

GOOD NEWS

A Collection of Sermons

by

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SERMON EIGHT

REJOICE EVERMORE, PRAY WITHOUT CEASING

(Evening Exercises at the Casino Rink)

The Rev. Mr. Jones smiled when he remarked, before he took his text: "Brethren, every city has its individuality and its peculiar characteristics. I think, perhaps, that the distinguishing characteristic of a Chicago audience is to gather up its hats and break out of a place of worship before the benediction is pronounced. I am going to talk a minute or two, and while I make this talk it is in order for every person to leave this house who can't sit until the benediction is pronounced. If you're a drinking man, and you get to the point where, if you don't hurry out and get a drink, you'll have a fit, we want you to get out quick and not have a fit in this rink. If you are a woman and left an old, crusty, bearish husband at home, and he'll scold you and quarrel with you if you stay out ten minutes after nine, why, you can leave now and sit up with your old bear at home; but I want

EVERY WOMAN

Who has a decent husband and every man who is not on the verge of delirium tremens to sit until the service is over to-night. Hear that? A great many in this town are in a hurry about getting to hell, but I don't see why you should hurry home as you do. What's the use in it? I hope I won't see you gather your hat and break out before the benediction is pronounced at this service; it is ungentlemanly and unladylike in you, and if I didn't have any religion I'd be a gentleman or a lady as long as I lived. I say things plainly so that you can get at what I mean, and now you have my mind on this subject, and if you can't sit until the service is over you needn't come at all. No sense in it! That's one characteristic of an audience in this town, you can't hold them until you pronounce the benediction. If you have self-respect enough you ought to behave yourself, especially when you come to hear a preacher. "I move that we all sit here to-night until the benediction is pronounced. Anybody second that motion? It is moved and seconded, then, that all sit here until the benediction is pronounced. Everybody in favor of the proposition say Ay. It is

UNANIMOUSLY ADOPTED

Everybody has voted to behave himself to-night, and now let's do our best on that line." Brethren, we invite your attention, your prayerful attention, this evening to these verses in the last chapter of First Thessalonians:

“Rejoice evermore; pray without ceasing: in everything give thanks. For this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.”

A majority of Christian people, to say nothing about worldlings, would have understood Paul as well if he had said:

“The heterogeneous, hetero-politico effusions of his prolific imagination induced him to supplicate elaboration in their pessimism.” Understood one about as well as the other.

“Rejoice evermore; pray without ceasing: in everything give thanks.”

A man who understands practically what those three verses teach is not only a Christian, but he is a Christian philosopher. The man who has learned the practical lesson of this exhortation in this text that you may rejoice evermore and pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks - that man is a philosopher as well as a Christian. There's a great deal of philosophy in Christianity, and the best philosophers make the best Christians always.

Now, **“rejoice evermore.”** We may take this term **“rejoice;”** it is a

VERY DIFFERENT WORD

from happy or happiness. Our word “happy” comes from the same word that “happening” comes from, and my happiness depends largely on fortuitous happenings; but joy is very different in its origin, and very different in its effects on the human heart and life. Joy, when we analyze it, is a sort of trinity or unity.

We say, first, that Scriptural joy on the man side, and I stay on that side; I live there, and I've got little business on any other side of the gospel except the human side. I know while I attend to my business the Lord will attend to His, and my big fear is not about all the Lord won't do or will do, but my big fear is about myself.

I'm uneasy about myself. I'm troubled about myself; but my faith and hope in God is as infinite as the universe is broad, and I have to do with myself; and if I will run myself like God wants me to run He will do for me all He wants to do for me.

We say the man side of this joy is a trinity in unity.

1. I am satisfied with the past.
2. I am contented with the present.
3. I am hopeful for the future.

If you will combine these three elements in a human life I will show you a man who rejoices evermore. “I am satisfied, first, with the past.” How many persons in this audience to-night can look back over the past and say, “I have

DONE MY BEST

Since the day I started in on a religious life?"

Let me say right here, brethren, that heaven is just the other side of where a man has done his best; and sanctification, when you boil it down to where we can get hold of it, is nothing more nor less than doing the best you can under the circumstances. That's sanctification. That's practical sanctification, and, really, I don't care much about any other sort. I want a practical religion, and practically a happy death, and a practical home in heaven; and the way to get a practical happy death, and practically a happy home in heaven, is to be practically a Christian in this world.

"I am satisfied with the past." That's the grandest thing a man ever said: "I have done my best; I have done my best." I was talking some time ago with a grand old man in our State, one of the noblest men I ever knew, and he said, "Jones, I don't know what people talk so much about second blessing for. I got all that was necessary in the first place."

"Well," said I, "What do you mean?"

The old man replied, "Jones, when I got religion I told the truth, and I have stuck to it ever since. When I told God I was going to quit my meanness, I quit it; I meant what I said."

"Well," said I again, "old uncle, may be you did wrong

AFTER YOU REPENTED."

Said he, "If I did God would have told me so."

Then I began to think, and I said to him, "Do you mean to say you never repeated a sin you repented of?" and he said to me, "Certainly not, sir, never."

Right there, brethren, I bring in this point. I said yesterday at Farwell Hall that if we would only quit our lying we would get nine-tenths of our difficulties out of the road. Mr. Finney relates an incident that occurred at one of his revival services.

One of the elders in the Presbyterian Church received an overwhelming baptism of the Holy Spirit, and that day there came in from an adjoining town an elder from another church. At the dinner table this elder discovered he could almost read traces and movement of the divine power in the very face of his host. Finney says himself he was sitting at the table. This visiting elder looked at his host and said: "Tell me how it is you have received such heavenly baptism?"

"How did you get it?" he asked.

The host looked at him and said: "I fell down on my knees and told God, 'I have told you my last lie. I will never tell you another lie while I live,' and the Holy Ghost descended on me, and I have been so gloriously filled since that time I scarcely know whether I am

IN THE BODY

Or out.”

This elder to whom the host was speaking then jumped up from the table and ran into a sitting-room nearby, and fell down on his knees and prayed: “My God, I have told you my last lie. I will never tell another on my knees or off my knees in my life,” and when they arose and walked from the dinner table the holy blessing fairly beamed. He had received the baptism, and went on his way rejoicing.

Brethren, that’s our trouble. We have been promising God all our life that we would quit our meanness and get to doing right, but we never have done it.

If I was to stop at this point and ask every Christian in the house who never told God a lie to stand up — and I don’t want to make that proposition, because there are too many old sinners in the house and I don’t want them exposed — how many do you suppose there are here to-night could stand up and say, “I told God the truth at the beginning, and have stuck to it to this hour. I said I would quit my meanness, and I did it. I said I would not do wrong, and I would not. I said I would do right, and I have done it.” I want to say we have a good many people who, when they look back over their lives, find they haven’t done much that was wrong, and they haven’t done much

THAT WAS RIGHT

either. I want to tell you that every man’s condemnation is bottomed on this one word, neglect, neglect! From the time Christ prefigured the judgment all man was condemned for neglect. Take the best citizen in Chicago, the most influential, one of the most highly honored, and let him be everything else you want him to be, and yet he neglects to pay his debts, and there isn’t a tramp in town who would have any respect for him. Isn’t that a fact? My duty is my debt to God, and if I neglect to pay my debts to God, there isn’t an angel in heaven who would respect me even if I had sneaked in there unnoticed, but got in, however, at last.

Duty! “I am satisfied with the past, with myself as a father. I have been a good example, and have led a Christian life before my children. I am satisfied with myself as a mother. I have done my duty to my children. I am satisfied with myself as a Methodist. I have kept my vows to my church. I am satisfied with myself as a Baptist, as I have done my duty toward my church. I am satisfied with myself as a Presbyterian, as I have carried the banner of my church and I have never suffered it to trail in the dust.”

Brethren, here’s a source of joy. I have done my best from the time I started

UNTIL THIS HOUR

Can you say that? Brethren, did you ever, when your innocent children played about in your lap, say: “I am the purest father God ever blessed with children?” Did you ever say that?

Mother, have you looked at your innocent children, as they threw their soft, white arms around your neck, and said: "I am the purest mother God ever blessed with children?" What is your home life? "I am satisfied. I have done my duty."

Sister, you may be satisfied with some things in your home to-night, but you'll be very much dissatisfied later along. You card playing fathers and mothers! Playing cards with your children! You may think that's very nice now, but when you turn out on the streets of this city of Chicago three more gamblers from your so-called Christian home you are going to get very much dissatisfied with the way you have made things at your house.

I think statistics will bear me out when I assert that nine out of every ten gamblers in this country were raised in Christian — so-called Christian — homes. They are the most refined, best educated, and best-raised men in all the land — gamblers — and they come from the homes where mother and father have dedicated them to God, and maybe had them baptized in the name of the Trinity. I want to say

ANOTHER THING

In my place here to-night. They say, "Jones you hit a little thing as hard as you hit a big thing." Yes, I do, brethren. Our church is paralyzed in this country. It hasn't the power, and we may just as well acknowledge up that we haven't it. Hear me! It is not lying that is hurting the church, nor stealing, nor drink. It is not that sort of meanness that is hurting the church. Those sort of church members don't hurt us. Everybody knows they are vagabonds, and pays no attention to them.

Hear me. If you want to know what is demoralizing the church and what is paralyzing the power of the church, I'll tell you. It is this tide of worldliness that is sweeping over the Christian homes of this country. That's it!

Oh, my sister, the day you entered society you laid down your piety, and you know it as well as I do, and you feel it as strongly as you feel that you exist: and I declare to you to-night, a woman that gives up her piety and consecrated life to enter society, she begins a life of misery that hardly a damned spirit can exceed in suffering.

Society! What do you want to go in society for? What do you want to run into society for? Society! A hollow, miserable, dirty, sneaking wretch it is. Heartless, heartless. I have said many a time I would rather my daughter would get

RATTLE-SNAKE BITTEN

than society bitten. I will tell you. I will define myself, so you will know who I mean. Whenever you see a card room in a house, and a wine-room and a billiard room: when you see those things in the homes in this community, let me say to you there is a family that belongs to the society of the city, whether the balance of the crowd will acknowledge them or not! That is owing to how much money you have got, and how freely you spend it, whether they will take you in or not.

I am satisfied with the way I run my family.

We are getting at the source of joy now, — we are getting at the source of joy. In all my experience I have never met a single man who prayed in his family night and morning and paid his just debts and lived honestly who would cover up cards in his home. Do you know any, brethren? I get to the point sometimes, when they say: “Jones, you said some mighty hard things: you ought to apologize.” Ought to apologize! Well, sir, if I say anything while I am in Chicago that hurts a man that prays night and morning in his family and pays his just debts and has got but one wife and lives right before all men: if I hurt that sort of a man I will apologize. I say I will apologize to that sort every time, but I will die before I will apologize to you, uncircumcised Philistines! I won’t do it. I am

SATISFIED WITH THE PAST

with the way I have lived before my family, the way I have acted towards my church, the way I have lived in my community; satisfied with my example in all respects.

Now you are laying the foundation for Scriptural joy.

Then the next point is I am contented with the present. Now, when a man is satisfied with the past, looks back with pleasure and joy with the consciousness that he has done his best and who is contented with the present — he who is contented is rich, and rich enough. Paul said right along: **“I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.”**

He said another thing on that line. **“Godliness with contentment is a great gain.”** Brother, a contented man has one of the elements of real Scriptural joy in his life. And I will say another thing: Until a man builds on God’s pattern — first, let the past be what it ought to be, and then look with a broad view upon this world and say, whatever is past, as far as I am concerned, I am contented with it; and then, hopeful for the future, that man is happy anywhere and happy everywhere. Hear me, brethren. Hope, as it shines upon a consecrated past and a contented present, is like the mile-posts on the way to God and tells us how far we have come, and how much further we have got to go. Thank God for hope in

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

And we sing, “What a blessed hope is ours while here on earth we stay!”

I am satisfied with the past, contented with the present, hopeful for the future. Well, you see I am right there on that point. I am trying to find out why you are a joyous Christian. You will find the secret right along in there. Now, brethren, what are you going to do? Thank God, we can do something: thank God, there is only one thing necessary to be done.

Let us go to God in honest penitence and tell him: “My Lord, this night I burn up the cards; this night I turn out the wines and entertainments; this night I draw the line and I come over to God’s side. Good Lord, forgive me for the way I have lived as a professor of religion.”

Then comes in the pardon. God says he will blot out the past; he will blot it out. Thank God for the provision which more than makes fit poor wayward men like we are. Brother, you will never have a better night than this to have a settlement with God. You can't take a better time than this night to drive out from your homes the things that are demoralizing your homes and ruining your children. I say this much: Whenever you find a deck of cards, and a box of champagne, and a billiard-table, and a lot of theatre tickets in Sam Jones's house, — if you go in the back way and get these things

SCATTERED ALL ABOUT

in the house and knock at the front door, you will find Sam Jones lying in bed, and if they come in over my dead body they will never come in until I breathe my last breath. You can let them in if you want to, you can let them in your house if you want to run that line, but thank God I am one man — if I am the only man in the universe, I am going to be one man that puts my foot down on those things that are demoralizing so many young people in this country.

There is a man with a deck of cards in his hand; he need not inquire where his boy is; he is a member of the club; he is out in society and you gave him the start on the way that he has gone; and this boy will bring you in gray-haired sorrow to your grave. You mark what I tell you. You showed him how.

You gave him the key to the whole trick, and now he is gone from under your influence. As many a father has said to me, "Oh, what can I do with my children? They are breaking my wife's heart."

I knew an old man some time ago; he was a man who set a bad example to his boys in drinking.

He would have it about his house and he would drink it in the presence of his boys when they were little. Now, there are three of his boys gone into dissipation and degradation, until it is killing their mother by the inch; and that man says, "Jones, what can I do? My boys are

BREAKING THE HEART

Of the best wife a man ever had."

"Well," said I, "you have got the biggest problem in the universe. Now, I don't know what to tell you to do, but I know what I would do."

He said, "What!"

I said, "Now, if my boys, if I saw them taking the last drop of blood, drop by drop, from my wife's heart; if I saw them turning my wife's golden hair into the color of silvered gray, and I saw them ploughing furrows day by day in my precious wife's face, I am going to my boys, to their room before they get up in the morning, and I am going to say, 'You poor besotted wretches, you; you have almost killed your mother, and you are killing her by the inch.

“Now, boys, get your breech-loading shot-guns and come down to the breakfast-table, all three of you, with your guns loaded with buckshot, and put the muzzle to your precious mother’s head and fire every barrel. You shan’t kill my wife by the inch. You shall kill her and be done with it,”

“And there is many a boy in this town that would do his precious mother a favor if he would take home a double barrel shot-gun to-night and kill her. These things are terrible that you are doing, and don’t forget it. I don’t forget it. Oh, mothers, fathers, let’s call a halt; let us bring these matters to an understanding at our homes and say, “We are done.”

At Chattanooga I had a talk

TO THE MOTHERS

there one afternoon, and I was to talk to the men that night. I talked to the mothers about cards and wine at their homes, and that night one mother and daughter went home, and when they got up from supper the young man said, “Mother, you and sister get the cards, and I can beat you again to-night.”

Mother looked at him and said, “Son, I heard Mr. Jones this afternoon, and settled it before God when I came back, on my knees, I have played my last cards; and I have taken the cards and laid them on the grate and they have been burned up.”

“Well,” he said, “sister, if I will go down town and get another deck will you play with me?”

“No, brother; no, brother; I have played my last cards. I heard that sermon.”

He says, “Well, I am going down town, then, and I will find somebody that will play.”

Mother looked at him and said, “My precious boy, go and hear Mr. Jones to-night.”

That mother’s boy walked out and came to the church and was convicted, and came to the altar and was converted, and joined the church and went back home praising God; and the mother threw her arms around him and said, “Glory be to God, my boy is converted the first night. I resolved to do my religious duty toward him.”

Well, fathers and mothers, wake up to this thing. Your boy is almost gone now. Let us

DO OUR BEST

to save our boys instead of teaching them the quickest way and the nearest steps to hell. Let us quit that. I am satisfied with the past. I have done my duty to my family, and I have done my duty toward them; and if I have one thing above another to praise God for, it is this.

I thank God, with my six sweet children at home — and I love them better than I love my own life — I thank God not a single one of those precious children ever looked in their father’s face when he was not a consecrated Christian trying to do right and get to heaven.

My children shall never be lost while I set a good example and pile up family prayers mountains high; and if they go to hell, they will go through rivers of my tears. I love my children; I say, God bless you parents. Call a halt; it is time; it is time. If you can't touch a man when you talk to him about his children, he has got no heart that is the truth about it.

If that woman in all her worldliness, all her love of fashion, all her greediness to outshine in society, when you get her to see her children, get her to see how she is dragging her children to hell with her; if you don't wake that mother up, you won't wake her up anywhere between this and eternal destruction. And I will declare another thing to you all. You all are

PERFECTLY WILLING

To sit here and say "Amen" all night long if I would abuse drunkards and abuse gamblers and abuse thieves; you would sit here and say "Amen" and say, "Lay on, Macduff; give it to 'em!"

But when I begin to talk to you people about making drunkards and making gamblers and making dissipated and dissolute persons in your own homes, then you prick up your ears and say, "I belong to the 'bung tung' of this town; you must mind how you talk."

I have a contempt for you. Let us call a halt along here, and let us, on our knees before God let us repent of these things to-night, for you needn't think you have not gone far enough; you have, you have.

I am satisfied with the past, I am content with the present, I am hopeful for the future. Well, now, this is the secret of a happy life; there is the secret of a happy life. I don't want to go through this world but once, but I want to go through it in a way that I will have nothing to regret when I get to my journey's end. I want to live right before God and my family, so that when I come to die I can say to my children, "Go and live just like your father has lived and do just like he has done, and as certain as Christ died for sinners, some of these days we will all meet in heaven."

Satisfied with the past, content with the present, and

HOPEFUL FOR THE FUTURE

This gives me the attitude and the altitude where I can rejoice evermore. Happy all the day long. That is the joy and song of my heart. Then we take the next verse and hurry along, for I have preached already twice to-day, and you have no idea how hard it is to hold at the third service. Nothing but a consuming desire to do good to men would ever make me do it. You couldn't hire me to do it.

"Pray without ceasing."

Well, you say, "I can sort of see how a fellow can act when he can rejoice evermore; but talk about praying without ceasing, that is all foolishness. A man has got to work; he has got to do other things. A man can't just pray all the time. That won't do at all."

I heard of a fellow once who had so much work to do on a certain day that he just had to lay all down and stop and pray three hours in order to get through with his work. Well, you say, "That is the biggest foolishness I ever heard of in my life."

See that engine stop yonder? The schedule of that passenger train is forty-five miles an hour, and that train has stopped still. I look at and I say, "What does this all mean? The engineer has stopped and he is on schedule time. Why don't he go on? What has he stopped for? He has stopped one minute, two minutes, three minutes, five minutes. Oh,

WHY DON'T HE GO ON?"

I look down a little closer and he is letting coal into the tender and water into the tender. He has spent his six minutes at the station, and his tender is filled with coal and filled with water, and I see him look back at his tender with coal.

Then he catches hold of the lever of the whistle, and he announces the fact that he is going to start. He says to himself, "I have lost six minutes, but I have got steam-power enough there to carry me along sixty miles an hour if I wanted to go that fast, but if I had run by the coal-station I would have got stalled on the first grade. But, I have power enough to carry me through."

I will tell you, brethren, when you run up to God Almighty's coal-and-water station, you must take on enough for your needs. That is it. That is the way to get steam to make the trip. That is the meaning of prayer.

I will say a thing now, and I would say it loud enough for all the earth to hear me. We have got men that won't pray in public and won't pray in their families. Do you want to know why that is? It is because they don't pray anywhere. Hear me. I want to be understood now, if you don't understand anything else tonight. The man who really prays anywhere will pray everywhere. The man who maintains secret prayer

WILL PRAY EVERYWHERE

in God's world that you call on him. You say the reason you don't pray in your family is just because you are timid. That is a lie. It is because you are mean, and you know it. Talk about a great big fellow, with whiskers six inches long, who will go down on 'Change and talk bigger than any man in the pit, and he won't go home and pray with his children.

He is so timid, he can't do it. "You know I would do it if I wasn't so timid." These little timid fellows, you know.

Look here. If a man don't pray in his family there is but one reason for it, and that is because he don't live right before his family. I know what I am talking about. I recollect once since I was converted I got up one morning kind of out of humor, and I said some things I had no business to say. I had the dyspepsia, they said. It was meanness. Every time a fellow gets his meanness off it is dyspepsia.

Do you hear that, wife? As I said, I was talking right smart around that morning, and directly just before the breakfast bell rang, wife got down the Bible. I looked at it, and I would have given fifty dollars that morning if I had had some preacher there to have prayer in the family for me. Oh, how I hated to get down after talking that way. Brother, when you get to living right before your family it is just as easy to

PRAY BEFORE THEM

As it is to sit down and eat before them. Great big Sam Jones talking about his timidity!

If I was a woman and had married a man that didn't have sense enough to pray with me and my children; if I was a woman, I would go to the Legislature and have my name changed back to what it was, and I would — I — I would — I — would — I would let him take my name, so folks could ask him what his name was before he was married. I would change my name if I had married a rat-terrier that didn't have sense enough to pray in the family.

If I had been unfortunate enough to be the wife of a man that couldn't get the old Bible and pray with me and my children, it just seems to me that I would take the duty upon myself; I would do it. I would get up some morning, and I would tell the children, "You get that little tin rattlebox and keep your little father quiet now, while I have family prayer."

Sister, if he didn't have enough manhood about him to pray with me and my children, I would take the baby out of the cradle, and I would ram him down in there and nurse him at my breast the balance of his life. I would. You little bit of an insignificant thing, you. If I didn't have sense enough to pray in my family, I tell you what I would do. I would go and hire me a man that wife and children

HAD CONFIDENCE IN

And I would pay him by the month to come and hold family prayer for me. I would.

Let us see how many of this Christian audience to-night pray with their wives and children. How many of you men, how many of you read the word of God and pray with your families? Now, I mean, read a chapter to your family, or part of a chapter, and get down and lead your household in prayer in your own home. Now, how many of you do that night and morning, or even at night at your home? Let us see how many Christian people — and every man that does do it will stand up, you needn't doubt that — every one of you who does that stand up, every one of you who has family prayer. [A small number stood up]. Now, I see here is about forty out of 6000. [A Voice — Perhaps some did not hear you].

The preachers want that tested. I tell you, brethren, that will be one of the most important points that I make in Chicago — this point of family worship. Now you mark it, I wouldn't give the flip of my finger for your big revivals unless we can get religion into the fathers and mothers of this country. There's no use talking, we can't bring the children up to Christ without prayer in your family. We want to have this thing tested. Now, then, all of you, every man in this house,

EVERY CHRISTIAN

who reads the word of God to his children, and leads in prayer in his home, and who prays for his family; everybody, in the gallery and on the lower floor, get up and proclaim to the world that you pray in your family, and try to live right. I want to put the proposition fairly.

Well, there are a good many mothers, and thank God for that. Now, there are about one hundred and fifty people. I said one night at a meeting like this; I said a man that has not got enough religion to pray in his family has not got enough to get to heaven with. I said a man that don't pray in his family has no religion at all.

Well, one fellow took me to do about it, and was about to jump on me. He says, "Didn't you say last night that a man who wouldn't pray in his family had no religion?"

Said I, "Yes, sir."

He says, "Well, sir, you are mistaken; I have got as much religion as you have, and I don't pray in my family." He says, "Well, it is true, I don't enjoy religion."

"Well," said I, "do you know the reason you don't enjoy religion?"

He said "No."

Says I, "It is because you have got no religion. It is the most enjoyable thing in the world."

I met an old woman who was enjoying poor health, and I know if anybody can enjoy poor health they certainly ought to

ENJOY RELIGION

If they have any. I said a man had no religion, and finally I said to him, "What is religion?"

He says "You say."

"Well," says I, "religion is loyalty to God." He says, "That is right."

"Well," said I, "my loyalty to my duty is the test of my loyalty to God, ain't it?" He says, "Yes."

"Well," said I, "if I am disloyal to my duty can I be loyal to God?"

He says, "Well—" he says, "I — I never thought of it that way before." But that night he went home, and he says, "Wife, get down that Bible;" he says, "That little sallow-faced preacher just knocked the back out of me this morning." Talk about a man being religious who does not pray in his family! Ridiculous! I found out long ago that religion is a good thing to have, and a father wants his wife and children to have all the good things in the world.

The next thing you hear from him he will be leading in prayer and demonstrating his religion in his family, and they will fall into line with him. Brother, if you don't pray in your family, you go home and begin tonight. Do you hear that? You begin to-night. Here you are now, wondering why Jones didn't institute his inquiry-room, and think I had ought to call them up about now. Call who up? Will you come, brother? Will you come? Will you go in there to-night, you mean,

RUSTY OLD SINNER

If I call them up? I mean you, Brother Smith, there!

You never prayed in your family in your life, and you wouldn't pray in public on invitation. Will you come? I will never let up on you until you will come, sir, or until you go home and stay there. I am going to have your hide or your seat before this thing is over.

I don't believe in us Christian people being guilty of neglect of duty and doing just like we please, and let the poor sinners come up and be converted. Brother, if I was to live such a life as you live I would rather my children would never be converted at all than to come into the church and go from the heights of profession to the depths of damnation. If I must go to hell, God grant I may never go through as a professor of religion.

“Pray without ceasing.” How many people in this house hold family prayer and go to the theater? How many people in this house that pray in their families, play cards in their families? How many people in this house who give wine suppers pray at night and morning with the children? Ah, brother, those things won't mix, and you needn't tell me they will. They won't.

Pray in your families. I like family prayer, and I can't get along without it at my house. I told them last summer in my town — my neighbors came to me and said, “Jones, you are

BREAKING YOURSELF DOWN

You have got to stop; you have got to stay at home.”

“Now,” I said, “I will tell you how you can get me to stay away. You just get my wife to sign an obligation that she won't read the Bible and pray night and morning with my children, and I am gone. Then I won't stay a night away from them anymore. I wouldn't leave my wife and children to go anywhere to preach to anybody unless my wife would agree to be the priest of my home, and keep my children in the way of life.”

Then, another thing, if my wife gets sick and can't get out of bed; then my little girl will call the others in and she will read the Bible and pray with them.

And I believe, if she didn't, little 8-year-old Bob, if all the balance were in bed sick, I believe Bob would call the nurse in with the baby, and, with his little prattling sister, read the Bible the best he could and have family prayer.

I tell you, brother, I like that line. I want to get God's old family-prayer elevator down into my house every night, and let wife and children get into it and all go to heaven for a few minutes, and then come back and go to bed. And then in the morning, before the breakfast bell rings, down comes God's old family-prayer elevator, and we will all get into it for a few minutes and go to heaven, and come back and get our breakfast and go to work. If I can just get

WIFE AND CHILDREN

to heaven that way a few years, they will be such children that when they come to die they will go to heaven as naturally as they breathe. The Lord save my home. God save my home. If there is one thought that my mind dwells upon in restful, peaceful moments, it is when I am looking ahead to that happy time when I shall dwell with my wife and loved ones in heaven. And I say to you this, I am deprived of many of the blessings and privileges of my home, and it makes me sad; and when my precious little ones throw their arms around my neck and the tears drop out of their eyes, and as I pull away from them to go to my duties, no one but God knows how my heart bleeds. Some of these days, I don't know when — my wife says two or three more years — wife will say, "You had better stop;" and I have seen the tears in her eyes as she spoke, and I have said, "Wife, how can I stop? I must finish my course. I will do my work while God lets me live;" and some of these days I will kiss wife and children goodbye and go home to heaven, and when I stand at the pearly gates — for I shall never go far away from the gate of entrance to the glories of God — waiting until wife comes, and it will be a grand hour in heaven when wife comes winging her way into glory, and she will say, "I have come up through much tribulation to enjoy this heaven with your forever," And wife and I shall sit under the shade of

THE TREE OF LIFE

and we will see an archangel winging his way rapidly toward us, and he will stop at our seat and will brush little Mary — our Mary — from under his wing, and say, "You trained her for everlasting life, and she is with you now forever," and then a few more moments will glide by, and I will see another angel winging his way towards us, and I will whisper to wife, "There comes another angel, with another of our precious ones," and he lays his precious burden at our feet, and wife says, "Blessed be God, two are here and forever."

And when the last one comes sweeping in, we will all join hands forever. Mother, children, all of us in home in heaven forever. Then will I have received pay for every lick I have ever struck for God and right on this side of the grave. God bless and save you, brethren. I cannot go further now with this text, brethren, as I have talked over an hour; but may God bless you and save you all here and forever. Now every man that wants to be saved, and wants his precious wife and children to be saved to the better world, stand up!

~ end of sermon 8 ~

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