

GOOD NEWS

A Collection of Sermons

by

Sam Jones and Sam Small

First Series

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

Copyright © 1836

SERMON SIX

CHRIST THE BREAD, WATER AND LIFE OF ALL MANKIND

(Morning Service at the Chicago Avenue Church)

The church was again filled by an interested and attentive congregation, which had assembled to listen to Sam Jones, the Georgia evangelist. The audience was of an exceptionally intelligent and refined character, and the quiet earnestness of the man of God, as he delivered his message to the people, made a deep impression upon his hearers. The gentle gliding from a pathetic recital to a bit of facetiae constantly kept the audience in changeable moods. The tear of sympathy for his pathos was still visible when wrinkles of merriment would furrow the face. After the usual preliminary services of singing, and prayer by the Rev. Mr. Goss, pastor of the church, the evangelist spoke as follows: Let's take these words: "**Do the work of an evangelist**" — "**Do the work of an evangelist.**" We get these words from the fifth verse of the fourth chapter of Paul to Timothy. "**Do the work of an evangelist.**"

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

THE ONLY TEST

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

It's not how many good books I have read, but how many good books have I written and given to the world to make it better. It's not how many people do I love, but how many people love me for what I am and what I do. "**Do the work of an evangelist.**" I see that the salvation of my own soul was a secondary consideration in the great mind of God, when He pardoned my sins and justified me and made a new creature of me.

The ultimate salvation of any one soul was a secondary consideration in His mind. The great moving cause in the heart of God in the consideration of the soul is that in the

SALVATION OF A SOUL —

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

I believe I intimated a thought like this last Sabbath morning. That God is dependent upon us to help Him win the world to Christ. He bids us go to work in His vineyard. He calls us to the great work of bringing the world to Christ. And about the only business Christian people have in this world is to roll up their sleeves and pitch in with all their might, and help bring the world to Christ, but not to fold our hands when this is done, but after we have gotten the world to Christ, your business, as Christian people, is to keep it there.

I do not care what your theology is. A Christian must walk with God, talk with God, and have God ever present in his heart and mind. There is nothing for him to do in his Christian life this side of a faithful, persistent discharge of his Christian duties. There is no such thing as being religious this side of the doing of religion. If a man does religious he'll be religious, and if he is religious he'll do religiously. That's a sword that cuts both ways.

No man can persistently and faithfully discharge

HIS WHOLE CHRISTIAN DUTY

without seeing good results. There is no work of the muscle, sweat, and brains that counts for so much. There is no work in the universe for man that “pans out” so much as the work for God. Men put off the work for God on one pretext and another and say, “I'll do this or that when I have time.” Take the great privilege of family prayers.

Men say, “I'm so busy I haven't time to pray in my family Well, I must provide for my household, and I haven't time now.”

Let me look you in the face and let me tell you this, that the best lick you ever struck in your life for your wife and children was when you held family prayers. All the other licks you put in for your household will not be equaled by those at your family altar, praying for them, and you'll find that out, too, mark me. “I haven't time to be religious.” That's sorter like an engineer rolling by a coal-and-water station at the rate of sixty miles an hour and saying, “I haven't time now to take on any coal and water,” and in an hour's time you'll see him out in the woods dead still, couldn't turn a wheel if he stayed there that way forever. Haven't time to do it!

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

YOUR WHOLE CONCERN

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

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

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

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

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

"HOW MANY HOURS

Do you keep that saloon open?"

He'll tell you twenty hours a day; that he closes up at one o'clock in the morning, and opens at five the same day. That's doing a driving business, ain't it? That fellow is in earnest about that thing. No man would keep open for twenty hours out of the twenty-four unless he was in earnest.

Christian people keep open an average of about ten minutes a day, and give the devil twenty hours. No wonder that Chicago is drifting to hell. You just measure the influence put forth to damn the city, and measure the influences put forth, to save it, and you can count it up very easily how the devil gets ten to one.

"Do the work of an evangelist." The Lord God has remedies for all these things. There isn't a craze or crankiness, or difficulty or bad influence of earth that the remedy isn't right here in this book [holding up the Bible].

You take God's prescription and then give it according to His direction to the world, and you'll cure the world.

"Do the work of an evangelist."

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

I AM A METHODIST!

Methodist! Methodist! I have a great contempt for a man who is ashamed to tell what church he belongs to. Hear that?

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

There's no sectarianism about me in the world. If I had a drop of sectarian blood in my veins, I would have a lancet popped into a vein and let the last drop of the muddy, filthy stuff out. I don't want any of it in my composition at all. I admire a noble Baptist preacher.

In North Georgia, when the convention of his church declared it would have nothing in the world to do with the union services, a noble Baptist preacher came out to the union meeting and said that he did not compromise a principle of his church in doing so, and that whenever the Baptist Church principle prevented him from helping others to win souls to Christ, then he would be no longer a Baptist.

That's the ground Christian people ought to stand on. I want my Methodism to be

LIKE WHEELS FOR ROPES

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

If there is a being in the world I have a contempt for it is the fellow who is comfortable on all things except his religion. Strike him on that point and he is as mean as a dog. Haven't you seen it that way?

Comfortable everywhere and on all things until you strike him on religion, and then he is as spiteful and mean as the devil, and his association and acquaintance with his majesty is the cause of all his meanness.

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

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

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

“Well,” he said, “I’m reading my Bible every day and praying.”

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

“Brother, what are you doing to save the world and bring men to Christ?” He said, “I’m reading my Bible, like brother A, and say my prayers.”

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

THAT SORT OF CHRISTIANITY;

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

“Do the work of an evangelist.” Why, some of our strongest churches are opposed to evangelists. I have known some pastors that were opposed to revivals. Whenever a pastor tries his level best three or four times to get up a revival and cannot get one up, he’ll begin to preach against revivals and evangelists.

He feels that he is bound to justify himself somehow. “I just know if it was right I’d have it, but it isn’t right because I didn’t have a revival.” It’s themselves; they ain’t right. It takes more religion to sit down quietly and see a fellow doing a thing you tried to do and couldn’t than anything else between heaven and earth.

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

THIS WORLD FOR CHRIST

Here we have turned this world over to preachers for eighteen hundred years preaching Christianity. I have been associated very intimately for thirteen years with many preachers, and I have yet to find a dozen preachers that I do not love and do not admire. I love the preachers; they are a noble set of men. I’ll tell you what you want, you want your preacher to do this, and to do that, to preach “better sermons,” to preach with “more beauty of expression,” to put “more feeling” into his sermons.” Now, haven’t you heard that many a time? You go to the churches and the people are packed in it. Like so many blocks of lake ice in an ice-box, and curse the preacher because they don’t sweat.

Well, how can a man sweat when he's in an ice-box? That's the question. And if a fellow were to bring into some of these churches cream, sugar, etc., and set it out about the middle of the church in the midst of the congregation, he would get some first-class ice-cream; their coldness would freeze it. The trouble is not with the pulpit, but with the people. The preacher is doing his best under the circumstances.

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

DROPS IN THE SHAFTS

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

Now, here. Suppose we run it this way — I'll take the Chicago Avenue Church, for example. How many members have you here, Brother Goss?

Well, bring it down to simple facts and figures — you have six hundred members. Well, suppose to-day they were consecrated to evangelizing work, and suppose each one of these members would say this year that they would save a soul apiece for Christ — and that looks mighty little in three hundred and sixty-five days — you would have twelve hundred members.

Now, those twelve hundred go to work on the same basis, and by next Christmas a year you would have two thousand four hundred members. And continuing thus, you might wipe out all other churches in the city, except the Chicago Avenue Church, and in fifteen years Chicago Avenue Church would have conquered the city of Chicago and gone out to Christianize the world. Don't you see how it works?

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

WITNESS THE TRUTH

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

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

Thank God for these witnesses to the truth. And, brother, whenever a preacher utters a text, you be ready to witness its truth. **“Ye are my witnesses.”** Let the preacher tell the truth and let all his members witness it to the world, and say, “I believe it with all my heart when he says the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin,” That’s the sweetest thought in the Book.

“Do the work of an evangelist.” Not only by witnessing, but after you hear, be witnesses, and be workers under the truth. That’s it — workers. I don’t go much on deacons; I never did.

But I heard of a dream a young lady once had that impressed me wonderfully. She was a good girl and a member of the church. She dreamed that she died and went to heaven, and that she was carried beyond all the bounds of imagination, into the beauties and glories of

THE WORLD UP YONDER

She dreamed that she was at home in the city of God, and that she was there to live evermore; that she had passed to the judgment bar of God, and that she had become crystallized in holiness, to be forever a child of God, in the city of God, and she said: “Oh, what ecstasies swept over my soul as I dreamed of the bliss of heaven. All at once, as we were standing around God, the Father of us all, and they were singing, **‘Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.’**”

And she said, “Over the brilliant and blazing countenances as they shown forth, I saw ten thousand diadems shining in the crowns of those around me, and I turned to a sister spirit, and said, ‘What do these diadems represent in these crowns?’

‘Oh,’ she said, ‘these represent souls that we have been enabled to win to Christ.’”

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

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

CROWN OF RECOGNITION

I believe in crowns. I believe in stars. I believe this is not figurative, but it’s real and true. One day a man who had been seeking found the Saviour in my church in Georgia, and when I was walking into church the next Sunday he stopped me and said:

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

“‘Do you want to buy a crown?’

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

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

“‘Try it on.’

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

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

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

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

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

IS GOING TO BE”

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

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

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

~ end of sermon 6 ~

<http://www.baptistbiblebelievers.com/>
