

GOOD NEWS

A Collection of Sermons

by

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SERMON TWELVE

ROMANS 6:21

(Evening Service at Chicago Avenue Church)

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

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

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

SOWED IN OUR YOUTH

The truth is that we are sowing all the time. Every thought, every act is a sowing.

Very frequently a simple act of ours thoughtlessly done will entail consequences we never dreamed of. There is a significance in the eyes of God to everything we do. However lightly men may esteem an act not altogether proper; however we may escape the consequences before men, we may rest assured that every one of these acts has its portent in our lives, and if it does not affect us here it will affect us in the final judgment. By some subtle alchemy of God it is written on the record, and when it is brought into that heat of the final judgment it will come out. A man should make his example such a one as Christ will approve. The great reason for leading a good life is to obtain the good opinion of our fellow-men.

We all want the good opinion of our fellowmen. What is held out to us in this material life is that we have an exemplar, and if we follow him he will say at the end, **“Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord.”**

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

AMONG THEIR FELLOW-MEN

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

Now, what enjoyment can men have who are in sin? I might catalogue sin for hours, but the end of it all is death. It seems to me that the worst letter in all the alphabet is that letter D. It is the beginning of more words of sin that men are committing than any other letter in the alphabet. But we will only take a few of them. There is degradation; there is debt; there is disease; there is disgrace; there is death.

Take the first one.

For when a man sins he is filled with a secret sense of degradation. He may become brazen, and callous, and indifferent to the future, to God and eternity, but he will go through life with his head down. Sin is in him, and he knows it.

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

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

LOSE HIS BUSINESS SENSE

and he loses his sense of honesty between himself and the world, and men who have been converted will get up and say that while they were in sin they were pursued by debt. I don't know what your experience has been to-night, but I know what mine has cost me, and I know what the experience of men who come to the inquiry-rooms and the chancel-rails and are trying to find their way is. I know that sin cost me a great deal. It cost me money in treating fellows at bars, and being hale-fellow-well-met. I know all about it. I've been there myself. And that's one of the ways these expenses crowd upon a fellow.

Sometimes seventy-five cents' worth of whiskey made me spend \$75 or \$100 before I got sobered up, and got in debt for everything.

I spent all the money I made, and I could make money as fast as most men, in taking fellows to the theater and to horse races, where I bought pools and lost. And many another man has done the same thing, and gone home and borrowed more money, leaving his family, perhaps, without shoes or necessary clothing. I tell you that a man who is in debt is oppressed with a mighty burden.

I used to try and brace up once in a while. I'd say, "Well, I'll stay sober long enough to get out of debt." But it didn't work. It was like

THE OLD FARMER

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

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

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

BURNED UP BY DRINK

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

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

GROWN CALLOUS

and indifferent to the hereafter. These are the fruits of sin, and it needs no argument to gain your assent to that proposition. Now, what are we to do about it? What is there in any of these sinful courses that bring misery to your homes? What is there to lead a man on to the precipice and force him over to everlasting death? A man need not deceive himself. All around us it is having a demonstration as black as crape and new-made graves can make it. The wages of sin is death, and every minister will tell you so; every sexton and every doctor will tell you so.

My friends, come and give yourselves to God. Come and accept the offices of the Great Physician who can cleanse you from all sin. And then take Him as your exemplar and live like Him, How many here now want to live like Christ, and how many are living like him? Just stand up, please.

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

~ end of sermon 12 ~

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