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Latest
Sermons.

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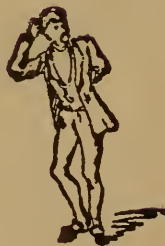
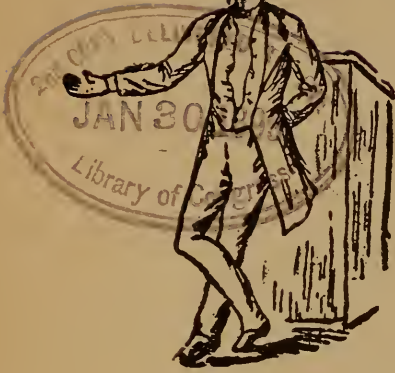
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SAM. JONES' ATTITUDES AND GESTRES;

— SAM. JONES' —

▷ LATE SERMONS ◁

—AS—

DELIVERED BY THE GREAT PREACHER.

Rev. SAM. P. JONES.

IN HIS REVIVAL WORK. TOGETHER WITH A BIOGRAPHY
OF MR. JONES AND HIS CO-LABORER
SAM. SMALL—“*Old Si.*”

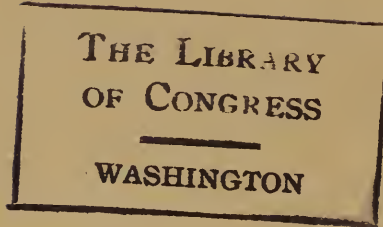
Handsomely Illustrated from Gustave Dore.

“Behold I Bring you good Tidings of great joy,
Which shall be to all people.”—LUKE, ii, 10.

CHICAGO :
RHODES & McCLURE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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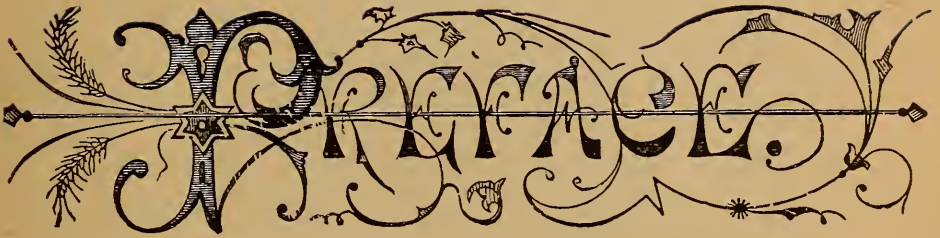
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76964 —
Dec. 30. 98.



The favor with which the Gospel Sermons were received by the public has determined us to issued this volume of his Late Sermons, which together with the Gospel Sermons embraces Sam. Jones' Revival Sermons nearly complete. He is endorsed by Pulpit, Press and People, and the work that he is doing for the good cause is marvelous.

SAM. JONES,

as he is commonly called, was born in Chambers county, Ala., Oct. 16, 1847. He was brought up, where he resides, in Cartersville, Bartow county, Georgia. His relatives have been church-members for many years; four of his uncles were ministers of the gospel. Sam's father was a lawyer, and gave him the best possible education. His mother was, likewise, very religious.

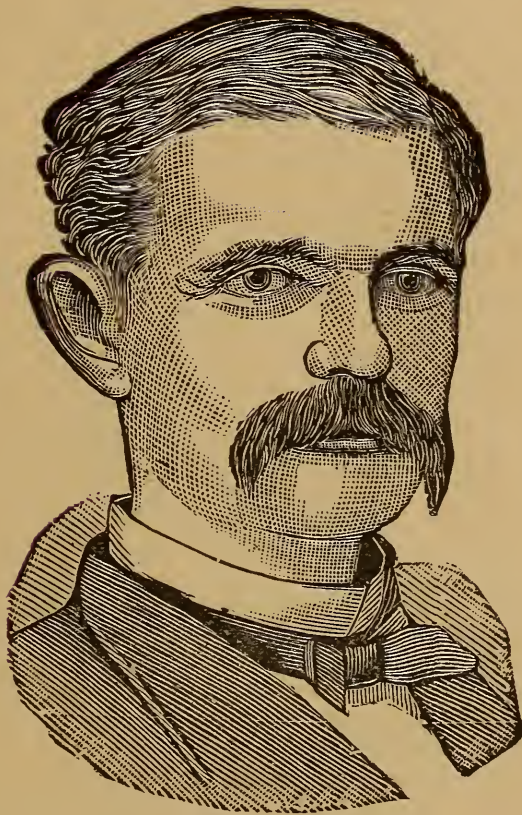
Samuel began legal practice with brilliant prospects. He became quite dissipated. His father's death-bed exhortation caused him to reform.

Soon after, he married Miss Laura McElwain, of Eminence, Ky., who cheers him yet.

He became a traveling preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in October, 1872. He was successful in his work. Gradually, he became a traveling evangelist. He met with extraordinary encouragement, and worked in several Southern states. He attracted the attention of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, who employed him in a grand revival at the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Then, after holding meetings, which attracted widespread attention, in several Southern cities, Mr. Jones attacked Satan at St. Louis. Thence his work branched out.

Mr. Jones often uses slang and other uncouth language to attract attention. He is one of the most sensational preachers in the world, yet his meetings produce intense interest and an immense harvest of converts, most of whom "stick." Withal, he is indorsed by leading orthodox ministers wherever he goes.



REV. SAM. P. JONES.

SAM. W. SMALL.

One of the curiosities of humanity is the history of Sam. Small, the converted journalist. "Moody and Sankey" are no more inseparable than the "Two Sams."

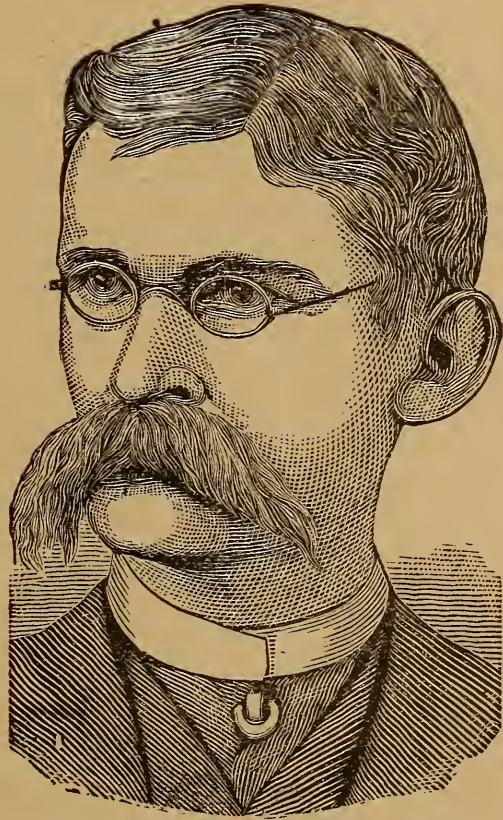
Mr. Jones' co-laborer in the Lord's work was born in Knoxville, Tenn., about 1842. He lived in Georgia and New Orleans in youth. He graduated at a Virginia college, and became a lawyer. Obeying natural impulse, he changed into a journalist.

After working on several papers, and marrying a Congressman's daughter, Mr. Small accepted a place on the staff of the *Atlanta Constitution*, and became official stenographer of the Atlanta Superior Court. His writings, as "Old Si," in the Negro dialect, gave him a national reputation as a humorist.

After occupying various government clerical positions, and working at the journalistic treadmill, he came to the pivotal point of his life.

He took his children, a valise, a clean shirt, and a bottle of whisky, and went to Cartersville, to see and hear Sam. Jones. He became converted, and abjured whisky and journalism forever.

Sam. Small is a gilt-edged, morocco-covered edition of Sam. Jones. They promise to do a grand and ever increasing work. Mr. Small has more polish than Mr. Jones, and is a better speaker. Since Dec. 13, 1884, Mr. Small has done what he could for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, and has a brilliant future before him.



SAM. SMALL—"Old Si."

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From Gustave Dore.

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THE ANGELS IN THE PLANET MERCURY.

SAM JONES' LATEST SERMONS.

WHOSOEVER WILL MAY COME.

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.—Revelation, xxii, 17.

You see, I get this text from the last page of this blessed book. This is God's last message to man. And for fear that something might be added to, or that something might be taken from, the Scripture, God puts this fearful admonition. He says:

For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book. If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book.

And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life and from the things that are written in this book.

I am glad that God winds up his revelation to man with this gracious verse:

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

GOD'S LATEST WORD TO MAN.

If I have been corresponding with a friend on any given subject, and he has written me a dozen or a hundred letters upon that subject—if I want to find his mind now concerning that, I will turn to the last letter received from him—the one bearing the most recent date. And now, if I would know God's will concerning the race of man, I won't run back over Genesis or Deuteronomy or the prophecies of Isaiah or the Epistle to the Romans by St. Paul. When I want to find out what were the concluding words, the last message of God to man, I run through the book, and I see God's last message, and I see the fearful warning added:

“Don't any man take away these words. If he does, I will take away his part out of the book of life. And if any man shall add anything to this book which shall make it so that these are not my last words, then I will add unto him the plagues that are written in the book.” And after all the fearful warnings and judgments and denunciations of the Scripture, thanks be to God, this is his last message to man :

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

SOME GRAND DAYS.

It was a grand day in the world's history when the evening and the morning were the seventh day, and the Son of God and angels shouted over a finished world. It was a grand day in the world's history when Adam and Eve, the first pair, stood before God, with their reason clear and perfect, unruffled by passion, unclouded by prejudice and unimpaired by disease. It was a grand conception to them as they looked out over a finished world and said that the flowers were God's thought in bloom; that the rivers were God's thought imbedded; that the mountains were God's thought piled up, and that the dewdrops were his thoughts in pearl as they mingle in loving tenderness and join together on the leaf of the rose. And wherever man looked about him, all nature in its beauty and freshness whispered back, “The hand that made me is divine.” It was a grand day in the world's history when it was announced through the moral universe of God that man had violated the law of God and had brought misery and woe upon himself and upon his progeny forever. It was a grand day in the world's history when God met the fallen and degenerate pair and said to Eve: “The seed of the woman shall

bruise the serpent's head." It was a grand day in the world's history when the last strong swimmer sank beneath the flood and left Noah in the ark with his three sons and their wives and two of all sorts to perpetuate the race upon the face of the earth. It was a grand day in this world's history when Pharaoh and his hosts and all of his chariots and men were swallowed up and engulfed by the Red Séa. It was a grand day in this world's history when a burning hail fell on Sodom and Gomorrah and all the plains thereof, and destroyed the cities of the plain. It was a grand day in this world's history when 185,000 soldiers under the blast of an archangel's wing were wrapped in their winding sheets. It was a grand day in this world's history when on Korah and Dathan and Abiram and their wicked company the earth burst open and swallowed them up out of the sight of men.

THE NEW SAVIOR.

It was a grander day in the world's history when the old prophet of God stood on the hills of Judea with his spark in hand and let its beneficent rays shine down through seven centuries, and his voice was heard through the seven centuries, saying: "Simon and Anna prepare the cradle to rock the babe of Bethlehem." It was a grand day in this world's history when the star poised itself over the manger of Bethlehem and when the wise men gathered about the babe of Bethlehem. There they looked upon an everlasting God lying asleep in Mary's arms, and the King of Angels and God over all, blessed for evermore, as he was carried about in a virgin's arms, as they looked upon the King of Angels, the carpenter's despised boy. It was a grand day in this world's history, when at twelve years of age, this God-man surprised all the wisdom of Jerusalem by his forethought

and by his intelligence. It was a grand day in this world's history when the Son of God notified his disciples, to whom he had been sent from the Father: "I put you on notice that I must be crucified, dead, and that I will arise again on the third day." It was a grand day in the world's history when he hung there suspended between two thieves and cried out with a loud voice: "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?" It was a grand day in the world's history when they buried this sacrifice yonder in the grave of Joseph, and put the seal of the Roman government upon it, and put sturdy Roman soldiers around it to guard it.

THE SACRIFICE ACCEPTED.

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

It was on the morning of the third day that God summoned an angel to his side and told him to go to earth as swift as morning light and roll away the stone from the grave, and when he made his appearance there at the grave and rolled away the stone, and the Son of God stood up in the sepulchre and took the napkins from his jaws and the grave clothes from his body, and folded them up and laid them to one side, and walked forth from the tomb, the first fruits of the resurrection, then God accepted the sacrifice, and grasped the stylus in his own hand and signed the magna charta of man's salvation. And ever since that God-blessed moment it has been written:

Whosoever liveth and believeth shall never die.

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

Why stand ye here gazing up into heaven? As ye have seen the Son of Man ascending, so he shall descend at the last day to judge the world on righteousness.

THE COMFORTER.

That was a grand day in this world's history when the one hundred and twenty gathered in that upper room, that upper chamber yonder, in Jerusalem. And they had prayed the first day and the second day and the third day and on until the tenth day. They were praying for the imbueing of power from on high. Christ had told them :

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

I have often thought that that expression :

Jesus said it is expedient—

“The best thing I can do for you is to leave the world and go home to the Father and then the Spirit will come.”

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

He said: “It is expedient that I go to the Father.” And on the morning of the tenth day, as that company gathered and prayed in that upper chamber, the Holy Spirit, the Holy Ghost, the third person of the adorable Trinity, flew

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right through the wounded side of the Son of God and laved his wings in that precious blood, and flew down to earth and rushed in upon that company and filled the room like a rushing, mighty wind; and Peter opened the door and the company followed him down upon the streets of Jerusalem, and there, on the morning of the tenth day, he preached that memorable sermon in Jerusalem that won 3,000 souls to Christ—more conversions to Peter in that one sermon than Christ had in all his ministry. And Christ knew what he was talking about when he said:

It is expedient for you that I should go away. If I go away the Comforter will come and the Spirit shall come.

THE WOOING OF THE SPIRIT.

That Spirit is the third person of the adorable Trinity. God gave the Son and the Son comes to suffer, die and to arise again. And now the Spirit comes to woo and beseech and implore and enlighten and convict and convert the world to God. It seemed like after God had loved the race and called them to him and they had wandered off, that they would have died without excuse, but God sent his Son to live among us and to die for us and to preach to us and to instruct us, and if he had stopped at that, man would have died without excuse. But he didn't stop there. And now the Holy Ghost comes into the world—the third person of the adorable Trinity, and every good resolution we ever have, and every good that ever inspired us, and every good deed ever done, we owe it all to the inspiration and blessed influence of the Holy Spirit of God.

Oh, thank God! we have an even-present omniscient, omnipresent God with us to-night. When I bid wife and children "good-by" at home, God boards the train with me, and he is with me all the weary miles of my road from home. And then I am conscious God is at home with my

family, and when I come into the Christian homes of St. Louis I find God present in every Christian home, and that God is with the missionary in China, and God is with thousands and millions of pulpits on earth. No wonder the blessed Christ said :

It is expedient for you that I go away. I will send the Comforter.

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

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

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

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

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

GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT.

You may laugh at me. You may deride me. You may scoff at the church. You may defy God, and you may crucify my Savior afresh, and put him to open shame, but I warn you to-night: Take heed how you trifle with the Spirit of all grace! I have seen men reject and insult the Divine Spirit, until I could almost hear the Spirit of God as he closed the gates of Heaven forever in an immortal spirit's face. My friend, to-night, if there is in your soul the desire to be a Christian, nurse it, foster it, shield it. Keep it there, and pray God to fan the spark into a living flame that shall burn on and on when the stars have gone and when the moon shall turn to blood. Let's you and I pray for this, and whatever others may do, God help us to be impressible and movable under the Divine Spirit of grace.

The Spirit says, Come.

The third person of the ever adorable Trinity is the active agency in the world to-day to teach men, to move men, to stir men and use men, and but for his divine presence with me as I preach the gospel, I declare to the fact that I would never have the heart to take another text in this world. Oh, how many struggles the earnest preacher may have in the world! God only knows the burdens that I have carried on my own poor head since I landed in your city. God only knows the wakeful hours, the tears and the prayers that have gone up from my poor heart, and I say: "God save the city! God arouse the city! God save our young men! God save our young women! God save the fathers and mothers in this city!" And I can almost hear God as he whispers back: "I'll be with you. I'll stand by you." And when the din and smoke of the battle has

blown away, you will find that I have been your friend through the thickest of the fight, and all God asks of the Christian people of St. Louis to-night is to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. God arouse you! And God help his church in St. Louis to heed the wooing of the Spirit, and come to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

The Spirit says, Come.

THE SPIRIT'S BESEECHING ENTREATY.

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

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

SPARKS OF DIVINE LOVE.

I have seen a mother as she followed a wayward boy on, and on and on to the very brink of hell, and when the son made his final leap from his mother's arms she took his poor body and buried it, and would go to his grave and

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

When my father and my mother forsake me, then God will take me up.

THE MOTHERHOOD OF GOD.

The sweetest thought in God's word to me is the place where we are taught the motherhood of God. God is not only my father, but God is my mother, too, in all his loving kindnesses and tender mercies to us. Oh, my Father! my Father! with the rod of correction, and with the stern words of advice, I look to thee in admiration and love; and oh, God, my precious mother, I run to thy arms! Thou art my mother, I love thee with all my heart.

And the Spirit, says Come!

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

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come.

God did not stop with that.

The Spirit and the bride say, Come.

The Church of God is the bride of the lamb. I wish we were wrapped in white waiting for the bridegroom. Oh,

how I wish we had always lived, and always been faithful to our bridegroom! He said:

I go to prepare a place for you.

THE UNFAITHFUL BRIDE.

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

The bride says, Come!

A GOOD WORD FOR THE CHURCH.

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

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

You have cursed the church and abused the church, and bemeaned the church and called them hypocrites, but do you

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

THANK GOD FOR THE CHURCH!

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

Oh, friend, you will never know what you have missed by staying out of the pale of the Church of God, and I beg

you to hear the voice of the Church of God as it cries to-night :

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

Won't you come? Won't you come?

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

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

HIM THAT HEARETH.

The Spirit and the bride say, Come.

It looks like if God had stopped there we'd have died without excuse. It goes further—

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come, and let him that heareth say, Come.

Oh, blessed thought! blessed thought! A man need not wait until he comes into the church before he says to those around him,

Come, thou, and go with us. * * * Let him that heareth say, Come.

We get this figure from the caravan crossing the desert. When the water is all given out on the desert and man and beast are famishing for water, then they hold a counsel and they start one on ahead hurriedly, and in about five minutes they start another, just so as to keep him in sound of the front one's voice, and in five minutes more they start another, and on and on until they are stretched out on the plains for miles, and finally the head man finds the oasis, and he halloes back: "Water, I have found it!" to the next man, and the next man voices it on down the line, and on and on until the caravan hears the cry, "We have found it! Water! Water! We have found it!" And they hear the wel-

come news and press on with all their might, that they may slake their thirst and preserve their lives.

THE APPLICATION.

And all the way from Heaven to earth God has strung out a line, and he shouts it from his own lips in Heaven, and we catch it up and pass it on and on until we shout at the very gates of Hell, "Come! Come! Come! and let him that heareth say Come!"

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

Let him that heareth say, Come!

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

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

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

Let him that heareth say, Come.

OUTSIDE WORKERS.

Why, I have often known men to go to work before the word got to them. They have gone around among their friends, saying, "Boys, look a-here! we have not done right. Suppose we go to church and give our hearts to God and live

religious!"—and how many men have been brought to Christ by men who were not religious?

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

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

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

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

NEARING THE KINGDOM.

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

Let him that heareth say, Come.

There are five hundred men and women here to-night that are just putting their foot over the dividing line, and all you've got to do is to put that foot down and bring the other foot even with it and you are in the Kingdom of God, a saved man, saved forever and forever. Will you put your foot down to-night and say, "God helping me, I will give myself to God, I won't stand here any longer?"

Let him that heareth say, Come.

And then he said:

FOR THE THIRSTY SOUL.

And let him that is athirst come.

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

Let him that is athirst come.

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

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness.

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

WHOSOEVER WILL.

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

I like that grand "whosoever" there. I have read a heap. Oh, I have read a great deal about election, but I think I have found out from God's word what you mean by election. The "elect" are the "whosoever-wills," and the "non-elect" are the "whosoever-wonts." Now which side

will you take—the elect or the whosoever-wills, or the non-elect or the whosoever-wonts? “Elect,” whosoever will. Thank God for that grand old word, and thank God that as the ages wear away men see God in nature, and see God in all his goodness, and see God in his books. Preachers are coming closer to that grand old word every day, and I verily believe that I shall live to see the day when every pulpit in this world will be bottomed on that grand old “whosoever will,” and there they will stand and preach the gospel of the Son of God.

Whosoever will.

ANOTHER STORY.

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

“Well, my brother, listen to me a minute. Now,” said he, “if you could see your name, ‘James B. Green,’ written upon the Lamb’s book this minute, would you believe then Christ died for you and you were one of the elect?”

The poor fellow thought a moment and he said, “No, sir. There are other people in this world of my name.” (Laughter.)

“Well,” said the preacher, “if you could see it, ‘James B. Green, Scriven County, Ga.,’ would you believe it was you then?”

“Well,” he says, “there may have been other people of

my name in this county before I was born. I don't know."

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

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

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

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

"Now," said he, "my friend, God Almighty saw all that trouble and he just put it into one word and he said:

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

And the poor fellow jumped up and clapped his hands and said, "Thank God! I know that means me."

A UNIVERSAL SALVATION.

And^twhosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

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

Listen, brother. It ain't "Whosoever feels," it ain't "Whosoever is fit," it ain't "Whosoever has repented," it ain't "Whosoever has got faith," it ain't "Whosoever does this or that or the other," but it is, "Whosoever will—will—will."

LEFT TO THE HUMAN WILL.

God throws it all on the will, and I am glad he does. I know God traverses my emotional nature, and runs through hope and fear and desire and anxiety and dread and affection. God runs all through my emotional nature and my sensibilities. God goes as he pleases through my sensibilities. When God reaches intellect he goes up through perception and conception and judgment and memory and reason

and all the faculties of the mind. God goes through them all and asks me no questions. But when God goes to the door of the human will, he stands on tiptoe and knocks, and says:

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

Thank God, it is "whosoever will." If you will, God will; and I say to-night God don't say "whosoever feels," or whosoever says this or that or the other, but he throws it all on your will as a man, and says:

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

And I like the conclusion:

Let him take the water of life freely.

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

"LET" HIM COME.

And there is another little word in there I like, that little word "let."

Let him take the water of life freely.

Six thousand years ago God said: "Let there be light," and there was light. It was a word of command, and God looks out upon a famishing race with the water of life in reach, and he says: "Let him come;" and when God says "Let him come," he says, "Go behind him, powers and principalities, and clear the way. Let him take the water of life freely." God has taken down the mountains and filled up the valleys, and made you a straight and even and smooth way, so that you can drink and live forever, and if you perish you perish because you will not live. God never suffered a soul to be captured and carried away by the enemy of souls and will never suffer you to die; as long as you look to Christ or lean to Christ or pray to Christ, God will

not suffer you to die. God never suffered the devil to take possession of an immortal soul and drag it down to Hell until that soul had walked up to the feet of the devil and stacked its arms, and said: "I surrender forever." Then God's own arm and power can never rescue you. God help you to-night to say: "God's goodness leadeth me to repentance, and I intend to lead a better life."

THE LAST APPEAL.

Now, before we leave this audience room, how many men in the church or out of the church will stand up to-night and say: "I will get closer to God, and drink more of the water of life, God being my helper." And I hope every man and woman in this house will long to-night for the better life, with the sweet assurance that God will reach down and give them that for which they seek. Now every man and woman here to-night that will stand on their feet and by standing up say: "I will drink more freely of that water, and eat more of that bread. I will get closer to God. I will get closer to God." Now every man of you that feels that way stand up, and say, "Here is one! Here is one!" Now we will see how many here to-night, in the church or out of it, that will make this declaration.

(The vast audience rose in a body.)

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



PIA IN PURGATORY.

REPENTANCE NOT A MYSTERY.

We select as our text on this occasion the 9th verse of the 1st chapter of the First Epistle General of John:

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

This is an epitome of the gospel. It is wonderful how the apostle could put the whole gospel into three lines like this. I mean the whole of the gospel on the human side of the gospel, and I dare say at this point that the only side of the gospel that you and I have to do with at all is the human side of the gospel. In the great work of redemption I have but one question to ask: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" I'll never stop to ask God what he is going to do and how he is going to do it and when he is going to do it; but the question that engages my mind is, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" I never preach on the divine side of the gospel. The water is deep out there, and little boats ought to stay near the shore. (Laughter.) I'd want to be a first-class swimmer if I should go out in the depths of divine mysteries and inquire of God what are the divine plans and the divine modes and the divine "when" and the divine "how." These are questions that never bother me at all. I simply want to know what God wants me to do, and if he'll tell me I'll do that and trust him for the rest.

And now St. John gives us clearly and pointedly our side of the gospel in these words:

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

Suppose we read the text this way—and we do no violence to the sense of the text:

If we repent of our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

SAM JONES' SERMONS.

THE ALPHABET OF RELIGION.

Repentance to a man in this world, in every moral spiritual sense, on his way to God, is just what the alphabet is to the man of letters and to the scholar. We see that little boy four years old standing at his mother's knee. She is teaching him the alphabet, just as my mother taught me the alphabet. And when I learned the alphabet so that I could begin at "A" and go to "Z," and commence with "Z" and go back to "A," then mother would put her finger at the middle of the alphabet and start me up and down, and I learned the alphabet perfect and I knew my A B C well. Then my mother turned the leaf and said: "Now, son, you may spell some." And I thought in my little heart: "Well, I'll leave my A B C the first week." So I turned over to the next page and commenced to spell, but I saw before I spelt a word that I could not spell without my A B C, and the first word was "a—b, ab," and "I—ib, ib," and I saw that I couldn't spell without my letters, and I spelled on, and she taught me on till I got over to "baker," and "that's a good way," I thought, but I found I couldn't spell "bake" without the "b" and the "a" and the "k" and the "e" and the "r." And I went on until I got way over to "publication," and I thought I was nearly graduated then, but I couldn't even spell "publication" without the "p" and the "u" and the "b" and so on. Well, after I had started to school and got through the spelling book, my teacher said: "Now, tell your mother to get you a first reader." "Well," I thought "good-by A B C, I am done with you now," but when I opened my first reader, the first page of my first reader was covered with the alphabet, and I couldn't read a line without the alphabet.

COULDN'T SHAKE THE ALPHABET.

And so I went through the first, second and third readers, and then my teacher said, "Now you must get you an arithmetic." "Well," I thought, "I'm in arithmetic." That's the science of numbers, and I won't have any alphabet in that. It's 'good-by, alphabet,' now." And I opened my arithmetic and found they couldn't state a mathematical proposition or question without the alphabet, and I went on and on, and by and by they said, "Now, we'll put you into geography."

"Well," said I, "that geography might give me some idea of this earth's surface, and I won't have any alphabet in that," but I found my geography, every page of it, was covered with the alphabet. And by and by I went into rhetoric, and into philosophy, and on and on, and after awhile they said, "We'll put you in Latin." "Well," I thought, "in Latin I'll never be troubled with the alphabet," but I found I needed the alphabet when I took up my Latin grammar; and so I progressed in learning, and when I went into Greek they called the letters by different names, but I found out at last in the Greek that we needed the alphabet. And on and on as I go I need the alphabet, and when the student shall end his college course and his diploma is given him, why his very diploma is written in the alphabet; and so the higher he climbs in literature and the higher heights he reaches the more he appreciates the fact that every step of his upward way is made through the alphabet and by the alphabet.

THE ALPHABET OF REPENTANCE.

Well, now, just exactly what the alphabet is to the man of letters, just that repentance is to the man on his way

to God. The first religious thing a man ever did in this world was to repent, and as far as I am concerned, I have been repenting every day since I started; and about the last thing I ever want to do is to kneel down in hearty repentance before God and go to Heaven a sinner saved by grace.

Repentance! Well, we'll take the term of the text:

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

Now, here is a plain, pointed declaration from the lips of God.

If we confess our sins.

I like the term "confess." It is a very potent significant term in the sense in which this text uses it. "Repentance" can not mean more than "confession" means in this text. We might understand "repentance" better. We are more familiar with the discussion of that word "repentance," and yet after all the definitions of "repentance" I have seen in the book, a good old woman gave me the best definition of repentance I ever heard.

TWO DEFINITIONS.

I was out talking with her on religion and she said to me:

"Brother, I'll tell you what repentance is."

Said I, "What?"

Said she, "It is being so sorry for your meanness that you ain't going to do it any more."

"Well," said I, "you've got it down right for certain."

There's no such definition in the books as that. And she said:

"I'll tell you what religion is."

Said I, "What?"

She says it is this: "If God will forgive me for my meanness I won't want to do it any more."

“Well” said I, “now you have got the whole question down in a nutshell.”

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

Confession! I have noticed this fact in my experience; that a man’s reformation will always go down as deep and out as broad as his confession is. An honest confession, it is said, is good for the soul, and a man is never willing to confess until he is willing to quit.

THE TEST OF REPENTANCE.

Now, let me illustrate what I mean: You may take any drunkard in St. Louis; let him confess his sins to God and man, let him quit and let him join the church and serve God, and every experience meeting you have that fellow will jump up and say, “Brethren, glory to God! I was saved from a drunkard’s grave! I was the worst drunkard that ever lived in St. Louis, and, oh, what a miserable drunken wretch I have been.” He has quit. There’s another fellow, he hasn’t quit—you can tell it by his nose, and you say:

“Friend, do you drink?”

“No, sir! I don’t know one sort from another. I never drank a drop in my life.” (Laughter.)

What’s the matter with him? He hasn’t quit, you see. And no man is ready to confess until he is ready to quit.

You take a gambler, a notorious gambler, and let him be converted to God and join the church, and all at once he gets up and says: “Brethren, I have been the worst gambler. I have gambled every day. I have gambled all night many a time. I have led a miserable gambler’s life.”

Well, you take one of the black-legs of the city now and get him up here and say :

“Do you gamble?”

“No, sir! I don't know one card from another. Never played a game in my life.” (Laughter.)

What's the matter with him? He hasn't quit; don't you see?

A SINFUL PECULIARITY.

And there is one peculiarity about sin. It not only makes a fool of a man, but it will make him a fraud. About nine tenths or eleven tenths of the lying done in this world is to get out of something we have done that is wrong. Isn't that true? How many men in this house who drink whiskey can stand up and say, “I never told my wife a lie about it in my life?” How many drinking men in St. Louis can stand up and say, “I am a regular steady drinker, but I never told my wife a falsehood about it in my life?” There isn't one drunkard in fifty that will confess to how much he does drink. There isn't one gambler in fifty that will ever confess to God or man the gambler's life that he leads. And the best proof in the world that a man has reformed is the fact of his confessing his guilt before God and man—or to illustrate further :

I recollect that once while I was pastor, I had two members up in the church for drunkenness. One fellow got up and said he :

“Brethren, I went to town the other day, and I didn't eat any dinner and I took one little drink. It flew to my head and made me sort of tight, and I hope you'll all forgive me.”

Well the church forgave him, but I said as he went out of the door to the brethren:

“That fellow will get drunk again the first time he goes to town!”

They said: “How do you know?”

“Well,” said I, “he told two or three lies in his short confession. Did you notice that? He said he just took one little drink, and that wouldn’t make anybody but a fool drunk in the first place; and in the second place he said it made him ‘sort of tight;’ and from all I can hear he was the loosest fellow that has been floating round lately. He told two point blank lies in one little confession, and,” said I, “he’ll get drunk again the first time he goes to town again.”

And sure enough he did. (Laughter.)

THE OTHER FELLOW.

The other one got up and said:

“Brethren, if I may call you such, I went to town and I made a brute of myself. I disgraced myself and the Christ that I profess.” And, said he, “If you all can bear with me and forgive me, I want you to pray for me and help me. I have been begging God to forgive me, and if you can bear with such a wretch as I, I hope you will, and pardon me this time.”

I said to them, after he went out:

“I’ll go his security. I’ll go on his bond almost with my immortality, if such a thing is necessary. He has grit.”

“How do you know?” they said.

“Why,” said I, “he confessed to the bottom, and when a man gets down to the bottom in his confession he is reformed to the bottom.”

BLUBBERING PENITENTS.

Confession! Repentance! It means nothing more than this: “I have quit! I have done!” Repentance don’t

mean blubbering and crying. Here's a poor fellow now, who's been getting drunk every day for a month. He comes home at nights blubbering and tells his wife:

"Sho sorry (hic) I got drunk ; but—" and it's boo boo—and cry and cry. "I'm so sorry I got drunk to-day. Wifey, I h-ope you'll for-give me."

And he goes right down town and gets drunk again the next day, and comes home drunk, and he'll blubber and he'll cry. Well, you see, blubbering ain't the thing at all, and his wife gets disgusted with him, and tells him:

"You needn't come round me with your blubbering. I despise it. I despise it. It doesn't amount to anything in the world."

But he comes home sober one evening, and he says, with his eye light and all his senses in full play:

"Wife, I have quit and done now. I'll never drink another drop while God lets me live."

Well, he don't blubber about it a bit. That's just what his wife wanted—just waiting for him to quit, that was all. And a man needn't think because he comes to Christ snubbing around the altar that "I'm the best penitent they have had," and then go to snubbing and crying. But it's "I have quit, quit." That's it. "I have done with it." Repentance is reformation, and nothing else is repentance except reformation.

NO NEED FOR BLUBBERING.

Suppose you had a boy that was going into wickedness and prodigality and intemperance, and going on and on in that, what would you care for your boy coming to you every day or two and shedding tears and saying: "I am so sorry, father, I have done this way." You would just straighten him up and look at him and say: "Son, you needn't come

blubbering around me; you just quit, and when you are quit there's no use in blubbering, and you needn't blubber until you quit."

God is my father and I am his child. And what does the Lord want me to do in every sense? Brother, let you and me cease to do evil and learn to do well. Let the wicked man cease his way and the unrighteous man cease his way and come to God and he will pardon him.

NO MYSTERY ABOUT RELIGION.

How much mystery we have wrapped up with this thing we call religion! The Lord wants every guilty man in the world to quit his wickedness, turn away from his sins and then come to God and he shall have eternal life. The devil don't want any better joke on a preacher than to get up in the pulpit and split a hair a whole mile long between evangelical repentance and legal repentance. (Laughter.) The devil is always glad when he sees a man giving his whole time to that kind of thing. And there is that preacher, and he is defining repentance now and he is giving the world his views of evangelical repentance and legal repentance. I say to the world—and it is the message of my Lord and Master—"If you want God to take hold of you, you quit! you quit! you quit!"

CHURCH PENITENTS.

Well, many a time we members of the church get very sorry, and we get so sorry we can shed some tears for our past life. Now, let me speak a word to you brother, sister. There is a brother who is neglecting his family altar; he has let the family altar fires go out and he is neglecting his duty as a father, as a husband, and now he comes up to the Lord here and says: "Oh, Lord! I have been a great sinner.

Forgive me for Christ's sake." And he sheds a great many tears, but he don't take up his family prayer, he don't make any repentance in the world. Brother, you need not get up out of your seat, but sit right there and say: "I am sorry I have neglected the family altar and, God helping me, I will quit my neglect and follow up my family prayers until God calls me to him."

There is another brother says: "I have not been to a prayer-meeting for a year." Brother, you need not cry about it, but say, "God helping me, I am going to be out here every Wednesday night to the prayer-meeting, else I will send my doctor's certificate to my preacher, and show I was sick abed and couldn't come."

NONSENSE ABOUT FEELING.

We have got theories enough; we have got all sorts of theories, and plenty of theories to run one hundred worlds. What we want now is something practical—something that means something.

A fellow has done wrong, has swindled a customer, and he is feeling awful bad about it (laughter); he never felt so bad in his life. Now, brother, it doesn't matter how you feel. Are you willing to take the overplus back home to your brother and say, "Here is what I overcharged you with?" or will you keep it? There is something practical about that. I like the sort of feeling a fellow felt when he heard that a neighbor's cow died and he said to the other neighbors: "Oh, how sad it is! I am so sorry for it." "How sorry do you feel? Ten dollars' worth to help him get another cow?" I like to see a fellow's sorrow take a turn on him and manifest itself in a practical way, don't you see!

SOMETHING PRACTICAL WANTED.

And that's what's the matter with the world to-day. They are looking for a practical test in our Christianity; and they just simply think that religion is confined to the meeting-house and to our connection with the church. Oh, brethren, let us teach this world there is something grander and nobler about religion than simply a few mysterious theories about a person or a substance. That is it.

Repentance! Confession! I am never troubled much about a man when he says to me, "Jones, I have made up my mind to quit everything that God's book condemns. I will never do it again." I get very hopeful of that sort of a fellow; and when he says to me, "Well, I haven't got any feeling." "Well," said I, "what do you want to talk about feeling for? Who said anything about feeling? The Lord said:

Let the wicked man forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts.

And here you are, after you know what the Lord wants you to do, you are growling about feeling. Where do you get that idea? Where does that come from?" Brethren, I say to you to-night, if there is nothing in religion but feeling, I haven't got a bit, for if I have any feeling in me to-night I couldn't locate it to save my life.

FEELING AND PRINCIPLE.

Feeling! You know the difference between feeling and principle? Yonder is an old sail boat out in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, and when the wind blows, why, she travels ten miles an hour; but let the wind lull and she will lie there two weeks within one hundred yards of where the wind left her. She don't go anywhere. That is feeling. When the wind blows, off she goes.

What is principle? Yonder is a grand old ocean steamer, and when the wind blows she spreads her sails and works her steam and on she goes, and when the wind lulls the engineer turns his throttle wider open and she goes at the rate of fifteen miles an hour whether the wind blows or not. And that is the difference between principle and feeling. And if I haven't got any more feeling this side of eternity I am going to serve God and do right because it is right, and I won't do wrong because it is wrong. A man that's hunting for feeling!

STRANGE IDEAS FROM THE PULPIT.

And we have taught this world a great many strange ideas about religion from the pulpit. There is a sort of a semi-infidel. He is a little fellow. He has never grown much. But he thinks, "Well, from what I heard the preacher say, there ain't any hope for me. I am shut out of the pale; no hope for me, because I don't believe a heap of things in the Bible," and he thinks he is ruined because he don't. I strike a heap of these little infidels that want religion, and I never struck any of the sort except these small ones. (Laughter.) He says he wants to be a Christian, but don't believe that Jonah swallowed the whale (laughter), and he don't believe that the three Hebrew children went into the fiery furnace, and he don't believe in these big fish tales (laughter), and I just say to him, "You poor little simple-headed thing, God never said 'Give me your head,' or 'Give me your feet,' but 'Give me your heart,' and God knows your little, old persimmon head is chock full of devilment. He never bothers about your head. He doesn't say 'Give me your head,' but he says 'Give me your heart,' and God will comb the kinks out of your head mighty fast if you will just give him your heart." (Laugh-

ter.) He is just one of those "end fiddles," as the boys call him, and he just thinks because his little head is chock full of little things for a great many years, that will make the Lord turn away from him in despair.

GOD DOESN'T HATE SINNERS.

Why, brother, when my boy gets wrong notions in his head that don't make me hate my boy. I just turn to him and I say: "My son, if you will submit yourself to my discipline I will promise you a pure life." And I will say this to you: Your head will get right straight when I get your life straight. A man don't do like he believes, but he believes like he does. Don't you see?

Here is a man talking about doubts. I never had anything but doubts in my life. And if you want to get doubt out of your heart you go right down and pull it up by the roots, and there is a seed at the bottom of that top root, and the name of that seed is sin.

A CURE FOR INFIDELITY.

And I will say to you all to-night that the best cure for infidelity in the earth is for a fellow to just go on living the pure precepts of the Bible and his head will become straight. A man can not start head foremost toward God. He will strike a hard substance and break his old head. (Laughter.) You start heart foremost—that's the way. A man goes heart foremost toward God—and that's the way to go.

God says:

Give me thine heart—give me thine heart.

Down in one of the towns in a Southern State a man—some of you know the man if I were to call his name—he got interested in the meeting and came to me and said:

"Mr. Jones, I really in my heart want to be a good man,

but I don't believe in the divinity of Christ—I can't to save my life—and I want to be a good man."

Said I, "Do you?"

He said, "Yes."

"Well," said I, "to-night when I open the doors of the church, you come up and join the church."

"What!" said he "me join the church, Mr. Jones, and I don't believe in the divinity of Christ!"

Said I, "Your trouble is your mouth. If you just shut your mouth I will just get you straight in twenty-four hours." (Laughter.)

BOUND TO OBJECT.

"Now," said I, "to-night you come up and join the church."

"Why,"—

"Now just listen to that mouth. It has been your trouble all your life and you'll just talk yourself to Hell if you don't shut your mouth. (Laughter.) Now," I said, "when I open the doors to-night you come up and say, 'The best I can do is to give my heart to God.'"

"Why, Mr. Jones,"—

"You don't open your mouth. You don't understand. Will you just shut your mouth and I will get you all straight."

"Well," said he, "I can not,"—

"Now," says I, "just listen at that. You will talk yourself into the pit."

And next day I met him and he said: "Mr. Jones, I have been thinking very seriously of what you said, but my head is not straight; I can not believe right."

"Well," said I, "You just shut your mouth and go and do just like a Christian ought to do and you will come out straight."

Well, that night, to my utter astonishment, that fellow came up trembling and joined the church, and he said to me the next day:

ANOTHER CONUNDRUM.

"Now, sir, Mr. Jones, when they ask me whether I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord—when they ask me that, what must I say?"

Said I: "You shut your mouth," and said I, "if you won't talk I will get you straight—just shut your mouth for about forty-eight hours." (Laughter.)

And he came through as happy a Christian man as I know in all this land. But it was a hard matter with him. His head was wrong, and he gave his tongue in charge of his head and he was talking himself to perdition.

Did you ever see an infidel in your life that could sit still and be quiet when he once got going? That's the way he's going.

Repentance! I will quit! I will quit! I will cease to do evil! I will learn to do good! The best way in the world to get religion is to do, before you get religion, just what you think you will do after you get it.

A GEORGIA INCIDENT.

An incident of that sort happened in Georgia. It is told of one of our best men. He was a married man; he was young, and he came to church one day and his wife was not with him on that occasion, and when the brother had preached the word he stood up, and that preacher had said in his sermon, "If a man will do before he gets religion like he thinks he will do after he gets it, he will get it." When he was through preaching, the preacher opened the door of

the church and this man walked right up and joined the church. He went home and his wife said:

"What sort of a meeting did you have?"

He said, "We had a splendid meeting and I joined the church."

"You joined the church?"

"Yes."

"Have you got religion?"

"No."

"Well, what in the world did you join the church for before you got religion?"

"Well," he said, "the preacher said if I'd do before I got religion like I thought I ought to do after I got religion to come up and join the church, and I joined it."

"Well," she said, "that's a mighty strange way to me."

TRYING IT ON.

That night before going to bed, he said:

"Wife, get the Bible. I'm going to read a chapter and have family prayer."

"What are you going to do that for and you ain't got religion?"

"Well, the preacher said if I wanted to get religion to do before I got religion as I thought I would do after I got religion, and you know if I was a Christian I'd have family prayers in my house every night."

And the next morning before breakfast he told his wife to get the Bible and that he was going to pray again, and she said:

"You are the strangest man I ever saw, to pray in your family when you have not got any religion."

And he went on and on, and the next Wednesday night he went to the prayer-meeting with him, and at the prayer

meeting the preacher called on him to pray, and he knelt down and prayed the best he could, and after he got out of church his wife took his arm and she said:

“Ain’t you a nice man to pray in public and got no religion. What in the world did you do that for, husband?”

“Well,” he said, “the preacher told me if I would do before I got religion as I thought I ought to do after I got religion, I would get religion, and I know that Christians pray in public.”

And he just kept right on, on that line, for three weeks, and the biggest case of religion broke out on him of any man in all that part of the country. (Laughter.)

LIVING RELIGIOUS IS BEING RELIGIOUS.

A man can not live religious without being religious, and a man can not be religious without living religious. It works both ways. It is just as certain that Pine street leads down to Fourth street, and just as certain that the way of grace will take a man to God. Just as certain as the L. and N. Railroad leads from St. Louis to Nashville, just so certain the plain naked test that God imposes on man will take any man to God and Heaven.

I wish we could eliminate everything we call mysterious from religion. We ministers get up in the pulpit and we mystify and bamfoosle the world with this thing that we call religion. I used to hear the Christian people get up and talk about the birds singing sweeter and the trees looking brighter and everything like that after they got religion. I just thought it was something, and how magnificent it was, until I read it in a book one day, and I wondered ever since if that old brother got that out of that book. (Laughter.)

If birds sing more sweetly and trees look prettier after a fellow gets religion, I never had religion. Birds always

sang sweetly and trees always looked pretty to me. There is not a word in the Book about birds and trees, but there is a heap in there about quitting meanness and learning to do well. This is

THE STORY OF ZACCHEUS.

Repentance! Repentance! I think I never in my experience as a preacher found a soul that was willing to give up sin, give up all sin, and stay at that point with the white flag run up, that God did not go to that soul. I recollect in my own experience I thought I had cried a heap, and I thought I had mourned a heap, and I went along mourning and crying, and I gave up such sins that I thought I could get on best without (laughter), and when I quit crying and mourning and threw my sins down in one bundle I did not go fifteen steps until I was conscious God was my friend and that he was my Savior. (Amen.) How did they get religion when Christ was on earth? He saw Zaccheus up a sycamore tree. I don't know what he was doing there. But Christ saw him. Zaccheus was a rich fellow, and I expect he had pretty high notions; and Christ said to him, "Come down, Zaccheus, this day salvation has entered your house." And Zaccheus started down that tree, and got religion somewhere between the lowest limb and the ground. At any rate he had it before he hit the ground. He said: "What I have taken wrongfully from any man I will restore it to him four-fold. He had a good case of religion in him when he hit the ground, there is no doubt of that. (Laughter.)

WALKING GODWARD.

If we repent of our sins, and if you quit doing wrong and determine upon the right God will meet you. Bishop Marvin said that repentance was "the first conscious move-

ment of the soul from sin toward God," and he said that after a man threw down his sins and walked off from them, no matter in what direction he started, he started Godward, and the further you walked off from sin the closer you got to God, and a man can go back, and gather up his sins and start the other way and every way is hellward and downward. It is not so much the direction you are going in, but what sort of a fellow you are and what you have got along with you.

Repentance! Repentance! I wish I could get you to see, my friends, to-night, that God is the common father of us all, and that God loves the worst of us as much as he loves the best of us. God only asks us to "cease to do evil and to learn to do well." If we would confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins. Well, we need the pardon. We ought to be pardoned, but we need something else besides pardon. We need cleansing from all unrighteousness. Let me illustrate this.

A DIRE DILEMMA.

Yonder is a man in jail. He is sentenced by the court to hang on the third Friday of next month. Now last night he broke out with confluent small-pox. The impending execution is over him and he knows that the third Friday of next month he is going to be hung, and last night he broke out with confluent small-pox. Now if the doctor cures him he will be hung. If the Governor pardons him he will die of small-pox. He is in a bad fix, ain't he? (Laughter,) Can you imagine any worse?

Here is a sinner. If God would pardon me for all my past offenses and leave me corrupt in heart, I would just go on and die as inevitably from spiritual disease as that poor criminal will die of small pox. Now what do I want?

Lord God, thou great Governor of the universe, give me pardon for all my past offenses, and then cleanse me from all unrighteousness that I may lead a better, nobler and purer life. The man who is simply pardoned and turned loose is just like a swine. You may take and wash the swine from head to foot with Pears' soap, if you please, and it won't be an hour before it is in another mud-hole. And you can take that drunkard out there, wipe out all his past offenses, pardon him for every drunk he ever got on, and just watch him stagger to-morrow evening. Now what did he want? He wanted not only pardoning for his past misdoing, but he wanted God Almighty to cleanse his heart and mind so that he would never go into another bar-room or take another drink. Now hear me; I am talking perfectly dispassionately and am perfectly honest with every man of you to-night.

A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION.

You take my friend sitting on my right to-night, my friend Small. There he sits, controlled and governed by a passion that was as remorseless as death. It swept through his soul almost with the power of a cyclone. The day after his pardon, the day after he felt "God has forgiven all my past sins," this thirst for drink came on him with all its power and energy, and he went to his room and dropped on his knees and said, "Oh, my God, I can never take a step out of my house; I can never go out on the streets of this city with such an appetite gnawing within me." He fought there with that appetite for two solid hours, and he said, "God Almighty came down and helped me to struggle with that thirst, and from that moment to this I have never had any desire to take another drink." I believe that just as strongly as I believe that I am here to-night. I have been along there myself.

Now, I want to tell you this old race needs something else besides pardon for the little meannesses it has already committed. This old race needs cleansing, and God has promised that he will not only pardon our past, but that he will cleanse us from all sin. Is there any man here to-night who will say, "God helping me, I will quit; I am done; I know what sin is; I will quit"? If you do that, brother, you have taken the one step that brings you into the latitude where God can get hold of you.

THE PROMISE OF GOD.

Now, here is a naked promise of God.

If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us.

And now let us put ourselves honestly and squarely on this one promise. The stockmen of the West, in order to prevent the cattle from wading into the pools in their pastures and making the water muddy, have built a rock wall about the pools, and put a platform over the pool, and put a trough on the side of the platform. The trough can not be seen from the outside, and I expect that if an old ox were to rear up and look over the platform, he would tell the others, "There is not a drop of water in that trough. I can see it and there is not a drop of water in it." Mr. Tyndall got up there and looked down, and he said, "There is nothing in it." But that old ox, thirsty for water, walks around the wall and onto that platform, and the pressure of his weight on the platform forces the water, sparkling and gurgling, up into the trough, and he drinks and is never dry. Brother, this naked promise of God is right over the pools of the water of life, and these scientific gentlemen have somehow seen down into the trough and said: "There is not a drop of water in it." They are right about that; but let the poor sinner walk out on the platform, and his

weight will force the water of life into the trough, and he drinks and rejoices in the fact that religion is true.

HOW TO TEST RELIGION.

There ain't but one way of testing, and that is like a little fellow whose father said to him: "Son, how does candy taste?" and the little fellow stuck the candy he was eating up to his father's mouth, and replied, "Father, taste for yourself." And hence the good book says:

Taste and see that the Lord is good.

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.

HOW TO GET RELIGION.

My little Bob, when he was five years old, had more religious sense than I had when I was twenty-four. I went home one day, one Monday, and when I went into the house, I said, "Wife, where are the children?" She said, "Brother George Smith is preaching to the children, and our little fellow was much interested and had to go." And we sat and talked awhile, and directly little Bob came running in. I took him on my lap, and his mother talked to him. She said:

"Robert, what sort of a meeting did you have?"

He said: "We had a good meeting."

"What did you do?"

He said: "Mr. Smith preached a good sermon and asked us to go to the altar."

"Did you go, Bob?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What did you go for?"

"I wanted to have my sins forgiven."

"Did you get them forgiven?"

"Yes ma'am."

"How do you know?"

“ Mr. Smith said if we would come up and ask the Lord to do it he would do it.”

“ Bob, are you going to sin any more ? ” said his mother.

“ Yes'm, I expect I will.”

“ What will you do then ? ”

“ I will wait until Mr. Smith comes around again and go up again.” (Laughter.)

And the little fellow had the whole thing as clearly in his mind as ever any man had.

“ I went up to confess my sins.”

“ Were you forgiven ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ How do you know ? ”

“ Because God says if a man will confess he will forgive him.”

And that is where God brought us when he said :

Except ye be as little children ye can in no wise enter the kingdom of Heaven.

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

I wish this world could see that all a man need do is to repent of his sins and call on God, and he is a pardoned man right then and there.

THE LAST STORY FOR THE NIGHT.

Now this incident and I will quit. When I was pastor a few years ago of a circuit in Georgia, I had some fifth Sunday appointment. I preached there the fifth Saturday and Sunday. And the fifth Sunday of March I went over there and preached two days. On the Saturday I went home with a gentleman named Gaither, not a member of the church. He was a well-to-do man, and a graduate of Emory College I talked with him and said :

“ Mr. Gaither, you are not a member of the church ! ”

"No, sir," he said.

"Well," said I, "I want you to join the church to-morrow."

"Why," he says, "Mr. Jones, I can not join the church. I curse sometimes, and I drink a little."

"That is the reason I want you to join."

"Jones, you don't mean to say that you want a man that will curse and drink to join the church?"

"No, but you are a man of honor and integrity, and if you were to promise God you would quit that sort of thing you would quit it."

But he had done made up his mind that he would not join the church until he got religion. Many a fellow has said that he would not know what religion was if he met it in the road. (Laughter.) He would ask the first fellow he met afterward what was that? Oh, me, if a man did not have more common sense than he has religious sense he would die in an asylum. (Laughter.) Good sense on everything else in the world, but when it comes to religion the biggest lawyer and the blackest and most ignorant darkey stand on the same platform.

TWO APPARENTLY HARD CASES.

Directly his wife came out and I said, "I have been trying to get your husband to join the church, and I want you to join."

"I can never commit the sin of joining the church until I get religion," she said.

I had a long conversation with them on the subject, and I thought I had struck about two of the hardest cases I had ever encountered. I went and preached the next day at 11 o'clock, and on the conclusion of the sermon that man and his wife and eight or ten others walked right up and joined

the church. That was the fifth Sunday in March. On the fifth Sunday in July I was back there preaching three days. On Saturday night wife was with me, and she and the wife of Mr. Gaither went round in the carriage and he and myself walked through the fields. We were walking along, talking, and the moon was shining brightly, and I said:

“Brother Gaither, old Watt is doing his whole duty”—that was Gaither’s brother-in-law, who had also joined the church.

“Yes,” was the reply.

“He can’t be religious unless he is doing his whole duty,” I said.

“Can any man?” he asked.

“Old Watt can not appear to be religious unless he does his whole duty,” I said. Old Watt was a drinking, gambling, bad fellow when he came into the church, but he came all over and taught Sunday-school, worked as class-leader, and became Sunday-school superintendent, doing his whole duty and loving religion.

A GLORIOUS MOMENT.

Mr. Gaither said: “Yes. Now, what is there in appearance. I have been in the church three months and I have no more religion than that horse pulling our wives to church.” He said: “I have not cursed any or drank any since I joined the church; but I am tired of being a member of the church without religion.” He said: “If you want me to pray to-night I will do my best. If you want me to teach Sunday-school I’ll do it. I am going to pray night and morning until I get religion. I am going to do it. I want to do my whole duty until I get religion,” and suddenly shouting, he said: “Glory be to God, I have got it right here.” (Laughter and applause.)

That is the secret of the whole thing, brother. (Amen.) That is the secret of the whole thing. Oh that I could just get men to see how merciful God is to the man that wants to do the clean thing.

THE LAST APPEAL.

Now, my brother, my friend, God loves you, and all God asks of any man is that you

Cease to do evil and learn to do well.

And follow in the footsteps of him who loved you and gave his life for you and died for you. That's it. And there is no mystery about it. There is no mystery about it. When an army official advertises the conditions on which he will receive a regular soldier into the army there is no more mystery about those conditions than when God advertises to the world how he will receive men and women into his kingdom on earth and into his kingdom in heaven. And turn your minds and thoughts away from the mysteries connected with religion, and just take hold of the plain, practical facts of Christianity and say: "I know right's right and I will do it; and I know wrong is wrong, and I will quit it." Turn your life to God, and he will have mercy on you and pardon you. Will you do it? God help every man not in sympathy with God to-night to say: "Whatever others may do, as for me I am going from this day to trust in my Maker to guide me in the way of everlasting life and peace."

A CALL TO PENITENTS.

I am going to pronounce the benediction in a moment, and if any man here to-night—and I never was more serious in any talk I have made in my life—if you want to be good men and turn away from your sins and be a Christian, will you stay here after the service a few minutes and let

the world see and let the world know that "here is one man willing to forsake his sin and come to God"? Will you do that? No more serious proposition was ever made to you, and God's own word shows us that

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

My brethren and friends, in all love and kindness I say: "Will you stay with us in the after service to-night, and some of you Christian men and women stay and let us talk over these immortal things?"

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

God help you to-night to surrender to God and throw down your wrongs and do the right from this day until you die.

THE BLESSED GOSPEL.

We will take up where we left off yesterday afternoon taking for our text:

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, faith and temperance.

Against such there is no law. By their fruits you shall know them. No good tree will bear corrupt fruit, and no corrupt tree good fruit. So it is with our spiritual tree. The fruit of the Spirit is love. That is the fruit of our spiritual tree. Love doesn't count its fruitage; love doesn't hesitate; when you develop love you develop joy. It is not only my care in life to develop love, but also joy. You have noticed a tree in a yard bearing fruit. Perhaps that tree is so situated that it has to feed from all kinds of unwholesome things, and yet, in spite of all its disadvantages, it develops fruit. Now that tree is valuable just as it develops fruit according to disadvantages. And so it is with the spirit. It is valuable just as it develops fruit and its fruit is love.

"The fruit of the Spirit is joy. Every religion should have joy. A joyless religion is a Christless religion. What a beautiful thing is joy! It is often said that this is a world of care, anxiety and disappointment, and this is to a large extent true, but when care and anxiety press hard upon me, the thoughts of the hereafter and the fact that

I SHALL WEAR A CROWN,

repeatedly dispels all my troubles. What joy there is in the thought that I shall see rivers of joy in the life to come.

Thank God there is such a thing as joy in this world of trials. I never felt the force of St. Paul's language, "I



LEAH.

take joy in my greatest affliction," so much as when I heard an old preacher, a messenger from God himself, at a meeting that was being held for my good and the good of many others. After calling on God to bless everybody else present the old man knelt down and said: "God, now bless me. I have been a great sinner, but am sorry for it and glad I am sorry." Now just think of those words: "I have been a great sinner, but am sorry for it and glad I am sorry." Are they not beautiful? His very sorrow was a source of joy to him. Job wears a crown and you would all, no doubt, like to wear his crown, but when we see what he went through to get the crown few of us would try to inveigle him out of it. You would probably also like to be Abraham and wear his crown, but if you had to go through all he did to obtain it you would probably allow him to retain the crown. And I want to say a word here about homes. There should be joy in every home. Sometimes loved ones don't like to stay at home, and when we look at home we don't wonder that such is the case; it is a joyless, cheerless home. No wonder some frequent billiard rooms instead of remaining at home of an evening, and no wonder husbands frequent gambling dens. It is because they find things more congenial and more joy in these places than at their homes. Unless a man is very depraved indeed he prefers a joyful home to anywhere else, and when he does not remain at home it is because it is not a joyful home.

There is such a thing as a Christian having been in fire. I have been in fire myself. It used to be that I did not understand what being in fire meant to a Christian. When we watch gold being reduced we see it bubble and boil in the crucible until it finally

COMES OUT PURE GOLD.

So it is with the Christian; he has to be put into the fire

to purify him. Sometimes it is the only way the impurities can be got off him. I think I know now what being in the fire means. We can't lay religion down and pick it up again whenever we want, without getting into the fire. I sometimes have laid down religion and picked it up again, and have been in the fire. And sisters and brothers, whenever you get into the fire you have broken loose somewhere, and God is welding you together again. The fruit of the Spirit is joy. Let us have a joyous religion. Let us have joy in affliction ; joy in pain ; joy in trials and troubles ; let us have joy everywhere and in everything. Every child must have chastisement, and if it be without chastisement it is not a real child, but a spurious article. How grandly we could get along if we could only get joy out of the family prayers, joy out of the ten commandments, joy out of worship, joy out of visiting the sick and joy out of everything we do.

Let us have peace. I believe a Christian is the only one who can have peace in war ; who can have peace when the cannons are booming and the guns firing. In all the din of the battle a true Christian can have peace. Brethren, the anchor of his heart is cast in God, and he can have peace when the billows are tossing, the wind blowing and the storm raging, because his heart is anchored in God. I remember a story about a man who built a hotel in the heart of the city and was continually annoyed when trying to sleep by the racket of the wagons and street cars. One morning he woke up and everything was quiet. There was no noise of any kind. All was still as death. He could not imagine what was the matter. Finally he got up and looked out of the window, and found that the street was

COVERED WITH TEN INCHES OF SNOW.

The street cars and wagons were all going, but made no

noise. Oh, brethren and sisters, if you will only keep under the snow of God you shall have peace amid all the racket and din. The fruit of the spirit is peace. Let us make everything contribute to this divine fruitage.

The fruit of the Spirit is long suffering. I think the sweetest prayer our Lord ever said was when his enemies were doing their worst: 'Father forgive them; they know not what they do.' And then again: "It is finished. These men by my death, which they have brought about by cruelty, finished the salvation of the world." When Abraham asked an old sinner to say grace at his table, the old sinner refused and cursed and blasphemed. Abraham, who was enraged at the man's behavior, threw him out of doors. Our Savior asked Abraham what he had done, and Abraham replied: "I asked the old sinner to say grace at my table and he cursed and blasphemed, and I threw him out of doors." "Abraham, O, Abraham!" said our Savior, "be ashamed of thyself! I have borne with the curses and blasphemy of that old sinner for sixty years, and if I have borne with it that long, can't you do it for a few minutes?" Abraham had allowed his temper to master him. Many a battle has been lost by temper. Never lose your temper whatever is said about you. People never talk as much about us as they did about our Savior, and I can't afford to fall out with any one who talks no worse about me than was talked about our pure, spotless Savior. Bear everything that may be said or done to you, rather than resent. When you lose your temper and resent, then the devil comes up and

ROBS THE TREE

of the fruit it bore. The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace and long suffering. You must put up with things in

this world for the pleasures it will bring you in the next. We are not far from the graveyard, some of us are nine tenths of the way there now. Let us put up with and bear all until we go to that world where all is joy and peace. The Lord wants us all to be hammers to strike the powers of evil, and sometimes he wants us for anvils to be struck. A good Christian is both hammer and anvil. Let's be both. Don't you know I rather like that anvil idea. I tell you it is a glorious thing. Whenever anybody wants to strike you, be a good anvil. Let them strike you hard, and let the blow rebound and knock down the man that would knock you down, and if you are in the right—and that is the only word a good Christian should ever stop to think about at all, God knows it is the only word that ever enters my mind: "Am I right?" I ask myself—then so much the better, and continue to be the anvil. If I am in the right I am willing to be the anvil forever and have the whole world strike.

The fruit of the Spirit is gentleness. There is no better word than gentleness. Gentle is the sweetest word ever applied to a horse. It means a willing horse, a horse that will serve and can be driven by anybody. Gentle Baptist! What does that mean! Does it mean a Baptist that can be driven by anybody? Every Sunday-school superintendent is driven by his children. He works as gentle and nice as though he was never out of the shafts. Gentle wife, gentle girl, gentle husband! How sweet! So teachable, so docile and nothing vicious. I asked a lady in town the other day, who had

▲ VERY GENTLE HORSE,

"Does your horse belong to the church?" "I don't know," replied the lady, laughing. "Well, he ought to," I said, "for

he is a good animal." (Laughter.) Don't you know I often think of Dr. Wesley's horse, however. I often see horses so gentle and good that I feel sorry that they can not go to Heaven. Goodness, goodness! Godlikeness! How beautiful! How sweet! Everybody should ask themselves: "I wonder if the Lord would do this. I wonder if the Lord would go there." A good man or a good woman is a blessing to any community or in any family. I have been sitting at times where the conversation lagged and a good man or woman came in and everything immediately lit up; their presence made everything light around them. There are friends of mine whom I have known for a long time, and whenever I visit them or they visit me and we get together in a room, we enjoy each other's company so much and the time passes so quickly that the clock seems to strike every ten minutes and soon 12 o'clock has been reached and passed. It comes around so quickly that we think some one must have tampered with the clock. That is the way, I think, time must be spent in eternity; every hour seems like a minute, there is so much good company—so much goodness.

The fruit of the Spirit is faith. An intelligently sanctified man is the happiest of mortals; some men get more religion than sense, and are in a bad way, but I don't mean to say that Christians get unduly sanctified. I never knew a good Christian to get too much religion, because Christianity is good sense in concrete. If you can not believe, it is because you do not comply with the conditions of the belief. I put my hands up and can't see the gas (illustrating his remark by placing his hands between his eyes and the gas.) Why can't I see the gas? It is because I don't comply with the conditions of sight and I can't see the gas to

save my life. I take down my hands and can't help seeing the gas to save my life, simply because I comply with.

THE CONDITIONS OF SIGHT.

I don't have to try to see it—it is impossible for me not to see it. If I can't believe it is because I don't comply with the conditions of belief. If I comply with the conditions of belief I don't have to try to believe—I can't help believing. And a man with true faith is one that does whatever God wants done, without question.

“Now, as to temperance, I wish every Christian in this country would frown down intemperance; it is the duty of every Christian and should be done as a church. We can't abolish bar-rooms while our best people place liquor on their tables. They should by their action take a stand against intemperance. While they lend it a helping hand we can never get people to look down upon it. A woman came to me once and in a piteous way told me she wanted to save her husband and sons from drink and I felt sorry for her. But I was afterwards told by a party who knew her that the woman was not deserving of pity and that she, herself, was responsible for her trouble. During the first year of her early married life, she had liquor always on her table. “Touch not, taste not, handle not,” is in my belief the best plan. The Lord says: “Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's mouth.”

Some people abuse me and say I give it to everybody ruthlessly; the fact is, I am only speaking from my own experience. I never got an insight to a man's life, but I saw just the same defects in him that marred my own. Some men say that I tell their life so truly and hit them so hard that they would challenge me to fight a duel if I had known them; but as I do not know them they think it is

probably not intended for them after all. It reminds me of a story about a preacher who went to a town and was met by an old German who wanted to know if he was the man who came there to preach. He replied that he was, and the German said: "Vell, you be's goin' to talk in my puilding und I have Shon pring you up dere to night." Well, John brought the preacher up to the building, and when the preacher commenced talking he told the defects of the old German's character so truly that he jumped up and yelled out: "Shtop! Haf you und Shon peen confabbing apout me?" When he was assured that they had not he let the preacher go on. (Laughter.)

I was at Central Park, New York, and when it was laid off and surveyed they discovered

UGLY OLD ROCKS,

which would have to be removed as it destroyed the appearance. How to remove them was the question, and they came to the conclusion that it would cost thousands of dollars and their removal was out of the question. In their dilemma a lady came to them and said: "Since you can not remove the rocks, why not take honeysuckle and other vines and plant them so they will entwine about the rocks and cover their ugliness?" This was done, and now those ragged, jagged old rocks are the prettiest spots in the park. Brethren and sisters, let us take goodness, joy, peace, meekness, gentleness and faith and cover the rugged and jagged edges of the rocks in life and make everything beautiful. I know you will find the cold wind of neglect blowing on you and will have blighting frosts to contend with; but like the Georgians who burn fires about their trees to keep off the frosts and winds, and to preserve their fruit, let us keep burning the fire of the Holy Ghost in our lives and hearts,

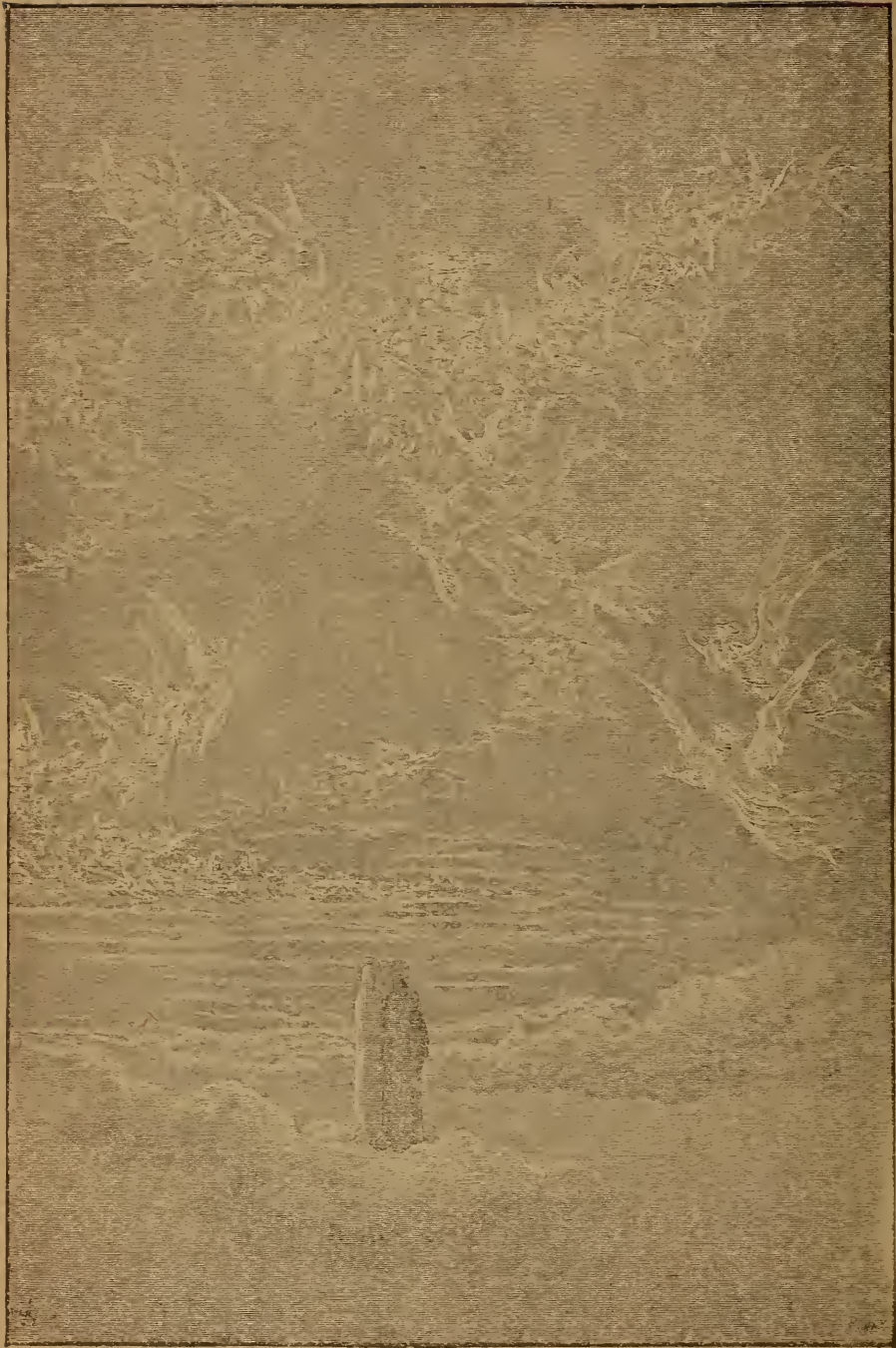
and keep off the blighting frosts and chilly winds and develop fruit, which God will take and harvest, and we will all enjoy in Heaven the fruit developed by ourselves.

Dr. Brank, of the Central Presbyterian Church, delivered a prayer, after which Brother Jones announced that services would be held in the evening at the Centenary Church, and hoped to see everybody there. He would also hold services at St. John's Church this morning, this afternoon and to-night. He would state further that most of the services next week would in all probability be held at this church. Every night services for the rest of the week would be held there.

A voice in the back of the church: "If the Lord is willing, Brother Jones."

"Yes," said the evangelist, "if the Lord is willing." He then went on to say that he was astonished beyond all measure at the large attendance. The day was so bad that he scarcely expected anybody; in fact he was on the eve once of not coming, thinking no one would venture out on such a day. He again announced when and where he would hold services and once more expressed a hope that his auditors would all attend the meetings.

(Benediction was offered by the Right Rev. Bishop Rowman, and the assemblage dispersed.)



THE VISION OF THE SIXTH HEAVEN.

CHRISTIANS SHOULD WIN SOULS.

Now, brethren and friends, let us, by prayer and faith, make this truly a spiritual service. I saw this morning in prayer and faith, looking to God, a bright streak in the moral heavens, and the sun has almost risen upon us. I have never preached more honestly and faithfully anywhere than I have here. This is the hardest rock into which I have ever put my drill as a preacher. But, thank God, at each tap of the hammer the drill has gone down a little, and if you, as Christian people, will put the pressure on the drill until we get to where God shall put in the blast for us, you will see such a moral upheaval as you have never seen in this city. There is a sense in which one victory will help us some other to win, but I never won anywhere, in the gospel sense, until I was defeated. God will not glorify any man or suffer a man to glorify himself, or suffer anything else to glorify a man. It is all of God. There are many things on the human side of the question God is always willing to do, but there are many things on the human side of the question that are enough to rejoice our hearts.

AN AFTERNOON INCIDENT.

Some faithful preachers in the service this afternoon have been spending sleepless hours over the fallen, back-slidden state of a great many members of the church and the godless estate of the city. They have been praying every day. This afternoon these preachers went to Dr. Brookes' home and said, "Doctor, Sunday night with all the force we have, we want to unite at your church and

carry this work on." Dr. Brookes looked in the face of the brethren. Said he, "God sent you here, and," said he, "all the power of my head and heart and all shall be with you." God has people here. There are 7,000 or may be 10,000, or may be 20,000 in this city that have not bowed the knee to Baal. I tell you, brethren, one of these can chase 1,000 and two can put 10,000 to flight. God bless the grand old Presbyterian Church of this city. God bless the Baptist Church of this city. God bless the Congregational Church of this city. God bless every church that bears the name of Christ, and bring us with one accord together in our movements against the sins and wickedness of this city. And I tell you, when you unite every Christian heart and every Christian hand and every Christian mouth in this city all to work against the world, the flesh and the devil, you have got a big job then. You have got a big job on your hands then.

A CALL FOR MORE FAITH.

Now, brethren, let your faith be inspired and let us look up to God, and let us pray to God Almighty to carry on this work. ("Amen.") One of the preachers got up this afternoon, and said he: "Brethern, this work will not fail. It can not fail, and I tell you what, as Christian people and members of the Church, it won't do now for us to fail." Said he, "failure now will imperil things here. We can't afford it." Said he, "This town is waked up. I have been on 'Change, I have been on the street, and they are talking it from one side to the other," and one of two gentlemen said to me this afternoon, said he, "I heard their conversation about talking it on the street cars and everywhere, and," said he, "we took a street car, and sure enough, the conversation turned on this subject, the sub-

ject of the meeting." Well, God is in the movement. I believe God is. And if God is in the movement, and the forces are wisely directed, you'll see such a moral upheaval in this city as will put religion on top, and that is what we want. God knows we have been kicked and cuffed about long enough. God knows that we have been at the bottom a long time. God knows we ought to get up and shake the dust off of ourselves and be somebody in this universe around us. It looks that way.

THE TEXT.

Now, to this end, as the good old preacher said in his sermon, we take the text—the fifth verse of the fourth chapter and the last chapter of St. Paul's Second Epistle to Timothy:

But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry.

That is what St. Paul said to Timothy, and then he said:

For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.

Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

Now in the verse, the text which we read, St. Paul said four things to Timothy; and these words we might denominate the dying words of St. Paul—the last words of one of the greatest men God ever made. And these words were said to Timothy, his own son in the gospel. I have been frequently touched by reading the words of St. Paul to Timothy. I have seen the fatherly interest and the tender, watchful care that St. Paul bestowed upon Timothy, his own son in the gospel; and now that they have had their last conversation, as they have preached and labored

and ate and walked and talked together for the last time, and as all earthly association and communication is cut off forever, as St. Paul is about to pass to his reward, he says he has something to say to Timothy—the last words of Paul to Timothy.

THE VALUE OF LAST WORDS.

How the last words of a dying neighbor impress us, and how the last words of a good father fasten themselves upon us! How the last words of a good mother are cherished by us! We can forget a thousand things father said while he lived, but we can never forget the last words of a good father. We forget a thousand things mother said in life and health, but the last words of a precious mother linger with us like the memory of a precious dream. The last words of Paul to Timothy, and through Timothy to us! And oh, how much St. Paul compassed in these three lines The first thing he said to Timothy was this:

Watch thou in all things.

If there ever was a day in the world's history when the people of God ought to be vigilant and watchful, it is now. This watchful spirit is the sentinel of the soul—the sentinel on the outpost. I am commanded to be vigilant, to be watchful, because my adversary, the devil, is going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. I am commanded to be vigilant and to be watchful because I wrestle not simply with flesh and blood but with powers and principalities and spiritual wickedness in high places.

Watch thou in all things.

Gen. Washington said whenever danger was imminent and the enemy was near by: "Put no one but Americans on the outpost to-night." And now while enemies surround us on all sides and press upon us in every direction, is it not best that we put none but the most vigilant souls upon

the watch-tower and that we put the sentinels that belong to our own souls on the outposts, the most faithful.

BE VIGILANT!

Watch thou in all things.

It was death for a sentinel to sleep at his post. Do you wonder why they were so severe on poor fellows for going to sleep out on post? I'll tell you why. The safety, the peace, the life of 60,000 men is in the hands of that sentinel out there on the outpost, and for him to go to sleep on post means to have the enemy charge upon a camp of sleeping soldiers and butcher them in their bunks. No wonder the general says to his sentinel on the post: "It is death to go to sleep on the outpost there." And I tell you another thing: the way God talks to us, it is mighty near death to you and death to me if we shall ever forget to obey the text and fail to be watchful.

Another scriptural term for this same expression or thought is this:

Walk circumspectly.

Now, that word "circumspectly" is a Latin derived word, a compound word. It means "walk, looking around you." The Indian walking in the primal forests of this country, inhabited by all kinds of wild beasts and reptiles, walked with perfect safety, because he walked circumspectly. The Indian bade his squaw and his children good-bye in the morning and went into the wild forests, inhabited by wild beasts and reptiles, and they did not think of his safety. They knew that if the enemy approached him from the right, he saw him. If the enemy came from the front, he saw him. To the left he saw him. If he approached from the rear, his keen sense of hearing and seeing detected it. If it was a wild beast crouched on a limb above his pathway, he saw him. If it was a hissing serpent underneath

on his pathway, he saw him. And the Indian walked in perfect safety, because he walked circumspectly.

HOW TO WALK CIRCUMSPECTLY.

Circumspectly ! A man walks along and looking ahead of him is not walking circumspectly. A man who just looks to the right and looks ahead is not walking circumspectly. If a man looks on both sides and to the front, he is not walking circumspectly. If a man looks to the rear and in front and on both sides, he is not walking circumspectly. If a man looks above him and in front and on both sides and to the rear, he is not walking circumspectly. But if he look above and beneath and in front and to the right and to the left and in the rear, and in walking looks around both ways, and all ways, then he is walking circumspectly, looking in every direction.

I know not from what direction the enemy may attack. I know not whether it shall be from the left or from the right, from the front or from the rear. I know not what sort of enemy it may be, and I know not the direction he may come upon me, and so I shall obey the Scripture and walk circumspectly, looking around both ways.

Both ways ! Walking circumspectly ! Well, I must not only walk looking all around me both ways and looking outward, but I must look within. Look at myself. Spurgeon said all our enemies are comprehended under three heads : the world, the flesh and the devil. He said : " The devil, he's a cunning old enemy. Oh, how cunning ! but," he says, " by the grace of God I can conquer the devil. This old world," he says, " is a multitudinous affair with ten thousand things to attract and seduce me, but," he says, " by the grace of God I can conquer the world. But," he said, " good Lord deliver me from myself."

MIS-LOCATING THE DEVIL.

Nine-tenths of your trouble and my trouble is not on the outside at all. It is inside. There's where your trouble is. As I heard a brother say to-day, you can get out in the world as much as you please, but you had better mind how you get the world into you. Sometimes we mis-locate things, like the good old brother that called on Bishop Whiteman. Down in Mobile, Ala., the bishop had been holding Conference, and a good old brother came up to him in his room one day and said to the bishop:

"I haven't been to my church in two years. I haven't been out at all in that time."

"Well," said the bishop, why is that, brother?"

"Why," said he, "they have got the devil right behind the pulpit."

"What?" he says. "Got the devil right behind the pulpit?"

"Yes," he says, "they have. Just as soon as I walk into the church, the first thing I see is the devil right behind the pulpit."

"Why, brother," said the bishop, "what in the world do you mean?"

"Why," he says, "it's the organ they've got in there."

"Well," said Bishop Whiteman in his polite way, "I expect when you go into the church, the devil is in there sure enough, but you don't locate him right. He's not in there right behind the pulpit, but he's in you. He's in you. You've mis-located things. There's the trouble."

CHRISTIAN WISDOM.

I heard a good old brother say once that when a man got mad with him he always spoke kind words and said kind

things. "Why," said he, "when a man wants to raise a difficulty with me and talk bad to me, if I get mad the devil will come out of that fellow into me, and he'll divide devils with me. He's got enough for both." And the trouble with humanity is that they don't locate things right. And without locating your enemy, you can never fight him successfully. That's the truth. The wisest general in this whole war was the general, not that knew so much how his troops were arranged, but who arranged his troops by the arrangement of his enemy's troops, so that his strongest point was just opposite the strongest point of his enemy. And the Christian man who is best equipped to fight the devil, is the Christian man who not only knows the strength of the devil, but knows exactly where he is located and all about him.

Watch! Your trouble, if located, is within, and not without you. I would rather fight a thousand enemies outside of the fort than to fight one enemy inside of the fort. There are more dangers on the inside. And now let us see what we have inside to betray us.

Well, let's see! Is there anybody here troubled with a spirit of neglect? That is a fearful enemy on the inside—the spirit of neglect. I don't care what else you have or don't have—if you have got that you are bankrupted. As I said here once before, you may take the best man in St. Louis, he may be everything you want him to be, but you just let him neglect to pay his debts and there isn't anybody in this town will have any respect for him. Ain't that true? And we must reach the point where we see that the strength of the Christian is in the earnest, persistent discharge of every duty that God enjoins upon us.

THE FOLLY OF NEGLECT.

Neglect! Neglect to pray; neglect to read my Bible;

neglect to walk uprightly before God ; neglect any Christian duty—the man who does it, does it at the cost of his soul. The spirit of neglect ! Now if you take a man who has prayed night and morning in his family, just get him to leaving it off at night say for instance ; or leaving it off in the morning for instance ; and just let him neglect it a time or two, and you know that the next thing that has happened is that he has quit it altogether. Just let a fellow neglect his prayer-meeting two or three times, and he gets so he won't want to go at all. Just let a man neglect to read his Bible for a few days, and he'll get so he won't want to look toward his Bible at all. Oh, the spirit of neglect ! It has cost millions of souls !

Neglect ! And every time Christ prefigured judgment, the fellow that was condemned was condemned for neglect—every one of them—and in no instance were they condemned for what they had done, but condemned for what they had not done.

Neglect ! You let a man begin to neglect his business—it goes right down. Let a man begin to neglect his religion—it goes right down. Let the member of a church begin to neglect prayer-meeting, it goes right down to zero. Let the member of the church begin to neglect to pay the preacher and the first thing you know he is a pauper. Don't you see how the thing goes ?

And I tell you all, in every part and department of religious life, aggressiveness and fidelity is found in the fact that we do not leave any gaps down but put them all up

THE TROUBLESOME TONGUE.

Neglect ! Well, then, I will watch not only the spirit of neglect that might take possession of me, but I will watch my tongue. Oh, me ! these tongues of ours give us more trouble than anything and everything else in the world ! It

ain't what we do, but it's what we say that keeps us in trouble every time. It's what we say. I will watch my tongue. I declare sometimes I wish I hadn't any tongue.

Neglect! And watch my tongue. Watch my tongue. Oh, me! if we just had some way of regulating every word we had uttered, like a president can recall some minister or some counsel that he had sent off somewhere—oh, what a grand thing that would be! Brethren, I'd spend the next ten years in recalling—I think I would—I'd be busy at it, I'd be busy; and the only way I can do now is to watch my tongue; and I declare to you, if a man opens the door the dog runs out in the street before he knows it. It is astonishing how many things will come up, and come when he least expects it, upon this tongue.

THE IDEA OF TEMPER.

I will watch my tongue. I will watch my temper. I will watch my temper. The noun "temper" is not in the Bible at all. The verb "to temper" is in the Bible. Do you know where we get that idea of the word "temper?" We get it from the blacksmith's shop, where the blacksmith, for instance, is shaping an ax and upsetting the blade of it; he heats the blade again and pushes it down into the water, and taking it out he watches it take its color, and again he pushes it into the water and takes it out and watches it take its color, and then directly he passes it to the hand of the farmer and says: "I think that is tempered, but I don't know. If you will grind it and take it out to that knotty pine log and throw it in a time or two I will be able to tell you whether it is tempered or not." And he takes up the ax, and he goes out to the knotty pine log and he strikes it a time or two, and it is full of notches and the edge all turned and gone. He takes it back to the

blacksmith and says, "You missed it this time; look here! it is notched all over with gaps." And he takes it again and puts it in the fire again and tests it, and when he takes it out there to the knotty pine log its edge is all right and he says, "This edge stands perfect." That is where we get what we call our idea of temper from.

CHRISTIAN TEMPER VS. GOOD NATURE.

Many a time we have had our tempers, our dispositions in the shop, and we have upset them and we have tempered them, and now we say, "Well, now, I never will get that way any more; I have got the edge all right this time; I got it tempered up in every respect," and the first old knotty log we get to, away it goes and the notches are all broke out and the edge is turned off, and we say, "Law, me, it's no use of my trying at all; I did worse this time than I ever did before." Haven't you ever felt that? Oh, this temper of ours. A good temper will stand anything without the breaking out of a gap or the turning of the edge. Good temper! Good temper!

There is a heap of difference between good nature and good temper. I have heard people say, "Oh, that person has less temper than anybody I ever saw." Well, they are less account than anybody you ever saw, if you mean by that they are simply good-natured. I tell you it takes anybody with immense temper, and when that temper is rightly tempered, then it is you've got the finest character this world ever saw.

A LOVELY TEMPERED GIRL.

I heard a lady say about a cook once, "That is the best natured, kindest, cleverest, best girl in this world, and the only thing I got against her is she is no account in the world that you ever saw." That's the only thing she had

got against her, "She is no account in the world that you ever saw."

I like temper, but I want it to be on the edge right, and I want to be sure that that temper is managed right, and we can only have good tempers with vigilant, watchful care over them. The best way I ever managed my temper was to clinch my teeth together and not let my tongue run a bit. My tongue was a sort of a revolving fan to the fire, and the first time you let your tongue go you are gone. Did you ever try to clinch your teeth this way together and try to keep a padlock on your tongue when you felt like you were going to get mad? Did you ever try to sit down on your tongue once?

If you'll do it you will be astonished.

I will watch my temper, I will watch my tongue, I will watch my disposition, I will watch within, I will watch without, I will be vigilant, I won't be surprised by anything. I am going to see my enemy approach; I am going to watch him as he comes, and I am going to meet him as he comes

A PERSONAL FRACAS.

I thought after I was converted and went to preaching that it was a man's duty to defend himself, and a man has to get mad always to do that; and I recollect a time or two when I got what I thought to be an insult, and there was a personal fracas. Well, the last one I had I got into the fuss all over, and it seemed like the Lord had about turned me loose for good, and I just said: "Good Lord, if you take me back I tell you what I'll do; I will never get mad with any man on the face of the earth until they treat me worse than I have treated you." Well sir, I have been now at it eleven years since I had the difficulty, and I never found a man yet that treated me worse than I treated the Lord, and until

I do I am going to stay in a good humor with humanity. That is my doctrine.

A fellow will tell you, "If a fellow was to treat you like so and so treated me you would get mad." "How did they treat you, anyhow? What did a person ever do to you that you didn't do to God? If they told falsehoods of you, ain't my life a living falsehood? Isn't my profession a living falsehood?" "Oh, well, I know it is, but—ah, well, if you look at it that way, now," they will say, "of course I can't get mad at folks for telling falsehoods on me." "Well, but that man told the biggest lie I ever heard." "Well, but did you ever tell God one?"

A GOOD STORY.

So I often think of the incident where Talmage went to the father of the boy and said, "My brother, your son"—a little boy about 10 years old—"wants to join my church. What do you say?" "Oh, no," said the father, "he don't want it; he is too young; he don't know what he is doing." After a while he consented, and Talmage told him that he had joined the church.

About three months after that the father met Talmage, and he said:

"There, Dr. Talmage, I told you that my little boy ought not to have joined the church."

"Why?" said Dr. Talmage.

"Why," he said, "no later than yesterday I caught him in a point-blank lie."

"You did?"

"Yes."

"How old were you when you joined the church?"

He said: "I didn't join the church until I was a grown man."

"Well," he said, "how many lies have you told since you joined the church?"

"Well," he said, "that's a gray horse of another color. I never thought about that. (Laughter.) That makes quite a difference, doesn't it?"

I will watch and watch in all directions, and see to it every day of my life that I watch the approaches of every enemy, and I fight them as they come.

THE ENDURANCE OF AFFLICTION.

Well, when he told me to manifest always and possess always this watchful, vigilant spirit, then he said to me:

Endure afflictions.

It is one thing to do the will of God and it is quite another thing to suffer the will of God. As I said this morning; most anybody is willing to be a hammer and strike for God, and but very few people are willing to be an anvil and to be struck for God. And there is quite a difference between the two. Most anybody is willing to go out and knock anybody down for God, but are you willing to be knocked down for God? That is the question.

"If they slap you on the right cheek, turn your left also."

THE BEARING SPIRIT.

I think one of the most impressive things I ever heard was where the young man belonging to the Young Men's Christian Association was standing out on the sidewalk in a city, handing dodgers to folks—out in the street and pointing up to the room where they were going to hold the service; and a gentleman who walked along with the crowd saw this young man hand a dodger to a fellow, and the gentleman, or man, pooled away with his fist and had like to knocked him down on the sidewalk; and the fellow regained his foothold and was ready with a dodger as another one came

along; and directly another one slapped him in the face as he gave him a dodger; and the gentleman got interested in watching how the fellow took it, and he said he stayed there and in a few minutes he put a dodger in a man's hand, and the man just caught him and just mashed him right down on the ground and tore one of his coat-sleeves off, and bruised him up generally, and he got up and had another dodger ready for the next man that came along. And the stranger went up in the room and heard a young man talk, and he said: "Gentlemen, I never heard a sermon in my life yet that impressed me, but I stood out there before your door and saw how the rough mistreated that young man over there, I saw the spirit in which he accepted it, and I walked in here to your meeting, and I want the very same spirit that made that boy take all that in the spirit in which he did."

NO USE TO FIGHT BACK.

Ah, brethren,

Endure afflictions.

And it is the hardest thing in the world to do. Humanity wants to fight back and kick back and talk back. I have felt that a thousand times; and I never fought back or kicked back or talked back in my life that I was not sorry that I did it. The thing is to stand and hold out and let your enemy kick himself to death, and he will soon do that if you will hold right still.

THE TRIBULUM.

And this affliction here is nothing but the bearing

and pressure and weight of the "tribulum." That tribulum we get from the old threshing floor where the wheat was spread out in the straw on the floor, and where a man got a long, big hickory pole and shaved it down thin in the middle so it would have a spring to it, and he come down on the wheat and beat away there by the hour; and that was the "tribulum" coming down on the wheat. Do you know what he was up to? He was getting the wheat separated from the straw and chaff. The tribulum is the weight, you see, and when God comes down hard with the tribulum he is just beating the wheat out of the straw and chaff, and the great astonishment to me is that the Lord will beat away so hard and so long to get as little wheat as there is in us. (Laughter.) And God is obliged to be patient and, with tender mercy, to beat sixty years on some of us and never get more than half a peck of wheat after sixty years. (Laughter.)

BLESSING BY AFFLICTION.

Endure affliction.

That is it. Bear whatever is sent upon you; and I will tell you there is nothing like affliction. Many a time a man has grown careless and godless and worldly in the church and the Lord has tried every fair means to touch him and move him.

And there is a man now. The doctor says: "I am sure it is typhoid fever," and on the fifteenth day he says to his wife: "His case is getting a little doubtful." On the twentieth day the doctor said: "You may prepare for the worst." He heard the whispering—he was lying there on his bed, and the old clock ticking so loud there on the mantel—he heard the doctor talking to his wife just outside of the room door, and he saw his wife's lip quiver and he saw her wipe the tear from her eye and he heard the doctor,

say: "You can prepare for the worst." The twenty-first morning the doctor said: "He is a shade better, the crisis is come, he is turning, there is a chance for him."

VOICING HIS THANKS.

The thirty-fifth day he was sitting up in a big old arm rocker, with his dressing coat on, and his wife gone out of the room, and the children gone out of the room, and he says, "Well, thank God, I am up one more time in this world!" and he gets up and walks to the door by the help of the chair that he drags along with him; he turns the key and locks it, and he walks back and he kneels down between the arms of that old chair and he says, "Thank God, I am well one more time—getting well. He has spared my life, and now, God, on my knees I promise you I am going to make a better member of the church and a better father and a better husband than I have ever made." And he gets off of his knees and God blesses him, and he claps his hands and says: "Glory to God! He is so good to me." God had to take that fellow and put him on a forty days case of typhoid fever to get him where he could bless him. Don't you see?

THE MORAL THERAPEUTICS OF SICKNESS.

Oh, how much goodness in the Lord! He won't let us be lost until he has done his very best on us. I tell you, take most any fellow and take him over a coffin a time or two and turn him loose and he will hit the ground running time. (Laughter.) He will do better.

Endure affliction.

Sometimes it don't last very long. I recollect a case down in my town where I was pastor. I worked on a fellow all during the meeting, couldn't do anything with him, but he got down with bilious fever and he got to death's door. They thought he was gone. And oh, what promises

he made that he would do better if he got well. And two or three weeks after he got better I said :

“Brother B——, how are you getting along?”

He said: “I am getting better all the time.”

“Well,” I said, “How about your soul?”

“Well,” he says, “I’m afraid that ain’t doing much better.”

“Didn’t you promise the Lord that you would do better if you got well?”

“Yes,” he said, “Mr. Jones, I did, but I tell you a fellow is going to promise most anything when he gets down as far as I did.” (Laughter.)

NOT SEEKING TO AVOID AFFLICTION.

Endure affliction.

Whatever is sent upon you, bear it without a word; for I declare to you there is nothing like patience under an affliction.

When the Lord’s providence touches us let us be like the mother who had a son, a great big grown boy. The preacher told me he was at the house one day, and he said that the boy did something wrong and the mother ran out in the yard and picked up a big brush and ran up to her boy to flail him, and when she ran up to him, she thought the boy would run from her or fight her, either one, and when she ran up to him, he just folded his arms and she threw up the brush and cried just like her heart would break. And brethren, when the Lord runs up to us with the rod of correction, let us not fight, but lean up against God’s arms, and perhaps he will lay the rod down and won’t strike you a lick. The best way to fight God is to run up to God. I found out when I was twelve years old that when father wanted to lick me the closer I got to him the better. (Laughter.) I found that out.

EVANGELICAL WORK.

Then he said:

Do the work of an evangelist.

Now you say, "That just had reference to Timothy; that does not have a reference to us at all." Do you know that God intended in the salvation of every soul that you should be propagandists yourselves? Did you ever think of that? The trouble is you have turned the world over to us preachers, and you have turned it over to a sorry set, (laughter) and we are not half running it, God knows. But I reckon we do the best we can with the material on hand. (Laughter.) There is some hickory the Lord himself could not make an ax handle out of unless he makes the hickory over again.

Do the work of an evangelist.

We preachers have had charge of the churches and the salvation of this world now, in a sense, for 1800 years, and we have just gotten one man in every twenty-eight to profess to be a Christian, and only about one in those twenty-eight is one when you weigh him up right. We are making big headway, ain't we? We preachers are good, clever men and do the best we can, but God never intended that the world should be handed over to us. He intends that every converted man shall be a preacher in a sense, going out and doing work as an evangelist. Supposing the members of Brother Lewis' church started out on the scriptural line to-morrow. Supposing every member of the church said: "God helping me, I will win one soul this year for Christ." Supposing you said last January each member of St. John's Church will win a soul apiece for Christ. The membership was 720 then, and it would be 1,440 next January if that promise was observed. And if the promise

were renewed then, on the following January the membership would be 2,880. And on and on and on and in this way before your head grew gray all over, St. John's Church could turn this whole city to Christ. That is arithmetical progression, and God is going to convert this world just that way. Listen! When one half of the world is converted to God and that half says: "One soul apiece tomorrow for Christ," and all go out and bring one soul to Christ, then everybody is converted and a nation is born to God in a day! You see how it works!

Dr. Tudor.—God speed the day.

BROTHER JONES STARTING OUT.

Brother Jones.—One soul a year! It does look as if every Christian ought to win one soul a year, or go out of the business. If I could not do that I would just quit in utter, absolute despair, I would. And I want to say to you all to-night just this: Just a few years ago, down in Georgia, God stooped down and touched my poor, ruined, wilted, blasted soul and called it back to life. I started out the weakest, frailest thing, and I declare that when I went to Atlanta to join the Conference I had no idea that they would take me. I could not see how they would take such a fellow as I was and put him to work, and when they put me on a circuit I was the happiest man you ever saw; and when I got nearly home—I had not thought about what the thing would pay—a man stepped up and said: "Jones, that circuit they have sent you on never paid but \$65 a year to its preacher." I listened, but that statement did not bother me a bit, I was happy that I had a place to go to work in. I started in down there as best I could. My worldly assets, thoroughly marshaled, were a wife, one child, a pony, and \$8. These were my assets spread out, and my liabilities were several hundred dollars. (Laughter.)

This is just the way I started when I went down on that circuit. I commenced preaching six or seven or eight times a week, preaching and meeting in private houses, schools and churches, working as hard as I could and working right on. I started out to do my duty toward God and man, and the three years I spent in that work were the happiest three years, it seems now, of all my life. And God saw to it that we had three square meals a day and respectable clothes, and that is as much as you have. Do you have any more? If you do, where do you put it? Some of you put it in the bank; some in railroad stock. Yes!

A REFERENCE TO MR. VANDERBILT.

I do not reckon there has been a mind in this century that has been under higher pressure than William H. Vanderbilt. There were many things about that man I honor—many things about his life I would have the business men of this world emulate. I will say this much about him: The last evening, when he dropped out of his chair and fell onto the floor, when the railroad president was talking to him—when he sat in that chair he was the richest man in America; when he fell on that floor he was as poor as I am—as poor as I am. When I leave this world I want my friends to say, “I am glad there is a good man gone to Heaven.” When Vanderbilt died everybody wanted to know, “How will it affect the Stock Exchange?” That seems to be the only question in New York City now, “How will it affect the Stock Exchange?” They do not seem to care much about the man. They do not seem to have much to say about his funeral. The whole thing rests as on a pivot on that one question: “How will his death affect the stock market.”

WORKING FOR SOULS.

Now, sir, as God is my judge, all along through my religious life the one burning desire of my soul has been to see others brought to Christ. I have worked on and on and on, and I tell you, the happiest moments of my life have been the moments when I have seen men's souls given to Christ. The one earnest prayer of my life has been, "God help me to help souls to Christ." Brothers, how do you feel about that? I may gather together a fortune, but it may curse my children; but if I gather souls to Christ, how grand that is.

This recalls the dream of a young lady—I do not go much on dreams, but there was something impressive about this one. A young lady dreamt that she died and went to Heaven. As she stood around the great white throne she saw that every one there had on a beautiful crown, and that beautiful stars decked each crown. She approached a sister spirit and said: "What do these stars represent in these crowns?" The sister spirit replied, "These stars represent the souls we have been instrumental in saving," and she said, "I thought I reached up and pulled off my crown and it was blank, and I began to be miserable in Heaven. And all at once I awoke and praised God that I was still out of Heaven, and I said 'I will spend the rest of my days in trimming stars for my crown of rejoicing in the sweet by and by.'"

STARLESS CROWN.

How many of us here to-night if we died and went to Heaven would wear a starless crown forever. May God help me as I journey through life to gather souls to God that they may be stars, not in my crown, but blessed be God I would put them all in my Master's crown and say to him

“You are worthy of them. You shed your blood and died that they might be redeemed.”

¶Do the work of an evangelist.

Let us go out and reach somebody. Then lastly he said, “Make full proof of your ministry.” I do love to see a soul go and work in earnest for Christ and work on until the work is completed, and then shout over the results. That is just what this means. I will illustrate this. I can get through quicker in that way than any other.

A WIFE'S PRAYERS ANSWERED.

I had once in my charge when I was a pastor a precious good wife and mother. Fourteen years before that she married a young man, sober and industrious, but after their marriage he commenced associating with drinking men. He soon commenced to drink himself, and he led a very dissipated life for several years, and finally he was taken home with delirium tremens. One morning two doctors came and examined him, and they called his wife aside and said:

“Madame, your husband will die to-day.”

She looked at the doctor and said, “No, he won't die to-day.”

“Well,” they said, “Madame, these symptoms that are on him never fail. He will die.”

“No,” she said, “doctor, he won't die.”

“How do you know?” they asked.

She said, “I have been praying for fourteen years to God to convert that man and save him before he died. And,” she said, “I have prayed earnestly and with faith, and I know he is not going to die. I do not care a cent about your symptoms.”

That evening the doctors came back and examined her husband and said he was better. She said: “I have not

been uneasy about him. I knew God had not converted him, and I knew God would not let him die until he was converted. If he were to die in the fix he is in I would die an infidel. I could never have believed that God heard and answered prayer. I have been praying for his conversion for fourteen years, and I knew God would not let him die before he was converted."

A SECOND SIEGE OF THE THRONE.

The man got better and he was converted, and he led a pure, good life for two years, and then, under some fearful temptation, he fell and began drinking again. She went back to God and prayed: "Good Lord, save my poor husband at any cost. I will work my hands off to support my seven children. My God, save my poor husband. I do not care what becomes of us."

Two or three months afterward her husband was taken with articular rheumatism, the most fearful kind of rheumatism that ever afflicted humanity. There he suffered day after day, and he turned his heart again to God. He was the most meek and patient sufferer you ever saw, just trusting in God every moment. One morning when his wife was standing by he said, "Good by, precious wife. The moments are coming when I shall leave you, and when I shall leave you—and I owe it all to you and Christ—I shall go to Heaven and pass into the joys of the blessed."

She stood over him until his last breath had gone, and his face was placid and calm in death. As soon as she saw sure enough that he had gone into eternity, she clasped her hands and cried, "Glory to God, he is saved! Now I will work my hands off to support my children." And that woman to-day is a precious Christian mother of seven children, and she is training them for a better life. Mothers

and sisters, when you get in earnest you will see this world with all its glitter and fearful influences over your children. You will see it as it is, and will say, "God help us to be in earnest about children and neighbors."

LET'S GET TO WORK.

Now let us say: "I am going to pray for some persons and will never stop until they are converted." Will you do that and interest yourselves in souls around us? I could stay here and relate incident after incident where I have seen parents, neighbors and friends get interested for others, and how they just surrendered to God, and how they were brought to Christ. Let us go away to-night and say: "God helping me, I will never wear a starless crown in Heaven. I am going to win some souls to Christ." Oh, if every one in this meeting would save a soul for Christ.

Now, brother, we have a few minutes longer to stay here to-night, and we are going to hold an after-service, and if any of you have more important business elsewhere than you have here you can return after benediction. If any of you feel that you want to hear the words of Paul to Timothy, when he said:

Watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist and make full proof of your ministry — remain. I want to see how many will remain to that after-service. If you are a Christian we would like you to remain; if you are not a Christian we would like you to remain. The theater won't be out for an hour and a half, and we ought to be willing to stay here and talk about Jesus and the saving of souls to about as late as they stay at the theater. I think so; I think there is more profit in it.

THE LAST APPEAL.

After making the announcements Mr. Jones said: "I

pray that this may be the beginning of a great religious movement here. (Amen.) I never did preach more unsatisfactorily to myself than I have preached to-night, but I have done the best I could; and I pray God Almighty that some truth may take hold of your hearts to-night, and that you may roll up your sleeves and pitch in and help to win souls to Christ."



THE BOAT OF SOULS.

GOD'S CALLS AND LOVE.

We invite your attention to three verses to be found in the first chapter of the Book of Proverbs :

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

But ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof.

I also will laugh at your calamity ; I will mock when your fear cometh.

The more I read this precious book I hold in my hand, the more I am persuaded of this one fact, that God is doing all that infinite wisdom and infinite love could do to call back a wandering world to himself. There is not a page of this blessed book I hold in my hand on which I do not find expressions and declarations that convince me in my own mind that God loves me and is interested in me ; that God wishes me well, and that he is ever ready to manifest himself as a gracious benefactor. And when I read this text and look at the pronouns of this text

Because I have called—

GOD'S VOICE.

This is God speaking, and when God speaks all mankind ought to rise to their feet and listen to what he has to say,

Because I have called and ye—

You and you and you,

—and ye refused ; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded ; but have set at naught all my counsel and would none of my reproof. I also will laugh at your calamity ; I will mock when your fear cometh.

I said a moment ago that I was more and more persuaded every day that God loves men ; that God wishes us well ; that he is continually calling us from something and

continually calling us to something. Every time God calls a soul from hell he calls that soul to heaven, and when God calls us to heaven he calls us from hell; and when he calls me away from, he calls me up to; and when he calls me up to his bosom he calls me from all that would offend him or damage me as an immortal man. And now we will discuss the text in a plain, pointed way, and will you give us your prayers and your attention while we discuss this text? Because I have called—

GOD'S NUMBERLESS CALLS TO MAN.

Oh, the numberless ways in which God has been calling this world to repentance, calling us to a better life, to nobler things, to higher heights, to greater usefulness, to greater blessedness. And there never has been a call of God to man that did not draw us and bid us come to something better, and something happier, and something wiser, and something grander. There never has been a call of God that did not call us upward. Who is it to-night that does not want to be acquainted with a better state of things? Who is it that would not have St. Louis called up on a higher and better plane of morals and right living? Who is it would not like to see his children on a better and higher plane of right living? Who is it that would not like to see this whole world lifted up into the perennial sunshine and blessing? Who is it to-night that would not like to have the fact announced. There is not a dram-drinker in our city; there is not a gambler in our city; there is not a profane swearer in our city; there is not a licentious person in our city; there is not a wicked person in our city? Who is it that would not like the electric wires to carry the grand and glorious news to the world to-night: "St. Louis is literally redeemed from sin and redeemed to God; instead

of profanity we have praying ; instead of wickedness we have righteousness ; instead of thieving and robbery we have the golden rule—'Do unto all men as you would they should do unto you ?''

ALL GOD'S CALLS ARE TO BETTER THINGS.

And every call of this God-blessed book is a call to us away from something that is wrong and calling us toward something that is better. As I hear God and heed God, and obey his commands, I am always leaving that which is bad and going up to that which is better. Do you want to be a better man ? God wants you to be. Do you want to be a better woman ? God wants you to be. Do you want to be a better father and citizen ? God wants you to be. And this old book does not mean anything else, from Genesis to Revelation, except that its truths shall make you happier, freer, wiser, purer ; and every call in this book is to you and me to come-up on a plane like this to something better.

Because I have called—

One of the divine agencies and one of the most omnipotent in calling men from sin to righteousness is the divine Spirit.

I have called you by my Spirit.

And in his gracious love God sent his Son to die for us. The Son came and took upon himself to redeem all the race. He suffered, bled and died, and was buried, and he rose again from the dead and said :

It is expedient for you that I go away, for when I go away, the Comforter will come.

THE NEED OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

And I have thought many times that if God had left this world without the presence and power of his Spirit in

the sacrifice of his Son, oh, what an unmeaning sacrifice that would have been! You see that cross yonder, with its bleeding victim, the Savior of the world, dying upon it, and all mankind gazing upon it. It was the dim outline of something. The world did not understand it. Just as with the hills of North Georgia. Some mornings I have walked out on the front porch of a country residence before daylight and I would look out upon the beautiful scenery of North Georgia by the dim darkness of the night, and I could not see anything but the dim outline of mountains and valleys. It was an indistinct picture that did not mean anything. And I have gone back to my room and after a while I would walk out on the porch again. Then the sun had risen up over the eastern hills and bathed the mountains and valleys in a sea of glorious light. And then I looked over these mountains and valleys and saw beauties and glories my mind had not conceived before when I looked at them in the dark.

Then, this old world looked on and did not understand it. It was too dim. But when the Holy Spirit, basked in the light of God's countenance, arose on the scene and bathed the cross in a sea of light, then we could see

One hanging on the tree
 In agonies of blood,
 He would fix his languid eyes on me,
 As near his cross I stood.

Then I might say:

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

And then:

My conscience would feel and own the guilt
 And plunge me in despair;

GOD'S CALLS AND LOVE.

By that precious light I could see that
My sins his blood had spilled
And helped to nail him there.
A second look—
Under this divine light—
he gave, which said—
I freely all forgive.
My blood is shed to ransom thee,
I die that you may live."

THE HOLY SPIRIT LIGHTING UP THE CROSS.

And oh, the cross itself would never have been anything but a dim outline of God's goodness to us unless the divine Spirit had bathed it in a sea of light, so that I could see that on that cross was my Redeemer and precious Savior. Oh, Holy Spirit, arise on the scene to-night and let us see that cross, and see our Savior, and see that

He is the propitiation of our sins, and not ours only, but of the whole world.

He calls us by his Spirit. His Spirit lights up Calvary and lets us see the bleeding victim. And then the divine Spirit calls us to look on that scene. It calls us to view our Savior on the cross. It tells us that he is our Savior and Redeemer. He calls us by his Spirit. And that divine Spirit is going into the world

To reprove men of sin and remind them of righteousness, of judgment to come.

And brethren, no wonder it is written in that book,
Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.

I can afford to do anything else except that I treat lightly the wooings and movings of the divine Spirit of Christ.

LISTEN TO GOD'S CALL.

Oh brethren, mark the expression! Whatever else you and I do, when God himself by his Spirit touches our heart,

let us yield to that touch and obey that voice! And that divine Spirit is in this city, in this congregation, in your heart. He calls you to a better life. Will you heed that call? Will you obey that call? Will you say to-night, "Oh, divine Spirit, I have long repulsed thee, but to-night I yield my life to thee; I will be a better man; I will be a better woman?" Whenever the divine Spirit knocks at the door of your heart like he is knocking at some of your hearts to-night, he simply knocks that you may open unto him, and it brings life and salvation in his brain where'er he goes.

He calls us by his Spirit to a better life. I know God is in earnest, because all the manifestations of his grace show that he has not left a stone unturned to make me a better man. He not only calls me by his Spirit, but by his word. Do you know how many calls there are in this book, to men, that they may live better and serve God and their generation by the will of God?

THE CALLS IN THE BIBLE.

Have you any idea how many calls there are in this book to you, my brother, and to you, my sister? Oh, this book! with each page, and sometimes with each verse, calling us to nobler and better things! And this book has been on the table at your home, and on the shelf at your home, and in your library at your house, this book to-day with its millions of copies scattered over the earth, and almost a million calls in each book! Oh, surely no man can sink down to Hell at last and say, "I would have gone to nobler heights and to a better life than I did if I had had just one call of mercy and goodness from God to me." This blessed book, how full of calls! Oh, there is many a man who not only despises the God of this book, but he despises this book. I

love this book. I am glad this book was the precious gift of mother to her children. I am glad my mother clasped this book to her heart and said a thousand times :

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

NO EXCUSE FOR IGNORANCE.

I am so glad my father's highest ambition was to live according to the precepts of this book. I am glad that the noblest and best friends I have in this world have charged me many times to read the word of God, and obey its precepts. I am so glad of the ten millions of Bibles scattered over this sin-cursed earth that go like blessings into every home. And friends, to-night, when we take this blessed book we see the numberless calls God makes to each man. And in each call he says, "Come higher; live better; prepare to meet your God." Then, I say, if we should die impenitent, we are dumb and speechless in the end.

This blessed book, so full of calls!

Come thou,
said this book,

Come with us and we will do thee good.

But I know God is in earnest. He not only gave his Son and his divine Spirit, but he calls us to a better life, and not only gave in his last message to us and his divine counsel to us, but he calls us by his ministry. Just think of the numberless voices that are raised every day and every hour upon this earth.

THE MINISTRY'S CALL.

The ministry, the consecrated ministry of God! I know frequently we think the preachers are not doing much. We think frequently "our preacher is a very inefficient man," but I can say this to the honor of our pulpits in America :

There is not a soul in this house that ever heard a sermon by anybody—I care not if it was by an old African preacher, I care not what language he spoke—I say to you to-night, you never heard a sermon in your life that did not have truth enough in it to save your soul! We can criticise preachers—oh me! it takes less sense to criticise than it does to do anything else in the world, and there is many a preacher whose congregation will pack him in an ice-house and then abuse him because he does not perspire. (Laughter.) And let me tell you that we would have more faithful preachers and more persistent and earnest work in the pulpit if they got a little sympathy from the world around them.

NO ALLUSION TO LIBERAL MISSOURI.

Sympathy! Say what you please about preachers, I have noticed this much, that whatever infidelity has done, or whatever infidelity has proposed to do, I have never heard of a project like this would be—an infidel city without a preacher or a church or a Bible. Have you ever heard of any such project as that? The meanest, darkest, blackest old infidel in the world never intends to live among infidels anywhere in this world; and he is going to be ruined forever, because he is going to be shut up with them in hell forever, and that will be the meanest and most bitter pill he has to swallow down there! The meanest and lowest down old infidel in this town—if you were going to establish a town of infidels and shut out all preachers and Bibles, and pass a law that no church shall be erected there, there is no low down infidel in this town that would move his family there or establish himself there if he was an old bachelor. (Laughter.) That's the truth.

GOING TO HELL FROM STODDARD ADDITION.

Brother, I am glad we have so many preachers. And I tell you another thing; this old Stoddard Addition here, with its many spires and with its numberless preachers, the man that goes to Hell from Stoddard Addition, St. Louis, is going to Hell with a vengeance! Now, you mark that!

I declare to you that I have thought many a time if I should be lost, and if I must be lost, I'd rather go from some lonely island of the sea, where no preacher's voice was ever lifted, and where no Bible ever comes, and where no influence was ever brought to bear upon me. If I must be lost at last, let me go from some lonely island of the sea, where no voice of the pulpit and no pleading of the church was ever heard. But the man or woman that sinks down to death and hell from under the voice of the pulpit, you perish awfully and you perish justly.

I have called you by my ministry.

ONE SERMON A PIECE, ALL ROUND.

Brethren, there has been one sermon to each soul of St. Louis preached in this city. There have not been less than 400,000 sermons preached in this city since the day it was incorporated. And now, sir, we are assured of this fact, that for every soul in St. Louis there has been an honest, earnest sermon preached. And, oh, brethren, when I think how Peter ran down that day from that upper chamber and preached one short sermon—and I say it reverently, and I speak it honestly and reverently—you never heard a sermon in your life, I dare assert, that was not as good a sermon in a literal sense as was Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost. And yet under that short, earnest talk 3,000 souls were brought to God. And, with the

wagon loads of sermons that have been wasted upon us to-day, thousands and hundreds of thousands of our people are in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity.

I have called you by my ministry.

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

And he has not only called us by his ministry. If he had stopped at that, it seems to me that every man who perished would perish without excuse, but he has called us by his providences.

Oh, how the providences of God arouse us and stir us up at times. The providences of God.

A GEORGIA STORY.

In our town, an old associate of mine, an old schoolmate—a kind-hearted, clever boy, we were raised boys together—and I walked down to his house one day. I heard his child was sick. I walked down to his house and I was invited into the family room. His wife was an old friend of mine—we were boy and girl together. When I went in, she sat in the family room, with a sweet, sick child in her arms, and I looked at that child and I looked at her. I said: "Virginia, God is going to take this little fellow from you, too; it certainly can not live." And I saw the tears leap to her eyes and spatter down into the face of the sweet child.

Said I: "Virginia, has it ever appeared to you, have you ever thought, that God is doing his best to save your poor husband"—her husband had drank and drank and drank, and he had suffered with delirium tremens but a short time before that—and said I, "Virginia, did it ever occur to you that God is doing his best to save your husband?"

And she broke utterly down and sobbed and says: "This is the sixth sweet child I have given up, if it dies, but if God would save my husband I would give them all up, if it should break my heart."

HUNTING THE HUSBAND.

I went down town and hunted her husband up. I met her husband on the sidewalk and walked up to him, and I slapped him on the shoulder and said I: "John, I am just from your house, old fellow. And you've just got almost an angel for a wife, and," said I, "that woman is bathing that sweet, sick child of yours with her tears this moment, and," said I, "I said to your wife, 'Virginia, do you reckon God is doing his best to save your husband?' and she just sobbed aloud and said:

"'If God can save my husband by taking my sweet children from me, he can have them all.' And," said I, "John, in the name of God, surrender and give your heart to God and be religious."

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

GOD DOES HIS BEST TO SAVE US.

Oh, I am so glad that God will not suffer us to perish until he has done his best to save us.

If a man had asked me fifteen years ago—fourteen years and three months ago—if a man had asked me, “my friend, what is the worst thing could happen to you?” I reckon I would have just spoken up involuntarily and said: “The death of my precious father. Oh, I’d rather lose all than him! And yet my father came to death’s door and the providence of God brought me around his dying pillow, and I watched him as he passed out of this world, and I want to say to you this, that God Almighty put my father’s corpse in my pathway and I turned around and I said, “I will go back! I will go back!”

GOD’S LAST RESORT.

And many a time a man has traveled so far that God can never stop him until he has to put his dead wife in his pathway, and many a man has turned around and said, “I will go back! I will go back!” Many a time God has thrown the sweet angel babe, like a sweet angel chiseled out of marble, in the pathway of the father, and stopped him. This much I know: God will never suffer any man to be damned until he has done his best to save you.

There are many happy home circles in this town. A preacher said to me to-day: “Brother Jones, one of the troubles in St. Louis is, there are too many husbands and fathers out of the church and irreligious.” One preacher said: “In my congregation I know twenty good women who have wicked, godless husbands. They are members of my church.” Twenty good, pious, consecrated wives who have wicked, wayward, irreligious husbands!

A WORD TO HUSBANDS.

I just want to look at every man to-night who has a good religious wife. I want to say this to you, and may the Holy Spirit of God burn it into your conscience. Listen to

me, friend! Listen! The man who stamps upon a good wife's heart and almost crushes the last drop of blood out of it, let me say to you, sir, you owe that wife a debt that you can never pay her until you pay it at the cross of Jesus Christ! You owe those innocent children that throw their arms around your neck and love you with all their heart, you owe those precious, innocent children a debt that you never can pay until you pay it with your wife around the consecrated altar of God.

A TENDER MEMORY.

It is a source of everlasting joy to me as I live. (Here Mr. Jones shed tears and wiped his eyes with his handkerchief.) I had at my home a precious child when I was a wicked, wayward, godless man. It is the only sweet child I ever had that ever looked in my face when I was a wicked, wayward, godless man. That child is in Heaven, but, thank God, I have not a single child that looked in their father's face when he was not trying to serve God and do right.

The saddest picture in this world is to see a good wife and good mother do all she can to train her children right and lead her children to Heaven, and the husband by his example and by his life doing all he can to undo the work of the wife and to curse his children. I have thought many a time if there is a deeper, darker, more awful place in Hell for one than another, it must be for that husband and that father who, in spite of wife's prayers and children following her example, broke through it all and despised it all and made his bed in Hell.

Oh, friend, when you talk about children! If you can not touch a man when you bring to bear the relation of his precious children, then he is dead to everything that is noble and true and good.

God is going to take something from us. As I said just now, there is many a happy circle in this town—and the Lord has let us go on through other means. Now you mark what I say at this moment. You had better look out! God don't like the way you are doing, brother. He don't like the example you are setting your children; and if God takes two or three of your sweet children to Heaven this winter, you are going to be a better father to those that are left. Now, mark what I tell you!

A WAR STORY.

In a meeting once like this, I threw it open for talking, and one gentleman stood up in the congregation. Said he: "I am from a distant city; I am a stranger to you all, but I love God, and I want to be a Christian all my days, but," he said, "I want to say some things to fathers. I want you to hear me." He said: "I went through the last war and I never went into a battle—and I was in forty or fifty hard-fought battles—that I didn't go in with a solemn vow that if God would spare me through that battle I would be a Christian. Then when the battle was over I would promise God that after I got home from the army I would be a Christian. And," said he, "God spared me through the whole war, and I came home and only received one slight wound during the war, and when I got home," he said, "I promised God if I married, I would be a Christian; and then," he said, "God gave me a good wife, and then I said, 'if we ever have children that need to follow a father's example, then I will be religious.'" "And," he said, "in the course of time God blessed us with a sweet little Mary and a sweet little Martha."

IN THE DAY OF TROUBLE.

"And," he said, "when Mary was eight years old and

Martha six I walked in, and a thousand times, I reckon, I had promised God I would be a Christian ; and I walked in home from plantation one day, and wife said to me, ‘ Husband, little Mary is very sick ; she has got a very high fever ; she is now scarcely in her mind conscious.’ I walked into that room, and as soon as my eyes fell upon that child, I said to myself, ‘ Now, sir, your vows to God. Do you recollect the promises you made ? ’ and,” he said, “ the child got worse, and worse, and the next day that precious child died, and,” he said, “ over the grave of that child I said I would keep my vows ; but I got home and I didn’t do it. I kept putting it off till next day. Just a week from that I walked into the room, and wife said, ‘ Husband, precious little Martha is taken just like little Mary,’ and I never went into the house at all—I just went off to the woods and fell down on my knees and said, ‘ Lord, if you will spare that precious little child I am going to be a Christian right here and now.’ And I made my surrender uncompromisingly to God right there, and—”

THE RESULT.

“ I got up off my knees and I went back to the house, and my wife met me on the porch and said, ‘ Strange to say, husband, the fever is all gone, and the child is getting right peart,’ and I said, ‘ Wife, I am not astonished. I have just got off my knees out yonder in the woods, and I told the Lord if he would spare my child I would be a Christian from this day ; and, oh, if I had done that a week ago our precious little Mary would have been with us to-day.’ ”

Oh, you don’t know, brother, how many thousand ways God has used to bring you to a better and nobler life. I know there are people that will laugh and people that will ridicule the very thought that I am on to-night ; but I be-

lieve in the providence of God as strong as I believe in my existence. I believe that God rules in this world yet and that the very hairs of my head are numbered and that God does not allow the sparrow that chirps in the thicket to fall to the ground until he has signed its death-warrant.

GOD KNOWS BEST.

God knows me and knows my children, and he knows best. I have said to God on my knees: "God, you know best what is needed for my soul. If anything in the ordinary means of grace won't save me, God, use extraordinary means on me; whatever in thy wisdom will bring me closer to thee, gracious Father, let those means be used on me!"

Can you feel that way to-night? Many a time I have gone home—and if there ever was any fellow that loved home I reckon I do—and I thought of this persistent effort I was making here in St. Louis, leaving all I had to come and help you—left everything in the world—loving wife that I loved, anything—to come here and help you in this meeting; and I want to say to you, brethren and friends here to-night, whatever is best for me, whatever is best for my children and for my home, my God, may that come upon us. If it is poverty, I would rather starve to death in one poor hovel, if that means getting to heaven, than have the wealth of Vanderbilt and ride in purple and fine linen, and be damned at last. Nothing in this world will pay me for going to hell, and I say Lord God! let anything come but that.

A THOUSAND CALLS TO GOD.

God calls us by his providence. I believe in the providence of God; can not help from believing it. And God not only calls us by his providence, and not only calls us by his ministry and by his providence, but as Mr. Spurgeon

said once, "God calls us in a thousand ways if we would just stop and listen." "Why," said he, "when we walk out in the morning, God makes his sun preach to us. As the sun climbs the slippery steeps of the skies God makes him whisper down to us: 'Oh, man, look at my pathway, upward and onward, brighter and brighter! How is your pathway?' And when the sun poises himself at meridian, he says: 'Man, I have gone half of my day's journey Have you?' And as he descends toward the west, he says: 'Man, I am going down behind the western hills, and you are going down to the grave.' And when he sinks behind the western hills, he says: 'Man, will you go down with me to-day and paint the splendors of your life over the horizon of your death, or will you go down to a cloudy, fearful, dark, hopeless abyss?'"

And when we walk into our family room at night and light the gas, and the little candle-fly flits around, and we brush it off and say, "Foolish thing, don't burn yourself to death," and then the little fly, the little mote, flies around the light and darts into it and burns itself to death, and God makes the little dead mote speak and say, "Man, you are doing the very same thing. You are dazzled by the pleasures and appearance of life, and you have already scorched your immortality, and you are darting down into an eternal and everlasting despair, by and by."

HOME LIFE CALLS TO GOD.

When you come in to your table and sit down and there are the children gathered around you, and you help their plates, God says, "As you are willing to give food and raiment to your children around you, man come to me. I am more willing to give you good things than you are to give food to you children."

As you go into your room at night and shut the door, God says, "So, man, heaven's door is going to be shut some of these days. Will you be on the outside or will you be inside forever?"

And when some sudden move awakens you at night, then God says: "Be ye also ready for ye know not the day or hour when the Son of Man cometh."

Are you a farmer? Every time you go out in your field to sow seed, God says: "Man, I have been sowing the seed of life in your heart all your days." When you come out to look at the grain coming so beautifully, God says: "Man, where are those seeds I have sown in you heart?" When you go out to reap your wheat, God says: "Man, the sickle of death will reap you down after a while." When you thrash it and separate the wheat from the chaff, God says: "Man, that is just where I shall be by and by, separating the wheat from the chaff, and the chaff shall be burned with unquenchable fire."

THE HEAVENLY ADVOCATE.

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

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

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

Are you a merchant? Every time you measure off a yard of calico God says: "Man, I am measuring off your days to you." And when you take the scissors and clip the

cloth, God says, "Man, the scissors of death will cut you loose from time to time some of these days." As you put your sugar in the scales and weigh it, God says: "Mene, mene, tekel; you are weighed in the balance and found wanting."

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

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

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

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

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

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

YOU HAVE HEARD THESE CALLS.

Friend, will you hear these calls?

Because I have called and ye have refused—

I want to say, brethren—and I hurry through—oh, the numberless calls of God. God not only calls me once, but he has called me a thousand times, and not only called

me a thousand times, but has called me ten thousand times.

And then I saw another thing right at this point, and the Holy Spirit of all grace help me to seal these words upon the consciences of this people here ; God has not only called you a thousand times, but you have heard every one of those calls. Oh, my brother, you have not only heard them with your ears, but those calls have been ringing down through the chambers of your soul and have heard them down to the innermost depths of your conscience. You have heard all the calls of God.

And God has not only called you ten thousand times, and you have not only heard all those calls, but—most awful point of all—you have understood those calls. You knew what they meant. But there is something else at hand ; there is something else you wanted to look to ; something else you wanted to attend to ; and now, my brother, after God has called us one thousand times, and we have heard all those calls, and we have understood all those calls, then, if we perish, we perish awfully, and we perish eternally ! Oh, just think a moment ! Oh, how many calls ! How many calls !

GOD STRETCHING OUT HIS ARMS.

Because I have called, and ye have refused ; I have stretched out my hands, and no man regarded.

Oh, when I think that God has not only called us with his divine voice, but he is stretching out his merciful hand and says : “ Here, take it ! take it ! Whoever will, let him take the water of life freely.” And how God has stooped down from Heaven and pushed his divine hand out in the reach of every man in the world and says : “ Whoever will, let him take that which I am offering to him.” I am lost in love and praise.

You see that mother yonder ? She is calling little Wil-

lie, and little Willie turns his head and hears mamma calling and he runs on, and mamma calls little Willie and he pays no attention to her voice, and directly little Willie looks back at mamma and mamma has stretched out her arms to him, and those arms have always been resistless to him, and he has always run to them when they were stretched out. And if you just look up and listen to the voice of God to-night, as you hear it, you may look and see the great loving arms of God outstretched over you! Oh, how true this is:

The father saw him a great way off, and ran to him and put his arms round him and kissed him.

God's arm is extended to save man.

I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded.

THE DIVINE RETRIBUTION.

Now:

I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh.

Brethren, I announce the most fearful truth this moment in the moral universe of God. Hear it. I see men laughing to-day and scoffing to-day and reviling to-day and despising to-day! Listen! The most fearful announcement in the book of God is this:

What measure ye mete shall be measured to you again.

Your time is now spent in laughing and scoffing and despising. Just the way you treat God now he will treat you by and by.

What measure ye mete shall be measured to you again.

Good measure, heaped up, shaken down and running over! Oh, brother, as you laugh to-night at the pleading, earnest face of God, just so when you plead, the book says God

Will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh.

Oh, sir! now you have got me at a point in the moral

thought of this world that I do not understand. "God laughing at the calamity of a soul! God laughing at my calamity! Do you mean that?" Then I ask you this question—while God in his divine love and compassion calls you to-night, I will ask you one question.

Do you laugh at God? Do you? As God stretches out his hands and begs and pleads, will you, can you laugh? Do you laugh at God? Will you explain that? Then if you will, I will explain to you how God

Will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh.

BETTER MAKE PEACE WITH GOD.

I tell you how I'm going to do, God helping me. I am going to treat God to-night just like I want him to treat me when I am helpless and powerless at the judgment bar. As I look to-night at the loving, gentle face of God, and he yearns in heart and soul for me now, I return that yearning to God and say, "my God and my Father, I hear thee, I will obey thee." And then, by and by, when I call upon God, when I lift my voice at the judgment and say :

Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past,
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;

And Jesus will say, inasmuch as I called you yonder and you answered not, when you call on me I will answer:

The measure ye mete shall be measured to you again.

And, brother, I am going to heed God to-night and he will heed me by and by; that's it.

THE TEXT ILLUSTRATED.

Now, I say I can't explain the text! I don't know its depth, but I will say this: A preacher some time ago gave me the finest illustration of what this text means that I ever found or heard of before.

He said in the town where he was pastor there lived out about two miles in the country a wealthy gentleman—a very wealthy man, and a good man, too. He said that gentleman had only one child, a son, and he said that gentleman just lavished all his kindness and generosity and wealth upon that boy, that was the pride of his father's heart. He said that young man went off to college. His father sent him to college and just lavished everything in the educational line upon him that could be given him. When that boy returned from college, instead of an educated, refined gentleman, he returned a drunken sot. And he said, that boy came home, and his father, after he returned home a drunken sot, just lavished every kindness that the human heart could conceive upon that drunken, wayward boy. And, he said, the boy went from bad to worse; and, he said, I have looked at his father and I thought to myself, "That boy is literally stabbing his father to death."

HOW TO KILL LOVING PARENTS.

Oh, me! There is the way to kill a mother or a father without any weapon. The father of a lot of drunken sons said to me—two or three drunken boys—he said, "Jones, my boys are killing their mother, my precious wife." He says: "Jones, what can I do? What would you do?" he says: "It don't look like their mother will live twelve months longer." "Well," said I, "I don't know, brother, I

declare! You puzzle me with that question, but I'll say this much. If I ever raise a boy at my house that is a drunken debauchee, and my boys turn out to be drunken vagabonds, and just crush their mother's heart with it, some night or morning after they wake up sober, I'm going to call them into their room, and say, 'Boys, you are killing your precious mother by the inch. She is dying a hundred deaths! Boys, listen at me: Go up in your room and get the old breach loading shotgun, and put forty buckshot into each barrel, and walk down to the breakfast table this morning, and put it to your mother's head and fire both barrels off. You shan't kill my precious wife by inches. You may bring your shotgun and shoot her down, but you shan't kill her by inches that way, boys.'"

Oh, me! There's many a precious woman in this town that's dying by the inch, and you can run home to-night and put your ear to your wife's heart, and you can hear the blood drip! drip! drip! May God have mercy upon us.

A voice from the school-room. Amen!

Brother Jones.—Husband, as you look at home to-night, think a moment. Now, to go back to my story.

THE STORY RESUMED.

That boy went on from bad to worse, and from bad to worse until one day, the preacher told me, the father drove in town one morning; and he got out of his buggy and started down the sidewalk and met this drunken boy. And this drunken boy in his rage from liquor took hold of his father and cursed him and handled him rudely and mistreated his father. He said the father turned right round and went back and got in his buggy and drove off toward home. And he was watched; they could see from his face that there had been an awful change in that father's mind and heart.

And that father drove up in the grove in front of his house and hitched his horse and walked down to the far edge of the grove, and when he reached the farthest point from the house he was seen to put his hands above his head this way, (here Brother Jones clasped his hands on the top of his head) and gave the most awful screams that ever escaped human lips. He took his hands down and then placed his hand above his head again and a wail of infinite despair as loud almost as human voice could be pitched escaped his lips, and then he threw his hands up one more time, and such another wail scarcely ever greeted the ear of human being, and then he turned calmly round and walked back to his house. And in about half an hour, he said, this drunken boy came staggering up on the steps, and the father met him on the front porch and turned him deliberately round and said :

“Off these premises forever! You are no longer anything to me. I have cut loose from you forever!”

And he drove that boy off his premises.

And ten days from that, that poor, miserable boy died in the gutter in that town, and his father never went about him; never attended his funeral; never paid any more attention than if he had been a stranger in a strange land.

THE FATE OF JERUSALEM.

Listen to me, friend! I know if Jesus Christ ever did his best anywhere, it was in Jerusalem. If there was a spot on earth that Christ loved, it was Jerusalem. If there was a people he had longed for and prayed over, it was the people of Jerusalem. And listen! As he looked over the doomed city, he said

Oh, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Jerusalem! How oft would I have gathered thee under my wings as a hen gathereth her chickens, but ye would not. Now, behold, your house is left unto you desolate.

Oh, the soul, the soul that God tells “good by” is gone

forever. The soul, the soul that God shall speak to in language like this :

Ye shall seek and shall not find me.

Ye shall die in your sins.

God has spoken it and God shall never retract his word in time or eternity.

The Lord God have mercy upon us and whatever else we do, God help us to attend to the salvation of our souls, and hear and obey the calls of God. Will you, to-night? Will you to-night?

A CALL FOR PENITENTS.

I am going to announce preaching here by myself in the morning, at 10:30. To-morrow afternoon, or rather morning, is a special service. I shall lead the service with a short talk about consecration. These other preachers will be here and have a few words to say. I want you here to say something. I want to see the room in the morning as full as it is to-night, with both rooms full of people and the galleries. God is going to do a great work. Some of you will give your souls to God to-night or some of you never will, never will. There's a point in every man's life when it is "now, or never." "Now, or never." I say "Now" to-night, and maybe you'll say "Never," but it's one or the other.

To-morrow night we have service in the church. Sabbath night I believe the preachers have arranged for the services to begin in Brother Brookes' church. I believe that is the understanding, Brother Brookes? (Brother Brookes nodded assent.) And then we will go on through next week, and oh, brethren, I want to see next week in St. Louis a harvest week. A thousand souls a day I would like to see come to God next week. ("Amen," from Dr. Lewis.)

And now we are going to pronounce the benediction in a minute and sing a piece, and every soul here to-night that wants to answer the calls of God, and this may be your last call, is invited to remain. You say, "Oh, don't try to scare folks." Well, brother, I have said it to many men, and it was sure enough. I don't know any more about what is going to happen than you do, but I can say this much: I have told many men, "This is your last call," and it was. It was.

THE LAST APPEAL.

Will you stay here a few minutes? Will you? If you are a Christian man and a member of a St. Louis church, will you stay here to-night a few minutes? God help us! God help us one more time before we die to do just what we ought to do. If you are a sinner, stay here and confess it. If you are a Christian, stay here and let us bring some souls to God to-night.

Now, we are going to pronounce the benediction, and will you, friend, will you stay if you want to heed the calls of God? And if you have nothing to keep you but idle curiosity, then we don't want you to stay any longer to-night. We want you to come back to-morrow and to-morrow night, but we don't want you any longer to-night. But if you are interested, because interested for yourself, or interested for somebody else, then, friend, let us this night decide that we swear eternal allegiance to God. Let us to-night settle this question: "I have been putting it off long enough." Now we are going to receive the benediction.

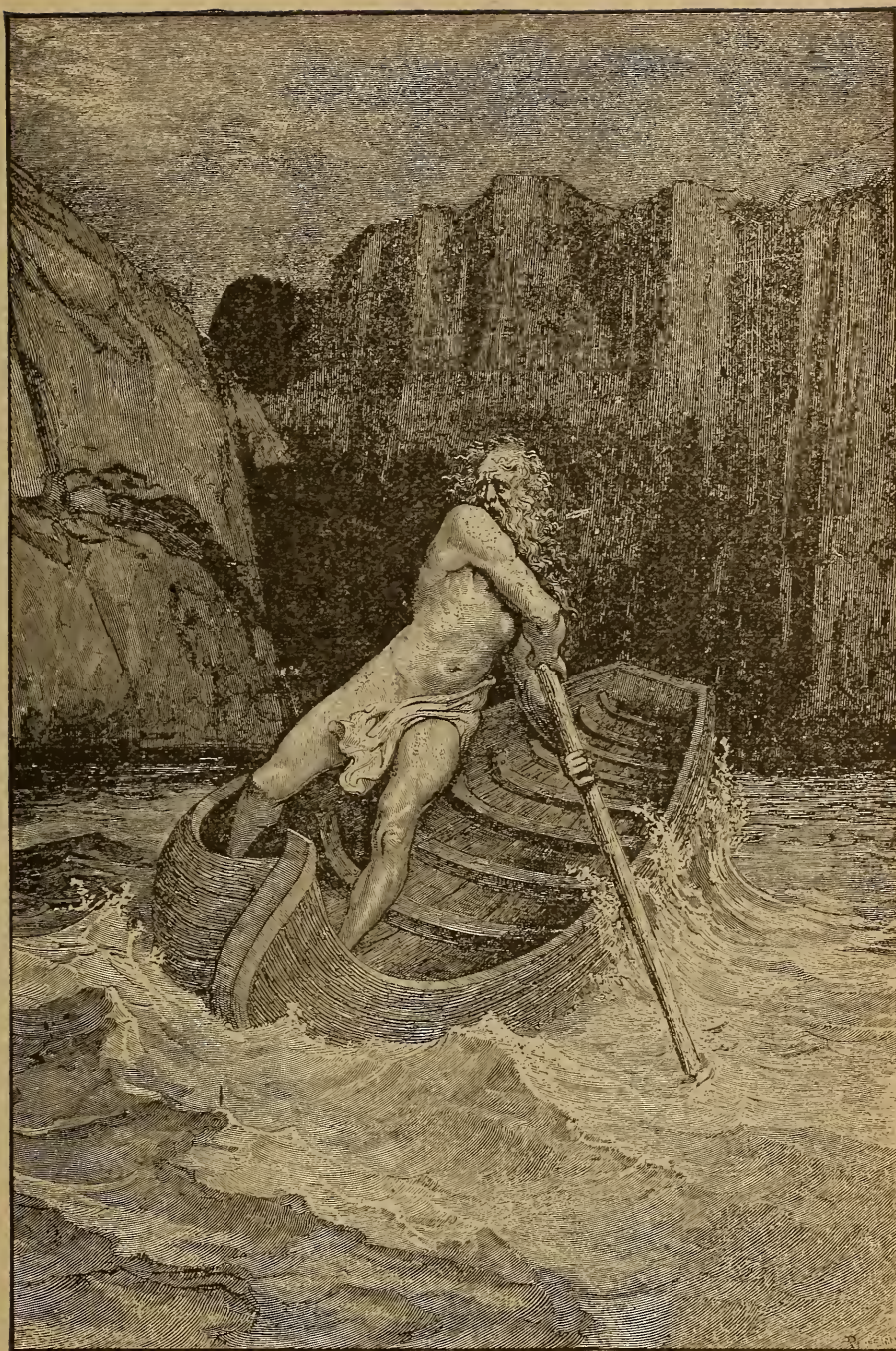
(The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Brookes, and while many filed out, more remained to the after service, and many found the confession of Christ to be a joy unto their souls.)

INTEMPERANCE.

Mr. Jones began by saying he didn't see the need of writing a lecture on a subject. All the preparation a fellow needs, that is chock-full of his subject up to his neck, is just to pull the bung out and let nature cut her caper. I am just as full of prohibition, temperance and anti-liquor principles as an egg ever was full of meat. I want to talk to you about it honestly, candidly. I want to speak out of the abundance of my heart. I reach men better when I talk from my heart to their hearts—when eye strikes eye—heartology, if you will allow that expression. All men's hearts are on a level with each other. Their hearts form a great plane without a break in it. When we consider reason, imagination, learning, the whole world is full of mountain peaks and lowly valleys. The earth is not more irregular of surface than are the dwellers upon it, when thus compared one with another. But when we come to hearts, it is a great plane that stretches from border to border. No matter where our heart may be, our hearts are close together. Let us talk heart-talk to-day. Let us pay very little attention to grammar, or rhetoric, or logic. The heart never prepares a sentence before it utters it. The heart never scrutinizes a proposition to see whether it is correct according to the books. Let heart speak out to heart, then we shall come away with clearer views on one of the greatest issues that was ever sprung in any civilized country.

WHICH SIDE SHALL I TAKE.

I will not announce formally on which side I am. If you want to know which side I'm on I'll tell you what you may do. You slip up to the side of the great God that made



CHARON, THE FERRYMAN OF HELL.

this world and whisper in his ear and ask him which side he is on. You just put me down then on his side. I will work there. If that is a task too great for you, and you ask me: "Which side are you on, sir?" you go up yonder to that suffering, toiling, sinless one of Judea, who died for the race of man; whose every effort has been to lift the world up and make it better—you just put me down on his side. I am perfectly willing to labor with him. If this is a task too great for you, go to the angels, those beings that pitch their tents around us and abide with us, that they may catch the first faintest murmur of a penitent's lips, that there is one soul that is going to do better. You put me down with them. I am perfectly willing to cast my lot with them. If this is a task too great for you, go out yonder to the cemetery. There is a grave just six feet long, and a white marble covers it. Remove this marble, go down to the coffin, and there are the remains of a precious wife. Ask her what side she is on? I can afford to go with that sainted wife. Put me on her side. There is another grave, four feet long. It is the resting place of little six-year-old Mary or Willie. Raise that little body up long enough to ask one question. "Whose side are you on?" I will say put me down on little Mary's or Willie's side. You go to all the good women of earth as they gather around one common cause and ask them which side they espouse. That is my side. Ask every pale, ruined wife and every devoted mother upon which side her sympathies and prayers are given, and you may inscribe my name among theirs. Their side is my side. Ask all the happy, busy women of earth, and say: "Precious women of earth, which side of this question are you on?" You just put me down with the good women of America and I will abide by it. (Applause.) I would not have to stop long here to persuade you as to

which side of this question God is on. I would not have to speak to you long to persuade you what side Christ takes in this issue—which side the angels take on this great question. I would beg you to listen but for a moment, to hear the voice of the precious, sainted wife or mother on this issue. I would ask but a minute to catch the faint whisper of little Mary's or little Willie's voice on this question. Every woman in this blasted land of ours says: "Down with the traffic that downs our husbands and children!" If you agree with me that they are on the side of temperance or prohibition, you can not blame me for taking that side. Then whatever kind of blame may be heaped on the man who chooses the side of temperance and prohibition, however he may have to bear the abuse of men, however much the cry of "fanatic" may be raised, he has the satisfaction of knowing that God is with him. I have the consciousness that the angels have pitched their tents around me, and that I have the prayers and sympathies of every good woman in Heaven and on the earth.

NO POLITICS IN THE QUESTION.

I wish to say this, that, like all other issues, there are two sides to this liquor question. There are the prohibitionists and the anti-prohibitionists. You will find among the anti-prohibitionists three classes: The whisky makers, the whisky sellers, and the whisky drinkers. That is the side we propose to take issue with, and I want to say to you this, that I have no fight to wage against whisky makers as men, against whisky sellers as men, or against whisky drinkers as men. I have no fight to make against men at all. I want to rise above anything that is personal, that touches men as such, in this question. I want to discuss barrels and demi-johns and still-houses, for that is the naked issue at last. In

Georgia, in our local option counties, when an election is ordered, it is directed by act of the legislature that the tickets must be printed, or written in this way: "Against Whisky," or "For Whisky." The voter must have printed or write on his ticket "Against Whisky," that is, "Prohibition," or "For Whisky," that is "Anti-prohibition." There is no politics in that. There is no more politics in that than cussin' and stealin' are questions of politics. The Democratic party may roll all the demijohns and barrels of whisky in the party into one of their conventions and say to me: "Look out! if you will bring whisky into the canvass you will ruin the party." My God! they've done got it all in there now. As long as you keep men out of this issue it can't be brought into politics, and as long as you make the fight against barrels and demijohns, and dram-drinking and drunkenness, there is no politics in this issue. I am as far from mixing with politics as any man you ever saw. I don't mix with politics, because if one lies down with dogs he will get up with fleas. On that principle I keep out of politics.

HOW SOME NEWSPAPERS TALK.

I pick up a newspaper, and, however reliable or unreliable it may be on other things, it will always tell the truth in politics. You can never doubt the newspaper on that theme. (Laughter.) I quote from this newspaper:

"The Democratic party is, as it always has been, opposed to sumptuary legislation and unequal taxation in any form. It has ever advocated the liberty of private conduct adjusted with the public welfare; and the right, further, of regulating the liquor traffic and providing against the evils resulting therefrom by a just and properly graded license system."

I read that for I want to think about it. I will touch that later along the line. We have about two parties of any considerable importance in this country. One we call the Republican party and the other is called the Democratic party. There is no difference in their platforms, except the difference on the tariff.

WHISKY OR NIGGER—WHICH ?

The only side upon which they may claim to differ is that the Republicans have shouldered the nigger and the Democrats have straddled a barrel of whisky. There they are—the two parties! Here is the Democrat astride his barrel of whisky, and here's your Republican with the nigger on his shoulder. Party affiliation says you must swallow one or the other, or we will walk you out and consider you a traitor to the party. Let us look at the two a little bit. You ask me which I will take. I will say I was born, raised and have been a Democrat all my life, but if I have got to swallow a barrel of whisky in the Democratic party, or desert that party and swallow a nigger— I have lived all my life among millions of niggers in the south, and I say that all the niggers in the south never did me as much hurt as one gallon of whisky did once. If I have not good hard sense, if I am going to exercise my good hard sense, then I meet you as an honest man that wants to do his duty, and I ask you, "Will you become one if I choose the brother in black and gulp him down?" "Oh," say you, "you will divide the party—it will go down." I believe before God that the Democratic party has espoused the liquor interest and come out on the side of the whisky seller, and I want her to go down, down! and I have a text that will make her writhe in hell. We have been hallooing, "Turn the rascals out." You let a Republican be elected

president four years hence and you will hear the same cry. The only difference between parties is that one is in and the other is out. It is a fight for spoils between the ins and outs—that's all. I want to say to you all this much: I owe my loyalty to God and the right, so far as I am individually concerned; as far as my wife and children are concerned. If God Almighty can be king of America, I don't care who is president or governor. Once enthrone the worst influence that God ever allowed to perpetuate itself on this earth, and then I defy you to reform this country.

PAY THE OWNERS AND BURN THE WHISKY.

Now, as I said a moment ago, the three parties in interest on the whisky side are the whisky makers, the whisky sellers and the whisky drinkers. I feel very kindly toward the men. If you will separate them from their traffic they are just as clever as you or I, or anybody else. If I seek equity I must do equity. I would be willing to be taxed fifty per cent. additional to the regular tax of any State and county to pay these men every dollar they have invested in this business, and then I want to see a bonfire about nine o'clock at night of all the whisky in the country, and then proclamation made that there is not a still-house in the United States of America. These whisky men have built their still-houses and invested their money in that thing, and it would be a species of theft to confiscate and destroy their property without some sort of compensation. I am the last man in the world that would take a legitimately gained dollar out of any man's pocket. I am not like some of those Northern fellows that sold the nigger down here to us and put the money into their pockets and then began cursing us because we had the nigger. (Laughter.) That was just about as mean as wanting to destroy these still-

houses, after taking money for their license. Let us be honest while we propose to be moral.

A GOOD TIME TO BUY STILL-HOUSES.

I want to tell you another thing. There is not a still-house in America that wouldn't sell out to you cheap, right now. These little wild-cat fellows around here in the mountains wouldn't do it, because it is fruit time now ; but if you will wait a little while they'll sell cheap, too. There's not a government distillery in the United States that you couldn't buy at fifty cents on the dollar.

WHY DO MEN SELL WHISKY.

When it comes to the liquor sellers, I want to say a word or two about them. Do you know what makes a man sell liquor? Is it for the good he is doing humanity? For the kindness he is doing the race? Does he sell at a loss because he is doing the community good? Did you ever hear a man in the liquor business claim to be a benefactor to his race? When a man proposed to swear that he was ready to relinquish his claim on heaven for \$500, it was the money—the \$500—he wanted, for which he was willing to go to hell. That's the very thing that makes men sell whisky. Do you know that? It has been my privilege to preach the gospel to many a bar-keeper, and to take him into the church, and the universal verdict of every bar-keeper thus convicted has been that, from the time he embarked in the business till he quit it, he knew and felt it was wrong. One fellow said he was drunk every day he was in the business. He was drunk nine months at a stretch. I sort o' admire that kind of fellow. I like that. The whisky seller, I say, apart from his traffic, may be as clever a man as anybody

A HOME THRUST.

No man in America engages in the liquor traffic on any other principle than for the money that is in it. No man steals for any other reason. I didn't say that a fellow that would sell whisky would steal. You thought that was what I was going to say, and your thinking makes it that way. I will say this much. I will steal every bite I eat and every bite my children eat before I will sell it. I would. (Laughter and applause.) Why, I said something like that once, and a bar-keeper took me to task. "I don't agree with what you said to-day, sir." "What?" "Did you not say you would rather steal than sell whisky? It is as honorable a business, sir, as a man ever followed." I said to him: "You know that widow on the hill?" "Yes." "She has two boys. Their father died about the time they were grown, and left them about \$3,000 or \$4,000, and they began drinking with you, sir. One of those boys is in the penitentiary now, and the other is off somewhere, the mother don't know where, and she is grieving her life away. Which would be worse, to have broken into that house and stole that money, or to have debauched her boys, as you have done—putting one into the penitentiary and running the other off?" He said he didn't want to talk about it, no-how."

"I NEVER SOLD WHISKY NOR PLAYED CARDS."

It has been circulated all over this country that I was a bar-keeper and gambler and all that sort of thing, but, sir, I never, in the worst hour of my life, got my consent to put the bottle to my neighbor's mouth. I never saw a moment when I would sit down and play cards. There are some of you trifling fellows listening to me now that are meaner and

more reckless than I ever was. Some of you tell on me to this day that I won't pay my debts. If you will buy a claim against me, you will get paid with compound interest from the time it was due. If you will find me any man at my home that says I won't pay my debts, I will eat him raw, without salt. (Great laughter.) There is the place to find out all that is bad about a fellow—where he lives. I say it, with all the earnestness of my heart, I would steal before I would sell whisky.

A TURN AT THE WHISKY GUZZLERS

Another thing I will touch on right along here is the whisky guzzlers themselves. We come up to this poor fellow who drinks, blubbering over him and telling him what a magnificent, kind hearted fellow he is, and how sorry we are to see him intoxicated. I don't know how many people I have had to tell me: "Jones you are a clever, big hearted fellow. You should quit drinking. It is a pity to drink." Now, it makes these whisky drinking fellows feel big if you brag over them. Whenever you walk up to one of these guzzling fellows, you just tell him: "You imbruted hog, you miserable sneak, you." "What do you talk to me that way for?" he will ask. You tell him: "Whenever a man like you, sir, bleeds his wife's heart, ruins his home, pauperizes his children and debauches his own body, I want police billies to persuade you, sir." I will tell you what you may do with any four-legged hog on this mountain. Just take a pint of the whisky you drink in this country and pour it down his throat, and when he gets sober, if it doesn't kill him, he will quit these diggins without stopping to say good-bye or settle his bill. (Much laughter.) These two-legged hogs will not only drink all they can get, but will pawn all their children's clothes to get more.

INTEMPERANCE.

WHICH IS THE WISER HOG

of the two? If I were you, I would get some more legs and a little more hair, and be the other kind of a hog. (Laughter.) If you are a whisky drinker you are not a clever man, a kind-hearted man, a first-class citizen, or anything of the sort—you are a dog, dog, d-o-g! I would rather have my little boys run with a dog than with you, sir, for they might get fleas on them from a dog, but they would not get drunk, as with you. A dog will beat you sir, as a fellow to run with. You all can understand that; you can see that; you can see anything that is on a level with a bottle or demijohn; that is down on a level with you.

NOT SO CLEVER AFTER ALL

Nobody but a covetous rascal and covetous scoundrel will sell whisky, and nobody but a miserable fool will drink it. (Sensation.) Now, we are getting the thing down about right! (Applause.) Now, that is cheering. Good! If you want to cheer, just cheer! The man who makes whisky ought to be re-imbursed for the amount he has put into it. The man who sells it ought to be ready to quit, for if he has any intelligence at all, he has more to quit, except, perhaps, the three gallon fellow, and these little three gallon bar-keepers and the bob-tailed yellow dogs under the wagon—the meanest of their species. (Laughter and applause.)

COMING TO THE QUESTION.

Now, as I have said, there are three elements involved on the whisky side of this issue—the men who make it, the men who sell it, and the men who drink it. These last

form the largest class of humanity. Now we come to the main preposition—prohibition or no prohibition. And just as soon as you spring this question, men are going to talk about “liberty,” and say “he wants to destroy the liberty of the American people.” Do you know that liberty means the power to do right? License means the power to do wrong. There is the difference—liberty is to right what license is to wrong. Every whisky license in America to-day is sold for so much, with the distinct understanding that wrong is to come of it. I am opposed to licensing a bar, because it puts the poor, helpless family at the mercy of the most heartless brutes that curse the fair face of earth. The child of a physician in our town went to one of these fiends and said: “Please don’t sell papa any more whisky. He has been on this spree for two weeks.” And then the bar-keeper turned around and crushed the heart of that pure girl with, “Madam, I pay license for my business.” Her heart bled as she went home to tell her mother. I am down on license! “What are you going to do? Prohibition don’t prohibit,” you say. Let me tell you why that is

A LIE BLACK AS HELL

every time you say it. I can prove that you have lied, and that you are a fool to keep saying it.

One gentleman, who thinks he is a statesman, says: “The reason I am against prohibition is, I believe it will ruin the trade of the country.” A man can lie, no matter how low down he gets. The first town below my town is Acworth. Thirteen years ago Acworth voted whisky out. There were more than ten to one in favor of prohibition. There was not a single nigger in the whole town or district that voted for whisky. There were some white men that did. That was one time I said, and the first time, that I

would rather be a "nigger" than a "poor white man." At Murfreesboro I talked on temperance and prohibition, and I said I wanted every colored man that will put his vote in against whisky to rise, and every one of them stood on his feet. When I was ready to call up the white folks, a man arose and said: "Jones, you took the advantage of us; you voted the niggers first." Now, maybe there's something in that, for a fellow that has got lower [down than a Jarkey on a moral question don't like to display his meanness in public. "Prohibition does not prohibit, and then it injures trade." All over Georgia, in counties where prohibition has been carried and practiced from two to ten years, and in some counties longer, the communities are growing and are better off, in a business point of view, than they ever have been. Well, you say: "We all see towns that vote whisky out and still keep it there." They are selling it around the edges. In Cartersville we are doing our best in this matter. I heard there was a little around the edges, and I said I will give a \$50 suit of clothes to any nigger or to any white man that can get a drink of whisky. If I can't stop it that way, I am going to Atlanta, and if necessary, to New York, to get a detective to keep this thing out. Two or three men in a town can see to it that it stays out, and there will be no more trouble. You can go to Cartersville and get a fine suit of clothes any morning if you can get a drink of whisky there. I am so glad I got whisky out. I am raising my boys there. I said to a whisky man there: "I am going to give you till the first of January to sell out. We will put you and your demi-johns both out then, if you are not ready. If my little Paul comes to your place for whisky, take him out in the back yard and chop his head off. I would rather you would do that than to give him a drink of whisky. If you

chop his head off he goes to God, but if you give him whisky you ruin him forever." In all the love and kindness of my soul, I believe that every citizen of this country has the right to say whether he wants whisky or not. If every man will take this question fairly before his mind there is not a father that will not put this stuff out of the reach of his boys.

THE DRUNKARD'S GRAND MARCH.

Out they march—60,000 of them a year—into drunkards' graves. St. Louis has 1,800 bar-rooms; Chicago and Cincinnati 3,000 each. Cincinnati, with its 3,000 bar-rooms, can alone make the 60,000 drunkards. That would be only twenty to the bar-room. The old dog died drunk, but they say he died of apoplexy, heart disease, or something of the sort. They always lie about it. Nobody can say he died drunk. They will hatch up a "sun-stroke" if they can't find anything more plausible—that is, if he has any family. You can tell absolutely nothing from the statistics. But you know what that bar-room is. It is the recording office of Hell! And is sustained by the voice of the community! Sixty thousand go down into drunkards' graves this year. They go into your family for recruits to keep the ranks of this army of drunkards full. Your John, William or Henry they inveigle into

THE ROAD TO HELL.

If men will make and sell and drink whisky, let them hide and skulk in the mountains, and let it be known that every man involved in the infamous business is a criminal. (Applause.) You say: "We will defend you. Our laws defend you and sustain you in all you say." Now, this is the very question. Your laws forbid selling liquor to minors. That is a lick at the whisky business. Your

license laws forbid selling liquor on election days. That is an abridgment of the business. There is a snake. It is biting the race. You believe in hitting it on the tail or body. I don't. I think you ought to cut its head off. I don't care anything about its tail. If I have a right to strike its tail I will strike it hard, and I will strike to kill. I want to locate its head and cut it off forever. (Applause.) If we could just put it all out of America at once!

"I would vote for it, but I don't believe in prohibiting it in one place and selling it in another," you say. If your wife were to start to make you a coat and should say "I can't sew up all the sleeves at once," she would talk just as you are talking now. The old man is out there shivering in the cold. He says: "Wife, sit down there, and take a stitch at a time." Let us take a district, a county, a State at a time, until we roll every barrel out into the Atlantic ocean, and then say: "Thank God, we are free now."

SOME PERSONAL POINTS.

The reason we drink is that we can not control ourselves. Go to the hog-pen and pour out corn. Say to one hog: "You take six grains of this corn, and no more." To another hog: "You take ten grains." That is "temperance," and temperance with a vengeance. I might say "You take three drinks a day," and soon you will be taking ten before breakfast, ten before dinner, and lie drunk all night.

You will have drunkards as long as you have these young dram-drinking bucks growing up here. I am against whisky every time the issue comes up. I am in favor of every measure that is opposed to it. I don't care how imperfect the method and the letter may be, whenever the question of whisky is raised, you will have my voice and my vote against it. When I fall down on my knees, when I get up

off my knees, I am going to pray against it. I am going to work against it. I am going to live against it, and I am going to die fighting whisky. I have drank to almost my eternal ruin; but, God being my helper, I can now say, here is one man that will die sober. I will drink no more, and when I get to where nothing but whisky will save me, get me a shroud and a coffin ready, for I am going to die sober.

The greatest curse this country has are these little quack doctors who have just sense enough to collect their bills and prescribe whisky. If anybody is sick the little quack will say: "I think a little corn whisky, with a little bark in it, will help you." If I were a doctor I would not prescribe whisky for a fellow until he had been dead three days, nor to an old woman until she had just died. These are the only two classes in the universe that I would give whisky to. Whenever a doctor says whisky is the best thing for that trouble, Sam Jones says: "You are a liar, sir." There's not a disease that whisky does not aggravate. You little old quacking thing running about here with a sort of traveling bar-room, I have a contempt for you.

I am dead down on it, now and forever. I am against the traffic now. I shall be against whisky when I come to die, and I shall have no regrets about this thing. I never heard a man say, "I am sorry because I set a sober example; I am sorry I never drank before my children." You whisky sellers will have to meet your customers up yonder where there are no demijohns, and whisky barrels, and ten cent pieces passed over the bar. You will have to give an account to God for your corner in this business down here.

This grand old State! She has gone through many agonies that have shaken her from center to circumference. This old State has gone through blood and death, and I

hope to see the day when every mother can call her boys around her dying couch, and, closing her eyes upon all of earth, say: "Whatever else may happen, my precious boys will never be drunkards. I die with the consciousness that my boys will never go down to hell through drink." (Applause.) A poor woman in one of my meetings sat but about ten feet from me, and looking up in my face said: "Thank God for what that man is saying. I left my poor husband so drunk he could not get on his feet." All over the land there are hearts and homes desolate and ruined by this curse, and if there is no other man to fight for them, here is one man that will stand faithfully to the last. We will now receive the benediction.

THE "PRODIGAL SON" MODERNIZED.

We have a thousand reasons for gratitude as we look around us day by day. Oh, how many things have come to our ears, how many things have we looked upon this day that caused our hearts to say:

Bless the Lord, O, my soul! and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

God is beginning a gracious work. The undercurrents of the last two or three weeks are now bursting up in all their life-giving and fertilizing forces.

This morning, at the consecration meeting, this church was full of men and women, and the very atmosphere of heaven surrounded us. Perhaps all the hearts present realized this was the house of God and the very gate of heaven to their souls.

THE TEXT.

We invite your prayerful attention to-night to the very familiar lesson, the parable of the prodigal son.

And he said: A certain man had two sons.

And the younger of them said to his father, father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

And not many days after the younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance in riotous living.

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want.

And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.

And when he came to himself, he said, how many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger.



THE PUNISHMENT OF GLUTTONY.

☐ I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee ;

And am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me as one of thy hired servants.

HIRED SERVANTS.

That boy made a mistake right there. I am glad his father corrected it afterward.

Make me as one of thy hired servants.

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

—Make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose, and came to his father.

I am glad to see a man get to the point, though, where he is just willing to be anything. There is a good deal in that.

A DIVINE PARABLE.

And he arose and came to his father.

But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

And the son said unto him: Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

☐ But the father said to his servants: Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet;

And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry;

For this, my son, was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found. And they began to be merry.

You recognize this immediately as the parable of the Prodigal Son.

Some one said that this parable carries on its very face that its author is divine. If there was no other proof of the divinity of Jesus Christ this parable alone would entitle him forever to the name of "God-man!"

This is a wonderful parable. There is a great deal in it. And we propose to-night to make a running comment on the whole parable. And oh! we may go all around human nature to-night, we can spot ourselves all along the line.

I never read the parable scarcely that it don't become a mirror to me that reflects my whole image from head to foot! But, Lord God! make it to-night a mirror, and in that mirror may we not only see ourselves prodigals, but may we see a father's outstretched arms to save us!

THE PARABLE MODERNIZED.

And we propose in the discussion to modernize the parable so it will be practical, doing no violence at any point to its truth and force; we shall modernize it so that it will be practical in the best sense to us.

And the first line here—

And he said: A certain man had two sons;

And the younger of them said to his father: Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me—

And immediately the father—

Divided unto them his living.

I have heard preachers get up in the pulpit and say some mighty bad things about this boy. Oh, I have heard good preachers get up and say he was the worst boy in all the neighborhood, and that he was prodigal and dissipated and wasteful and vicious.

STANDING UP FOR THE PRODIGAL.

I don't know where they get such an idea about this boy. The very face of the parable shows to the contrary. The very face of the parable shows us that this was a good boy and an honest boy and a trustworthy boy. The facts in the case are: This young man, being the younger brother, in law had no claims upon his father at all; had no right to demand anything; the elder brother inherited the fortune; and here is this younger brother walking up to the father and saying:

Give me the portion falling to me,
And the book says immediately
He divided unto them his living.

Now, will you believe me, brother, that a father who had sense enough to accumulate a fortune, or a father who had sense enough to take care of a fortune if he inherited it—don't you think he had too much sense to turn over a vast amount of property to the wayward, prodigal boy, when that boy had no legal claims upon it, even without a word of remonstrance, without a word of hesitancy or a word of advice? If the young man was a prodigal, the old man was a fool, to start with.

A TRUSTWORTHY BOY.

A certain man had two sons. And the younger son said: Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me, and immediately

He divided unto them his living,
Showing clearly upon the very face of the parable that, up to that hour, the father had the utmost confidence in this boy. That father had reason to believe this boy would use this vast property right; that that boy had given every evidence to his father that he was trustful and worthy, and

that he would do and be what his father expected him to be.

Immediately

He divided unto them his living. And not many days after that— I imagine that boy was very busy those few days he staid at home. He was gathering up his flocks and his herds, and his camels and his horses and his servants and whatever his inheritance was ; he was busily engaged gathering all together.

LEAVING HOME.

And we may imagine that after all preparation had been made for the journey, and all his inheritance had been gathered together, that on Monday morning, we'll say, he drove his immense caravan out in front of the old homestead and gave orders: "Halt, a moment!" and this grand caravan was brought to a halt, and amid the neighing of the horses and the bleating of sheep and the cattle, and the hum of the servants' voices, this boy stepped in the front gate of the old homestead and walked up on its porch and took his father's hand to tell him "good by!" and that father stood with a trembling hand and looked in his second-born son's face, and no doubt the tears trickled down his cheek as he told his boy "good by!" And I imagine when he turned to his precious old mother, she just rolled her arms clear around her boy and imprinted a hundred kisses of love and kindness upon his cheek and bid him "good by!" And that boy turned his back on house and home and father and mother, and walked out to the front and gave orders: "Move off!"

MOVING OFF.

And on they moved, and on they moved, until the sun was going down, and now, here is a beautiful place to spend

the night. They pitched their tents, fed their stock, provided for themselves and all the company, and, well, say about nine o'clock, this young man retired, and as he pillows his head and looks up at the heavens that are sprinkled with stars like a swarm of golden bees, that boy thought to himself, "Well, this is the first night I have ever spent out from under the roof of the old homestead. This is the first night I have ever spent away from home. This is the first night I have ever been from beneath my mother's voice and my mother's audible prayers."

THE FIRST NIGHT'S MISTAKE.

I wished many a time in my heart that boy that night, before he went to sleep, had made up his mind, "By the grace of God, I will right about in the morning and go back home."

Oh, me! if he had done that, oh, how many heartaches he would have shunned! Oh, how much trouble and how much care and how much pain he would have avoided, if he had just gone back the next day. And when the sun had gone down the second day he would be back home, where mother and father and home and peace was, and he could have said in time and eternity, "I never spent but one night from under the roof of the old homestead."

But, instead of that, he slept through the night, and in the morning orders were given and off they drove; and on they drove until the second night. And the same scene is repeated. The boy retires. And I have thought to myself: "Well, old fellow, you made a mistake in not deciding the question last night; wish you'd decide it to-night, and say: 'By the grace of God, in the morning, as soon as the sun rises on this old world, I'll right about and go back home.'" If he had said that he would not have been

but three nights from under the roof of the old homestead. When he had traveled one day and camped out one night, then one more day's travel would put him back, and he would not have been out but one night. Now he is two days away from home, and he must necessarily spend four days' traveling and be out three nights from home.

MOVING OFF AGAIN.

See how he is going off and on his journey, with each night repeating these scenes and incidents along until Saturday night. And now he has sought and found a beautiful camping ground. And he spends the Sabbath. He has not forgotten that yet. And I have wished many a time that when the Sabbath sun arose on his camp, and he looked on its beauties and splendor poured down on him, he could have said to himself: "This is the first time the Sabbath's sun ever arose on me away from my father and mother and home." I have wished as he looked on the light of that sun, and enjoyed the benedictions of that Sabbath, with all day to think and all day to ponder and all day to pray. I have wished that that boy had come to the conclusion, "The best thing I can do is to go back home." I have wished that night as he retired and was thinking about home and father and peace and plenty, he had said: "This is the first Sabbath I ever spent from home, and, by the grace of God, I'll right about to-morrow morning; I'll go back home; when the next Sabbath's sun shall rise, it shall rise on me under the roof of the old homestead."

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

If that boy had said that, oh, how many heartaches he would have shunned, and how much tears and how much tearful anguish and how much disgrace—how much that

boy would forever have shunned if he started back home next morning.

But on he drives, and on he drives, and we imagine at the end of the second week he drives into a beautiful, fertile country. Its very trees and its hills and its valeys, its springs, its flowers, it's all charm to him, and as he looks upon the scene he says: "I believe I will look me out a beautiful plantation in this settlement and buy and settle."

But as he thought about it a little he said to himself: "Well, if I had a plantation here and settled down I wouldn't be here a month until father and mother will be driving up here and interfering with my plans and disarranging my programme, and the fact of the business is that the only reason why I wanted to take my part of my inheritance was that I might go off into some other country and manage at will; and after I had arranged it perfectly, then I could bring father and mother into the secret of my success."

OF COURSE, HE MEANT HONESTLY.

That boy was just as honest in that as that man back there. When he was a moderate drinker he was just as honest that he would never be a drunkard as he was that he breathed. That boy was honest. Nothing vicious in him. Law, me! he had everything in his mind. He had all that plantation in his mind, and he had the most beautiful residence, and everything was just a perfect picture in his mind; and he started out to fulfill that picture and bring it into actual facts—he did, as sure as you live.

And on he drove until, I imagine, about the next week he drives into another fertile country, and he looks on the right and on the left, and he says: "Well, here is another beautiful section; I believe I will buy and settle down right here." But may be the thought occurred to him, "Here

SAM JONES' SERMONS.

is a postoffice here in this settlement, and I won't be here two weeks until I get a letter from mother telling me how to do everything; and father, he'll write a great long letter, and he has got a whole lot of advice to give me, and, the fact of the business is, I don't want any advice from the old folks. If I had wanted their advice I'd have bought a farm next to them; but I want to be somebody, and I want to do something, and I will make the old folks proud some day to have me call them father and mother."

WANTED TO BE SOMEBODY.

And he wanted to be somebody, and on he drove and on he drove—and what does the book say?

And he went into a far off country, and after reaching that far off country he bought a half million acres of beautiful land and built him a magnificent residence, and he was king and lord of all of that country?

No, it doesn't say that. It says that in that far off country he

Wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all there arose a mighty famine in that land.

And I will tell you another thing about this boy.

He moved off in style—he did, that. (Laughter.) I imagine that the natives all along the line of the route he pursued were astonished at his pageant and at his caravan. I imagine that when they met at the different places in the community there for the next month that was the subject of conversation. "Who was that that passed? Did you see that magnificent young man and his troop and train as they marched along?" Why it was the talk of the neighborhood.

HE WAS NO PAUPER.

I imagine if that young man stopped at a place and spent

a night in a residence while the camp was around him, I imagine next morning, when he asked what his bill was and the kind host said "I don't charge you a cent, sir," he would have said; "Oh, sir, I am no pauper; just give me your bill. You can't insult me by giving me a night's lodging!" (Laughter.)

MOVING IN STYLE.

And on he moved—and he moved in style, too, he did! And I imagine if cash got a little scarce with him he could sell a servant, you know, or sell a lot of camels. Why there was no need that he should be a pauper as he moved off in his magnificence. And on he moved and on he moved. And when he got to that far off country he spent the last dollar of his inheritance in riotous living.

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land.

Did you ever notice how scarce everything was when you didn't have any yourself? (Laughter.) Why, there's a fearful money panic all over this country when a fellow hasn't got a dollar in the world himself and can't get a dollar. (Laughter.) Oh, me! It is astonishing how a whole neighborhood can run out of a certain article at one time. Did you ever notice it?

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land.

DID YOU EVER NOTICE IT?

Mister, haven't you noticed many a time at your house that flour, and sugar, and coffee, and pepper, and salt, and soda just gave out at once—did you ever notice that?—and you just had to take the ground start at provisions? And what a clamor there would have been at your house if you hadn't the wherewith to supply your pantry?

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land.

It is astonishing how, when a man has plenty of money,

everybody will take money to him and ask him to keep it for them.

It is astonishing when a poor fellow hasn't got a dollar in the world, he can't get a dollar in the world.

There are hundreds of people in this town have got more money than they know how to use, and there's five hundred people in this town running to them with money and saying, "Keep this for me and just use it as you please till I call for it," and the fellows keep it. And the day of trouble comes, and then that same man under financial stringency will break and go down, and then, brother, these same people who have been running to him with their money won't speak to him on the sidewalk—they won't do it. Why? He is a hog. He has spent it. When a fellow has got plenty there is always plenty around him, and when he spends all and has nothing, then to me it looks like nobody else has anything.

BRINGING THE MATTER HOME.

And when we had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land.

Now let us run back a few minutes and take the practical lesson that we have in the text. Every boy and girl and every man and woman in this house to-night, in this great city to-night, have had a certain advantage in their life. They have looked up into the face of God and said, "Give me my spiritual heritage that cometh to me." And God turned over to us our spiritual heritage. What did he give us? He gave us a good mother's counsel, a kind father's advice, a good mother's prayers, a kind father's love. He gave us our Sunday-school training. He gave us a tender heart. He gave us the precious Bible to be a light to our feet and a lamp unto our path. He gave us the ministry with his word. He scattered the seed of life in our hearts.

He gave us his divine providence to shed its glory and its beauty all about us in every step in life. Oh, what an inheritance God turned over to every one of us in our faithful days.

Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.

And he started off into a far-off country, and as he went he scattered all his spiritual heritage. "Mother give me the Bible, and give me your prayers, and give me the influences of the divine Spirit, and give me all my spiritual heritage, and I am sure I can do well with it, and meet you in Heaven." There is mother sitting back there, your mother. God turned over to you a memory of a good mother, and her prayers, and your father's advice, and the word of God, and the institutions of the church, and a tender heart. God gave you an inheritance that would make an angel rich. Where is it to-night?

EVERYTHING GONE.

There are men in this house and in this city that have thrown away the memory of a precious mother's prayers. Gone! Gone! Gone! There are men in this house that have forgotten their godly father's counsel and have thrown it to the breezes. There are men in this house whose precious mother gave them the word of God and said: "My son, make this book the mainstay of your life." Where is the Bible your mother gave you? Gone! gone! gone! forever gone! Where is the tender heart of your youthful days that God turned over to you as a spiritual heritage? Gone! gone! gone! Scattered in my prodigality and all I have to show for it is a heart as hard as adamant that God's word and power can never penetrate again. Oh, where are the blessed instructions of the Sabbath-school? Gone! gone! forever gone! I have scattered them along the wayside. I have spent them. I have spent them all!

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land.

Now, sir, you may take a character who has spent his all in riotous living, and to that man there is nothing left. You can turn to that poor wretched man and say, "There is a Bible," and he will reply, "It is not my Bible. It was mine once. It is not mine now. It is sacrilege for me to put my hands upon it.

"Well, remember your precious mother."

"Oh, my mother! Oh, my precious mother; she has ceased to sing:

Oh, where is my wandering boy to-night?

"My mother has forgotton me in my wild, godless life."

I ask that man "where are the precious Sabbath-school lessons and your faith?" And he says: "I have forgotten them all. I have scattered them to the winds in my dissipation." I say to that man: "Where are the kind and good words of your good father?" They are all forgotten, and oh, infinite misery and desolation and want of the soul that has no Bible, that has no precious mother's memory, no father's advice, and no blessed influences of his faithful days left to him. All gone forever."

He had spent all in riotous living.

A STORY OF RUM.

A presiding elder in our conference told me that at the same college from which he graduated, and belonging to the same class, there was a young man who entered the college with him, and they graduated together. And he said he had not met the young man for fifteen years. He said: "Down in my district, one day, I was going through in a buggy. I passed a grocery in a country place, and just as I was driving past the grocery a pale, haggard, unsteady, nervous, wretched, ragged, desolate man walked out of that grocery, and as I passed along he caught up with me,

THE PRODIGAL SON.

and ran by my buggy, and said: 'How do you do?' and he said: 'You don't know me, but we graduated in the same class and we joined the church the same night,' and he said: 'I lived right for a while, but I got into bad company, and I commenced to dissipate, and I went from worse to worse,' and he said: 'I have been on a four-weeks' spree now,' and he said: 'I am almost in a fit of delirium tremens this moment,' and he said: 'I want to give you this incident. I just walked into that grocery, and when I walked in and called for a drink to steady my nerves I could not pour it out of the bottle into a glass my nerves were so unsteady.' He said 'The barkeeper poured it out and I took it in both hands and carried it to my lips, and while I was holding the tottering glass to my lips I felt my good old mother's hand come down on my head, and she said:

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

A SAD ENDING.

'And,' he said: 'I dropped that glass out of my hands, and I was just walking out of that grocery when you came along.'"

That precious, good old mother, she followed her boy right down to the gates of hell, and put her hand on his head.

He said, "Mother has been in heaven twenty years, but she just put her hand on me as she did when she was living."

And that man went on drinking and drinking that day in that grocery, and he was carried out a corpse that night, gone forever.

A spiritual heritage! Oh, I may waste money and stocks and bonds and thousands of investments that wealth and father may turn over to me, and I am left a financial bankrupt and die a financial bankrupt, yet I may not be eternally ruined. But, if by prodigality and wickedness and wastefulness, a man ruthlessly throws away his mother's Bible, his mother's counsel, his father's advice, his tender heart, his bashful days and all the blessed recollections of a pure heart, and scatters them to the breeze, there is an eternal bankrupt that in the very appearance of his condition makes the angels tremble and good men weep over the eternal bankruptcy of the soul. All gone! All gone!

GETTING BACK TO THE TEXT.

And now we take up the lesson, and we shall hurry through as fast as we can. Oh, brothers, let us get practical lessons to-night if it takes a little more time than usual. Let us see if we can not get some light that will make us better, wiser and purer people in the days to come.

And when he had spent all there arose a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want.

It is said hunger knows no law

And he began to be in want.

The very object of the devil, brother, is to strip us of every vestige, and then make us lie and steal and do a thousand things to get subsistence to live upon. The devil made that young clerk a few months ago steal money to ride his girl about and to pay theater bills, and to spend in Louisiana State Lottery tickets until that young man had absolutely wasted his life in extravagance; and finally when the sheriff took hold of him the devil turned round, walked off from him and left him in despair. It is astonishing how men can have anything to do with the devil after they learn his infinite meanness one time. (Laughter.)

And when he had spent all, and the famine came on him, he came to be in want; and want knows no law—no law of respectability, no law of morality. He began to be in want, and bound himself to a citizen of that country.

And he sent him into the field to feed swine.

He was a Jew, you recollect;

And he sent him into the field to feed swine.

I reckon that is about as low down as any Jew ever did get.

And they sent him into the field to feed swine.

A Jew don't have much affinity for a live or dead hog, and I am about nine tenths Jew myself on that line. I think that there is a good deal in the old adage, the statement that the more hog meat we eat, the more we get like a hog intellectually, and there may be something in it, as far as I know.

EATING WHAT YOU FEED TO OTHERS.

And he put him into the field to feed swine.

And then what?

He would fain —

Listen! He would have been delighted if he could have received enough of the husks upon which he fed the swine to have filled himself. What did the devil do to him? Put him to feeding swine. What did he feed to the swine? Husks. What did he eat himself? Husks. Did you ever notice that just exactly what you feed other folks on in your meanness the devil makes you eat? Did you ever notice it? Here is a bar-keeper who is selling liquor and making drunkards, and nine tenths of bar-keepers die drunkard's deaths. Just what you poke down other people's throats the devil pokes down yours. It is a law in the moral universe of God that is as inevitable as life itself. Here is a man that gambles and wins money, and that is all he does,

and the devil will see to it that he raises up a friend for that gambler whose only business is gambling and winning money, and every dollar he has won from other people the devil makes the other gambler win back. Just what you feed other folks the devil makes you eat yourself.

And he fain would have filled himself with the husks the swine did eat.

He fed husks to the hogs and then eat husks himself. Here is a woman whose peculiar business is tattling through the settlement and getting up difficulties between the neighbors. The first thing you know every neighbor within five blocks begins to tattle on her. (Laughter.) Just what you feed to other people the devil will feed you on. Here is a fellow who would not pay his debts, and now he is going around saying: "I can not collect a cent; I would pay my debts if I could." It is astonishing how surely this law of the moral universe works. Just what you feed to others you have to eat yourself. I believe I will treat my neighbors right. I want to be treated right myself. I believe I will feed others on nobler and better things, because I want nobler and better things myself. And they are in that condition.

A DESPERATE HUNGER.

He fain would have filled himself on the husks that the swine did eat.

And listen—

And no man gave unto him.

And now it is said—

And when he came to himself.

Look-a-here. What was the matter with that boy? Was he crazy? Was he living under a sort of mental delusion? What was the matter with that boy there? He was from the happiest home a boy ever left—where there was affluence, wealth and love ever manifested toward him. There

he was, after he had spent all he had and he began to be in want, and he joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he had served in that disreputable capacity. One day he came to himself.

THE INSANITY OF SIN.

What was the matter with that boy! Was he crazy? Look here. Right there in this parable is set out one of the most fearful truths in the moral universe of God. Let me say this to this congregation to-night:

At twenty-four years of age I waked up in a moment to a living consciousness of what I was and whither I was going. My life from that moment until this has been no more the same life I led before than if I had been two different men. I came to myself. Do you mean to tell me that if I had been clothed in my right mind I would have done like I did? Do you mean to tell me that I would have acted like I did? Do you tell me that if my eyes had been open and I had seen as I ought to have seen that I would have gone to such depths and lengths as I did go to? No, sir. I tell you to-night that there is many a man in this world that all you have to do to him is to get him to come to himself. There is not a man in this whole land who, if you will just show him what he is, who he is and what he is going to, you will not need to do anything more. God bless you, he will move up and move out and go back.

And he came to himself.

And when he did, listen how he talks! He talks now like a fellow of sense.

I will arise and go unto my father. In my father's house the very hired servants have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger.

Oh, it is a good thing when a man finds out he is hungry, and then finds out where the bread is. You have done

something for that fellow if you have made him conscious of hunger and let him know where the table is loaded with bread to appease that hunger. You have done something for him.

WHEN HE CAME TO HIMSELF.

And when he came to himself he said: How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger.

And now he said:

I will arise and go to my father.

"Yes! But let's argue that thing a little, young man! How far are you from home?"

"A thousand miles."

"How much money have you got to pay your way back?"

"Not a cent."

"Where's your shoes?"

"Haven't any shoes."

"Where's your hat?"

"Got no hat."

"Where's your coat?"

"Got no coat."

"A thousand miles from home; not a cent; coatless and hatless and shoeless! Talk about going home?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you say about it?"

I WILL arise and go to my father.

And I tell you when a man says that, he goes by telegraph.

He is there now. Ain't any trouble when a man says that.

I WILL arise and go to my father. I WILL.

Suppose the poor fellow had done like many of us would have done—stop to consider: "It's so far and I've got no shoes to walk in, and I've got no money to pay my fare by

any route. I haven't a dollar to buy a crumb of bread on the way, and, the fact of the business is, these clothes aren't fit to go home in, and I think it's very doubtful whether father 'll ever let me in there any more or not." But it seems the only fact about the business was, when you came right clean down to it, that "I'm perishing, and here I've got a father whose very hired servants have bread enough and to spare; and, money or no money, shoes or no shoes, hat or no hat, fit or not fit, I'm going back. God helping me, I'll start back."

SOMETHING OF A DIFFERENCE.

And I'll tell you another thing. When that boy started back home there was a wonderful difference between him going back and him coming! There was that!

Oh, you let a fellow start the wrong way and he's a whale. And if there's anything bigger than that he's that. All along the route—magnificent.

Why, sir, every man along the route of that prodigal boy had to be just as particular in speaking to him and addressing him as they could be. Why, he was sensitive as he could be, and he would get mad in a minute with anybody, and when that good old fellow wanted to give him a night's lodging he like to have got whipped about it. The boy'd like to jumped on him; "I'm no pauper, sir."

And the boy is coming back now. (Laughter.) You can't hurt his feelings now.

CAN'T HURT HIS FEELINGS NOW.

Oh, me! I can tell which way a fellow is going without any trouble. I have had wives say to me: "Brother Jones, I am going to bring my husband to-night, and I want you to be mighty particular not to say anything to hurt his feelings. I had him out once before, and the preacher said

something that hurt his feelings, and he ain't been near the church since." (Laughter.)

Do you know what I say? "Throw swill to the hog pen. (Laughter.) That's where he's going. That's where he's headed. I can put the hounds out and trail your husband, and when I've trailed him I'll find him at the hog pen." (Laughter.)

"You've got to be mighty particular with my husband or he'll get his feelings hurt and never want to come back again." (Laughter.)

(The way in which this was said and acted can not be put on paper; but any one who has ever heard Neil Burgess play in the Widow Bedott, where the widow is scolding her daughter for being in love with a shiftless young man, can imagine how Brother Jones mimicked the wife of the tender-footed husband.)

The Lord have mercy upon us! Oh, he's moving off in style—in grand style! He can pay his own way, and he asks no man any difference. And on he moves! But he's coming back now! (Laughter.)

DODGING FORMER HOSPITALITY.

I imagine when that boy passes the magnificent residence where he kicked up that row going on out, and where he was about to whip a man because the good old fellow wanted to give him a night's lodging—when he saw that house about half a mile ahead, he got over the fence and left the road and took to the woods there. (Laughter.) "I'm going the other way now. I don't want any of that family to see me." (Laughter.)

I imagine that he goes on until night overtakes him, and without a dollar or a cent in his pocket. He goes backway to some poor nigger cabin, and he says to the good old ne-

gro woman: "I wish, auntie, you'd give me just a little bread. I don't ask for any meat, but just a little bread. I haven't had anything to eat to-day. And I haven't got a cent to pay you for what you give me, but I've got the best father boy ever had, and if ever you pass by my father's house you'll never lose anything for your kindness to his boy."

He takes the cold pone of bread, and he goes on a little further and turns out into the woods and rakes him a big pile of leaves, and shoots down into them and sleeps safely till morning.

And then, in the morning he gets up and strikes out again, and I imagine that when the neighbors gather, one of them will say:

"Did you see that ragged, dejected-looking young man going up the road the other day?"

"Yes, I saw him."

"Well, I think his face—there was something about his countenance that reminded me of that fellow that went down with that grand pageant a few years ago."

"Oh, no! That ain't the same fellow. I saw him. He was moving in style. This can't be that same fellow."

"Yes, but I tell you he has the very countenance. There is something about his eyes that made me think it was the same fellow." (Laughter.)

AS ILLUSTRATED FROM REAL LIFE.

Look a-here. There's a young man in St. Louis—mark the expression! Twenty years or ten years ago he was the pride of this city, or the pride of this State, may be, the pride of a fond father and of his mother's heart. Somebody left St. Louis,—we'll say fifteen years ago. Last week they were back. And there came straggling along

the street a poor, besotted, desolate, ruined wretch, and this visiting gentleman who was once a citizen here says to his companion :

“ Who is that fellow ? ”

“ Why, that's the son of Col. John So-and-so. Didn't you know Col. John's son ? ”

“ Yes, but sure that can't be the same fellow. Why, the man, the one I used to know, John So-and-so, was one of the leading business men of this town, of this community ! Why, he was the pride of the city. Why, that can't be—this vagabond and dead-besotted wretch—surely that can't be the same fellow.”

“ I don't care how he looks. That's the very same fellow.”

Oh, me ! me ! How sin changes a man in this world ! Just look at the features of the man, dwelling upon his eyes. As you look upon him and look him in the eye, you say. “ That eye looks mighty like old John's, that I used to know ; it does.”

GLAD TO HAVE A NIGGER PRAY WITH HIM.

And on that boy comes, and on he comes ! Look a-here ! I have seen many a man ; I have talked to many a man and woman headed the wrong way, going the wrong way ; going away from God and going toward Hell, and they insulted me. I've said :

“ Well, if I can't do anything else for you, I'll pray for you.”

“ Don't want your prayers. I despise your prayers.”

Ah, me ! I have talked with them, and begged and pleaded with them when they were insulting to me, and I have said to myself :

“ Old fellow, if you ever turn round, I want to meet you. You'll be a very different fellow.”

And that man that said to me once, "I despise you, sir, I despise the gospel you preach," he turned round one day and he started back to God and right, and he went home and went down to a poor old colored man—a good old man he was—and said, "Uncle Tony, I wish you'd come to my room and pray with me. I'm the most wicked, ruined wretch that ever lived on the face of this earth." He's glad now to get the old colored man to pray for him, and don't you see the difference between a fellow going away and a fellow coming back?

And, my friend, I'm getting to grow hopeful about you when you come to be at yourself so that you'll let decent people talk to you about your meanness. I'll get very hopeful about you then. I will. I will.

IN SIGHT OF HOME.

And, on this boy went. I imagine that if a mill boy in a cart would let him get up and ride a few miles he was the most grateful fellow in the world.

And on he would go, until one day, worn out and weary and desolate, with scarcely power to make another mile, all at once he comes up in plain sight of the old homestead. And he takes a view of the old homestead, and as he looks the tears run down his cheeks in penitence and sorrow, and he says, "Oh, how sorry I am that I ever left such a home!"

And he looks and sees the cattle feeding in the meadow, and sees the barns well filled, and sees the house folks as they sit on the front porch, and sees a lovely home with peace and plenty. He stops there, I imagine, and sits down on the root of the big old oak tree in the road and gazes toward the homestead, and he says:

"I am not worthy to go another step toward that home.

If I can just die here now and father will find me and give me a burial place in the old family burial yard back of the house, that's the highest honor that such a being as I am can ask."

And he sits and looks ashamed, afraid to go another step toward that home—and what does the book say?

THE MEETING OF FATHER AND SON.

And his father saw him a great way off.

That father is looking out toward that boy, and his eyes saw him a great way off, and they were eyes of mercy that looked at that poor boy, and the book tells us

And he ran to him.

And they were legs of mercy that carried that father; and his father ran up to him and spoke to him, and they were words of mercy that that father had for that boy. And then the father threw his arms around him, and they were arms of mercy that encompassed that poor boy. And then his father kissed him, and they were kisses of mercy that that father imprinted upon that boy's face. And the poor fellow turned his face for the first time up into his father's and looked at his father's benign countenance and said:

"Father! Father! I am no longer worthy to be called thy son. I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight and am no longer worthy to be called thy son. Let me—"

And the father just put his hand right over the boy's mouth and wouldn't let him say another word, and then said:

"Son! son! This is your father!"

And he turned to the servants as much as to say:

"Don't stand there gazing at my poor ragged boy! Go and bring a robe to put on his person and bring a ring for his finger and shoes for his poor, bleeding feet, and then

order the fatted calf killed, and let's be merry, for this my boy was lost and is found. He was dead and is alive again."

HE HAS BEEN THERE.

Blessed be God! How that reminds me of the grand wealth that God gave me, his poor, wretched, ruined son, fourteen years ago. Brother, I'd got to the point in my sin and hunting after God, and trying to get home to my soul—I had reached the point where I saw I was not worthy or fit to go one step further toward God, and I broke down and said: "Lord God, I perish forever, because I am so unworthy." And the first thing I knew the arms were around me and the words of mercy were whispered in my ears, and the gracious father's eyes were looking down in my face, and I have been astonished for fourteen years, not only that God Almighty should pardon such a wayward man, but that God Almighty would ever let me come into his house and be his son. Blessed be God! Blessed be God!

A ROYAL WELCOME.

And now how many men to-night will say, "I will arise and go to my father?" There's a royal welcome waiting you, brother. You feel mighty mean to-day and mighty dejected and desolate; but, brother, there's a royal welcome waiting for you. The angels of God hover over you to-night, and when they can hear you say, "I will arise and go to Jesus," every angel will catch up your words and hurry back to heaven and say:

"The dead is alive and the lost is found."

Friend, let us go back. Gracious Father, I thank thee ten thousand thanks that there's room enough in the divine homestead to take us all in.

Oh, brother! you who have been wandering so long, let us not go to sleep to-night until we can turn our heads and consciences, blessed be God, in the way back to the old homestead and live one more time in the land of peace and spiritual plenty, and we will abide there forever. God help

THE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are going to hold an after-service, and in that after-service we want to spend a few minutes with those prodigals present to-night that want to go back. That's it, brother, let's come back to-night. We have had misery enough, and there is going to be eternal joy to those who will come in. If there is any Christian brother or sister here that enjoys religion, and you are willing to work and encourage your friends, you stay. If there is any sinner here to-night who has gone off from God, and you want to come back, you stay. But if you are indifferent and careless, don't remain, because the service is specially for the interested and for the Christian people that want to be useful in the service of God. Now, when we pronounce the benediction, all of you who want to go, go, and all of you who will remain, remain, and after the benediction we will sing hymn No. 335. And I have prayed God to-night that before we sleep hundreds of these prodigals will be back to the roof of the old homestead.



DANTE AND THE SPIRITS OF THE MOON.

CONSECRATION.

Now let us be prayerful while we consider different phases of the same subject presented yesterday morning—consecration.

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.

And be 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.

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 solely according as God dealt to every man the measure of faith.

GRADED CHRISTIANITY.

As we look round us in the Christian world, brethren, we are forced to admit that there is such a thing as graduated Christianity; that there are such things as grades among the people of God. Why, some members of St. John's church are just as unlike other members as they can be. Some members of Dr. Brookes' church are just as dissimilar, and just as unlike the other members of his church as it is possible for one man to be unlike another. What a difference there is between people with the same hopes and the same fears, who are bending their steps to the same judgment, accountable alike to God for vain and idle thoughts, and every word they say. What a difference! Did you ever think about it? That man sitting back there says, "My wife is better than I am. She is a good Christian. I am not much of a Christian." That boy says, "Mother is the best woman I ever saw. I belong to the same church she does, but I am not much of a Christian." I do wonder if

there is such a thing in the kingdom of Christ as the Lord demanding that some of us shall do our best while others are let off very easily. I wonder if my Father in Heaven wanted my mother to be a better Christian than he wants me to be. I wonder if in the arrangement of his divine plan he fixed it so that my mother could be a whole Christian and me only a piece of one. I have thought about these things. I have thought whether the kingdom of Christ reserved for my father privileges which helped to make him a magnificent Christian, while I, his son, have none of those privileges and can enjoy none of those privileges.

CHURCH ECONOMY.

In regard to this, I often think of the good old brother in the Quarterly Conference in our State. It was the first Quarterly Conference of the year, and the new preacher had only been in two or three weeks. The presiding elder presided, and when the question came up, "How much has been raised during the present quarter for the support of the minister?" one member got up and reported from his church, and another from his, and directly a good old brother stood up and said: "Well, I have been wanting to see the preacher, and see how many children he had, because we want to arrange matters just as economically as we can;" and he said: "It is a hard time among us; and," said he, "up to this time I have not raised anything." The Presiding Elder glared his eyes over at the old brother and said:

"Brother, you say you have not raised a cent?"

"No, sir, not a cent," was the reply, "up to this time."

"Well," said he, "how would you have it more economical than that? You have raised nothing up to this time."
(Laughter.)

And I have many a time, in looking at some people who do not want their religion to be in their way, who do not want it to become burdensome to them, who do not want their religion to affect their reserved rights, and all that sort of thing—I have looked at them many a time and thought, how would you have your religion looser than it is? What more privileges would you ask than you have? I tell you every slack-twisted, one-horsed, no-account member of the church is a positive damage to the church. He lowers the standard, and would let down the kingdom and patience of Jesus to a plane where it is hardly possible to distinguish between a man in the church and one out of the church.

“BROTHER SO-AND-SO.”

A good many of us are like the good brother they introduced to me once in Chattanooga. He was introduced to me as Mr. So-and so. “Mr. So-and-so,” I said, or “Brother So-and-so?” He replied, himself, “Mr. So-and-so.” The next day he met the brother who introduced him to me, and he said: “Mr. Jones asked me whether I was Mr. So-and-so or Brother So-and-so, and I told him I was Mr. So-and-so, although I am a member of the Methodist Church. But I never said much about it, and there are not many people who know it, and I reckon I told him as near right as possible when I said Mr. So-and-so.”

We have let the standard down among us until really we do not think hard of people who do a heap of things that are wrong. It is not regarded as radically wrong here in St. Louis to play cards or to dance or to attend the theaters. Why, I heard a preacher say yesterday that some of the best people in St. Louis attend the theaters. Well, I denied it. I said “It ain’t so,” and I would hate very much for that to be true. Before God I would. (Amen.)

WE CAN TOLERATE MOST ANYTHING.

Oh, we are getting the thing down now to where we are somewhat like the preacher in Georgia who, when he held his Church Conference and called the list of the members, had the members answer for themselves when they were present, and when they were absent somebody represented them. And he called the name of an absent brother and the preacher said: "Well, how about this brother who is away? Where does he live? What sort of a man is he?" One brother said: "I know the man. He does not go to church as much as he might, but he is a good, clever man." Another brother got up and said about the same, and directly another brother got up and said: "I live close by the man. He is a close neighbor of mine. Although it is true he does not do his whole duty, he is a mighty good man, and there is only one thing that can be said against him, and that is he is a little inclined to be quarrelsome when he is drunk." (Laughter.) That was the only difficulty with him.

How often we hear it said: "She is a mighty good woman, but she goes to the theater." "They are mighty pious people, they are, but they play cards every night." "They are very good people, and there is only one thing to be said against them, and that is that they dance." Oh! how we are letting down, down, down. The fact is, we have let the church down so low that you can not ditch her off. There is not fall enough to ditch her, and we are getting into a sad fix when that is the case. A good lady told me this morning: "There is a heap of people never lived n the country, and they do not understand your illustrations." I am not responsible for your ignorance. They

are very plain to me. We have got down too low, that is the idea.

THREE GRADES OF CHRISTIANS.

Now I suppose we have in all the churches about three grades of Christians. In our blue Masonic lodges we have what we call entered apprentice Masons, fellow-craft Masons and master Masons. Those are the three grades in the blue lodge. Some will stop at the entered apprentice degree and never go any further, and they are called entered apprentices. Others pass to the fellow-craft degree and stop there, and then they are what we denominate fellow-craft Masons. Others rise to the sublime degree of master Masons, and they are called master Masons. I might say that we have three classes of Christians in our churches; our entered apprentice Christian, our fellow-craft Christian and our master Mason Christian.

The entered apprentice Christian, he is the little fellow out there that made profession and joined the church, and that is all he has ever done, and that is all he is ever going to do. That is the end of it with him. I used to get out of patience with these people. If you want them to do anything they will say: "I never was called upon to do that," and they would not advance and get religion right. They will say, "Oh, I am a member of the church," and then get on the other side of the fence and remain there.

To me they seem like an old ox in a hot dry lane, and he just lives in that lane, with the beautiful green pastures on both sides of the road, and all the grass the poor old fellow gets he bites through the fence, and he gets his nose rubbed sore by always biting through the fence. I am always sorry for those old oxen. And there is many a Christian in the lane, between Chenot and the world, you know.

They won't go over into the green pastures of God's love, and they won't go over into the valley on the devil's side. They are what you might call starvelings in the land, and they are numerous, too.

THE ENTERED APPRENTICE CHRISTIAN.

The entered apprentice Christian. "Oh, I have made a profession of religion. I have been baptized." And that is all they seem to know, and all they want to know about Christianity at all. The Lord forgive us if we have ever had such low, groveling ideas of Christianity as that. Why, brother, just think a moment. Suppose that all there was in Christianity to you, my brother, or you suppose that all there was in it was the simple fact that you had made profession and joined the church, and that was the end of the whole matter. Suppose it was. I declare to you that if that was all there was in it, here is one brother who would hush his mouth and never try to make another convert to Christianity. I would do that if Christianity was simply joining the church and making a profession of religion.

The entered apprentice Christian. They are the little fellows in the church. I was sitting on a car one day, and when the conductor came round and took up the tickets there were eight or ten passengers whom he never asked for any tickets. He let them go free. They were the little fellows, two and three and four years old. He never bothered them at all. And, I think, in the Church of God we ought to pass these little fellows and not make them pay a cent. Just let them go free. The only way you little fellows can get to Heaven is by hanging on the skirt of some good old mother and making out that you are one of her little children. I do not know how else you are to get in. Those little fellows in the church. (Laughter.)

NOT FULLY INITIATED YET.

There is a little fellow just twelve months old. He never walked a step, and you know it. He can not understand when you tell him anything. He is mentally and physically incapacitated from being of service to you. And those little fellows in the church, they only join the church and make a profession of religion. They have not the physical or at least the intellectual ability to be of any account in the church.

Now, I grant that it is a grand effort in a man's life when he gives his life to God and joins the ranks of Christ. Oh, that is grand! But suppose every soldier in the last war had gone and registered his name as a soldier and sworn allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, and then turned round and gone back home. He would have met the other forces with a vengeance, would he not? And when we go up and put our name down on God's side, and swear allegiance to his cause, and then go on about our business and say: "That is all there is to it," it is just a question of census. We can just tell how many there are in the family and give their names. That is all there is in Christianity. Just barely the taking of the census.

SHIPPING CHRISTIANS BY MAIL.

The entered-apprenticeship Christian. A number of them got mad with me once because I said that if I got an order for one hundred of them I would not ship them by freight or express, but I would put them in a paper box and put a 2-cent stamp on it and send them off that way—these little entered-apprentice fellows. (Laughter.) It would be foolish to make them into a 25-cent package when you could send them O. K. anywhere for 2 cents. (Laughter.) But I

reckon I shall never get an order for any of that sort. I never heard of any of them being of any account in Heaven or Earth. (Laughter.)

The entered apprentice degree comes before the fellow-craft degree. You must take that step first—profess Christ and openly and publicly join the church. That is the right step. But do not let that be the end, let that be a step to something higher. Well, the next step is the fellow-craft degree and the fellow-craft Christians have not only joined the church and made an open and public profession of religion, but they will do some things very readily and willingly when you want them to be done. If you want them to pay, why they will pull out their pocket-book and divide the last dollar with you. That is good, too. I like to see a liberal man. In fact, I have no patience with any other except a liberal man. I never saw a Christian succeed in doing much that was a down right stingy man. Now we have what we call fellow-craft Christians that have made profession of religion and joined the church. They will pay every time you ask them, but if you say, "Brother, let us hear you pray," they say, "I never pray in public." He has reserved rights (laughter), and no man ever made a good Christian who had reserved rights. "Some things I will do, some I won't." The fellow-craft Christians when they feel like it will do anything you ask them to do, but if they don't feel like it they won't touch it. Well if a fellow has got no brains, he ought to let his emotional nature direct him. (Laughter.) That is my judgment. If a fellow has no intellectual nature then his emotional nature ought to run him, and he ought to keep red hot all the time. (Laughter.) But if I have any brains at all I am never going to let my feelings run me.

PRETTY LOW GROUND FOR CHRISTIANS.

When our child cries with pain it puts its hand on its pain and we hear and heed it, and I reckon that when the Lord's people cry they can put their hand on their pain and cry. And a great many of his little children are crying from the fact that they will be damned. (Laughter.) That is about as low a ground as you can afford to stand on. Some of us are crying, "Lord, I want to get to Heaven." That is the object. They say, "I will take care of myself here if the Lord will take care of me when I die." "Oh if I can just get to Heaven when I die I will be the happiest person that ever lived on the face of this earth." They are fellow-craft Christians. Do anything in the world if they feel like it. I have known Brother A to be called upon to pray at a big revival meeting, and he would pray earnestly in a big loud voice. But let him cool off a little and he won't pray for his life. He must be excused. I never did understand that a good Christian could do at one time what he could not do at another. I never could understand a man that would grow beautifully less all the time. I thought that as Christianity was developed it grew larger and stronger.

FELLOW-CRAFT CHRISTIANS.

Fellow-craft Christians running on feeling—I have told them down South—with all due respect to some of our colored people there—I have told the fellow-craft Christians down South: "If you think feeling is the best thing you have, if I were you I would go to that colored church. They just shout out there and fall down and almost die shouting with feeling. And a good many of the biggest shouters never raise any chickens until they are half-grown. And

if you are running on feeling, I would go and join that church ; they have plenty of it there.

Feeling. Sister, I run on this idea. If a thing is right I'll do it, and I will never stop to ask whether I feel like it or not. "I'll do it if I feel like it. If I don't I won't." The most efficient sermons I ever preached were when I felt least like preaching. God blesses us not by the success of our efforts, nor by the spirit of buoyancy that actuates us, but God blesses us by the efforts we put forth whether we feel like it or not.

THE VALUE OF UNSELFISH EFFORT.

A woman's child is sick. The mother never stops to see whether her own head aches or not; whether she has rheumatism or not. But she looks at the interest of that child and cares for it. And so every Christian person ought to look and see what the claims of God are upon him. You can tell the fellow-craft Christian in this way: If it is a right pretty Wednesday night, he is always out at prayer meeting. If it is sort of dark or misty or rainy, they won't come out; they are afraid they will take cold. (Laughter.) There are a great many people in this world who have an idea that a church is the most unhealthy place in the world. "Why," they say, "I took cold there one day and did not get over it in six weeks." (Laughter.) Look here. I have been going to church two and three times a day for years, and did you ever see a fatter, healthier looking man in your life than I am? (Laughter.) I tell you it is not church-going that makes folks sick. That ain't it. "If it is pleasant and everything works all right I will go." Or, to put it in a sensible, solemn, serious way, if you would rather have it, here is a man physically afraid to go to church. Here is a man going to church **three or**

four times a day, and I am a stronger man physically than I have been in fifteen years.

The fellow-craft Christian. If everything is fair, he is there. If there is anything in the way, he is absent. "If it is convenient to have family prayers, we will have them." "If it is right convenient to go to prayer-meeting, we will go, but if it ain't we won't." "When the high-toned Sister So-and-so calls, we play cards, but when ordinary folks call we tell them we don't play cards." (Laughter.) Don't you see how we can make our religion bend to it as fellow-craft Christians? Well, I am tired of talking about this sort of Christians in the world. But a fellow must be a fellow-craft Christian as he must be an entered-apprentice Christian. I would want to be an entered-apprentice Christian about sixty seconds and a fellow-craft Christian about thirty minutes, and a master Christian forever and ever. A master Christian, forever and ever!

THE MASTER CHRISTIAN.

What constitutes a master Christian? He is one that has presented his body as a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is his reasonable service. It is one that has not conformed to this world in any way, but has transformed himself by renewing his mind. It is one that thinks soberly and wisely on all things, one that loves God with all his heart, and loves his neighbor as himself.

Master Christians! Oh, brethren and sisters, they are worth their weight in gold to any community in the world. He is worthy to be cherished. He will do what he promises to do. He is living to God and to duty and to every good word and work.

The master Christian! Now let me tell you. The entered-apprentice Christian, as an entered-apprentice

Christian, can never be a master Christian. A fellow-craft Christian, as a fellow-craft Christian, can never be a master Christian. The master Christian, thank God Almighty, can never, and will never, be satisfied on any lower plane than that which God and Christ raises.

Now, I wish we could take this twelfth chapter of Romans and read it through. There is not a verse in it but what ties right along onto the discussion this morning. There is room in there for all of your thought and all your will and all your muscles and all your desires. If you take that twelfth chapter of Romans, which is practically a plain setting forth of Christian duty, march out in this character and look for Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.

A FAMILY FEUD.

I was once preaching in a town of 1,200 or 1,500 inhabitants, and there had long been a family feud there, and it had involved nearly all the family connections. It went from bad to worse until pistols were used and until the thing had gotten into the most corrupt shape. Now, one of the principal parties was a widow, whose heart and life, and whose children were involved in this fearful difficulty. While we were sitting in the church—and the first time, I reckon, for months and years that both parties were in God's house at one time—when I finished preaching the meeting was thrown open for talk. One talked and then another talked, and directly this woman stood up about the middle of the house. She looked at me with a flush on her face and a sparkle in her eye, and she was one of the most intelligent looking women I ever met; she looked at me and dropped her finger on me and said: "Sir, if there is a woman on God's earth who has literally lived in a fire for years, I am that woman. I was once a happy child of God, and how unutterably miserable I have been."

A PLEDGE OF PEACE.

And now she said: "Listen at me, sir, and I record the words before the judgment bar of God and before mankind." She said: "If crucifying myself and denying myself and giving up all that God despises, loving my enemies, doing good to those that despitefully use me, if that will take a soul to salvation, I am just as good for salvation as if I had stepped inside the golden gates."

Then she stepped across the house, and, taking the hand of her enemy, she said: "To-day I bury many fathoms below the surface of the earth every unkind thought, word and act of my life. From this moment what I do shall be by the faith of the Son of God that loved me and gave his life for me."

I returned and saw that woman twelve months after that and she said: "Blessed be God! Twelve months of my way to the good world have passed without a disturbing ripple or a darkening cloud."

Twelve months later I met her again, and she said: "Not a cloud, not a difficulty. Just swept right along to the good world, and if you get there yourself you may look out for me; I am going through."

THE SORT OF CHRISTIANS WE WANT.

Oh, the soul that settles all these questions, that will deny and crucify himself, that will give up the world and all that God despises, and trusts in Jesus, can say: "That will take me to heaven; I am just as good for heaven as if I was there."

What a consecration it is to put all you have got in God's bank and say: "Now Lord, there it is, use it! Use it to thy glory," and then turning round to this old world say,

"All I have got is in God Almighty's bank, and if that bank don't break I am a millionaire forever. I will trust all I have in the hands of God." That is the sort of Christianity we want.

But you say: "I have for months and years listened to the voice of God, and may he direct me, but sometimes the voice of the world has been so loud that I admit my ear has been turned to hear what the world has to say. God forgive me, I will not do it any more." Listen only to God. You can not get into grander and deeper water. Let us say now: "I will never listen to the old world any more. I will listen only to Christ."

THE HARVEST IN STORE.

I want to say to you this morning that there is a great harvest in store for us if the Lord can only get us in time where he can pour down his Spirit upon us. I tell you another thing: the reason I know Christianity is divine. If Grover Cleveland had gone through the United States denouncing the Democratic party and the members of the party as I have denounced members of the church and professors of religion in this town, he would have broken his party all to pieces. But you attack religion and the more fuel you put around the fire the more it burns, and the more there is left. Oh, for a pure Christianity, and may it permeate this whole city! Oh, give us the sacred apostolic Christianity that counts all things as loss but for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord. Let us work as if we were hired to work our way to heaven. Let us trust Jesus as if you could not work without him, and God will bathe you in the spirit of Christianity and bless you for it your entire life.





SATAN AT THE GATES OF HELL.

**WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH THAT SHALL HE
ALSO REAP.**

We invite your prayerful attention to the 7th and 8th verses of the sixth chapter of St. Paul to the Galatians:

Be not deceived. God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

Let us heed this exhortation a moment—the first clause of the text:

Be not deceived.

THREE ABSOLUTE IMPOSSIBILITIES.

We say there are three absolute impossibilities in this life. There may be a thousand, but we know of three.

In the first place, we say it is an absolute impossibility for a man to continuously and successfully practice a fraud upon his immortality. The price God puts on the soul is too great for him, the author of the soul, to suffer me to practice fraud upon him. If I am a good man, I know I am a good man; if I am not a good man, I know it. It is perfectly natural for human nature at times to bring to bear upon itself the flattery of its friends and the good opinion it may naturally hold of itself; but after we have listened to the flattery of those who speak to us, and after we bring to bear on our self-pride, thank God, there are moments in our life when God breaks the silence of eternity and speaks out to us in unmistakable language; he shows us who we are, and he shows us what we are, and he shows us whither we are tending.

I am so glad God will not let a man lie down and sleep

his way to hell. I am so glad that ever and anon God will wake humanity up and show us exactly what we are

ANXIOUS FOR FLATTERY.

Poor human nature! It would listen to the flattery of the world, would it? It would bring to bear all of its self-pride and find a refuge in these things; but God will sweep away these refuges of lies and show us what we are—in spite of ourselves, in spite of our friends, in spite of earth, in spite of devils, God will make us see ourselves. It is a blessed consolation; if I am a good man, I know it. It is an awful condemnation; if I am a bad man, I know it.

It is absolutely impossible for a man to continuously practice a fraud upon his immortality.

We say again that it is absolutely impossible for a man to practice a fraud upon his neighbor. Now if you are a good man your neighbor knows it, and if you are not a good man your neighbor knows it.

CAN'T DECEIVE YOUR NEIGHBORS.

The Bible tells us that the good on earth are like a seed sowed on a hill that can't be hid. The book tells us that the good are like a light upon the candlestick setting upon a table, and no matter how great the darkness the brilliancy of the candle shows itself to all that are in the room.

It is a delusion of human nature, of human kind, that "After all, I am not so bad as I thought I was, and after all, men don't think me as bad as I am."

Oh, what a luxury in human experience the consciousness that "nobody knows me just as I am. There are some things that are covered up; there are some things that no eye ever looked at; there are some things I can shut the door upon the world and say, 'Thou canst not enter and see.'"

DECEIVES NOBODY.

But after all you are deceiving nobody. I tell you what if you dress up in disguise and go to-morrow night to one of your neighbors and sit and talk with him two or three hours, get him talking about you and get him to spend about an hour on you, he will tell you things about yourself that you didn't dream anybody in this universe knew anything about; and your property may be for sale, for aught I know—"I will migrate; I thought nobody in the world knew me as I am. Why, that man told me some things about me that I thought were buried ten fathoms in forgetfulness and ignorance."

Oh, me! this world knows us as we are. This old world knows preachers, knows official members, knows the little insignificant members. This world knows you, friend of the world, and what you are and who you are.

No man can successfully and persistently practice a fraud upon his neighbor. We know you.

By their fruits ye shall know them.

YOU CAN'T DECEIVE GOD.

Then again, no man can successfully and continuously practice a fraud upon God.

God knows me through and through. He knows all about me. He knows where I live. He knows which room I sleep in. His eye is upon me from my mother's knee up to this hour. He has not only seen all the acts of my life, but he saw the thoughts and the motives behind. And God knows me through and through. I am as transparent in his sight as the clearest glass you ever looked through. God knows me as I am.

Be not deceived.

First, don't suffer yourself to begin in the thought that

you can practice a fraud upon yourself. Don't suffer yourself to be beguiled into the notion [that you are deceiving your neighbor, and, above all things,

GOD IS NOT MOCKED.

God is not mocked.

The literal translation of that sentence,

Be not deceived, God is not mocked.

The literal every-day translation of that is this: "You need not be turning up your nose on God like you were playing pranks on him; he knows you through and through." That is about the most straightforward and practical way we can put that sentence. That is just what it means, through and through.

God is not mocked. For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

TRUE UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES.

That text—

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap— is true whether there is any God at all or not; that text is true whether a man is immortal or not; that text is true whether there is a heaven or not, or a hell or not; that text would have been as true if you had found it in Hume's History of England, as it is true, found in the word of God; that would have been as true if Socrates had said it as it is true as God says it; that text is true whether there is anything else true in the moral universe of God or not.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

This is a common platform upon which all humanity are agreed. This is one of Ingersoll's favorite texts.

That which a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

▲ COMMON ACCEPTATION.

No matter whether he be Jew or Gentile, whether he be

Christian or Infidel, whether he be Theist or Deist, they all meet on this truism.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

Now, this is true in the physical world about us. This is true in all nature around us. Whatever you sow, that you reap. If I go into my garden and sow a row of lettuce, I don't expect anything from the time the seed drops from my fingers until they are gathered for the table but lettuce. If I go into my field and sow wheat, I don't expect anything but wheat. If I drop corn in a row, from the time the furrows cover up the corn until I gather the full ear I don't expect anything but corn. Whatever I sow, that I reap.

THE MULTIPLYING NATURE OF SEED.

And then, again, I notice the multiplying nature of the seed sown.

A member of our conference said to me once—he was then stationed at Cedar Town, Ga., and he said in the spring that he saw that a seed of oats came up and began to grow off. As he began cultivating his garden, he said he cultivated around it and left it, and it grew out and bunched off until it matured, and he said: “I went into my garden and pulled up the bunch of oats and went into my house and counted the seed,” and he said, “there were 800 seeds of oats come from that one seed of grain.” Now, suppose you sow in the spring those 800 seeds of oats, then the next fall the next summer, you have forty bushels. Sow those forty bushels, then you have 1,600 bushels, sow those 1,600 bushels, and you could see, if such a thing were possible, there could not be less than this world 100 feet deep in oats, all come from a single grain.

THE ORIGINAL SOWING.

Oh, how that reminds me. Away back vonder in the

Garden of Eden, six thousand years ago, Adam dropped one little seed of sin in that Garden of Eden, and to-day this world is full of sin and full of woe. Like not only begets its like, but we know it is the multiplying nature of the seed sown.

Well, this is just as true in the moral universe as it is true in the physical universe. Every man and woman in this house to-night, you carry about with you with this arm a basket of spiritual seed, and every step in your life your hand goes down into the basket, and you are scattering the seeds to the right and to the left, and they come up and grow off, and produce and reproduce after their kind; and the iniquity and the abominations and the wickedness of St. Louis to-day follow as inevitably from the seed sown the past few years as ever effect followed cause, or that water runs down hill.

When I would know the moral status and the moral life of a community, I would know something of its history—the previous history of that community. If you will tell me what kind of seed have been sown in this community in the last twenty years, I will tell you what the harvest will be. Just as truly as if you told me what kind of seed you put in the ground, I will tell you then what sort of harvest there will be in the field.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

Every act of my life is a seed, every word is a seed, every deed is a seed, and we are not going about through this country scattering these seeds in these valleys or on these hillsides, but we are scattering them in human hearts, and they come up and produce and reproduce, just like the seed we sow.

NO RECALLING THE SOWING.

And—and then fearful thought! When once a seed

drops from your hand it is gone forever. The old woman who went to her priest and confessed, among other things, that she had talked, and talked unwisely and unscripturally to one of the neighbors, and there was a furor in that community on account of it, and she had been the cause of it by her tattling to one of the neighbors, and the priest said to her: "Now, I give you as a penance, as a punishment, before I absolve you, this to do. Now go and gather a basket of thistle seed and go in the pathway between those neighbors and scatter those thistle seed to the right and to the left, and when you have done that come back to me," and in a few moments she returned and she said: "I have done as you bid me."

SOMETHING IMPOSSIBLE.

"Now," he said, "I want you to go and gather up those seed in the basket and bring them to me." "Oh," she said, "that I can never do!" "Oh," said the devout priest, "neither can you undo the mischief you have done in that community."

Fearful thought! Whenever a seed is gone from my grasp, it is gone forever.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

There are a few great principles in the moral universe around us we might notice, and then narrow the discussion to the practical one, so that we may take hold of it as individuals. Suppose I announce this fact:

SOW WHISKY, REAP DRUNKARDS.

Sow whisky, reap drunkards. Would you deny the proposition? If you do I beg you go to the desolate home, to the fatherless children, to every staggering drunkard that curses this city to-night, and as they look you in the face you will say it is a truth as deep as the universe, if you sow

whisky you will reap drunkards. And St. Louis with her 2,000 dram shops is illustrating this truth in God's moral universe to an extent that is enough to make the angels themselves weep tears of blood. And in this sowing of whisky and reaping of drunkards you as the God-fearing people of St. Louis are *particeps criminis* in the whole business. Every man is responsible for every drop of liquor sold in this city, until he has done his level best to put it out. I know there is a cry of "Peace! Peace!" when there is no peace, and so long as this traffic is indorsed by the press and parlor and winked at by the pulpit, this fearful curse will blight humanity for all ages to come.

Sow whisky, reap drunkards! I have been frequently, my fellow-citizens, accused of exaggeration. They say I speak in hyperbole; that I over-color things; that I say things that are too strong. I can go to our cemetery to-night, and I can unearth a dozen skeletons and bring them and stand them at this sacred desk by my side and bid you look, and I defy earth and hell to exaggerate the picture. You can't exaggerate what sin is doing for humanity any more than you can exaggerate the beauties and joys of heaven. Not one bit.

SUGAR-COATED RELIGION.

But humanity leans toward the sugar-coat. They want everything sugar-coated, no matter what, and I declare to you to-night this world is sick and sick unto death, and what's the matter? You take the old book, and if you'll read this book from Genesis to Revelations, and read it with an eye to the truth it asserts, you'll never say preachers exaggerate any more!

Here's a patient sick and here's a nurse tending by his side. The doctor gives the prescription to the nurse and says:

“Give it every two hours.”

Next morning the doctor returns and the patient is worse, and the doctor says:

“I see the patient is much worse. Did you give the prescription at the right time? Did you give them to him like I told you?”

“No—I—doctor, I thought these powders were so large I was afraid to give them to him that way, and I took out about half of the powder, and I thought it would kill the fellow to give it to him just like you gave it to me, and I took out some of the powders!”

And the patient dies! Who is to blame? Who is to blame?

God Almighty tells every preacher, “I put you by the side of the death-bed of this world, and I give you the prescription. Now give it to the patient.” And we as preachers are dividing up the doses, and we say, “It would kill the poor fellow to give it to him.” Well, God bless us, let’s kill him. (Laughter.) I’m no homeopath when it comes to morals. (Laughter.)

CAN TELL IT BY THE NEWSPAPERS.

I know this old world is sick. I can shut my Bible for twelve months, and simply read your daily newspapers and see that this old world is sick unto death. And, God being my helper and my judge, I’m going to give you the powders just as he means them, and, if they kill the patient, then no one can point his bony finger at me at the judgment, and say:

“If you had given it like God said for you to do, sir, I wouldn’t have been here in this condition.”

As I said yesterday morning at St. John’s, there’s one beauty about religion. If President Cleveland had com-

menced demeaning the Democratic party and showing up its corruption as I have tried to show up the corruption of the churches of this city, the Democratic party would have been disrupted and disbanded and gone to pieces to-day. If James G. Blaine had gone and talked about the Republican party and showed up the rascality and meanness in the Republican party as I have tried to show up the wickedness and worldliness of the churches of this town, the Republican party would have gone to pieces. But the Lord Jesus Christ, with his grand system of recovery—the more you set fire to and the more you burn up the more there is left, thank God. And the more you denounce the thing, the more the thing will rally to the right; and to-day Jesus Christ with his system of religion has the only system that will bear such an ordeal as that. And I tell you people, to-day, if you want to make the world good, set on fire and burn up everything that ought to be burned up, and tell God to take what is left—and there's more left than there was when you commenced—and use it for his glory, and we will have a grand church down here in this world.

A NOVEL USE FOR A LICENSE.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

Announce the truth to the world! If you sow whisky you'll reap drunkards. You'll reap drunkards. I declare to you, if I were ever to sell whisky or wanted to sell whisky—and I never will and never shall—but if I should, I would want to go to a Christian [city in a Christian country, and I would want to have the indorsement of Christian aldermen and Christian councilmen. And when I procured my license, signed up and indorsed, I would file it away in charge of my wife, and tell her:

“Wife, when I come to die put this license in my coffin with me.”

And when the resurrection trump should wake me from the dead, the first thing I would think of would be my license. (Laughter.) And when God called me to the judgment and showed me what I had done for the race, I would pull out my license, indorsed by Christian people and signed by Christian mayors and council and tell God :

"I didn't know there was a bit of harm in it. These Christian people backed me."

And God Almighty will pour the whole shebang in hell together. Now you mark that. (Applause.) It is time for us to wake up.

(There was a little interruption at this point, caused by Dr. Brookes reading a note sent up to him, which requested Dr. Rowland to return home, if in the church, as he was urgently needed.)

COULD DO IT IF THEY WANTED TO.

Brother Jones resumed :

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

I am responsible for the sowing of all evil until I have done my best to arrest it and stop it.

And I'll tell you another thing : There's enough professing Christians, I expect, in all the churches of this city to put a stop to the sowing of this seed in a month, if you all wanted to.

And I'll say another thing : If the members of all the churches in this town will stop drinking whisky they will shut up about half of the bar-rooms, to start with. (Laughter and applause.) You old red-nosed devil in God Almighty's church, you are a disgrace to this universe. (Laughter.)

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

SOWING PROFANITY.

If we sow liquor, we reap drunkards. Well, we get

farther along down the line. If I sow profanity, I will reap profanity. Oh, how many swearing boys in St. Louis to-night! how many little ones! how many smaller ones! In a conversation with a house-full of little boys the other day, I asked the question:

“Boy, do you use bad words?”

One little fellow said “Yes, sir.”

Said I: “Where did you learn that?”

“Men learned me to say bad words,” was the reply.

Sow profanity—reap profanity. Every little profane boy that blights the morals of this town is a living witness that if you sow profanity you reap profanity. God pity the brute that will swear in the presence of his children. (Applause.)

Sow profanity, reap profanity. In one town in Georgia there was, perhaps, the most profane man in the State, and this profane man was the father of a little boy. One morning the little boy, the son of this man, came walking down the sidewalk and just before he got to his father's store, where his father and several others were standing out in front of the door, some one tripped the little fellow, and when they tripped him he had like to have fallen on the walk. He recovered himself and then turned and such a string of oaths you hardly ever heard escape human lips. And the father turned with the other gentlemen and looked, and the father said:

“Why, son! was that you?”

And the little boy dropped his head and said: “Yes, sir.”

The father said: “Gentlemen, hear me! I'll never swear another oath while I live.”

AN EARLY HARVEST.

But why stop it now? He had sown his little boy's heart

full of this seed of damnation and reaped a harvest for hell before his child was four years old.

Oh, what a thought! Oh, what a thought! God pity the man who will deliberately demoralize the pure children of his home. Profanity! Sow profanity, reap profanity.

And then we say: Sow cards, reap gamblers.

Now I discuss general propositions. A great many disagree with me, but I reckon we will all agree in the discussion here to-night. I dare assert it, there isn't a man fool enough to deny any proposition when its legitimate results and when all its logic is as clear as the mind of God and as resistless as the judgment of God. You can't get round these results. They are before you as facts, as deep and broad as the universe.

Whatsoever man soweth, that shall he reap.

Sow cards, reap gamblers. And every gambler that curses this city to-night is the legitimate product of card playing at home. Nine gamblers out of ten are the product of Christian homes. Statistics will show it.

NO ALLUSIONS TO GOVERNOR MARMADUKE!

Now, I have said a great many hard things, so called, and a great many of those things that I have said have been applied. I don't apply things! I run a sort of wholesale gospel shoe establishment and just make shoes for the public, and every man puts on those that fit him, you know, and goes out. (Laughter.) That's my line. I'm never personal, and there never was a bigger mistake made by press or people than to think my remarks about swill-tubs and mash-tubs the other night had any reference to the Governor and Supreme Court of Missouri. They were not in my mind at all. I wasn't thinking about them at all. And why the press of this State should have such an idea as that I meant

the Governor of Missouri is the profoundest mystery in the world to me; for I disown it, and say candidly and honestly, the Governor of Missouri and the Supreme Court of Missouri were no more in my mind when I made the assertion than something I never thought of at all. I am sorry. I am sorry that anybody should ever think that I would say such a thing of the Supreme Court of this State or the Governor of this State. I run a shoe-shop (laughter), and I am not responsible who you put the shoes on. (Laughter.)

THE FRUIT OF CARD-PLAYING.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

If you sow cards you'll reap gamblers—reap gamblers. I want to say to you parents here to-night, I know some of you have not only thought hard things, but you have said a heap harder things about me than I ever said about you. Now listen!

Sow cards, reap gamblers. There is one verse in scripture I wish every parent in this country would heed and understand. It is where David said:

Blessed are ye simple ones concerning iniquity.

Blessed are you boys and girls that don't know how to sin! Do you get the idea?

I was guilty of a great many vices, but I never knew how to gamble. I believe if my father and mother had taught me the different games in cards—I believe I would have gone with that vice added to others, beyond all recovery, forever and forever. God being my helper, cards and wine and balls and such as that shall never come into my home until they come in over my dead body at the front door. (Applause.) This tide of worldliness that is sweeping children to hell and hardness of heart every day, shall never come into my home until I have spilt my last drop of blood at the front door.

WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH, ETC.

“Well,” you say, “you stick to that, and you can never get into society.”

Society! (with a look of infinite derision) that heartless old wretch! Society! Society!! Society!!! The leech of the soul, that sucks the soul until the soul is as hollow as a drum! Nothing in there! Nothing in there!

NO FRIEND TO SOCIETY, SO-CALLED.

Society! the heartless old wretch! She has cursed ten thousand homes in this world—society, so-called, I mean. (Laughter.) God being my helper and God being my trust and my judge on the final day, I shall never go into anything, or be in partnership with anything that will curse my children when I am dead and gone. There are mothers and fathers in this house laughing in their sleeves at what I am saying this moment, and if you could just run down twenty years from this moment, and see some members of your household, you would absolutely weep tears of blood and faint in the pew where you sit. (Sensation.)

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

And I’ve said it many a time, if I was the wife of any man and he brought his demijohns and his wines to my home, I would tell him: “Sir, in the name of God don’t bring that here in the presence of my children,” instead of doing like some of you, who stir it and sweeten it and fix it for him. And I would tell him in the presence of my children, “You go down and get your bar-keeper to do that. I won’t soil my hands and damn my children, stirring your toddies for you!” (Applause.)

My God! We need some wives in this country and mothers who will suffer anything before they will suffer their little children to be demoralized and damned in their own homes.

Sow cards, reap gamblers! God Almighty pity the Christian home that can't get along without a deck of cards. (Applause and laughter.) (Turning to the brethren on the platform,) I wish you'd all say "Amen" along occasionally. (Laughter.)

And now, I won't say which one of your boys may be a gambler, or which one of your daughters will marry a gambler—a man that you taught to play cards around your social circle at home; but I will say this much: If you'll burn up your cards and quit card-playing, you'll never have any reason to regret it when you come to die. I'll say that much, God being my helper, I know that cards have cursed thousands of lives in this world, and we know they will curse thousands more of lives. But I say they will never curse my children with my knowledge, and especially with my consent.

SOW BALLS, REAP GERMANS.

Sow cards, reap gamblers. Sow balls, reap germans. And I'm glad it's called "german." I'm glad it ain't "American." (Laughter.) I'm glad we had enough respect for America to give that thing a foreign name. (Laughter.) German! (Laughter.) There is nothing more demoralizing to society than what you call the german. The german! (Laughter.) And when you sow the german (laughter) you are mighty nearly run out! (Great laughter.) Sow germans and reap spider-legged dudes! (Immense laughter.) And sow spider-legged dudes and reap half a thimbleful of calves' foot jelly—that's all the brains he's got. (Applause and laughter.)

I got fighting the dudes over here in Nashville, and the "boys" unloaded on the darkies. (Laughter.) You could see more darkies going about there with tight pants and toothpick shoes on than I ever saw in my life. Come pretty near reforming the town. The darkies don't care, you know. (Laughter.) And I don't think they ever got on to the joke. (Laughter.)

Oh, me! I tell you humanity is running out mighty far along those lines. And they say to me: "Except you partake, except you mix with and go unto these things, your daughters will all die old maids." Well, bless my life, there's ten thousand things worse than old maiddom. There is that! (Laughter and applause.)

PREFERS THE OLD MAIDS.

The Lord knows I would rather have fifty old maids on my hands than have a son-in-law like some of you have got (Laughter.) I would, I say to you all to-night, that the legitimate end of such lives as are manifested in some homes in this town is the reaping of just such sons-in-law. I have thought about that many a time. If the devil—I do not care how much he has against a fellow—if the devil just puts one or two drunken sons-in-law off on him you can get a clean receipt on him right there, There is nothing in earth or hell that will beat one. Some of you have tried it, and know. (Laughter.) My! my! And the natural and legitimate end of such a life as some holy shams in this town manifest in their homes, is that you will reap that which will curse you when you are dead and gone. The Lord God Almighty help us as parents to build a wall a mile high around our homes to keep out everything that ever demoralizes humanity or cursed the immortality of the soul. That is what we want. But now to give the discus-

sion for a few moments, in conclusion, a practical turn—I mean more personal in its application.

Whatsoever he soweth, that shall he also reap.

SOW BALLS, REAP GERMANS.

Sow profanity and reap it. Sow dram-drinking, reap drunkenness. Sow cards, reap gamblers. Sow balls, reap germans. The german is the legitimate product of the ball-room. I tell you humanity, when you start it down hill, it ain't going to stop. It goes from one to the other. This world was content with the square dance for a while. Then they said, "Let us go a little further," and then it was the round dance, and on and on and on. I could tell you some things at this point that would make your blood boil, but I forbear. It will come up legitimately before I leave here. There are some things along on that line that every faithful preacher on this earth ought to say. He owes it to those who are just as certainly drifting to destruction as we are certain that we are in the house of God to-night.

As parents let us go home a while. I preached on the subject of family religion when I was a pastor once, and about three or four weeks afterward I met one of the leading members of my church. He was one of the most intelligent men of whom I was ever pastor. And when I met him in the road, he in his buggy and I in mine, he stopped me and he said: "You know you preached a few weeks ago down at our church on family religion." He said: "That waked me up; it put me to thinking; it put me to studying; it put me to praying." He said: "I have gone home and studied my children all those days since I saw you, and I have reached a conclusion."

A PRETTY SAFE CONCLUSION.

"What is it?" I asked. "Let me hear it."

“After three weeks of close study of my children I have found out that my children”—

Hear it, parents

“—have not a single fault that me or their mother, one, has not got.” That is enough to bring parents to their senses. “My children have not a single fault that me or their mother, one, has not got.”

I was reading once where a father, a famous climber, great in strength and muscle, was climbing up the slippery, steep side of the mountains, and as he was making the most fearful struggles in forcing his way headward he heard the voice of his little boy saying: “Father, keep in the safe path, your little boy is following you, your little boy is following you.”

Some years ago a father started down to the rear of his plantation to look after the stock, and after he had gone one hundred yards or more, his little Willie, seven years old—little Willie called out: “Father, may I come with you?” “Yes, son, come along,” responded his father. The snow was ten inches deep, and the father went on a piece, and turning around and looking back, said: “How are you getting along, son?” “Fine, father,” said the boy, “I am putting my tracks in your tracks,” and the little fellow was jumping from one of his father’s tracks to the other. Clear and shrill the voice of the little boy rang out on the cold, clear air:

FOLLOWING PARENTAL TRACKS.

“I am putting my tracks in your tracks.” The godless father said: “That is true in more senses than one, and by the help of God I’ll reform my life. I’ll never lead that boy to hell.”

“I am putting my tracks in your tracks.” Oh, my fel-

low-citizens, when you bring this thing down to where "My children will imitate and follow me," then I say above all things, "May God guide my doubtful footsteps aright. Let me make no mistakes. My children are on my track."

When I was preaching in a certain town there was a boy came staggering into the church two or three nights successively, and laid down in a back pew and went asleep. His father got him home that night and put him to bed. The father of the boy, eight years before, had been converted, when he was the worst drunkard in the town. The father was now a consistent and official member of the church, doing his duty. The father carried his drunken boy home and watched him. The next night early, as the boy came down the stairway, his father met him at the foot of the stairs and said: "Son, hold on son, I want you to get sober and go with me, and give your heart to God and become religious, like your father has done." And the son said: "Get out of my way, father, and don't try to stop me." The man stood in front of his son, and said: "Son, please stop, you will break my heart." He looked at his father with a wild glare, and said: "Father, get out of my way; I tell you not to stop me; I am going down town." The father said: "Oh, son, your mother has not slept a wink of late, thinking of you, and your father has been praying to God for you. Oh, my son, don't go." The boy looked at him again with a wild glare in his eye, and said: "Do you know the first man who gave me the first drink I ever took?" "No," escaped from the father's lips. "Well, you are the man, sir. You poured it out and presented it to my lips." And this good brother told me: "If my boy had shot me through the heart with a minie ball he could not have hurt me like he did."

▲ CORNER-GROCERY TALE.

Another father told me he had gone into a grocery store to get provisions, and in the back room of that store was a bar. A gentleman said to him: "Won't you go back and take a glass of lager beer with me?" and he said: "Not thinking—and I had not taken a glass of lager beer or anything else in ten years—I did so; and when the beer was drawn, I took it up in my hand and pressed it to my lips. Then for the first time I remembered that my little boy was with me, and as I pressed the glass to my lips he pulled my finger and said: 'Papa, what is that you are drinking?' I took my glass from my lips and said: 'Lager beer, son.' After I had drunk the beer I put the glass down and we walked out of the store, and as we walked out of the door the little fellow pulled my finger again and said: 'Papa, what did you say that was you were drinking in there just now?' and I said 'Son, it was lager beer.'" And he said "as we walked on home the little fellow pulled at my fingers again and said: 'Papa, I can not recollect what that was you drank just now; what was it papa?' And he said the little fellow asked the same question again the next day and he said: "I would have given thousands if I could have recalled that one act. I am afraid that one thing will make a drunkard out of my poor little boy."

Oh! my friends, you had better mind how you sow. The harvest is coming.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

THE LAW OF INHERITANCE.

My life before my children will be reproduced in my children. I walk in yonder into your home and into your parlor, and your little Willie runs into the room, and I have met you and your wife frequently at church, and little

Willie runs in and speaks to me in there, and I look in his face and I see a sweet, beautiful little boy; and I can see his mother's eye and his father's forehead; and I can see his mother's mouth and his father's chin, and as I look in the face of the sweet child I see the features of father and mother planted in the face of their little boy, and then I say: "My children are no more like me physically than my children will be like me morally." I tell you like begets its like, and just as you sow so shall you reap. Sad thought! Sad thought!

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

For he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption.

RUINED FAMILIES.

I can take the history of families in this world, I can take the history of families in this State, I can take the history of families in this city that are enough to startle every conscience here to-night. Read the histories of these families, of the great-grandfather, of the grandfather, of the father, of the son, of the grandson. There they are, as impenetrable to truth and as impervious to right as it seems that rock or stone could be. Brother, hear me to-night. Do you not know that in the city of St. Louis there are whole families going to hell? Not one of them ever was religious. Oh, it is the saddest sight ever looked upon. God has seen this old Mississippi river valley with the blight of yellow fever cursing the whole country and bringing its thousands in their graves; God has seen whole provinces in China starve to death; God has seen our whole Southern land covered with blood and desolation; but the saddest sight God ever looked upon was to see a father take his wife by the hand and the wife take the eldest child by the hand, and the eldest child take the next child by the hand, and so on down to little Willie, and to see the whole family, parents

and children, founder on the rocks of damnation, and lost forever. It seems that if there is a hell beyond all toleration, for time and eternity, it must be for that man who lets his children go deliberately down to death and hell.

Friends, will you hear to-night? Will you heed to-night? Do you know that you are sowing seed, and that He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption.

I will not argue the proposition long, but I want to say in conclusion a thing or two. Hear me:

But he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

JUST LOOK AT IT.

Look at the actual sin of some of our cities and of some families. We have been sowing to the flesh and of the flesh reaping corruption. What are we going to do. There is but one thing to do.

“What is that?” you ask.

Change the sowing. That is the only thing left us, and thank God that is all we need in life or eternity—to change the sowing. I want to say to this congregation to-night that I was the leader perhaps among the boys of my town in wickedness and mischief, and perhaps I led many into wickedness and sin. I was converted in the midst of those I led astray. I have preached the gospel in the churches of our town and on the streets of our town, and last year in our big harbor meeting in our town God blessed me in preaching the word at home, and he gave me in that meeting the last associate of my boyhood, and there is not a single boy I ever led astray who is not a member of the church and on his way to Heaven. Thank God Almighty, there is such a thing as reversing the sowing. Thank God there is such a thing as breaking into this powerful tide of evil and turn-

ing it back in all its force and fury, and carrying souls to salvation instead of sweeping them down to Hell.

SOWING UNTO THE SPIRIT.

He that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting

Thank God for that. Though the sowing of twenty-four years of my life was sowing in the wrong direction, God has given me fourteen years of right sowing—of sowing the right sort of seed. And, thank God, while I have led a sinner or two away from God, I trust him and pray to him to help me to lead dozens back to him in righteousness and in peace and in joy in that holy cause. Brother of the church of God, fathers, have you not sowed long enough in the wrong direction? Mothers, have you not sowed long enough in the wrong direction? Let every mother say as the good woman in Chattanooga did.

A CARD-PLAYING STORY.

Her son entered the house one evening and he said: "Mother, you and sister go and get the cards. I can beat you a game to-night." His mother spoke: "You didn't hear that sermon I did this evening." She said: "Son, those cards are burned up, and there will be no more cards here." And she said in addition to that: "I promised this evening at the meeting to pray to-night for God to bless the men's meeting, and I shall go upstairs and begin to pray now. It is nearly meeting time." And he said: "Sister, if I get more cards, will you play?" She said: "No, I heard that same sermon, and I am going upstairs to pray." The boy turned right round, went down town, and walked into the meeting, and that night he was converted and gave his heart to God, and when he got back home he took his mother in his arms and said: "Here is your saved boy, and from this time on I shall be a Christian forever and ever."

That boy was soundly converted. Look here, mothers. Let us say to our children, I beg your pardon. I beg God's pardon. Nothing that ever harmed a soul or cursed humanity shall ever be fostered in my house any longer. Out with it. I am done. I am done. And that may produce conviction in your boy's heart, and before next Sunday night meeting is over, every child you have got may be a Christian, and on its way to heaven.

A RE-UNION OF THE JONESES.

Now a word of personal history, and you will pardon me, although I do not know whether it is necessary for a preacher ever to ask anybody's pardon. Whether you pardon or not, I will say this just in illustration of the thought I am on. About six years ago now in February, I received a letter from my old grandfather Jones. He wrote me this:

"My dear grandson, you and your wife and your children come down on the 27th of February to our humble home. Your grandmother and myself will have been married fifty years on that day. We have lived fifty years in happy wedlock, and we are going to celebrate our golden wedding."

I never thought much about it for a few days, but as the time drew near I said: "Wife, let us go down to old grandfather's." He lived two counties below me, and he lived in a double log cabin. He had been poor all his life, and he had always been a hard-working man. We got down to grandfather's, and there were gathered all his kinsfolk, sons, sons-in-law, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. We ate dinner in that humble cabin, and after dinner we went into the large room, as it was called. And we gathered around grandfather and grandmother in a double circle. Grandfather and grandmother sat in the center of the circle, and

my old grandfather, a saintly old man, said "I want to tell you some history and statistics." He said:

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

"Way back yonder, in Elbert County, Ga., when a sixteen-year old boy, bound out—my father and mother were both dead, and I was bound out to a gentleman until I was twenty-one years old. When I was sixteen years old the Methodists came into that county and preached. And they started a meeting, and I went up to the altar and I gave my heart to God and I joined the church."

And he said, "shortly after I joined, they made a class-leader out of me, and then an exhorter, and then they licensed me to preach, and for fifty years about I have been a preacher. In the meantime when I was about twenty-one I married this your grandmother and mother and my wife, and the first night we went into our humble home we commenced evening and morning family prayer, and for fifty years steadily we have kept up our devotions night and morning."

And he said: "I have preached the gospel in my poor way the best I could." And he said: "I have thought many a time that I might just as well give it up and quit it all. I was doing no good, but I have been faithful to God and duty." "And now," he said, "children, here are statistics."

THE STATISTICS.

"There are fifty-two of us in all, children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren." "And," he said, "twenty-two of that number have crossed over and gone to glory." He said, "Sixteen of the twenty-two were infants, and I have God's word for it that they have gone safe. The other six

remaining ones that have passed over all died happy in Christ and went home to Heaven."

And one of these six was the man I had the honor to call my father, and I stood by his bed and saw him literally shout his way out of this world. "And now," said my grandfather, "there are thirty of us living, and every one of those thirty are in the church and on their way to Heaven except one! one! one!" My God, how that boy has crushed my life's blood out! And I have stood up and preached to others about Jesus Christ and his power to save when you could hear the blood dripping in my own heart Oh, my poor wayward brother! He went right to the gates of hell, but God brought him back. But I trust and believe to-night that he is a better man than I am. They say that he is, and that he preaches with more power and efficiency than I do. Poor fellow! He went very near to the gates of hell, but he was reclaimed.

THE PREACHER'S HOPE.

"Now," said my old grandfather—twenty-two over yonder, thirty down here—"and," said he, "I do not care much whether I stay down here or go up yonder and stay with them until you come."

Well, since then my good old grandmother, she has gone. That grand old man who was bound out in Elbert County, Georgia, and gave his heart to God and went about sowing good seed, now has five sons that are preaching. I believe it is five sons and two grandsons that are preaching the gospel of Christ all over the land and the work is going on. And I have thought many a time that if God Almighty should give me a million of souls as trophies for the cross, when I get to Heaven I will hang them all on my old grandfather's crown and tell God he is worthy them all. He has

been the stay of my life, and to-night, while I am preaching in St. Louis that grand old man no doubt is on his knees praying God to bless his grandson and help him preach the gospel of Christ.

Well, I went off after that thinking about all this, saying "I have been wanting to get to heaven all my life ; I can not miss it now. As my old grandfather said, twenty-two are safe over there and the other thirty on the way, and I can not miss that glorious world, I am on my way there to-night, blessed be God! All the money I have got is in this bank, and it shall stay there forever.

WHAT HE EXPECTS IN HEAVEN.

I have sat down and buried my face in my hands and said a many a time : " Dear Lord, if I will ever get to heaven—the very thought is charming to me—but if I ever get to heaven, I expect to know my mother there and see my father there and loved ones there, and it will be a joy to me to look up in the face of Jesus Christ, my precious Savior, as I walk the golden streets, but I'll tell you the grandest hour that I shall see in heaven is some sweet moment as I walk the golden streets, when I shall see my precious wife winging her way into the shining courts and I shall join hands with her. " We journeyed hand in hand down yonder and we are here forever."

Then the grandest moment shall be when wife and I shall sit down in shade of the tree of life and an archangel wings his way to us and lights at our side and brushes our little Mary out from under his wings. He says : " Here she is. You trained her for everlasting life and she shall live with you forever."

And another glad hour will be when an angel shall wing his way to us and brush sweet little Annie from under his

wing and shall say: "Here she is, another cherub you trained for joys on high," until at last every sweet child shall come sweeping in, and we shall all join hands in the courts above and shout it aloud:

"Here, all of us, and home forever!"

Oh, what a glad hour that will be to this poor weary man.

God help me to live so that my children following in my footsteps shall come to the world of bliss and peace up yonder. (Amen.)

THE LAST APPEAL.

Before I dismiss you to-night, how many of you in this house, as parents and children, will stand up with me in an honest prayer, "God helping me, I will live the life of the righteous that I may die their happy death, and my last end may be like his?" How many of you fathers and you mothers to-night can say: "God helping, me I will live better and set a better example?" Will every father and mother here to-night and every son and daughter here to-night who feels that way, will you stand up in this congregation a minute with us all in honest prayer? If you mean it, stand up! How many now will stand up and say: "God helping me I will give my life to better and nobler and truer things."

About four fifths of the congregation rose.

Well, thank God! Now let us breathe an earnest prayer to Heaven. If any of you want to be prayed for, if you will stand up we'll pray for you—any sitting down? Now let's all pray earnestly a moment together.

HOW CAN YOU BE SAVED!

We invite your prayerful attention to these words:

What must I do to be saved? And they said: Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.

As a minister of the gospel of Christ I have no right to advise a man to do anything that he can not die doing that and die saved. When that question is propounded to me as a minister of the gospel, I can not answer it in no way except the scriptural way. As a minister I have no right to advise a man to do anything in order that he may be saved unless I am conscious the advice given will surely bring about salvation to him.

THE MINOR ESSENTIALS.

Now, I might advise a man to pray in his family—and every father ought to pray with the children of his home. I can not see how any man who loves his children and believes that his children are immortal, can let morning and night pass by day after day, and no devotion in his home; and yet I see how a man may pray in his family all his life and die unsaved. I might advise a man to read good books—and I know that that is good advice, and I am satisfied that nothing can be more pernicious than bad books, and nothing more helpful than good books—yet I see how a man may read good books all his life and die unsaved. I might advise a man to keep good company—and above all things we ought to keep no other sort—and yet I see how a man may keep company with God's people, with good men and women all his life, and die unsaved.

GOOD ADVICE.

I might advise a man to join the Church of Jesus Christ



DANTE AND THE RIVER OF LETHE.

—and I know that is good advice. I wish every man and woman and boy and girl in St. Louis would join the Church of God to-night and take the vows of the church upon them and live up to those vows. Oh, how much better and brighter this world would be around us! I say when I advise a man to go into the Church of Jesus Christ, that is good advice. The message of the Church of God to this old world is:

Come thou and go with us and we will do thee good.

And I know I give you good advice when I say to all men, come into the church; it will be healthful to you, it will be like a restraint thrown around you, it may lead you to a nobler, better life.

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

One of the most remarkable incidents—I now think of it in connection with this thought—one of the best women I remember to have had in my charge as a pastor—true, noble, good Christian woman—she said to me one day, “Did you ever hear how it was I got into the church?” Said I, “No.” “Well,” she said, “I was about a fifteen-year-old girl, and I was standing just outside of my pew in the aisle when the congregation arose to sing, and the preacher opened the door of the church.” She said, “I stepped a little out from between the pews and took my stand in the aisle and stood there singing, and a mischievous schoolmate of mine standing behind me gave me a push and started me up the aisle, and started me so forcibly I could not stop, and I just went right on up and gave the preacher my hand, and,” she said, “that is how I came in the church.”

THE RESULT.

She said, “I was so impressed by the fact that I did join

the church, and," she said "it made me very serious, and the following week whenever wrong or error would come up, I'd say, 'I cannot do that; I am a member of the church,' and," she said, "that thing so weighed upon me until finally I said, 'can I perpetuate a membership in the church and not be religious?' and I sought the Savior, and I found him. And she said to me, "I would not take the world for that push that girl gave me that day."

The fact of the business is it don't make much difference what starts you, so you get a good start. There's a heap in that.

And I will say another thing. You don't live many blocks from here, and the way is just as plain before your eye from here to your house as it is from where you sit to where these burners are lighted, and yet you could not get to your home to-night without starting, much less to heaven without starting.

THE CHURCH ISN'T EVERYTHING.

I say I would give you good advice if I were to say to you. "Come into the Church of God," and yet I can see how a man may live and die outside of the Church of God, and be saved. I would say, "Commemorate the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ," and I believe every soul for whom Jesus died, I believe they ought to commemorate his sufferings and his death around the sacramental board—and yet I see how a man may partake of the sacrament regularly and then sit down to hell at last. I might advise a man to be baptized in the name of the Trinity—God said to the ministers, "Go out into the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and tell them they that believe and are baptized shall be saved"—and yet I can see how a man may go from baptism to death and hell. I may advise a man to **make a profession of religion and love it, and yet I can see**

how a man may go from the heights of profession down into the depths of damnation. These are all grand instrumentalities in the hands of God, and I would not underestimate any one of them—but there is one sufficiency, and that is faith in the Lord Jesus Christ

KEEPING TO THE TEXT

Now we propose to speak to the text straight through.

What must I do to be saved?

We'll notice some of these small words in this text. There is force in each one of them.

This is infinitely the most important question ever propounded by man—

What must I do to be saved?

Now it is not "What must I think?" It is not "How must I feel?" It is not "Where must I go?" but "What must I do to be saved?"

We get to God through movement. A man can not think his way to God. This world, by its wisdom, can not know God. A man can not find God by going to the temple, or on this mountain. The question is not "How must I feel?" nor "What must I think?" but it is:

What must I do to be saved? Not every one that sayeth, "Lord, Lord but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven.

A GREAT DEAL OF MYSTERY.

Now, we have got a great deal of mystery mixed up with what we call religion. Why, if there were not mysteries in the Bible I'd discard it in a moment; I'd know some trickster wrote it. If I knew every mystery in the word of God, I'd know some man like myself wrote it. Ingersoll said in one of his lectures: "The Bible! the Bible! Why," said he, "I could write a better book myself." Some old woman got up and said: "You better get at it,

there's money in it." (Laughter.) And that is what Ingersoll is after. (Renewed laughter.)

I say there are mysteries there that I can never solve. I grant you that I never can see with my finite eye how the God over all could ever be an infant a span long. I can never understand that. I can never see how the babe in the manger at Bethlehem can be the king of angels. I can not solve that problem. I never could understand how the great God who upholds all things could be carried about in Mary's arms. I can never solve that. I never could understand how he that owned the cattle upon the thousand hills and implanted the bowels of this earth with gold, how he could send his disciples to the fish's mouth to get money to pay his taxes. These are things I can never solve, but I believe in my heart that Jesus of Nazareth, the carpenter's despised boy, was the king of angels and God's only begotten Son, and the brightest hopes in this world cluster around and bud and blossom out of just such faith as this.

GETTING RELIGION.

Now, we ministers—and I expect others here to-night not preachers—have adopted a phrase that is delusive in itself—"getting religion." "When did you get religion?" "When did you get religion?" "I got religion so and so." Well, what does a man mean when he says "I have got religion"? There's nothing in the book about folk getting religion; there's not a word on that subject. You can not point your finger to a single instance where any man ever said: "I got religion way back yonder, so and so." That term is deceptive itself. And a great many people think that "when I get religion I will get hold of a huge sentiment that will stir me up from head to foot." Well, relig-

ion is not a shout, it is not a song, it is not a sentiment, it is not getting happy, it is not shouting. Shouting, getting happy, is no more a part of religion than my coat is a part of me. I have got a coat, thank God! (Laughter.) I couldn't get along well without one; but I would be just as much myself without the coat as I am with one; and, thank God Almighty, I can be just as good and just as religious and just as Christ-like, and never shout, as I can be to shout my way to glory.

MYSTIFYING MATTERS.

We have really mystified this whole subject in our experiences. We have taught men to believe that somehow or another religion was something that came down on a man and was thrust into his soul; and, after all, he was a different man altogether in an instant. Many a fellow getting up at meeting, saying: I got it! I got it! I got it right in here! (Laughter.) Well—got what? Now, that is the big question. Got what? And if he don't mind, it will be buried with him right in there; it will never get out—(laughter) never get out. When they bury him, they can say, "Here lies a solid lump; it never evaporates, effervesces or anything." (Laughter.)

What must I do to be saved?

What is "getting religion"? What do you mean by that? I notice that when Christ himself mingled with men, and talked with men face to face, Christ's term was, "follow me, follow me, go with me somewhere." Not "take something and sit down there and enjoy it," but "come, take my hand and go with me somewhere."

WHAT RELIGION IS NOT.

Religion is not a something that bubbles out of the lips and from the lungs of a man, but religion is motive power

taking one somewhere. Or, in other words, when a man says, "I have got religion," I have just got one question to ask him. I mean, sir, this: When Jesus Christ knocked at the door of your heart, did you open the door of your heart and let Christ in, and is he there now? And is the life that you now live by the faith of the Son of God that loved you and gave himself for you? You can run Mormonism without John Smith, and you can run Confucianism without Confucius, but you can not run Christianity without Christ. He is the living embodiment of our souls; of all that he would have us to be externally.

A MISTAKEN BELIEF.

Now, I have seen a man get up from an altar and shout and clap his hands together and say: "Glory to God! I got it!" and yet that same man, three months from that time, gave the falsehood to all of the profession he made by an unfaithful lie. Some of the best men I have ever known in my life came to God in the most quiet, unassuming way and they said to me: "I don't know the time nor place when God touched me into life, but this much I know, that I live by faith in Christ this moment."

Being made partaker of the Divine nature is the scriptural term.

And what do you mean by that?

This old, dead, dormant, wicked nature of mine has been touched by divine power, and I feel now like I had strength to do what God wanted me to do, and I have now courage to refuse to do the thing that the devil wants me to do, and the world wants me to do. A great part of my life, whenever I had got stirred up, and began to think about who I was, and what I was and where I was going to, the very next thing I thought about was: "Well, religion is all a mystery; I don't know anything about it."

SEEKING RELIGION.

A man came up last night and grabbed my hand and said: "I want to be what you said, but," says he, "I don't know what to be. I don't know anything in the world about it."

Religion is a very plain thing. Do you know that nine tenths of humanity is very ignorant, and do you think that Jesus Christ would promulgate a religion that nine tenths of the world would not understand? Do you think that the Lord Jesus Christ would envelop the mysteries of religion in such a fog that the clearest minds would not see into it? He has given us a religion that is so plain that the most ignorant man, though he be a wayfarer, can see through it.

WHAT SALVATION IS NOT.

What must I do to be saved?

Now, salvation is not a song, as I said just now. It is not sentiment. It is not "getting it," but salvation, if it means anything, means this: Salvation from something and salvation to something; salvation from the wrong and salvation to the right. There is something practical about a thing of that sort. Salvation from the demijohn and salvation to sobriety. Don't you see? Salvation from profanity and salvation to chastity. Salvation from gambling and salvation toward justice in all my ways. Salvation from the things that degrade me and salvation to the things that ennoble me and elevate me.

What must I do to be saved?

What is salvation? Well, when you sum it all up, here it is in a nutshell: Salvation is loving everything that God loves, and hating everything that God hates. That is salvation. What a man loves and what a man hates determines his character. If a man will tell me what he loves and what he hates, I can tell him what he is, and the difference between

the best man in St. Louis and the worst man in St. Louis is found in these likes and dislikes. A good man loves the good and hates the evil. A bad man hates the good and loves the evil. That is the difference. Salvation means being in harmony with the good and out of harmony with the evil, so as to be able to say, "I love the good and hate the evil."

SOMETHING TO BE GLAD OF.

I am so glad that a man is considered orthodox among Protestant Christians; still, when he says: "God made me, and I am certain that if God made me God could so alter, vary and change my nature that he could make me love the good and hate the evil, and it is God's own work. Open my eyes, show me the evil, show me the good and make me in answer to my prayer and my surrender to him to hate the evil and love the good."

What must I do to be saved.

Salvation means deliverance from the guilt of sin; deliverance from the love of sin; deliverance from the dominion of sin. Oh, I do not think there is a Protestant book of theology extant that teaches salvation is anything else than deliverance from the guilt of sin; deliverance from the love of sin and from the dominion of sin. I wish we Christian people would live up as high as our books teach us on that subject. I am not a sanctificationist; but I will declare to you, you can not raise a bigger, higher, deeper howl in the churches of God in this country, than to preach about sanctification, than to say that a man can sanctify a man throughout soul and body and spirit, and make him walk arm and arm with God every day. And now people will say, "that man is running off like wild-fire now he has got off on a tangent and he is preaching something, and

the first thing you know about him he will be in the asylum." That is just about the talk of people who preach on that line. Now, listen, my friend, there is not a plane of Christ, where the soul is allowed to sin. The soul is not allowed to sin on the lowest plane, and the only difference between sanctifying a man and regenerating him, as we call it, is the external difference. There is not a particle of external difference. If there is an enemy lurking in the soul, sanctification puts it on the outside. I like that. God knows I have plenty out there to fight, but I do not want any more on the inside. Sanctification puts the last enemy of a man on the outside.

A POINTED DIFFERENCE.

I get up here and preach, "If these sinners do not quit sinning, God will damn them forever." But the church itself has some reserved rights. They say, "Give it to those sinners, but do not say anything about us. Tell them that the Lord will damn them every one." That is the way we run it off, and other preachers say to those sinners :

The sinner that sinneth shall die in his sin.

What is the message of God to them ?

If the righteous man forsake his righteousness and commit iniquity, his righteousness shall be forgotten and he shall die in his sin.

Did you ever read that? And God says to the wicked :

If the wicked man will forsake his wickedness and do right, his wickedness shall not be remembered against him and he shall be saved.

That is the message. Ah, me! There is no better army to fight this world with than an army of Jesus Christ that has been truly saved from sin. I do not want any sentiments or shouting connected with my religion, if I can just feel conscious that I am saved from sin. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from sin.

THE GREAT QUESTION.

Ah, my brethren in the church, God lets some of us ask this question :

What must I do to be saved?

To be saved from sin? To be saved to righteousness? That is the question. The saved man has power with God. A saved man has influence with his fellows. Lord God Almighty, save us to-night as professors of religion, save us from sin and save us to righteousness.

What must I do to be saved?

Let us rush into the presence of God to-night with this earnest question coming up from our hearts, and let us articulate it with our tongues:

What must I do to be saved?

What must the church do? What must the city do? What must the family do? What must I do? Salvation is a personal matter; I, I, I can get nobody to die for me. I can get nobody to be buried in my place. I can not get any one to stand before God at the judgment in my place. God won't say to any other man, "Come wear this man's crown," or to another man, "Go into everlasting darkness and suffer for this one," but I stand personally before God, all in my own personal character, just like I was the only man that ever lived in the State of Missouri, or the only man that ever walked on the face of the earth.

THE ANSWER.

What must I do to be saved.

What can I do to be saved from the guilt, and the life and the dominion of sin? That is the question. What must I do in order to love everything that God loves, and to hate everything that God hates? That is the question.

Well, now thank God we have an answer, and that answer comes straight to the conscience of every one of us.

Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.

SOMETHING ELSE TO BE GLAD OF.

Oh, I am so glad that it did not read this way:

Believe the Methodist creed and follow the Methodist discipline and you shall get to heaven.

I am so glad it did not read that way. If it had there is many a man who would have stopped and said: "That I can not do." I am so glad it did not read:

Believe the Baptist creed and be immersed by the Baptists and follow their precepts and you shall be saved.

I am glad they did not put it that way, for some of us might have objected. I am glad it is not written:

Whosoever believeth the Presbyterian creed and conforms to their usages shall be saved.

Some of us might have objected. But, blessed be God, it is not faith in the creed but faith in the person that saves the soul.

CONCERNING CREEDS.

What is a creed? It is nothing but the skin of truth set up and stuffed with something. There is no life in it, no live-giving powers, and no creed *per se* ever saved any man. I am glad we have formulated our doctrines and formulated our creeds. That was necessary, that was right, but thanks be to God, when I want to be saved—when a poor sinner wants to be saved to God from sin, and saved in heaven—I have nothing to do but fall down at the feet of Jesus Christ and say: "God be merciful to me a sinner." That is it.

Now, there is many a man in heaven that never heard of the Methodist creed. There is many a man in heaven who went there before there was ever a Methodist. Don't you see? There is many a man in the good world who never

heard of the Baptist Church. Brethren, don't you bother yourself about this creed or that creed, or try to understand all there may be in any creed, but look yonder

Hanging on that tree
In agonies of blood,

And as

He fixed his languid eyes on—
on you, and you surrender to that divine person on that tree. That is it.

INFANT SALVATION.

Now, a great many people say that a child is too young to understand the Scriptures; it is too young to join the church. Well, brother, when did you graduate? That is the question. That little ten-year-old boy of yours understands just about as much of the mysteries of redemption as you do. Aint that so? And our Savior pushed your sort back, and said:

Suffer little children to come unto me.

And he said something else to you gray-headed gentlemen:

Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven.

And yonder little child can, blessed be God, take Christ as his Savior or her Savior.

▲ STORY OF JONATHAN EDWARDS.

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

she bowed and said: "I am Mrs. Lee." "Well," he said, "I have come to talk with your little Minnie." And she said: "Walk into the parlor." He walked in and took a seat. The mother went and dressed little Minnie, combed her hair and brought her into the parlor looking almost like a little angel, sure enough. And Dr. Edwards took her up on his knee and questioned her and probed and dissected every utterance for almost an hour. Then he took little Minnie and set her in her mother's lap and took out a handkerchief and wiped the big tears from his eyes and said: "Thank God Almighty, a child four years old can have the Lord Jesus Christ."

BRING THE CHILDREN TO CHRIST.

Oh, brethren, let us bring our children to Christ; let us save them in their younger days. Won't you? Thank God for every agency in this country that brings children to Christ. God bless you, Sunday-school superintendents, and you Sunday-school teachers, and God help you to know Christ yourself, and let the great aim of your lessons at the Sunday-school be to teach your children to come to Christ, a divine person.

What must I do to be saved?

The answer comes:

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.

Wilt thou believe in Christ? I have read a good many books on faith, but I never read one yet that was not as clear as mud. I never read a work on faith that I was not more dissatisfied when I quit reading than I was before I commenced. I have watched authors split a hair a mile long in their efforts to get at the different shades and views and opinions on faith. But I will tell you what faith is.

A DEFINITION OF FAITH.

Steve Holcomb, with his little wharf-rats before him at

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

And Brother Holcomb said: "That is faith."

The other boys cried and cried because they did not take it.

Faith is just taking what God offers you. God offers you Christ and salvation. It is just taking what is offered you, don't you see?

INTELLECTUAL BELIEF SAVES NO MAN.

I want to say at this point, brethren, that if a man believes anything after he gets religion that he did not believe before he got religion, I have never got religion. I believe nothing since I got religion that I did not believe before. That is, I never saw a day in my life that I did not believe the Bible. I never saw a line in the Bible in my life that I did not believe. I may be happily constituted, but I want to tell you I believed everything in the Bible, and everything it said about Christ. And I believed he was the Savior of men. And I believed that twenty-four years ago, when I went within half a mile of eternal perdition. I believe the same thing to-day. But for the last fourteen years, thank God, I have not only believed it, but I have been trying to do it to the best of my ability. I believed it twenty-four years, but went on just like there was nothing

meant. For fourteen years, thank God Almighty, I have not only believed in Jesus Christ in the sense that I did before, but I have been following right on him.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

THE CONDITION OF FAITH.

But I will tell you what my trouble was. I did not know faith had its conditions.

Saving faith.

Now, if I put my hands up that way I can not see that gas burner to save my life, but if I take my hands down I can not help seeing it. But when I put my hands up I do not comply with the conditions of sight. When I take them down I do. If I put my hands up I can not see it to save my life. Take them down and I can not help seeing it. Or if I am riding along the road, and I see an apple on a tree by the side of the road, I say I can not taste that apple. But a little boy says: "Mister, if you will climb that tree and shake that apple down and bite it you can not help tasting it." Don't you see that when I am riding along that lane I am not complying with the conditions of taste, but when I stick my teeth in the apple I am.

Now, what are the conditions of faith? I do not know of but one in this round world, and that is repentance.

MUST FIRST REPENT.

When a man doesn't repent he can't believe unto salvation to save his life, and if he will repent he can't help from believing to save his life, and then he just believes right on. And faith is not an act. Faith is adjusting the soul rightly toward God, and taking what he is willing to give. That's the fact. In other words, faith in the old wash-woman that God would send the rain to do her washing—her faith was to ask God for the rain, and tighten every

hoop on every tub and push them up under the eaves. There's many a fellow praying for a shower of grace in this country, and all your tubs with every hoop loose, and turned bottom side up, and it might rain grace a thousand years, and you'd never catch anything. God himself can't fill a tub that is bottom side up, unless he reverses gravity.

Believe! How may I believe? That's the question. Now, brethren, I bring this down so every man of you can see it, and I aim to be perfectly deliberate, and I aim to be straightforward in this argument. I am trying to put the matter so every one of you can see it, and I want you to see it in the light that God's word teaches it to us—that faith is the attitude of the soul presented toward God, so that he may come and do what he wants to do for us and with us.

And I tell you another thing: The hardest thing a poor fellow ever tried to do in this world is to give himself to God just like he is. He wants to fix up and brush up and arrange the matter. Oh, how bad we do hate to turn just such a case over to God! We would like to make him about half way what we want him to be before we turn him over. It is the hardest job a man ever undertook to turn himself over to God just like he is, just like I am.

A HARD TASK ILLUSTRATED.

I have often thought of that moral, upright boy that was convicted of sin at the camp-meeting and at the same time his servant boy that drove him about was converted. The servant boy went off to the woods and knelt down and gave his heart to God in an hour and was converted, and this boy sought religion all during the camp-meeting at the altar and had them all praying for him. He went home and prayed for two or three weeks and still was not converted, and one

day this colored boy came along by his door, and he called him in and said :

“Harry, look here. I want to understand how it is. You have been the worst boy in this town and you were converted at the same camp-meeting that I was at, and you went down in the woods and got religion and gave yourself to God in an hour, and here I’ve been praying and trying and I am still in darkness. I know you’ve got it, but here I’ve been a moral, upright boy all my life, and I don’t know why God will pardon a mean nigger like you are, and here I am can’t get either religion or pardon.”

“Well, Mas’r Henry,” says the boy, “I can explain that. As soon as the Lord gave me the spirit of religion I saw myself all in dirty rags, and that moment I went out in the woods and shucked off my dirty rags and said, ‘Oh Lord, clothe me in garments of righteousness,’ and the Lord gave them to me right there. But, Mas’r Henry, you’ve been a good boy all your life, and you’ve only got a splotch of mud on one of your clothes, and you’ve been trying to brush it off for about three weeks, but,” says he, “if you’ll only shuck them off and pray the Lord to clothe you in garments of righteousness, he’ll do it right there.”

And when the boy walked out, the young man fell on his knees and prayed: “God be merciful to me a sinner. I’m a poor lost, ruined sinful boy.” And it wasn’t long before he was able to say to his driver boy: “Harry, I’ve got it. I’ve got it. Blessed be God. You taught me a great truth—that I’ve got to come to God just like I am; no brushing off the mud, and no fixing up about it, but ask God to give you garments brushed for all eternity, and there you are.

SUBMISSION TO GOD.

And God Almighty can take the meanest, most abject,

wicked sinner in this town and in five minutes he can make the most gentlemanly, clever, kind-hearted fellow out of him that you ever saw in your life.

What must I do to be saved?

A man who had been seeking religion for a number of years sent finally for the preacher. The preacher told me this himself, and when he got there this man said: "I have been seeking religion more or less for twenty years, and I'm afraid I'll die at last without it, and I've heard of you and I've sent for you to come and tell me what to do."

The brother looked at him and said: "Submit to God."

"Well" he says, "what do you mean by submitting to God?"

"Well," he says, "will you let me baptize you in the name of the Triune God?"

"No," he says, "I never can do that. I can never be baptized, wicked as I am. That would be wrong."

"Well," said the preacher, "if you won't take the medicine, I'll go. I won't fool with a patient that won't take the prescription."

"Well," says he, "if you think I ought to be, I will."

"That aint the question. Will you let me baptize you in the name of the Trinity? Will you submit to the ordinances of God?"

"Well," he says, "if you think I ought to be, I will be."

"Now," he says, "will you let me administer the sacrament."

"Oh," he says, "that would be sacrilege for me to take the sacrament. I can't do that."

"The question is, will you submit to the sacrament of God, sir?"

He says, "I can't do that. I never can do that."

"Well, then, there's no use in me talking to you. You won't take my prescription, and I can't cure you."

BROUGHT ROUND AT LAST.

He said finally: "If you think I ought to be baptized and ought to take the sacrament, I'll do it."

"Now," he says, "let me receive you into the church."

"Oh, no," he says, "a man ought never to join the church until he gets religion. I can't do that."

"Well," says the preacher, "there's no use in bandying words at all."

"Well," says the fellow, "if you think I ought, I will."

The preacher said: "Now, get down, sir, we will pray over this matter."

He got down on his knees and prayed devoutly, and when the preacher arose from his knees he said, on his knees and all at once, with his eyes shut tight, he says, "Thank God, I see it now. I'm a saved man."

It is submission to God that is religion. It is walking up and stacking your old gun right at the foot of the cross, taking off your cartridge-box and up with your hands: "Good Lord, I'm a surrendered rebel, right here. I'll die before I'll ever touch that old musket again, and I'll never take up that cartridge-box again. I've fired my last shot on the devil's side, and now, Lord, I'm a surrendered rebel." You give all to the Lord and he'll meet you and bring you safe in his arms before any devil in hell can get to you. Surrender! submission!

What must I do to be saved?

BELIEVE ON HIM.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Believe on him, not believe him. Simply believe on him. Now, I believe Bancroft when he writes a history of the United States—believe every word he says, but I don't believe on Bancroft.

He's of a different party from me, and I don't know that I want to run with him much. And I may believe Benedict Arnold when he writes a history of the American revolution—believe every word he writes, but I don't believe on Benedict Arnold. He was a traitor and I don't take any stock in such. But I believe George Washington when he makes a statement, and I not only believe what he says, but I'll follow him and imitate him. I'll love him and revere him. And when I say, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," I mean, not only believing every word he says, but put your foot in every track that Christ ever made toward heaven, and as sure as he is at the right hand of the Father, you will be there, too.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.

WHAT IT MEANS.

And, thank God, there is no uncertainty about this thing.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

It is taking up your cross and following along in his footsteps. When he said to Matthew, "Follow me," Matthew followed him, and I believe to-night Matthew is crowned in eternal glory. Why? Because he followed Christ. There isn't a word in the book about his getting religion, either. But I'll say one thing: there ain't any mystery about this part of it. Whenever an old sinner turns loose all his sins and begins to follow Christ, if he hasn't got religion, what has he got? That has been the question with me. I ain't going to raise any discussion here about what religion is, but I'll go your security with my immortal soul if you'll just quit your meanness and follow along in the footsteps of Jesus Christ. I'll risk my immortality on your safe entrance into the good world up yonder. No mystery in that.

And thou shalt be saved, and thy house.

Well, bless you, it looks like if a man gives himself to

Christ and Christ gives himself to the man, that that ought to be enough. But listen—

And thy house.

Thank God we can go to Heaven in families, and I believe that is generally the way we go; and I like to see father and mother gather around a family of children and say, "Children, we're all going to Heaven together, or we'll all go to Hell together. We're not going to split up the family in eternity." And, brother and sister, if you love your children in this and say, "Children, I'll lead you to Heaven or I'll lead you to Hell," if you'll talk that way a minute in your mind, you are going to talk right to your children, and you'll be a family in the good world.

See the wife taking her husband's arm and walking along side by side, the two oldest children right behind and from them on down to the smallest child, and the whole family marching right along to the kingdom of everlasting peace! Can any one look upon a grander sight than that—a whole family marching into the kingdom of God. Brother, sister, thank God, he will give us our children to go with us.

A GEORGIA STORY.

Now, I haven't time to argue this last point. Let me give you a simple illustration, as told by one of the presiding elders of our conference. He said he was holding a quarterly conference down in Georgia—in Middle Georgia—and he said at a love feast, or before preaching on Sunday morning—a Methodist love feast is like a Baptist experience meeting; it is where they tell their experiences—one got up and thanked God for a Christian mother and a Christian father, and another got up and thanked God they were raised in the lap of piety, and another thanked God

for good parents, and directly a pale, light-eyed young man, about twenty-two years old—he was then a licentiate Methodist preacher, just licensed—stood up and said :

“I’m sorry I can’t give the experience of those who have just taken their seats. I wish I could say that I was raised by a pious mother and a good father, but it was to the contrary. Two years ago my father was an atheist, my mother an infidel, and nine brothers and sisters, older than myself, were all infidels and atheists, and I was myself the best I knew how to be. And two years ago I went into an adjoining county to a camp-meeting. I happened to go by myself, and went down there to have fun, as I usually did. At the first service that night when I got there I was standing against one of the posts that held the arbor up, on the outer edge, and all at once every word of the preacher commenced striking fire down in my soul, and I stood transfixed to that post. I felt like I wanted to be away, but yet felt I couldn’t leave, and when the preacher ended his sermon and invited up the penitents I went immediately to the altar and knelt down and commenced praying, “God be merciful to me, a sinner,” and after awhile they dismissed the congregation and all went to the tents, and the preacher came to me and said, “Come out to the tent and we’ll pray with you.” I looked up at the preacher and told him: “I never knew until an hour ago that there was a God in heaven, and I never expect to leave my knees at this altar till I make him my friend and he promises me heaven.” They sang and prayed with me till one o’clock that night. A little after one, all at once, I felt indeed and in truth that I had opened my soul and Christ had come in as my Savior. And I got up and I slapped my hands together and I said, “I have made friends with God,” and I went out of the tent and laid down and went to sleep. Oh what a peaceful

sleep it was; and when I woke up the next morning the bright sun was pouring in through the window of the tent upon my face, and I opened my eyes and I thought it was the brightest world I ever looked upon."

GETTING INTO DEEP WATER.

"After breakfast I got on my horse and started home and this impression came upon me: "Your father'll never speak to you again. Your mother'll disown you and your brothers and sisters will all despise you. Now, what have you done?" "And," he says, "Oh, how oppressed I was. And just before I got home I turned out in the grove and knelt down and said, 'God help me to be faithful. God keep me in this den of lions,' and I went on to the house. I took off my better clothes, donned my everyday clothes and went to work. About eight or ten days after I came back from camp-meeting my older brother and I were out cutting rail timber, and about nine o'clock we sat down on a log, and directly I turned to my brother—I hadn't opened my mouth before to any one--and said: "Brother Tom, do you know I was converted last week down at that camp-meeting." And such a look as fell on his face, and the great big tears were running down his cheeks, and he says:

"'Brother Henry, we've all been watching you since you came back from that camp-meeting. Mother says you look and talk like an angel, and sisters say they never saw such a change in a boy in their life, and father says you are the most agreeable one now about the place, and,' he says, 'Brother Henry, do you reckon God would do for me, what he has done for you?'

"'Why, yes, Brother Tom. There is a camp-meeting begins to-morrow near here, in this county, and I'll go down there with you, and I believe God will do for you just what he has done for me.'

THE SECOND BROTHER.

“We went on home that night. We never opened our mouths to a single one, and next day brother and I fixed up and put off to that camp-meeting, and the third night after we got there, my brother was soundly converted to God.

“And we came back home and I said, ‘Brother Tom, let’s put our candle on a candlestick, and let it give light to that old dark home. Let’s get the Bible down to-night and pray, if mother will let us.’ And we went on, and after supper, about bedtime, I turned to mother and said: ‘Mother do you care if Brother Tom and I get down that old dust covered Bible and read a chapter here to-night and have prayer?’ And mother commenced to snub and cry and she said:

“‘Yes, Henry, you come home ten days ago just like an angel, and here comes your brother Tom this evening with the same expression upon his face, and you all can just do anything you please here. God knows in my heart I want just what lights up the countenances of my two boys.’

A NOTABLE PRAYER MEETING.

“And we got down that old Bible, and I read a chapter and called on Brother Tom to pray, and he got down and knelt on the floor and prayed earnestly for father and mother and children, and I heard mother snubbing over there, and I heard my brother groaning over there, and my sister crying over here, and Brother Tom got hold upon the horns of the altar, and before we got off our knees my mother was converted and one of my brothers and one of my sisters, and we just kept praying night and morning until the last member of the family was converted; and there sits my old father, now seventy years old—he was

the last one to come in, and now he is clothed and in his right mind and on his way to Heaven."

Precious Savior, fill us so full of thy presence that we shall have our homes filled with thy presence, so that others seeing our good works may be constrained to glorify thee and our Father which is in Heaven.

A SOUTHERN PLANTER AND HIS WIFE.

I wish some of you good men and women out of the church, here to-night, would be like Dr. Hodges, at Iuka, Miss. He was a river bottom planter, a man of means, and one of the most cultured men I ever met, about fifty years old. The day I commenced the meeting at Iuka—we held the meeting down in a grove in the Spring Park—I walked down to the spring, and the pastor introduced me to Dr. Hodges and his wife—a magnificent looking gentleman, and his wife a magnificent woman. When they were gone off, the preacher said, "Dr. Hodges is an atheist and his wife is an infidel."

"Why," said I, "that cultured gentleman an atheist?"

"Yes."

"And that bright woman an infidel?"

"Yes."

But every time I preached—three times a day—I noticed Mrs. Hodges and the doctor sitting in the aisle on chairs. I was watching them, and after I had preached three or four days we had an afternoon service, and that woman walked right down the aisle, and I took her hand, and one night I looked in her face and said I:

"Mrs. Hodges, give your heart to God and be religious. You may be in your grave and in torment before the first day of October. Give your heart to God."

She threw her bright eye up in my face all suddenly and says:

“What can I do, sir?”

I said, “My sister, come up and kneel down there and say ‘God, be merciful to me, a sinner,’” and she says: “That can do me no good,” and about that time a lady came to me and caught my sleeve and pulled me off; she wanted me to go off to her husband over there, and I didn’t get to talk to this woman any more that night.

DR. HODGES' CONFESSION.

Next day, at 10 o'clock, Dr. Hodges was sitting in front of his wife and she further back. I went out and took his hand in the after service, and says I:

“Doctor, I’m troubled about you. You are upon my heart. I have been praying for you. Won’t you give your heart to God?”

He looked up at me with that magnificent, honest face of his, and he says:

“Mr. Jones, will you please go back to the rostrum there and read the eighth, ninth and tenth verses of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews?”

Said I, “Yes sir.”

I went back and opened the Bible and read in substance this:

God called Abraham into a country that he knew not of, and Abraham went knowing not whither he went. And he sojourned in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise, and they looked for a city whose builder and maker is God.

I read the verses distinctly and sat down, and Dr. Hodges stood up and said: “My fellow-countrymen, I have spent my summers for a dozen years here with you all. You are my neighbors and my friends, and I stand up here before you all to confess my sins to God. I have roamed over all the range of science and literature, and nowhere have I found rest for my soul; and to-day my mind goes back to

my precious Christian mother and my noble, pious father, and to-day I say, 'Oh God, take my hand, I know not whither,' and I build a tabernacle here to-day, and I want my precious wife to come in and live with me, and we will look for a city whose maker and builder is God."

Mrs. Hodges rose up and rushed up to the side of her husband and leaned her head on his bosom, with tears just running out of her eyes, and she said, "My husband's God shall be my God, and his people shall be my people, and his peace shall be my peace."

THE LAST APPEAL

And oh, how God blessed us that day. One hundred souls for Christ at that one service. Oh, I wish some of you noble men would say to-night: "Every step of my future life shall be put down in the footprints of Jesus Christ." Oh, friends, we have prayed. We have prayed. God only knows what I have carried in my heart in the last ten days. God only knows the feelings that I have had. God only knows how much I have prayed for you.

Oh, friends, this night won't you say, "Let others do as they will, as for me and my house we will serve God." Have you not the courage to do it?

Let us espouse the cause of the right. Let us die on that side. Brother and sister won't you do it to-night? And now, we are going to stand up and sing that precious old hymn:

I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of his love in the book he has given.

And while we stand and sing, let me say that I would do anything I know of to help you to come to God. I would come and kneel down by your side and pray there till the clock struck twelve, if that would do you good. I am will-

ing to do anything you say, and now, brother, friend, how many will come down here to-night in this aisle and give me your hand and say: "Sir, I want to be good. I want to follow Christ." Now while we sing this precious song, won't you come, sister, brother, young man, young lady, and let us decide this matter to-night?



THE CONFERENCE WITH THE ANGEL RAPHAEL.

ANSWERING OBJECTIONS TO A RELIGIOUS LIFE.

We take up these words of David the Psalmist to-night:
And now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in thee. — Psalms, xxxix, 7.

I would get very close to every person in this congregation to-night. I would talk face to face with you, and I would have my heart pulsate against your heart. I know that Christ is all the world to me, and I believe his glory I shall see, and I'd rather lie down and die than leave my Savior. Christ is precious to many hearts in this house and in this city. Christ has blessed thousands of the blood-washed throng that have gone home to heaven from this city. The multitude in this city that are in the straight and narrow path to-night rejoice in the Savior's love.

A COMMON SALVATION.

I have found out that we are all of one blood. What is good for one of us is good for all of us. Anything that will help me will help you. Anything that will make me a better father will make you a better father. Anything that will make my wife a better mother will make your wife a better mother. Anything that will make my children good and cheerful and sweet, will make your children good and cheerful and sweet. Oh, precious Savior! show us that thy grace and peace can make a world happy and joyous and good.

Will you listen, and, as I preach to-night, will you think as I talk? I would have you do this in your mind; talk back at me just as you would if we sat in your parlor face to face and carry on a conversation. Now, as I talk, you answer me

immediately. You think answers as I talk to questions as we proceed. Let us get close to each other. Let us talk, for very soon these tongues are going to be silent and these ears will hear no more in this world. Let us use our ears and our tongues to glorify God to-night and to get better.

WAITING TO CONSIDER.

What wait I for? My hope is in God.

Well, now friends, I will come down on your side of the question, and will talk on that side awhile.

That man sitting back there, he is attentive and thoughtful, and when we press this question upon him he says: "I tell you what I am waiting for, I am waiting for time to consider this question. This is a momentous question. It is the most weighty question of time and eternity, and I don't want to be hurried into a thing of so much importance. I want time to consider this great question. All intelligent action is based upon wise, careful, intelligent thought, and I want time to consider this great question. Don't hurry me in this great matter."

"Want time to consider." "I am waiting to consider this question."

Listen to me a moment friend. Do you want time to consider whether you'd rather be good than to be bad? Do you want time to consider whether you'd rather go to Heaven than go to Hell? Do you want time to consider whether it is better to do right than it is to do wrong? Do you want time to consider whether it is better to set a good example to your home or to set a bad example? Do you want time to consider questions like that?

COULD BE QUICKLY DECIDED.

How long ought it to take a sensible man to decide the question whether he would rather go to Heaven than go to

Hell? Whether it was better to do right than to do wrong? Whether it was better to love God and keep his commandments, or to love the wrong and serve the devil? How much time does a sensible, wise man want on a question like that? Why, brother, in the twinkling of an eye. I never saw a moment in my life that you would bring my mind with all its powers to bear upon those questions for fifteen seconds, for ten seconds, for five seconds. I could decide it.

Really friend, you sit back there to-night wanting time to consider a question that some of you settled twenty years ago. There are men in this house to-night that settled that question twenty-five years ago. "It is right to do right, and I ought to do right; it is wrong to do wrong, and I ought not to do it; I'd rather go to Heaven than go to Hell." Why, friend, consider. You are talking for time to consider a question that you have settled ten years ago, twenty years ago, thirty years ago, some of you. Oh, gray-headed father, out of the church, forty years ago you settled the question that right is right and ought to do it, that wrong is wrong and ought not to do it. "I'd rather be good than be bad." Then, my friend, what wait you for? You certainly don't want time to consider this question.

WANT TO DO IT DELIBERATELY.

"Oh, when I make up my mind about this I want it done deliberately, carefully, prayerfully." And that man who has not made up his mind, but said: "I want to do this thing deliberately; I don't want any excitement about it." I notice this much. Whenever any worldly influence wants to carry its point they get up an excitement. Why, I can take Gilmore's Band and get a bigger stir in this town than all

the sermons that are preached in any church any Sunday. You say, why? It enthuses the people. How it stirs the people. I am ashamed of myself as a minister that I can not stir people to deeper enthusiasm than Gilmore's Band can do. These, with a few instruments as they blow their breath into them, and the tinkling cymbals arouse people and enthuse people more than any gospel sermon in truth and power I can preach. Brethren, I am ashamed of myself or I am ashamed of my race—one or both.

ENTHUSIASM.

Enthusiasm! Without enthusiasm a man is already half dead; and if there is anything that ought to arouse excitement and enthusiasm it is the great question of eternity; and the only use I'd have for enthusiasm anyway is to make you do the thing that is right for you to do.

There's many a log adrift, floating way out on the ocean, but when the spring tide, with its fearful breezes and its in-flowing waters shall sweep out and out, there's many a log swept out high and dry that would never come out but for those brisk breezes and those rising tides. Lord, God, send us such a heavenward tide to-night as will sweep us out to the kingdom of God—and sweep us in spite of ourselves; for if some of us will have to be saved at all, we must be saved in spite of ourselves.

“I am waiting for time to consider this thing, and as soon as I consider it long enough I am going to decide it.”

SHOULD ACT ON HIS DECISION.

Now, my friend, let me say to you at this point: You have already considered it, and all the preachers wait for, and all the angels wait for, and God waits for, and that heaven and earth are waiting for, is for you to act on your

decision. You already decided it is right to do right, and wrong to do wrong; and the decision does not amount to that (flipping), until the man says: "I will act on my decision." I might decide to go home, but I'd die right here in the corporate limits of this city unless I acted on my decision, and took a train and went. Don't you see? And then I don't consider a question decided in any sense at all until it is decided in the sense that I act upon my decision. And I speak it reverently, my brethren of the ministry, and my brethren in Christ, to-night; I speak it reverently—but God himself can't help a man to be good until the man decides and starts out on his decision. My theology is this—I haven't got much, but I have got enough, thank God, to keep me straight if I keep up with it, and that is this:

SAM JONES' THEOLOGY.

God Almighty can not make any man a good man, and the devil can not make him bad. God can help folks to be good, and the devil can help them to be bad, too. If God could arbitrarily make anybody good, he would make them good, because he wishes us all to be good; and if the devil could arbitrarily make anybody bad, we would all be bad, because he wants us all to be bad; and if you want to be good the Lord will help you, and if you want to be bad the devil will help you. Now—I speak it reverently—God won't help a man to be good unless the man decides to be good.

A PLAIN APPLICATION.

Let us take a common sense view of this subject. Here is a father and he has a son, and he wants to make a farmer out of that boy. What will he do now? Well, he goes out here ten miles, buys a thousand acres of land and stocks the

farm, employs hands, furnishes the house and says, "Son now, sir, there is the plantation and it is stocked, and there are your hands, now go ahead to farm it." The boy spending every day in the week in St. Louis here in the saloons, spending all his time here in the city, has never been out on the farm and never intends to go. That father is making, a farmer out of him with a vengeance—aint he? How will a man make a farmer out of his boy by buying some land and buying some stock and the boy won't go to it, and the boy won't look at it, and the boy won't touch it?

ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION.

Here is a father going to make a lawyer out of his boy. He buys every law book extant and builds an office and puts all the best law books in the office and locks it, and gives the boy the key and says: "Son, I am going to make a lawyer out of you. I have built that office and have stocked it with law books for your use," and the boy puts the key in his pocket, and twelve months have passed and he hasn't been in that office one day, and hasn't looked in a law book. He is making a lawyer out of his boy! And if a father can not make a lawyer out of his boy until he has decided to become a lawyer, how can he help him? If he can not make a farmer out of his boy until he has decided to become a farmer, how can he help him? If God can not make a man good until he has decided to be good, how can he help him? Now, I won't say how much God has to do in helping you to decide it, but it is a common sense declaration that God helps no man to be good, until he decides to be good.

COMMON-SENSE RELIGION.

And I tell you another thing: Whenever a man chooses to be good—God throws the deciding point on a man's will;

whoever will; you choose this day and say, "I will choose to be good"—then you can command the resources of God's omnipotence and love; but until you decide to be good, God himself can not help you to be good. That is common-sense theology. And I do believe you can mix common sense and religion; and I do believe when you mix them it is the best compound you ever looked at—common sense and religion mixed up in equal parts—and then you have a man who loves God and humanity. And God says, "Whoever will." He throws it on your will; and says, "Whatsoever you choose." He tells you to choose, and when you do choose he throws his omnipotence to help you, and decides the question. And until you decide it there is no use discussing the question at all.

WAITING FOR BETTER TERMS.

And then man says, "Well, really I am not waiting for time to decide this. There is no use discussing that, I am waiting for better terms. I will tell you, the terms, the conditions of salvation are pretty tough where a man has to give up everything."

Well, a man has to give up mighty little, and he gets a great deal—I tell you that much. And here is one thing about religion. A man waiting for terms! I am so glad the terms are just what they are—I am. I am very glad the good Lord will never take any man into his kingdom until that man decides to "cease to do evil and learn to do well." Suppose the Lord hadn't said to me when I was seeking religion, "You needn't give up drinking. You can be my child and just drink on." I would be in a drunkard's grave this moment if he had said that. I am so glad I threw down the cup and told my Lord "I have taken my last drink."

SOMETHING TO BE GLAD OF.

I am so glad that God Almighty don't take a man into the kingdom until the man has quit everything that could disgrace him in time, or harm him in time, or damn him in eternity. I am not going to stand here and say that some things were not hard for me to give up, but I will stand here and say this much: I have heard some people talk about sacrifices. Blessed Christ! Blessed Savior! I have never made a sacrifice to Thee, and to-day I stand here with the consciousness, and utter it, there is not a cross for me now. I used to sing—

Simply to the cross I cling—

I have sung that many a time, and I thank God for the privilege of singing it; but my song all the day now is:

Safe in the arms of Jesus.

It is a prostrate, it is a recumbent, it is a resting posture.

A SMALL SACRIFICE.

Sacrifice! Fourteen years ago I emptied a whole lot of dirt out of my pockets and God filled them up with diamonds, and me going around here and saying: "I had to give away a whole lot of dirt to get a pocket full of diamonds." Isn't that a nice thing to give up! Talk about sacrifice! Well, I gave up dancing, God being my judge, I gave it up; I gave up dram-drinking, I gave up profanity, I gave up everything that my preacher said was wrong, and I tell you what—I have in place of it joy and peace in this world, and bright, everlasting peace in the world to come.

Why, suppose I danced on and drank on and enjoyed the world on, and then as I walked on through the lurid flames of damnation with some poor lost fellow like myself, he and I locked arms, and said: "Well, I could get to

heaven, but I tell you I could not give up dancing, and I am here in hell forever, but I tell you I danced with more pretty girls here and I drank more champagne here, and I had more fun than any fellow you ever saw in your life here. Clear the pit."

A SUGGESTION.

And I tell you if some of you aint going to do something better than you are doing, that's where you are going, and you might just as well cut your patching on that line and just enjoy this world all you can, that's my candid advice. If I hadn't made up my mind to give myself to God and go to heaven at any cost, I would have all the fun there is in this world. I would that.

I am waiting for better terms. I am waiting till God lets the terms down, so I can curse a little when I get mad, or drink a little at Christmas, or when I go fishing, or have a good time in the parlors. I want to drink a little. I want the terms to come down some. It's up too high.

Oh, foolish thing!

DON'T LIKE A NO-FENCE LAW.

I like this no-fence law they have down in Georgia. Every man has to keep up his stock and the planters turn out at their own risk. I like that when it comes to physical agriculture; but, Lord bless you, when it comes to religion, no no-fence law for me. I want God Almighty to make the kingdom of heaven with a ten rail fence, stake and rider, all round. I want the devil's goats fenced out; I don't want them turned loose with us. I say to every man: "If you don't want to get up where you can get into the kingdom of God, you stay out." God knows I would not lower the standard one half inch. I would not. I have to deny myself and struggle to the top of yonder hill, but, blessed be

God, when I have struggled on and pulled on—and I have pulled loads that would break me down—and I have fallen down the shafts many a time panting for breath, with shoulders all sore, and I have told God I could not pull another inch—“My God, I am broken down”—and the good Lord would come and pour his grace into my soul and the water of life all over me and then tell me, “Get up now and I will push for you”—and the Lord God has pushed me up some of the steepest places on my route to that hill of glory.

THE VALUE OF DENIAL.

And, brothers, I have got to deny myself and take up my cross to get to heaven, and when I do get to heaven I am going to be badly disappointed if it aint a grand old heaven. I will see enough in heaven the first hour I am there to pay for every suffering and for all the sacrifices I have made, and everything I have ever given up.

Waiting for better terms! Well, now, there are churches in this country that will take you on most any terms—I don't say God will—there are churches here that will take you most any way. And that is consistent to-day with the attitude of this world. Sorter like the woman praying for a husband and the owl shouting back, or whispering and hooting back, and she thought it was the Lord asking her “Who?” And she said, “Just anybody, Lord! Anybody.” (Laughter.)

And there is many a church now standing out with its arms stretched out, saying, “Give us anybody; give us anybody!” (Laughter.)

THE LORD HELP US!

Lord help us preachers who claim to be religious and

proclaim the gospel of Christ. God help us to protect the kingdom of Christ and say, "Unless you deny yourself and take up your cross, then we can't take you and compromise the religion of Christ."

God help me! If I am a Baptist, I will be one all over. If I am a Methodist, I will be one all over. If I am a Christian, I will be one all over. If I am a Presbyterian, I will be one all over—I will be loyal to my Church as angels are to God. I will be what I profess to be and what my religion demands I should be. That's it.

▲ DOORWAY FOR SIMPLE SOULS.

"I am waiting for better terms." I am waiting until they will take a fellow that is just about half-way ready. That is what I am waiting for. Now, if you are in earnest about that, you can go on. I don't think the Lord will be hard on you. There is a side door to Heaven, I have heard, where idiots and infants get in, and I think maybe they will motion you round to that side door and let you in there. (Laughter.)

Another one said: "Well, I am not waiting for better terms. The Lord knows I want to be a good Christian. If ever I start at all I want to be a good one. I do not want to be one of those hypocrites in the church. I want to be a grand Christian in the church;" and they are not anything there.

WAITING FOR THE CHURCH TO GET RIGHT.

Another one says: "I am not waiting for time to consider the question and I am not waiting for better terms, but I tell you what I am waiting for. I am waiting for the church to get right."

And that is the biggest fool in the lot (laughter), when you get right down to him. I tell him, "You will be in

hell a million years before the church will be right." And it will be a great consolation to him after being a million years in hell to know that the church has got right at last, won't it? (Laughter.)

Waiting for the church to get right! Brother, what have you and I got to do with the church? I used to stand on the outside and say, "Well, I am as good as this one in the church and that one in the church." But I tell you I always picked out some little, old, lame, wrinkled case that was not much. (Laughter.)

A DISGUSTING SIGHT.

And if there is a disgusting sight in this world to me it is to see a man calling himself a gentleman out in the world who will go out and drag one of those little, old, lame dwarfs out into the road and stretch him out in the road and lay himself by his side and say, "I am going to measure this fellow and show you that I am as long as he is." And after he has laid down and measured himself with the little thing he jumps up and says, "I am just the same length as this fellow in the church." Let us ask you, "Why didn't you get a first-class Christian, and measure with him?" You take a first-class Christian and lay him down there, and then you, brother, you lie down beside him and see how you look. You would look like a rat terrier lying by an elephant. (Laughter.)

And the fact of the business is we have got some sorry members, and we got them from your side, and we were never able to do anything with them, and you can take them back when you want them. And we tell you right here that you are welcome to them. And the reason we have never been able to do anything with them is because they are so much like you. And is it not strange that you

should put a few of your sort off on us and then make it a reason that you won't come up and live right? Lord have mercy on us. That is the schedule we are running. There is not a low-down member of the church we don't get from your side, and the reason they are not good members is because they are just like they were when we got them. We have never been able to improve them because they would not let us improve them.

WAITING FOR FEELING.

Another says: "I am not waiting for the church to get ready. The Lord knows, the church is too good for me like it is. I will tell you what I am waiting for. I am waiting for feeling. Now, as soon as I have feeling, then I tell you right plainly I am going to move."

As soon as I get feeling! I told you about a fellow who stood on a road with his back against a tree one cold, frosty morning, and with his ax resting against his knee. I walked up to him and said: "Friend, good morning."

"Good morning," he returned.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

He said: "I am going to cut down this tree."

"Why don't you get at it?" I said.

"I am waiting until I begin to sweat," he said.

I asked again: "Waiting until you begin to sweat?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you get up and go to cutting and you will begin to sweat?"

"No," he said, "I am not going to cut a lick until I begin to sweat."

What are you going to do with a case like that?

NOT HYPOCRISY.

I am waiting for feeling and people think, "Well, I do a

thing that I do not feel like doing. I am a hypocrite." That is the way they talk. Look here, doctor, when you were sent for the other night at midnight, you had been up a great deal and had lost a great deal of sleep and when the summons came you got up and rubbed your eyes and said: "Wife, I declare I don't feel like going." But you got out of bed, dressed yourself and relieved the patient.

Were you a hypocrite? You did not feel like going, but you went like a true man and did your duty. Were you a hypocrite?

Sister, when you get up in the morning you do not feel like getting up, much less like proceeding to the table to attend to your household duties, but just as the time came for you to rise you got up and went about your duties at home. Were you a hypocrite when you got up and went to work when you did not feel like it?

Look here, why can not we have just as much sense in religious matters as in all other matters? That is the way to talk.

WANTED FEELING.

A fellow running on feeling reminds me of a man who had just returned from Nashville. A neighbor called to see him and asked:

"Did you have a nice trip?"

"Yes," was the reply, "we made quick time. We had a pleasant trip, but when only about ten miles this side of Nashville, I turned deathly sick and had to raise the window of the car."

"And you were sick?" the neighbor said.

"I was, and I was deadly sick for about ten minutes."

Well, the next week this neighbor finds that he has got to go to Nashville. Every station he passes is right. He

is on the Louisville and Nashville cars. It is an L. and N. conductor. The engineer is an L. and N. engineer and the engine is an L. and N. engine. And there he is, and he sits there all right, perfectly satisfied, until he gets within ten miles of this side of Nashville. The conductor passed through the car, and he said: "Captain, hold on and put me off this train."

"What is the matter?" asked the conductor

"I want to go to Nashville."

"You are going there at the rate of forty miles an hour."

"No, we are not."

"What makes you think we are not?"

"I have a friend who went to Nashville last week, and he was taken sick ten miles before he got there, and I know—I am certain we are not on the right road, or I would be taken sick here." (Laughter.)

WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH HIM?

What are you going to do with a man like that that aint got any sense? (Laughter.) Feeling, feeling, running on feeling. And if you were to start him down to Nashville, about every ten minutes he would say, "I do not feel like I am going to Nashville," and turn to the fellow in the next seat and ask him lots of questions and he would have to be tied before he got there, and the passengers would all go into the next car. (Laughter.)

"I don't know whether I feel right about the matter or not. If I feel like I was going to Nashville I would be all right. But somehow or other I do not feel that way. Captain, just stop this train and put me off." (Laughter.)

There is a man that is running on feeling. Oh, I wish we could see and keep good and sensible, viewing all these things as God intended we should.

And the Lord knows that you are laughing and showing merriment here, and I was never more solemn in my life. I do not think it will be fun to some of you, but whenever people see themselves they laugh at themselves. When you hold up a mirror before them they quickly form an estimate of themselves which makes them laugh at themselves. That is a mystery to me.

Feeling! Do you wait for a feeling? Look here, friends. What do you mean when you say "feeling"? "I want feeling." Do you mean serious thought on the subject? What do you mean? What do you mean by feeling? That you hadn't to blubber and blubber and blubber? What do you mean by feeling? Brethren, if you mean serious thought you are right. Every man that goes to God ought to go from serious thought and prayer. Or when you say feeling, do you mean an emotional spur? Do you mean that?

AND THEY ARE INSINCERE, AFTER ALL.

I walked out in the congregation in a meeting once, and a man stood there trembling from head to foot. I took hold of him by the hand and said to him: "Come to the altar and give your heart to God." He said: "Mr. Jones, I'll go in a minute, but I aint got a bit of feeling." (Laughter.) Such people are insincere in this. They don't mean what they say, and when they are shaken from head to foot with what they call emotional sincerity they say that aint what they want. Brethren, hear me to-night if you mean "serious thought about my soul's eternal interest." Every man ought to have it. And it should be the last night every one of you didn't have it. Serious thought. Well, now, that is enough.

WAITING FOR FITNESS.

Another one says: "No, I am not waiting for feeling. I

have done found it. I'll tell you what I am waiting for. I aint fit to be religious. I aint fit to be a Christian. And they make that a reason why they don't come to Christ. If I was fit I would not come! Brethren do you know that my acceptance is the only thing that commends me to Christ, and if that man was fit to come, then Christ would wave him back ?

He came not to call the religious but sinners to repentance.

And again :

He loved us and gave himself to die for us.

And listen again :

It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.

When it comes to pleading want of fitness, the most intelligent lawyer in this town and the most ignorant colored man are on the same level ?

That reminds me of a poor fellow that is absolutely starved to death. A friend walks up to him and takes him by the hand and leads him up in five steps to a heavily loaded table, with every luxury on it. He says: "Friend, are you hungry?" "Never was more hungry in my life," he says. "There is a table loaded with every luxury; walk up and eat."

"No."

"Why?"

"Because my hands aint fit."

"Here is a soap, water and towel. Wash your hands."

"No."

"Why?"

"Because they aint fit to be washed."

And there he stands, starving to death, with plenty within his reach, because his hands aint fit to eat and because his hands aint fit to be washed.

I go and tell yonder man to give himself to the Church of God. He says:

"I aint fit."

"Why?"

"I aint fitten to get fit," (laughter) and he stands there starving to death.

Now, that is true, and you needn't laugh. The Lord knows we ought to be grave over these things, for that is what we have been doing for years and years—that very thing.

"I am not fit to come to God."

"Well, go and get fit."

"No," he says, "I ain't fit to get fit."

There he stands and dies. It is a sad thing.

KNOWS HE ISN'T FIT.

Another one says: "Well, I know I'm not fit. I can see that. My wife sees it. My neighbors can see that. My heart is harder now than last year and my will is more obdurate than it was last year, and the truth of the business is there's no use in my putting up such a story as that, for

If I tarry till I'm better,
I shall never come at all.

And bless God for this old hymn—this old verse—this grand old verse:

All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel my need of him.

The money, the influence, that buys a ticket to God's table is the fact that you are hungry. The only thing that commends you to the outgushing waters of life is the fact that you are thirsty. Don't you see?

All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel our need of him.

WANTS TO GO CLEAR THROUGH.

Another man says: "Well, a man ought not to talk about being fit, for the Lord knows we're all unfit, and that's the reason we are where we are to-day; but I tell you what I'm waiting for. I'm waiting till I get enough religion to take me through before I make any start at all. Because, I tell you, I've seen the beginning and ending of so many good, religious lives, I'm afraid to start on a small capital."

I've been there many a time in my thoughts. Oh, how it did trouble me to think I had joined the church, and might run well for a while like some of them, and then quit. That bothered me a great deal. There's a stumbling block to a great many minds there. But let's see how it looks. "I'm going to wait till I get religion enough to run me through before I start." I illustrate it this way:

THE ILLUSTRATION.

I was standing in Atlanta, in the great Union Depot there. The engines stand out from under the shed a few feet and the passenger coaches under the depot. That day before our train left on the State Road I walked out round the engine. I wanted to look at the magnificent engine that was going to pull us to our destination. I walked round the engine, and the engineer was oiling his engine all round, and he looked up at the cab of the engine and said to the fireman: "Have you got enough steam to start with?" And the fireman looked at the gauge and said: "Yes." I threw my eye round on the gauge and he had seventy or eighty pounds of steam. I said to myself: "Well, that engine carries 180 pounds of steam and she has 138 miles to pull this heavy train. I wonder what that man is thinking about, pulling out with less than eighty pounds. That won't do."

In about two minutes he reversed the lever of his engine and drove her back to couple her on to the eight or ten coaches, and the bell rang and the engineer pushed his lever forward and pulled his throttle open, and the engine began to move out and out. And when we got out six miles, nearly to the Chattahoochee river, one of those short cuts and curves, I pushed my head out of the window and I saw the engine was blowing off. Her safety valve was lifted and she was blowing off steam. She had more than she wanted, more than 180 pounds. And I said: "Well, that engineer never asked the fireman did he have steam enough to run to the river, that seven miles; nor whether he had enough to run him to Carterville, about fifty miles; nor whether he had enough to run him into Chattanooga, 140 miles; but he says: 'Have you got enough to start with? If you have, off we go and away we start.'" An engine generates steam faster running than she does standing still, and she only ran seven miles before she was blowing off. Suppose that engineer had staid there on his engine till he had got steam enough to run to Chattanooga, about 138 miles. If he had tried to compress enough steam in that boiler to have run him that 138 miles, he would have blown that engine into ten thousand pieces. He couldn't have helped it.

ENOUGH TO START WITH.

And there's a man out there. He says: "I want enough religion to carry me through to glory before I'll move a wheel."

Well, brother, if the Lord were to come down and compress enough religion to carry you clear through to glory into that little soul of yours, it would blow it into ten thousand pieces—you couldn't hold it. And all a man wants in this universe is to get enough to start with.

Well, what's enough to start with? Wrong is wrong and I'll quit it. Right is right and I'm going to do it. Now, there's enough to start with. There's enough. Brother, just pull the throttle and you'll start up and you'll not run ten miles toward the celestial city before you'll be shouting praise to God and have more religion than you can hold. That's true.

"Waiting to get enough to carry me through before start." Now, brother, hear me to-night. Every man of us has grace enough to make a start. And it seems to me sometimes, brother, that when I started I had none at all and you had to take a crowbar and punch my engine along to get a start at all. Oh, all I had in the universe was "I'm lost! I'm ruined! And I've promised my dying father I'll quit my ways and go to him in Heaven." That's all I had.

Well, we have already taken up nearly an hour of the time with the first part of the text. Now, brother, is it right to wait for time to consider this question? Is it right for us to wait for better terms? Is it right for us to wait for the churches to get right? Is it right for us to wait for feeling? Is it right for us to wait till we are fit? Is it right for us to wait till we can get religion enough to take us clear through?

▲ STARTLING INTERRUPTION.

At this moment Dr. Brookes stepped to the front of the platform, and said: "Here is a comment on our brother's earnest talk. I have a note for a person probably in this house, it is supposed—Mr. Buckingham. He is wanted immediately at the door. His father is dead! And this is a sort of solemn comment on this earnest appeal you to make this start now, and not to put it off."

A gentleman sitting in the northwest corner of the transept of the church arose hurriedly and, with one or two friends, left the church in response to the sad announcement made by Dr. Brookes. As soon as the momentary excitement subsided Brother Jones said:

MAKE UP YOUR MIND AND DON'T WAIT.

Oh, this latter clause of this text comes in now with a great deal of force.

What wait I for? My hope is in God.

Now, brothers, let's pay special attention to this point. Give me your attention for a few minutes, and let's see if we can't decide. "I'll wait no longer. There's no reason for waiting, but ten thousand reasons why I ought not to wait a single moment." And now hear me:

What wait I for?

Said the Psalmist:

For my hope is in God.

Thank God! my hope is in him. If my hope was in stocks and bonds, and I had all the world could give, those stocks and bonds might make unto themselves wings and fly away from me and then my hope is gone forever.

Suppose my hope was in my father and my father has been buried fourteen years! My hope is buried fourteen years.

Suppose my hope was in my precious mother! For nearly thirty years precious mother has been buried! My hope in the ground for thirty years.

Suppose my hope was in my wife! And she has been all the world to me. Since the day God gave her to me she has been like a crutch under each one of my arms to hold me up. But suppose my wife should die, or by a railroad accident to-night should be cut off in a minute, my hope is gone forever.

Suppose my hope was in my children! The time might come when I would kiss the cold lips of the last child I have in the world, and then my hope is gone forever.

Suppose my hope was in preachers! The time might come when every one would turn their backs on me and forsake me, and then my hope is departed and gone.

Suppose my hope was in the church! The time might come when the church would drive me from her pews and forbid me to enter her doors, and then my hope has vanished away forever.

If my hope was in angels, the time might come when I would lose their sympathy, and they would leave me, and then my hope is gone forever.

If my hope was in my friends around me, then those friends might all depart and leave me.

A MAN'S SURE HOPE.

But, brother, here to-night my hope is not in wife. It is not in children. It is not in neighbors. It is not in the church. It is not in preachers. It is not in angels. But my hope is in God, who is my trust and my portion forever.

Brother, do you know that a man is just as strong as the thing he commits himself to—that he trusts himself to?

Why, if I start to cross the Atlantic Ocean in a paper box, just as soon as my box gets wet and goes to pieces, I'll go down with it. If I start across the Atlantic Ocean in a grand old ocean steamer, then all the strength of her hull, and all the power in her boilers and all the comfort of her cabin is mine, and I'll never go down till she does. If I commit myself to the arm of flesh, I am no stronger than the arm I commit myself to, but if I commit myself to God I'll never go down until God goes down. Blessed be his

holy name. The man who puts his trust in God is as strong as God. He can live like God, and he can conquer like God, and he can triumph like God, and he shall live with God forever. Blessed be the name of God, my hope is in him.

IS TRUSTING IN GOD.

But they say: "Why, aint you afraid to start? You're mighty weak."

"Yes," I say, "I'm mighty weak, but my hope is in God."

They say: "Look a-here, you'll be tempted all the way along."

"Well, I know I will, but my hope is in God."

"Yes, but there'll be ten thousand trials along your pathway!"

"I know that, but my hope is in God."

"Yes, but you are going to be beset by trials and temptations and snares."

"Well, I know that; but my hope is in God."

"Yes, but you're weak as a bruised reed."

"Well, I know that, but my God is strong as omnipotence, and he's my friend."

And, brother, now: If you want to go to God, just lift your hands up and just take hold of the hand of God and say: "Father, lead me into the life everlasting." And to have your hand in the hand of God is not only a post of honor, but it is also a post of safety.

Brother, think about this to-night and let's every one of us say, "I know I have no strength of my own, but my hope is in God, and I'm not afraid to start."

THE WAGON SHOP STORY.

Oh, poor humanity, so afraid it can't hold out. Well,

brother, I reckon I have been as afraid along there as anybody, but I tell you when I see the gospel and the way I conceive the gospel to be to-night, it is nothing more nor less than a succession of wagon shops on the way to glory just remedial all along. Here, fourteen years ago, I run my old broken-down wagon of humanity right up under the cross. I don't think it would have rolled ten feet further until it would have gone all to pieces forever. I got it clear up under the wagon shop at the cross. Well, sir, it wasn't there but a few minutes until it was made all new from bottom to top, and then I hitched up my resolutions to it and drove off, and I said: "Thank God for rolling-stock that will take me clear through to glory. I'm all right now." And I drove off.

I hadn't gone a mile till I made a mis-drive, somehow or other, and struck a stump and smashed one wheel all to pieces. And I said: "Well, just look at that. Aint no use me trying to go anywhere. Broke down already!" Well, I was just about to give up and turn round and start back, but about that time I looked up at the side of the road and a kind benevolent-looking gentleman says:

"Bring that wheel up here. I run this shop in the interest of fellows breaking down going the road that you are going."

And I took off my wheel and carried it up to the shop and he fixed it good as new—better, maybe, and I put it on and said:

"What do you charge?"

He said: "Don't charge anything; only I charge you especially that if you break down again you go to the first shop on the way." And he said again: "You can't break down out of sight of a shop all the way. Now, recollect that."

SAM JONES' SERMONS.

A BROKEN AXLE.

Well, I drove off. I said: "Now, I ain't going to break down any more. I'm going to mind what I'm about." And I drove off.

I hadn't got two miles further till I run into a gully there and broke the axle right square off, and I said: "Well, just look at that! I'll turn round and go back, I'm disgusted at myself, I am; and just look at me!" I was in utter despair. I thought I would give up and quit, but, blessed be God, about the time I was going to despair I thought about what that kind old man said, and I looked up at the roadside and another man motioned his hand and said:

"Bring that axle up here. I'm running this shop in the interest of parties broken down in the direction you are going."

I took my axle up and got it fixed, and I said:

"What do you charge?"

"Nothing, only be mighty careful now. There's danger all along."

GOING TO BE CAREFUL NOW.

I drove off and I said: "Well, now, I will watch what I'm doing from this time on. I'll look now how I'm going, sure. This way of being mended up every two or three miles of the way don't quite suit me." And I drove off.

And directly, I was making a short turn, sir, and snap went the tongue; right square off my wagon, and I said:

"I'll give up and quit. There aint any use me talking about doing anything. Why, just look here! I'm breaking down every mile or two."

And I was just about to give it up again when I looked up and there was another shop, and the man said:

“Bring that tongue up here.” He waved his hand to me and said: “I’m running this shop in the interest of men that break tongues off wagons in the direction you are going.”

A GRAND SUMMARY.

And, brother, I want to say this to you: There hasn’t been a day since I started that I haven’t been in the shop to repair. And I can say this much: Sometimes I have driven along ten miles and never broke anything, and then struck a rough piece of road; and the rougher the road the thicker the shops all along. And I have been troubled sometimes to know whether the shops would hold out. Some time ago I walked up by the side of an old, dying Christian man and said:

“Brother, do the shops hold out?”

He said: “Yes, glory to God, it hasn’t been ten minutes since I was in the shop, and I’ve got the last finishing touch, and I’ll ride into glory now.”

Blessed be God, no soul ever broke down out of sight of the shop all along the way. And let us come to-night, God helping us, and roll our broken-down wagons into the shop of the cross and have them repaired, and then let us drive on, and on, and on, and some of these days I shall light off this old wagon of humanity and I shall be in Heaven.

And if ever I get to Heaven, and my mother runs and throws her arms around my neck and says, “Son, I congratulate you on your quick trip to Heaven,” and my father says, “Son, I’m glad you kept your promise,” and my friends there remark on my safe trip to the good world, I shall tell them:

“Friends, all of you hush! I have had very little to do

with this thing. Where is the Lord Jesus! Show me to him, and I will show you the divine being that went out and sought me, a poor wandering sheep, and when he found me poor and starved and tired and hungry and lost, he didn't scold me; he didn't upbraid me; he didn't take a club and beat me; but he walked up to me and put his arms close around me and laid me upon his shoulder, and brought me safe to peace, and finally safe to Heaven."

THE LAST APPEAL.

Precious Christ, seek these lost sheep to-night and help them to the cross. Brothers, won't you be saved? I'm sorry there has been anything like levity; I don't believe it has been levity at all. I have never felt more serious in any discussion in my life. God help you to-night to decide. "Others doing as they may, I intend to give myself to God to-night. Why wait for anything? God is my hope and he is strong enough to take care of me, and I'll just put my hands in his to-night." Won't you say that? God help you all to say that to-night!



THE HEAVENLY CHOIR.

“ COME YE WEARY AND HEAVY LADEN.”

I trust you will all enter into a common spirit of prayer and pray for me and pray for the word that it may have free course and run and be glorified to-night.

We invite your attention to the twenty-second verse of the fifty-fifth Psalm:

Cast thy burden upon the Lord and he will sustain thee. He will never suffer the righteous to be moved.

A DECIDED CURIOSITY.

I suppose the greatest curiosity that could be presented to the gaze of this world would be an unburdened human heart—a heart perfectly free from every care and every burden and every anxiety. Four thousand years ago and more a wise man of God said:

Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward.

Just as naturally as the sparks ascend from the burning wood, so naturally is man subjected to trouble. And after all the great question of the philosopher is not how many troubles I have, but it is wisdom to classify troubles in one sense, and then to know what to do with them in the next. I grant you there are a great many imaginary troubles in this world. We are always looking for something we'll never see; we are always going out to meet something that is not coming toward us; we are always expecting something that will never happen. That is human nature. And I reckon the first thing we better do to-night—because it has much to do with the text and with the discussion—we ought to classify our troubles. The imaginary we'll call the one class, and the real we'll call the other class.

IMAGINARY TROUBLES.

Imaginary troubles! Home-made trouble we sometimes call this class of troubles. And home-made trouble is like home-made jeans and home-made shoes—outlast any other sort, and frequently last till we are heartily tired of them. Now, what do I mean by home-made trouble, borrowed trouble, imaginary trouble? I can illustrate it faster than I can present it in any other way.

Well, say. Here is a good mother, kind-hearted woman, to say nothing of her strong mind. Her little children, from sixteen and fourteen years old down, they come and say: "Mamma, let's hitch up old John and drive over to Mrs. Brown's this evening, or up to Mrs. Brown's, or let us drive out riding."

And kind-hearted mother she says: "Well, children all right."

She knows old John is perfectly safe. He is a noted animal. Every man in the community knows old John. And, oh, what a valuable animal he is, because of being so trustworthy. So gentle! Some of the little children can go down into the lot and climb up his legs, he is so humble, and they can hitch him up to a sleigh or buggy or anything and really when the children come around him on the lot and grass and play around him, as he puts his foot down he seems to shake it and see really whether any of the little fellows' fingers or feet are under his hoof. Really old John has learned to love the children, and he seems to think as much of them as mother does of them.

THEY HITCH UP.

And this is the horse they hitch up. And nothing is thought until the clock strikes four—that is the hour they

promised to be back—and the clock strikes four. and mother looks up and she says :

“The children haven’t come back, and they promised to be back at four o’clock. They have never deceived me before in their life. I am satisfied something has happened.”

Now, you see she will start her trouble-machine at that point—and an old trouble-machine is like one of those old looms. Did you ever see an old woman at her loom? I can just remember having seen an old woman, a good woman, sitting with both feet working the pedal and both hands throwing the broach, or the shuttle, and the spool of broach in her mouth—hands and feet and mouth all going just as hard as she can run. And I have seen these trouble-machines start hand, heart, soul, foot, spirit, body, everything at work together, conjuring up trouble.

KNOWS SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED.

And this good wife, she thinks, “Well, now, I know something has happened.” The minute finger points at fifteen minutes over time. “I know something has happened. And the fact of the business is, I recollect now, I had a presentiment the other day (laughter) that that horse was going to run away and kill every child I had. (Laughter.) The Lord knows I am not fit for a mother. I am not worthy to have any children. And, in addition to that, I recollect now, the last time I drove old John he took a fearful fright and I said right then I never would let those children ride that horse again. The Lord knows I am the most careless creature, and I deserve nothing better than that every child I have in the world should be dead on the roadside right now, and I am satisfied they are for a judgment on me.” (Laughter.)

Well, about this time the old gentleman walks in, and he

sees the situation. "Wife, what in the world is the matter?"

"Well" she says, "I gave the children permission to drive old John off this afternoon, and they promised to be back at four o'clock, and it's past four o'clock and they haven't come and they promised me they would; and you know, husband, they never told me a story in their life."

"Why, wife," says the husband, "they tell them here every day." (Laughter.)

Anything to run your trouble mill!

TRYING TO SCARE HIM.

"Well," she says, "I had a presentiment about those children being killed by that horse." (Laughter.)

"Why, wife, you're always having something." (Laughter.) "Hush! those children will be here directly." (Laughter.)

And directly she says:

"Yes, and I never told you about that horse getting so frightened with me the other day, and I know those children are killed, and I want you to go right off and bring them back dead or alive, and do it quick. I'll be crazy in a minute."

"Wife, I aint going off to bother about those children. They'll be here directly."

"Well," she says, "if you don't go, I'll go myself."

And well he knows what that means. (Laughter.) And he starts right off, and about the time he gets to the front gate, here comes old John jogging up in his old camp-meeting trot, you know (great laughter) and stops right in front of the gate, and the children light out with a laugh of merriment; mother looks on the picture and she goes back in her room and sits down and buries her face in her hands and she says, "What a goose I have been." (Laughter.)

THAT'S JUST IT.

And I say so, too. (Laughter.) That is exactly my judgment on that question. And of all the geese the world ever saw, the featherless goose is the most ridiculous. (Laughter.)

I saw her at church one day. She didn't seem to hear one word I said. She was looking out the window, she was looking out the door, and as soon as I pronounced the benediction she hurried to her buggy and drove off at break-neck speed, and I learned afterward that she left a little fire at home in the old fireplace, and she thought the house was afire and she was looking out every moment to see the flames and the smoke, and when the service was dismissed she hurried off home, expecting at every turn of the wheels to see the flames and smoke burst out, and directly she drove up to the house and unlocked the door and went in, and there was a dead pile of ashes in her fireplace, and she looked at it and she said: "Law, me, what a goose I have been!" (Laughter.)

Well, I say so, too. That is just exactly my judgment of that question.

AND THE MEN, TOO.

Women are not the only creatures in this world. I am sorry they do borrow trouble. But I am sorry to say they are not the only ones. Oh, me! how we men borrow trouble! And all the trouble we have, brother.

There's many a man in this house that has rolled and tumbled in his bed with a feverish brain all night, over some problem that he ought to have gone to sleep over at nine o'clock and woke up fresh the next morning, and started out to work out his problem. Did you know that a bed

was made to sleep in, and God sent night in this world so we could sleep and rest for the next day's battles? And, oh, how wickedly foolish a man is that tries to work out his problems at night instead of sleeping. And he says: "Well, the fact of the matter is, David said, 'I have been young, and now am old, and I have never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread.' But this something don't happen; he'll see it this time. I can say that much. I just tell you what, starvation is right at the door. I have made buckle and tongue meet up to this time, but they'll never meet any more." And there he worries!

AN APT COMPARISON.

A good deal like the old woman that prayed God for twenty years to give her grace to die in the poor-house. She had an elegant mansion and that was the burden of her prayers for twenty years: "Good Lord, give me grace to die in the poor-house," and at last she died in an elegant mansion worth \$30,000. The Lord will never let a person die in a poor-house when you are going to die rich. You need not go to him about these things. And I speak about this to you all that we each may classify his trouble.

If a man is young and strong and vigorous, what does he need to borrow trouble about bread and meat question? and this world is a very small question. As God is my judge, I was born poor and raised poor, and I never worried about a meal in my life up to this hour—I never did. I never want to. I never want to take any more trouble to bed with me than I can kick off in one lick, and off altogether. (Laughter.)

A FIENDISH JOKE.

The devil has got a great big joke on a Christian when he can keep him awake half the night, and I imagine when

the devil bids some Christians "good-by" he will turn around and say: "He has gone to glory, but I had enough fun out of him before he left, and you can take him along." (Laughter.) I am not going to be joked that way. I am not going to be kicked around that way. I have the promise of God's word if I trust in him and do good I shall overwhelm the land and thoroughly I shall be fed, and as long as the lambs and the orphans are fed I know God will take care of the man that trusts him. And it is right enough to be true.

LET THE OTHER FELLOW WORRY.

And I have often thought of the sound philosophy of the man I heard of once. In an upper room a man was walking till the clock struck twelve, and struck one, and struck two, and the fellow down in the room below wanted to go to sleep, and he could not go to sleep for that man's walking. Finally he got up and dressed himself, and went up stairs and knocked at the door, and the man opened the door, and he said: "Friend, what in the world is the matter with you? I can not go to sleep with you walking the floor." "Why," he said, "I owe \$10,000 and it is due tomorrow, and I have done my best and I can not pay it." "Do you say you have done your best and you can not pay it?" "Yes." "Why, my friend, if you have, go to bed and go to rest and let the other fellow do the walking; he is the fellow that has got to do the walking now." (Laughter.) Well, I will worry over most anything, but let the other fellow do the walking after nine o'clock. I will go to sleep and let the other fellow do the walking. (Laughter.)

BROTHER JONES' TOUGH TIMES.

Trouble! Borrowed trouble home-made trouble, and all

that sort of thing. As I have said, I have been worried. I might have troubled a great deal, I think. Among the hardest worked months of my ministry, depending on God and doing my duty, I have seen my home when the last bite we had in the world was on the table, and I knew it, and I told wife that evening, and I went out to cut stove wood to get supper, and there was not a thing in the closet, there was not a thing in the pantry, and she said, "I tell you it is all out." "Well," said I, "I done my best, and I preached and worked and prayed, and tried to do my whole duty, and," said I, "wife, we'll just stick it out right here, and," said I, "if we starve to death we'll make it out like we died of typhoid fever." (Laughter.) Well, sir, that night, before supper, there was a wagon drove into my yard, and when it unloaded its good things into my house I had more to eat at one time than I ever had before or since. (Laughter.)

DON'T WORRY USELESSLY.

No trouble about those things. Trust to God and do right, and don't bother about anything you can not help. In daytime put in your best licks, and at night sleep soundly like you had pillowed your head on the bosom of the God that made you.

Well, the reason I talk this way is not to tickle your humor at all—we have got over beyond that in this meeting—but to show you this much, you must contradistinguish, you must separate, you must classify.

Now, that good sister need not have dropped down on her knees and asked the Lord to head old John, and stop old John. The Lord aint going to head old John, when he aint running away. And you need not ask the Lord to put out the fire in your house when it is not on fire. He is too

busy to do that. And you need not ask the Lord to keep you from starving, when the Lord is in heaven and knows you won't starve. Let us classify these things.

There is but one remedy for borrowed trouble, there is but one remedy for home-made trouble, there is but one remedy for heart trouble, and that is good old hard common sense, and bring your common hard sense to bear on these things and sweep them out of your way, just as you would with cobwebs.

REAL TROUBLES.

But let us come to the real troubles—and these are the hardest. They have shape and form and being.

There are real troubles in life that touch us all along the line. There are burdens that I can not bear, and that you can not bear. There are burdens to-day pressing upon millions of hearts in this world—burdens that an angel would shudder at if he had to carry them an hour. Oh, how many burdens press upon the hearts of mothers and the hearts of fathers and the hearts of children, and the hearts of men all over this world!

And I will say another thing: There is a point beyond which you can not go with your load. I have said it a thousand times; and said it because I felt it. I believe if it was not for the cross of Jesus Christ the great heart of this world would break. We can not carry them.

A POINTED ILLUSTRATION.

Brethren! what are my real burthens and what are your real burthens? There are the burthens of anxiety that press sorely upon many a heart.

My Brother Blackwell, the pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, stood in St. John's this morning and

told us how his godly father in the pulpit stood with his eye fixed on him and preached earnestly, and in the exhortation he said: "Come to-night," and he was watching his godless boy, and as the father looked at him and said "come to-night," the pressure upon his heart was so great that he trembled a moment and then fell prostrate in the pulpit and died. Oh, how that boy saw the pressure upon his father's heart! The father carried it until he threw it down in death. And, thank God, he never carried it beyond death.

I have seen a great many things in this world, young as I am.

VISITING THE ASYLUM.

I visited the Insane Asylum of Georgia when I was preaching at Milledgeville. I went over and went through the different wards with the keeper of the asylum, and as we walked through I could see as I went along the distorted mad woman's face of a once pure, sweet mother. I looked at the glare of her eye, I looked at the hideous expression of her face, and when we passed by the doctor said: "There is the wife of Mr. So-and-so. There is the mother of a family of children." And I looked back and mentally said: "Mother! mother! what tore you away from your home? Mother, what robbed you of the care of your children? What took you from the side of your husband? What shut you up in this doleful place? Mother, what did it?" And her very face spoke the answer back: "Trouble did this; trouble did this."

A SUICIDE'S VOICE.

You go yonder to that hotel to-morrow morning, any morning, some morning, and there is a poor suicide. The pistol is laying at his side. The derringer ball entered his temple. He is there covered with his own blood. And as

I look at the poor corpse, baptized in its own blood, I look down and say: "Oh, man, man, what did this? what did this?" And he speaks back in unmistakable language: "Trouble did this. I got more than I could carry."

Trouble! This incident I read some time ago of a mother! She was sitting in company with a dozen other ladies in a parlor, and the conversation turned on trouble. One related her trouble, and another hers, and another hers, until at last everyone had spoken except a pale, sad-faced lady, and they turned to her and they said: "You have not told us your trouble." "Oh," she said, "ladies, I have been listening to your troubles, but I have thought your troubles are merely bubbles on life's current. They are

Like the snowflake on the river,
A moment white, then melts forever.

SHE HAD REAL TROUBLE.

"But," she said, "I have had trouble." She said, "I was raised in affluence and wealth, and never knew a want. My husband was also wealthy, and we married and united our fortunes, and settled on our beautiful plantation on the banks of the Savannah river." "And," she said, "we lived there happily and peacefully for a number of years, and God had blessed us with five sweet children. One night I woke up. My hand dropped out of the side of the bed, and it touched a current of water in my room. I waked my husband up immediately, and the water was 18 inches deep in my room. He rushed for the children and saw they were all safe; and," she said, "he got myself and the children out of the house on to a little knoll right by, and," she said, "we stood there only a moment and we saw the water coming higher and higher"—it was one of those water-spouts above that caused this unheard of rapid rise in the

river—"and," she said, "husband stood there a moment and he said: "'Wife, I will take you and the babes to the hillside there and get you and the children to where you will be safe.'"

THE WIFE AND CHILD SAFE.

He carried me and my children to the hillside, and as he came back through the valley between two of those mounds, one of those fearful spouts came sweeping down and carried my husband and swept him out, and," she said, "I never saw his face since. But," she said, "that was not trouble. I stood there under the pale light of the moon and saw the turbid waters rise to my child next to the baby, and the troubled waters rose a moment and swept him out of sight. and I never saw him since. I stood there until the waters rose above the head of the next and carried him out of my sight. I stood there until the waters stood up to the very neck and mouth of my oldest child. I stood there a moment and the little child struggled and went out of sight, and I never seen my husband or one of those children since; but," she said, "that was not trouble. I thought it was," she said. "That left me with the precious little babe in my arms—all I had left. And," she said, "I trained and nurtured that child until he was seventeen years old, and then, a pure, good boy, I sent him off to college."

A WORD ON THIS MATTER.

There is the epitome and the doom of thousands of boys. "I sent him off to college. I sent him off to college."

Would anybody think from that remark, and the repeating of that remark, that I didn't believe in colleges and education? Yes, sir, I believe in them as much as any man in this house, but I have said, and I repeat it, I'd rather see my boy in Heaven learning his A B C's than to have him

sit down in Hell and read Greek forever. All unsanctified knowledge is degrading! degrading!

Just let us take that thought—and that is my sentiment exactly on that line. I am willing to be taken for an ignominious, but I am never willing to be taken for a rascal. Do you understand that? I can afford to be called a fool, but God save me from anything that will make anybody think I am a rascal.

BROTHER JONES' LEARNING.

I was tickled with a kind, clever boy in this city. He was sitting down and talking to me kindly, and said he:

“Mr. Jones, how far did you go in your education? (Laughter.) Did you go far?” (Laughter.)

“Well, sir,” I said, “I got so I could lay all round Latin and just handle Greek right along. Why?”

“Well,” he says, “most of them are talking about your appearing to be very ignorant and you don't know much, and,” he says, “I've been out several times and I think they're mistaken.” (Laughter.)

I say you can afford to be taken for a poor, ignorant fellow, but God keep you and me from being anything that will put us in the other list. I reckon we'll have little else to do in Heaven but learn forever. If I can keep from sin down here, then God will help me in Heaven to learn his lessons there.

Now to go back to my story:

“I sent my boy off to college. When he came back home he was dissipated, wicked, unruly, godless, in all his ways. Oh, how wicked he was. And,” she said, “I did my best and lavished every kindness and all the generosity of my wealth upon that boy and he went from bad to worse and from bad to worse, until at last, at last,” she

said, "I received a newspaper yesterday giving an account of my boy's being hung in a distant State, and he died a felon's death, on a felon's gallows, and has gone to a felon's hell. And," she says, "oh, here's trouble! Here's trouble! Here's trouble!"

Oh! how many hearts in the house to-night carry weights that an angel would shudder at if he had them to carry.

ANOTHER DOCTOR CALLED OUT.

Brother Brookes—I am very sorry to be called on to interrupt our brother again, but some one at the door wants to see Dr. Scott immediately. Probably it is a case of sickness, and as such ought to be attended to. I'm sorry we have to make this announcement.

Brother Jones—Do you know the necessity for the doctor? Do you know what makes it necessary for such calls as that? Sometimes there are thousands of people that would unload every burden of their souls and throw them away forever. Do you know what pain in the soul is? Pain in the soul is to the soul just what physical pain is to the body. Do you know what pain is to the body? I wake up this morning and this lung! Oh, it pains me! What is pain? It is the voice of the physical nature crying out, "Send for the doctor! Something is wrong! Something wrong! Hurry! No time to lose! Go to the church and have the announcement made!" When there is something wrong the pain speaks out. And every trouble, every pang of your soul tells you "something is wrong in there. Send for the Great Physician." And the Great Physician now is near, the sympathizing Jesus. And just what pain is to my body, just so trouble is to my soul. "Something wrong! Send for the Great Physician." **May be wrong with the**

child; then tell him about it. May be wrong with the house; tell your Great Physician about it. Oh, friends hear me to-night. This trouble! trouble! trouble! It is the warning voice of God to my soul, telling us, "Something wrong! Send for the Great Physician."

THE BURDEN OF GUILT.

Trouble. There are the troubles and there are the burdens of grief, the burdens of anxiety, burdens of a thousand kind that press upon us. The burden of guilt—oh, how it presses upon poor human nature. Here's a poor sinner, sick, laden, heavy laden! Oh, look at him as he presents his case before the throne, undone, wretched, borne down with the pressure of guilt enough to crush a world and there he is with his burden of guilt! He comes to God with it! He comes to Christ with his burden, and the great burden-bearer takes up his burden off of him and tells him to go in peace.

Oh, the burden of guilt! I have felt it a thousand times. I have felt down in the depths of my soul, I am the most guilty wretch in all the universe. I have knelt in sight of the cross, and, oh, how gloriously and grandly Christ would lift that burden from my soul!

Bunyan represents his pilgrim as reaching the Wicket Gate and passing up to the cross, and the burden rolled off of him and he stood upright before God. And no man can ever stand upright before God until this burden shall roll off of him.

Oh, how it presses us down! I have hung my head many a time when there was not a man within a mile of me could have told what I was hanging it about. Oh, conscious guilt!

The guilty flee when no man pursueth.

The burden of guilt! Guilty before God! Guilty before man! Oh, the guilt I carry in my bosom! How many can say that to-night? The burden of my guilt!

THE BURDEN OF GRIEF.

Then there's the burden of grief. Every black veil in this congregation to-night carries upon its very texture a history, a history, a history! Oh, the bereavements, and the burden of bereavements!

Death came to my humble cottage home when I was not a Christian. It was the darkest hour in my life's history. God blessed wife and I with a sweet little cherub just nineteen months old. She was so playful and joyous and happy. Wife ran down on a visit to my sister in another State. The day she was to come home I had gone down to town and bought some nice little presents for that sweet little child. I thought, "this evening I'll take her in my arms and I'll see her eyes dance and her little pink fingers catch at the nice things, and I shall see her little heart made glad." Wicked like I was, the highest aspiration of my heart was to make my child happy and glad. I walked down town after dinner and here came one of those fearful telegrams:

Little Beulah is very ill. Come immediately.

I started with a weight that almost crushed me, and on my way there I dozed off into a disquieted sleep two or three times, and each time dreamed that I had that sweet, little, playful thing in my arms and I would wake up and say, "I know she's better."

A SAD MEETING.

I had to go part of the way in a buggy—the last part of the journey—and as I drove up to the front gate my wife came to the door. I shall never forget how she looked! My heart sunk I went into the room, the parlor, and there

was something so unusual to be seen in a parlor. I walked up with my wife clinging to my arm, and I turned back the beautiful white cloth and there was my sweet child looking like a little angel chiseled out of marble. I put my hand on her face, and it was so cold ; I went into the other room and just fell down and cried like a child. Oh, how cheerless! How dark! How dark! How dark! Oh, how these burdens press upon these poor hearts of ours! The burden of grief!

But I can say this much to you: God has one of my children. I committed it to him forever, and I say this much: My other sweet children have a much better father than they ever would have had if they had not a sweet little sister in heaven. I am a better father to my children than I ever would have been if it had not been for the precious one that has gone, and I'm going to try to train—I'm going to try to venture—I'm going to try to keep my children in the path that they may meet that sweet one up yonder.

THE BURDEN OF ANXIETY.

Oh, the burden of grief. Where is the heart in this house that has never been pressed down in its pilgrimage to the grave? This is a world of burdens. And then there is the burden of anxiety. I have seen wives that were literally crushed with burdens of anxiety.

At Iuka, Miss., I recollect there was a wife came to the altar, and she knelt down, and she prayed, and she prayed, and by and by when the others had walked away, I said to her:

“Now, can't you trust it all to God?”

She says, “I tell you, Mr. Jones, I have been praying for my husband for weeks, and months, and years; and,” she said, “I'm going to stay right here until my husband gives his heart to God.”

Well, I had met her husband, the coldest-blooded infidel I ever looked in the face in my life.

"Well," said I, "sister, if I was you I would talk and pray with my husband at home."

"No," she says, "I have done my best, and right here I'm going to stay on my knees until my husband gives his heart to God."

I walked back in the congregation, walked up to that man and gave him my hand. Said I:

"Sir, there are no weapons that were ever manufactured in the United States, loaded and cocked in my face ready to fire at me, that could keep me from going to my wife if she had such a burden on her heart as your wife has. Go up there and kneel down and give your heart to God."

"Oh," he said, Mr. Jones, I am not concerned about religion. I don't want to be a hypocrite."

Said I: "My friend, how can you break your wife's heart?"

THE RESULT.

I went back to her and said, "Your husband won't come."

"Well," she says, "he has not come; but I'll never get off my knees until my husband gives his heart to God."

The first thing I knew he was there, right by her. And when the first prayer was over with, he got up, and then tried to get her off her knees. She looks at him and she says:

"Have you surrendered your heart to God, sir?"

"No," he says.

"Well, I'll never get off from here until you do."

We knelt and prayed again, and directly that husband got up, and he says:

“Wife, get up now.”

She says: “Have you surrendered to God, sir, and will you seek him until you find him?”

He looked down at her and he said:

“Yes.”

“Well,” she said, “husband, you never deceived me in my life. You never told me a falsehood in my life, and I take you at your word, sir, and I believe God Almighty will do now just what I have been asking him to do.”

And it looked like that wife would have died there upon her knees. Oh, the pressure! the pressure! the pressure! I have carried such burdens for those I loved. Oh brother, to-night you are burdened with these things that press sorely upon you, sorely upon you!

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR BURDENS.

Well, now, the great question is another matter. We won't discuss the burdens any longer. There are thousands that press upon our heart. Now, the part of a philosopher is this, to know what to do with our burdens.

What will we do with them? What can I do? It is not wise to sit down and count them to see how many I have, or how crushing they are, or to think about other people's burdens. But what will I do with them? The answer comes thus:

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee. He will never suffer the righteous to be moved.

That is why you have your burdens. I wouldn't refuse to take one, but I'll use them wisely if they come upon me. Here you see is a Newfoundland dog, swimming out yonder in that lake at will. His master stands on the bank and calls him, but he won't come. He beckons and the dog won't come. He rebukes, and he won't come. And then the master stoops and picks up a little stick and pitches

it into the lake near the dog, and the dog swims to it and catches it in his mouth, and swims to his master and puts it down at his feet. That was the only way his master could get him to come.

THE APPLICATION.

Many a time, brother, sister, we have wandered off on the sea of sin and death away from God, and he calls us and we won't come, and he beckons us and we won't come, and he rebukes, and we won't come. And then God pitches a crushing burden on our hearts, and with that burden he says: "Now, bring it back and lay it down at my feet. I'll hear your cause and heal all your wounds."

Blessed be God! Every burden of the life is to bring me back to God. It is a message from God to bring it to him. "Bring it to me."

Oh, many are the hearts in this house that are overloaded! Overloaded! You see that little frail vessel yonder as she is pitching and tossing on the rolling ocean, and she's overloaded. Now and again the waves sweep over her bulwarks and she is about to go down under her fearful weight, and the captain says to the crew: "We must all go down to the bottom, everything."

And about that time the Great Eastern, the grandest vessel that ever swam the Atlantic Ocean, came plowing along right up beside the little frail vessel, and the captain of the Great Eastern walks up to the outer edge of her bulwark and looks down at the frail little vessel and crew, and he says:

"You're all overloaded! Cast your cargo upon me. I can carry it for you on this grand old ship so you can make port in safety."

And the crew go to work with block and tackle and they

lifted their cargo until they have lightened their ship so it can go on its way rejoicing, and it doesn't sink the Great Eastern the hundredth part of an inch. She scarcely knows that she has taken on any more burden.

AND HERE WE ARE.

And here we are, out on the sea of sin and death, our frail little human vessel overloaded, and we are about to go down with everything, and right about that time the grand old ship of Zion plows its way along right up by our side and its good captain steps over to the outer bulwark and looks down at the frail, sinking little ship, and he says:

"Cast your burden upon me. I'll carry it for you. It won't sink me the hundredth part of an inch, and in that way you can make port in safety."

And we cast our burden on him, and then we go along and say: "Now, thank God,

Not a wave of trouble rolls

Across my peaceful breast.

I have found my heavenly home. The burden has been taken off me."

And the little boat strikes a bee-line for the shore of everlasting deliverance.

YOU CAN DEPEND ON CHRIST.

Brethren, I want to say this: Whenever you get in trouble, you can go to Christ, and trust in Christ, when you get in trouble. I have found that out.

Blessed Jesus! When thy disciples were going along smoothly sailing on the lake, thou went up there in earnest prayer not noticing anything, but one of those fearful little squalls came down on that lake and pitched these disciples with their little ship hither and thither, and was about to engulf them. But Jesus looked down on that lit-

tle lake, and he said: "My disciples are in danger!" and he rushed down the mountain side and stood on the bank of the little lake and saw them as they were pitching and tossing, and he looked around and there was no boat there for him to ride out to them. He looked again. He said: "My disciples are in danger and trouble, and I'm going to them, boat or no boat." Down he moved right to the water and ran out and stopped the boat, and immediately it ran to shore.

I tell you, brother, you are not far from land—whenever Christ gets on board you are not far from the shore of Heaven.

Cast your burden on the Lord and he shall sustain thee. He will never suffer the righteous to be moved.

UNLOAD THE HEARTS YOU BURDENED.

Brother! Brother! Young man! Father! Husband! Hear me a minute now. Let's you and I help unload mother's heart to-night! Let's you and I help unload wife's heart to-night! Let's you and I help unload our children's hearts to-night.

Oh, me! The most touching incident in my ministry is when some little girl, twelve years old, comes up and says:

"Mr. Jones, please, sir; pray for papa. He is so wicked, and he won't come to church!"

And then directly here comes up another little girl, and says:

"Mr. Jones, the Lord has blessed me, but I am so anxious about papa."

Oh, brother! brother! Let's you and I in God to-night unload wife's heart! My wife carried me like a million pound weight on her heart for months and months, and months. I owed my wife a debt I never could pay until I paid it at the cross, and my wife unloaded this burden at

the cross, and since that time, oh, how glorious and joyous her life has been in that respect!

Brother, let's you and I meet wife at the cross to-night! Let's you and I, young man, meet precious, good mother at the cross! Oh, boys, look at mamma's gray hairs! Look at those wrinkles in mother's face! And say, boys, did you ever plow one of those wrinkles there? Did you ever cause one of those hairs to turn gray?"

▲ DRUMMER'S STORY.

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

Boys, let's think about precious mother! Husbands, let's think about wife! Neighbor, let's think about neighbor! Let's go to work to-night and unload every burden that we have ever put upon anybody's heart! Won't you?

BEARING OTHERS' BURDENS.

I tell you how I think about it. If in innocence I have put a care or burden on anybody's heart I would walk till daylight came and take that burden off their heart. If my precious wife has a burden on her heart to-night on my account, or one of my children, I would walk till daylight and lift with all my power to get that burden off. The fact of the business is, mother has got as much as she can carry without us troubling her. Poor wife has all she can

carry without us putting on any more. Oh, brother, let's you and I never wring another tear from mother's eye or another sigh from wife's lips! Let's to-night be a joyous peace to those homes of ours, won't you? I want to make home happy, and I reckon I had the darkest, most desolate one once that ever good wife lived in. Oh, how dark! how dark!

DAVID HAD BEEN THERE.

David knew what he was talking about. Listen:

Give ear to my prayer, O God, and hide not thyself from my supplication.

Attend unto me and hear me: I mourn in my complaint and make a noise.

Because of the voice of the enemy, because of the oppression of the wicked.

My heart is sore pained within me, and the terrors of death are fallen upon me.

And I said: Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest.

Lo, then would I wander afar off and remain in the wilderness.

THE DESIRE FOR REST.

Brother, I have felt that way many a time.

Oh, that I had wings like a dove.

I have felt, "well, I am just weighted down; all the pressure of my ministry upon me; the care of my family and ten thousand burdens that mothers and wives have put upon my heart," and I have almost literally stood in many a wife's tracks with burdens on my soul for this one and for that one and for the other one, and I have carried these burdens until I have felt in my heart,

Oh, that I had wings like a dove,
that I might fly away to some peaceful mountain and have one week's rest, that I might forget that I had a wife or forget I had children, or forget that I was called to preach,

that I might forget everything in the universe and just have one week's happy rest. I have felt like I could come back to this world a new man; that I would be new all over.

Oh, that I had wings like a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest.

I have carried burdens. I have carried them, but blessed be God! I have learned this blessed text now:

Cast your burdens on the Lord, and he will sustain you.

CARRY YOUR TROUBLES TO JESUS.

Just think about that! Is there any trouble anywhere? Then take it all to Jesus in prayer. Just take your burdens and lay them down at his feet. That is all we can do with them! And I have seen thousands of souls come up and throw their burdens down at the foot of the cross and go away singing:

Now not a wave of trouble rolls
Across my peaceful breast.

Let us put our burdens at Christ's feet! Let us throw them all down there, whether of sin or guilt or anxiety or grief. Let us cast them all at his feet, and say: "Blessed Christ! there they are. I can carry them no further forever."

Thank God! It won't be much longer till

The wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

I have thought—tired and worn out, I have thought—of that world of rest. I have thought of that world where there is no pain nor trouble; where there shall be no more tears.

For God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

GOD SHALL WIPE AWAY THEIR TEARS.

I have thought of that expression.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

I have thought about that expression very much like this:

I am sitting here in the family room with mother, and directly here comes little 6-year old Annie crying like her little heart would break, the tears just raining from her little face. And the mother said: "What is it, darling, don't cry." But she says: "Mamma, I can't help it." And while the tears are raining down, mamma takes the little girl and says: "There's a sweet darling; don't cry."

But she says: "Mamma, I can't help it." And she is throwing tears from one and the other, and mother reaches out her gentle hand and catches her little girl's arm and pulls her up against her knee, and mother puts her gentle, motherly hand over this eye and then over that eye, and the tears are gone and they don't appear any more in the child's eyes.

And then I have thought as we pass into the gates of everlasting deliverance, the blessed Christ will run his gentle fingers over these eyes that have been drowned with tears a thousand times, and my tears are gone forever. That's God! No tears there! No sadness there! No sickness there! No pain there, forever!

Oh, brother, let us start to that good world to-night.



TIGRIS, AT THE FOOT OF PARADISE.

RELIGIOUS RAILROADING.

Now, let us be prayerful to-night, and let us look with a present faith for the blessing of God upon us. Oh, for a present, expectant faith, one that looks now for the coming of the things we desire.

We select as the text the three last verses of the 11th chapter of St. Matthew—28th, 29th and 30th:

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls;

For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.

SOMETHING TO BE GLAD OF.

I am glad the first verse of this text as given is peculiarly the language of the New Testament Scriptures to the children of men. In the Old Testament it was, "Go and do this and live," and "Go and do that and die." But since the precious blood of Christ was poured out the language has changed, and now it is

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Come unto me! Christ was not only a divine Savior and a divine philosopher, but he was pre-eminently a divine physician.

Come unto me.

Oh, for a world to listen to the Savior, to the philosopher, to the physician.

Come unto me.

Not "Go to this one," not "Make your appeals to angels or to men," but "to me," "to me."

TRUST TO CHRIST.

No man need fear to intrust himself in the hands of Christ because there may be mistakes and difficulties in his case that can not be overcome. The great question with physicians in this world is understanding the disease—"diagnosing" the case as they say. Any physician knows what the remedy is if he just knows what the trouble is, what the sickness is. An eminent physician told me that the treatment of children is the most difficult treatment in their practice. And I said, "Why? The system of the child is much more sensitive to medicine, to treatment, than that of a grown person, and why do you have your greatest trouble in the cases of children?" He said: "Because the difficulty with children is in the diagnosis. They can't talk with you and tell you where their trouble is, where their pain is, and my trouble with children has grown out of the fact—the difficulty in the diagnosis—finding out what the trouble is. Now," said he, "after that question is settled I never have any trouble. Every physician knows the remedy for certain diseases, but the determining of the nature of the disease is the trouble."

I have watched my family physician—noble, true man he is! I have watched his face, the movement of his hand, and I never felt safe concerning my child until I saw a look of confidence on the face of my physician, and my question with him was not "Will my child get well, or will it die?" but, "Doctor, have you the case in hand? Do you know what the trouble is with the little fellow? Doctor, do you know what the disease is?" And there is the point. I know the case is hopeful, and I know that the remedies may be efficacious if the doctor has the disease in hand—if he knows what the trouble is.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

Now, brethren, to-night we'll hear the voice of the Great Physician who never misdiagnosed a single case; never made a mistake in a single case, but sudden, eternal healing always comes on your putting yourself in his hands.

Come unto me.

Oh, blessed Christ! We have been deceived a thousand times by our enemy. He has persuaded us that ours was a peculiar case. "There is nothing like mine in all of human nature; my difficulties are different from other men; my obstacles are different; really, mine is a peculiar case." And the devil can use no more subtle, no stronger argument to a mortal man than the fact that his is a very peculiar case. You should not wonder if so and so was treated and healed; you should not wonder if this one and that one should be saved in this meeting, but "mine is a very peculiar case; my temptations are peculiar and I have such a peculiar disposition," and all that sort of thing.

A COMMON PECULIARITY.

Look here, brother! You would be astonished, in the first place, to know how many thousand people have broken down right where you have broken down; you would be astonished to know how many people are weak right where you are weak; you would be astonished to know really how many people think their case was peculiar when their case was only peculiar to the race. Oh, brother, don't listen to the voice of the enemy that would keep you from under the treatment of the Great Physician, but you rush to him with the consciousness, "He understands me. It is very painful to me, anyway, anyhow, to deal with a person that I think misunderstands me."

I always could lean on my father with more confidence than any human being in the world, because I knew my father understood me. He had studied my character, he had studied my characteristics, and I could always put myself in the hands of my father with such confidence and such trust, just because my father understood me. I knew he was in sympathy with me, and I knew that my father knew all my weak points and my strong points, and he understood his boy, and he was the most helpful friend I ever had because he understood me better than anybody.

A FRIEND THAT UNDERSTANDS ME.

Oh, what a precious thought it is to have a friend that understands me. Oh, how many people in this world misunderstand us and misconstrue us, and misjudge us! Oh, what a blessing it is to have a friend that always understands us, and nothing makes him misunderstand us!

Now, with your peculiarities you can go immediately to Christ, and I tell you before you get there he has already diagnosed your case, and he has the remedy at hand ready to give you in an instant. He knows which wheel is broken down, brother. He saw you when you broke down, and he has been watching you in your despair for years. He knows which one of the axles is broken down; he knows whether it is the coupling-tongue or the singletree broke; he knows all about humanity; he knows where the break is; and I tell you he always has the means at hand ready to supply every broken bone in the moral nature of man; he knows which limb to apply the splints to; he knows which part needs the ointment; he knows all about you, and he knows just how to treat you.

And, brethren, when I see my blessed Savior take charge of the poor soul, I just look in his face and see

the expression of confidence, and I say, "Well, thank God the physician has him in hand now and understands his case, and there's going to be a healing now—there's going to be a healing."

CHRIST KNOWS.

Oh, could all the world look to him in confidence. That is what we mean by faith. Trust! That is just exactly what we mean. To put yourself in the hands of the Great Physician, with the understanding that he knows me better than I know myself. Really, I think my trouble may be one thing, but he knows. He knows what troubles me, and he can put his hand upon the diseased part, and always makes his treatment efficient.

Come unto me.

Now, if he had sent me to the priest it might have taken me a lifetime to have made that priest understand me. If he had sent me to my pastor, I am afraid my pastor has never suffered in common with me and knows not exactly how to treat me. There is a preacher never drank a drop in his life; he knows nothing of the effects of liquor; and there is a poor fellow absolutely storm-swept by an appetite that swamped him. This preacher can not put himself in sympathy with this poor fellow. But, brother, Jesus was tempted in all points like as we are, but without sin, and he knows just exactly how to sympathize with the drunkard just as much as any poor drunkard who was cursed with the appetite that ruined him.

FAMILY INTERFERENCES.

I might go on here to enumerate a hundred instances where men could not sympathize with their fellow man. I have seen wives who could not understand their husbands—and they seem to misunderstand their husbands in a hun-

dred things. And, oh, what a sad thing it is when husband and wife misunderstand each other. And you just notice, when husband and wife don't come to understand each other there is always a "Mr. Know-it-all" and a "Mrs. Know-it-all" that is ready to step in and fix the matter up and talk around. Well, thank God, there is no misunderstanding in my family; but if there is a thousand "Mr. Knowing-so-and-so" and "Mrs. Knowing-so-and-so" comes nosing around my home they will get kicked out. (Laughter.) I don't want to have my family matters interfered with. There's a heap of that going on in this world—a great deal of it. (Laughter.) It is unfortunate to have family misunderstandings, but it is criminal for you to let anybody else come poking their nose around your home affairs. (Applause.) And I use that expression because it is forcible—it is forcible.

AN ESSAY ON "TANGENTS."

Now, there are 500 persons here in this house think, "Wonder why Jones runs off at that tangent to-night" (laughter); and there's a whole lot more of you that think, "There's somebody has told him about us now; I know there's somebody told him about our trouble." (Laughter.) Now, many a time you see me run off at a tangent that way and you don't understand me. But there's a fellow here that does—you put that down—there's one fellow here that does. (Laughter.)

Come unto me ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

He speaks with confidence. He speaks with infinite confidence. "Entrust your case into my hands. Let me treat you. I am not only a philosopher in the sense that I know all truth and know how to believe all truth, but I am also the physician of the soul that knows all the tissues,

ligaments and fibres of the soul, and I can detect any diseased part in the twinkling of an eye."

THE WAY.

Come unto me.

"Come unto me just because I am the way."

The great trouble with humanity is, it has wandered off and is lost; and about all humanity needs now is to be put on the way, the high way, the holy way.

Brother, I don't blame you for the condition you are in. The only question I have to ask you is, if you ever heard of a way out of your troubles, a way out of your difficulties, a high way and a holy way, if you ever heard of a better way, then I blame you that you have not gone to that way. Hear! Christ said—

I am the way.

"The way!" What is the way? It is a highway; it is a thoroughfare to go on, to walk on, to run on. That is what we mean by a way. Our way in this world is frequently spoken of as a pilgrimage, and our traveling from this world to a better. Brother, we are on our journey here; there we'll be at our journey's end; and Christ said, "Come to me, because I am the way, I am the thoroughfare to a better world."

WHAT THE WAY IS FOR.

Let us see about this way. I go down here to the Wabash Railroad. There is a way. There is a highway. I never saw a railroad before in my life. I wonder why those ties are laid along there and those steel rails are strung along these ties. What are these for? I never saw anything like this. I am going to find out, though, and I say: "Get me a wheelbarrow." And I get a wheelbarrow, and I roll it ten steps on that way, and I say: "Well, this

thing was never made for a wheelbarrow; that won't do for a wheelbarrow, sure."

And I say: "Well, I will try it till I see what it is for." And I say: "Drive me a wagon up on this way." And I drive that wagon ten steps upon that track, and I say: "Take it off; this way was never made for a wagon, that's certain. This don't suit a wagon."

I go out in the round-house searching for something that suits that way, and I step down and I see a magnificent Rogers engine, and I look at that magnificently constructed engine, and I step down and examine the engine. I measure the bulk of the wheels and the flanges on the wheels; I examine that engine through and through, and I say: "I believe that is suited for this way," and I roll that up on the steel rails, and I put the steam on until the gauge indicates that that engine is carrying 150 pounds of steam, and I see that engine thundering down the road at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and I say: "Well, I found out what this way is for now. This way was built for that engine, and that engine was built for this way." Don't you see?

OFF THE TRACK.

Hear me, brother! The most helpless thing I ever saw in my life, except one thing, is an engine off the track. Did you ever see one off the track on a dirt road? Why, she can't pull herself, much less pull any cars. She can't roll a wheel. She just mires and sinks down on the ground. A locomotive engine on the track is the grandest thing my eyes ever looked at; and I have sat upon an engine and felt her wheels and machinery rolling under me until I was enthused from head to foot. Oh, not only will she run a mile a minute, but she will pull forty cars with their

freighted tons. What a magnificent thing—how omnipotent it is on the track! But off the track she is as helpless as a rock. She can't move herself.

Hear me! I find a highway up here, and a holy way and a grand way. I say: "I never saw this way before. What is it for?" And I say: "I believe I will try this way; I will see what it is for." And I get me an ox and lead him up on this way, and I don't lead him on ten steps when I say: "This road was never constructed for an ox; he can not walk on this way." And then I will say: "Take this ox off. Get me a horse and bring him up here on this highway." I will lead him along a few steps and I will say: "This way never was made for a horse, that's certain. It don't suit him."

MADE FOR MAN.

Then I go out and meet an immortal man, an immortal being, and I measure the distance and proportions of his soul, and I say: "I believe I have found the creature that was made for this way and that this way was made for," and I take that creature and put him on the way, and then I see him moving at the rate of sixty miles an hour full tilt off. I say: "My God, this is the way that suits him, and he suits the way," and I see him moving like an engine on the highway to glory and the good world. But the soul won't run on any other way but on that. Did you ever try that?

Let us try the dirt road of profanity now, and just run your soul out on that road for a while and it mires down, and it is covered with mud and filth from head to foot. Try the road of licentiousness, and oh, how we sink in shame before God and man. Let us try the road of atheism, and I run out in a quagmire, and mire over my head, and if I

didn't move out of it, it would get ten feet above me. And there you are.

ANOTHER DIRT ROAD.

You get the profane and the licentious, the Sabbath breaker, mired up in sin and shame on the dirt road to hell; and you get him here on this highway to glory, and you see him moving off to the world of bliss with a momentum that gladdens the heart of angels, and I tell you, brother, when he blows his whistle for the gates to deliverance the angels will throw the doors wide open and he will run into glory and into everlasting life, and he will say, "Sure enough, this road leads from earth to heaven." I tell you there are a good many branch concerns down here in this world that don't go anywhere. (Laughter.) I like a railway—a highway that runs from earth to heaven.

THE EPISCOPALIAN RAILROAD.

There is a little branch road that starts out to Desire. It is a nice little town—a pleasant little place; but it is at the end of that little road. You can get on at Desire, and it's about an hour's run to Confirmation; and you get off there, and you do not go anywhere much; and you can walk back next day, and you have not been anywhere much. (Laughter.)

Or, there is another little branch road. It is a sort of a little short affair that don't go far. You can get on at Resolution. That is a right nice little town—a great many live there; and you can get off just this side of Repentance; and you have got to walk across there a piece, it don't connect with the main line. (Laughter.) Brother, when I start for glory I want to get on God Almighty's grand old trunk line and check my baggage clear through on a limited ticket and run through to glory, and I'll entrust my soul to no railroad moral scheme that don't take me through to glory direct.

THE DIVINE TRUNK LINE.

And I'll tell you where I got on it. I got on at Conviction. That is where God's road starts from; and I tell you that was the awfulest town I ever stayed at all night in my life. I did not sleep a wink, I could not eat a bite or drink a drop, but called on God Almighty to bring relief. I ran on a few miles and got off at Conversion. Oh, that is a magnificent city, and I was so glad to meet so many of my friends there. And we rested there a few days, and then ran up to Entire Consecration or Sanctification. Brother, that is the sweetest town this side of heaven; consecrated to God, soul and body, for time and eternity. And when you jump off the train at last, by the Lord's orders, you will find you are within an hour's ride of the Celestial City. God help us to get on at the right stations, and if we ever get off at all, let us get off at the right stations. God help us, and save us from those little branch railway lines that start mighty near nowhere, and I am certain go nowhere.

CHRIST THE WAY.

Now, some people will say: Now, that is a sharp rebuke he has made at a certain church. Now, I never call any names. (Laughter.) Every fellow knows his number, though. (Laughter.) He knows it.

A highway! Come unto me for I am the Way! Come unto me for I am the Truth! Come unto me for I am the Light! Come unto me for I am the Bread, and I am the Water, and I am all that you need for time and eternity. Christ said to his disciples on one occasion when they had been without food for two days, and when they said, "Master, shall we tell them to go away and provide food?" Jesus said, "They need not depart." Blessed be God. A man

need not go away from Christ for anything, but we can get everything we want for time and eternity right from Christ.

CHRIST UNDERSTANDS YOU.

Come unto me all ye that labor.

I not only understand you—I not only understand your desires—but I understand what you need when you get well. Oh, my brother! there is many a man who has recovered from a spell of sickness that has been reduced to so much poverty that when he gets well he hardly has any heart to start out to do anything. Jesus Christ knows not only what we need to cure us, but he knows what we need when cured. He not only gives us health, but he gives us everything conducive to health afterward, and I can recommend him to every one with a consciousness that he will understand us, because he knows what we need all along the line.

Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

TWO CLASSES OUT OF CHRIST.

That takes in all there are ; two classes out of Christ ; one class is those that are laboring, and the other those that come heavy laden ; those that are trying to get to Heaven without a Savior, and those that are trying to keep the commandments of God and do everything right. They are honest and pay their debts, and will do anything that is right and shun wrong, and they are laboring so hard to get to Heaven. They are laboring to keep the commandments of God. Oh, how they strive to do right. How they are laboring. Jesus looks at you and he says :

All ye that labor to keep the commandments of God come to me, and I will give you rest.

Do not put new wine into old bottles ; if you do they will break. Do not put new packs into old cloth, or they will rend immediately.

Come unto me all ye that labor, and I will give you rest.

HOW ABOUT THE PAST ?

Brother, keep right the balance of your days, but what are you going to do about the devilment you have already done? Some fellows say, "From this time I am going to do right." Well, what are you going to do about what you have done? Here is a fellow who has just killed a man in St. Louis. He walks to the Governor and shakes hands with him and says: "I am sorry to have to tell you that I killed a man in St. Louis just now, but, before God, I am never going to kill another man. I will never kill another. I am done now. You can trust me for that." But the Governor is not satisfied with that. He says: "Here, you hold on. I am going to have you hung for that murder. You need not come any of that sort of impudence with me, telling me that you have killed one man and that you are never going to kill another."

Now, brother, suppose you keep all the commandments from this time till you die, what are going to do about those you have broken? Brother, you will find out sooner or later. You will find that you can not stand alone before the judgment bar of God. You will find somewhere between this and eternity that you need help.

THE LABORING ONES.

Come to me all ye that labor.

The fellow laboring to keep the commandments and to keep away from Christ reminds me of a man that is standing beside the roadside and let the train pass. I say to him: "That train has passed. Which way are you going?" He says: "I am going to New York." I say: "Well, why don't you get on that train?" And he replies: "Well, I like a good, honest way of getting any

where. I can walk. I did not want to crowd the train, for I saw there were a good many passengers on it. I prefer walking."

"Have you got money to pay your way?" I ask.

"Yes, I have got money," he says, "and could have gone on the train if I had wanted to. But I prefer to walk."

What are you going to do with a dunce like that? (Laughter.)

THE FOOLISH ONES.

And here is a fellow who is trying to keep decent. He is brushing his clothes so much that he is brushing them away instead of shucking them off and clothing himself in the garments of righteousness and mixing with the heavenly throng. Let us run to Christ and give ourselves to God. It is our body, and not our clothes, that needs cleansing.

A good many people believe that they can develop into Christians; they run on the developing process. They say: "I am budding now, and by and by I will blossom. I am getting along fine. I have done quit cursing."

Yes, you ought to have one hundred lashes for the cursing you have already done. Another says, "I have done quit drinking," but how about the drinking he has done in the past? Now he is going to bud and develop into a Christian, and be religious. What would you think of an old washerwoman who would put a pile of clothing on her head and say, "Boss, I am going to develop your clothes." (Laughter.) You would say: "You old dunce, I want those clothes cleaned. I do not want any developing about th' m."

DON'T WANT DEVELOPING.

Sinner, you don't want any developing;

enough! (Laughter.) You want cleansing. It is like old members of the church going to the altar and praying for more religion when they have got enough to damn them—enough to let them stay from prayer-meeting, to neglect family prayers, to go to theaters and to play cards. Brothers, do you want any more of that sort? Lord! If you get it you are gone. You are mighty near gone anyhow. (Laughter.) I'll tell you, you do not want more religion. You want a pure religion, and whenever you get just a little speck of pure religion in your soul and you go home, your husband or your wife would not know you. Give us not more but a pure and undefiled religion. It does not take much of that sort to save a poor fellow like you and I, because there is not much of us when you boil the thing down right. (Laughter.) How easy it is for a man to be declined when he gets on avoirdupois scales. He looks at the beam and sees that he weighs 200 pounds. God put him on his scales and he never shook them at all and he is going to glory with the idea that he weighs 200 pounds! Don't you see?

GOD GOES BY WEIGHT.

And that is God's plan. He goes by weight. He don't go by measure over much. He goes by weight. Brethren, above all things, let us be weighed in righteousness. Recollect, God can weigh cities and weigh towns, and weigh families and weigh individuals, and recollect the "Mene, mene, tekell." "You are weighed and you are found wanting."

Come unto me all ye that labor.

You that are trying to be decent without the Savior. You who are trying to represent morality. Let me say to you that except your righteousness exceeds the righteous-

ness of the most moral man the world ever saw ye can not enter the kingdom of heaven. "Come unto me, I know what you need, and I will give you what you need."

Come unto me all ye that labor.

That is one clause. All that are trying to be honest, decent, law-abiding people. It is just as much a necessity that you come as anybody, "for by the works of the law shall no man be justified."

THE OTHER SORT.

Then the other invitation is to—

All that are heavy laden.

That takes in all those poor fellows that have tried to be moral and upright and who feel "I am guilty before God and man. I have broken the law in a thousand places. I have sinned against God and done wrong to God and man, and I am conscious of it." God invites you. He calls "all you that are heavy laden with your guilt, who feel your guilt, who recognize your guilt, who admit your guilt, you come to God, all you nice sinners, you must come, and all you guilty sinners you come, too." That is it.

Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

REST.

That is just what this old world wants. Oh, how tired humanity is. Why, some of your citizens are in Europe now hunting rest. I would not give one night at the cross for all the European trips ever taken from this city. Rest! Rest! I will tell you something that is just as true as that I am standing in this pulpit to-night. I had been preaching during the summer months in Corinth, Miss. I had been preaching there to a great multitude of people four times a day. I preached at 6 o'clock in the morning, 10 o'clock, 3 o'clock in the afternoon and 7 o'clock in the evening right

straight along. Wife was there with me a few days, and one night we started to church and I told wife: "I can not stand and preach to-night; it is too trying; I have not strength enough to stand up and preach, and I am going to ask the people to let me sit down and talk to them."

I went to the church, and when I got up and took my text and commenced preaching, the power of God came on me, and I preached for more than an hour as hard as I could talk. And then I worked among that great audience until 11 o'clock and then we started home, and I said to wife: "I am the best rested man you ever looked at in your life. I do not feel like I ever worked a lick in my life." I went to bed and fell asleep immediately my head touched the pillow, and I slept soundly all night, and I awoke in the morning with the breezes of salvation blowing over my soul, and, as God is my judge, I never felt the sensation of tiredness for three months after that. Oh, if you want a rest go on the direct route to that rest which is the rest of the soul, the rest of the body, and the rest of all for time and eternity.

THE DIVINE DIAGNOSIS.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Well, I really did not know what was wanted. Of course I did not know what was the matter with me, I could not tell, as a diseased man, what I would want as a well man; but I will say this much, that the Lord Jesus Christ spoke peace and joy to my soul, and I felt his arms around me, and I felt his love being poured into my heart, and I said, "Blessed Master, if you call this rest, this is the very thing I want. I do not know what it is, but whatever you call it, this is just what I have wanted all the time. Oh, how this

old tired nature has been beaten and driven and tossed by ten thousand storms and temptations! Blessed Master, I am so glad you did to me like the little Lake Gennesaret when it was lashed and tossed into fury by the winds. When the storm was most furious and the disciples were afraid they approached Jesus, who was sleeping, and waked him up and said: "Master, this little boat with its crew is about to be engulfed." And Jesus awoke and wiped the spray from his forehead and he walked up to the prow of the little boat and pulled the little angry lake on his knee and dangled it to sleep, like a mother would dangle its infant child to sleep. Then the disciples said: "What manner of man is this, that the very winds and waves obey him?" God brings the tempest-tossed soul to himself and dangles it to sleep on his loving knee and protects it from the storms of life. This is something about what this rest in the text means.

GIVEN REST AND FOUND REST.

I will give you rest.

That's it. Rest, Lord. That is what we seek and that is what we want and just what the Lord will give for whatever you offer him in exchange when you give him yourself.

Come unto me * * * and I will give you rest.

Then he said:

Take my yoke upon you and learn of me.

And you shall find: (1). Given rest. (2). Found rest. Don't you see? Two souls.

I like the found rest a little better than I do the given rest. Let us take the found rest. A man sits down and he says: "I'm so tired." And I say: "What are you doing?" And he says: "I'm resting." Do you notice that as soon as he gets rested he wants to get up and go on at something else? There's the difference between rest and

resting. Did you ever know it? In the first instance, I wanted to rest. I was tired from head to foot. Now I am rested and now I want to find rest. I want to walk out and do something. Giving and going—what's giving and what's going? Come out to the heart of the West. God sprinkled gold on the top of the ground, and you can go along and pick it up. That is given gold. Now, I want some of the found gold, and I take my pick and shovel and sink a shaft 300 feet deep, and dig and delve until I strike the rich vein of pure gold 300 feet down under the ground. That is found gold. That on the top was given gold; this down under ground is found gold.

And when you come to Christ he gives you enough to let you see it is good and glorious, and "now," he says, "take the pick and shovel of gospel duty, and dig and go down until you strike the richest vein of the glories of God's infinite goodness and love." Go down, and the more you dig and the deeper you get the better the yield. And the more gallons you sweat the more ease to come. Don't you see?

Take my yoke upon you.

A GREAT DIFFERENCE.

There's a heap of difference between an ox yoked working and a wild ox in the wilderness; a good deal of difference. See that old ox out yonder in the forest; he just goes where he pleases, and he does as he pleases, and goes when he pleases, just like you do! (Laughter.) You don't work in the vineyard! You do just as you please, and that's the poorest business a fellow ever went at—doing as he pleases. There's many a fellow in hell, just because he did as he pleased—don't you see? "I ain't going to let the church lord it over me. I'm going to be a free man." Yes, and

your freedom has made your nose as red as fire! That's freedom, ain't it? That's fun! Your freedom is absolutely damning you! Your freedom is putting you when decent people know you they won't associate with you. That's an ideal freedom, ain't it? Call that freedom? "Oh, I go where I please!" (Laughter.)

See, that wild ox just goes where he pleases! I get him down here and get a yoke on his neck and now, whatever his master says do, he will do; his master says "come," and he comes; his master says "stop," and he stops; his master says "eat," and he eats; "drink," and he drinks; "lie down," and he lies down. Whatever the master says he does it.

See that old sinner roaming yonder; he goes wherever he pleases; does as he pleases. Just see him go and put his neck in the yoke of the gospel. Whatever the Master says do, he does; if the Master says "come," he comes; "stop," and he stops; he bids him "do this," and he does it; "do that," and he does that, and in all things he does like his Master says.

SOME REASONABLE SUPPOSITIONS.

Now, brother, I'm so glad it is the truth that—

This yoke is easy and the burden light.

I reckon if there was ever a man that looked to some people like he had a hard time, away from home, hard at work all the time, you see the man. And I tell you that the fourteen years of work for Christ seems to me at times like fourteen months, and I have had it look like it was just fourteen days. And, brother, those fourteen years have been to me fourteen years of rapture and joy and peace. And I have sat down in the glory of a new peace and joy and wondered if Heaven itself had anything better than this.

My yoke is easy and my burden light.

If you suffer with me, you shall reign with me. Bear the yoke and wear the crown! The crown is going to be given in exchange for the yoke! Oh, I want my neck to show in Heaven that I have worn that yoke diligently.

You all try to put a yoke on some of your members; you'd better have your stock tied before you undertake it! (Laughter.) The policeman will have to clear the streets of this town if you were to yoke up part of your stock and start down the street with them! (Laughter.) I reckon you would cut a shine. (Laughter.) They're what you call "unbroke" fellows; never yoked any before. (Laughter.)

Some of these fathers, with grown children to-day, if you were to go home and put the yoke of family prayer on you, I expect you would run away and tear the whole thing to pieces before bed-time. (Laughter.) You won't wear any yoke. Lord have mercy upon us as Christian people, that don't know anything about the yoke, the emblem of our loyalty, the emblem of our faithful service in the cause of Christ—the yoke!

Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No! There's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

BEARING THE YOKE.

Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

Here comes the illustration: Here's a little stream running along down through the meadow, and it glides and rolls and frolics along in its course, and we see it leaping over this precipice and rolling down through park and farm down yonder, and on it rolls, and on it rolls, and by and by the little creek says, "I'm so tired! I have been rolling and running and jumping ever since I was born into

the world, and I am so tired." And all at once a kind friend throws a dam right across its bosom and stops it in its course, and the little creek piles its placid water up against the dam—the obstruction; and there the little creek piles up its water, so calm, so placid! It is resting so sweetly! It stays there—resting, resting, resting. But by and by it begins to breed miasma and many other little things—mosquitoes and so forth, and its inactivity breeds corruption, and is full of corruption. And then that creek says: "I am tired of resting; now turn me loose." And the dam is removed and on it rolls, and down yonder it turns the mill-wheel, and over there it turns a factory-wheel, and as it rolls along on its verdant course the birds sip of its tide and sing its praise, and the trees on its bank are made glad and green. And so, in industrious joy, it runs clear on to the ocean, and there finds rest in inactivity.

Brother, the first thing Christ ever did for the soul was to put his arm around it and let it feel the rest of Heaven, and then the soul in its inactivity said: "Master, turn me loose now and let me go out and bless the world in a thousand ways, and find rest to my soul as I move among the children of men."

▲ GLORIOUS SERVICE.

My yoke is easy and my burden is light.

Blessed God, the service of Christ is a glorious service. Master, thou hast never asked me to do anything that did not make my wife think more of me, and didn't make me more like thyself when I was through with it. Blessed Master, because I love and serve thee, my children love and serve me. Blessed Christ, thou didst pick me up from the lowest depths, and wherever I am in the strata of this universe; to-day, if I am anything above a poor, wrecked and ruined life, I owe it all to thee;

and thou shalt have the praise of my lips and the praise of my heart in time, and I have felt a thousand times like the good old woman out at the camp-meeting. She says: "Good Lord, if you'll just save me in Heaven, you shall never hear the last of it. I'll praise you till all eternity rolls away." (Laughter.)

Oh, religion! Brother, if I was a young man I would want religion. If I was an old man I'd want religion. If I was at home I'd want religion. If I was abroad I'd want religion. If I was rich I'd want religion. If I was poor I'd want religion. If I was living I'd want religion. If I was dying I'd want religion. If I was in heaven I'd want religion. If I was in hell I'd want religion. There is no age or condition in life, in heaven, or earth, or hell, where I would not crave this priceless blessing of peace and pardon through Jesus Christ.

THE PRECIOUS CASKET.

Will you seek it to-night? Will you seek it to-night? Religion really is like a beautiful little casket given to a friend, richly inlaid with pearl and diamonds. And the friend takes it because of its beauty and its elegance, and places it on the center-table in the parlor. It is the gift of a friend, and oh, how beautiful it is, and how it is prized for its beauty! But one day the friend was looking at it and the owner touched a secret spring and the beautiful casket flew wide open, and its richest treasure was within.

Brother, religion is beautiful, a beautiful gift from God, that adorns the outward man and makes the world look on a man with love and respect and approve him for what he is. But in death a Christian touches a secret spring, and heaven, with all of its beauties and glories, opens up to his vision and charms his life and soul through all eternity.

TO-NIGHT!

God help us to seek this peace that comes through Jesus Christ, and whatever else we do, or don't do, God help us to put our case into the hands of faith to-night, to-night, to-night, to-night!

Oh, I went to two friends in the congregation last night and said to one of them:

"Friend, are you not interested? Don't you want to be a Christian?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "I am interested. I want to be a Christian."

Said I: "Take this seat there and let it be known to the world."

And he said: "Not to-night."

I went to the other one trembling over there, and said I: "Friend, come and yield to-night."

"No," he said, "not to-night."

Oh, friend! If he is such a Savior and such a friend, don't stay away from him another hour. Let's make friends with him to-night! Let's put our case in his hand, and then we can trust it there for time and for eternity! Oh, will you put your cause in the hands of Christ? The Lord help you to do it to-night in this calm, peaceful, sweet hour, in this church dedicated to God! God help you to say: "Whatever else I do or don't do, God helping me, my cause is in the hands of Christ from this time on."

THE LAST DAYS OF GRACE.

We have only two more services in this series of meetings. And how swiftly these hours are passing away! And I am looking in the face of men to-night who feel in their hearts, "I ought to give myself to God," whom I

may never meet again, may be, until we meet in another world. You may not be able to leave your home to-morrow night, or you may be sick. And you may never meet me again until I see you at the judgment bar of God. I hope to see you safe, because this night you put your cause in the hands of Christ. Oh, how anxious I am to see you do this to-night. I have done all I can. I have prayed and wept, too. I have preached and talked, although with less effect, it seems to me, than I have ever talked anywhere—but, no matter about that—let's leave that, and let's you and I put our cause in the hands of Christ to-night! Will you do it? Now we are going to stand, and we will pronounce the benediction, and then we will sing, and if anybody has got more important business elsewhere, or wants to go, you go. But, will you stay to-night, just a few minutes, friends? God help you to stay and give yourself over to Christ! Now we will receive the benediction!

CHRISTIAN FAITH IS SHOWN BY A CHRISTIAN LIFE.

We invite your attention to the 17th verse of the 7th chapter of the gospel of St. John :

If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.

We will read three of the preceding verses.

Now about the midst of the feast Jesus went up into the temple, and taught.

And the Jews marveled, saying, how knoweth this man letters, having never learned ?

Jesus answered them, and said : My doctrine is not mine but his that sent me.

If any man will do his will—

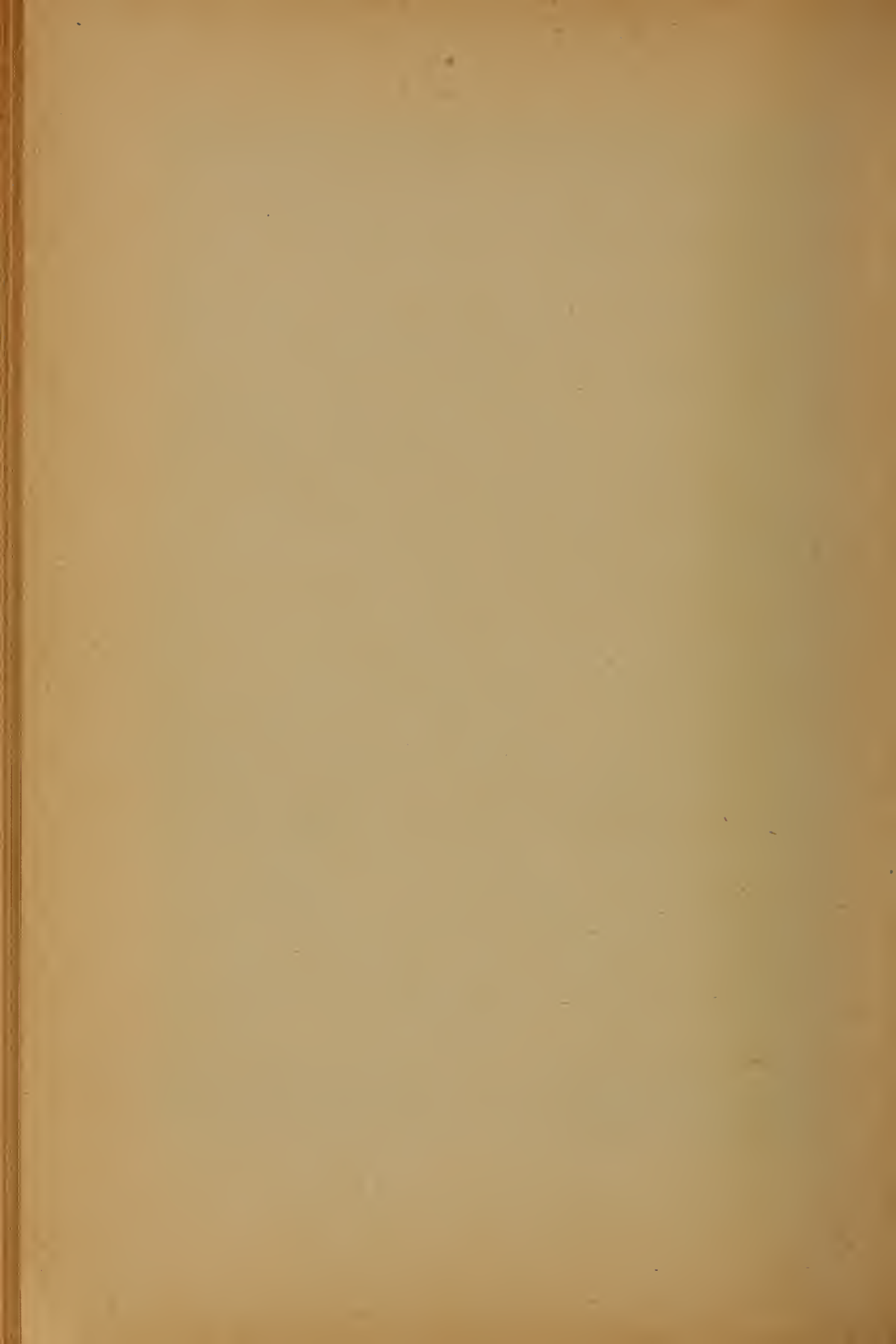
That is if any man will do God's will,
—he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.

ANCIENT DOUBTERS.

At the time Jesus uttered these words he was surrounded by the sharp calculating Sadducees, and the shrewd, cunning Pharisees, and the probing dissecting minds of the lawyers of his day. They were doubting ; they were hating ; they were despising ; they were wondering. It is natural for man to doubt ; it is very common for man to despise ; and very frequently we are made to wonder at some things. It is as natural for a man to doubt as it is for him to live a sinner, and I suppose some of you find that very natural ! (Laughter.) A great many think, "Well, I am a sinner, because I am an infidel ;" but you are an infidel because you are a sinner. You have got the thing reversed. A man does not sin because he doubts, but he doubts because he sins.



THE VISION OF THE CROSS.



I believe the quickest, clearest, grandest conversion God had under his own immediate ministry was the case of Nathaniel. When Nathaniel came up into the presence of Christ, he dropped his finger on him and said:

Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile.

And the doors of Nathaniel's heart flew wide open and he said "My Lord and my God." The quickest, clearest, grandest conversion of his ministry was the case of Nathaniel. He was without guile, and a heart without guile always opens itself when Christ is near about.

DOUBT THE CHILD OF SIN.

We sin, and doubt because we sin. I said once before you never had a sin in your life but what, if you would take hold of it and pull it up by the roots you would find there was a seed at the bottom of the tap root, and the name of that seed is Sin. And if you will quit sinning you will quit doubting just as natural as possible.

Now, these scribes and Pharisees and lawyers stood around Christ, all probing, all despising, all wondering and all hypocrites. The Bible has a good deal to say about hypocrisy and about hypocrites, but nine tenths of all the hypocrites I ever saw were out of the church. They do not belong to the church at all. When a man out there says he is as good as anybody, if he could get anybody to believe him, he would be a first-class hypocrite, but his unreliability saves him from the charge of hypocrisy. Nobody believes him and therefore he passes for what he is worth. If that man out there could create the impression that he had done as much good as anybody he would be a first-class hypocrite. His failure to make the impression saves him from the charge of being a hypocrite.

DEFINING HYPOCRISY.

Do you know what a hypocrite is? A hypocrite is a man that don't do right, but wants to make people believe he is doing right, and who don't want to do right. It takes all these elements to make a hypocrite. Now how many hypocrites do you know in the churches of this town that do not do right, who want to make people believe they do right, and who don't want to do right? How many hypocrites have you in the churches of this town according to that rule? And it is not so much what you look at as it is what sort of a fellow is looking at you. There is a good deal in that. There stood a dozen round there looking at Christ, and Christ dropped his finger on them and said, "Whom say you—you, you and you—that I am?" And they said, "You are an impostor, and you are a blasphemer, and you are the son of—a harlot." And Jesus looked over to Peter, who was standing there, and said, "Peter, whom say ye I am?" I wish I could have seen Peter about that time. Just lifting his face up, he said: "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God." Peter was a man just like the rest of them, but Peter had got into a secret they did not know much about.

We say a man doubts only as he sins, and that he will doubt as long as he is a sinner. But if you want to believe and believe with all your heart, empty your heart of guile empty your heart of all sin, strip yourself of all this, and then you take in God for all he can do for a soul.

BIG SINNER, BIG DOUBTER.

You have heard Christian people say, "Oh, I have so many doubts." Well, it is no credit to you. I will say that, and if I were you I would keep it to myself. You

just size yourself up as a great big sinner if you have great big doubts. One is the result of the other.

“My Lord and my God” is the language of the man who saw Christ for the first time, and he took him into his soul the first time he had an opportunity. There is something very practical on the human side of salvation, whatever you may say about the mysteries on the other side, and I have noticed that the practical discharge of the duties God imposes on us makes a great many mysteries very plain to us. I have found that out.

Now, I grant you that in all the ages of the world the great discoverers of this world have met with doubts and opposition, and frequently with doom. You may take Galileo, who asserted the discovery of Copernicus that this world rotated on its axis. He was arraigned, tried and convicted as the greatest heretic this world ever saw. And they laughed his theory to scorn and made him retract it, and yet when he walked out from that august body he turned and said: “And yet the world rolls on.” And to-day any little schoolboy in this town will tell you that the world rotates on its axis and rolls round the sun in its yearly revolution. I believe every being in the universe has accepted the theory that the world moves round the sun except Jasper, the preacher, at Richmond. I heard the other day he was dead. I would hate to have such a case to funeralize. (Laughter.) I would preach him to Heaven, though, on the ground of downright ignorance, for I think there are a good many going there on that platform. All opposition to this grand discoverer has died away long ago. The world has accepted his theory and praises its author for it to-day.

SOME OTHER HERETICS.

When Harvey discovered that the blood circulated from

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

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

When Morse discovered that a man might chain electricity to a wire, and that one man might sit in one city and talk to a person in another city in private conversation, the world pricked its ears up and said, "We have a sure-enough humbug now, and we will condemn him without trial. It's the most astounding humbug the world ever saw; there is no truth in it." Who doubts now that I can go into a telegraph office in this town and talk for an hour to a friend in Liverpool, England? And I say to-night of these grand

discoverers who have proclaimed these discoveries to the world, that in this day the world builds monuments to them and honors them!

THE GRANDEST DISCOVERY OF ALL.

But the grandest discoverer in this world's history was he who 1,800 years ago discovered the balm of Gilead and poured his own precious blood out to redeem this world, and that precious blood has been washing its millions for 1,800 years, and yet, to-day, after all the triumphs of the cross and the cleansing power of the blood, there is as much opposition from science to-day to the Christ crucified as there ever was in any age of the world. I reckon we would have been fighting Galileo to-day if he had abused dram-drinking, cursing and making money. I expect we would have been fighting Harvey on the same line. I expect we will fight anything that proposes to abridge our privileges to go to Hell. (Laughter.) Oh, why is it that we accept everything from everybody that is proven true, and yet when the blood-washed throng in Heaven, and the best of earth stand up and testify of Jesus' power to save, there are those who have doubts and misgivings about his power to save a soul to God.

THE TEST OF CHRISTIANITY.

Thank God, 1,800 years ago, before I ever saw the light of this world, that precious blood was shed to redeem me, and thank God, 1,800 years after it was poured out my poor heart was washed in the blood Jesus Christ had poured out to save sinners. Now, brother, I say this, and I talk with the Bible open before me, and with intelligent men and women before me. Listen. The science of Christ crucified, the religion of Christianity, may be tested just

SAM JONES' SERMONS.

like anything else. A great many say it is a sentiment for old women and children. I recollect in the town where I lived that there was a poor fellow whom they called half-witted. All the sense he had in the world was religious sense, and all the sense he had was good sense—pious sense. And they used to dub him a crank and say he was crazy. They said he was crazy on the subject of religion; and I told the people they would all feel like there had been an eternal practical joke played upon them when they walked up to the bar of God for judgment to find that poor Gus, whom they had called crazy, was the only sensible man in the town. Let me say to those who speak of the religion of Jesus Christ as the plaything of an idiot, or as a sentiment for a poor old woman in her dotage to hug to her heart, that there is something in it to engage the grandest minds and keep busy the biggest hearts this world ever saw. Let us stop to think before we deride the science that has blood-washed the world already and that proposes to save me and my child from the sins that beset us and make us meet and fit for the Master's house in heaven.

A PHYSICAL DEMONSTRATION.

Now we stop for a moment. The science of mathematics for instance, is a true science that has been demonstrated to be true. A man tells a class: "True it is that the science is true." I will say: "Demonstrate it to me." He says: "Twice two are four."

I say, "Hush, that is child's talk. Now demonstrate to me that mathematics is a true science."

And he says, "Six times six are thirty-six."

I say, "I do not want any foolishness. I want a grand demonstration that the science of mathematics is a true science."

He says: "You are a sensible man, and I will take you

over here to these Alps," those grand mountains piled up there between France and Switzerland. Those two Governments want to tunnel that mountain, and they want to begin on opposite sides of the mountain and meet each other in the middle of the mountain. Millions are involved in the undertaking, and the science of mathematics starts up and says: "I will guide you through that old dark mountain and bring you together in the heart of it." "But," says these Governments, "If you fail to do it we have lost millions." The engineers say they will not fail, and they bring their instruments to bear on that old mountain and mark out the lines.

THE RESULT.

They work there for weeks and months and years, and thousands are spent, and people wonder how this is going to come out. One day the workmen on France's side sat down to dinner. The workmen on Switzerland's side rose from their midday meal and commenced work first. The French workmen suddenly hear the rumblings of the pick on the other side and they jump up and take up their tools, and commence work again on the partition of earth, and in fifteen minutes the middle wall fell out, and they had struck one another to the one thousandth part of an inch. And there is one everlasting demonstration of the truth of the science of mathematics.

Well, we say that Christianity may be tested just precisely like the science of mathematics may be tested. It is a true science and you can subject it to the most severe test and demonstrate it for yourself. That is it. Well, here is a man who declares it to be a true science, and says: "I believe in Jesus Christ."

"Well, what makes you believe in Jesus Christ?"

"Because he pardoned my sins."

"Oh, well, there may be a sentiment about that. I do not know about that. None of your foolishness, now. I want to know whether he is divine. I want to know whether he is God or not."

A DIVINITY PROVED.

"I will tell you what I will do. Hunt me up a man born blind—one that never saw the light of this world; one whose eyes the doctors have failed to open. Get me a man born stone-blind, that never saw the light of day, and let me see him. Bring him out here. Let us give the world a demonstration that thou art God." Jesus calls the blind man up to him, and he stoops down and spits on the ground, and makes clay with the spittle. And then he takes the clay and rubs it on the blind man's eyes, and he says, "Now, go and wash in yonder pool."

VERY LIKELY.

I expect if some of the scientific of our congregations had been there that day they would have said, "Look at that now, will you? He is making a fool of that poor fellow. Science demonstrates that there are curative properties in dry earth, but wet it, and the curative power is destroyed. To rub inert wet dirt on a man's eyes and tell him to go and wash his eyes in that pool—why, he has washed all over in that pool many a time—there is nothing in it." "Well," the poor, blind fellow says, "Don't you go on speculating. You can afford to speculate on this question, but it is a question of eyesight with me and I am going to try this thing. I heard what he said." And the blind man groped off in the darkness until he struck the edge of the pool and then he stooped and pulled the water up to his eyes and washed the clay from his eyes and then wrung the

water out of his eyes, and when he looked up he saw rocks, and rivers and mountains that his eyes never looked on before. The scientific gentlemen pressed around him, and said, "Look here, old fellow, we want to make something out of this case. We admit he has healed your eyes. We admit all that, but we want you to say he has got a devil, can't you?"

The poor fellow looked up, with his eyes dancing in his head, and said, "I don't know whether he has a devil or not. I can not tell you anything about that, but I know, 'Whereas I was blind, now I see.'" And, brothers, there is demonstration for you.

ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION.

"I like that. But can't you demonstrate it some other way?"

"Bring me up ten lepers this way"—and this old world had done its best on lepers in all of its ages, and admitted having done nothing.

They bring those ten lepers up to the Lord Jesus Christ, and they say: "Master, that we may be made whole." Jesus looked at the poor lepers, and said: "Go and show yourself to the priest." The poor skeptics yonder say: "Mister, the priests won't let those lepers come around; they will hold up their hands, and tell them to keep off before anybody gets to them.

Oh, how ridiculous they make the poor lepers! Well, the lepers said: "You can argue with the Savior, but we're going to try this thing; we're going to the priest." Off they start, and before they get one hundred yards from the Son of God, one said: "The scales are falling from my body," and another said: "Such is the case with me," and one said: "I am sound from head to foot," and

another said, "I am," and one ran back to praise God for the healing of the whole.

WHAT THE TROUBLE IS.

Do you want a better demonstration of the fact that God Almighty has power and strength to heal a man than when he does such things as these? Put it to the test—that's the question.

I'll tell you what's the matter with this old world. They don't want to test anything.

In this connection, this old world reminds me of a man standing down on the far side of the hill, and I say: "Friend, there is a bright light on the other side of the hill."

He says, "No, there ain't."

I say, "Well, come, I'll show you."

"I ain't going."

I catch him by the hand and I pull him along until I get to the top of the hill, where he can see the light, and as soon as he gets to where he can see the light he turns his head over so he can't see, and I turn his head back so he can see the light, and he shuts his eyes so he can't see, and I pry his eyes open, and he says, "I don't want to see. It'll cost me something to see that light." (Laughter.)

I say to a friend here in this town—he don't believe in railroads, he don't believe a locomotive can run a lick; he has looked at them, he has examined them; they weigh about forty tons, and he doesn't see how they can run—I say to him:

"Well, friend, I have ridden on that train. It can run forty miles an hour. It can run from here to Nashville in eleven hours—340 miles.

"Oh, well," he says, "you can't fool me."

"Well," I say, "friend, there is something important in this move, I want to get you on my side, and now come down with me and I will show you."

"Well," he says, "I ain't got the money to spare."

"Well, I will pay your way. What do you say?"

"Well, I ain't going to. (Laughter.) I don't believe it. The train don't move at all."

Now, you ain't got time to fool away with that fellow at all—have you. (Laughter.)

WILLFUL INCRECULITY.

And here is a grand science proposing to make the best for the universe, and we stand up prepared to prove what it has done, and that man stands up there and says practically on his lips, "I don't believe a word of it."

Now, brother, you may test this thing. And when an infidel sits down and proposes to argue with me, I don't argue with him. I just ask him three questions, and when he gets through answering them the argument is closed, so far as I am concerned.

He says: "I don't believe Jesus Christ has power on earth to forgive sins."

I say: "Have you ever tried him? Have you ever tried him?"

"No."

"Well, will you try him?"

"No."

"Well, will you acknowledge you are a fool?" (Laughter.)

"No."

"Now, you see, we can't argue this thing any further. (Laughter.) That just settles the matter right there."

"I have never tried him, I am never going to try him, and I ain't a fool."

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Now, when a man denies everything that you want to assert, then there is no ground there for an argument at all, and I just bid him good-bye, and we go off, and I feel like I have done right, in that I have not wasted my time on a case like that.

A BOLD CHALLENGE.

If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine.

And when those scribes and Pharisees and hypocrites stood around Christ and were probing and dissecting and analyzing every word he said, Jesus turned around and threw the gauntlet down right at their feet, and he says, to put the thing to the test, "And if you don't find it true, I will acknowledge myself an impostor and blasphemer in the sight of God and angels. What more do you want than that?" And I—if you will pardon the expression—I dare any man this night who doubts—I dare you to give up your sins and take him who is a savior from sin as your portion.

If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine.

Now, it is important we stop right at this point and find out what is the will of God concerning a sinner.

Now what is it? Peter was versed, and learned at the feet of Jesus himself, what the duty of a sinner was. What did Peter say to him that day he had 3,000 converts under one sermon? He said: "Repent, ye, therefore, and be converted that your sins may be blotted out. Repent! repent! repent!"

HARDSHELL VS. ARMENIAN.

Now, brother, repentance is your part; salvation from sin is God's part with the world; and you need never expect God to do his part until you have done your part.

I heard of an old Hardshell once—he was not a convert

ed Hardshell; he was an unconverted Hardshell — and that's the worst shape I found the devil in yet. He was an unconverted Hardshell (laughter), and he would say, "What is to be is to be, you know," and he says, "If you seek religion you can't find it, and if you find it you ain't got it, and if you've got it you can't lose it, and if you lose it you don't have it. (Laughter.) And this is the way the world goes with him." (Laughter.) But when you strike an Armenian sinner, a sinner who says, "I must do something; I must seek if I would find. I must knock if I would have the door opened. I must ask if I would receive." And when you find that sort of a sinner he says: "Well, thank God, if I seek religion, I'll find it, and if I find it, I've got it, and if I've got it I can lose it, and if I lose it, I've had it." And he works along on that plan. And, after all, brethren, I want to be the Armenian before I get religion, and a good Hardshell after I get it. (Laughter.) Now, that is how I fix the thing. But, God Almighty! deliver me from Hardshellism before I get it. I am gone, certain. If I get to be a Hardshell before I get to be a Christian I am gone sure. (Laughter.)

BRINGING THE HARDSHELL TO TERMS.

Now, this old Hardshell was about sixty years old. The preacher said: "We've got a good meeting; I wish you would come down to the meeting and give your heart to God." "Oh," said the Hardshell, "I have been listening for that small still voice for sixty years." "Have you heard it?" "No." "Well you're getting pretty deaf, and if you couldn't hear it when your ears were good, how do you expect to hear it now?" He told the old Hardshell: "You come down to the meeting and seek God and

you will find him ;” and to his astonishment the old Hardshell was down at the altar and on his knees and praying that night. And next morning at the service, before the service was concluded, the Hardshell was converted to God, and he stood up and slapped his hands together, and he said: “ Brethren, I tell you that Methodism has done more for me in twelve hours than Hardshellism did for me in sixty years.” He did, sure. And, now, we tell him, “ If Methodism did that for you, you stay in it, and don’t let the devil break in on you.” (Laughter.) That’s my doctrine. But don’t you try that thing on you until you get religion. (Laughter.) If we seek him we’ll find him, if we knock it will be opened, and my duty is to repent. Repent and be converted. Repent of your sins and be turned around.

TURNING AROUND.

Be turned around ! I have said before—I repeat it to every man here to-night—there is but one road in the moral universe of God, and that one road goes to both worlds. I can take that street out there in front of this church and I can go to anywhere in the world I want to go. That road out there goes to everywhere—don’t it? There is not a spot in America that I can’t go to from that road out there. And, friends, every road is one road in the moral sense, and every Christian in this world is in the road to heaven, and every sinner is in the road to hell. The only difference between them at all is—here is heaven at that end of the road, and here is hell at this end, and the Christians are all going that way and the sinners all going this way ; and it is not which road you are in, but which direction you are going. Don’t you see? (Laughter.)

I used to think that a fellow had to go a week’s journey,

and had to cross the hills and mountains and creeks and rivers and jump gullies and swim rivers ; I thought it would take him a solid week to get to the road to heaven, but I found at last I had been in the road to hell all my life, and all I had to do to go to heaven was to turn around in the road I was in. As soon as you turn around, you are on the road to heaven as soon as anybody. Don't you see ?

AN APT ILLUSTRATION.

Old John Knight, of our Conference—Bishop (turning to Bishop Granberry, who was on the platform), you knew him—a saintly old man he was—was sitting back in the church one night listening to George Smith preach, and George was preaching of repentance, and he was agoing it, and he was speaking of evangelical repentance and legal repentance, splitting hairs a mile long and quartering them (laughter), showing which was legal repentance and which was evangelical repentance, and old Uncle John Knight sat back there listening to old Uncle George until he was tired, and old Uncle John stood up and said : “ George, won't you stop a minute and let me tell them what repentance is ? ” And George said, “ Yes, Uncle John. I always like to hear you talk. ” And Uncle John started up the aisle this way, and he said, “ I am going to hell ; I am going to hell ; I am going to hell ; ” and when he got up to about the end of the aisle, he started right back, and he said, “ I am going to heaven ; I am going to heaven ; I am going to heaven. ” (Laughter.) “ Now, ” said he, “ George, tell 'em to turn around (laughter) ; that means repentance ; that means conversion ; and don't stand there splitting hairs on evangelical and legal repentance. (Laughter.) ”

WHAT CONVERSION MEANS.

God have mercy upon us and show us that the will of God

is that we be converted. And converted means nothing more than turn around. "Verto" means "to turn." A man takes that road to the right hand and turns to the right—that is "verto" to the right; and a man takes this road to the left—that is "verto" to the left; and if you put that little "con," meaning "altogether," it means to turn round and go right back in the other direction. And when a man turns his back on sin and turns to God he is as much on the road to heaven as any man in the universe. God help us to see that. If you want to go to heaven and are on the road to hell, just right about. If you are on the way to heaven and you want to go to hell, Christian, just right about. We have heaven at one end of the road and hell at the other. God help us to-night, all of us, to turn our backs on sin, and then we have turned our backs on hell and our faces on heaven. And then let us move off. That is the will of God. That is it; that is it.

Oh, how I wish I could get 500 persons to-night that are on the broad road just to see that all that God asks of them is to turn around. It is yours to turn around and then it is God's to bring the times of refreshness upon your soul. That is it.

TAKE A STAND FOR THE RIGHT.

Now, I turn to another point here. The greatest man that Christ ever touched his heart almost was St. Paul. I say here: When he fell down before God and the voice said: "Why persecutest thou me?" and he said: "What wilt thou have me to do?" And the Lord said to him: "Rise, stand upon thy feet."

Brother, the first thing a man ought to do is to get up from a life of sin and take a stand for the right. "I will take a stand." That's it. St. Paul put it afterward in this

shape: "I fought a good fight." And when St. Paul said, "I fought a good fight," he said two things in that one sentence with a vengeance. First, "I got over on the good side;" and secondly, "I have fought with all my ransomed powers." First, I get over on the good side, and when I am clear over I want a fellow to get so far over the line, if he wants to fall over the line his head would not fall within ten feet of it. If he falls over, I want him to fall clear over.

A Christian has no right in the devil's territory.

CHRISTIAN OWNERS OF LIQUOR STORES.

A fellow says: "I go in a bar-room because I got business in there." But what business a Christian has got in there—that's the mystery to me.

"Well, I go in there to collect my rents." (Laughter.)

Yes, yes; and I'll risk the bar-keeper's chances of heaven before I'll risk yours, you old hypocrite, you! You understand that? The bar-keepers and whisky men are not the meanest men in this town. But if you can find me a member of the church that runs a house and rents a place of business for them, I will show you a man that is not only as mean as a bar-keeper in every other respect, but he adds to it the sin of hypocrisy. Now (turning to the ministers on the platform), say "Amen." (Laughter.) (To the reporters) Put that down. These preachers state they said "Amen!" They said it in their hearts. They say the reason they didn't holler the "Amen" is because I leave in a few days and they have to stay here, you know. (Great laughter.)

A NICE LITTLE STORY ABOUT THE DEVIL.

I say, let a man stay on God's territory if he is a Chris-

tian, and let him stand there with his weapons drawn, and let him fight for the right. That's it.

I saw some time ago where a young lady member of the church went to a ball and danced, and died there in the ball-room, and the incident said further that after a few minutes the devil came right in and gathered up her soul and started off with it. A few minutes more and St. Peter came along, and he saw that a Christian, a member of the church had died, and he said:

"Where's the soul of the member of the church?"

They said:

"The devil has just carried it off."

"Well, how long has it been gone?"

"Oh, just a few minutes; not long."

And St. Peter started off at break-neck speed and said he would overtake that soul and the devil shouldn't have it. It was a Christian soul, he said, and away he ran, and presently he overtook the devil, and he said:

"Hold! Hold on there! You made a mistake this time!"

"WHAT?" said the devil.

"Why, you've got the soul of that girl, and she's a Christian."

"Well," says the devil, "I didn't know that. I got her over in my territory and I reckon she's mine." (Great laughter.)

FIGHTING FOR A CROWN.

Well, now, you can't afford to run over on the devil's side. (Laughter.) Anyhow you'd better mind how you die over there. (Sensation.) I want to get back before I die. St. Paul said:

I have fought a good fight.

And by that he meant: "I have come over. I have taken a stand on God's side." And when a man takes his stand on God's side the powers of hell rush upon him, almost before he has time to draw his sword. It is like Bunyan pictures it, when his pilgrim is in the Interpreter's house.

I saw, also, that the Interpreter took him again by the hand and led him into a pleasant place, where was built a stately palace, beautiful to behold, at the sight of which Christian was greatly delighted. He saw, also, upon the top thereof certain persons walking, who were clothed all in gold.

And the Interpreter took him and led him up toward the door of the palace; and, behold, at the door stood a great company of men, as desirous to go in, but durst not. There also sat a man a little distance from the door, at a table-side, with a book and his inkhorn before him, to take the name of him that should enter therein. He saw also that in the doorway stood many men in armor to keep it, being resolved to do the men that would enter what hurt and mischief they could. Now was Christian somewhat in amaze.

At last, when every man started back for fear of the armed men, Christian saw a man of a very stout countenance come up to the man that sat there to write, saying:

"Set down my name, sir."

And when he had done this he saw the man draw his sword and put a helmet upon his head and rush toward the door upon the armed men, who laid upon him with deadly force. But the man, not at all discouraged, fell to cutting and hacking most fiercely. So after he had received and given many wounds to those that attempted to keep him out, he cut his way through them all, and pressed forward

into the palace, at which there was a pleasant voice heard from those that were within, even of those that walked upon the top of the palace, saying:

“Come in! Come in!
Eternal glory thou shalt win.”

So he went in and was clothed with such garments as they.

And so with you, brother. After you have fought the good fight, and steel has clanged against steel, and you have warded off blow after blow, and dealt stroke after stroke upon the enemy, until your worn-out blade drops from your nerveless hand, God shall say to you:

“Come up higher. You have fought the good fight, and I have helped you! You have conquered and I will crown you.”

And Heaven is just the other side of the hardest battle man ever fought in the world. (Applause.)

TAKE A STAND FOR GOD.

Take a stand for God and the right! That's it.

What is the will of God concerning me? Peter said, “Repent and be converted.” God said to Paul, “Arise! Stand on your feet.”

Take a stand! Take a stand! I have never yet known a Christian man—a man who wanted to be a Christian—to take a stand that God didn't come to him.

Take a stand! I have never yet known a soul to eschew evil and say, “I take a stand for the right,” that God didn't come to him.

Sir, what is the will of God concerning me?

Listen just a moment! It is to give up evil and take a stand for the right. Are you willing to do that? There's something very practical about that, brother. Listen!

If any man will do the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine.

That is, know it for himself. And then I would have you notice another fact in the text:

If any man—

That looks in the face a whole world of human beings and points its finger at each one of you and says: "If you," and "If you, sir—if you, sir, do what God tells you to do, you shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether Christ spoke it of himself." That's the text.

And I tell you another thing. I'm never troubled with any doubts when I'm doing the will of God. I'm never troubled with any doubts when I'm doing what God tells me to do, and every doubt I have ever had was when I had refused to do something God told me to do, or else I willingly lent myself to evil influences.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine.

Now just a word or two, brother, and I close. I feel very earnestly in sympathy with, and very prayerfully concerned about many people in this house to-night. I have stood here and looked in your faces night after night and time after time, and I see that this is the crisis in many lives in this house. A man told me last night. Said he: "I went home last evening with a promise made to a gentleman at the church, 'I will pray to-night before I go to bed.'" He wouldn't come here to this altar night before last, but he made that friend promise to pray for him. He said: "I went home, and the impression upon my mind was: 'Well, there's a crisis upon you, sir. It's now or never, may be with you,'" and he said: "I knelt down and said: 'O God, the crisis is upon me! Show me hope in thy word.'" And he opened his Bible and his eyes fell on this:

I cried unto the Lord and he heard me.

SAM JONES' SERMONS.

And he found hope in God, and last night he testified to his experience in Jesus Christ, his Lord.

Now, brother, hear me. The time has come for action. The devil don't care who does the will of God. It is not who feels the will of God, nor who is willing to do the will of God, but if you want to throw off all the enemies of your soul and walk up to Heaven, you just commence to do the will of God! That's it.

TIME FOR ACTION.

Time for action now. Now or never. You have thought enough. You have looked enough! You have listened enough! You have heard enough! You have shed tears enough! You have been serious long enough! The time comes now for action.

How long halt ye between two opinions? How many more hairs in your head would you have turn gray? How many more days would you have misspent? How many more Sabbaths would you while away in sin? How many more precious opportunities would you lose for doing good? How many? How long halt ye betwixt two opinions? Why not start to-night and say, "I will do the will of God the rest of my days?"

Fourteen years ago, a sultry, warm August day in our southern State of Georgia, a poor helpless, wretched, undone being I was. Oh, how dark my life and how helpless my future and how sad my surroundings! And I refer to these things with the utmost shame, and never refer to them except to glorify the power of my gracious Savior for what he has done for me, and I want to tell you, brother. You might get me to doubt that I had on a coat; you might get me to doubt that I am in Dr. Brookes' Church to-night; you might get me to doubt I have been in St. Louis four

weeks; you might get me to doubt that I have a wife I love more than myself; you might get me to doubt that I love my children; but I can never doubt this fact, that fourteen years ago last August some divine power called me up from my grave of shame and guilt and made me a new creature, and from that day until this I have been no more the same man that I was before than if I had been two different men altogether.

THE LAST APPEAL.

Now, brother, hear me! Give your heart to God to-night and start this 18th day of the December month, so that you can say, "From that time until death comes to me I want to be as much changed as if I had been a different man altogether." Won't you say that? God help you! I never found peace until I began to move toward God. And the way to get out of the way of God is to run up to him, and the way to make friends with God is to walk up in his presence and surrender to him.

Oh, how I wish many souls here to-night would say, "God being my helper, I intend to start to-night. I have put off this question long enough." Won't you, to-night? This is the last week-day night service here to-night, and won't you now say, "God being my helper, I will make my peace with God. I will turn round to-night. I have been going in the wrong direction all my life."

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

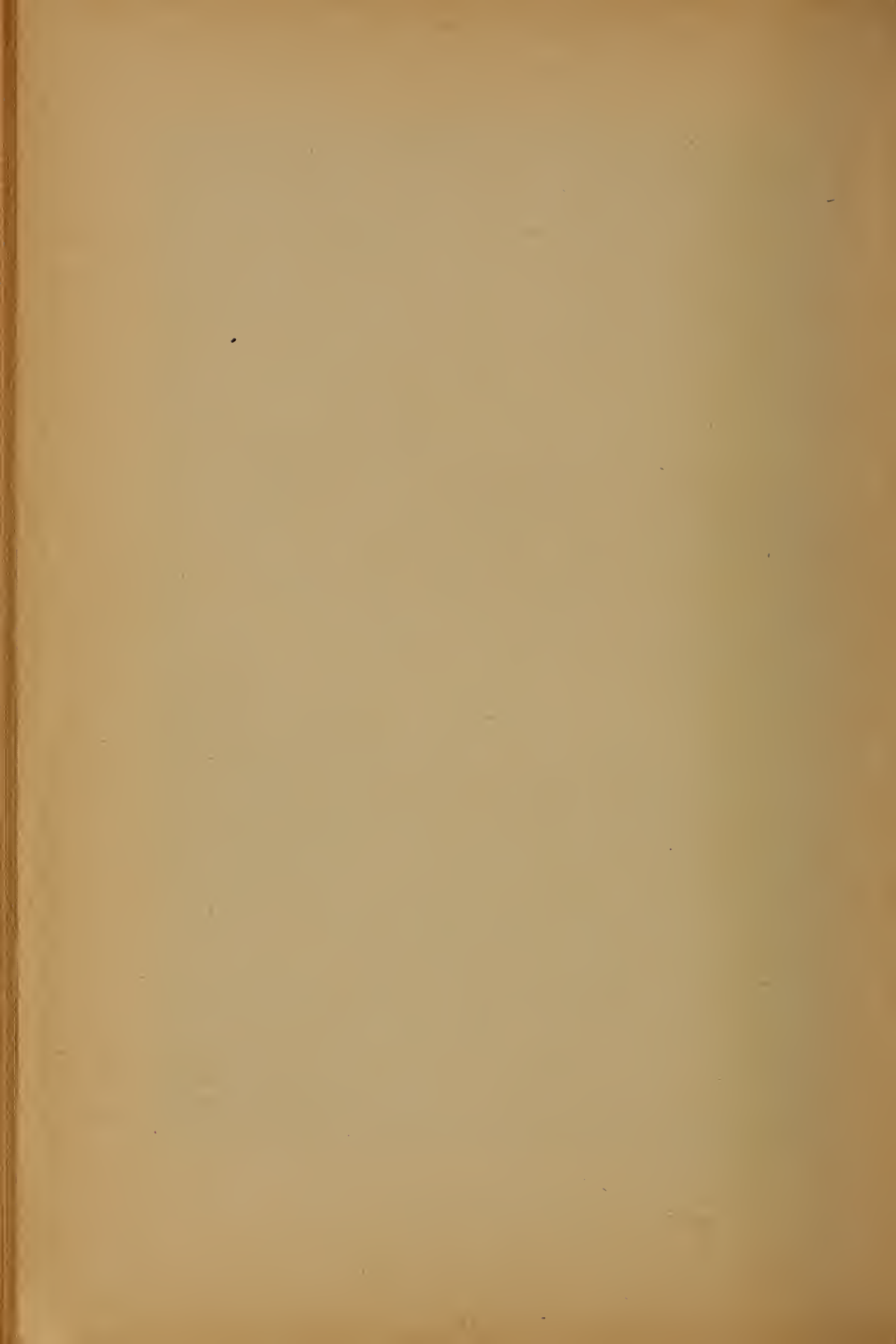
We invite your attention to the 14th verse of the 31st chapter of the book of Job. I see how uncomfortable you are, and we will discuss the text hurriedly and have service over as soon as possible. This sea of Christian faces and earnest hearts is enough to repay any man for thirty days of earnest labor. This is a sight you may never see again in this world, and, oh, may God sanctify these services to the good of every one present! May every soul in this great packed house to-night say "I want to give myself to God; I want to live right and get peace."

A FEW WORDS OF THANKS.

There are one or two things I want to say to you before we proceed to the text. There are many things at this hour to gladden my heart and I feel grateful to God for the co-operation and prayers of the hundreds of Christian people and of all those faithful ministers that have stood by my side. I thank God for the hundreds and thousands of Christian people in this city who testify that they start out from these services with renewed strength and with their religious life quickened, with their brightened, with their faith stronger. I thank God for all this. Then we are grateful to God for the hundreds, I know not how many hundreds, that have given themselves to God and to a better life. I have seen as many as fifty at a service profess faith and love in Jesus Christ. I have seen at other services forty, and I have seen at some thirty, proving this evidence of a desire to begin to do the right. This much I can say: we are satisfied that hundreds have de-



THE GOLDEN LADDER ;



cided and made choice of Christ as their personal Savior and are seeking Heaven as their final home.

DISCOURAGING FEATURES.

There are some features of these meetings that when we look at them we are discouraged and heartsick. While we glorify God that hundreds have been quickened unto a new life, and that thousands and hundreds have been brought to Christ, yet it makes our hearts sad when we see thousands that are out of Christ, and I never can rejoice with my whole heart over those that have found Christ, when I am sad over the thousands that are still lost. May Christ go out after the lost sheep of this city, and hunt them, precious Savior, till you have found them all, and lay them on thy own loving shoulder and bring them all back to the fold. ("Amen!")

I leave here with a sad heart. I go away from many new-made friends; I go away with a consciousness that many names and faces are written on my heart. You may read them there in Heaven, I trust.

▲ SAD SUMMONS.

I leave your city to go to the bed-side of one of the sweetest, best sisters a boy ever had, or maybe to her funeral; I know not. I have been very sad all day, and yet rejoicing. I think this has been the sweetest religious day I almost ever spent in my life. The Lord came upon us at Centenary and his blessings came like the falling snow, and we scarcely knew that grace was falling until we were covered up all over with the snows of divine grace which had fallen. Let us look for such a service to-night. I shall carry you away in my heart and in my memory, and I shall pray for you, and the greatest favor I can ask of you is to

pray to God that I may be a faithful preacher, a good man, a gentle, loving father and a husband in the highest sense of the word. God bless you all.

THE TEXT.

And now the text—the 14th verse of the 31st chapter of the book of Job:

What then shall I do when God riseth up to judgment? And when he visiteth with punishment, what shall I answer him?

Now, all gospel-taught men believe that there is a great day in the future of this world's history when God will examine every spiritual fig tree to see if there be figs thereon. We all believe that there is to be a great day in the future when God will call upon every man for usury upon the talent intrusted to his care. In other words, we all believe who lean upon that book that

God hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness.

It is spoken of in the scripture as the day of the final restitution of all things. It is spoken of in the scripture as the great day of God's wrath, when the question of all shall be, "Who will be able to stand?" Will you, will you, will you, will I, will you, will you, will you, be able to stand in that great day?

WHO SHALL STAND ON THAT DAY.

To stand then means to stand forever. Oh, the great day of his wrath, the judgment day, the great day in the future when God shall summons men and angels alike to the great white throne, and when every man shall give account of himself unto God!

Now, some think that judgment is past, and some think that judgment is going on now, but I believe the scripture when it says—

God hath appointed a day in the which he will judge the world in righteousness.

It is spoken of in the scriptures as a "day." I don't think we are by any means to understand that God will judge this world in a period of twenty-four hours.

THE TERM "DAY."

This term "day" is used indiscriminately in scripture. For instance, it is written our Savior said—

Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it and was glad. Not any particular twenty-four hours of his life, but the whole thirty-three years of his existence on earth was comprehended in that term, "day." Again, our Savior said to the Jews:

Oh, that thou hadst known in this, thy day, the things that belonged to thy peace.

Here he referred to no particular twenty-four hours he spent in Jerusalem, or upon the bosom of the lake of Genesaret, or on the hills of Jerusalem, but the whole three years of his ministry was embraced in this term, "day." And now

God hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness.

A FINAL JUDGMENT.

And I dare assert this fact: The issues of that day are eternal. When once God says: "Depart ye cursed into everlasting flames," there will be no after-jurisdiction; there will be no revisionary control. When God says, "Depart," the sentence is written, and shall sparkle forever upon the tablets of eternity. And the issues being eternal, and there being no after-jurisdiction or revisionary control, no higher court to which we can appeal, we say God will not hurry matters on that occasion. God will give every soul ample time and opportunity to bring out all the "pros" and "cons" on that occasion. And of this much I rest assured, that up there it will not be like it is in our courts here We grow

tired of long trials here ; we grow tired and hungry and homesick, but up yonder we will be spiritual beings, we'll know nothing of hunger or weariness, and I believe that an aggregated world can stand before God's great white throne a thousand years and listen to the issues being sifted between God and each humansoul. God will give every man justice, no matter what time may be necessary to hear all of his case. God will never say to you with final emphasis, "Depart ye accursed," as long as there is hope of your acquittal.

AN ETERNAL EXPLANATION.

I may say, again, that I am glad there is such a day in the great future, and I am glad there is such a day appointed. Without such a day as that there would be a great many things in eternity that we never could understand.

I have fondled the thought to my bosom for thirty years that I would meet my precious mother in Heaven, but if I walked the Elysian fields from shore to shore along the banks of the river of life, and I could nowhere find my mother, I would wander through all eternity. "Oh, where is my mother and why is she not here?" But with a day like this, when the whole universe shall stand before God, and God shall individualize my mother and she shall press her way out of that multitude and stand alone before God, and all that may be said for and against shall be brought out ; and if, after a fair investigation and just sentence, God shall say to my mother : "Depart ye accursed into everlasting flames!" then I will understand it.

Let us not be disturbed and let us think that we never had a more serious discussion before us as a congregation. This little company gathered here to-night will be but a

drop in the great ocean that shall be gathered yonder before the great white throne ; and when on a day like that after all the issues have been brought out and all the questions solved and justice done and God says to my mother : " Depart ye accursed," I shall say " Amen " to my mother's damnation ; I will say : " My mother is condemned, but God is just."

Without such a day as this in the great future before us we might meet parties in heaven that would astonish us. We have known many a knotty, gnarly hard-to-be-understood Christian in this world, and we have thought : " Well, if this man gets to heaven I would be surprised," and without such a day as that if we should meet such a man in heaven we would wonder through all eternity " how could this man have got there ;" but with a day like that before us, when God shall bring this brother before the great white throne and shall strip him of all his idiosyncrasies and shall show you all the pure gold of his character and shall say to him : " Come ye blessed," a universe will stand around and say " Amen " to this brother's commendation.

WHERE IS THE PREACHER ?

There are persons in this world that might fail to meet their faithful preacher in heaven. The book says :

And many in that day shall say : Lord, Lord ! have I not prophesied in thy name and in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works ? and he shall say to them, depart ! I never knew you.

And if after roaming through heaven I could never find the faithful preacher that won me to Christ, I should wonder, through all eternity, where was the preacher that was so earnest and brought me to Christ, and I never could understand it without a day like this. But when the whole universe shall appear around the great white throne, and God shall individualize the preacher, and he shall stand

before God alone, and God shall strip him of his hypocrisy or his unfaithfulness, and show you what he was and say to your brother :

Depart ye accursed into everlasting flames!

We will all say "Amen" to that preacher's condemnation.

THE PREACHER'S IDIOSYNCRASIES.

I have thought of this. But for that judgment day I would be very different from what I am. A great many men say : "Well, he has more idiosyncrasies, he has more peculiarities, he has more about him that needs trimming off and needs adjustment than any preacher I ever listened to."

Well, you see me in contrast simply with other preachers. I say to you to-night, as God is my judge now and shall be at the final judgment. I say to you to-night here is one man that talks and lives and teaches just as naturally as he ever drew the breath of life.

I don't try to cultivate this style or to adjust myself to this or that man's notions. You can't please everybody—you can't. I have heard one person coming out of the church cursing me at every step and another one bragging on me at every step. Well, thank God, I've got half of that crowd on my side, and a man is doing first rate if he can please one half of the community; I have found that out. I say to you this: I care not for your opinion. If God is with me and God will help me and God will strengthen me, what does your criticism amount to? Your criticism, just all there is of it, is between here and the graveyard. It don't reach beyond at all, and your commendation or your condemnation now is not going to help me at all up yonder or set me back up yonder. I have said to preachers, and I have said to people: "Now, you want

to advise me and you want to counsel me how to preach! Now, I have got just one question to ask you: 'Have you got the job of judging me on the last day?'" They say: "No." "Well," I say, "now you run your machine and I'll run mine. Until you get the job of judging me, I care very little about what you think or what you say; but if you've got the job of judging me, I'll preach to your opinion, I'll preach to suit you exactly."

A FAITHFUL PREACHER'S STANDPOINT.

Hear me! A faithful preacher is looking to eternity and looking to the judgment bar of God and looking to his own convictions. For I say to you to-night, whatever may be your opinions or your views, I have not preached a sermon in this city that I didn't realize in every utterance of it, "I have got a soul in my own body to be saved or lost," and the greatest calamity that can befall me is not to fall under your condemnation or your criticism, but the greatest calamity in time or eternity would be to have God say to me at the final day, "Depart ye cursed into everlasting flames." May God help you to hold the preacher up and to stand by the preacher, and let God judge him about the way he does his work (amen), and we would be a great deal better off in the world.

RELIGION OR A CONGREGATION.

A preacher told me once: "Why," said he, "Jones, if I were to preach like you do I would lose my religion."

"Well," said I, "If I were to preach just like you I would lose my congregation."

And I don't know which is the worst, a preacher without religion or a preacher without a congregation. If a man don't have religion he can get it any morning before

breakfast, but getting a congregation is a right big, hard thing, if you never tried it.

And I say each man to his work and to every man his work. I say to you all in all love and kindness to-night, I have preached the truth just as I believed it with all my heart, and I'm perfectly willing to meet you at the final judgment bar of God about the way I have preached in your city. I know it is the opinion and the view of some people in this city—professed Christians—"If he had come to our city and just attacked sin, why, he would have had a grand success, but he ran off on theaters and dancing and playing cards." And I want to tell you all right here, if there isn't any harm in cards and theaters and dancing, it is a very strange thing to me that you never catch spiritually minded Christians getting tangled up with them. Did you ever notice that? I want every spiritually minded Christian in this house that has played a game of cards in ten years to stand up. (One man rose.)

I want every spiritually minded Christian in this house that attends theaters to stand up. (No one rose.)

I want every spiritually minded Christian who gives dances at his or her house, or attends dances, to stand up. (No one rose.)

You needn't be looking around! They won't get up! (Laughter ;

FRIVOLOUS AMUSEMENTS.

Oh, my fellow countrymen, let me say to you, in all love and kindness, to-night, I never struck any surer, more deadly blows for this city than I have in denouncing these things, which are but the stepping stones to worse and more fearful sins. (Amen.) Beer and whisky and a thousand things are hurting your city, but I tell you that the

graduating school that opens to the grosser evils and turns them loose upon your children forever is the sinful home amusement. I tell you all to-night, I am sorry for any home in which the flood-gate of worldly amusement has been lifted and the home has been flooded, and I have seen it in your children until it made my heart ache. Your children can hardly be impressed with gospel truth. I say :

“ Do you dance ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Do you go to the theater ? ”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Do you play cards ? ”

“ Well, sometimes.”

And there's your child under your roof that you have hardened and petrified until he can not be permeated by gospel truth. It is this tide of worldliness that is sweeping over our homes, that is cursing our city and dooming our homes. Don't forget that !

I know there are two sides to this question. I know there are two sides. I could have come here and denounced stealing, and said, “Thou shalt not steal,” and everybody in town would say: “Go it. That's right. It's wrong to steal. Everybody knows that.” I could have come here and preached, “Thou shalt not murder,” and everybody would have hollered “Amen.” But when I come and preach against the things that are despoiling your homes and paralyzing your spiritual power, you jump up and rise up and say, “That won't do.” (Laughter.)

Brother, sister, hear me to-night. God knows in my heart I wouldn't abridge the privileges and pleasures of any man in this world. I want us to have all the pleasure and all the enjoyment God can give while in this world, but the Lord God keep me from feeding upon the husks that swine do eat !

Judgment! Judgment! We will look to the final judgment. Well, now, with that day squarely before us, let us antedate that day. Let us see what it is in all its outlines. Let us imagine this world already standing before God just like you are standing before me to-night and God shall individualize a soul and that soul shall walk out into the presence of God unprepared for death and the judgment.

THE GREAT QUESTION.

Now the question comes up—

What shall I say when God riseth up in judgment?

What shall I say? Now let us run over this question practically for a minute or two, and I will hurry through as fast as I can, and may God impress upon your consciences this question and these answers:

“What will I do? What will I do?”

Well, that man may answer: “I tell you what I will do. I shall fly away from the presence of God; I won't come up to be judged.”

Brother, listen! If you take the wings of the morning and fly into the uttermost parts of the earth, God's there. If you make your bed in hell, lo! God is there; and no wonder the man of God in ancient times said:

Whither shall I go from thy presence? Whither shall I fly from thy spirit?

There is but one way of getting out of the way of God, and that is to run up to God. I can not get out of the way of justice. What will I do? I am unprepared, and I can not fly justice and get away. Well, what will I do? Will I defy the authority of God and say, “I won't be tried by this court?” Here is the court and here I am a prisoner. Men have sometimes defied the authority of courts on earth, and said: “I won't be tried by this court.” But shall I do

that up yonder! poor, puny, defenseless worm that I am; shall I defy the great judge of all the earth, who in his omnipotent power laid the flaming mass upon the anvil of his eternal purpose and pounded it with his powerful arm, and every spark that flew from it made a world? Shall I resist such an omnipotent God as that? Why I can not do that. I can not get out of the way of God. I can not defy him to his face.

SHALL I PLEAD "NOT GUILTY?"

What shall I do? Shall I plead "not guilty," with every angel of Heaven and the record of earth against me? Shall I plead "not guilty?" What will I do? I can not get away. I can not defy God's authority; I can not plead "not guilty." What will I do?

Brother, that is going to be the question some of these days that will wake you up. You mark what I tell you. Mothers, you hear me a moment. In my town I saw a mother sit for a solid week in court while her boy was on trial for murder. He was a schoolmate of mine, this boy, and they tried him for murder, with his mother sitting pale and anxious a whole week in that court house. She heard every witness testify, and listened to every word, and at times her lips would quiver, and at times tears ran down her cheeks, and at other times you could almost see her heart literally leap into her mouth. And when the trial was over and the jury had gone out to consider the case, and the court summoned the jury after they had found a verdict, that mother took her seat. And the foreman of the jury walked up with the bill of indictment in his hands and handed it to the clerk. The clerk took the verdict out of his hands and read:

We the jury find the defendant—

And it looked like the mother would die before the remainder of the verdict could be read, and there, the next word what will it be? Oh, that mother's heart is bleeding! What will that verdict be?

We the jury find the defendant—

What? What? What? What? All a mother's life and a mother's heart's blood depends upon what these next two lines shall be! When they were read,

—Not guilty.

this mother jumped up and slapped her hands and said: "My son shall live."

TO MOTHERS AND FATHERS.

Mother, these children you are neglecting shall stand before that great tribunal up yonder. You are not interested now. You do not care now. Oh, mark the expression! The time will come when the interest of your children will wake you up. You will be wide awake some time.

Father, you fathers that won't pray and talk with your children, mark you, father, you may not care to-night, but you are going to care about those children, and God help you to say to-night: "Whatever else I do I'll train my children to meet God in peace.

What shall I do when wife and children and myself shall stand before God? What will I do? What will I do? Oh brother in that hour your mind will work rapidly, and all the thought of the universe will be bent upon the question: "What will I do? What will I do?"

Now I want to say this to you. You can not do anything. This is the world for doing, down here, and that is the world up there for receiving judgment for what you have done. Do you get the idea? You can not do anything there but you can do something here.

What will I say? Suppose that a man was summoned to judgment to-night at twelve o'clock and went up before God unprepared, what would you say? Will you say that you never heard a sermon in your life? Will you say you heard a thousand but never understood them? Will you say that you think you are as good as half the people in the church? Will you say that you never saw any necessity of giving your heart to God and becoming religious? Will you say that the reason you did not try to do right was because about half the people in the church were hypocrites? What will you say?

THERE IS NO REASON.

I once approached a man—he was a sensible man—and I said to him: “Hear me! I want you to join the church to-night and give your heart to God.”

He said: “I can not do it.”

I then said: “I’ll tell you what I’ll do. If you’ll go home to-night and sit down and write out a reason why you won’t, that you think will stand the final judgment, then I will never mention it to you again.”

The next day I met that man and he said: “Jones, what you said to me impressed me very deeply. Talk about writing out a reason that will do up yonder! It can’t be done.”

And, friends, you may have a thousand reasons here, but if you have not one reason that will do up yonder, you had better not risk your soul on them.

I tell you, every man of you, to-night, if you have no reason that you think will answer up yonder at the judgment bar, you had better surrender to-night, for your little talk that you make down here is not going to be worth a cent up yonder. I do not expect that any man will say up

yonder that he does not believe there is a God, or that he does not believe there is anything in religion, or that he hadn't heard a gospel sermon to suit him, or that there was no church to suit him. I wonder what people will say who go up yonder unprepared. What will they say? Oh wonder of wonders! What will they say? I have thrown away all my time, and I have thrown away all my privilege and I stand before God condemned to-night! What will I say? What will I say?

THE CHRISTIAN PLEA.

Now I might go on at length here and call up the reasons that you may give, but brethren, if you ask me what I am going to do at the final day, I am going to say to the Judge of all the earth—I am going to say to him then and there—I have nothing to do but stand and trust in the blessed Savior just like I stood and trusted in yonder world with him—and if you will ask me what I am going to say, I will tell you it will be about this—

Jesus, lover of my soul!
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high!
 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me!

Oh, blessed Christ, help us to do to-night just like we will wish we had all done when we stand up yonder! Help us to say to-night just what we can say up yonder, and God will help us and bless us because we do say it.

THE PRESENT OPPORTUNITY.

Fathers, listen! Do not go another step wrong. Mothers, come to God to-night! Sons and daughters, let us live for

the final judgment day, when God shall call us into account for our lives and actions in this world below, and then we will be prepared.

Oh, if I can get by that day safely, I am safe forever, but, oh, God help me to live in reference to that day, in every word of my mouth, by every act of my life, by every thing that I do. God help me to live in reference to that final day when I shall stand before him. As I stand before this great multitude, you and I will have to stand up yonder, and I trust that no man that ever heard me preach the gospel will ever hear God say to me :

Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting flames.

I am going to do my best to live up to what I preach and shun the evils I denounce. I intend to try and live a pure and upright life and trust in Jesus Christ, and I know that if religion is a sham and the Bible a fable, that I have the best that this world can give. Call me a fool for believing it, but thank God I am a happy fool—I am a happy fool. And if it turns out to be true, my friends, you will be miserable philosophers in eternity forever. God help us to decide to-night that religion is the best thing on earth, and that heaven itself can give us nothing better than religion. And if this is true, let us have it in time, and have it in eternity, and have it forever.

GOD BLESS US.

God bless you all and save you all! I wish I had strength to talk to you longer, and you were comfortable so you could hear it. I might say many things on this text, but I want to say this, and let it be my parting words. As a poor sinner fourteen years ago saved by the cross, it was the language of my heart then, and when I get to heaven the language of my heart shall still be :

Worthy is the lamb that was slain to receive all honor, and riches, and power, and dominion, forever and ever.

God bless you all and God keep you all and God save you all.

THE LAST APPEAL.

Let us decide to-night to be the Lord's the rest of our days, and now before I pronounce the benediction, how many people in this house will stand up with me as I stand and say, "God helping me, I am going to prepare for the great final judgment when God shall judge all men." Now will every person—why not to-night? Why not to-night?—will every one present; you that are standing up will you hold your hands up, and you that are sitting down in the church arise and say to me as I look in your face, perhaps for the last time forever—how many will stand up and say, "I want with you to be ready for that judgment day?" Now every one that feels that way let us stand up before God and say it with all our hearts.

The congregation rose to a man.

Brother Jones.—Well, thank God! thank God! Hold up your hands if you are standing up.

All standing in the aisles, about the pulpit, at the rear of the church and in the corridors and approaches to the edifice raised their right hand.

Brother Jones.—Thank God! Here are thousands, we might say, to-night that say: "We will live for a better day." Let us live so that we may be ready for the judgment. May God bless you all, and carry on this good work, and save thousands of souls.

God bless this city, with all its interests, for time and eternity.

Now, may the blessing of Almighty God abide with you forever. Amen.

The "Hard-of-Hearing" Speechless Children in our Schools for the Deaf.

PAPER READ BY R. S. RHODES, OF CHI-
CAGO, AT THE FOURTEENTH CONVENTION OF
AMERICAN TEACHERS OF THE DEAF, AT
FLINT, MICHIGAN.

"IN what manner can we best serve the interests of those pupils in our institutions, who have a good degree of hearing?" I find this question asked in the reports of the superintendent of one of our large institutions, issued June 30, 1894. I also find in this report a statement that of "384 children whose hearing was accurately tested, 60 had a record of hearing varying in degrees up to ten per cent.; 35 a record varying between ten and twenty per cent.; 47 between twenty and thirty per cent.; 18 between thirty and forty per cent.; 7 between forty and fifty per cent.; and 16 of fifty per cent. and over"—in all, 183, or nearly fifty per cent. of all children tested, are not totally deaf, but are simply hard-of-hearing people.

In 1879, I visited many schools for the deaf in this country, and tested the hearing of many deaf children, and in 1880, I visited many institutions and schools in Europe, and have made accurate tests of the hearing of the deaf children wherever I have been; and I find that

forty per cent. of the children in the institutions and schools throughout the world possess ten per cent. and over of hearing, and are capable of being educated to speak through the sense of hearing with mechanical aid. This being the case, and this question being asked by the superintendents of several of our institutions, showing a willingness on the part of the superintendents of these institutions to utilize this hearing and teach aurally to speak, well, then, may this convention pause to consider this question, affecting the interests of half of the children in the institutions represented by you gentlemen present. And let me say that it not only affects the interests of those children in these schools at the present day, but will affect the interests of those in all time to come, not only in this country, but other countries throughout the world. Most of you have up to the present time ignored the fact that these children could hear, and have treated them as totally deaf children, and they have been graduated as such, and in most institutions in the world to-day are being graduated as such. Well, I say, may we consider "in what manner we can best serve the interests of those children who have a good degree of hearing," and well may this convention give much of its time to this important question, and let us answer wisely. God has bestowed upon half the children whose welfare is in your charge ten per cent. and over of nature's own means of learning to speak. This being known, shall we longer ignore the fact? We see adults on every hand, more deaf than many of the children in your schools, using

mechanical aids to hearing, and enjoying the use of their own voices, and understanding others well. What they can do with mechanical aids, you can teach these children, with an equal degree of hearing, to do. Forty per cent. of the children in your schools hear better than I can. My degree of hearing in the left ear is about seven per cent., and nothing in the right, and I can hear with the audiphone, at conversational distances, almost perfectly, and can hear my own voice, when speaking against it, quite perfectly. You will allow that if the deaf can hear others and can hear themselves, there is no reason why they cannot be educated aurally, if they have mental capacity. No, there is no reason why they *cannot*, but there is a reason, and a potent reason, why they *are* not, and that reason lies with you, the teachers of the deaf. But you cannot be wholly blamed for this, because I allow that even with this instrument which I carry, you, with perfect hearing, find no improvement. But those with imperfect hearing will find great improvement. You hand the instrument to one who has never enjoyed the benefit of hearing, in learning articulation, and you find he answers you that he can hear but little, and you use his judgment and say that he cannot hear sufficiently with it to learn to speak, when you should know that they who have never learned to speak know nothing of the value of sound, and are perfectly ignorant as to how well they should hear to enable them to learn. You know you are succeeding in some degree in teaching them to speak when they hear nothing; if, then, they may by any means acquire simply the vowel sounds of our language, by hearing them, what a great advantage would this be to them in learning to speak! And I assert that

where a person enjoys one per cent. only of natural hearing, this instrument will improve his hearing to a degree that will enable him to acquire a knowledge aurally of the vowel sounds, and thus enable you to teach him to speak. Sixteen years ago when I visited the institutions in this country and Europe, for the purpose of urging that the hearing be appealed to, and carried with me this device, and selected classes that could hear, and freely presented this instrument for their use, every child was being instructed as though it were totally deaf, and in some instances I was told that a slight degree of hearing rendered a child more difficult to teach by "our" method. That may be very true, for some of these children possessed twenty or thirty or even fifty per cent. of hearing, and I should suppose that it would be natural for them in such cases to be at first inclined to listen, and it would be some trouble to overcome this inclination. As for me, I believe that ten per cent. of nature's means, ten per cent. of natural hearing power, is worth more in learning valuable speech than one hundred per cent. of substituted methods. I could teach to speak two languages to a bright student, with ten per cent. of hearing, before you could teach him to speak one with all methods ever used, without the hearing. Yes, ten per cent. of a sense that God has endowed us with is too valuable to throw away, and we have no right to ignore even one per cent., when we have a device which will improve it and make it valuable to us, as in this sense of hearing we certainly have. I am sure the audiphone will improve thirty per cent., and bring one per cent. within the scope of the human voice, and valuable speech may be taught. With the audiphone one may speak to

a dozen or two dozen, or three dozen, at one time; and the sounds that reach the listener with the audiphone, according to my judgment, are far more natural than those reaching the listener by any other instrument. Music itself is perfectly enjoyed with the audiphone, whereas, there is no other instrument that will reveal the harmonies of music in their perfection, and therefore, I say, it is the preferable instrument for teaching, but it is not the only instrument.

Each child carries an instrument of value, which I believe has never before been spoken of or used, and which I would like to explain to this convention. You may simply allow a deaf child to close his teeth firmly; this brings the upper jaw in tension, and when his teeth are firmly closed, he may speak and hear his own voice more distinctly. You will not hear him so well, but he will hear himself better, and he may study in this manner, with his teeth firmly pressed together, until he can acquire the knowledge of every sound in the English language, and one must be exceedingly deaf—I would say totally deaf—if he cannot hear himself speak with his teeth firmly closed together. Now, you gentlemen of perfect hearing may try this; you will find it gives you no results, but do not decide at once that what I have said is not true. Let those who are deaf try it, and they will find that they can hear. Thus, the deaf have some advantages; it requires a deaf person to hear through his teeth. This may be one reason why some teachers decide that the audiphone is not of value to the deaf, simply because they of perfect hearing cannot hear with it. With the double audiphone you speak between the discs, and you get back to yourself the double power

of your voice—that is, the deaf will get it back. One with perfect hearing will see no results, because the same result will be attained through the natural organ first, but one with defective hearing will receive the results. I would place the audiphone in the hands of each child with any degree of hearing remaining, and have him study his own voice at his seat, while speaking against it. He would have to study aloud, as it is *his* voice we wish to cultivate. It is more important that the child should hear himself speak than that it should hear others, and when the child comes to recite, its articulation of mispronounced words may be corrected. Very slow progress would be made if it was required to speak aloud only at recitations, and very hard work on the part of the teacher could be avoided by having the child study the sounds it produced at its seat, and while studying its lesson. I would advise that where many are being taught, the class should pass into a quiet recitation-room. It has been my experience in institutions I have visited that I have been able to teach classes of a dozen children to speak plainly thirty to one hundred words in two or three days, whether they have received previous instruction in articulation or not, and at this rate it would require but a very short time to give them a vocabulary that would be of practical value to them. I have, however, selected those possessing the most hearing, and that would be faster than the average could be taught; but all intelligent children, with five per cent. of hearing can be taught as valuable speech as I possess. My articulation may be defective, but I think you have been able to understand what I have said, and, poor as it is, I would not part with it for all the possessions any

one of you may have. And here, gentlemen, you are depriving half of the children in the institutions that you teach of an articulation that might be as valuable to them as mine is to me, or as yours is to you.

I have known institutions where the teachers themselves have used this audiphone, and have taught children who could hear naturally better than themselves, and did not allow them to use it. By what line of reasoning they can justify this I do not know; or why they should deprive the innocent child of the blessings they appropriate to themselves. And these poor children, ignorant of the value of the slight degree of hearing God has conferred upon them, are sent to the schools for the deaf for instruction, and thousands are being sent forth from these institutions ignorant still of the great value the hearing they have would have been to them had it been utilized in teaching them to speak. Teachers, will you continue to do this? Will you continue to graduate this large class of hard-of-hearing children as children perfectly deaf? If you do, you commit a grievous offense and an offense which will not be forgotten or forgiven. You will deprive fifty per cent. of the afflicted children given to your care of valuable speech and an education to articulate sounds. You deprive them of the enjoyment of God's most-valuable gifts, speech and hearing. You in a great measure deprive them of the means of making a livelihood. The hard-of-hearing, speaking person will succeed well in most callings. The responsibility for the present rests with you; in the future this will all be done. Are you prepared to say, "We will not do it; we will leave it to the future; we will continue in our old methods," or will you rise equal to the occa-

sion and deserve the blessings of future generations? As for me, I would rather be the inventor of this little device I hold in my hands, and the author of these few words I have addressed to you, knowing them to be true, and feel the satisfaction I feel in having devoted the past sixteen years of my life to this cause, than to be the inventor of any device that merely serves commercial purposes. Commerce may be benefited in a thousand ways, whereas an affliction may be alleviated in but few.

A Vote of Thanks.

On motion it was

Resolved, That the thanks of this convention are due to Mr. R. S. Rhodes for his valuable paper.



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Paris France R. Rhodes
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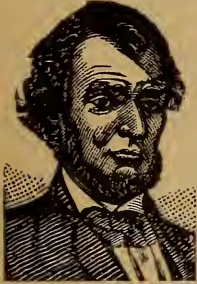
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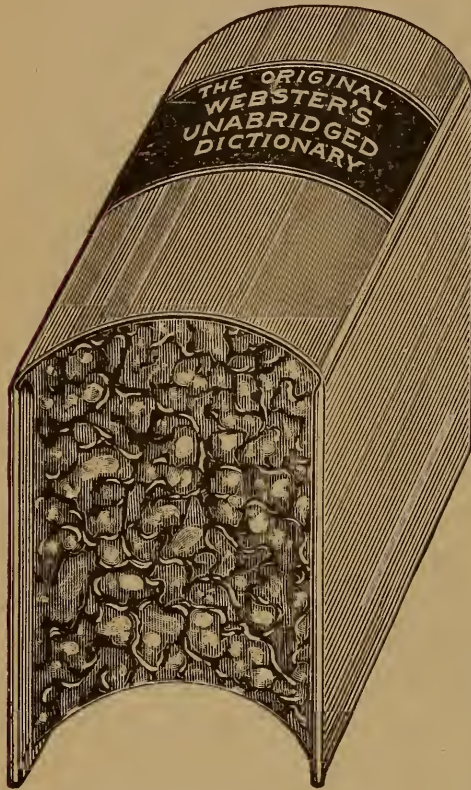
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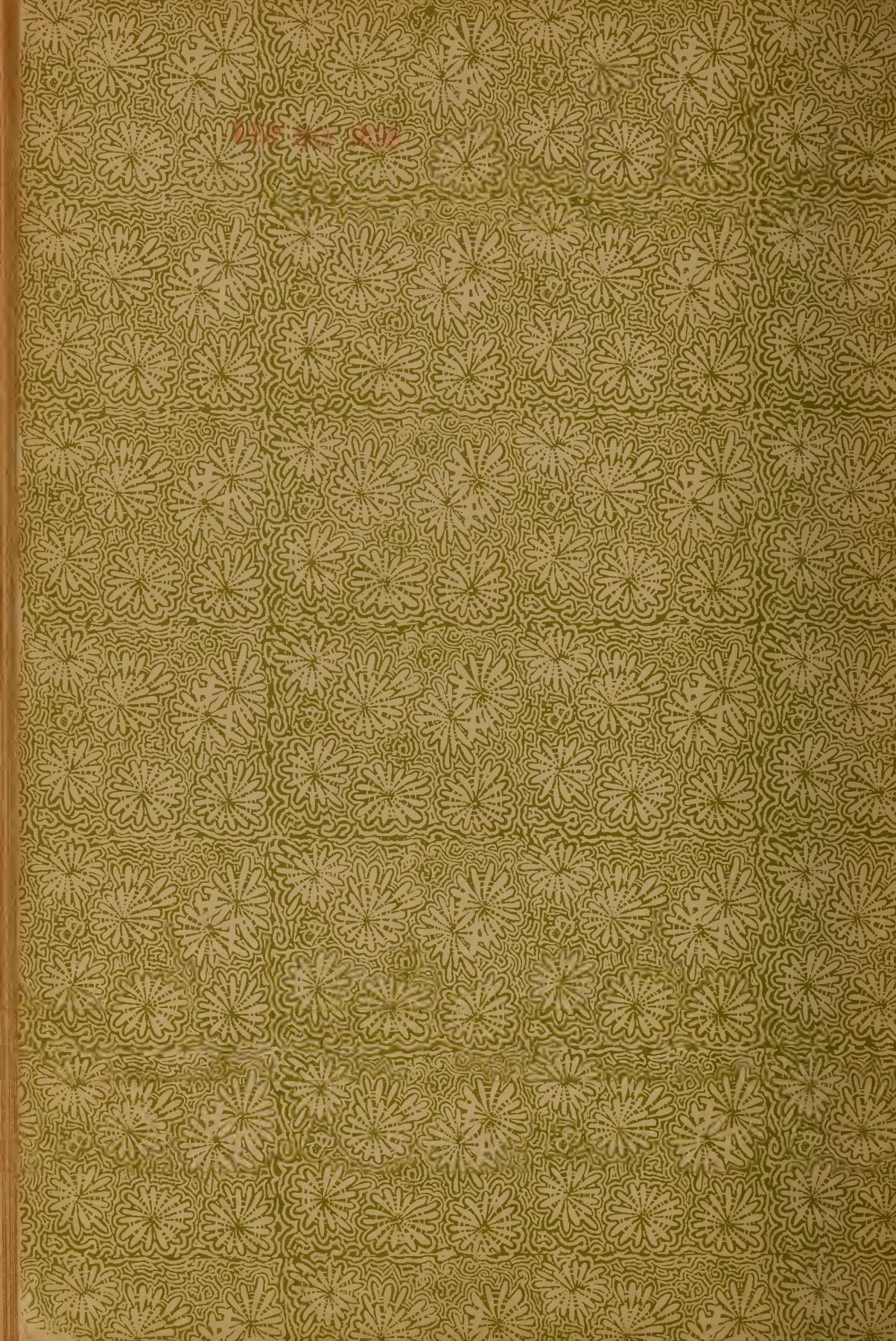
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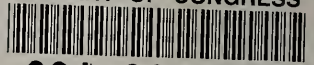
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