

GOSPEL SERMONS

as

Sam P. Jones

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SERMON SIXTEEN

MEN PAY DEARLY FOR ETERNAL DAMNATION

We invite your attention to a very familiar text; one that you have often heard quoted and perhaps frequently heard discussed from the pulpit: **“What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? And what will a man give in exchange for his soul?”**

It is strange, brethren, that while science and philosophy have been busying themselves so much with the doctrines and dogmas of Christianity — it is astonishing that they have never thought about how much good they would do this world if they would just stop all that and begin to answer a few questions of the New Testament Scriptures to the world. Oh, what a vast benefit the science and philosophy would be to humanity if they would just answer this question: **“What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? And what will a man give in exchange for his soul?”**

Did you ever see an attempt on the part of any man to answer that question? Did you ever see a philosopher sit down to answer that other question: **“How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?”**

GOD’S QUICK RESPONSE

Now if you notice the questions propounded by men to God and his disciples you will recollect how quickly they were answered. Once a trembling jailer ran out into the presence of Paul and Silas and he said: **“Men and brethren, what must I do to be saved?”** — the most important, infinitely important question in the universe — and in the twinkling of an eye Paul spoke it out: **“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.”**

You know when the Scribes and cunning Pharisees and shrewd Sadducees need to approach Christ with the most knotty questions in the universe, that Jesus never said: “Wait till I come around again,” or “Let me consult the authorities,” or “Let me consult the encyclopedia,” but in the twinkling of an eye he always gave the answer to the most mighty problems and questions in the universe. And now, while God answers immediately, I say to you that God propounds some questions to us that have been emblazoned upon the pages of that book for thousands of years, and that we have never attempted to answer: **“What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?”**

There are two things involved in this discussion: One is the world; the other is the soul.

A PRETTY GOOD WORLD, AFTER ALL

This world is a multitudinous affair. It is a grand old world. There isn't a want of any physical and temporal nature that this world does not stand with outstretched, benevolent hands and says to me, "Here's what you want."

- If I want water, three fourths of this world's surface is covered with water.
- If I want gold, the bowels of the earth are filled with gold.
- If I want books, the millions of shelves laden all around me bid me take off and read.
- If I want friends, the 1,400,000,000 of inhabitants upon the earth say each one of them, "I will be your friend."
- If I want bread, the heavy laden harvest fields wave back to me a smile of plenty, which says, "Come and eat. Don't be hungry."

If I want anything, and if I want everything, this old world stands up, with outstretched, generous hands, and says, "Here's what you want." I have no patience with the idea that this is a hard old world and that it is a bad old world. I don't like to have Christian people going about singing.

"This world's a howling wilderness,"

when you're the dogs that's doing the howling right straight along on that line.

No howling wilderness!

This is a grand world. It is just such a world as a benevolent, gracious father would give his children to live in for three score years and ten. It is a glorious world with all of its health-giving and life-perpetuating properties. This earth with all its bountiful stores of remedies and life-giving eatables and life-perpetuating blessings is a grand old world. There may be larger worlds and grander worlds than this, but this is a grand old world, brethren. What is it you want to-day as a man, as a mortal man, that this world doesn't stand ready to supply you?

And one reason why I know God has prepared a grand immortal home for me is the fact that he has spread out such a grand world all around me for me to live in just for a few days. If this is the tent and tabernacle what must be the everlasting halls of God.

THREE IMPORTANT MATTERS

I believe it was Talmage who used this illustration. He said:

If a man is going to invest in property about the first thing that man will do will be to look into the title. And, he said, after he has looked into the question of title, then the next thing with that man will be the question of insurance, if it is town property. Then, he said, the next question will be, how are others getting along who have made the conquest I believe he said these are about the three questions that come up.

Now, suppose I go out as a merchant I have spent my day largely in merchandising. I have accumulated a fortune, and now I want to retire to some beautiful country seat, where I may live in ease. I go out here a few miles and look over a magnificent farm, with its mansions, its outhouses, its creeks, its bottom-lands, its table-land, its woodlands, its all. It just suits me exactly. But, as a successful business man, I'm not going to count down one dollar for that land until I have come here and examined the book of deeds and book of liens and book of mortgages, and see if I can get a good title to that land.

Well now, brother, when I look around this old world I see it is just the world for me, and about the first thing I'm going to look into is: What sort of title can I get to it! Do you know that a man may count down his soul for this world and in fifteen hours after he has made the trade death will come along with a writ of ejectment and say: "Off these premises! Get off forever! And the poor fellow will pull out his deed, but death is blind and can't see to read it, and the poor fellow will say: "I have counted down my all for this piece of property," but death can't hear a word you say!

TABULATED EXPERIENCE

And how many men in my own knowledge have I seen build their nice houses and prepare for comfort and ease, and in less than twelve months after they have entered their new places here is death coming to the door and knocking and walking in and saying: "Get out of the house and go to the cemetery."

And maybe the fellow has in his pay every doctor in town almost, and he is begging the doctors for power against death; but death says: "You needn't send for the doctors. You needn't throw away any time. When I come for you I mean you have got to get off these premises."

In my own town I can call to mind more than half a dozen different men who, in middle age, had just built and fixed up their homes elegantly, and in less than twelve months from the time they entered their elegant homes they were turned out of them and carried to the graveyard. And I know mansions in St. Louis that have had the black crape tied on the door-knob! What does it mean? It means— every black crape and every black veil in this world and every emblem of mourning means, "You can't get any title to anything down here."

"FOR SALLY AND THE CHILDREN"

Oh, how true that is! Now, I like to see a man frugal and industrious and economical, and all that sort of thing, but, brethren, frugality and industry isn't always at the bottom of our desire to get hold of this world.

There's many a man in this world that has accumulated and accumulated and accumulated, and you walk up to him and ask him:

"Are you an old miser?" "No," he says, "I'm no miser."

“Well, what are you piling it up this way for?”

“Well,” he says, “I’ll tell you. I’m laying up for Sally and the children. I’m determined that Sally and my children shall never endure the hardships I have undergone. I’m laying up for Sally and the children.”

Yes, and if he could just see Sally and the children about twelve months after he has gone to the graveyard — Sally with her new teeth and the children in their fine turnout — the old fellow would be astonished how Sally and the children were getting along without him. He would at that.

LAYING UP FOR A GOOD WIFE

Lay up! An old miser! Laying up everything and laying up everywhere and grasping in every direction, all to lay up and lay away, as he says, “for Sally and the children.”

And, my brethren, I love to see a man frugal, and I love to see him lay up, and I believe it is every man’s bounden duty to lay up for a good wife and children, but when he passes the point where really, down in his heart, he is miserly and is not caring for wife and children, then after he is dead and gone his money will curse his children, and perhaps curse his wife. I have seen that.

And I tell you the honest truth as I stand here and look upon this congregation to-night, if I had opportunity in this life — I don’t know that I ever would — but if I had opportunity, I would lay by a competency for my wife to keep her from want — she has given the best years of her life to me and my children — I would lay by enough to make my wife comfortable in all her future age, but I wouldn’t lay by a dollar in the world for one of my children. Do you know why? Because — listen! If my children are any account, they don’t need it, and if they are no account every dollar I give them will sink them. Don’t you see?

MISERS’ MONEY

I wish men would begin to learn that fact. An old miser, an old fellow, died in one of the Southern cities, and after he died a preacher told me he went there and stayed all night, and they put him up stairs, and he walked into the garret and saw a picture hanging with its face turned toward the wall. He turned the picture round and it was the old man’s picture. They had done sent it off up stairs and turned its face to the wall! And that old man just spent his whole life laying up, as he said, “for Sally and the children,” and look how they treated the old man!

Law me! Look how Cornelius Vanderbilt was smirched all over in that trial after his death by his own legatees. Do you recollect it? Now if a true, good, noble man has laid up for his wife, and laid up for his children, in harmony with God, I say all right But I say a miser’s money will curse him after he is dead and gone and curse his children, and perhaps his wife, when he is dead and gone. Some of the truest, noblest citizens of St. Louis have laid up a competency for their families, and their families are doing well to- day, and that is the proof that they laid it by right.

But, brother, whenever a man shall ignore God and the rights of others and accumulate money in every direction, and then pile it up, as he says, simply for his family, that money will curse his family after he is dead and gone. We all know that is true. But if you will act in harmony with God, you can lay up all the money for your family you want to, and it will be a blessing to them after you are dead. But mind how you act out of harmony with God and grasp after this world!

POOR SINNERS

And then I'll tell you another thing. It ain't only the rich that run after this world. There's many a poor fellow running after this world in this life and never gets any of it. I'm sorry for that sort of fellow. There's many a fellow out here on a farm with nothing but forty acres of poor land and an old stiff-eared mule; stays right there and goes to Hell for love of the world and love of money! Never had the money, but he loves it immensely and he loves it intensely.

I use this old world and what it has got in it just like I would use a walking-stick — to help me along to where I am going, and that is the only use I have got for it. And anything that is in my power that I can make help me upward as a stepping-stone to a better and higher life I want to use it.

ROUGH ON THE MILLIONAIRES

This old world. You take A. T. Stewart, the richest money king in America. Just a week before his death it would have taken a hundred business men a hundred days to have told how much A. T. Stewart was worth. But now that he is dead, I want to find out how much he is worth, and a little fellow walks into his death chamber and takes a little tape-line out of his pocket and measures five feet ten inches one way, and eighteen inches the other way, and goes out here in the public cemetery and puts that measure on the ground, and there's the sum total of all A. T. Stewart's possessions. Do you call that being rich!

You just take the money princes of this world, that spend their life in gathering money and ignoring God, and I declare to you to-day there are not enough millionaires in Hell to-night if the whole concern were to go into co-partnership, to buy a drop of water to cool their parched tongues. Do you call that being rich! Do you call that acting wisely? You say that is for the best, do you? **“As using and not abusing.”**

That's it; and I reckon of all the insufferable conditions that pandemonium can offer to an immortal soul, as the poor fellow walks through the flames of damnation, is the consciousness:

“I am money damned. I would have got to Heaven if it hadn't been for filthy lucre. The devil towed me into Hell with nickels.”

A POOR FOLKS' HEAVEN

That's an awful state of things. Well, I have said frequently that if there is any sort of people in the world I want to see get to Heaven, it's the poor folks.

A poor fellow don't have anything in the world, and then to lay down and die and be damned forever it the most awful thought I ever had in my life. These fellows, riding round, having a big time, and ignoring God, and drinking fine champagne, and playing cards every night, and going to the theater, they can sort of afford to be damned, but we poor white folks can't. I tell you that. But a man in Hell with the consciousness, "I never had any fun up yonder, and then eternally burning here," it's a pretty bad joke on him, it seems to me. This old world, how deceptive it is! And when you count down your soul for this world you cannot get a shadow of a title to it, and a wise man won't do that.

THE MATTER OF INSURANCE

Well, then, you strike that question of insurance, you take a piece of property in this town that an insurance agent won't put a policy on, how much could you get for it on the market! There is not a man in the town that would buy it. Well, suppose you would take an insurance agent up to your house, and as you walked up toward the front gate the flames were bursting out from the cellar in your house, and the insurance agent says: "Mister, I can't insure that property, it is already on fire down in the basement. Don't you see the flames bursting out?"

Now, when you are going to get an insurance on this old world, the geologists tell us that it is already on fire down in the basement, already burning down there, and the chimneys for the under world — Vesuvius and Aetna. You see those burning volcanoes throwing out molten lava year after year.

BURNING WORLD

I tell you, geology tells us a great truth when she tells us that this world is on fire down in the basement, and, God Almighty's word for it, she is going to burn up. Astronomers have pointed their telescopes here and yonder, and they tell us that within the last few years thirteen worlds have disappeared. At first they looked like other worlds, after that they turned a deep red — showing they were on fire, and then they put on an ash color, showing they were burned to ashes, and then they disappeared — showing the very ashes were scattered abroad. Me get a title to it? I cannot get any insurance on it, and it is likely to be burned up any minute. I would not be fool enough to give any money for a thing of that sort, much less my immortal soul.

INCONVENIENT PROPERTY

How about this being out in the trade! There is another thing. Did you ever talk with a fellow after he made a trade? You go down here to the city of Atlanta. On Peachtree Street is one of the prettiest lots in the city. It has never been built on, and you say to the real estate agent, "Why hasn't somebody built on this beautiful lot!"

He will simply tell you, "Everybody who has had anything to do with this lot has had trouble about it. They buy a lawsuit when they buy this property. Nobody wants it"

I have watched this old world pretty close, and every man who has had anything to do with this old world has got into trouble about it.

Did you ever notice that the most miserable man in the world to-night is the richest man in the world? I heard a fellow say once — he was rich, too — he said:

“I said when I was young, all I wanted was \$10,000, but,” said he, “when I got \$10,000, I wanted \$20,000 twice as bad as I did that \$10,000, and when I got \$20,000, I wanted \$40,000 four times as bad as I wanted the \$20,000, and when I got \$40,000 I wanted \$80,000 eight times worse than I wanted the \$40,000.”

Oh,” he said, “Jones, there is no use in talking; it is just like drinking salt water — the more you drink of it the more you want of it, and the less room you have to hold it “ — and there’s a good deal in that, too.

GETTING MONEY AND KEEPING IT

Laying up. And that’s the reason men say, “I can’t be religious; I am busy looking after the world; I am busy taking care of life; I am holding on to what I have got.”

Another old fellow told me — says he: “I’ve spent my life now up to middle age making money, and I don’t want to make another cent, but, Jones,” he said, “I’ll tell you the honest truth, it is harder to keep it after you get it, than it was to make it to start with.”

It’s a pity for those fellows that have got it piled up and try to hold on to it, and everybody in the country want some of it I’m sorry for them. Josh Billings says the old miser that has accumulated his millions and then sits down with his millions at last, without any capacity of enjoying it, reminds him of a fly that has fallen into a half -barrel of molasses. There you’ve got the picture just as complete as Josh Billings ever drew a picture.

SAM JONES’ LEGACY

I never had much money — never will, I reckon. I saw in the papers some time ago where a man had died in North Carolina, and left Sam Jones a wonderful legacy — and all that sort of thing. I was at home at the time. Several of my friends run up with the paper, and said:

“Sam, did you see this?” “Yes.”

“What are you going to do about it?” “I ain’t going to do anything.”

“Well, I’d write on and tell him where I am.”

Said I: “No sir. I am getting on right well without a legacy, and God knows what I’d do if I had one. I am getting on so well without one that I don’t want to fool with one.”

Don’t you see? I want you all to have legacies and live in fine houses, and I will go around and take dinner with you, and let you pay the taxes and servants, and I will enjoy the thing. Don’t you see? That is a good idea, ain’t it?

BELIEVES IN AGRARIANISM

All things are yours — God said that — all things are yours, life and death, and Paul and Cephas, and everything is yours. I believe in the doctrine, not of communism, but I believe in the doctrine of agrarianism. Everything is mine, thank God. I say I have never had much money — I reckon I never will — but I say this much: I have had money, and I have seen folks that did have money, and I think some here know what money will do, and I say a man is a fool, an immortal fool, that will sink his soul for money.

A LOTTERY TALK

Right along on this point, an incident occurred in a little town in Alabama, where I was born, before the war, in Bowery, a little town off from the railroad. There were a great many wealthy planters lived all around it, and there were about eight or ten little stores there and one grocery, and that was just about the time the lottery tickets came out and were popular, and several of those leading men invested in lottery tickets, and this grocer invested in one. The day after the drawing — there were no wires through the country then — they made up a plan and fixed it elegantly, and it was all arranged.

So, the morning after the drawing, one of these wealthy farmers drove up at breakneck speed to the grocery, jumped out of his buggy, and run in and said to the grocer: “I will give you \$15,000 for your ticket in the lottery.”

The grocer said, “What did I get? What did I draw?”

“It makes no difference, I’ll give you \$15,000 for your ticket in the lottery.”

The grocer said he would not take it unless he knew what he drew.

And directly another drove up in his buggy and jumped out of the buggy and said to the grocer, “I will give you \$25,000 for your ticket in the lottery.” And the fellow says, “What did I draw?”

“Well, I don’t care what it drew, but I will give you \$25,000 for your ticket,” but the grocer would not take the money. And directly here was another driving up, another one, and they just come on and on until they ran the ticket up to \$85,000, and he would not take it. And they all come out, and the fellow locked his back door and locked his front door and put off for home and never came back any more that day at all.

And next morning he walked up town to the post office, walked in there, and the post that morning brought the news from the lottery, and he saw what the news was and saw that he had not drawn anything, and he walked right back through that crowd, and as he passed through there was a suppressed titter of laughter, and he walked on a step or two and turned right around and walked back and faced them, with a mingled look of resentment and sadness and disappointment and joy in his face, and he turned to them, and said: “Gentlemen, hear me.” He said, “Before God, as an honest man, I tell you I am glad I didn’t get a cent.”

BETTER POOR THAN RICH

Said he: "I left my grocery yesterday about 11 o'clock, just as certain that I had that capital prize — I could not have been more certain if I had it in my hand, and," he says, "I went home believing I had it, and," he says, "I commenced talking with my wife, and we just sit there all day; and sit there all night long last night, and never slept one wink, talking about what we'd do with that money, and," he said, "as God is my judge, the most miserable time I ever spent in my life was since yesterday morning. I am glad, before God that I didn't get that money — I am. I was rich yesterday and last night, just as rich as if I had it in my hand, and I am poor now. I'd rather be poor a thousand times than rich once."

Do you get the ideal Now, that fellow tried that once and knew what he was talking about.

GIRLS KEEPING UP WITH THE FASHION

What is this world? A man will die now and leave his daughters \$100,000 apiece, and another man dies next door and he leaves his daughters not a cent. Those poor girls go to sewing hard every day working on a machine, and those rich girls go keeping up with the fashion. Now, watch them three years from that time, and the fashionable girl looks sallow and pale and bloodless and nearly dead on her feet, and there is the red, rosy, healthy vigorous girl. It will kill a girl quicker having to keep up with the fashion than if she sews all day for a living. What do you want it for? How many in this world are making a fatal mistake right at that point? What do you want with it — to curse you, to curse your families?

UNFORTUNATE BOYS

And in my own State I can go around the horseshoe bend of one of our rivers, in the finest plantations in that State, and I can take those plantations one after another — the old people died during the war — and I am saying the truth tonight when I say that nine out of ten of their boys have already filled drunkard's graves and drunkard's hells.

Twenty thousand dollars, a hundred thousand dollars, will buy nine boys out of ten a through ticket to Hell, and they will invest in it the first thing they do and check their baggage right through, and heaven and earth cannot stop them. Don't you know that is so? If my father, instead of turning to me in his dying hour and bid me meet him in Heaven, had spent his life accumulating money and turned over \$25,000 to me when he died, I'd have been in the pit this moment.

God bless you, brother, show to your children there is something better than money, and better than this world, and better than all the surroundings; show them there is a God and an eternity, and that character is worth more than gold.

"What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world?"

If you get it all and lose your soul, what are you profited?

A COMPARISON OF RICHES

Well, whoever got the whole world! Whoever got one millionth part of this world? Some fellows think they are rich if they are worth \$100,000. Well, what is \$100,000 compared to Vanderbilt's fortune!

Or, if you owned Vanderbilt's fortune, what is that compared to the city of New York? And the city of New York, if you owned it all, what is that compared with America? And if you owned all America, what is that compared with the whole world!

And if you owned the whole world down here, I expect if you could put two such worlds as this in your pocket and go to the Dog-star, and stay all night, that you wouldn't have enough to pay your hotel bill in the morning. And, after all, what is there in this world that takes away so much of our time and so much of our talent and so much of our energy? And how foolish it is!

WANTED TO STRAIGHTEN OUT HIS BOYS

A father in one of the Southern states said to me: "Oh!" said he, "two of my boys are dissipated, and," said he, "my money will ruin my boys and I know it."

Said I: "You say you've got money enough to ruin them both?" "Yes."

"And you are certain it will ruin them!" Said he: "Yes."

Said I: "I'll tell you how to dodge that thing." Said he: "How?"

"Well," said I, "give me this afternoon \$20,000 apiece of those two boys' money for the orphan home out here, and you go home to-night and say to Tom and Henry, 'I have given Sam Jones \$20,000 of each of your money, and the very next time you get drunk I am going to give him \$10,000 of each of your money; and further on, your third drunk I will make him a deed for that orphan's home for every dollar I have got.'"

"And," said I, "you will straighten them boys straight out— you will that."

And before my money should damn my children, I say to you to-night, I would give it all to the orphan homes of the country. Well, as I said, I told him what he should do with his money, and — well, strange to say, he never gave me a cent.

I am afraid he will be in the pit before his boy is.

LEFT IT TO THE BAR-KEEPERS

I saw the other day where an old fellow — a man — said to another — "Did you hear about Mr. So-and-So being dead?" "Yes."

“He is a millionaire, and,” he said, “He willed the last dollar in the world he had to the barkeepers.” “He did?”

“Yes! Well,” he said, “he didn’t will it directly to them he just willed it indirectly to them — he just gave it to his boys and the barkeepers will get it sure.”

This world! This world! This world! Oh, brethren, this world, with all that it has, can be nothing to me but a stepping stone to a higher and a better life.

THE MORAL HEALTHINESS OF POVERTY

You can go down among the rich bottoms of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers and there you find the most impure water, and you find the most malarious atmosphere in the rich bottoms of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. You can go up among the old red hills of Georgia, and the clearest sparkling water you ever saw gurgles up through the old red clay, and the sweetest atmosphere blows over the old red hills of Georgia. Among the rich of this earth is the most corruption, and the most wickedness, and the most guilt. Among the poor of the earth you will find the sweetest virtues and the noblest characters. Let us live among the poor. Let us have a good atmosphere and good water.

And I will tell you, brother, that when a man gets drunk on money he is gone. You preachers are not candid with him. You do not tackle him as you should. When an old fellow gets drunk with whisky, his friends go to him and say: “Look here, old fellow, you are going to the devil. I want you to quit and keep straight.”

His wife pleads with him. The minister pleads with him. Everybody pleads with him. But when a fellow gets drunk with money, bless you, his wife does not say anything about it. She enjoys the “creetur “ herself; she does not say, “Husband, you are going to perdition.”

The preacher does not tackle him; he is afraid to. There’s many a man in this town drunk with money. Have you brethren been, up to tell him, “You are drunk with money and the devil will get you”? You never tackle them. You just say, “I want the favor of these old rich fellows, because I know if I bother them they will get mad with me, and neutralize my action and neutralize my power, and I cannot do anything,” and they think: “The best thing to do is to let the old fellow alone. I don’t want to antagonize him, but just make him pay his way along.”

THE PRICE OF DAMNATION

Oh, sir, when a man gets drunk on money, nobody bothers him then. He just goes on and on, and to perdition he goes forever.

“What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?”

But we will make this discussion a little more practical and bring it down to where we have a practical interest in it in every sense.

I want to say to you right now, I do not know what it is keeps you from being a Christian — you men sitting there. I cannot tell what it is keeps you out of the church and away from God, but I will say that whatever it is, whether it is a dance, or a dram, or licentiousness, I do not care what it is that keeps you away from Christ and out of the church, you can put all those things together in one common pile, and point to the pile and say:

“That is the price of my immortality. That is the price I have sold it for.”

That young man says: “I would join the church, but I love to dance.”

That young lady says. “I would join the church but I love to dance.”

Well, young lady, go on. We will say that you go to two hundred balls — that is a big allowance, ain't it? — And that you dance hundreds of sets. By and by you die without God and without hope, and down into the flames of despair you go forever; and as you walk the sulphurous streets of damnation you can tell them:

“I am in Hell forever, it is true, but I danced four hundred times, I did.”

Now, won't that be a consolation! That man out there says: “I want to join the church, but preachers think a man ought not to take a dram and be a member of the church.” Supposing, brother, that you roll out forty barrels of the best Robinson County in the United States and drink it every drop, and then die and go to perdition.

You can tell them in Hell, “I am in Hell forever, it is true, but I drank forty barrels of the best Robinson County before I got here.”

That will be a consolation, won't it? That's remuneration, ain't it!

DON'T GET WIVES FROM BALL-ROOMS

What do you want to dance for, young lady, what use is it to you? If I had to marry a dozen times — and if am like the Irishman who said he hoped he would not live long enough to see his wife married again — if I had to marry a dozen times, I would never go to a ball-room to get my wife. Do you hear that! I used to dance with the girls, but when I wanted to marry I did not go to the ballroom to get my wife. Many a fellow got a good one in the ballroom, and many a fellow didn't. God gives a man a good wife and somebody else gives him a bad one.

What good does it do you to be able to dance? Take the best girl in this town after her family is reduced to a fearful crisis by her father's business reverses. Now they are poor and that girl must earn a living. I will introduce her to a dozen of the leading citizens of the town, and give her a worthy recommendation in every respect. She is just what everybody would want as a music teacher, as a clerk or in any other capacity, but I will add as a postscript to the recommendation, “she is a first-class dancer,” and that will knock her out of every job she applies for in this world. And so with every sin. And I declare to you to-night that the thing that keeps us away from God and out of the church, that is the price we put on our soul.

A WISE SALOON-KEEPER

There is a man. He says: "I would be religious if it were not for so and so," and I never think of this, that I do not think of an incident in which a husband sat by his wife at a revival meeting.

When the penitents were asked to come to the altar, he was asked by his wife: "Come, won't you give yourself to God!" He shook his head and went home.

That night she said to her husband: "I saw you were at affected. I wish you had given your heart to God!"

He said; "Wife, I cannot be a Christian in the business I am in." She said: "I know that"

He was a liquor dealer.

And she added: "Husband, I want you to give up business and give your heart to God."

He said: "Wife, I cannot afford it."

"Well," she said, "how much do you clear every year on whisky?"

"Well," he said, "my net profits are about \$3,000 a year."

She asked: "Husband, how long do you reckon you will live to run that business?"

"Twenty years, in the natural expectation of things."

"How much is twice \$20,000?"

"Forty thousand dollars."

"Forty thousand dollars! Now, husband, if you could get \$40,000 in a lump would you sell your soul to hell for that sum?"

He said: "No, wife! No! I'll close out my business in the morning and I will give my heart to God right now. I would not sell my soul for \$4,000,000,000.

AN EARNEST REDEMPTION

Oh that you all could see what keeps you out of the church and from God. That is the price you have placed on your immortal soul. Now, a word in conclusion. The soul — that is the other thing. There is the world and here is the soul. Now what? My soul, with its immortal interest; my soul, that shall live forever; my soul, that will shake off this body by and by, and lay it aside as a child does its doll after it has done playing with it; my soul, that shall throw this body down and fly away from it; shall I give my immortal soul for this world? No, sir, I cannot do that.

What then? I will give my soul to Christ He is worthy of it; he died to save it.

Yonder is a parliament. Adam has just fallen and subjected the whole race to death, and now the reverberating thunders of God's wrath are heard athwart the whole moral universe, and the announcement is made in that parliament, "Adam — Man has fallen. The great federal head of the race has sinned and fallen;" and a 'voice from the great I Am spoke out, "Who will take man's redemption on his shoulders and bring him back to life?"

I imagine the archangel stands up in that presence and shakes his snowy wings, and says: "This task is too great for me." I imagine Gabriel might stand up and say, "I shall blow the trumpet that will wake the dead, but this task is too great for me."

But all at once there was one who stood up in that presence and said: "I will take man's redemption on my shoulders." And the angels began to wonder, and it has been the cause of increasing wonder ever since that he should become the Redeemer; that he should become man that he might redeem the race and be our Saviour.

SAVING THE SHIP

Brother, you saw some years ago that a ship in the Atlantic Ocean sprung a leak away down in the bottom of her hull. The announcement that the ship has sprung a leak is made by the captain, and the pumps are got to work, but they will not pump out the water as fast as it enters by the leak. The only hope for the safety of the vessel is that someone will give his life in order to stop the leak. Volunteers were asked for, and one man spoke up, "I will go down and stop the leak."

He went down and down — to the upper, then the lower, and then the third deck, and then he reached down into the water and worked there until completely exhausted. The pumps began to work, and by and by the old ship grew lighter, and by and by the captain said: "The leak is stopped, but let us go down and see about our friend."

They went down to the third deck and saw his body floating on the water. They brought him up and embalmed his body, and when land was reached they carried it ashore and buried it. And the spot was marked by a tombstone on which was the epitaph:

This friend gave his life that all of us might live.
And the names of those he saved were all engraved below.
And they bless the memory of that man and say:
"If he had not died we should have been lost"

A RESCUED WORLD

And yonder is the old ship Humanity, and now the waves of God's wrath and judgment begin to pitch and toss her and drive her on the rocks, and she is about to go down forever, when the Son of God sees her; and I see him come from the shining shores of Heaven, as swift as the morning light, and throw his arms around this old, sinking ship.

She carries him under three days and nights, and he brings her to the surface on the third morning; and then God grasps the stylus and signs the magna charta of man's salvation, and then at the blessed moment it is written:

“Whosoever believeth in the Son of God shall not perish, but have everlasting life.”

I will give my life to Christ; he gave his life for me, and he is worthy of it.

SOLD ON THE RUN

Down South before the war we used to put a Negro on the block and sell him to the highest bidder. Sometimes he would run away and we could not get him on the block, but we would sell him on the run. “How much for him running away?”

Well, brother, when God Almighty turned this world over to Jesus Christ he turned it over on the run, running away from God, running away to Hell and deafly and the Lord Jesus Christ came as swift as the morning light and overtook this old world in her wayward flight, throw his arms around her and said: “Stop, stop, let us go back to God. Let us go back.”

Oh, Jesus Christ, help every man here to say, “I will go back. I have strayed long enough. I will go back now.”

Will you, brother! God help every man to say, “This night I have taken my last step in the wrong direction, and have turned round.” That is just what God wants sinners to do — to turn round — to turn round. Will you to-night say, “God being my helper, I will stop. I will turn my attention to Heavenly things and eternal things. I will look after my soul, if I starve to death.” Will you do that!

THE LAST APPEAL

Now we are going to dismiss this congregation, and those who wish to retire can do so, but I hope those who are not Christians will remain, and if you are a Christian and want to help us, remain with us. Let us make this Friday night a night of preparation for a higher and a better life. Let one hundred of us say: “I want to prepare to enter the church on Sunday morning.” If there is any man interested in his soul let him stay and talk and pray with us to-night.

~ end of chapter 16 ~

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