rock we'll put down on that without the sound of a hammer.

"Add unto your faith virtue." Virtue is an old Latin word meaning courage. "Add to your faith courage," and see how that rock fits down on the other. If a man believes he is right, then the next thing he wants is courage, the courage that dares to do the right. Brethren, above all the qualities in the church, above all men, I like a courageous man; and a man that thinks that God loves and admires the timid and cowardly, he's read that Bible in vain. You may take this book from Genesis to Revelation, and I'll show you that God never did choose a man to do a work for Him but what that man was game from head to foot, through and through, and God despises a coward.

GOD WANTS A LUTHER

to start in the wedge that shall split Catholicism, and

here is Luther, as brave and as game a man as ever lived. God wanted a Luther to go into Worms, and when men and devils met him on the outside of the city and said to him, "Here, don't go into the city to-day; here is the picture of a hero they burned at the stake yesterday. We beg you to stay out," Luther looked at the picture with a courageous smile on his face, and he said: "Out of the fire into glory, and I would go into Worms to-day if I knew every picture upon the roof of the homes in the city was a devil." God wants a man like that to go into Worms, and God wants a man like that to do His commandments.

Courage! Now, there are two very distinct kinds of courage. There is what we call moral courage and what we call physical courage. I don't go much on physical courage, because we find the highest expression of that in the bull-pup. That is the highest expression of physical courage the world has ever seen, and I never hear one of these town bullies popping his fist and cursing around but what I feel like walking up to him and telling him, "You hush, you be right still, and let me go and get your little brother; he is

GAMER THAN YOU ARE;"

and I will go and get a little short, thick-necked bull-pup and pull him up by one ear and tell him, "Your little brother just three months old is gamer than you are. Now try him and see."

Ah, me, I have very little respect for what we call bulldog courage. "Dogs delight to bark and bite, it is their nature, true."

Physical courage. Now, I want to say physical courage will enable you to walk right up into the blazing

mouths of a thousand cannons and hold you there without a shake of a muscle, and I have known men that could do that with their physical courage, and then they would howl, and wink, and shriek, and whine in the presence of public opinion. God pity a Christian man that consults public opinion on any question of conscience or conviction. I was sitting in the parlor once with a company of so-called Christians, and the pastor was sitting in there with me. We got up the question of cotton futures, and I gave my mind very freely. It is, you know, seldom that I speak right out on anything, but I happened to on that occasion, and I gave my views stright along, and we had a strong discussion, and when I walked out of the house that preacher

LOOKED ME IN THE FACE,

and he said, "Jones, you are in the minority, old fellow, you are in the minority." I said, "It's a lie! it's a lie! If God is on my side I am in the infinite majority, sir, and I will have you know it." God pity a preacher that is running with what he calls the majority. I tell you if he listens to the majority in this country the devil will get him and the majority too.

Courage, courage, oh for courage on the part of God's people that will march out into line the next few weeks in Chicago! Every Christian soldier run up under His flag and march to the front, and go into the battle like the Roman soldiers went out to meet Pyrrhus, who, when he overlooked the battle-field and saw the Roman soldiers, with their fearful charges and onslaughts upon his ranks, he looked over and said, "If I had an army like that I could win the world to my feet." Oh, I tell you, brethren, the old Roman soldier went in crying,

“Give me victory or give me death.” Wherever you found a dead Roman soldier, you might turn him with his face upward and look in his face and it looked like

THE FACE OF A LION.

Upon its very cold, dead countenance there was written, “I came to conquer or to die.” God give us brave men in this fight, men that never quake nor tremble, that will walk up in the blazing mouth of ten thousand worldly cannons, and die game, if they die at all. This is the sort.

I will tell you what hurts more than anything else—a man who will lay down his gun in the thickest of the fight and go out with an enemy to criticise the movements of the general. “I didn’t like some things he said.” Others say, “I didn’t like the way he said ’em.” Well, God bless you, that is the only thing I have got a patent right on at all—is the way I say things; and if it had not been for the way I say things I would not have been here at all, you see. And there is the poor fellow who has laid his own gun down and he is stealing every cartridge out of my box so I can’t shoot. I say, “Don’t do that! don’t do that!” If there is anything that the back-slidden members of the Church and the old, mean sinners do like it is to have a respectable member of the church

COME UP TO THEM

and say, “I am sorry he said some things; I wish he hadn’t said that; I am sorry he said so-and-so; and I liked it all but that.” You pusillanimous wretch, you! “Wasn’t it the truth? Wasn’t it the truth?”

Now, let me tell you what is so. If you are a Chris-

tian brother, God bless you, get your gun and let us go for them, and go with all our might. But if you ain't a Christian, then just say what you please and fire off as much as you please; but if you profess to be fighting under the flag of Jesus Christ, you look to your old musket and your cartridge-box, and be sure you point your gun the right way, if you are for God.

Courage! Well, you say, "What is the use of saying those things?" Well, you furnish the necessity for it, that is all. Listen to me a minute. You are obliged to make an issue before you can get up a fight; and if you think the devil is going to surrender Chicago without a fight, it is because you don't know your old acquaintance; you are not posted. The devil is running this city; there is no doubt about that. You tell me a city can have

FOUR THOUSAND BAR ROOMS

and all these other evil things here, and do like this city is doing, and you tell me that God is running this city? When I was preaching in St. Louis, one of the leading Catholics in that town said, "Sam Jones can't do anything in St. Louis; this is a Catholic city." And the next time I got the pulpit on him I said, "Whoever says this is a Catholic city tells a lie; it's a lie! And it is a lie! and it's a lie!" Said I, "The Catholic Church holds up the cross as their sign, and the sign of the cross is purity; and I know the cross of Jesus Christ is not responsible for the bar-rooms and lewd houses and devilment in this city, and it's a lie and a libel on the cross of Christ."

Catholic city! Well, I say this much—if the Catholic Church is running St. Louis, or Chicago either, then I say, "God pity the Catholic Church." That is all I have

got to say about it. If they can daddy all these saloons and mammy all these lewd houses, and say these are ours, God pity them; that is all I have got to say. They ain't going to do it; they won't do it; and I say to you all, my brethren, it is a question of courage, courage, courage.

And I will say another thing. We have got to have

THE ISSUE;

it has got to be made. You cannot make an issue without friction to save your life. You look at the friction here in '59 and '60. You see how the friction worked up the issue, and then they drew the line, and then just as they drew the line the guns were turned on old Fort Sumter. You recollect that. And then the bloodiest war that this country ever knew.

And I will tell you another thing. If you want to get up an issue in Chicago, if you want to get up a fight in Chicago, you just draw your line and get God's people all on one side and the devil's crowd on the other, and then they will fight, there is no doubt about that. You cannot get up a fight now; they are too thick. The world and the church, they go to meeting together and go to prayer-meeting together, and the church and the world dance together, and go to theatres together, and run charity balls together. Why, they are just as thick as you can imagine. But if you want to get up a fight, draw your line and say, every man, like Joshua of old, "Every man that is on God's side come over here, come over here," and

SEPARATE YOUR FORCES,

and they will go to fighting in the twinkling of an eye.

That is just as natural as it is for a man to breathe. But you will never get up a fight with them as thick as they are. You can put that down. You know there are more theatre Christians in this town than there are prayer-meeting Christians. What do you say, brethren? You know there are more card-playing Christians in this town than there are Sunday-school Christians. Why brother, you can do nothing with the church, and it all tangled up with the world that way. Listen! The issue! The issue! And when the issue was made between the North and the South, and the line drawn, then every loyal citizen beyond the line on the South hurried back over Mason's and Dixon's line, and he got his musket and went to the front, and every man loyal to the South went back over the line and got his weapons and went to the front; and, brethren, God has sounded the tocsin of war in this city, and if you are a Christian on the devil's side get your gun and come back and let us fight with all our powers the aids and the influences of the devil in our community.

Courage! courage! courage! You want courage, brother; courage that will stand in its tracks and die there. I have had this old world play its intimidating tricks on me. I have had

DYNAMITE IN MY PREMISES,

and "if you don't shut your mouth about some things we will put it in your dwelling and blow your whole family into eternity." And I have walked out on the streets, and said: "I will never hush my mouth; I will denounce you as infernal scoundrels violating the law of my State; and," said I, "put your dynamite under my home and blow us up. You will give us a good start, and I would

just as soon go to heaven by the dynamite route as any other God can make. I never could be bought; I never could be scared; I never intend to swerve a hair's breadth from what I see is right until this old world shall hush my mouth forever; and you could take me and dip me, and drown me in ten fathoms of water in this lake, with a rock around my neck, and every babbling wave will sing it out on you, 'You have drowned a man that had the courage to say what he believed.'"

Courage! courage! And if I denounce a thing that is right in this city, if you just make me conscious of it, I will drop down on my knees and beg your pardon before 10,000 people. If I denounce the wrong, then, my brother, I will have

A MILLION BULLET-HOLES

put through me before I would take back one word of it. And now convince me that I am right and I will stand it. If I am wrong I will beg your pardon and God's pardon that I have ever misrepresented His people.

You have got to have the issue here. You will never do anything without it; and I want you, Christian people, to march out into line, and wherever you see an enemy of God poke up his head, fire at him right on the spot. Turn your gun and don't aim at his feet nor his knee, but aim at him right here [indicating head]; and if you hit him anywhere else, apologize to him and tell him you meant to drive home a centre shot.

Courage! courage! Ah, me! The author of this text knew what he meant along this line. You recollect the time Peter was courageous physically; a brave man, and he never wavered but once. You recollect when Peter stood out in the distance and looked at his perse-

cuted Lord; and you remember when Peter stood looking on that multitude as they carried Christ before that mock tribunal. There Peter stood in the distance, and

THERE WAS HIS LORD.

Peter saw them buffeting his Lord; Peter saw them as they plaited that crown of thorns and pressed it around His head, and the blood ran down from His temples—Peter looked on, and I have no doubt his blood boiled in his veins; but when they approached him and said, “You are one of His disciples,” Peter cowed and said, “No, I am not.” And they approached him again and said, “You are one of His disciples?” and Peter cowardly answered, “No, I am not.” And then he looked at the blood trickling down his Master’s face, and a little girl came up and she said, “You are one of His disciples,” and Peter, cursing with an oath, says, “I don’t know Him.”

Ah me! I don’t object to the way my Bible is given to me, but, brethren, I have wished in my heart a thousand times that when the Saviour of men, the Christ of heaven, stood there without a friend in the world, when all men had forsaken him, and Peter stood in the distance—I have often wished that when they approached Peter and said, “You are one of His disciples”—I have wished a thousand times that Peter had rushed right up to the side of the Son of God and said, “I am one of His disciples, and I will

DIE BY HIS SIDE.”

I believe God Almighty would have rushed every angel in heaven down to Peter’s side, and not suffered a hair

of his head touched. God pity us for our cowardice. Our Saviour has been crucified afresh in our midst. They have not only plaited the crown of contempt and thrust and pressed it upon His brow, but they have spit upon Him and abused Him in our presence, and we have skulked behind and said we never knew Him. God pity us from such cowardice that curses the world to-day. Courage! Courage! Courage!

And to courage, now, what rock will fit right down on that? And to courage, knowledge. Now, you see if a man believes he is right and he has got the courage to go forth, then the next thing that man wants is knowledge to know how to do right. The book says: "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." Brother, knowledge is the handmaid of religion to dress her charms and make her more lovely.

Knowledge! God puts his auger right into the top of a man's head and bores down until he strikes his heart, and then it springs up like an artesian well. God don't commence at the heart

AND BORE UP.

What would he do with the dirt? I tell you, my congregation, God begins with the head of the man. We have got heart religion all over our country. Heart religion. Every fellow has got it in here [striking his breast]. And you can only take his word for it. It has never been out of there that anybody ever heard of.

Listen! We say we believe in old-fashioned heart religion. Brother, if I can't have religion in but one square inch of my person, I want it right here in my right hand so I can do something for God and humanity. Hear that? Heart religion! Got it in here. Got what?

Got what? Religion is just as much a thing of the foot as it is of the heart, and just as much of the hand as it is of the heart, and just as much of the tongue as it is of the heart; and if there is a square inch about me that is not religious, God consecrate that spot now. I want to be religious from head to foot, through and through, all over, every day in the week, and everywhere. That is the talk.

Hear religion! This heart in here that pulsates and throws the blood out, or the pendulum through which the blood flows, and the stroke is but the

PENDULUM OF THE BEING!

Why, brother, you think that is where your religion is! If some of you have got any at all, it is hid away in there forever somewhere; you never show it on your hands or your tongue that I know. I want a fellow to get it in his head, get so he thinks right. I want him to get some sense in his head too. A preacher down South called on a fellow one night to pray, and he started his prayer this way: "O Lord, give us more common sense." And I says "Amen;" and he said, "O Lord, give us more common sense," and I says "Amen;" and I would have hollered Amen for him until to-day right along. Lord, give us more common sense. That is what we want in this country—a sensible Christianity that takes hold of things right. Brain. What can God Himself do with ignorance? Omnipotence can manage anything better than it can ignorance. You say, "You ought not to limit the power of God." Well, I don't; but what has He ever done with China? What has God ever done with China? And God will never do anything with China until you project colleges and put some sense in the people ahead

of the gospel. Now, you say that won't do; but, brother,

IT WILL DO.

You have never done anything there, have you? Every pig-tail you have made to God has cost you about \$100,000.

Common sense! I believe in mixing common sense in religion, and then you have got the grandest compound this world ever saw—common sense and religion. Sensibly religious! Knowledge! Knowledge! And, brethren, this old book, from which we get our text, this grand Bible that I had in my hands a few minutes ago, let me tell you, there is the source of all knowledge, there's the source of all truth. Give me that book there a moment [speaking to attendant]. If this little book I have got in my hand now, if that little bundle of paper, if that is true, if that book is true, it outweighs all the stars. If this little book is true, it outweighs all this universe. If this little book I have got in my hand is true, I have got to die—I have got to die whether it is true or not. If this book is true, I have got to go to judgment to be judged. If this book is true, they that are in their graves will come forth, they that have done good to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation. I hope you will make a companion of this book, God's precious book. I do because my mother, my precious mother, walked by its precepts, and she pillowed her head upon it and died so easy.

This precious book I had rather own
 Than all the golden gems
 That are in monarch's coffers shown,
 Or on their diadems.

And were the seas one crystal light,
This earth a golden ball,
And gems were all the stars of night,
This book were worth them all.

CHRIST THE BREAD, WATER, AND LIFE OF ALL MANKIND.

MORNING SERVICE AT THE CHICAGO AVENUE CHURCH.

THE church was again filled by an interested and attentive congregation, which had assembled to listen to Sam Jones, the Georgia evangelist. The audience was of an exceptionally intelligent and refined character, and the quiet earnestness of the man of God, as he delivered his message to the people, made a deep impression upon his hearers. The gentle gliding from a pathetic recital to a bit of facetiæ constantly kept the audience in changeable moods. The tear of sympathy for his pathos was still visible when wrinkles of merriment would furrow the face. After the usual preliminary services of singing, and prayer by the Rev. Mr. Goss, pastor of the church, the evangelist spoke as follows:

Let's take these words: "Do the work of an evangelist"—"Do the work of an evangelist." We get these words from the fifth verse of the fourth chapter of St. Paul to Timothy. "Do the work of an evangelist."

What a man does is the test of what the man is. What I am doing for this world is

THE ONLY TEST

of my worth in this world. St. Paul said in another letter: "If a man think himself to be something when he is"—or when he does—"nothing, he deceiveth himself." Now you take this proposition: "If a man thinketh himself to be something when he is"—or when he does—"nothing, he deceiveth himself." And after all, the test of my worth to this world is not determined by how many thousand miles I have ridden on a Pullman sleeper, nor how many magnificent books I have read, nor how many people I love; but my worth to this world is determined by how many miles I have walked to rescue the perishing, and save the fallen, and minister to the diseased, and to put clothing upon the naked. It's not how many good books I have read, but how many good books have I written and given to the world to make it better. It's not how many people do I love, but how many people love me for what I am and what I do.

"Do the work of an evangelist." I see that the salvation of my own soul was a secondary consideration in the great mind of God, when He pardoned my sins and justified me and made a new creature of me. The ultimate salvation of any one soul was a secondary consideration in His mind. The great moving cause in the heart of God in the consideration of the soul is that in the

SALVATION OF A SOUL—

when I shall have been saved—is to make of every one a propaganda. "A man who shall go out into the world and do for Me, live for Me, and help to save this world."

I believe I intimated a thought like this last Sabbath morning. That God is dependent upon us to help Him

win the world to Christ. He bids us go to work in His vineyard. He calls us to the great work of bringing the world to Christ. And about the only business Christian people have in this world is to roll up their sleeves and pitch in with all their might, and help bring the world to Christ, but not to fold our hands when this is done, but after we have gotten the world to Christ, your business, as Christian people, is to keep it there.

I do not care what your theology is. A Christian must walk with God, talk with God, and have God ever present in his heart and mind. There is nothing for him to do in his Christian life this side of a faithful, persistent discharge of his Christian duties.

There is no such thing as being religious this side of the doing of religion. If a man does religious he'll be religious, and if he is religious he'll do religiously. That's a sword that cuts both ways.

No man can persistently and faithfully discharge

HIS WHOLE CHRISTIAN DUTY

without seeing good results. There is no work of the muscle, sweat, and brains that counts for so much. There is no work in the universe for man that "pans out" so much as the work for God. Men put off the work for God on one pretext and another and say, "I'll do this or that when I have time." Take the great privilege of family prayers. Men say, "I'm so busy I haven't time to pray in my family. Well, I must provide for my household, and I haven't time now." Let me look you in the face and let me tell you this, that the best lick you ever struck in your life for your wife and children was when you held family prayers. All the other licks you put in for your household will not be equalled by those

at your family altar, praying for them, and you'll find that out, too, mark me.

"I haven't time to be religious." That's sorter like an engineer rolling by a coal-and-water station at the rate of sixty miles an hour and saying, "I haven't time now to take on any coal and water," and in an hour's time you'll see him out in the woods dead still, couldn't turn a wheel if he stayed there that way forever. Haven't time to do it!

You can take the simplest, plainest philosophy of life and bankrupt the Christian character of a great many people in Chicago. If you were to run your business like you run your religion, I would see in the daily papers in less than three months that

YOUR WHOLE CONCERN

was turned over to a receiver and your assets wouldn't pay ten cents on the dollar.

The conditions for a successful and perfect Christian life are pretty much the same as those in farming, merchandising, or the profession of law; and I believe every one expects to get increased returns for property and labor. For what I do for Christianity determines what I am in Christian life.

Now, we are directed especially this morning by the lesson to the thoughts suggested in the word "do." "Do the work of an evangelist." The only way this world will ever be evangelized will be by persistent, faithful, and uncompromising effort of every Christian man and woman to save the world. Now, you make drunkards. They manufacture a great number of them elsewhere, and I suppose Chicago manufactures as many drunkards to the square inch as any other place, as I understand

there are about four thousand saloons in the city. How do you make drunkards? Dot your saloons about the city as thick as the heavens are sparkled with stars; make them glittering places, attractive to young and old; put your agents out to tell the young men they meet where the saloons are—where they can get the best liquor in the city. Go to work to make drunkards and you make them.

Whenever the Christians in Chicago will put forth one half the effort that these bar-rooms have put forth for them, we will save this city. Here is a bar-room down here. You ask the proprietor of it,

“HOW MANY HOURS

do you keep that saloon open?” He'll tell you twenty hours a day; that he closes up at one o'clock in the morning, and opens at five the same day. That's doing a driving business, ain't it? That fellow is in earnest about that thing. No man would keep open for twenty hours out of the twenty-four unless he was in earnest. Christian people keep open an average of about ten minutes a day, and give the devil twenty hours. No wonder that Chicago is drifting to hell. You just measure the influence put forth to damn the city, and measure the influences put forth to save it, and you can count it up very easily how the devil gets ten to one.

“Do the work of an evangelist.” The Lord God has remedies for all these things. There isn't a craze or crankiness, or difficulty or bad influence of earth that the remedy isn't right here in this book [holding up the Bible]. You take God's prescription and then give it according to His direction to the world, and you'll cure the world.

“Do the work of an evangelist.” Now, I held a sort of a class-meeting once—you know I am a Methodist. I am a Methodist just like I am a Jones—I was born one. I am no more to be blamed for being a Methodist than I am to be blamed for being a Jones. I was just born so. But, thank God, I am not ashamed of it, understand that. If anybody asks you what I am, tell them

I AM A METHODIST!

Methodist! Methodist! I have a great contempt for a man who is ashamed to tell what church he belongs to. Hear that? I think a Baptist is just as good as a Methodist if he is as good, and I think a Presbyterian is just as good as a Baptist if he is as good. It's just a question of whether he is as good or not, and not what church he belongs to. What sort of a fellow are you in church? If you are a good man, any church in Chicago is good enough for you; but if you are not a good man, all churches are too good for you.

There's no sectarianism about me in the world. If I had a drop of sectarian blood in my veins, I would have a lancet popped into a vein and let the last drop of the muddy, filthy stuff out. I don't want any of it in my composition at all. I admire a noble Baptist preacher. In North Georgia, when the convention of his church declared it would have nothing in the world to do with the union services, a noble Baptist preacher came out to the union meeting and said that he did not compromise a principle of his church in doing so, and that whenever the Baptist Church principle prevented him from helping others to win souls to Christ, then he would be no longer a Baptist. That's the ground Christian people ought to stand on. I want my Methodism to be

LIKE WHEELS FOR ROPES

to roll on, and not like ropes to bind me hand and foot so I cannot do anything.

If there is a being in the world I have a contempt for it is the fellow who is comfortable on all things except his religion. Strike him on that point and he is as mean as a dog. Haven't you seen it that way? Comfortable everywhere and on all things until you strike him on religion, and then he is as spiteful and mean as the devil, and his association and acquaintance with his majesty is the cause of all his meanness.

I say I was holding a sort of a Methodist class-meeting once, and I said: "Brother, what are you doing to bring the world to Christ and help men to God?"

"Well," said the brother, "well, I'm not doing a great deal."

"Well," said I, "specify what you are doing to bring the world to God and save men, brother."

"Well," he said, "I'm reading my Bible every day and praying."

Well, I couldn't get any more out of him. And directly I got another brother on his feet.

"Brother, what are you doing to save the world and bring men to Christ?"

He said, "I'm reading my Bible, like brother A, and say my prayers."

I could get nothing else from them except that they were reading their little Bibles and saying their little prayers—that was all. That's the highest conception of Christianity that some have—to say their little prayers and read their little Bibles. That's all they know about it at all. Oh, how I am disgusted with

THAT SORT OF CHRISTIANITY:

I could put your sort into my vest pocket, and I wouldn't know you were there, except when I felt for a toothpick, and then I might run up against you there. I like a broad, useful, aggressive Christian; a Christian with his musket and cartridge-box ready and in position, a Christian with a desire to go to the front and to bring souls to Christ.

"Do the work of an evangelist." Why, some of our strongest churches are opposed to evangelists. I have known some pastors that were opposed to revivals. Whenever a pastor tries his level best three or four times to get up a revival and cannot get one up, he'll begin to preach against revivals and evangelists. He feels that he is bound to justify himself somehow. "I just know if it was right I'd have it, but it isn't right because I didn't have a revival." It's themselves; they ain't right.

It takes more religion to sit down quietly and see a fellow doing a thing you tried to do and couldn't than anything else between heaven and earth.

"Do the work of an evangelist." Well, I'm not what you would call an evangelist. I am not justifying myself. I am a member of the North Georgia Conference, and take my appointment every year from the Bishop, just like any other minister. I am no evangelist in any special sense. But God make us all evangelists, and then we will take

THIS WORLD FOR CHRIST.

Here we have turned this world over to preachers for eighteen hundred years preaching Christianity. I have been associated very intimately for thirteen

years with many preachers, and I have yet to find a dozen preachers that I do not love and do not admire. I love the preachers; they are a noble set of men. I'll tell you what you want, you want your preacher to do this, and to do that, to preach "better sermons," to preach with "more beauty of expression," to put "more feeling into his sermons." Now, haven't you heard that many a time? You go to the churches and the people are packed in it like so many blocks of lake ice in an ice-box, and curse the preacher because they don't sweat. Well, how can a man sweat when he's in an ice-box? That's the question. And if a fellow were to bring into some of these churches cream, sugar, etc., and set it out about the middle of the church in the midst of the congregation, he would get some first-class ice-cream; their coldness would freeze it. The trouble is not with the pulpit, but with the people. The preacher is doing his best under the circumstances.

Here, brother, you don't want to be always going around to your preacher saying, "Help me," "Do me good," "Stand by me," "Push for me." That's like putting the preacher into the shafts and pulling the whole concern, and you don't pull a lick. He pulls until he begins to pant and his tongue hangs out, until finally he

DROPS IN THE SHAFTS,

nearly dead. The whole church is in the wagon, and there's not a man pulling, pushing, or walking. What are you going to do with a case like that? How are you going to do anything? You can't pull the church, much less the world, for him.

Now, here. Suppose we run it this way—I'll take the Chicago Avenue Church, for example. How many mem-

bers have you here, Brother Goss? Well, bring it down to simple facts and figures—you have six hundred members. Well, suppose to-day they were consecrated to evangelizing work, and suppose each one of these members would say this year that they would save a soul apiece for Christ—and that looks mighty little in three hundred and sixty-five days—you would have twelve hundred members. Now, those twelve hundred go to work on the same basis, and by next Christmas a year you would have two thousand four hundred members. And continuing thus, you might wipe out all other churches in the city, except the Chicago Avenue Church, and in fifteen years Chicago Avenue Church would have conquered the city of Chicago and gone out to Christianize the world. Don't you see how it works?

God never intended the preacher to do all the work. God wants the preachers to preach, and He wants you to bear witness by your life that the preacher told you the truth. Just in proportion, brethren, as you manifest by your lives, you

WITNESS THE TRUTH

of Brother Goss' preaching when he tells you that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

Now, I'm going to prove this by you all. Every one who really believes that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, stand up. Well, thank God for witnesses to that truth. And now, just in proportion as you witness in your every-day life and work that Brother Goss told the truth, just in proportion you are going to show forth your Lord till he comes again. Thank God for these witnesses to the truth.

And, brother, whenever a preacher utters a text, you

be ready to witness its truth. "Ye are my witnesses." Let the preacher tell the truth and let all his members witness it to the world, and say, "I believe it with all my heart when he says the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." That's the sweetest thought in the Book.

"Do the work of an evangelist." Not only by witnessing, but after you hear, be witnesses, and be workers under the truth. That's it—workers.

I don't go much on deacons; I never did. But I heard of a dream a young lady once had that impressed me wonderfully. She was a good girl and a member of the church. She dreamed that she died and went to heaven, and that she was carried beyond all the bounds of imagination, into the beauties and glories of

THE WORLD UP YONDER.

She dreamed that she was at home in the city of God, and that she was there to live evermore; that she had passed to the judgment bar of God, and that she had become crystallized in holiness, to be forever a child of God, in the city of God, and she said: "Oh, what ecstasies swept over my soul as I dreamed of the bliss of heaven. All at once, as we were standing around God, the Father of us all, and they were singing, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.'" And she said, "Over the brilliant and blazing countenances as they shown forth, I saw ten thousand diadems shining in the crowns of those around me, and I turned to a sister spirit, and said, 'What do these diadems represent in these crowns?' 'Oh,' she said, 'these represent souls that we have been enabled to win

to Christ.'” She said, “I pulled off my crown and looked at it, and it was as black as night, and I began to be miserable in heaven, and in a few minutes I opened my eyes, and I said, ‘Glory to God, if I have a few more years I will spend the residue of them doing service for Christ, and I will get my recognition in heaven in the sweet by and by.’”

Oh, brother, the minutes, the days, the years we throw away. Oh, work, my brother. In heaven you may regret forever that you have not gathered more stars for your

CROWN OF RECOGNITION.

I believe in crowns. I believe in stars. I believe this is not figurative, but it's real and true.

One day a man who had been seeking found the Saviour in my church in Georgia, and when I was walking into church the next Sunday he stopped me and said:

“I have much to tell you. Last night I went home and went to sleep, with my soul bathed in a sea of heavenly rest; shortly after I dropped off to sleep, I thought I was on some highway, when all at once I looked up the road and saw a big chariot and a span of beautiful horses and a prince driving the chariot. Just as he met me on the road he stopped and he looked at me and said:

“‘Do you want to buy a crown?’

“I said, ‘I have no money with which to buy a crown.’

“He had a crown in his hand which was beautiful and sparkling. He said:

“‘Try it on.’

“I put it on my head and it fitted me exactly. He looked at me with a smile on his countenance and said:

“‘I present you with that crown; wear it on earth.’

"I ran home, met my wife, and I showed her the crown, and as my children played around my knee they all exclaimed, 'Oh, what kind man gave you this beautiful crown?'"

"Oh, how glad I was I had the crown." And he said, "The neighbors from all around came to see my crown."

"Well," said I, "brother, you little antedated in that dream what

IS GOING TO BE."

And now there are a good many men here within the sound of my voice to whom God has stooped down and put crowns upon their heads. Let's go out and get somebody to Christ. Do your part. God bless you all to be efficient in the work of the Master.

I have talked just a half hour. Let's come to the services again. Let's praise God and get some truths out of them and win souls to Christ. Pray for us, not only now, but during these whole services. Let your prayers go up on all sides of the river. I understand this city is just like three separate cities. I don't know whether it is so or not, but if you want this river bridged take Christ into your souls and join hand to hand, and you will be all one in Christ, and instead of there being three Chicagos there will be but one.

The Lord bless you all and unite you in love and sympathy, and help you do your duty.

To-morrow I preach at Farwell Hall at noon. There is no man in the world can continuously preach three times a day with satisfaction either to himself or his congregation. To-morrow morning Brother Small will preach in this church, and if I have any sense at all he is a much better preacher than Sam Jones, for I have heard both. Now, you come to hear him; stand by him; pray for him. Now, go and win some souls to Christ,

AFTERNOON SERVICE AT THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

The services were opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Tracey and the usual singing of hymns. In introducing Mr. Sam Jones Dr. Henson said: "When I was in St. Louis I saw Mr. Jones and I yearned for Brother Jones to come to Chicago, for my heart yearned for Chicago. I felt that such a gospel, upright, pure, downright as he preached it, was the kind of gospel that we needed in Chicago. I urged him with much entreaty

TO COME HERE,

and he assured me of his willingness to come here if he could be assured of the hearty co-operation of the Lord's people in Chicago. I gave him my pledge for one, and by that pledge I stand. Thank God and take courage and rejoice in the multiplied indications of God's blessing in the work so auspiciously begun in Chicago. Now Brother Jones will address you."

Sam Jones then spoke as follows:

I feel, brethren, not humiliated, but I feel very much humbled with the manner in which you have received me. For every warm grip of the hand I thank God; for every kind expression I read on your faces I thank God; and I say to you all here this afternoon that when the benediction of these services is pronounced I want an angel of God to write it down on heaven's chancery, on mercy's page, that my utterance from the depths of my heart was "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to re-

ceive all honor and riches and power and admonition, forever and forever." All I am I owe. Let's give Christ the praise, and let us do our best. In all movements like these I feel a thousand times, my brethren, that I am a very small factor indeed in the movement. This great church of God in Chicago is the engine, the Holy Ghost is the motive power, and God simply permits me to lay my hand on the throttle and then movement comes, and I am to this movement under God no more simply than an engineer who sits upon his engine with a hand on the throttle; no power in him, no power of him, but in answer to his touch the engine moves. God help me forever to feel that the power is of God, and the excellency is of God, and all is of God.

Brethren, we invite your attention this afternoon to these three words, "In Christ Jesus," and we read you the whole verse, the first verse of the eighth chapter of Romans:

"There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit."

There are many grand instrumentalities belonging to the Christian life and the Christian experience. But, brethren, there is one sufficiency and that is the Lord Jesus Christ; a right apprehension of Him, a right appropriation of Him is the one sufficiency in making our way from earth to heaven.

"In Christ Jesus." The question has been raised oftener and discussed more in this nineteenth century than in any age of the world's history,

"WHAT IS CHRIST ?

Who is Christ?" There have been more lives of Christ

written, perhaps, since I was born, than were ever written before I was born. In the last thirty-five years there have been more biographies of Christ written than were ever written in all the previous ages of the world. The leading minds of to-day are probing into, discussing, and writing upon this great person. Who is Christ? What is Christ? And a wise apprehension of who He is and what He is, and then an appropriation of Him to to your heart and life, brethren, brings what we call ultimate salvation. There is no other name given under heaven by which men can be saved except the name of the only begotten Son of God. The Lord help me to talk and God help you to hear this important discussion this evening.

“In Christ Jesus.” We stop first and ask the question, “Who is Christ?” “What is Christ?” This world has been anxious to know, and not unfrequently, that anxiety has been smothered and subdued, and men have been reticent even under the most anxious state of mind. “Who is Christ?” “What is Christ?” There was a time when this world knew but little; there was a time when all humanity groped in gloom and darkness;

THERE WAS A TIME

when this world's insight reached the point where they cried out and said, “Who art Thou, the great Maker of this universe. Tell us something about Thyself.” And in this insight and darkness God himself looked down upon his children and answered, “I am,” and they caught up the word with all their power and repeated it, “I am,” “I am.” “There is some light; there is an existence; there is being. He has spoken to us.” Day after day this world groped on in darkness and doubt, and they

lifted their eager faces to heaven and bent their ear and cried aloud, "Tell us. Again speak. Who art thou?" And the voice answered, "I am that I am," and they said there is a little more light; we have a little more light thrown on the great Being in the universe." And yet in darkness the world groped on until one day ye see the multitude gather beyond, and ye hear one say to another, "Hush. Some one is going to speak," and He began, and He said, "I am," and the world listened and said, "We have heard that before." Three thousand years ago, from the darkness that enveloped the great being, we heard that expression, "I am," and listened. "We will get light now," they said, and He said, "I am the way." Oh, here is light! Thank God, a lost world of men groping in the wilderness have

FOUND THE HIGHWAY!

Here's the thoroughfare! Here's the route to the better world! Listen; He is going to speak again. "I am the truth!" Oh, ye lost men that have been searching for the truth for so long, here's truth embodied; here's truth that will enlighten, that will make you free! Here's truth that will make you fit and meet for the Master's use in time and in eternity. O, speak Thou, who canst give us the truth! Listen! He speaks again! "I am the life." Oh, ye dying millions, ye perishing men, here is life everlasting! Listen! He speaks again! "I am the door." Oh, ye houseless wanderers, door means home, and hospitality, and welcome. Come in and live! Listen! He speaks again! "I am the bread." Oh, ye hungry men, here is bread; if a man eat he shall hunger no more forever! Listen! He speaks again! "I am the water!" Oh, ye famishing ones, come and drink and

never be athirst again ! Listen ! He speaks again ! “ I am the vine, ye the branches. If ye abide in Me ye shall bear much fruit.” Blessed be God, here is a way ; here is the truth ; here is the life ; here is home, and hospitality, and welcome ; here is bread ; here is water. Here is all we want. When they pressed Christ on one occasion, and told Him, “ Master, bid these people go away ; they have been out these forty-eight hours

WITHOUT BREAD

and without something to eat. Bid them to go away and feed themselves, lest they famish here.” Hush. The Lord speaks : “ They need not depart.” Thank God, a man need not go away from Christ to get anything in time or eternity ! In the presence, at His feet, blessed be God there is all I need, temporally, spiritually, eternally ! “ They need not depart.” Sister, sit at the Master’s feet, and your wants shall always be relieved. Sit at the Master’s feet, brother, and you shall have all you want and need in time and in eternity.

“ Who is Christ ?” He is my brother ; He is the Maker, the Creator, the Upholder of this universe ! Oh, Christ, Thou dost fill the bowels of this earth with the purest gold, and spread out the richest, broadest acres of land ; Thou who dost cause all things to work together for the good of men, how art Thou towards me ? When Jesus himself came among us, He never claimed this rich valley of the Mississippi, or some of the beautiful valleys of the Eastern country for Himself ; He never built Him a magnificent residence, and let the world be houseless ; but, when Jesus came He took His simple breakfast at the home of Mary and Martha, and walked out in the streets of the community, and He gave sight to a blind

man ; He unstopped the deaf ear of a man there ; and when

HE MET THE POOR

widow going to the tomb with her only son, He lifted the boy back into life and his mother's arms ; and He went on and on, and late in the evening He sat down by the roadside, alone, and resting His poor head on His tired arms, He said : " This is the first time I thought of Myself since I got up this morning. The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but I have not where to lay my head."

The great physician now is near, the sympathizing Jesus ! Oh, blessed Christ, live forever, and help us to love Thee that we may draw all men to Thee.

Christ is the living, personal embodiment of wisdom, and justice, and love, and mercy, and all the attributes that make the character of God lovely ; and, brethren, I am in Christ and Christ is in me just in proportion as I show forth to the world the wisdom of God ; just in proportion as I show forth to the world the justice of God ; just in proportion as I show forth to the world the love of God ; just in proportion as I show forth to the world the mercy of God ; just in proportion as I show forth to the world the truth of God ; just in proportion as I show the forgiving nature of God ; and that man who is the most like Christ has the most attributes of God himself ; Christ dwelleth in you richly in all wisdom, and in all justice, and in all truth, and

IN ALL PURITY,

and in all love, and in all forgiveness. Oh, brethren, St. Paul urged this point in Christ's likeness when he said :

“I am crucified with Christ ; nevertheless I live ; yet not I but Christ liveth in me.”

And the life that I now live is patterned by the life of the Son of God, through my faith in Him ; and the life that I now live is but the repetition of the life of Christ among men. These hands shall handle like Christ. This tongue shall talk like the tongue of Christ. These ears shall hear like Christ. This heart shall sympathize like Christ. But, brethren, you will never know what religion means until you live in deed the life that I now live, as given to me by the faith of the Son of God, who loved and gave Himself for me.

Christ comes in and takes possession where He finds the open door. Christ is always a waiting guest where He is welcome.

Sister, if Christ does not live with you in your home, it is because you have no room for Christ ; if Christ does not live with you in your want, it is because there is no room in your heart for Christ. Brother, if Christ does not live with you in your store or in your office, it is because you have no room in your store or in your office for Christ. Blessed be Christ. If I am an engineer, and show room on my engine for Christ, He will come with me. If I am

A SHOEMAKER,

and have a little room only eight feet by ten feet, He will sit there with me if I want Him. If I am a mother with the cares and duties of a home and children, if I have room in my house for Christ He will be there ; and what I want in this universe is a heart big enough for Christ to live in, and He will live with me ; and Christ will not live anywhere where there is not room enough for Him and His principles. I want a room big enough for Christ,

and then I have room enough for all the rest of mankind.

“In Christ Jesus.” Then, if I be in Christ Jesus I shall manifest wisdom, and love, and justice. There is a broad field open for us here, but we cannot go into that this evening. We might talk at length upon how wise God’s people might be. We might talk upon how loving they ought to be, knowing always that He that loveth is begotten of God. Then I might talk about justice existing always where Christ dwelleth within. Then I might stop to talk about forgiveness, for, oh, blessed Christ, Thou wast such a divine pattern of forgiveness!

As God is my judge this afternoon, I have never borne a minute’s malice against

ANY HUMAN BEING

since Jesus Christ showed me how fully He could forgive me for all my wayward life. I don’t believe that any person who has ever had around him the loving arms of Jesus Christ, and who has heard His voice saying to him, “Thy sins are all forgiven thee,” I do believe that malice is an impossibility in all the future life of that man. You must forget the fact that Christ can and does forgive if you bear malice against any one. I give up malice and evil speaking. You see how, in the forgiveness of Christ, all these things are given up.

And so we might give an hour’s time to the discussion of these things, but we hurry to the important points of the discussion.

“In Christ Jesus!” Being in Christ presupposes some very important facts. First, being in Christ Jesus presupposes a longing for Christ. “As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.”

Our Saviour paraphrased this expression when He said that we should hunger and thirst after righteousness, And living for Christ! Brethren, right here begins the condition of things that will ultimate in everlasting life and salvation. Hunger! "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Hunger—a living desire for Christ.

Now, if a wife is present this afternoon I might illustrate what this living,

HUNGERING DESIRE

might be by carrying her back a little more than twenty years ago. Sister, your husband, in his loyalty to the country, went forth to the front, and do you recollect how eagerly you looked for the arrival of the mail; how eagerly you read the newspaper reports of every battle; how you watched for his safety and longed for his return again, until two months passed, until four months passed, and so on until you finally reached the culmination of the consuming desire of your nature for your husband's return? Nothing else than that could gladden your heart. Nothing else than that could make light your spirit. Nothing else could bring joy as long as he was not there. "Oh, the desire of my heart is to see my husband come again!" That was the language of your heart. Sisters, some of you have felt that. Some of you longed in vain; and your life went out, and grief covered you, has covered you, with its garment from that moment to this. Longing for Christ! We use an illustration again in the case of Penelope, the most beautiful of Greek women. It is said of Penelope that when her husband, Ulysses, went to the wars, she heard nothing of him for twelve months. Then years went by, and still no tidings came. She

LONGED FOR HIS RETURN.

Finally, after years of absence, with no tidings coming of his return from her devoted husband, other suitors pressed her for her hand. She said, "No, I cannot answer you." But they still pressed her for her answer, until finally she said to them, "I will give you my answer if you will wait until I have weaved this cloth in the loom." But as she weaved at the loom she unravelled her work at night, and thus she prolonged the time of her answer until twenty years had passed, and then, in answer to her longing desire, her husband walked into her presence and clasped her in his arms and exclaimed, "My precious, faithful wife!"

And oh! in this I see the longing that there should be for Christ, and this longing for Christ must overlap all other desires, all other longings.

I illustrate again by a little boy twelve months old. His mother had gone to town. While she was absent his nurse had done all she could to preserve him in good humor; had brought to him his little horse and other toys, and given him his marbles, and given him candy. His mother did not come, until finally the little fellow lost his patience, and he began to cry; and he said, "I don't want my horse, I don't want my top, I don't want any marbles, I don't want candy; I want my mother.

I DON'T WANT CANDY,

"I want my mother," and then he cried again. He would receive no comforting. But directly mamma walked in through the door and he threw his arms around her neck and said, "Mamma, I wanted you so bad!" and when he got her he got all he wanted. And so when my soul longs for Christ, then nothing else will suit me. I

don't want the pleasures of this life. Those are not the things I long for. The pleasures of the ballroom, the pleasures of the card-table, the pleasures of the barroom, will not satisfy us. We say, "Away with these cards, away with dancing!" Well, here is a wine supper coming off, and your friend names the day. But you cry, "Away with all these things, away with them! I want none of them. O Lord, come, come quickly, or I perish!" And Jesus Christ never comes when that heart wants anybody but Him; and, God be blessed, when nothing else will satisfy it. Then the Lord Jesus Christ comes in His power and satisfies the want of your heart. Brother, that is the way to get Him. Sister, that is the way to get Him.

Now, "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him." Brother, in the longing of your heart after Christ you could not have turned aside from

THE CARD-TABLE ;

you could not have turned aside from the ballroom or the theatre. You could not have done it, sister. Now, as you have turned all these things behind you to get Him, you find the way to meet Him. The way you found Him is the way to keep Him. The way to keep Him is to walk with Him in the same spirit as that in which you received him. Now, I might turn aside and say that Christ is immutable. He is not like a great many things that the church says to-day. There is no question of that. For instance, in my own town I preached a sermon and said that card-playing was wrong, that it was a curse; and I spoke of it in unmeasured terms. And, brethren, if a thing is wrong it is wrong, and I hit it if it is a little wrong just as hard

as I do when it is a big wrong. And the difference between card-playing and gambling is just the difference between a little rattlesnake and a big rattlesnake. You would cut off the head of the big one, and only cut off the tail of the little one; but I am going to hit both snakes alike; I will hit both the little snake and the big snake fair and square on the head. I will treat wrongs, little and big, alike. Now, I said I condemned card-playing; and the next morning a deacon in the Baptist church, a clean man and as good a friend as I have, gets his

CONSCIENCE STIRRED UP.

I always have the conscience of men with me; but it is mighty hard to get their heads with me. Their conscience is always on my side. Well, that brother got his conscience stirred up, and the next morning he said to me, "Sam"—we were boys together.

"Sam, we all know that you were perfectly sincere last night, but some of us disagree with you. In your denunciation of card-playing last night you said some pretty strong things. If you will convince me, however, that there is any harm in card-playing, I will quit it." I answered:

"Bill, you are a deacon, and you are convinced of one thing. You are of no account in your church. Ain't that so?"

"Yes, I know I am of no account in the church."

"Well, Bill, that's just it. If you were of any account in the world I could waste time upon you, but God knows I cannot afford to throw away any time on you."

And, brethren, you can put this class of men—those who get to card-playing and to theatre-going, damning members of the church—in a bundle together and say

to them, "You are not worth the powder and lead it would take to kill you. You know it. There is no use of my standing here to praise you and extolling you to the skies, when I know you

AIN'T WORTH ANYTHING."

Brethren, a man's conscience, whatever his life and whatever his head may say,—a man's conscience is on the side of the naked truth, and I don't care who preaches it. Then we say, and I expect to discuss these things freely further along, and I will tell you another thing, and that is, that I expect the opposition of every worldly man of the church, and I tell you that I don't want you to come over to my side until you quit your meanness. I don't want your advocacy, your help, or your talk until you shake the devil's fleas off you and get to living right. Now, I am, and mean to be, perfectly kind in what I say, but I say that the maledictions of the wicked suit me better than their praise. There are members of the church that will go to hear Bob Ingersoll, but won't go to hear Sam Jones tell them how to save themselves.

Now, brethren and sisters in Christ, am I not with the Ten Commandments? Do I not stand squarely with the sermon on the mount? And if you are standing on the Ten Commandments and on the sermon on the mount, what quarrel can you have with me or I have with you? But if you are on the other side, I want you to fire back; I want you to speak back and growl back. We know that when you set out growling and kicking we are all right, I am done with that folly. What folly? That of being yoked inconveniently together with that kind of a man. And I want you men to slip your neck into the yoke I am yoked in. You might pull me into the

card-room ; you might get me into a theatre or a ball-room ; but you will have to break my neck before you pull me in there. I would have too much self-respect for that, even if I hadn't a speck of religion.

In Christ Jesus presupposes a living for Christ, and this living for Christ presupposes that the desire for all other things has gone. And then being in Christ Jesus presupposes next the fleeing to Christ. The first step is the longing for Christ, and then, after I long for Christ, the next step is to flee to Christ. We get an idea of this meaning of fleeing to the refuge offered in the olden times to those who had committed an offence. When a party committed an offence he asked himself, "Can I reach the gates of the city of refuge in time?" and no sooner was the offence committed than he ran for the city of refuge. Now, brethren, this looking after Christ comes first. The next step is

FLEEING TO HIM.

Thank God for the privilege of fleeing to Christ when dangers beset us on every side. Amid all the howling wolves and venomous reptiles, and dangers of men and devils that I have ever encountered, I never felt unsafe when I had run into the presence of my Lord. He is able to defend me. I want to say another thing. If I wanted to defeat the armies of hell and conquer all mine enemies, I would not order ten legions of angels down from the skies with the artillery of heaven to help me, but I would fall down on my knees, for thank God Satan trembles when he sees the weakest saint on his knees.

There's no defeating a man on his knees. I love to get on my knees to pray. I can talk to God better, and get to His table better when I am on my knees, and I can reach more on my knees than I can in any other

posture in the universe. I want to see more of this kneeling down. I want to get on my knees to pray. I wish the Lord God would help us to spend more time on our knees in earnest prayer. I pray walking about, and standing up, and sitting down, but somehow or other I can't get along without this knee-work. I like that!

Fleeing to Christ! Running to Him in time of danger! Then we hurry on. Being in Christ, Jesus not only presupposes

A LONGING FOR CHRIST,

but fleeing to Christ; and it presupposes in the next place submission to Christ. That's the hardest thing of all. We long for Christ sometimes, and can not help it, and run to Him in danger, but when you get to that point, the hardest work of all is to submit to Him. Blessed Lord, whatever you do, whatever you say, I will do; whatever you ask I will do. That's it. I'll tell you what I mean by submission. A few days ago at my home, and I speak of it simply as illustrative. Brethren, I don't care where an illustration comes from, if it illustrates what I want that's all I need, and I don't care what you think of the illustration, either. A preacher never made a bigger mistake in his life, and never made a bigger fool of himself than when he lets his congregation dictate to him how he shall preach, and how he shall illustrate. You needn't trouble yourself now about whether you like the illustrations or not. All I want with an illustration in the world is exactly what an engineer wants with a headlight on his locomotive—to show him the track ahead, you know. I don't care how it looks or seems to you, if I can throw light on the thing I'm talking about I'm going to use it within the bounds of earthly modesty, but out of the bounds of mock modesty. Sister, if you'll sell out your stock of

MOCK MODESTY,

or give it away, and then beg your neighbors' pardon for putting off such a mess on them, you'll get along a heap better in this world, I tell you.

Well, as I was going to say, I'll tell you what I mean by submission. I get this illustration from my home. I had said to my oldest daughters, twelve and fourteen years old: "Daughters, I don't want you to go to little parties, nor to big parties, nor to any entertainments at all. Your father is going to make home as pleasant as he can for you, and if there's anything in the world you children want, why just say so, and if I can get it for you I'll do it." I want my home to be the best place in the world, brethren. About last Christmas, little Mary, my daughter, came to me and said, "Papa, I'm invited to a dinner this afternoon at the home of one of our neighbor's boys. Do you care if I go?" "Well," said I, "daughter, do you want to go?" "Papa," she said, "if you want me to go I want to go, if you don't want me to go I don't want to go." Now, there you've got submission in the best sense of the word. Sister, brother, consult your Lord, and just say when he asks you, "Do you want to go to the ball?" "Lord, I don't want to go if you don't want me to go, but I want to go if you want me to go." There's submission in the sense that God will believe you

AT ALL TIMES

if you will but put your case in His hands. The Lord don't want to deprive you of any pleasure. It's a mistake as big as eternity for a man to think that God has a sort of spite against these folks down here, and that He don't want them to have a good time. It's a mis-

take, brother! The Lord wants us to be happy and enjoy ourselves; and I'll tell you, if there was a boy in our town that had full, free course, and run with everything that came along, I'm the fellow, and I'll tell you, I wound up on that line in about a half mile of hell, too, the worst wrecked fellow you ever saw; and I turned to the Lord then, and have been getting along gloriously for fifteen years since. I've had more fun in Chicago since I've been here these few days than I had in twenty-four years before! That's so!

Thank God, He has no spite against us; He don't propose to shut off all our pleasure. It's a good deal in what a fellow likes, though! I know one kind of an animal that likes to sit on the front door-step and bark nearly half the night—he enjoys it! He thinks it's the nicest thing in the world to just sit there and bark! I said to a fellow once, "What makes that dog sit up and bark that way all night? He must think it's fun to do that," and he told me, "Why the dog is full of insects, and

CAN'T GO TO SLEEP

himself, and he keeps all the balance on the place awake." Let me tell you, brother, whenever you find a Christian wallowing in card-rooms and rubbing against round dances, they itch, and it's the devil's insects all over them! God pity them? There's an illustration that'll knock the bottom out of your mock modesty! If I can get the devil's fleas off you I don't care about your modesty! Understand that! [To the preachers on the platform: You'll never keep your members out of those places until you get the insects off them. Put that down!] They'll rub against something sure! All understand that, don't you? and that's all I want you to

do! Carry those points to your conscience, and they'll wake you up, sure!

Submission. Submission to Christ. That's what we want. The Lord direct me! The Lord control me! That's it! Lastly, being in Christ Jesus presupposes a union with Christ, a copartnership with Him, if you'll allow the expression. Christ is the senior partner in this, and if I do anything wrong He'll catch me at it, and break up the copartnership and ruin me. Christ is the senior partner in the concern, and if I do wrong He'll catch me and turn me out! Brethren, you ought to sell your goods on that plan, you ought to work on that plan, and you

OUGHT TO KEEP HOUSE

on that plan. Run your blacksmith shop and shoe shop with Christ as the senior partner, and if you do anything wrong He'll burst up the partnership and turn you out. That's the way to live!

Lastly, being in Christ Jesus presupposes affinities to Christ! There's the sweetest thought connected with it. Here a man may live with Christ, and may walk with Christ, and may be with Christ until he's like Christ in everything. There's a man and his wife; they have lived together in happy wedlock for fifty years; they've just had a celebration of golden wedding; I walk into the room, and there I see the happy silver-haired husband, and the happy good wife, and they have lived happily together for fifty years. I sit down in the room and look at them for a few minutes. The old man and his wife looked as much alike, I noticed, as if they were brother and sister. I never saw two people look more alike in my life than did that man and his wife. And I

noticed, too, they both talked alike—they not only looked alike, but they talked alike, and the

INTONATIONS OF THEIR VOICE

were alike. Directly, as I was sitting there, the old gentleman asked me a question, and the old lady said, "Why, I was just about to ask you the same question." They not only looked alike and talked alike, but they thought alike. Blessed Christ, let me live with Thee, and we pray Thee to bless us and let us live with Thee until we not only look good and talk good, but think good, and then we are going straight for all worlds, fit and meet for the Master's use in heaven. Lord, sanctify this plain, honest—and if it is not honest it is not because I don't know what honesty is—presentation of the gospel as I see it; of the gospel as it has blessed me and blessed my home and blessed my life. Brethren, if these truths do not lead you to know God then you're a different sort of a human being to what I am. They have done me worlds of good; take them to your homes and hearts, and recollect to be

IN CHRIST JESUS

means ten thousand times more than many of your lives have ever proved it to mean. Don't forget that. I am willing here this afternoon that anybody have more money and worldly honor, and more of anything and everything than I have, but I am not willing for any one to have more religion than I have. I want to have all my soul will hold. Let us strike out, brethren, on that line. Just in proportion as you pick flaws in me—and I'm as full of them as I can be—and my sermons—just in the proportion as you're busy picking flaws in my sermons, you neglect your own interests. I want to tell

you another thing. I never preached to a man in my life to do a thing but what I tried to do it myself. I not only try to preach it plainly, but I try to

LIVE IT PLAINLY.

I am going to ask every Christian person in this house to ask God to help me conform my life to these principles in Christianity which make me like my Lord. I want you in the church and out of the church to stand up.

EVENING EXERCISES AT THE CASINO RINK.

The Rev. Mr. Jones smiled when he remarked, before he took his text: "Brethren, every city has its individuality and its peculiar characteristics. I think, perhaps, that the distinguishing characteristic of a Chicago audience is to gather up its hats and break out of a place of worship before the benediction is pronounced. I am going to talk a minute or two, and while I make this talk it is in order for every person to leave this house who can't sit until the benediction is pronounced. If you're a drinking man, and you get to the point where, if you don't hurry out and get a drink, you'll have a fit, we want you to get out quick and not have a fit in this rink. If you are a woman and left an old, crusty, bearish husband at home, and he'll scold you and quarrel with you if you stay out ten minutes after nine, why, you can leave now and sit up with your old bear at home; but I want

EVERY WOMAN

who has a decent husband and every man who is not on

the verge of delirium tremens to sit until the service is over to-night. Hear that? A great many in this town are in a hurry about getting to hell, but I don't see why you should hurry home as you do. What's the use in it? I hope I won't see you gather your hat and break out before the benediction is pronounced at this service; it is ungentlemanly and unladylike in you, and if I didn't have any religion I'd be a gentleman or a lady as long as I lived. I say things plainly so that you can get at what I mean, and now you have my mind on this subject, and if you can't sit until the service is over you needn't come at all. No sense in it! That's one characteristic of an audience in this town, you can't hold them until you pronounce the benediction. If you have self-respect enough you ought to behave yourself, especially when you come to hear a preacher.

"I move that we all sit here to-night until the benediction is pronounced. Anybody second that motion? It is moved and seconded, then, that all sit here until the benediction is pronounced. Everybody in favor of the proposition say Ay. It is

UNANIMOUSLY ADOPTED.

Everybody has voted to behave himself to-night, and now let's do our best on that line."

Brethren, we invite your attention, your prayerful attention, this evening to these verses in the last chapter of I. Thessalonians:

"Rejoice evermore; pray without ceasing: in everything give thanks. For this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

A majority of Christian people, to say nothing about worldlings, would have understood St. Paul as well if he had said, "The heterogeneous, hetero-politico effusions

of his prolific imagination induced him to supplicate elaboration in their pessimism." Understood one about as well as the other.

"Rejoice evermore; pray without ceasing: in everything give thanks." A man who understands practically what those three verses teach is not only a Christian, but he is a Christian philosopher. The man who has learned the practical lesson of this exhortation in this text that you may rejoice evermore and pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks—that man is a philosopher as well as a Christian. There's a great deal of philosophy in Christianity, and the best philosophers make the best Christians always.

Now, "rejoice evermore." We may take this term "rejoice;" it is a

VERY DIFFERENT WORD

from happy or happiness. Our word "happy" comes from the same word that "happening" comes from, and my happiness depends largely on fortuitous happenings; but joy is very different in its origin, and very different in its effects on the human heart and life. Joy, when we analyze it, is a sort of trinity or unity. We say, first, that Scriptural joy on the man side, and I stay on that side; I live there, and I've got little business on any other side of the gospel except the human side. I know while I attend to my business the Lord will attend to His, and my big fear is not about all the Lord won't do or will do, but my big fear is about myself. I'm uneasy about myself. I'm troubled about myself; but my faith and hope in God is as infinite as the universe is broad, and I have to do with myself; and if I will run myself like God wants me to run He will do for me all He wants to do for me. We say the man side of this joy is a trinity in

unity. 1. I am satisfied with the past. 2. I am contented with the present. 3. I am hopeful for the future. If you will combine these three elements in a human life I will show you a man who rejoices evermore. "I am satisfied, first, with the past." How many persons in this audience to-night can look back over the past and say, "I have

DONE MY BEST

since the day I started in on a religious life?" Let me say right here, brethren, that heaven is just the other side of where a man has done his best; and sanctification, when you boil it down to where we can get hold of it, is nothing more nor less than doing the best you can under the circumstances. That's sanctification. That's practical sanctification, and, really, I don't care much about any other sort. I want a practical religion, and practically a happy death, and a practical home in heaven; and the way to get a practical happy death, and practically a happy home in heaven, is to be practically a Christian in this world. "I am satisfied with the past." That's the grandest thing a man ever said: "I have done my best; I have done my best." I was talking some time ago with a grand old man in our State, one of the noblest men I ever knew, and he said, "Jones, I don't know what people talk so much about second blessing for. I got all that was necessary in the first place." "Well," said I, "What do you mean?" The old man replied, "Jones, when I got religion I told the truth, and I have stuck to it ever since. When I told God I was going to quit my meanness, I quit it; I meant what I said." "Well," said I again, "old uncle, may be you did wrong

AFTER YOU REPENTED."

Said he, "If I did God would have told me so." Then

I began to think, and I said to him, "Do you mean to say you never repeated a sin you repented of?" and he said to me, "Certainly not, sir, never."

Right there, brethren, I bring in this point. I said yesterday at Farwell Hall that if we would only quit our lying we would get nine-tenths of our difficulties out of the road. Mr. Finney relates an incident that occurred at one of his revival services. One of the elders in the Presbyterian church received an overwhelming baptism of the Holy Spirit, and that day there came in from an adjoining town an elder from another church. At the dinner table this elder discovered he could almost read traces and movement of the divine power in the very face of his host. Finney says himself he was sitting at the table. This visiting elder looked at his host and said: "Tell me how it is you have received such heavenly baptism?" "How did you get it?" he asked. The host looked at him and said: "I fell down on my knees and told God, 'I have told you my last lie. I will never tell you another lie while I live,' and the Holy Ghost descended on me, and I have been so gloriously filled since that time I scarcely know whether I am

IN THE BODY

or out." This elder to whom the host was speaking then jumped up from the table and ran into a sitting-room near by, and fell down on his knees and prayed: "My God, I have told you my last lie. I will never tell another on my knees or off my knees in my life," and when they arose and walked from the dinner table the holy blessing fairly beamed. He had received the baptism, and went on his way rejoicing.

Brethren, that's our trouble. We have been promis-

ing God all our life that we would quit our meanness and get to doing right, but we never have done it.

If I was to stop at this point and ask every Christian in the house who never told God a lie to stand up—and I don't want to make that proposition, because there are too many old sinners in the house, and I don't want them exposed—how many do you suppose there are here to-night could stand up and say, "I told God the truth at the beginning, and have stuck to it to this hour. I said I would quit my meanness, and I did it. I said I would not do wrong, and I would not. I said I would do right, and I have done it." I want to say we have a good many people who, when they look back over their lives, find they haven't done much that was wrong, and they haven't done much

THAT WAS RIGHT,

either. I want to tell you that every man's condemnation is bottomed on this one word, neglect, neglect! From the time Christ prefigured the judgment all man was condemned for neglect. Take the best citizen in Chicago, the most influential, one of the most highly honored, and let him be everything else you want him to be, and yet he neglects to pay his debts, and there isn't a tramp in town who would have any respect for him. Isn't that a fact? My duty is my debt to God, and if I neglect to pay my debts to God, there isn't an angel in heaven who would respect me even if I had sneaked in there unnoticed, but got in, however, at last. Duty! "I am satisfied with the past, with myself as a father. I have been a good example, and have led a Christian life before my children. I am satisfied with myself as a mother. I have done my duty to my children. I am satisfied with myself as a Methodist. I have

kept my vows to my church. I am satisfied with myself as a Baptist, as I have done my duty toward my church. I am satisfied with myself as a Presbyterian, as I have carried the banner of my church and I have never suffered it to trail in the dust." Brethren, here's a source of joy. I have done my best from the time I started

UNTIL THIS HOUR.

Can you say that? Brethren, did you ever, when your innocent children played about in your lap, say: "I am the purest father God ever blessed with children?" Did you ever say that? Mother, have you looked at your innocent children, as they threw their soft, white arms around your neck, and said: "I am the purest mother God ever blessed with children?" What is your home life? "I am satisfied. I have done my duty." Sister, you may be satisfied with some things in your home to-night, but you'll be very much dissatisfied later along. You card-playing fathers and mothers! Playing cards with your children! You may think that's very nice now, but when you turn out on the streets of this city of Chicago three more gamblers from your so-called Christian home you are going to get very much dissatisfied with the way you have made things at your house.

I think statistics will bear me out when I assert that nine out of every ten gamblers in this country were raised in Christian—so-called Christian—homes. They are the most refined, best educated, and best-raised men in all the land—gamblers—and they come from the homes where mother and father have dedicated them to God, and maybe had them baptized in the name of the Trinity. I want to say

ANOTHER THING

in my place here to-night. They say, "Jones you hit a little thing as hard as you hit a big thing." Yes, I do, brethren. Our church is paralyzed in this country. It hasn't the power, and we may just as well acknowledge up that we haven't it. Hear me! It is not lying that is hurting the church, nor stealing, nor drink. It is not that sort of meanness that is hurting the church. Those sort of church members don't hurt us. Everybody knows they are vagabonds, and pays no attention to them. Hear me. If you want to know what is demoralizing the church and what is paralyzing the power of the church, I'll tell you. It is this tide of worldliness that is sweeping over the Christian homes of this country. That's it! Oh, my sister, the day you entered society you laid down your piety, and you know it as well as I do, and you feel it as strongly as you feel that you exist; and I declare to you to-night, a woman that gives up her piety and consecrated life to enter society, she begins a life of misery that hardly a damned spirit can exceed in suffering.

Society! What do you want to go in society for? What do you want to run into society for? Society! A hollow, miserable, dirty, sneaking wretch it is. Heartless, heartless. I have said many a time I would rather my daughter would get

RATTLE-SNAKE BITTEN

than society bitten. I will tell you. I will define myself, so you will know who I mean. Whenever you see a card-room in a house, and a wine-room and a billiard-room; when you see those things in the homes in this community, let me say to you there is a family that be-

longs to the society of the city, whether the balance of the crowd will acknowledge them or not! That is owing to how much money you have got, and how freely you spend it, whether they will take you in or not. I am satisfied with the way I run my family. We are getting at the source of joy now,—we are getting at the source of joy. In all my experience I have never met a single man who prayed in his family night and morning and paid his just debts and lived honestly who would cover up cards in his home. Do you know any, brethren? I get to the point sometimes, when they say: “Jones, you said some mighty hard things; you ought to apologize.” Ought to apologize! Well, sir, if I say anything while I am in Chicago that hurts a man that prays night and morning in his family and pays his just debts and has got but one wife and lives right before all men; if I hurt that sort of a man I will apologize. I say I will apologize to that sort every time, but I will die before I will apologize to you, uncircumcised Phillistines! I won't do it. I am.

SATISFIED WITH THE PAST,

with the way I have lived before my family, the way I have acted towards my church, the way I have lived in my community; satisfied with my example in all respects.

Now you are laying the foundation for Scriptural joy. Then the next point is I am contented with the present. Now, when a man is satisfied with the past, looks back with pleasure and joy with the consciousness that he has done his best and who is contented with the present—he who is contented is rich, and rich enough. St. Paul said right along: “I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.” He said another thing on

that line. "Godliness with contentment is a great gain." Brother, a contented man has one of the elements of real Scriptural joy in his life. And I will say another thing: Until a man builds on God's pattern—first, let the past be what it ought to be, and then look with a broad view upon this world and say, whatever is past, as far as I am concerned, I am contented with it; and then, hopeful for the future, that man is happy anywhere and happy everywhere. Hear me, brethren. Hope, as it shines upon a consecrated past and a contented present, is like the mile-posts on the way to God and tells us how far we have come, and how much further we have got to go. Thank God for hope in

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE,

and we sing, "What a blessed hope is ours while here on earth we stay!" I am satisfied with the past, contented with the present, hopeful for the future. Well, you see I am right there on that point. I am trying to find out why you are a joyous Christian. You will find the secret right along in there. Now, brethren, what are you going to do? Thank God, we can do something; thank God, there is only one thing necessary to be done. Let us go to God in honest penitence and tell him: "My Lord, this night I burn up the cards; this night I turn out the wines and entertainments; this night I draw the line and I come over to God's side. Good Lord, forgive me for the way I have lived as a professor of religion." Then comes in the pardon. God says he will blot out the past; he will blot it out. Thank God for the provision which more than makes fit poor wayward men like we are. Brother, you will never have a better night than this to have a settlement with God. You can't take a better time than this night to drive out from

your homes the things that are demoralizing your homes and ruining your children. I say this much: Whenever you find a deck of cards, and a box of champagne, and a billiard-table, and a lot of theatre tickets in Sam Jones's house,—if you go in the back way and get these things

SCATTERED ALL ABOUT

in the house and knock at the front door, you will find Sam Jones lying in bed, and if they come in over my dead body they will never come in until I breathe my last breath. You can let them in if you want to, you can let them in your house if you want to run that line, but thank God I am one man—if I am the only man in the universe, I am going to be one man that puts my foot down on those things that are demoralizing so many young people in this country. There is a man with a deck of cards in his hand; he need not inquire where his boy is; he is a member of the club; he is out in society and you gave him the start on the way that he has gone; and this boy will bring you in gray-haired sorrow to your grave. You mark what I tell you. You showed him how. You gave him the key to the whole trick, and now he is gone from under your influence. As many a father has said to me, "Oh, what can I do with my children? They are breaking my wife's heart." I knew an old man some time ago; he was a man who set a bad example to his boys in drinking. He would have it about his house and he would drink it in the presence of his boys when they were little. Now, there are three of his boys gone into dissipation and degradation, until it is killing their mother by the inch; and that man says, "Jones, what can I do? My boys are

BREAKING THE HEART

of the best wife a man ever had." "Well," said I, "you

have got the biggest problem in the universe. Now, I don't know what to tell you to do, but I know what I would do." He said, "What!" I said, "Now, if my boys, if I saw them taking the last drop of blood, drop by drop, from my wife's heart; if I saw them turning my wife's golden hair into the color of silvered gray, and I saw them ploughing furrows day by day in my precious wife's face, I am going to my boys, to their room before they get up in the morning, and I am going to say, 'You poor besotted wretches, you; you have almost killed your mother, and you are killing her by the inch. Now, boys, get your breech-loading shot-guns and come down to the breakfast-table, all three of you, with your guns loaded with buckshot, and put the muzzle to your precious mother's head and fire every barrel. You shan't kill my wife by the inch. You shall kill her and be done with it.'" And there is many a boy in this town that would do his precious mother a favor if he would take home a double barrel shot-gun to-night and kill her. These things are terrible that you are doing, and don't forget it. I don't forget it. Oh, mothers, fathers, let's call a halt; let us bring these matters to an understanding at our homes and say, "We are done." At Chattanooga I had a talk

TO THE MOTHERS

there one afternoon, and I was to talk to the men that night. I talked to the mothers about cards and wine at their homes, and that night one mother and daughter went home, and when they got up from supper the young man said, "Mother, you and sister get the cards, and I can beat you again to-night." Mother looked at him and said, "Son, I heard Mr. Jones this afternoon, and settled it before God when I came back, on my knees, I

have played my last cards; and I have taken the cards and laid them on the gr^{ate} and they have been burned up." "Well," he said, "sister, if I will go down town and get another deck will you play with me?" "No, brother; no, brother; I have played my last cards. I heard that sermon." He says, "Well, I am going down town, then, and I will find somebody that will play." Mother looked at him and said, "My precious boy, go and hear Mr. Jones to-night." That mother's boy walked out and came to the church and was convicted, and came to the altar and was converted, and joined the church and went back home praising God; and the mother threw her arms around him and said, "Glory be to God, my boy is converted the first night. I resolved to do my religious duty toward him." Well, fathers and mothers, wake up to this thing. Your boy is almost gone now. Let us

DO OUR BEST

to save our boys instead of teaching them the quickest way and the nearest steps to hell. Let us quit that. I am satisfied with the past. I have done my duty to my family, and I have done my duty toward them; and if I have one thing above another to praise God for, it is this. I thank God, with my six sweet children at home—and I love them better than I love my own life—I thank God not a single one of those precious children ever looked in their father's face when he was not a consecrated Christian trying to do right and get to heaven. My children shall never be lost while I set a good example and pile up family prayers mountains high; and if they go to hell, they will go through rivers of my tears. I love my children; I say, God bless you parents. Call a halt; it is time; it is time. If you can't touch a man when you talk to him about his children, he has got no heart, that

is the truth about it. If that woman in all her worldliness, all her love of fashion, all her greediness to outshine in society, when you get her to see her children, get her to see how she is dragging her children to hell with her; if you don't wake that mother up, you won't wake her up anywhere between this and eternal destruction. And I will declare another thing to you all. You all are

PERFECTLY WILLING

to sit here and say "Amen" all night long if I would abuse drunkards and abuse gamblers and abuse thieves; you would sit here and say "Amen" and say, "Lay on, Macduff; give it to 'em!" But when I begin to talk to you people about making drunkards and making gamblers and making dissipated and dissolute persons in your own homes, then you prick up your ears and say, "I belong to the 'bung tung' of this town; you must mind how you talk." I have a contempt for you. Let us call a halt along here, and let us, on our knees before God let us repent of these things to-night, for you needn't think you have not gone far enough; you have, you have.

I am satisfied with the past, I am content with the present, I am hopeful for the future. Well, now, this is the secret of a happy life; there is the secret of a happy life. I don't want to go through this world but once, but I want to go through it in a way that I will have nothing to regret when I get to my journey's end. I want to live right before God and my family, so that when I come to die I can say to my children, "Go and live just like your father has lived, and do just like he has done, and as certain as Christ died for sinners, some of these days we will all meet in heaven." Satisfied with the past, content with the present, and

HOPEFUL FOR THE FUTURE.

This gives me the attitude and the altitude where I can rejoice evermore. Happy all the day long. That is the joy and song of my heart.

Then we take the next verse and hurry along, for I have preached already twice to-day, and you have no idea how hard it is to hold at the third service. Nothing but a consuming desire to do good to men would ever make me do it. You couldn't hire me to do it. "Pray without ceasing." Well, you say, "I can sort of see how a fellow can act when he can rejoice evermore; but talk about praying without ceasing, that is all foolishness. A man has got to work; he has got to do other things. A man can't just pray all the time. That won't do at all." I heard of a fellow once who had so much work to do on a certain day that he just had to lay all down and stop and pray three hours in order to get through with his work. Well, you say, "That is the biggest foolishness I ever heard of in my life." See that engine stop yonder? The schedule of that passenger train is forty-five miles an hour, and that train has stopped still. I look at and I say, "What does this all mean? The engineer has stopped and he is on schedule time. Why don't he go on? What has he stopped for? He has stopped one minute, two minutes, three minutes, five minutes. Oh,

WHY DON'T HE GO ON?"

I look down a little closer and he is letting coal into the tender and water into the tender. He has spent his six minutes at the station, and his tender is filled with coal and filled with water, and I see him look back at his tender with coal, and he catches hold of the lever of the whistle, and he announces the fact that he is going to

start. He says to himself, "I have lost six minutes, but I have got steam-power enough there to carry me along sixty miles an hour if I wanted to go that fast, but if I had run by the coal-station I would have got stalled on the first grade. But I have power enough to carry me through." I will tell you, brethren, when you run up to God Almighty's coal-and-water station, you must take on enough for your needs. That is it. That is the way to get steam to make the trip. That is the meaning of prayer. I will say a thing now, and I would say it loud enough for all the earth to hear me. We have got men that won't pray in public and won't pray in their families. Do you want to know why that is? It is because they don't pray anywhere. Hear me. I want to be understood now, if you don't understand anything else to-night. The man who really prays anywhere will pray everywhere. The man who maintains secret prayer

WILL PRAY EVERYWHERE

in God's world that you call on him. You say the reason you don't pray in your family is just because you are timid. That is a lie. It is because you are mean, and you know it. Talk about a great big fellow, with whiskers six inches long, who will go down on 'Change and talk bigger than any man in the pit, and he won't go home and pray with his children. He is so timid, he can't do it. "You know I would do it if I wasn't so timid." These little timid fellows, you know. Look here. If a man don't pray in his family there is but one reason for it, and that is because he don't live right before his family. I know what I am talking about. I recollect once since I was converted I got up one morning kind of out of humor, and I said some things I had no business to say. I had the dyspepsia, they said. It was

meanness. Every time a fellow gets his meanness off it is dyspepsia. Do you hear that, wife? As I said, I was talking right smart around that morning, and directly just before the breakfast-bell rang, wife got down the Bible. I looked at it, and I would have given fifty dollars that morning if I had had some preacher there to have prayer in the family for me. Oh, how I hated to get down after talking that way. Brother, when you get to living right before your family it is just as easy to

PRAY BEFORE THEM

as it is to sit down and eat before them. Great big Sam Jones talking about his timidity! If I was a woman and had married a man that didn't have sense enough to pray with me and my children; if I was a woman, I would go to the Legislature and have my name changed back to to what it was, and I would—I—I would—I—would—I would let him take my name, so folks could ask him what his name was before he was married. I would change my name if I had married a rat-ferrier that didn't have sense enough to pray in the family. If I had been unfortunate enough to be the wife of a man that couldn't get the old Bible and pray with me and my children, it just seems to me that I would take the duty upon myself; I would do it. I would get up some morning, and I would tell the children, "You get that little tin rattle-box and keep your little father quiet now, while I have family prayer." Sister, if he didn't have enough manhood about him to pray with me and my children, I would take the baby out of the cradle, and I would ram him down in there and nurse him at my breast the balance of his life. I would. You little bit of an insignificant thing, you. If I didn't have sense enough to pray

in my family, I tell you what I would do. I would go and hire me an old colored man that wife and children

HAD CONFIDENCE IN,

and I would pay him by the month to come and hold family prayer for me. I would. Let us see how many of this Christian audience to-night pray with their wives and children. How many of you men, how many of you read the word of God and pray with your families? Now, I mean, read a chapter to your family, or part of a chapter, and get down and lead your household in prayer in your own home. Now, how many of you do that night and morning, or even at night at your home? Let us see how many Christian people—and every man that does do it will stand up, you needn't doubt that—every one of you who does that stand up, every one of you who has family prayer. [A small number stood up.] Now, I see here is about forty out of 6000. [A Voice—Perhaps some did not hear you.]

The preachers want that tested. I tell you, brethren, that will be one of the most important points that I make in Chicago—this point of family worship. Now you mark it, I wouldn't give the flip of my finger for your big revivals unless we can get religion into the fathers and mothers of this country. There's no use talking, we can't bring the children up to Christ without prayer in your family. We want to have this thing tested. Now, then, all of you, every man in this house,

EVERY CHRISTIAN

who reads the word of God to his children, and leads in prayer in his home, and who prays for his family; everybody, in the gallery and on the lower floor, get up and proclaim to the world that you pray in your family, and

try to live right. I want to put the proposition fairly. Well, there are a good many mothers, and thank God for that. Now, there are about one hundred and fifty people. I said one night at a meeting like this, I said a man that has not got enough religion to pray in his family has not got enough to get to heaven with. I said a man that don't pray in his family has no religion at all. Well, one fellow took me to do about it, and was about to jump on me. He says, "Didn't you say last night that a man who wouldn't pray in his family had no religion?" Said I, "Yes, sir." He says, "Well, sir, you are mistaken; I have got as much religion as you have, and I don't pray in my family." He says, "Well, it is true, I don't enjoy religion." "Well," said I, "do you know the reason you don't enjoy religion?" He said "No." Says I, "It is because you have got no religion. It is the most enjoyable thing in the world." I met an old woman who was enjoying poor health, and I know if anybody can enjoy poor health they certainly ought to

ENJOY RELIGION

if they have any. I said a man had no religion, and finally I said to him, "What is religion?" He says "You say." "Well," says I, "religion is loyalty to God." He says, "That is right." "Well," said I, "my loyalty to my duty is the test of my loyalty to God, ain't it?" He says, "Yes." "Well," said I, "if I am disloyal to my duty can I be loyal to God?" He says, "Well—" he says, "I—I never thought of it that way before." But that night he went home, and he says, "Wife, get down that Bible;" he says, "that little sallow-faced preacher just knocked the back out of me this morning." Talk about a man being religious who does not pray in his family! Ridiculous! I found out long ago that religion

is a good thing to have, and a father wants his wife and children to have all the good things in the world, and the next thing you hear from him he will be leading in prayer and demonstrating his religion in his family, and they will fall into line with him. Brother, if you don't pray in your family, you go home and begin to-night. Do you hear that? You begin to-night. Here you are now, wondering why Jones didn't institute his inquiry-room, and think I had ought to call them up about now. Call who up? Will you come, brother? Will you come? Will you go in there to-night, you mean,

RUSTY OLD SINNER,

if I call them up? I mean you, Brother Smith, there! You never prayed in your family in your life, and you wouldn't pray in public on invitation. Will you come? I will never let up on you until you will come, sir, or until you go home and stay there. I am going to have your hide or your seat before this thing is over. I don't believe in us Christian people being guilty of neglect of duty and doing just like we please, and let the poor sinners come up and be converted. Brother, if I was to live such a life as you live I would rather my children would never be converted at all than to come into the church and go from the heights of profession to the depths of damnation. If I must go to hell, God grant I may never go through as a professor of religion. "Pray without ceasing." How many people in this house hold family prayer and go to the theatre? How many people in this house that pray in their families, play cards in their families? How many people in this house who give wine suppers pray at night and morning with the children? Ah, brother, those things won't mix, and you

needn't tell me they will. They won't. Pray in your families. I like family prayer, and I can't get along without it at my house. I told them last summer in my town—my neighbors came to me and said, "Jones, you are

BREAKING YOURSELF DOWN;

you have got to stop; you have got to stay at home." "Now," I said, "I will tell you how you can get me to stay away. You just get my wife to sign an obligation that she won't read the Bible and pray night and morning with my children, and I am gone. Then I won't stay a night away from them any more. I wouldn't leave my wife and children to go anywhere to preach to anybody unless my wife would agree to be the priest of my home, and keep my children in the way of life." Then, another thing, if wife gets sick and can't get out of bed, then my little girl will call the others in, and she will read the Bible and pray with them. And I believe, if she didn't, little 8-year-old Bob, if all the balance were in bed sick, I believe Bob would call the nurse in with the baby, and, with his little prattling sister, read the Bible the best he could and have family prayer. I tell you, brother, I like that line. I want to get God's old family-prayer elevator down into my house every night, and let wife and children get into it and all go to heaven for a few minutes, and then come back and go to bed. And then in the morning, before the breakfast bell rings, down comes God's old family-prayer elevator, and we will all get into it for a few minutes and go to heaven, and come back and get our breakfast and go to work. If I can just get

WIFE AND CHILDREN

to heaven that way a few years, they will be such children

that when they come to die they will go to heaven as naturally as they breathe. The Lord save my home. God save my home. If there is one thought that my mind dwells upon in restful, peaceful moments, it is when I am looking ahead to that happy time when I shall dwell with my wife and loved ones in heaven. And I say to you this, I am deprived of many of the blessings and privileges of my home, and it makes me sad; and when my precious little ones throw their arms around my neck and the tears drop out of their eyes, and as I pull away from them to go to my duties, no one but God knows how my heart bleeds.

Some of these days, I don't know when—my wife says two or three more years—wife will say, "You had better stop;" and I have seen the tears in her eyes as she spoke, and I have said, "Wife, how can I stop? I must finish my course. I will do my work while God lets me live;" and some of these days I will kiss wife and children good-by and go home to heaven, and when I stand at the pearly gates—for I shall never go far away from the gate of entrance to the glories of God—waiting until wife comes, and it will be a grand hour in heaven when wife comes winging her way into glory, and she will say, "I have come up through much tribulation to enjoy this heaven with you forever." And wife and I shall sit under the shade of

THE TREE OF LIFE,

and we will see an archangel winging his way rapidly toward us, and he will stop at our seat and will brush little Mary—our Mary—from under his wing, and say, "You trained her for everlasting life, and she is with you now forever," and then a few more moments will glide by, and I will see another angel winging his way

towards us, and I will whisper to wife, "There comes another angel, with another of our precious ones," and he lays his precious burden at our feet, and wife says, "Blessed be God, two are here and forever." And when the last one comes sweeping in, we will all join hands forever. Mother, children, all of us in home in heaven forever. Then will I have received pay for every lick I have ever struck for God and right on this side of the grave. God bless and save you, brethren.

I cannot go further now with this text, brethren, as I have talked over an hour; but may God bless you and save you all here and forever. Now every man that wants to be saved, and wants his precious wife and children to be saved to the better world, stand up!

A BAD BEGINNING.

MORNING SERVICE AT THE CHICAGO AVENUE CHURCH.

This is the sixth service that I have been with you, and this is the last service I shall be with you, perchance. We concentrate our forces in the organized union effort on the South Side next week; but I shall carry many of your faces, and I trust all of your spirits, upon my heart in prayer. I want you to pray for me and pray God that I may be efficient and useful and only

USEFUL AND GOOD.

Give us your prayers that God may make this specially

a sweet service to us, and that we may have a foretaste of what we shall enjoy, not only the balance of our lives here, but with the everlasting life in the world to come. If I have done nothing more, in the few services I have been with you in this church, I trust I have engaged an interest in your prayers for me, for my home, and for my work.

We select this very familiar text to all of us as a very appropriate one, not only for this occasion, but for us to think of occasionally:

“Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joys of thy Lord.”

Everything must have a beginning. Every religious life, like every physical life, had its beginning. And there is a great deal in a good start. That old adage is the very essence of nonsense, that we frequently quote, “A bad beginning makes a good ending.” It’s false—false in philosophy, it’s false in the nature of things that a bad beginning makes a good ending. It is not true of it in farming. It is not true of it in merchandising, and it is not true of it in anything; but, above all things, it is fatally untrue in a religious point.

And really, brethren, I have but to watch the beginning of any cause to determine whether it will

SUCCEED OR NOT.

For instance, I see a man beginning the year as a farmer. I see him loitering about his home during the months of January and February and March. He doesn’t turn his hand to do anything; he loiters about until it’s along about time for him to plant and hoe. When I see that man beginning the year that way as a farmer, I unhesitatingly pronounce him a failure and the crop he gathers, or the piece of crop he gathers that fall, will prove

my prophecy. When I see a young lawyer, or rather a young man in the profession of law, and see him as he loiters away day after day and spends his evenings with the young ladies at their homes, I soon say, "Well, I don't know what you may make in other directions, but you will never succeed as a lawyer." So we might say of every undertaking.

But when I see a farmer is as busy in January as in June, and as active in February as in July, I'll tell his neighbors,

"You watch that man; he means business; he commenced right; he'll make a crop."

And when I see a young lawyer burning the midnight gas, and see him poring over Blackstone, Greenleaf, and Chitty, and studying the code, I see, as I watch the color fade from his cheek and the light of his eye growing brighter every day—as I watch that young man, I say, "That young man

WILL MAKE A LAWYER

that this country will be proud of."

There is a great deal in starting—a great deal in a first-class start, whichever direction you take. Above all things, I want a man to take a good start in religion. Even a child born in an ice-house may live, but, as Talmage says, it will never get over the chill of its birth.

The speed and momentum and destination of a cannon-ball are to be determined always by how much powder is behind it; and your speed and course to the good world will depend a great deal upon how you start. To start well, and to hold on to what you have got and to get more if you can—that's it. You have seen many men come into the church slowly and uncertainly, and make but little headway in their religious life. If I had to go

to hell, I think I should like to hit that gait, and go there as slowly as possible.

Slow Christianity does not mean anything:

In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise.
 Hosannas languish on our tongue,
 And our devotion dies.

Some people go toward heaven with a great deal more heaviness, and a great deal more slowness, and a great deal less activity than other people go to hell. That's a fact.

I can see a sinner in this town

ON A DOUBLE-QUICK

every minute going toward hell and laugh in joy on his way, while a great many of God's people are dragging along as if they were going to misery, and say, "I'll put the fearful day off as long as I can." That won't do, brother; it's wrong.

The fact is, I am out of patience with this slow-moving Christianity. The devil can run a mile a minute while we are pulling on our boots, and he gets there and gets the game before we've gotten ready to start.

This world has gotten to a point—for instance, in a railroad phase—this world has come up to a point where it won't put up with those little two-wheeled engines running along at the rate of three miles an hour. What did the world? It said, "You hasten up that machine; we don't want to ride on that schedule." What did the railroad do? Why, it just pried up that engine and put eight more wheels under it. Now it goes sixty miles an hour. The world says, "We like that."

These little two-wheeled concerns, that go jigger, jig-

ger, jigger ! all the time, and don't make but three miles an hour, they make schedule time—their schedule time—but it isn't but three miles an hour. Ah me ! brother, we have got tired of that sort of thing.

And now, brother, is your religious life like one of these little two-wheeled engines on the track ? The Lord God

SIDE-TRACK ALL SUCH !

I don't want you in my way ; I can't put up with your schedule of three miles an hour. I want you side-tracked or dumped in the ditch, for you are a nuisance on the main line of the grand trunk railway to heaven. You are a nuisance, you are in the way.

If I had a Southern audience, I'd say you'd never "get there, Ely," on that line—and you never will.

Of course Northern or Western people never indulge in slang or other expressions than those pleasing to the ear, or utterances except courteous and respectable. You manufacture more slang in Chicago in one day than we use in one year in the South. That's the plain, honest truth. But, thank God, slang is not sinful unless it is sinful in its meaning. God does not care how you put words to glorify Him. We have never heard of a grammar-school in heaven yet.

I can get along with a critic's criticism as to my doctrine and teachings, but I have the profoundest contempt for those little nibblers who are always asking,

"Did you notice how he butchered the English grammar ?" "Did you observe how he annihilated rhetoric ?" Now, when a whale comes along and swallows me up I can sort of stand it, but this way of being nibbled to death by minnows I have no patience with. I had just as soon be beaten on the head by a rubber balloon ; it

don't hurt any; it's just an annoyance. I would a great deal rather that a police-officer should knock me on the head with his club and be done with it at once than to be pounded by these rubber balloons. That just annoys me, and a decent man does

HATE TO BE ANNOYED.

I say we want a better start somehow or another—better momentum, that's what we need. This little two-wheeled Christianity! What's the matter with it? There is but one trouble. It hasn't wheels enough. You say your little prayers and read your Bible. But listen. Praying in your family, praying in public, visiting the sick, relieving the needy, giving to missions, supporting the gospel, if you will just put about eight of these wheels under your engine, you will roll along toward the good world at the rate of a mile a minute. You can't afford at a less gait than that, or the devil will catch up with you.

The devil don't run after some of you, anyway; he just lies down and goes to sleep and lets you catch up with him. The devil just looks behind him to see how long it will be before we catch up to him. Listen, we want activity; we want movement; we want to get a good start. Are you in earnest? Do you mean it? Are there dangers behind me, and difficulties all around me?

Is it necessary that I lay aside every weight—anything that will hinder me in running?

Running, running. That was St. Paul's word. No crawling in church; no creeping in church, but running, running, running, with all your might.

Movement. The speed of an engine is determined by the height of

ITS DRIVING-WHEEL,

and your speed to the good world, the height and depth of your purpose will determine the time you make in conquering evil, and you will make your way to the good world in spite of the difficulties that follow in your track.

“Well done, well done, thou good and faithful servants; enter into the joy of thy Lord!” Well finished! You know that everything that is finished had a beginning. Well-done purpose; well completed.

You start well. I like a good start, brother, and that means I will forsake everything that’s wrong; I will do everything that’s right; for every half a chance I get I won’t wait for a whole chance. I’ll take a two-point chance, and that’s getting down pretty near as low as the exchange quotes it.

Well, now, listen: “Well done” means not only well commenced, but it means well rounded, completed. Brother, sister, it means not only well commenced, but to carry it on. As you receive Christ Jesus, the Lord, so walk ye in Him. Will you seek religion and go to the theatre while you are seeking it? Can you get religion and go to the theatre? If so, how? It’s sorter like a character in the negro minstrels. He plays the character of a white man one night and that of a negro the next. He blacks up his face one night, and to save his soul he can’t wash the black, oily stuff off to play the white man. There are bound to be

BLACK SPOTS ON IT.

A man seeking religion and going to the theatre! It can’t be done. It’s impossible. The two things are incompatible to each other. A man can’t play cards and seek religion too.

Brother, sister, I cast all these things from me, that hinder me in that heavenly race. Blessed be God, I won't do a thing now that I would not have done when I was seeking religion.

Here, I was preaching in a city once and a man came up to me and said:

"I am outraged with the Christianity of some of the churches in this city."

"What!" said I.

"Why, I saw the bishop, last night, lay his hands on a class of twenty and confirm them, in the name of the Trinity, with the most solemn ceremony;" and he said, "Twelve out of that twenty were in a ballroom the next night, dancing."

"Well, what about that, whether it's the very next night or the very next year, after they were confirmed. How long ought a fellow to wait after he is received into the church before he dances? How long ought a woman to wait, after her husband dies, before she gives a fashionable entertainment?" Let me tell you, God helping me, if I've got to dance I wouldn't do the dirty work the next night and go on and be religious. If we are going to dance at all, let's just not do it and pretend to be religious. It does not accord with Christianity. Because, forsooth, twelve of them were in the ballroom the next night, how long

OUGHT THEY TO WAIT?

I'll say this much, I might afford to wait ten days, but God keep any man from an experience of dancing ten years after he had joined the church. I want to grow up with the ten years to make me decent.

Well carried on! I begin well, and not only do I begin well, but I carry on this life in cold-blooded earnest,

determined to make my way to God. Now, brother, isn't that best? If I ought to start and carry on well I ought to see what gave me a good start, and just as that gave me a good start, so I ought to continue.

What starts that engine? The strength of the steam in the piston head. Just keep the throttle wide open and keep the steam up, and as the steam rushes in the engine dashes along. Ask yourself what started it, and say, "O God, I take myself from all bad surroundings and start for the good world and Christ."

How can you keep on? "I give up every bad influence." There's some force playing on the piston-heads of souls then, and we move on to glory and to God. I wish all of us could see this.

Brother, it takes exactly the same force always to keep it up that it took to start it.

"Well carried on." Then, as I purpose only to talk twenty-five minutes, we will notice this in conclusion.

"WELL DONE, WELL FINISHED."

Oh, what a bright day in a man's history when he looks back and can thank God for a good start, and then, looking from the start to the crowning glory, say, "Blessed be God, not only have I started well, but I have been faithful to my duty as a Christian!"

St. Paul said, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course." Brother, that is the grandest thing ever said in the world. "I have finished my course." I have done the work God gave me to do. The last brick is put in its place; the last piece of carpenter's work has been performed; the last touch of the brush has been given, and there we behold it, finished, rounded, completed, and God says, "Enough, come up higher." Oh, the aspira-

tion of every true Christian is to finish the work God gave him to do.

Ah, brother, some of us have not our foundations laid yet, and some of us have been running the Christian race for forty years and we haven't gotten a half-mile yet. The Lord be merciful to us and give us time. If he does not, we are gone. Redeem your time. Here's a farmer, for instance. In July the grass takes possession of his crop, and it's

“NIP AND TUCK”

between the grass and the crop; and the crop is injured and he has lost his time, but now he is going to redeem it. He rises early, works late, and doubles his forces, and at last he says, “I have redeemed my time by rising early and working late and putting on a double force.” Sister, brother, let us work in the moral vineyard of God so it can be said to us, “Well done, well finished.” Brother, we are terribly behind.

Oh, brother, let us go to work with all our power. It's just thirty days, and the doctor says, “Your case is a hopeless one.” It's just five minutes, and the doctor says, “Your case is hopeless.” Just two years, and he says, “Your case is hopeless.” Oh, brother, these, and many more will soon be gone. The Lord help us all to arise early and to work late, and to put on increased force and redeem the time, if we can. “Well done, well done,” well finished, well rounded off for the good world.

Oh for God to call me good, call me faithful! Let the world's maledictions and the world's forces be heaped upon me, but, Blessed Father, help me to live so Thou shalt say, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

Brother, let's work for that commendation, for that

GLORIOUS BENEDICTION

at last, when God shall say to us not only, "Well commenced and carried on," but, glory be to God, "Well done, well finished, thou good and faithful servant to the joy of thy Lord."

I have sat down and buried my face in my hands and thought upon the grandeur of heaven. I have lain down at night and slept and dreamed of heaven. I have sat in my library and read the best and sweetest authors on heaven, and then took my Bible and read, "Ear hath not heard, nor eye seen, neither hath it entered into the mind of man to know of the good things that are laid up for those who are faithful and love Him."

Brother, let's, you and I, sacrifice everything for the good world. But what is this sacrifice we talk of? We give up a copper, and God gives us gold in return; we empty our pockets of coal cinders and have them filled with jewels. That's what our sacrifices are. Talking about sacrifices, shut up about that. I gave up nothing, and I get everything, and go on my way rejoicing.

Brother, you can't make any sacrifice for God. And, brother, in the end we shall have

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EVERLASTING LIFE.

Thank God for the bright world where there will be no death, but where we shall have the palm, the harp, towering spires, jasper walls, and pearly gates. But, thank God, there is a country where wife and sweet children shall live, where there shall be no pale faces, no sick body, no grave, no grief, and no black veil, no widows' weeds, but we shall live in perfect peace and happiness forever.

God help us to attain unto the place worthy of our resurrection, and crown you all with everlasting life.

And before we dismiss you I want to know how many there are here who will say, "God help me, not only to begin well, but to begin well now," and say you will continue in well doing. God bless you all.

AFTERNOON SERVICE AT THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Brethren, I share with Dr. Henson this pang of pain in the consciousness that this is the last service in this church. I never felt nearer to God or closer to heaven in all my life than I have felt in Dr. Henson's pulpit, surrounded by the Christian people of Chicago. I thank God for this heavenly atmosphere it has been my privilege to breathe in this church. God bless you. It has been precious to me. I say this because it is the honest sentiment of my heart. I want you to carry this same atmosphere to the rink every afternoon. The cloud I saw nearly a week ago not larger than the size of a man's hand is gathering and growing, and, brethren, we shall see a rain of grace in this city that shall bless thousands of hearts and homes. God grant that it may be so, and let all the people say amen.

We take up two expressions of David this afternoon, and the more you pray as I talk, the more the blessing will come to you individually. I found out years ago that we get out of a service just in proportion as we put into a service. The more prayer and song and praise you put into a service, the more grace and blessing and peace you get out of a service. The house of God is an exchange where we put in our prayers and praise, and God gives us in return the

GRACE AND BLESSING

of his presence, and the more you put in the more you get out.

“Riches are,” or ought to be, “like the palm-tree.” This is one expression of David: “The wicked spreading himself like a green bay-tree.” We narrow the two expressions down to this: “The righteous are like the palm-tree; the wicked like a bay-tree.” First let us stop here and ask, “What is a palm-tree? What is that thing which I am or ought to be like?”

The Eastern people boasted of the fact that the palm-tree was good for three hundred and seventy-six different things. They said, “We live upon its fruits; its sap we make wine of for medicinal purposes; its wood we use for various manufacturing purposes; its bark, its roots, we use for this and that;” and they summed up three hundred and seventy-six different things that the palm-tree is good for. They say that from its topmost sprig to the last atom of its roots it is of use. There is not a particle of the palm-tree that is not useful, and all over, through and through, first to last, it is good for three hundred and seventy-six different things.

“The righteous are,” or ought to be, “like the palm-tree,” good for three hundred and seventy-six different things, good from top to bottom, through and through, and not a particle, soul, body, or spirit, that is not good in the service of God.

The religious of Jesus Christ! My Bible here, brethren, looks upon me as a sort of trinity in unity—a body, a mind, and a spirit. Now a man who takes good care of his body, and eats when he ought to eat, and eats with special reference to the great purpose, that man

IS PHYSICALLY RELIGIOUS.

The man who takes care of his body is physically religious. Then you contemplate the mind. A man who reads the right books, and only the right books, and who improves his mind and grasps at those thoughts which are ennobling and elevate him, that man is mentally religious, he is intellectually religious. A man who looks after the spirit and mind, the things of the spirit; a man who lives in a spiritual atmosphere, and who abides in eternal life, and eternal life abides in him here and now—that man is spiritually religious; and, brethren, I like a religion that permeates a man from the top of his head to the sole of his foot.

I like a religion, a Bible, a gospel, a system that looks after me as I am now—soul, body, spirit; mind, body, spirit. A man who eats too much, sleeps too much, drinks too much, sleeps too little, is a physical sinner, and he will suffer for it too. I don't know how much he'll suffer for it in the next world, but he'll catch it in this—no avoiding that! A man who

PUNISHES HIS MIND.

My mind has its mouth, its tongue, its digestive organs, its life, just as my body has. There's many a starved mind in this country, brethren. If I were to simply feed my body upon husks that had no nutriment, how could I perpetuate physical life? If I do not sit down and eat those things that tend to produce strength and perpetuate life, in so far am I sinning against my body. I wonder what those people are doing that spend their intellectual hours playing cards? How much mental food is there in that? At Walnut Hills, a suburb of Cincinnati a society woman, a member of the church—when you strike that sort of an element, brother, you have a tough

element to work on, sure—believed she was pious, but there was nobody else in the city that believed it, though; no one else in the universe had such an idea as that. She believes she is pious, and belongs to the church. I denounced social card-playing and progressive euchre there that evening. Let me tell you, too, if you play progressive euchre—and I don't care whose son, whose wife, whose husband you are—you are a gambler as much as any blackleg in Cincinnati. That's what I told them there on Walnut Hills. You can't play progressive euchre without the "Booby prize," and you can't play for

A BOOBY PRIZE

without putting up the stakes, and if you win or lose you are a gambler in the sight of God just as much as is the worst blackleg that ever cursed this city. Well, this society woman I was telling you about, said, "Why, I'm disgusted with that preacher. I have a contempt for him. How in the world could I interest my husband at night if I didn't play cards with him? It's the only way I have of amusing my husband." If I was you, sister, I'd send my husband to the asylum. There's scarcely a room in your lunatic asylum that hasn't a deck of cards in it. They amuse the inmates out there with cards, brethren! Sister, you just send your husband out there, and let him spend his evenings out there, to say the least, and let him be amused there, won't you? The Lord pity the woman who has married such an intellectual starveling that she has to sit down and debauch her mind to interest her husband.

Intellectually religious! Thank God for a system, and a gospel of religion, that from foot to scalp makes me a holy man all over! I like that sort! The religion

of Jesus Christ makes me eat just like the engineer fires his engine—to get strength to go on! Nothing more, nothing less. My intellectual nature calls for things that bring out the brain-sweat, and

FILL THE BRAIN

with thoughts like God thinks, and the brightest man in this world is the man who thinks the thoughts of God.

I can see how the righteous are like the palm-tree, for they are good all over, through and through, in every element of their nature. Good for three hundred and seventy-six different things! Brother, how many are you good for? Sister, get out your pencil and a little piece of paper, and let's run the rule of addition over our life. Now, how many things are you good for? I mean how many things are you good for religiously? You can run a world of things outside of your religious duty, but I am talking about things religiously. Now, how many of these things are you good for? That sister yonder says, "Wait a minute, and I'll tell you. I'm good for—I'm good—I'm—I'm—I—I—um." And, brethren, that's just where she'll get to. That brother yonder has been in the church for ten years, and he is idle to-day, and God speaks every day in his hearing, "Go work in My vineyard," and he stands there with his hands in his pockets, and says, "I would go to work in a minute if I only knew anything in the world to go to work at." Whenever you hear a man talk that way, he's a fool or a rascal, one inevitably; and sometimes he's

A COMPOUND OF BOTH,

and then you get him in bad shape indeed! Standing here idle with his hands in his pockets, and there are thirteen hundred and fifty millions of sinners in this uni-

verse ! He's standing around idle, with a world sinking, sinking down to hell, and he says, "I can't find a thing to do !" Brother, when you talk that way, you show mentally you are a blank. If you are intellectual at all, then you are intellectually false, and you misrepresent yourself when you say, "I can't find a thing to do in the world."

I was converted thirteen years ago, and, as God is my judge, I have never found a day since I got religion but what I find some other fellow that hasn't got it. There's work for you. Every sinner in this town is a good field for you to work on. If I was a Christian in Chicago, I wouldn't say, "I can't find a thing in the world to do," and you'd better not go to the judgment and talk that sort of foolishness, for God will say, "Didn't you live in Chicago?" Good anywhere—good everywhere ! Oh, brethren, the Lord gave us the sort of religion that doesn't stand on the banks of the river and shudder and shake with dread, and think; but the Lord gave us the sort of religion that runs and leaps into the current that is lined from source to mouth

WITH HUMAN WRETCHES.

God help us to bring them over. The Lord give us the sort of Christianity that doesn't sit around with folded hands waiting for something to turn up, but give us the sort of Christianity that will get that sort of religion that waits for the iron to get hot, but God help us to pitch in and pound on it until it gets red-hot, and then we can shape it like God wants it shaped. It will get warm under the blows of an honest, earnest heart ! God everywhere, and God all over ! I want the Christianity that makes every deed of my life and every word of my

life a maxim for universal application, and as I apply the maxim the world grows better.

Good for three hundred and seventy-six different things! I have heard some brethren in the church say, "You're all loading me too heavy. I must help myself some. I'm going to quit being deacon. You're all putting everything on me." Look here, brother; get down on your knees and count out the three hundred and seventy-six different things you are good for and busy at, and then when you come out get the measure of the palm-tree, and then you'll let them put anything on you. There's something wrong with the man that lies down on the ground with his cross

ON TOP OF HIM.

Thank God the cross may be heavy, and you may fall under the load, but no sooner are you crushed to earth under its weight until God puts legs to the cross and pulls you up, and says, "The cross shall carry you the rest of the way." Broken down! Tongue lolling out! Tired-to-death Christian.

I am disgusted with the Christianity that breaks down. I look back about eighteen hundred years ago, and I see what the disciples of Jesus Christ went through in order to make their way to God, and to make themselves the ministers of God's grace, and I am ashamed of every officer of religion we have upon the face of the earth. Why, brethren, then they took them out of their homes and stripped them and misrepresented them and crucified them. And yet people are no better now than they used to be. I wonder if the difference is in the preachers, and not with the people? I have been hunting for a martyr for thirteen years. I want to find a martyr; a fellow that died for the truth. If I could get

him I have got a text that I could make things hum. If I could only get the subject. But I have been hunting one for thirteen years, and I have never found a martyr yet. Oh for a Christian that goes to battle red-hot, and makes it so warm for those who sin that this world would surrender, or put that man out of the way. You can get it in that shape if you want it. God forbid that I should bring a railing and a scoffing against any preacher. I would not

STRIKE A BLOW

at you that I would not have myself struck with. But what is the matter with us? We want a Christianity that walks right out. "I am come to send fire on the earth." And a liquor paper in Georgia denounces Sam Jones as a firebrand. God grant that, if I ever have my name changed from Sam Jones to "Firebrand," I may go forth a firebrand in the name of Jesus Christ. Jesus said, "I am come to send fire on this earth." We need an issue, brethren—a clearly defined issue, and we must have it, brethren, if we ever get this city for Christ. The devil now possesses Chicago, and the only road we have to take, in order to get it from him, is the road of Christ.

"Why, do you mean to say that the devil has got possession of Chicago?" you ask. I do not mean to say it; I do say it.

"On what grounds do you say that?"

Bless your life, there could not be four thousand bar-rooms in any city if God's community ran it, for they will run it, lock, stock, and barrel. You need not say one word about it. Brethren, hear it. I know that if Jesus Christ was running this city, I know well and you know that if the Lord Jesus Christ was running this city, these

things would not be as they are. You say, "Jones, you talk as if we had no churches in Chicago!" Yes. But you are not true ministers of the church, unless you denounce the way in which things are run, and the first thing you have got to do is to get twenty thousand on your side, and then say, "We are going to

BRING YOU TO LAW."

Now let me say that if Jesus Christ was running this city, do you suppose that a blackleg gambler could be brought up before a police justice and fined only five dollars for committing an offence both against God and man? But I want to say to you that I don't blame that justice. He ain't to blame. Mark what I tell you. Whenever you get public sentiment on your side, whenever you get right principle and sentiment enough on your side in this city, I will tell you what these Commissioners will do. They will fine gamblers five hundred dollars apiece, and conclude to do it before the trial. Put that down in your little books. I am sorry, I am, really, for a poor fellow who has the law to enforce when the devil is running the city. Very sorry for him! I read an editorial in a leading paper of Cincinnati, a religious paper, saying that if "the religious revival in our city did nothing else, we have been brought to say that we will enforce the law in our city, and will have a moral city." Gracious Father, I thank Thee for that consolatory word; but I pray to God that in this city, where we are, the Ten Commandments will be enforced as the law of God and the law of man. Then, when that comes about true, if there is any fellow in it who does not like to live in that sort of a city, let him emigrate. This is the country where

THE MAJORITY GOVERNS,

and whenever Christ rules the city the good people here will be in the majority. The majority will say to these fellows, "If you don't keep the Ten Commandments we will put you in jail," and then all the others can emigrate. I am sure you will furnish them with free transportation. Would you not like to get rid of them? Do you want to foster and keep in your city those who are enemies of law and order? I have said that I wanted to see one city incorporated and fitted up with the enemies of the Ten Commandments of God and the Sermon on the Mount and with infidels. There it is—a city incorporated; not a church in it; not a single preacher in that city; not even a moral code in that city. Now she is incorporated to herself, and the only difference between that city and hell hereafter is just a question of brimstone. That is all! That is all! Those devils who are carrying on these meannesses always want to come under the protection of Christ Jesus and God's people. And Chicago bar-rooms and all her shameless houses don't want you to do anything more than just to let them call it the city of fires, and let them run their deviltries under the shadow of your morality. God pity us! God have mercy on us! I want a religion that is good to help things

HERE AND NOW.

The Lord help every preacher in this city next Sunday morning to turn his guns on the sin of Chicago; and if you will bombard them in the right way they will run up their white flag within thirty days from to-day. Let them sue you for damages. They cannot make anything out of you, for we have got nothing. They are wel-

come to all they can get out of this chicken. I tell you if any bank in America was to break to-night they would not get me for a hundred dollars; no, not if every bank was to break wide open to-night. Brethren, the best of you won't lose anything. So you go in with the consciousness that you have nothing to lose. That will make you even with them, no matter how the verdict goes. Let the pulpit be sure that it is right, and then go to hitting hard, and push the war into Africa. Rush it right on. How they will howl, and kick, and rear, and pitch, and talk about vulgarity and vulgar witticisms, and slang, and all that sort of thing. But I tell you, brethren, one thing, that you will get at the meanness of them if you will get at them in the right way. Meanness is always cowardly. One good Christian can chase away a thousand, and two good ones put ten thousand to flight if you will

GET GOD WITH YOU.

I hope that every newspaper in this city, and every pulpit in this city, will get square up on the Ten Commandments; and I will tell you that if Josh Billings wrote the Ten Commandments—I don't care who wrote them—a man who don't live up to the Ten Commandments ought to spend his life in the penitentiary of Illinois, and sooner or later, if he don't mend, he will break into that institution, too. They are good for anything and everything; good everywhere, and good at all times. They are good at prayer-meetings. They are good at family prayer. They are good at visiting the sick. They are good at serving the needy. They are good at helping the weak. They are good anywhere and everywhere. Oh, my, how I do like to see a Christian that knows his rights, let you talk about him and abuse him as

you will. How many in this house can say, "I am the Lord's with reserved rights in the world?" Christianity is like the man when he found the pearl of great price. He sold out everything and put it all into the pearl of great price. Brother and sister, have you a reserved right in Christian life? Turn it all over to God. Then He will use you for His glory and your eternal good. A reserved right! Some people promise

TO ENTER A CHURCH

if the preacher will not ask them to pray or to speak in public. He takes them in as a sort of honorary members. And don't you honor the church with a vengeance, you honorary members! A fellow told me one night, "I am going out to the church to-night, but I want you to promise me that you will not call upon me to pray." "I won't make you any promise," I said. "Then I won't go," he replied. I said, "I would fight you from now to daylight before I would promise not to call on you to do your duty. How are you to give us an example if you don't pray?" The freest man is the one who is ready at all times for anything that God or the church calls upon him to do. Brother, I would rather be a whole Christian and do my whole Christian duty fifty times over than shirk a duty, as you do, once a week. God knows it is easier. He who does otherwise is always dodging. He never gets clear from fear. He's afraid somebody will shadow him when he walks out and proclaim all he sees. You want to be good in three hundred and seventy-six things, like the palm-tree. Add up your good things until you build up a palm-tree in heaven. A good Christian will grow anywhere, like the palm-tree, which will grow anywhere in

its latitude, in the bottoms, in the marsh, among the rocks,

ON THE HILLSIDE.

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

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

Then there is another thing about the palm-tree. I purposed to talk only

ABOUT THIRTY MINUTES,

and I have already talked forty minutes. A man told me once it was easier work to preach a sermon than to

hear one, and perhaps you are already getting tired of it.

Another thing about the palm-tree. You can take it and bend it down and press it right down to the earth, but it shoots itself up again towards heaven. And poor Job, grand Job, when he was smashed down in the ash-bank and his wife put additional pressure on his fall by telling him his breath was a stench and his body a mass of putrefaction, and told him to curse God and die, Job said, "God, in him will I trust." Glory be to God for being like a palm-tree. Let us be like the palm-tree—good everywhere and through every day in the week, from head to foot; good anywhere you hitch. I like that sort of Christianity.

But the wicked are like a bay-tree. Do you know what a bay-tree is? Now you will find your latitude, some of you. If you have studied yourself for hours you will know. A bay-tree, you know, is good for nothing in the universe, that we know of. God may see good in it, but we cannot. In the first place, a bay-tree will come out and blossom as prettily as any tree in the land, but

NEVER HAS ANY FRUIT.

Then another thing about the bay-tree. If I were going out for a load of wood I would drive five miles further rather than to have to split up a bay-tree. It is so hard.

Then another thing about a bay-tree. It not only has no fruit upon it, and not only is it not fit for wood because it is so hard to cut, but it will only grow down in a marsh bottom, and is fit for nothing but shade, and it shades just right where the sun ought to shine.

The wicked are like the bay-tree. Oh, brethren, what

is a wicked mother worth to her children? Oh, sister, what are you worth? You will bear and blossom out beautifully in your worldly life, but you have no fruits of righteousness. You flower best in the marshy bottoms of sin, and you are fit for nothing but to shade, and you shade the light of heaven from your precious children. God forgive us. Brother, is it true that you are a bay-tree? In any heavenly sense are you good for anything? Any good for thyself or any good for the next world? Oh, brother, you flourish best in the swamp of sin, and do nothing but shade, and you shade the light of heaven from the precious ones in your home.

Mother and sister, let us go to our homes this evening

AND ASK OURSELVES,

“Am I like the palm-tree, or am I like the bay-tree?”

I might talk an hour about this subject, but we have got enough to think about. And the first ten days of our meeting I want to put into solid thinking. I want to get you down to bottom rock. I want to get you down to the roots. We want to shuffle off the incrustations of evil until we can plant our feet on the “rock of ages,” and then we will stand secure when the last storm has swept over us. I know I am not up, but I am down, and the way up is down. If you want to go up start down. He that humbleth himself shall be exalted. Thank God a good Irishman once came to a meeting. I said, “Now, all of you that have not backslidden and want to see a good meeting, let us kneel down and pray a little.” And after the services I said, “Brother, don't you want to see a good meeting?” to this Irishman, who did not kneel down. “Yes, but you sort of mixed your work. You did not ask for backsliders to

kneel." Now I understood the case. And I just came there twice a day and poured in the hot grape and canister for three days and nights, and then I said, "Now, I want every backsliding and godless member of the church to come up here and pray;" and they had like to

RUN OVER ONE ANOTHER

trying to do it. This Irishman said to me, "Brother Jones, I had my feet on the top round of the ladder, and you have got me right on the ground again." "That is where you belong; now, brother, you lie there and take root. Let the root of family prayer run out in the rich soil, and grapple with the rocks and clay, and let the roots of secret prayer and searching discussion grapple with the rocks and clay, and then you will never blow over." And the Irishman answered, "And, faith, that has been my trouble. I've been blowing over right along." If you go down deep enough you will never break off the stem. Go down and down. David said he was brought low and the Lord helped him. Good Lord, help me to go down.

And, brothers, God will help us to see eye to eye. Some of you don't understand me, and, perhaps, I don't understand you. But God will help to bring us to where we can see each other face to face, mark what I tell you. There are as good people in this house as any that live on this earth. I never said otherwise. I will tell you another thing, as I said in Moody's church. You talk about living out of the church. It is all I can do to live in the church. It is the only house that Christians have got; and if they turned me out of one I would join the next I came to, and be ready for the next opening of the door; and if they turned me out I would go again.

A COLORED MAN

was noticed joining a church every time he could get a chance. He was asked, "What makes you do that way?"

He answered, "Oh, it did me so much good the first time that I joined that I want to keep on a-joining every time you open the door." Thank God for His grand church. And if you will put the church out of the movement in Chicago I will leave the city on the next train. I am powerless without you. My efforts will be to build up your membership, not to cut them down. I wish only to put the prize under you to lift you up. God bless you, and help you to see that this is the great work of the preacher. I have suffered in my room when you were isolated from me; on my knees when you were not around. I beg you to believe that my heart is in the church. And there is not a church that is not as dear to my heart as the pupil of my eye. God bless you and help you to see that the church of Jesus Christ is the only hope of this world. If that is the truth, then let us make the church what God wants it to be. And now come to-night, praying for a good time. I want every man in this house to say, who can sincerely say, "I want to be like the palm-tree." If you can sincerely say that, will you stand upon your feet and join us in this prayer?



SAM SMALL.

SKETCH OF SAM SMALL.

THE story of Sam Small's life is remarkably interesting, especially as he tells it.

"I am thirty-five years old, and was born in Knoxville, Tenn., on the 3d of July, getting in one day before the celebration of the Declaration of Independence. I en-

tered Emory and Henry College, in Virginia, a Methodist College, in 1869, leaving college in 1871. I then went into newspaper work, first in Nashville, being engaged in various places, in New Orleans, and other points in the South. I was in all kinds of newspaper work, running several papers of my own, sometimes into the ground, or getting the sheriff to run them for me. I began the 'Old Si' papers in 1876, during the presidential campaign. In 1878 I went with my family to Europe as an attaché of the American Commissioners to the Paris Exposition. I traveled about a good deal in France and England, and saw all sides of life. In my earlier youth I was thoroughly trained and indoctrinated in Bible truth, which now comes back to me, and I bring all the balance of my knowledge to bear upon the enforcement of the truth."

Sam is a young convert, his conversion dating back only a few months. Sam Jones is his spiritual father, the great change in Small's life dating from an impression received on the 13th of September, 1885, when he heard Jones preach at Cartersville, about fifty miles from Atlanta, Georgia, the city of his residence, where he made a living by newspaper work. Upon his return Sam Small got drunk, but could not drown conviction, and on Tuesday surrendered his life, as he believes, into higher keeping than his own. He then announced a service in Atlanta, with himself as the preacher, and on the very day of his conversion assumed the office of a religious teacher. Small has been a very busy preacher since then.

He had hardly begun when Jones telegraphed for him, and the two men now work together. Mr. Small believes that since the partnership was formed from twenty thousand to thirty thousand people have been re-

ligiously affected in meetings conducted by the partners.

The evangelist has a wife and family. He speaks with great feeling and admiration of his wife, who bore patiently with him when seemingly the ruin that overtakes the drunkard's wife threatened her. She and the children were with him when Sam Jones's sermon at the camp-meeting in Cartersville brought him face to face with the necessity of reformation to avoid certain and overwhelming disaster. In an autobiographical sermon Small emphasizes the evils of drunkenness as exhibited in his own life.

Mr. Jones's helper is a bright man. His practical advice is presented in good English, and made relishable by apt and sometimes witty reference. He is in earnest, and his life is true to his professions.

Of course he has his troubles in his new sphere, but they seem to be little ones, and he charges both on the devil as their author. The first of them is anonymous letters, which he does not take the trouble to read; and the second gratuitous counsel from people who want to stop him smoking cigarettes. On this matter he says: "I am satisfied, though, that no cigarette is going to keep me out of heaven. If it is going to keep them—the people who complain of my smoking cigarettes—out, and they will come and tell me so, then I will consider the matter and quit; but I am sorry for a fellow that can be kept out of heaven by a cigarette."

THE DEADLY EFFECT OF SIN.

THE NOON MEETING AT FARWELL HALL.

Mr. Small's text was as follows:

And he said unto them, ye are they which justify yourselves before men; but God knoweth your hearts; for that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God.—*Luke* xvi. 15.

In speaking to the congregation, Mr. Small said:
I believe that it is

AGREED AMONG THEOLOGIANS

and ministers who are evangelical in their ministry that there is too much preaching of the gospel as a theory or as an abstract science. There seems to be among the civilized nations of men some deep undercurrent of feeling that is desirous that the gospel of Jesus Christ should be proclaimed anew. Of course men are divided, just as the Jews were divided against Paul. Some believed him and some didn't. The great reason why the gospel of Jesus Christ doesn't make more rapid progress is not because men do not understand it, but because they will not give up those things upon which they have set their hearts, and which they must give up before they can live a holy life. Photography is one of the greatest of arts. It marks the lineaments of the face with perfect

fidelity. So does the Holy Bible act as a camera and show the lives of men. When men come face to face with this gospel they are ashamed; they are convicted, and then they become of those who are desirous of justifying themselves before men. They don't want to be told that they are rebels against God. They will dodge and hide and equivocate when they are told of their misdeeds. They rush into the public prints, and even into the synagogue, to defend themselves and to justify themselves among men. They are like an old darkey who was arrested down South for stealing chickens. He came into court with a great, long carpet-bag, which he deposited on the floor, and paid a great deal of attention to. The evidence against the old man

WAS PURELY CIRCUMSTANTIAL,

and the judge was about to let him go when a small boy opened the carpet-bag, and to the consternation of the darkey, the court, and the spectators, out popped a rooster. "Why, uncle," said the Judge, "I didn't believe you stole that rooster, and I was about to let you go." "Well, Judge," said the darkey, "I didn't steal that rooster. I don't know nuffin about him, and de man what put him in dat carpet-sack ain't no friend of mine."

Now, there are a great many men who, when told of their faults, at once conclude that the man who tells them is no friend of theirs. When I said something the other day about some men wanting to get out of heaven to get a cocktail, it raised a great howl of indignation among some people. And I think one of them was the man who attended the service on the south side the other day and couldn't set it out. He had to sneak out and go over to the Calumet Club in order to get a drink, as he afterward acknowledged.

Brother Jones behind me here says the hit dog always hollers, and I guess you'll find that's so before we get through.

Now, there are some of these people that want to go along just as they please. They want some legislature to pass an act to amend the Acts of the Apostles, so as to get them out of their way. And I would like for all such men to see how nearly like the men whom the apostles were denouncing they are. Whenever you pull the cover off of iniquities of any kind a howl goes up. I think it is about an even race here in Chicago between

ARMOUR AND THE DEVIL,

as to who can count the greatest number of hogs, two-legged and four-legged. These men who say I am drawing on my imagination when I say there are over one thousand brothels in this city, don't know what they are talking about. They don't know the police records. They don't know that vice is rampant in this city. They need to have their eyes opened and their hearts purified. If a man wants to get rid of sin he must get it out of his heart, and dump it into the lake, as the refuse of the city is dumped there.

One of these newspaper writers tells about a man who was going to do a great deal with his money for this work if I hadn't preached against the charity ball as I did. Let him keep his money. We can get along without it, and say to him as the apostle did: "Let thy money die with thee."

I see by one of your papers that a donation was made to a church some time ago from a game of poker. Some Christian gentlemen were playing a game of draw on Saturday night, and about twelve o'clock there was a jack pot with \$198 in it. The gentlemen didn't want to break

the Sabbath nor to give up the jack pot, and in order to ease their consciences, they concluded that the winner should donate the pot to the church. When the pot was won the man who got it was afraid to go boldly into the church and put the money into the contribution box, because he knew that he would create remark, and so he

WRAPPED IT UP

and labeled it from "A. J. Pot," and gave it to the sexton, who placed it in the contribution box. When the preacher got hold of it he said he was happy to announce a goodly contribution from their friend, Mr. A. J. Pot, whose acquaintance he would be happy to make.

And I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the man who objected to my remarks about the charity ball is the very man who won the jack-pot. The reason we follow the world is because we love the pleasures of the world. But when a man becomes a Christian, one of the sincerest evidences of it is that he forsakes the things he once loved, and loves the things he once hated.

Here is a book about Chicago, and I wish some of you would get it and read it. It is by the Rev. Wilbur Crafts, and it tells of the vices in your midst and of the desecration of the Sabbath. The record of Chicago is here, and when you allow yourselves to be thus advertised must I take my facts from some anonymous scribbler and ignore the record? He shows how the Sabbath is desecrated and the laws you have to prevent it, and also that you could prevent it if you had the Christian fortitude and the backbone. So don't imagine that I am the aggressor when I tell you these things. They are found in the record. The way for you to do is to stem this tide of vice and crime that is sweeping over your city. This gospel that we preach is a glorious one. It

is a gospel of obligations and responsibilities that we dare not disregard, and it is a gospel of justice first and rewards afterward. It comes from the grace of God, and unless it is restrained it will lead us back to God. May God bless you all this morning, and may you receive this gospel.

EVENING SERVICE AT CHICAGO AVENUE CHURCH.

Mr. Small said:

I will call your attention to-night to the twenty-first verse of the sixth chapter of Romans, which reads:

“What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed? for the end of those things is death.”

And in discussing it we might, without doing violence to the meaning of the text, ask the unconverted man: “What fruit have ye now? for the end of those things is death.” Some one has said that old age is the time at which we reap that which we

SOWED IN OUR YOUTH.

The truth is that we are sowing all the time. Every thought, every act is a sowing. Very frequently a simple act of ours thoughtlessly done will entail consequences we never dreamed of. There is a significance in the eyes of God to everything we do. However lightly men may esteem an act not altogether proper; however we may escape the consequences before men, we may rest assured that every one of these acts has its portent in our lives, and if it does not effect us here it will effect us in the final judgment. By some subtle alchemy of God it is written on the record, and when it is brought into that

heat of the final judgment it will come out. A man should make his example such a one as Christ will approve. The great reason for leading a good life is to obtain the good opinion of our fellow-men. We all want the good opinion of our fellow-men. What is held out to us in this material life is that we have an exemplar, and if we follow him he will say at the end, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

Every bad act of ours, every evil thought, eventuates in death. There is but one agency in the universe that can prevent the seed of sin from producing death, and that is the healing balm of Jesus Christ. In the olden days there were men so badly diseased that none of the medicaments known could cure them. They were so unclean that they were not permitted to come

AMONG THEIR FELLOW-MEN,

but were left to die. Yet when Christ came along He healed them, and He heals body and soul.

Now, what enjoyment can men have who are in sin? I might catalogue sin for hours, but the end of it all is death. It seems to me that the worst letter in all the alphabet is that letter D. It is the beginning of more words of sin that men are committing than any other letter in the alphabet. But we will only take a few of them. There is degradation; there is debt; there is disease; there is disgrace; there is death. Take the first one. For when a man sins he is filled with a secret sense of degradation. He may become brazen, and callous, and indifferent to the future, to God and eternity, but he will go through life with his head down. Sin is in him, and he knows it. When his sins are known to the community he loses the respect of his friends and even

of his own family. He loses whatever weight or influence he had in the community on account of his sins. After awhile he will be that which so many become—he will be an outcast from society.

Another thing is debt. I don't know anything that will cling to a sinful man like debt. When a man goes into sin, he seems to

LOSE HIS BUSINESS SENSE,

and he loses his sense of honesty between himself and the world, and men who have been converted will get up and say that while they were in sin they were pursued by debt. I don't know what your experience has been to-night, but I know what mine has cost me, and I know what the experience of men who come to the inquiry-rooms and the chancel-rails and are trying to find their way is. I know that sin cost me a great deal. It cost me money in treating fellows at bars, and being hale-fellow-well-met. I know all about it. I've been there myself. And that's one of the ways these expenses crowd upon a fellow. Sometimes seventy-five cents' worth of whiskey made me spend \$75 or \$100 before I got sobered up, and got in debt for everything. I spent all the money I made, and I could make money as fast as most men, in taking fellows to the theatre and to horse races, where I bought pools and lost. And many another man has done the same thing, and gone home and borrowed more money, leaving his family, perhaps, without shoes or necessary clothing. I tell you that a man who is in debt is oppressed with a mighty burden. I used to try and brace up once in a while. I'd say, "Well; I'll stay sober long enough to get out of debt." But it didn't work. It was like.

THE OLD FARMER

who played the joke on the hog by putting the crooked log in the hole in the fence. The hog went out at one end and in at the other. I was like the hog. I went in debt at one end and came out in debt at the other, and was outside of the fold all the time. I was in a state of moral lunacy. Talk about building lunatic asylums for mental lunatics. Why, there's a hundred moral lunatics in this country to one mental lunatic.

Then another one of these Ds is disease. There's many a man carrying diseases about with him now that will take him to his tomb, that he got in his sins.

I've heard of liver complaint, and such diseases, and of men taking Mr. Somebody's liver invigorator to brace him up, when he was really taking some vile whisky that was doing the mischief, and then laying it to God. I tell you God has nothing to do with it. It's the villainous compounds that men drink that ruin their stomachs and bring disease, and I don't know of any more horrible sight than to go into these medical museums and hospitals and see the stomachs of men

BURNED UP BY DRINK.

And another one of these Ds is disgrace. What's the reason you see in the paper so many accounts of men who robbed banks? It's because men have lost their self-respect, and committed crimes that have damned their souls. Frequent excursions to Canada are noticed in the papers every day. I don't know what the Lord has got against Canada, but there must be something wrong over there, to make it the pocket-book of all the big thieves in the country. What causes all this crime? A long course of sin, murder, robberies. Things like

these going on every day, and yet we look at them as curiosities of crime. They are put in the newspapers that way, and yet they are the legitimate outcome of sin persisted in.

Death. How many men are going down to the grave every day on account of sin? At night, in their quiet rooms, they look out to the future and can see nothing. All is black and dark, and in the morning you read in the paper that some poor fellow has shot himself, or cut his throat. How many men drown themselves, and hang themselves, and when you trace back to the cause you find it sin. The wages of sin is death. How many murders are committed by desperate men for money. All the results of sin, all the outcome of the acts of men who are pursuing their sin in the face of God, and who have

GROWN CALLOUS

and indifferent to the hereafter. These are the fruits of sin, and it needs no argument to gain your assent to that proposition.

Now, what are we to do about it? What is there in any of these sinful courses that bring misery to your homes? What is there to lead a man on to the precipice and force him over to everlasting death? A man need not deceive himself. All around us it is having a demonstration as black as crape and new-made graves can make it. The wages of sin is death, and every minister will tell you so; every sexton and every doctor will tell you so.

My friends, come and give yourselves to God. Come and accept the offices of the Great Physician who can cleanse you from all sin. And then take Him as your exemplar and live like Him. How many here now want

to live like Christ, and how many are living like him? Just stand up, please.

[At this invitation a great number stood up, and Mr. Small then asked that all those who desired to be prayed for should stand up.]

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

MORNING SERVICE AT CHICAGO AVENUE CHURCH.

Sam Small spoke as follows: The first verse of the second chapter of the Song of Solomon reads:

“I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley.”

This is the declaration of Christ as given us by the wise man, representing by figurative language His attitude in this world, and suggesting to us some of the qualities and attributes of His character as a man acquired in his relations to the church. And we, if we desire to conform ourselves to Christ, if we desire to have His spirit, if we desire to have the attributes which

SHINE MOST PRE-EMINENTLY

in His character, and whose possession will give to us somewhat of the Christlike character in our life and in our efforts, in our association with our fellow-men, and in our relations to the church to which we belong on earth, we must be like Him, like the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. And in considering what Christ means, in considering the signification which is wrapped up in

this declaration, we will consider first: What are the qualities of the rose? Of these qualities there are three that stand up prominently and easily distinguishable, and which are sufficient for our purpose. If we look at them in their proper relations, they are those which give to the rose its value, and make it so acceptable a flower to all creation. In the first place, the rose is perfect. Perhaps nowhere in all nature do we find examples so general in their character and so perfect in their character as the roses furnish, or a rose so perfect as the rose of Sharon. The rose is symmetrically constructed. It is evolved and run out in all its characteristics by a regular order, which the botanist has described and shown to us. And so perfect is the rose in

ITS NATURAL STATE

that nothing made in imitation of it can be mistaken for it. It is said Zeuxis, in ancient Greece, painted grapes looking so like the natural ones that birds came to pick at them; but no one has ever painted a rose so that the humming-bird would come and try to extract the sweetness from it. A rose is perfect in its form; so much so that, however skilful a lady may be in the imitation of them—and I have seen them wonderfully skilful—yet no artificial rose was ever made to compare with the beautiful bloom; and if a skilful photograph of one of these artificial roses is given to a skilful botanist, the latter will tell you from the photograph that it is not a natural but an artificial one. Nature has so ordered her construction works that she can be detected even in a photograph.

So a Christian character, like the rose, should be perfect; and that is what was intended to be taught us in Solomon's saying, namely, that in our Christian charac-

ter we should be perfect; that in our Christian character we should have all the attributes and all the qualities of a Christian character so connectedly and so constructively put together in our character as that the whole shall be symmetrical and shall be perfect. Nothing should be missing. The very moment that you take from a rose one of its leaves you take away the

ORDER OF ITS CONSTRUCTION;

something is missing that ought to be there; something whose absence mars the perfection, and mars its symmetry, and lessens its beauty. So when you take away from the Christian character any of those qualities, any of those attributes and belongings which are proper and appropriate and necessary to its perfection, you mar the symmetry of that Christian character, and disturb its regular order, and make of it an imperfect character. When we look at the Christian graces, at all the things that a Christian ought to mean; when we consider their catalogue, and catalogue those things that they should be constantly performing, and those that we should not commit, we find them grouping themselves around a common centre, and that they will be like the leaves of an open rose, perfect in their character, and distributing its perfume like the rose, and showing the sweetness of the Christian character. And the reason that the humming-bird never mistakes one from the other is because it is attracted by the sweetness of the real rose's perfume, and in the absence of that thing in the picture it never goes near it. So in the picture of the Christian character. If it has in it Christ and all the sweet characteristics that make it a sweet flower to this fallen world, so will this Christian character have in it that sweetness that will

MAKE IT ATTRACTIVE

to all mankind. How often have we seen a good old mother who had a perfect Christian character, sweet in her temper, gentle in her disposition, generous in her sympathy, and kind to everybody that came within the radiance of her influence? You recognize the sweetness of her character. You admire it, you praise it, and she is loved by all wherever she goes. In her presence care and sorrow, the weary and the woe-worn, break into smiles. The rigid lines break into lines of resignation and peace, and all her influence, wherever she went, was that of sweetness, kindness, and gentleness, and she was like a perfume in whatever atmosphere she went into. You liked to be where she was. You liked to be within the radiance of her influence. You liked to be near her. You liked to hear her words. You liked to have her gentle sympathy. You liked to know that you was in harmony with her, and that she was considerate of you; that she was with you in spirit. I have seen myself some men who in all the outgoings of their lives were sweet; their influence gentle, peaceful, ennobling in its character; men of kind disposition; men of sympathizing words and hearts; men who went about the world literally doing good, and shedding a good influence about them wherever they went, and this influence not only

PERVADES THEIR CHARACTER

while here, but, like the perfume of the rose, it will remain with us after they are dead and gone.

You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the rose will cling to it still.

So with the good man and the good woman who have

a sweet flavor. When they are taken away the sweetness of their lives remains after them, a sweet, precious influence lingering near, year after year, after they have gone to their account.

Another attribute of the rose is the fact of its universality. Go where you will in the world, almost, and you can find the rose. It is common to nearly all the latitudes of the globe. In some shape or character we find it wherever we travel, and I believe that no traveler has ever gone, within the lines of human life, and where it is possible for him to live, where the rose is not found to bloom and flourish when proper care is taken of it. Christianity ought to be the universal practice of the world. It's light ought to be the light of the world. There will come a time, a season, when all nations shall bow to Christ, and His influence be the pervading influence of the world, and His principles the dominating influence of mankind, just as the rose is now the universal flower—it may be said—of the entire world. There is another thing about the rose. It is that it is

COMMON TO ALL PEOPLE.

You never see people so poor that they cannot have roses about them if they like to have them. You go along the streets of a great city and look up at a sixth-story window where a poor seamstress lives, or a man has his room, under the roof, and out on the ledge will be seen a flower-bed. So in the gardens of the rich, as in the humble grass-plot of the poor—wherever we go, those who love flowers can have the roses, their sweetness and their perfume, and their presence with us. That is one reason why we have missionary workers; that is one reason why we have church missions, and home missions, and foreign missions. It is that Christians in the

church may demonstrate this quality of universality, and that they may not take all the Christianity and all the religion they have and keep it shut up in their own bosom: that instead of doing this they shall make it a pervading influence about them, and make others welcome to it. And we have our home missions in order that good Christians who are doing their duty may have conveniences and opportunities for spreading their Christian influence; and just in proportion that a church has an active missionary spirit, just in that proportion will its influence be felt in that community; and just in proportion as Christianity is

A VALUABLE ACQUIREMENT

to men, just in proportion as it is a precious principle on which men can act, just in that proportion will the world outside begin to look upon you, and see your works shining through you and exhibiting the light in you. So it is that our church people send forward out into the world educated and experienced and trained missionaries, and send them into heathen lands. People object to it as a waste of money. They ask why not confine it to our homes where it is needed most? What are we sending it off for to missionaries abroad? They think it a waste of money. You will find, as a general rule, that a man who is opposed to foreign missions is also opposed to home missions. He is "agin" missions in general. We must have missionary work. We must do that which Christ commanded us to do: "Go ye into all of the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," and, God be praised, we have sent from America into all the heathen lands of the world some of the grandest missionaries that the world has ever seen. We are sending them every year. We are educating, training, keep-

ing them, and I believe that our workers among the heathen people are the grandest heroes and heroines that the world owns to-day.

But the world does not know it. The world does not recognize it. But the world takes gladly the

RESULTS OF THEIR WORK.

When Christianity succeeds in prevailing over the passions of the people of a heathen land, they will continue to do as they did in the case of the Sandwich Islands, and reap the harvest of, and profits from, the work of those humble missionaries.

Christ said, "I am the lily of the valley;" and the lily has two prominent characteristics which He would have Christians have. And the first of these is humility—the humility of the lily of the valley. The very name gives it the idea of humility—humble before God. It is the humility of the lily of the valley growing under the shadow of a friendly leaf; of the lily of the valley having its abode in the little places.

Humility, however, does not mean to be abject and cowardly before men. But we should be humble before God. That is the only time humility in this world is worth anything. The humility that makes us humble in all things before God is what we want. Humility before men is unworthy of the church. There are very few men in this world that are worth being humble before. And the grandest triumphs that Christianity has ever seen in the whole history of the world have been the triumphs of those Christian men that were heroes and martyrs for their religion, and

REFUSED TO BE HUMBLE

in the face of men that had power, and influence, and

the ability, and the desire to coerce and persecute and kill them. Christ don't want His people, His followers in this world, to be cowards. He don't want you to be so humble and low down as to let the chariot-wheels of sin run over your neck. He don't want you to shrink into the corner and let the devil get hold of your neck and do as he pleases. He wants you to be humble before God, and contriving all things to his favor; and, in humility, to go forward, and let His father lead you as He wills; going in this way in perfect obedience, as He did, the only perfectly obedient man in this world. Humility in this world to God is one of the most becoming of the characteristics of any man. But humility before men is never admirable, and finally becomes despicable. And Christians ought to have courage. That is one of the grand traits and elements of his character. He ought to have manliness, because the closer that he conforms his life to the manly Christ, the more nearly he attains to His stature and His independence and His superiority over men; and there is not a man in all the countries of God that a perfect Christian is not superior to, or the equal of; and no man is

HIS EQUAL,

excepting it be a man who is as good a Christian as he is. And this idea of Christians cringing and scraping and giving way to the devil is despicable. My Christianity makes me humble before God. I want at all times to feel that humility to be able at all times to get down on my knees and make, there and then, my submission to God, and express my willingness to take up the duties of obedience to God, to recognize Him as my sovereign Master. But in reference to men, I want my Christianity to give them the purpose and the courage

to do right; to do justly toward my fellow-men; to give him all things to which they have a right, and to show their children tenderness and love and kindness. And then I want that Christianity shall follow out its motto, and have other men do unto me as I do unto them; and I will take nothing less, because to take anything less from a man is to disgrace your Christianity and your profession in Christ. And if my Christianity should not put me on the same plane and level with all the rest of the world, the highest of them, and enable me to demand my rights in return for my giving him his rights, it would not be a fit Christianity to live on. And the thing which most grandly distinguishes Christianity is the denial that

MIGHT MAKES RIGHT;

is that Christianity makes man do right to others for the love of it. And this is the grand rule, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Humility before God, independence among men, a spirit to overcome all that is evil, unjust, untrue, and intolerable in its character.

And the other attribute of Christianity is its purity. We have discussed before at length this subject of purity; we know what purity is, what Christian purity is, and wherein we defile ourselves when we leave this standard of Christian purity; and there is no Christian character complete until we have purity—purity of act and purity of thought. I will not think evil. I will not do evil. Purity of hearing! I will not hear evil. I will not become the receiver of scandal and stolen goods. The man who is going through this world, or the woman who is living in the society of these days, and stealing from his or her neighbor their good name and their good character, steals more than their money, and he or she who steals a neighbor's good character and their good quali-

ties and their good name, and then goes and tries to make my ear the repository of these stolen goods, is endeavoring to make me an accessory to the crime before God. And I won't hear it; and I would as soon be offended at his offering me that, as I would if he

OFFERED ME STOLEN GOODS,

and feel as ashamed of being found in possession of it as I would if found in possession of stolen property by the man who stole it.

Purity of speech! I will not speak those things that are blasphemous, that are improper; I will not speak those things that will produce dissension, anger, and strife. I am under obligation not to do it. I will not speak those things that will take away people's good names. I will not speak those things that will produce grief and sorrow in the breast of my neighbor. I will set him thinking upon things that are lovable, and sympathize with him, and try to improve myself in the things that are commended to me in the Scriptures. We can find in all our neighbors much good to see if we will only hunt for it. The trouble is that we are unwilling to hunt, to look for the good that is in them. We know that the good things about our neighbors have very little currency in the world; and if we want to know much about our neighbors and be popular for our information we want to know about the evil of the world; and the more we know of it the more popular will we be, because people are always seeking for those things, and a man who is a popular walking encyclopedia of scandal and of the bad-fame

HISTORY OF CHICAGO,

will be the most popular man in Chicago. Mrs. Tom

and Mrs. Dick and Mrs. Harry, and Mr. Tom and Mr. Dick and Mr. Harry, the world wants to know all about them. That man and that woman who can overcome the disposition to talk about their neighbors is a hero and a heroine, so it is declared in the Holy Scriptures. If you can master and control your tongue, you have the assurance that you are greater than he that taketh a city, for the human tongue has destroyed many and many a city in this world. One word of treachery has battered down the walls of the best fortified cities in the world, and consigned the inhabitants over to rapine and slaughter. Keep your tongue pure. Keep your speech, your heart, pure. Keep your affections set upon those things that are lovely, and let them not go out, as do the natural lusts of the fleshly and carnal man, after those things that are impure. The worst job in the world is to handle pitch with the purpose of bleaching it. Pitch was made to be black, and was made for

PEOPLE WHO ARE BLACK.

Christians who are pure and dressed in the garments of righteousness have no right to go about trying to reform pitch and to make it white. You might as soon attempt to convert a black bird into a white one. Let your thoughts carry you into paths of pleasure and works that are good and charitable and that are ennobling to the character.

And when you have all these things you may be pretty well sure that there is not much else left to make you perfect. With the attributes of the rose and the lily of the valley you have covered all the five points of the star of the Christian—perfection, sweetness, universality, humility, and purity.

May God bless us all this morning and give us the

mind and the heart to seek for these things; and those who will endeavor to have such Christian lives as that, let them raise their hands.

AFTERNOON SERVICES AT THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Mr. Small said: I will call your attention, this afternoon, to the thirteenth verse of the Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians:

“In whom ye also trusted after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation: in whom, also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that holy spirit of promise.”

And the ideas that I want to take up this afternoon are embraced in those two last clauses, “After that ye believed, ye were sealed with that holy spirit of promise.”

We live in an age in which many an assault is made upon the gospel. We live in an age that may be called, without doing violence to the truth, the most impious known. I repeat, the most impious age, because of the subtle assaults made on the gospel. The gospel is as we read it in the acts of Christ's ministry, and in His sufferings as he went about and ministered among the people. The gospel is, in that declaration, the sublimest that came down from the cross, telling us in his last agony that the plan of salvation had been sealed. But there was another act necessary to complete the salvation, and that was the resurrection.

It is, therefore, the gospel as it is in Jesus Christ that we are to preach, and the people are to receive. It is

everything that is outside of that gospel that men and women are to abjure. It is a gospel of godliness, and its purpose is to teach men to live godly lives. And the most godly lives are those that

EXEMPLIFY THIS GOSPEL.

It is a gospel which is a key to all the mysteries of earth. Some of these mysteries we cannot understand, because we have not yet learned to handle the gospel of Jesus Christ so as to unlock them. But we have been taught by those who have attained to more of holiness than we have how to unlock the gospel of a holy life. And there is no man who cannot conform himself to this gospel, and to a godly life. No man knows that better than the newly converted man. Standing here, just a little over the line, I look back and I wonder why I did not sooner apprehend this gospel, and why I did not sooner lead a godly life. And I don't know why people around me don't live a godly life. Of course, when I sit down and study it out, I can see why they don't. The man who is living a godly life has apprehended the immutability of the gospel. A man may live on a moral plane and he may go up to the gates of heaven with a godly man, but there will be a separation there. The man who has lived a godly life has the key and the passport to enter the gates, and the other man has not, and he can't get in. And right on that line are some of the strongest assaults that are being made upon the gospel. Men are formulating these moral theories and leading others to believe that there is

NO MYSTERY

in the gospel. They teach men that there is nothing beyond the grave; that when they die that's all there is

to it. And they lead a moral life because it is the proper and decent thing to do, and not because the gospel commands it.

I have been greatly pleased with the sarcastic reply of the lady in a Washington salon to a young man who argued very ingeniously to prove that there was no immortality, and no life beyond the grave. When he had finished and asked her what she thought of his position, she said: "I think you have argued very eloquently for an hour to prove yourself no better than a beast."

If he is arguing for a higher plane of existence, the gospel furnishes it, but if he is arguing to overthrow the immortality of the soul, the combined philosophy of man will not suffice. Plato and Socrates, Aristotle and Zeno saw their philosophies crumble because men could not satisfy their souls with what they taught. This gospel is intended to satisfy the eternal longings of eternal souls, and it does it, when it is preached in its purity and integrity. Millions of souls are existing in the eternal world because of their belief in this gospel, and millions more will believe and will go up to join the blood-washed throng.

The truth that Jesus Christ proclaimed from that day to this has run through all lines

OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE,

only to clinch the truth of this fact. There is not in the world to-day any doctrine that has in it the conservation of the energies of the world like the gospel.

Confucianism is not now confined to its original bounds, because Christianity has run upon it, and upon Buddhism, and they are being swallowed up and driven back by this gospel.

All of the rapid means of communication in the world, all the systems of education, and the means of lifting up men,—all these have been drawn upon,—and to-day are yielding their power to the progress of this gospel.

Architecture, the arts, the daily newspapers, can all be levied upon and commanded in the interests of Christianity, and they obey. There were times in the world when this couldn't be done. And men may wonder now that it can be done. But whatever power God needs for the propagation of this gospel he is going to command. It is as much the power of God that the newspapers publish column after column and page after page of the word of God, as it is that the flowers bloom and the sun shines.

How is it that Jesus Christ's life and teachings survive in the hearts of men, while men who had more advantages than he, and who were great, while he, a mere lad, was confounding the money-changers in the temple, have left

NO CREED OR GOSPEL.

Why isn't there an Alexandrian gospel in the world? Wasn't he a great leader of men? Wasn't he a great conqueror, and didn't he have abundance of wealth and splendor? Why didn't all these powers of wealth give us a gospel that will lead us to him instead of Jesus Christ? Because Alexander was only a man, and he died a drunkard. Why didn't the conquest of Napoleon Bonaparte supersede the gospel? Why did not he, when thus manifesting his power and marking out the geography of a continent, why didn't he mark out something that men could live for? He was only human, and he died an outcast.

Jesus Christ was divinely compassionate, divinely just.

He has exhibited for 1800 years the divinity that was in him, and his gospel has exhibited that power. It came into the world announcing its purpose. It was glory to God, and peace on earth, good will to men. It is to-day as it was at first, the

GOSPEL OF SALVATION.

It is working to-day to that end. And wherever it has been preached to sinful men, it has vindicated itself, and so it will vindicate itself. It vindicates itself from the fact that it is the gospel of Jesus Christ, and we need only to preach it as the Gospel of Christ to men who are in their sins, to attract them to it, and thus we have God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost working in it to save men's souls. And when a man obeys the promptings of the Holy Spirit, it only leads him to Christ, and nowhere else. Why to Christ? Because he came to be a propitiation for us. He came into the world to save us, and the system he was working out became the gospel of salvation. And when we see the awful account of sin and wrong-doing charged up against us, it seems to reach up to the courts of heaven. But long as it is, there is One who, from the tree, writes across that bill "Paid." And it is paid, when we let him take it up and cancel it. And that long bill, so awful before, turns into a panorama of loveliness leading up to the throne. May God bless you, and may you let Jesus Christ pay your debt.

HUMOROUS BOOKS.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

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