

# **Life and Sayings of Sam P. Jones:**

A Minister of the Gospel

The Only Authorized and Authentic Work

By his wife  
Assisted by  
Rev. Walt Holcomb, a  
Co-worker of Mr. Jones

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## **BOOK FOUR**

### **SOME OF HIS SAYINGS**

#### **CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE**

#### **SAYINGS OF SAM P. JONES**

“Our church don’t forbid dancing,” exclaims one. Which is your church? All of the grand churches of the land are outspoken against it. If any church sanctioned dancing I would not stay in the little thing long enough to get my hat — I would run out bareheaded.

I wouldn’t give the spirit of the old negro woman down South for all of the alleged faith of some Christians. She was coming down the street with a big basket of clothes, singing happily as a lark, when a citizen said to her: “Good morning, aunty; you seem to be happy as a lark this morning.” “Well,” said she, “I is, boss.” “Have you any money laid up?” “No, boss, I hasn’t.” “Have you a home?” “No, boss.” “Well, how do you live?” “I washes fur it,” said she. “The Lord is my shepherd and I ain’t g’wine to want.”

“Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.” When God’s dinner-bell rings all you want is an appetite, and you can walk in and there’s a place for you.

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

Don’t imagine that because you have burned up no meeting-house and killed no preachers you will get in at the fool’s door.

God have mercy on men who have not got sense enough to be faithful to the vows made to their wives!

Don't allow your boys to learn gambling at home, and then you, in a hypocritical old age, go around bewailing their fate. A woman in Chicago told me her husband worked hard all day, and she played cards with him every night to amuse him. I told her to ship him to an asylum, for there they play cards for amusement. A game of cards is the game of starvelings, mentally and spiritually. Sisters, you who have such husbands, I tell you what to do: Buy him a tin horse and a tin horn. Make him straddle the tin horse and blow the horn for him. Sister, don't let the children laugh at him. Tell the children that their little papa has worked hard all day, and wants to be amused. Sister, sister, get him a tin horse.

I can stand anything better than I can stand a hypocrite. I always did have a hatred for shams and humbugs and cheats, and of all the humbugs that ever cursed the universe, I reckon the religious humbug is the humbuggiest.

Now the general pulpit style of America is about like this: "Here I am. Rev. Jeremiah Jones, D.D., saved by the grace of God, with a message to deliver. If you repent and believe what I believe, you will be saved, but if you do not, you will be damned, and I don't care much if you are."

I am sorry for the preacher that has got so low down in his theology that he is trying to establish the fact that there is no hell. I know of men trying to establish the fact that there is no hell. A gentleman said to me a few days ago that the fact was nearly established. I said to him: "When did you start your exploring party down there, and when will they return to report?"

The infidelity that is hurting the church in this nineteenth century is not theoretical infidelity; the infidelity that is demoralizing the church and the world is practical infidelity: the fellow that believes the Bible and won't do one thing. Now you have got a fool and a rascal mixed in one compound. It is the most awful compound that Christ ever tackled. He believes in prayer meetings, but he has not been to one this year; he believes in the missionary cause, but he gets out with the least he can give; he believes in family prayer, but you can't prove it by his wife and children. He goes on the principle that he that believeth not shall be damned, and he believes in everything. If your sort was put on the market and everybody felt toward you as I do, you would not bring much — you would not.

The church of God is the last place to be solemn in, provided you have lived right. If I have lived a true and upright life, when I meet Christians I will smile. If I have been swindling widows and dishonoring my God and myself, when I come to church there will naturally be the solemnity of the graveyard.

I have met with hard old sinners who have said that church members have stood in their way. I don't wonder at this. Why, some church members gouge each other. Some borrow money from each other and never pay it back. Some backbite each other. No wonder they go for old sinners. I never call any names, brothers, but each fellow knows his number when I hit him. Let's get right, and there will be found enough water in the fountain of life to wash away every speck of dirt.

There are old money-lenders in this city who, if they were to get to heaven, would not be there three weeks before they would want to set up a sort of corner-lot business.

Quit your meanness, and tell God you mean it, if you wish to be saved. You need not be skipping around the Lord with the devil's old musket on your shoulder.

God pity the man that is boarding with his wife in a fifty-thousand-dollar mansion, and is cheating the widow and orphan!

"I have doubts," says one. Well, you just quit your meanness and you will quit doubting.

I'll tell you one thing, riches you get wrongly will not only curse you, but will curse your family after you are dead and gone. I was talking this evening about the ill-gotten gain of some man in \_\_\_\_\_. A poor family was found by a reporter starving to death and nearly frozen in the late cold spell, and when they came to find the cause it was found that they were making garments for a house in \_\_\_\_\_ that was paying fifteen cents a dozen. That sort of money will turn into brimstone, and you will carry enough brimstone to hell with you to burn you forever, if that's the way you get your money. I will tell you another thing: Fifteen cents a dozen for making garments is communistic fire that will burn this country up some of these days.

What is hell at last? It is the very quintessence of selfishness and selfishness is hell. There is not an element in hell that does not enter into selfishness, and the supremely selfish man has already lighted the fires of hell in his soul that shall burn forever.

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

One sin is enough to cut the soul adrift from God. I've seen men who were not afraid to die; but I never saw a man who was not afraid of the judgment-bar of God.

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

Let us quit drinking, boys. A dram-cup in my hand broke my father's heart. Quit drinking, boys. It'll drive the roses from your wife's cheeks, and they will never come back again.

From a governor down to a dog pelter, I would not vote for a man that touches, tastes or handles whisky to save my life, and you can never redeem America with a legislature whose breath is tainted with whisky.

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

This liquor traffic has come down to where it is a question of blood and death and hell. These women are getting tired of seeing their husbands go down to drunkards' graves; these mothers are tired of seeing their sons go to a drunkard's hell.

I went down into the dirt to bring back a wayward son to a good woman, and she turned up her nose at me. God help you to turn up your noses at your drunken husbands and boys, and not at the man who brings them back to God.

Watch the association of your children. Do not allow your boys to go with young, rich debauchees simply for the money. Why, some of these scoundrels can get drunk on Saturday night and then on Sunday evening go to church with the sweetest girl in the family. We need some old-fashioned daddies who would meet these young bucks at the door and kick them clean out into the street. Some girls in a Southern city married a lot of fellows to reform them. That town soon had a batch of whippoorwill widows.

We are all created on a common platform; we are all redeemed on a common platform. When God gave one a chance he threw the gates open to all.

If God will empty your heads and hearts of all the error you have packed away in them, I will preach enough truth to save you to-night.

That old Colonel will sit out there on the street and pronounce his opinion, so and so. Young men will say, "It is my opinion." They got that from the old Colonel, and he got it fresh from hell. They all say, "My opinion." Very few men think. One or two great minds do the thinking for Europe. One or two great minds do the thinking for America.

A man incased in his own opinions is beyond the reach of the power of God. See the old farmer in the house smoking quietly: a storm gathers, and a cloud loaded with electricity is overhead; the lightning strikes the rod on the chimney and throws itself into the earth, and the farmer sits and smokes as if nothing had happened. The gospel of Christ flashes above the heads of the multitude and descends with sin-killing power, and strikes this outside encasement of every man's own opinions, and runs off into the earth.

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

What is culture worth if it is but the whitewash on a rascal? I would rather be in heaven learning my A, B, C's than sitting in hell reading Greek.

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

Take an ordinary Methodist, now a backslider, and strike him down with a six-weeks' spell of typhoid fever, and you can do more to get him better spiritually than by preaching five hundred sermons. Shake a sinner over a coffin and turn him loose and he will hit the ground running a mile a minute.

Going to church is like going shopping: you generally get what you go for — no more and no less. A woman will go into a store with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods all around her, buy a paper of pins and walk out; that is all she came for.

At every conference you notice delegations going up to the bishop from the leading churches. One delegation will go to the bishop and say: "Bishop, we want you to send us a preacher this year that is popular with the young people." Another delegation will say: "We want you to send us a preacher that is popular with other denominations." Another crowd will go in and say: "Please send us a preacher that is popular with sinners." Another crowd will say: "Send us a preacher that is popular with everybody." But I tell you that I never heard of a delegation going up to conference and asking the bishop to "Please send us a preacher that is popular with God Almighty."

I am willing for anybody to have more money than I have, and more land than I ever expect to have, and more stocks and bonds than I can ever get, but I am not willing for any man that walks this earth to have more religion than I have. I can get as much as a soul full, and that's about as much as an angel can get. If I am a Christian, I will be a Christian; if I am a Methodist, I will be a Methodist; if I am a Presbyterian, I will be a Presbyterian, and if I am a Baptist, I will be a Baptist. I am going to be one all over, through and through, but I wouldn't be a little old dried-up, knock-kneed, one-horse, shriveled nothing anywhere.

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

Did you ever look at your heart until you saw it? You have glanced at it. The hardest thing a fellow ever tried to do in this world is to be good with a bad heart. A man was once trying to cleanse out his spring. He was working and tugging away, when a stranger came along and said, "Say, look here; take that hog out of the spring, and all will be well." Many a man is trying to cleanse the spring of his life with the devil wallowing in the fountain.

The best way in the world to kill a fellow is to love him to death; then you don't have to bury him.

You turn the lovable side of your character on everybody else, and everybody will love you. You turn the unlovable side of your character to everyone, and they will do the same. I moved into a settlement once, and the man I lived next-door neighbor to was not liked by anybody, and he did not like anybody. I went in there and turned the lovable side of my character to him, and he did the same to me. I found out that when he came there he had turned the unlovable side of his character to everyone, and everyone had turned their unlovable side to him.

I've heard it said that God loves good people and hates bad people. Glad it's a lie. God loves the meanest man that curses this world to-day as much as he loves the best man on earth. A mother has five boys. Four of them are preachers, the other is dissipated, godless, bad. You can go to that mother's house and say what you please about those preachers, but don't you say anything against poor John. If you do the mother will jump on you in a minute. She doesn't allow anybody to say anything about John.

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

He who loves the most is the one who's got the immortal capital. God give me love for a millionaire field in heaven. You'll have plenty of elbow room there. Thank God I've not got anything in this world to forgive. I shall never get mad with any man unless he treats me worse than I have treated the Lord Jesus Christ.

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

“Oh, to be nothing, nothing.”

and you have sung it until it has got to be true of you. That is just about the way the whole thing has come out — just nothing. If you want to be nothing, just lam in. I don't! I want to be a man, and I want to be something, and somebody, and I want to go somewhere when I die, and I would rather go to hell than to go nowhere.

“Gentleness.” Beecher once had a horse brought to him for a buggy-ride, and he asked, “Is that horse gentle?” And they answered: “Yes, sir; he is not afraid of anything in the world, and he will work anywhere.” And Beecher said: “I wish I had one member in my church like that — not afraid of anything, and will work anywhere.” I saw a great big fine bay horse once that would not work anywhere except to a light, striped buggy. These Sunday morning eleven o'clock Christians are striped-buggy fellows. Some of you have not been to church only at eleven o'clock Sunday morning for years. That is the dress-parade crowd. These striped-buggy fellows! If you were to hitch them up to a prayer-meeting they would run away. If you were to hitch one of them up to family prayers he would kick the buggy all to pieces. A liberal, cheerful, working woman is worth her weight in diamonds to any community.

If you'll give me one thousand people who have religion like Peter, James and John I'll take this town. There's plenty of people in this city who will come up and say, “Stick it to them. Brother Jones. You can't lay it on too hard,” and when I ask them to come on, they say, “My wife is more feeble than ever before; my three children are down with influenza, and I think one of them has got heart trouble.”

The wedding over, the honeymoon passed, and years of happiness come. One day the husband began to drink. There is a volume of ten thousand pages in that very sentence. If woman knew what it meant. If every man could see into the future. He could read it and would not go on.

The spirit of gentleness and the spirit of temperance. Be not only temperate in regard to liquor, but be a total prohibitionist on that subject.

I want to tell you, brethren, that it takes more money to run one old red-nosed drunkard than it does to run any member of the church in this city.

Every signature put to a license in this city by the authorities stamps the concurrence of every voter in the city in the nefarious business. The bar man sells the drug to feed his wife and family, and the revenue derived from licenses goes to defray some petty matter of lighting or cleaning the streets. The bar man is a gentleman and you are the guilty parties. If I were going to sell whisky I would come to Toronto, the nicest city in the world, and get a license from the Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians in authority. When I died I would tell my wife to put the license in my coffin that I might have it when the Angel Gabriel sounded the last trumpet to awake the dead to judgment. When God called me to account I would pull out my license, signed by the Christian people of Toronto, which I paid for, and which authorized me to sell whisky, and do you know God would send the whole shebang into hell together.

I want to see a man who drinks whisky and never told a lie about it.

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

If your husband loves whisky better than he loves you, you had better get away from him — the sooner the better.

What do you think of an elder who has to think of the question about barrooms before he can answer? When you ask a preacher he says: “Why, I consult my board, and if they are, why I are too.”

How many people do you know who would go to the front ranks and spill their last drop of blood for the salvation of these people here in this city?

I don't want to be a gentleman if I have to get drunk. Do you? No man can be a Christian and drink whisky. Whip the fight. We can put whisky out of this town if we go in to whip the fight.

A fellow said to me: “I can raise the devil as well as you can, but I always get licked.” I told him he had better stop. There is no use in raising the devil if you are going to get licked.

I never will be satisfied in Georgia till we put legs on all the barrels and demijohns in Atlanta and move them away from our boys.

How did I become a drunkard? By drinking wine like some of you do. If any man had tasted what I have and been where I have been, he'd be recreant if he did not preach as I do. You get some letters as I do and it would go to your heart. I'm not only not going to drink but I'll fight it to perdition, and when perdition freezes, then I'll fight it on the ice. If you can make it any stronger than that, put my name to it.

Nobody but an infernal scoundrel will sell whisky, and nobody but an infernal fool will drink it.

Most of the churches of this country are in the wagon. Some are singing, some dancing, some cursing, some praying, some drinking, all in the wagon, and the little poor preacher out in the shafts.

Because you are reckless you can rush into fearful dangers without a quiver of the muscles. So many men are reckless. An Alpine hunter shoulders his gun and walks along an eight-inch path, while the dog beside him quivers with fear. Don't rush into the face of God at judgment unprepared. At best, we have only threescore years and ten. You, with your constitutional vigor, may go to seventy and be pouring into your body poison all the time. Strong drink sends many a man to his grave twenty years before his time. Men are greedy to be lost, and anxious for damnation.

Temperance is a great regulating force of man's life. No man can drink whisky and be a Christian. Bob Ingersoll, the worst in the country, says whisky is God's worst enemy and the devil's best friend. I never got so low down as to discuss a man who drinks vile lager beer. There ain't a four-legged hog in the country that'll drink beer. But lots of two-legged hogs will. And the ladies are absolutely drinking beer for their health. Shame on them! The only hope of America is in her sober mothers, for when they debauch themselves their children will be born full-fledged drunkards.

Faith works by love, purifies the heart, and overcomes the world. Have you got that? Then you have got light. You don't believe what you don't see. Did you ever see your backbone? Some men believe they have a backbone, when it is nothing but a cotton string run up their backs. There are two different kinds of faith. There is a faith that is always in a receptive attitude. With mouth wide open and hands extended, about all you hear from that sort is: "Lord, give me something." What is it you want? "Oh, just something, that is all. Just give me something." Everlastingly on the beg. And some people think they cannot get along unless they are begging all the time. Look here! Did I tell the truth when I said God was our Father and we His children? I know what that relation is. Suppose when I go home to my sweet children that every time they come around me they are begging: "Papa, please give me something; anything you please. Please give me something." Continually begging! Why, I would carry a brush with me whenever I went home and give them a good whaling.

The hardest thing a poor fellow ever tried to do in this world is to give himself to God just as he is. He wants to fix up and brush up and arrange the matter. Oh, how 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's the hardest job a man ever undertook to turn himself over to God just as he is.

I will choose to be a Christian and won't bother about God's promises. He is not slow to do His part.

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

The difference between Christ and the modern preacher is that Christ said, "Follow me," and the preacher says, "Get down there at the altar and agonize."

Every barroom is a recruiting office for hell.



I tell you what tickles me: to see an old sinner come in and pull out an old, lame, dwarf member of the church, and lay him down and measure by him. "Look here, boys; I am as long and broad and good as this member of the church!" I would die, if I was a decent man, to lay myself down by the side of such a man. Why don't you go and pick out one of these grand old Christians? You would look like a rat terrier lying beside an elephant. You quit measuring by these dwarfs.

The wife either makes or unmakes her husband.

Take the marital relations. No holier or diviner institution was ever known to man. Tamper with it and you are tampering with the very foundation of society. Our mothers, the emblems of virtue, and our daughters are the duplicate of their mothers. If a man tampers with virtue down south it means two charges of powder and a charge of buckshot.

The first question in this world is this question: "What will become of my children?" I notice this spring that little Anna has on Mary's dresses. Little Mary has outgrown them. I notice that little Paul has on Bob's coat. Bob has outgrown it. I say, "Wife, see how these little fellows are growing!" but they are growing a heap faster in my heart. When they are young they step on our toes, and when they are grown up they step on our hearts. Oh, you mothers ought to go in partnership with God in rearing your children!

Thank God for these singing, shouting mothers! There is music in their voices.

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

Let me say in all kindness the reason I despise card-playing, drinking, dancing, and all worldliness, is because I know they are the subterfuges of the devil to keep us from thinking about our immortality. If there is no harm in them, they will curse you forever, because they will keep your mind off things that will save you forever.

If I had ten thousand angels to preach to to-day, every word I should say would be pure. Our Saviour preached to men. His Sermon on the Mount would not have had so much in it about adultery if He had been preaching to angels. God keep me dead honest in dealing with souls. I want to lay my gun on the rail and aim straight. If I hit you on the side, I did not mean to hit you there, but right square in the head. If you think I hit you accidentally, you never made a greater mistake in your life. I hit you with malice aforethought.

But some of you say, "Now, Jones, you are too hard on us. This is a hard country. Everybody looks out for himself, and I am obliged to live." That's a lie. You ain't. How come you to think you are obliged to live? Why, you ain't obliged to live a minute, but you are obliged to do right. That's one excuse for this roundabout way of serving your Almighty God.

Just as the makers of a piano can put it in tune, God can set the Ten Commandments to music in man's soul, and all will blend in perfect beauty and harmony.

We're mighty like sheep. The tendency of a sheep is to stray off.

When you have spent all, it seems, so far as you are concerned, that nobody else has anything.

If I had a thousand tongues they should all talk for Christ; a thousand hands, they should all work for Christ; a thousand feet, I'd put them all in the way to heaven.

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

What the alphabet is to a man of learning, repentance is to a man going to heaven.

God don't want anybody to prove anything that is true.

To get there in the grandest and best sense of the word is to have your citizenship on earth pass you to your citizenship in heaven.

Sometimes a fellow ain't mad about what he's mad about.

A man will not confess his sins before he quits them.

The Lord has a magnificent army on dress parade.

I like to see the cross fences in the church pastures taken down. I like to see the Presbyterian come over in the Methodist pasture a while and the Methodist go over and feed on the final perseverance grass awhile. Somehow or another when they come back they stick better. Good Lord make us so earnest fighting the devil and sin that we will forget which our church is.

A Christian girl runs a great risk when she marries a sinner.

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

It ain't whose wife you are, but what sort of a wife that fellow has got where you live.

I believe a blessing is one of two things. It is either given by God to man because that man has done his duty and God has paid him, or because God knows he has determined to do his duty and has paid him on credit.

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

If I hew to the line and let the chips fly where they will, the people say, "Oh, Sam Jones said it. He can say anything." Well, now, if I can say anything and if I am the only one that can, then I think I ought to keep at it all the time.

Some people think they can't be pious unless they are everlastingly begging for something.

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

There is many a man and woman in this house who have tried to raise their son a gentleman, and their daughter a lady. One is twenty-one, and the other eighteen. One marries and moves off to himself. He is not a Christian, and what a dangerous thing it is to project a boy on this world who doesn't know Jesus Christ, Your daughter marries. She knows nothing about God and hope and heaven. She goes out into the world to be a wife and mother of a home. God pity the home when a mother don't know God, and where the wife doesn't know Jesus Christ. Home religion, home piety. Brethren, I say it with all the earnestness of my heart: I would rather raise a true, noble, loyal boy to Christ and the right and he just have sense enough to plow a straight furrow, than to be the father of the brightest genius in America or in this dominion and project him upon the world a dissipated godless wretch that will debauch himself and set a bad example to the world. It is not how much sense the boy has got, but how much religion; not how well have you trained him in business, but how close does he live to Jesus Christ? I'll tell you another thing: When a father hasn't left his boys anything but money, he has left them bankrupt.

A man of conviction — who says a thing because he means it, and means it because he says it! I like that kind of a man.

A great many people think that a man has to go to an altar to be saved. Confidence in a man is not religion. That altar business started down in Georgia about sixty-nine years ago. Where did the sinner go before that time? Have they gone to hell because they did not go to the altar? A man who believes only in what he can see doesn't believe he has got a backbone. I am not running on understanding. I could not get to my front gate on understanding, but I could get from earth to heaven on believing. I am running on believing now.

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

The fact is, a man gets religion a good deal like he gets the measles. A fellow gets tangled up with the measles, and in about ten days the doctor comes, gives him a cup of good hot tea, and tells him to keep on taking that until it breaks out; and then keep it broke out and he will be all right. So some of you have got tangled up in this meeting until you feel as bad as a fellow with the measles before they break out. A few hot cups of gospel tea will make religion break out all over you. Then keep it out, and you are all right. But, like the measles, if it goes in on you, it will kill you, sure.

God never does anything for a man that he can do for himself. The Lord is too busy for that — to be doing things for men that they can do themselves. God never quit drinking for any man; that is the man's own lookout. God never quit lying for anybody; that is your own job. God never quit stealing for anybody; that is your own business to look after.

Look on the inside. When you know yourself you can fight your battle.

You know what a sentinel is? He can't sleep. You are the same for the Lord as he is for the army.

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

Everything they say about me helps me. If they lie about me, I'm so glad it's a lie that I can't get mad. If they tell the truth about me, I'm so sorry that I can't get mad. So I always keep in a good humor.

I once knew of a new pastor who, upon taking charge of his church, was met by a delegation of the deacons previous to delivering his inaugural sermon. They said: "Now, brother, you mustn't preach about fashion, because our fashionable members will be out to hear you. You mustn't preach about dram-drinking or liquor selling, because several of our members who are liquor sellers will be out to hear you. You mustn't preach about covetousness, because several of our millionaire members will be out to hear you." "Well, what can I preach about?" he asked in great perplexity. "About the Mormons," replied the good deacons; "give 'em blazes; there won't be a Mormon to hear you."

Feeling is moral perspiration.

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

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

I never see a woman put her nose at me but I say to myself: "All right; some of these days the devil will foreclose his mortgage on that nose and get the whole gal with it." Whenever you see me with a grubbing-hoe on my shoulder I'm out after grubs, and if you ain't a grub sit still — I'm not after you. Do you catch the idea?

Suppose I had received a box by express. It is iron and wood and it is all in a bunch and I say I can't make out what it is; put it in the garret with the rubbish. A day or two after I get a book with pictures in it and directions how to put my machinery together, so I follow the directions and have a sewing-machine. It does its work like a thing in life. The man that made that machine made the book and the man that made the book made the machine. Listen! Sixteen years ago I was all out of fix. Sixteen years ago I got the book and put myself together and I have been running all right ever since. I say that the man that made me made the book and the man that made the book made me.

There are some people who like to be a hammer, but they won't be an anvil. We preachers are all willing to be hammers and strike. The softest people in the world are the preachers and editors. They are always pounding, but they won't be pounded on. Those who criticize are the hardest to take criticism. I don't object to them pounding me. If they can pound me I can pound them. If your toes are stepped on just grin and bear it. I like a bulldog the best in the world. You can hold him up by the ears two days and he won't whine. I wish we had more bulldog in us and less bench-legged fice. Endure affliction.

How can we win souls to Christ? Some of the churches say rent the pews. My, my, my. If Sam Jones should charge admission they would get up and say he was making merchandise of God's Word.

Show me a church that does not believe in revivals and I will show you a church that looks like an abandoned cemetery. Stagnation! Stagnation! Stagnation! Talk about enthusiasm! We are not suffering in that line. Stagnation is the last station this side of damnation. I say that we Methodists and Baptists and Presbyterians believe in revivals. We go for them. But revivals are not the best things in the world. Rather the need of revival is a proof that we are not right. It is an abnormal state of things that makes revivals necessary. I want to be understood. So long as the churches work on the plan they now work on, revivals are a necessity. What would become of us without them?

A great many people object to pointed preaching because it pains them, they say. This suggests the story of the old lady whose daughter's tooth ached. She sent for a dentist. He came and pulled out a pair of big, old-fashioned forceps. The old lady screamed out, "Don't put them things in my daughter's mouth; pull it out with your fingers!" That would be mighty nice if it could be done. God bless you all! If you will let me get the old gospel forceps hold of these teeth, I will bring them out, but I cannot pull them with my fingers. I want that understood.

The difference between the devil and the penitentiary is, that the penitentiary works you hard and boards you, but the devil puts you to the meanest, dirtiest jobs in the world, and makes you board yourself.

Shall I ask you little dudes and dudines how to preach the gospel?

If anyone thinks he can't stand the naked truth rubbed on a little thicker and faster than he ever had it before, he'd better get out of here.

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

The lawyer who knows as little about Blackstone and the Supreme Court reports as the average Christian does about the Bible would never have but one case. The sheriff would be his next client.

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

When you dilly-dally and waver about religion, let me tell you, brethren, the devil puts you down, soul and body, on his side . . . As men live so they die, and if you can't afford to die on the devil's side, let me say to you that you had better not get on that side at all.

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

Do you know what a cornstalk revival is? Well, if you were to pile up a lot of cornstalks as high as this house and burn them up there would not be a hod full of ashes. We want a revival of righteousness. We want a revival of honesty. We want a revival of cleanliness and purity.

I know when a man opens his mouth on the ruinous effects of whisky he is dubbed a "political preacher," a politician drumming for some party. I don't go much on party myself. That's so. I want the political parties of this country to crawl up out of the mud and wash themselves from head to foot and put on clean clothes before I have anything to do with them.

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

There are more little lawyers in this city who think that if they missed being at court, justice would be overruled and constitutional government destroyed. There are doctors who don't have three cases a week who think that if they miss an hour from their office the whole town would break out in yellow fever, smallpox and the like. Poor little fellows.

What is a military general worth to his country who never fires a gun or gives an order? That's the way to look at it.

If you think the world needs you you're a fool. You die and they lay you out here and the world moves on as though you were never born.

When a man is bragging that his father is a colonel, you may put it down that his father is ashamed of him.

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

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

When God gives a man a good wife and fifteen children or so, he's all right; when the devil gives him a society woman, and a poodle dog, he's in a bad way.

Society is a heartless old wretch; and if you don't get out of it you will go to hell with it.

Methodism never could do much at being fashionable.

A great many people, with what little religion they have, will run out in the corner and sit down and say, "God save me and my wife, and my son John and his wife, us four and no more!" That is the sort of religion that is cursing the world.

You will go to the store and give four dollars a yard for a piece of goods — and the more it costs the better you like it — and then you will go over to Sister Brown, a poor, good woman in your church, and give her half a dollar for making it; and if the devil doesn't get you it is because he ain't got anything against Sister Brown. The meanest woman in the world is the woman who will give four dollars a yard for her dress, and then go over to that poor old woman who is a member of her church and talk her down to the last nickel she can get her to make it for.

A great many people, with what little religion they have, will run out in the corner and sit down and say, "God save me and my wife, and my son John and his wife, us four and no more!" That is the sort of religion that is cursing the world.

Christian, if you don't do the clean things they will jump on you. If you don't live up to what you profess, the meanest sinner in the town will point the finger of scorn at you. Don't forget that! If a horse is sound, he don't mind being currycombed; but if he is not sound and has any tender spots, he will kick and bite when the comb is run over his hide. Why, if he's sound, he'll just lean up against the comb and enjoy it. That's the way it is with the Christian. He don't mind criticisms if he's all right, but he'll kick and squirm if he ain't. Yes, he will.

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

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

There is so much sham in this country — a religion with a brown stone front and brickbat, mortar and stick back. Let's have a brown-stone religion all around.

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

What is a little party? It is nothing but a big party with short clothes on. What is a big party? It is nothing in the world but the anteroom to a ballroom. And what is a ballroom? It is the anteroom to a german. And what is a german? It is the anteroom to eternal disgrace. And what is eternal disgrace? It is hell-fire. Now you see how it goes.

A woman who had seen the German said to me: "Mr. Jones, you can tell the world it is nothing but hugging set to music." A boy at a dance was asked by his companion to get up and dance. "No," said he, "let's sit down and hug." I like that boy's grit.

If you will testify that dancing helps you to be religious, and helps you to be good, and helps you to live right; if you will testify so, in order that we may have one way, we will adopt the dancing route and a dancing-hall in every member's house, and will have movable pews in the church and every Wednesday night will move the pews and have a dancing meeting. If dancing is a good thing let's all assist; if it's not, let's all give it up.

If there is a thing in this world I have the profoundest contempt for, it's the infernal dancing-master going through the land despoiling the young people of our country.

God never gave a woman a child to debauch it by sending it to a dancing-school kept by an old hook-nosed Frenchman.

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

Some people will forego their religious happiness and their religious usefulness for the sake of having three dances a year. A woman goes and she dances. She goes again and dances, and dances, and dances, until she opens her eyes in hell — but she danced.

The woman that never helped the Lord never got much help from the Lord. The best way to help yourself is to help somebody else. You take society about this town. If I had the money that the so-called Christian women pay at the theater during the year, I could run every charitable institution in this town grandly. That is a fact. You can't walk to church — it is too far; but you will walk the next night a third farther to the theater, and your husband does not really want to go. Let us try and reform ourselves on this line.

Life's in a community. Here is a theater on this street. Here is a prayer-meeting across the way. There they go, and you cannot tell whose dogs they are to save your life. But when they get to the intersection of the streets, and they turn toward the theater or toward the prayer-meeting you know who are the devil's dogs, and who belong to the Lord. There is no use saying any more about it for the forks of the road tell whose dogs they are.

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

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



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

And I say to you to-day, God never prayed in any man's family for him; God never took up anybody's cross for him. There is a great deal of this work of salvation on your own shoulders, and my great desire is to take hold of men and pull them up where God can save them. I say it is a moral impossibility for God to take a man to heaven when every step of that man's life is downward and hell-ward.

Salvation or damnation is a personal matter. Nobody will die for you; nobody will stand in your place at the judgment bar of God.

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

I put Christianity and infidelity together here and say, "Christianity, what have you done?" "I have come into the world on a commission of mercy. I have founded orphan asylums. I have brought peace to many a soul." "Infidelity, is that true?" "Yes, that is so." "What are you doing, Infidelity?" "I am fighting Christianity." I had rather be a convict than to have a job like that.

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

Here's your logic: Because God is good I'll sin and keep on fighting him. I am sorry we ever fired a gun on that grand old flag at Fort Sumter. But Beauregard did it. He turned his guns on it, and the guns were answered; back and forth went shot and shell till the walls crumbled and were laid low. All at once a white flag went up from the center of the fort. Beauregard said: "Boys, roll back your guns and get your boats and don't suffer a hair on the head of those men to be touched." Well, God has been firing at this old world and we've been answering back hard, and many of our fathers and mothers have gone down in the struggle. God turned his big guns on us. I say let's run up the white flag. If we do. He will say to his angels: "Roll back your guns, go down and take the bread of heaven and give it to them. See to it that the sun does not smite them by day, nor the moon touch them by night." Who'll run up the white flag to-night?

I'm really glad that our salvation does not depend upon our believing this or that creed. Many preachers devote most of their efforts to showing that their creed is the only right creed, and defending it, instead of preaching Christianity to dying men. I am sorry for the preachers who have a creed that needs defense. The Methodist creed cannot be swallowed by a great many men; the Presbyterian creed won't go down with a great many wise people; nor will the Catholic or any other creed. When we boil it down it comes to just this: God never said that believers in the first five points of Calvin should be saved, nor he who believes in the immersion, nor he who believes in the sprinkling, nor that he who believes in the final perseverance, nor that he believes in the immutability of the Pope, nor that he who believes in apostolic succession — shall be saved, but "**Whosoever believeth on Jesus Christ shall be saved.**"

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

If you quit sinning you will quit doubting.

Infidelity can grow only on the soil littered by the lives of unfaithful members of the church. That's it. Oh, for the faith that takes God in as He is. The man who don't believe is a mere pigmy in the church. I believe the Bible just as it was written, and I believe that the whale swallowed Jonah. I would have believed it just the same if it had said that Jonah swallowed the whale. I've got no better sense than to believe the Bible. Call me a fool for it, and I'm a happy fool.

I believe every word in the Bible. I accept everything between the lids of the Book. I have good reasons for my faith.

The best thing a man can do in this world is to do right, the worst thing a man can do is to do wrong.

I want to be a true man — a man in the pulpit, at home, everywhere and under all circumstances. If I were to become satisfied to-morrow that the pulpit was absolutely shaking the foundations of my manhood I would come out of it, because I would rather be one true man than forty preachers, and I want to get out of the pulpit just one day beforehand.

Reputation is cheap. Reputation is like the glove. I may put it on my hand or take it off, or rend it to pieces and throw it away, and not feel the loss of it. But character is the hand itself; and when once it is scarred it is scarred forever. Character is immortal. Character shall live on beyond the stars. Character shall live as long as God lives. Character-building is the one work of true men in this world. I used to want religion, when I was a sinner, to keep me out of hell. I used to think that I would love to have religion that I might get to heaven. But heaven and hell are both secondary with me now. I want religion now and forevermore.

A man wants a soul big enough for God and the angels and all men to come in and live with him.

If a man believes he is right the next thing he wants is courage that will dare to do right.

I get disgusted with some little fellows who are always talking that they preach Christ, and nothing but Christ, to sinners. I would as soon preach Socrates to an unconvicted sinner as to preach Christ. He's got just about as much use for one as the other. The law of God is a great moral force which moves the world and the law is what ought to be preached first, that conviction may follow.

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

The greatest blessing that ever crowned an American or a Canadian church is a "game" preacher that is not afraid of man or devil.

There is one preacher in this town that won't come to these meetings, but he says he is a-praying for Sam Jones's success — and won't come here. Praying for Christ to associate with a man he won't. Too much of a gentleman. Win souls for Christ, that's the evangelist's work. You say you can't find sinners. A Christian in \_\_\_\_\_ that can't find sinners. My, my, my, you can't find them? Ain't you a dandy? There are three kinds of setter dogs. One a cover dog; one a single-bird dog; one a retriever. One will flush up whole droves of birds at once. Another kind will just get up one at a time and you can kill them every pop. The retriever will go out and find them and bring them to you. Now, which are you going to be? I wish you were more like setter dogs, spiritually speaking, I mean. Now, don't you go and get mad and say that I compared you to dogs. I wouldn't hurt the dog's feelings.

I would rather associate with a dog than with a profane swearer. This may sound strange; but I know what I am talking about. A man may associate with a dog until he becomes doggish; but a swearer can make him hellish. A man's affinities determine who he is, and what he is.

Many a man will lie down in hell and say: "My tongue damned me."

You may baptize a man all over, but his tongue will come out as dry as powder.

The Scriptures teach me clearly that my life can never be better than my heart. The Scriptures teach me that a bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit; neither can a good tree bring forth bad fruit. It also teaches me that no salt fountain can send forth fresh water; neither can a fresh fountain send forth salt water.

Two years or more ago I walked through John Wanamaker's store in Philadelphia. He told me some days he had three thousand clerks. Ten thousand customers buying goods all at one time. I say, "'You've got everything, ain't you?" He replies, "Mr. Jones, I have worked for years to complete my store so that a customer can find everything he wants. That's where my customers get their dinner. I've got it fixed so that a man does not need to go out for his meal." God Almighty was four hundred years getting up this Book and every want of the universe can be supplied out of this Book. If I had the billions of men of earth before me I would refer them to this precious Book. Here's a blessed balm for every wound, a cure for every ill. Thank God for this precious Book, divinely written and divinely given to save the world.

This is the Book of books. This is the Book of knowledge. This is the Book which tells how to get to heaven. Glory to God for this precious Book. My mother lived by its precepts and pillowed her head upon it. It was the Book of my father and the light of his home.

Talk about Ingersoll, I never met an intelligent man yet that had been damned by Robert Ingersoll. The only difference in Ingersoll and any other fellow running after him is this: Ingersoll plays the fool for fifteen hundred dollars per night, and this little fellow runs after him and plays the fool for nothing and boards himself. And I tell you that Ingersoll is going to continue to play that kind of fool as long as this country gives him fifteen hundred dollars per night.

I never met a sinner in all my work who said that Bob Ingersoll stood in his way of coming to Christ. I never met a sinner who was bothered about Ingersoll's blatant tomfoolery. If I did, I would say: "Old fellow, you need not trouble about getting religion; you have not sense enough; God, in my opinion, will take you into heaven at a side-door."

I want to see the day in this country when no decent woman will put anything on her table that will make a fool of her husband. The biggest fool woman in this State is the woman who will go to the closet and get the demijohn and bring it out and fix up a drink for her husband. You have not sense enough to keep out of the fire; your place is in the lunatic asylum.

I never had much confidence in a man that would do things in New York that he wouldn't do at home. You have some of that sort here. A fellow that is sober as a judge at home, when he goes on a fishing tour cannot get along without a jug of whiskey and he drinks it all the way along and claims to be pious.

The roar of commerce, the click of the telegraph, and the whistle of the engine have well-nigh drowned out the voice of God. But, amid all these rough trials and present transactions, it is well enough to put our hand up to our ear now and then and look up and hear what God has to say. Let us listen to that still small voice that never misled a man a step, and never deceived a man's soul; let us listen to that voice which, if you hear it aright, will make you wise unto salvation.

The great curse of the world to-day is not out of the church, but in it. I know I touch upon ground that may bring out resentment, but, brethren, the harder and louder I say this the more I resemble my Divine Master. He gave the "amen corners" trouble whenever he met them. Every denunciatory sentence He uttered was to the church, to the members of the church. But to the sinner he says: "You are like the lost sheep which the shepherd sought and bore home on his shoulder." He didn't kick or beat the sheep, for it could not stand it. But he thundered his reproof to the Scribes, Pharisees and Publicans. All we want is a church like Christ wants, to march forth and win the world for Him. God grant us power to go out in the spirit of grace and bring back the lost sheep. It would be healthy if every member of the church would ask himself these questions: "Suppose every other member was like me, how would the spirit of prayer succeed? How would the expenses be paid? how much sympathy would the pastor receive?" It wouldn't be long before you came to this conclusion: "Here is the biggest humbug God Almighty allows to live in the church." I can stand a railroad humbug, a business humbug, a newspaper humbug, but God deliver me from a religious humbug. I believe it was at Princeton that some young fellows tried to fool a professor who was a bugologist and knew bugs from creation down. They made up a bug from the head, wings, feet and legs of different bugs, and taking it to him, said, "What kind of a bug is this?" He replied, "Why, that's a humbug." Now, take the hands of a swindler, the head of a keen trickster and the mouth of a saint, put them together and you have the biggest kind of a humbug.

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

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

If the public has to educate your kid the public should have the right to lick your kid.

You fool clerks who gamble, you go to these upstairs rooms and let them milk you and turn you loose — just like the farmer does the cow. Only the cow has got more sense than you. The cow gets the grass and you get nothing.

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

I believe that the whale swallowed Jonah, and the only reason I don't believe that Jonah swallowed the whale is because the Bible don't say so.

He has either a mighty long head or a mighty short creed who believes only what he understands.

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

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

I didn't say a clerk who gambles will steal — I just 'most said it.

I BELIEVE the greatest moral monstrosity in the universe is an impious woman. I can understand how men can be wicked, and turn their backs on God, and live in sin; but the greatest moral monstrosity is a woman with the tender arms of her children around her, their eyes looking up into her eyes with innocent love, and that mother despising God in her heart.

Religion is like measles; if it goes in on you it will kill you. The trouble with a great many Christians in this city is, religion has gone in on them. Keep it broke out on hands, feet and tongue.

Every day out to keep good company. There is not an angel in heaven that would not be corrupted by the company that some of you keep.

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

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

The capacity of a woman for making everybody about her uncomfortable cannot be calculated by any known process of arithmetic.

The Christian who will do things in New York that he would not do at home is a very poor Christian.

It takes less sense to criticize than to do anything else. There are a great many critics in the asylum.

I don't think much of dignity. My observation is that the more dignity a man has the nearer dead he is.

There are three thousand guilty men in this audience to-night, and if they thought they were going to be found out, there would be an awful dusting out of town before to-morrow night.

When you find a man that is first-class at some one thing, you will find him pretty good for everything else.

You don't believe what you don't understand? Do you understand why some cows have horns and some are muley?

Let's quit singing the "Sweet By-and-by" and sing the "Sweet-Now-and-now."

If you tell me what you love and what you hate, I will tell you your character.

If the devil ever puts his foot upon a woman once, she never gets up any more.

The biggest fool God's eyes ever looked upon is the woman who stirs the toddy for her husband.

If my daughter only had one dress that should be a whole one. If it lacked anything at all I should cut it off at the bottom and not at the top.

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

It is worth something to a man to belong to a good family.

Now, don't you go away and say Sam Jones encouraged you to commit suicide, 'cause I didn't. But I'd go down to the harbor and crawl under a wharf and die before I'd sell whisky, though.

I've been solemn many times, and I went to a doctor for it, I did. I found I had a diseased liver, and got a prescription for it. And there's many a fellow going through this world taking diseased liver for a clean heart.

Whenever I see an old maid I just know some feller hain't done his duty; and when I see an old bachelor, it makes me think of a hog. I don't know why it comes up in this connection, but it does.

There's preachers in this town that wouldn't create a ripple of laughter in their audience for any price — I don't believe they could, anyway. They say the dignity of the pulpit must be maintained at any cost, and all they have done is to keep the pulpit way up in the air.

A man is not a sinner because he is an infidel; he is an infidel because he is a sinner.

I want to see people come to prayer-meeting with a rush; pray with a rush; sing with a rush; and stop a-blowing about their aches and pains, ups and downs.

I'll tell you how I've stood all I've been through. I'm always in a good humor, I am. I believe that fun is the next best thing to religion, and if religion can't triumph over temperament, it ain't much account.

Did you ever hear a shout in Boston? If five or six would go there shouting here in this place to-day, a lot of old women would jump up hysterically, and say, "Oh, I just can't stand this excitement in a church." And these same old women will go home to-night and raise the devil with the cook over some burnt biscuit.

It does tickle me to see the old devil's old gang trying to do like the young gang. Some people in the church have run so long that when the devil taps his gong you all, old people, hope to respond.

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

Give me the gospel in its purity and power, and so I can relish it. Fix it so they'll love it. Delight yourself in your Lord.

Give me a cheerful, bright, happy Christian that loves God and carries his love in his heart. I've mixed with all classes; haven't mixed much with the solemn crowds, though, and don't have to.

When Peter said "**add to your knowledge temperance,**" he did not have reference to you old red-nosed Methodists. Any man who pretends to be a Christian and drinks whisky is a great big old humbug — a two-legged hypocrite.

Society is a heartless old wretch, and if you don't get out of it you will go to hell with it.

When the doctor says you can't live but an hour you'll want just such a preacher as myself talking to you.

God bores through the top of a man's head to his heart and on down to his pocket.

If any of you don't like the way these services are going, there are three doors — you are cordially asked to leave.

When your little cup's full you can just back out.

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

How lovely is a patient woman. God pity the man who has a forked-tongued wife.

Every unfaithful official; every little prosecuting attorney who compounds a felony or compromises a crime, is an insult to the American people and very fit to be called worse names than criminals themselves.

Nine out of ten of these indecent pictures you see posted around the streets on the walls are of women. Is it possible that women are leading the immodesty of the age? And do you know that people get their cues largely from pictures?

What you should want is an honest dollar, honestly earned. The kind of a dollar which a man can put into his trousers pocket, put his trousers under his pillow and let the eagle on the coin change into a nightingale and sing him to sleep.

Terms like “hog” and “dog” sound very grating and harsh to the ears of some of the good people. But residents of a city where twenty-three hundred saloons are running every day in the week are the last people who should clamor for decency.

And these fat old women, who must have their beer for their health’s sake! They make me tired, that’s what they do. If I had a wife like that, when I went home I wouldn’t say “Where is your mother?” or “Where is she?” but simply, “Where is it?”

If a man has a pull he can commit every crime known to the laws of the State and go unwhipped of justice. I imagine that there are about two thousand men with a pull who break the Sunday laws in this city every week and are never called to account for it.

The preacher has many opportunities that he does not avail himself of. He eats his breakfast, reads his letters and attends to his correspondence until noon. Then he says, “I’m tired. I think I’ll lie down and rest this afternoon,” and all the time the devil is busy working away.

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

If a lot of bums, thugs and low-down people were to get together and form a club and buy the best liquor they could get their hands on and open a room somewhere, I’ll warrant you it would not be long before the police would raid it. But let it be a rich man’s club; let its members have plenty of money, gild their devilry, put plenty of frills and laces on it, and there isn’t a policeman that won’t walk by the door, raising his hat to the club-house.

I was born a Democrat and raised a Democrat, and remained a Democrat as long as I thought a Christian gentleman could. Then I pulled out. You Republicans need not laugh. I thank God I never got low enough to run with your gang. You Republicans claim to be a party of great moral ideas. It’s a great lie. You ran this party for thirty years on a dead-stretch, and then when you turned it over to the Democrats it was soaked in whisky from Maine to California, and the government was in partnership with the whole damnable business.



The roar of commerce, the click of the telegraph and the whistle of the engine have well-nigh drowned out the voice of God.

We little preachers think that we are doing first-rate if we take a text and announce about three propositions and discuss them for an hour. But do you know that Christ in His Sermon on the Mount announced and discussed one hundred and twenty-five different propositions in the compass of half an hour?

If I had a creed I would sell it to a museum. Creed shows itself in the laws of the last few hundred years. It was over creed that men fought, and not over Christ. Orthodoxies are what has ruined this world.

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

Bob Ingersoll — and I never call his name without feeling the need of a disinfectant — says whisky is God's worst enemy and the devil's best friend. He is good authority on that side.

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

You may not like my grammar. I am trying to get my style and grammar down on a level with you.

God can't elect any man unless he is a candidate.

Every barroom is a recruiting office for hell.

Sow whisky and you'll reap drunkards.

Christ won't stay in a house with the cellar full of whisky.

The most demoralizing and damning thing and the most insidious is the city club.

I have seen men converted from the barroom and from everything else, but never, never have I seen a man converted from a club.

Religion don't help a fellow to quit his meanness, but it helps him to stay quit.

Doubts are but the children of sin.

Repentance is quitting your meanness.

Infidelity is nine-tenths mouth.

Give your heart to God and he will comb the kinks out of your head.

If ever my daughters cut off any of their skirts, I don't want them to cut from the top.

The tune of America is pitched to the dollar.

A man is never any better in politics than his party.

You can't bribe God's grand jury when you come to judgment.

You can cover up everything this side of hell with a five-dollar bill.

Custom is the law of fools, and is ruining this country.

God pity the man who can't run his home without a deck of cards. He ought to have been in hell long before he had children born unto him.

If any man don't like what I say, let him come to me afterwards and say so, and I'll — forgive him.

You dance with this world and you'll go to hell with this world.

I have no respect for Mahone's politics, but I like his answer to the question, how much he weighed. He said: "I weigh ninety-five pounds, but ninety pounds of that is backbone."

There is more religion in laughing than in crying. If religion consists in crying I have the best boy in the world.

I PHOTOGRAPH your own ugliness, and you sit here and laugh at it.

Some people say I ought not to call a drinking man a lying rascal. If he drinks, ain't he a rascal? And if he says he can't quit, ain't he lying? Now couple the two things together and you have the lying rascal. I talk plain. I call a spade a spade and a hog a hog.

I am a Methodist, and want to be the best one God ever made.

I don't worry much about the mysteries of the Bible or Melchizedek's children, or such things as that.

If I understood all about the Bible, I'd know that somebody that didn't have any more sense than I have wrote it.

I don't speak from a theological, but a logical standpoint. I never studied theology a moment in my life.

The word "convert" is from the Latin terms con and verto — "turn altogether." Now, I used to think that every old sinner was in a wilderness of sin and that it would take him a week to find

the road out, but I've found out now that when a man's converted all he has to do is to turn right about.

Now, when a man wants to be converted he musn't just "con," nor he musn't just "verto." He must "converto" — turn altogether.

Now, you've had your back on heaven and going hell-ward all your life. Do you want the illustration any plainer than that? Here's a man who has been drinking all his life. He is going to a saloon. He decides to quit. What must he do to be converted? He must turn from liquor and join a temperance society, which is the antipodes of the saloon.

A CONVERSION isn't worth anything unless it's a double conversion. A man must be converted from something to something.

I WAS converted from whisky to prohibition — uncompromising prohibition.

I have more respect for an old toper than one of these elegant gentlemen who go in and drink liquor at a saloon, and then pose as churchmen outside.

**~ end of book ~**

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