

GOSPEL SERMONS

as

Delivered by the Great Preacher,
Sam P. Jones

“For the grace of God, that bringeth salvation, hath appeared unto all men, teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world” (Titus 2:11-12).

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SERMON FOURTEEN

PURSUE NOT EVIL

And now we invite your attention to the 19th verse of the 11th chapter of Proverbs:

“As righteousness tendeth to life, so he that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death.”

When a saved man dies he not only goes to Heaven, drawn thither by the natural force of spiritual gravity and by the approval of God and angels, but when a saved man dies he goes to Heaven by the common consent of all intelligent beings in this world.

When a bad man dies he not only goes to Hell, drawn thither by the natural force of spiritual gravity, by the approval of God and angels, but when a bad man dies he goes to Hell by the common consent of every other man in the universe.

Did you ever attend the funeral of a good man — one that was known and read of all men as a good man? Haven't you sat in the church as the preacher said, “Here lies the body of our brother, and his spirit is gone home to God to live forever with the angels;” haven't you gone out of the church and heard saint and sinner both say, “That's the truth!

That good man has gone home to Heaven. That preacher told the truth when he said that good man has gone home to God!”

Haven't you heard that in conversation on the street, saint and sinner both speaking it out? Did you ever attend a funeral of a different character, one of these members of the church, may be, that don't live right, and haven't you heard the preacher stand up and say, “Here lies our brother's body and he has gone home to Heaven,” and then seen hundreds of heads begin to shake in a moment, and then you walk out on the street and saint and sinner both say:

“The preacher outraged every principle of truth, and I'll never hear him preach again. He knows that man hasn't gone to Heaven, and we know it, and everybody else knows it.”

NO PREACHING INTO HEAVEN

Oh, my brother! This old world won't let a preacher preach a bad man into Heaven, and this old world won't let a preacher preach a good man into Hell. I have found that out. And the preacher's words don't go with us into Heaven or to Hell. If a man is in Heaven at all he is there long before the preacher takes his text, and if a fellow is in Hell he is there long before the preacher takes his text, and the preacher cannot preach a fellow into Heaven or Hell.

They are down there before he takes his text, to one place or the other. It is all foolishness, and a great deal of harm is done in this world by preachers taking a false position on this point. And I'll tell you how. If your husband didn't live right and your children didn't live right, and your mother didn't live right, I am the last man in the world you ought ever to get to funeralize, for I tell the truth — when I am talking to the living I tell the truth, because I can't harm the dead by telling the truth.

“As righteousness tendeth to life.”

Oh, my brother! The path of the just is as a shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day. A good man's tendency is upward and onward and higher and higher. Oh, brother! The good man has the promise of the life that now is and everlasting life in the world to come. And just so sure as goodness and righteousness leadeth to life hereafter, just so:

“He that pursueth evil pursueth it to his death.”

Really, I don't need, as I have said before, any Bible to teach me that sin will kill, that sin will doom, that sin will destroy, I don't need any Bible on that point. I never saw a poor, staggering drunkard but what I looked in his face and said: “Oh, Lord God, sin is ruining that man and sin is killing that man and sin will damn that man.”

I never saw a poor, pale, ruined woman halting along the streets of the city that I didn't look at her poor, tottering form and say: “Sin has ruined that woman and sin is dooming that woman and sin is disgracing that woman and sin will eventually damn that woman.” No, sir. No, sir. I don't need any Bible to teach me that sin will ruin human beings; that sin is death to the body and death to the soul.

THE PURSUIT OF EVIL

“He that pursueth evil pursueth it to his death.”

The full idea expressed here, the real idea expressed here, is this: The natural tendencies of men are evil, and all a man need to do in order to be doomed here and damned hereafter, is just to follow the bent, the inclinations, of his own heart and ways. Sin is a disease. It is a leprosy. It is a cancer of the soul. I took up a newspaper some months ago and I read that Senator Hill, of Georgia, — Senator Benjamin H. Hill — had a little trouble, as was said, with his tongue, and they made light of it and said it was caused by a fractured tooth.

A few days after that I took up a secular paper and I read that Senator Hill was under the surgeon's knife at Philadelphia and that they had taken out about one third of his tongue. And they said: "It will all heal up and he will be well in a few days."

Well, a few days more and I picked up the paper again and it said: "Senator Hill is back under the surgeon's knife at Philadelphia," and how the doctor had cut all the glands out of the side of his face and neck. Then young Ben Hill turned to the doctor and said: "Now, sir, will my father get well?"

The surgeon said: "If we have extracted the last particle of virus — this virus of cancer — from his system, he will certainly get well, but if there's the least particle of that virus of cancer left in his system it will stray off to some other gland and start a second cancer."

THE VIRUS OF SIN

The next I heard of Senator Hill was that he was at the famous springs in the West. I walked down to the depot of my town one day that I happened to be at home, and when I walked down to the train the passenger train rolled down all trembling under its air brakes, and stopped. I looked toward the car, and I thought I saw the outline of Senator Hill's face. I walked on down toward the car, and he pushed his bony hand out of the car and took mine, and I looked in his face and said: "My Lord! Is this all that is left of Senator Hill, the grandest man that Georgia ever produced?"

And I looked at the poor fellow, and a few days after that I took up the Atlanta Constitution and read: "The grandest procession that ever marched out of Atlanta marched out yesterday and buried Senator Hill out of the sight of men."

And I want to tell to this congregation to-night, just as certain as the virus of cancer killed Senator Hill's body, just as certain the virus of sin will kill your soul at last. And it isn't a question of how you have been baptized. It is not a question of what church you belong to. The only question for time and eternity with every mortal man is this: Has this virus of sin been extracted from my soul?

Oh, thank God. Eighteen hundred years before I was born, the old world began to sing:

There if a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I —
Thank God —

And there may I
Though vile as he.
Wash all my sins away.

STABS AT CONSCIENCE

Blessed be God, at this fountain opened up in the house of David, for uncleanness, the world has been washing away its guilt for thousands of years. And here, to-night, we bid all ye wretched, ye hungry, ye starving, ye debauched, ye degraded, ye unclean men, I bid you, you, to come to the living fountain and drink, and never be ill or thirsty again.

Oh, brother, is that virus of sin in your soul?

Nothing but the blood,
Nothing but the blood,
Can wash my sins away.

Every sin of a man's life is a direct stab at his conscience. When men start in sin and sin on and on, there comes a time by and by when their conscience is honeycombed with the stabs of sin and it expires and breathes its last and the man walks through life without a conscience at all.

Oh, conscience! That reigning principle in my bosom that speaks out when wrong presents itself, and thunders out against wrong; that something in me that approves the right And every sin of my life is a stab at my conscience, and by and by I make the last fatal stab and conscience is dead forever.

Will you let me say, my congregation to-night, that the great trouble with the world to-day is that conscience is stabbed to death. Why, do you tell me that this government in this State and this municipality here would be run like it is if conscience was alive? No, sir! National conscience is dead! If a man goes into a credit mobilier or any other job in this country and filches from the government a few hundred thousand or a few million dollars he is dubbed "Colonel" and sent to the United States Senate, and considered one of the leading citizens of America!

But if a poor man steals a dollar to buy him bread, he spends a lonely, weary time in jail and in the chain gang. What is the matter! Conscience is dead!

CONSCIENCE IS DEAD

Conscience is dead! That's all. Oh, my fellow-citizens, let me say to you to-night that the trouble with this country is that the national conscience is dead, and individual conscience is dead, and the church's conscience is dead, and thus we are marching on,

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
The boys are marching,

without conscience, and without the saving power of conscience to check them.

Ah, me! Look at St. Louis! And I want to tell you right now that a Christian man cannot patronize the theaters in this town. Why? The day that a Christian man consecrates to God, he can go to the play that he was at on Friday night, and see the same company desecrate God's Sabbath on Sunday night in the same house that he sat and saw the play on Friday night! And do you tell me that a Christian with a live conscience will look on a thing on Friday night and go to see a play on that same stage on which that same crowd are going to desecrate the Sabbath and violate God's law? No, sir.

A Christian man with a live conscience cannot patronize an institution of that sort. And if I had nothing in God Almighty's world against the theater, I say I am down on any crowd that cannot make a living six days in the week and have to rush over on God's Sabbath and desecrate that day to make a living! I am down on that sort of a crowd!

DOWN ON THE THEATERS

They say I am down on the theaters; but, God bless you, if they will make the theaters as good as the church — and that would not be hard to do — it would not; that ain't asking much of them — it ain't. I pledge you my word whenever theaters will keep the Ten Commandments I will stand up and advocate them. But I am down on them as long as they are down on the Ten Commandments. Do you understand that? They are growling mightily on my track. The theatrical companies say they would rather run against the devil than Sam Jones, and they are down on me.

One of the leading theatrical gentlemen just from a southern tour, said:

"I tell you, a theatrical crowd better keep clear of Sam Jones' track, for I'll tell' you, you cannot make salt where he has been."

I like that. I want to cut a canal through the whole business and ditch it off and sun it awhile and make it decent. And no theater-man nor no theater-goer need say one word to me about holding up — "don't denounce us" — until they keep the Ten Commandments, and when they do that I will bow to them politely and say, "Gentlemen, I sheath my sword and I will never hit you again." But I am going to fight anything that breaks the Ten Commandments. I am standing by these Ten Commandments, and I am going to die by these Ten Commandments.

TRAFFICKING WITH EVIL

The conscience of this city is dead. Don't you know whenever St. Louis says, "You shan't sell whisky here in this town," don't you know it has got to get out of here? Don't you know that? And I will tell you another thing. We members of the church will stand around here and curse barkeepers — in a pious way I mean — and abuse barkeepers and abuse saloons. Now let me tell you. Every citizen of this town walks up to the barkeeper and pats him on the shoulder and says, "We'll license you if you will divide with us." Now, ain't that saying, "If you will pay us taxes for selling it, to fix up the streets and keep the town going — if you will divide with me" — that's it — "we'll pat you on the back and protect you." Ain't that so?

“If you will slip \$200 a year in this pocket here to help fix up the street leading to the church, we will license you, pat you on the back, protect you, and we’ll tell our preacher to shut his mouth — ‘Don’t you open your mouth.’” Ain’t that so? (turning to the ministers on the stage).

I don’t know whether they ever told you preachers to shut your mouth or not, but you have done it voluntarily if they didn’t make you do it.

THE BARKEEPERS ARE GENTLEMEN

I want to say to St. Louis to-night that the barkeepers and saloonkeepers are the gentlemen and St. Louis is the vagabond! Now, what do you say? The barkeeper is selling it to get a little money to feed his wife and children, and you all are letting him sell it if he will give you part of the money to fix up your streets. Ain’t that the way it is going? The Lord have mercy upon us! And this is just the way it is standing in this country.

And I will tell you if the Lord Almighty will come down to-night and rake and dig the dirt off our consciences where they are dead and buried, and if he will burst the tombstones off of them and dig them, out of the ground, and tear the grave clothes off of our consciences and let them walk the streets of this town one day, we’ll revolutionize this town in one week so that a familiar friend would not recognize it. That’s the truth.

Conscience! Conscience! Do you want to know why I think your conscience is dead, brother? You don’t pray in your family; you don’t attend your prayer-meeting; you don’t do anything scarcely that a Christian ought to do, and you say, “I feel all right” The old fool don’t know the difference between feeling all right and not feeling at all — that’s what is hurting him. And I will tell you it takes a philosopher to go in there and tell the difference, too. A dead man feels as good as anybody, but he doesn’t feel at all.

CONSCIENCE AND POLITICS

Conscience! Conscience! As soon as we got the conscience of Atlanta aroused we put whisky out of Atlanta, and they may pile a hundred bills of injunctions, but, mark what I tell you! When the majority of the people of a town say a thing can’t be did, it ain’t going to be did — that’s all. The majority in this country rules. And when a fellow don’t like to live in a country where the majority rules, then he can emigrate, and I’d buy him an emigrant’s ticket any day he wants to go. Talk about sumptuary laws, I will tell you. I was born a Democrat and raised a Democrat, and never voted anything but a Democratic ticket, but if they try to ram sumptuary laws down my throat in the shape of a barrel and a demijohn, I ain’t a Democrat — it’s a lie. I’ll die first.

UNWISE PARTY LOYALTY

That’s just my honest sentiments about it. And I despise this miserable loyalty to party that takes the party lash and whips me into voting for anybody. I don’t care who he is or what the party is that nominates him. God Almighty! Raise the conscience of America from the dead and let us not ask whether he is this or that, but “Is he a pure, good man and will he do right in office?”

That is it! I will never vote for a drunkard, nor a gambler, nor a debauchee, I don't care who nominates him. Never! I have got too much conscience for that.

Conscience! And we have sinned and sinned until conscience is stabbed to death, and we are a good deal like the fellow that said when he first joined the church any little thing he done wrong nearly killed him, but he says: "I've got so now I can steal a horse and it don't bother me at all."

And that's just about the way we are going in this country now — every fellow's conscience dead; and he can't see any harm in this or any harm in that or any harm in the other.

Almighty God! Arouse our conscience and bring it to life once more. We have stabbed it to death, and here we are to-night quibbling over this thing or that thing or the other thing. Instead of drawing our swords and battling for the right, and daring to do the right, we are wincing and whining around and saying, "I don't see any harm in this, and I don't see any harm in that."

Good Lord! Let conscience come up from the grave, and then you can see the line just as clearly as you can see the sun at midday in its brightest shining.

CLOSING ST. LOUIS SALOONS ON SUNDAY

Conscience! Whenever you get the conscience of St. Louis alive you are going to stop these Sunday theaters here, and you are going to stop a heap of devilment that is going on here on Sunday; you are going to close up these saloons on Sunday. And I will say another thing. If I was a betting man and there wasn't any harm in betting, I'd stake all I could raise on saying that twelve months from to-day you will witness the last saloon open on Sunday in this city.

I am down on any crowd that is so greedy they ain't willing to pour damnation down a fellow's throat six days in a week and quit with that I am. They are the greediest men I ever saw, if they ain't willing to compromise on six days' work to put in for hell and damnation a week. That ought to satisfy any fellow.

Conscience! Conscience! Conscience! I know you will say I am a fanatic. You know the difference between a fanatic and one of your sort sitting back there — one's conscience is dead and buried, and the other has got a live conscience; and it don't take a live conscience long to make a fanatic out of a fellow. That's true. I found that out.

Conscience! Every sin of my life is a direct stab at my conscience, and stab after stab the blows are given, until conscience gasps and breathes its last, and now the man can do anything in the world, and he can see no harm in anything in the world.

DEADENED SENSIBILITIES

Conscience! But it does its work on. He that pursueth evil pursueth it to the death of his sensibilities. The natural tendency of sin is to dry up the fountain of a man's sensibilities. Oh, me!

There are men here to-night that could not shed a tear if they could get a kingdom for a single tear — all the sensibilities of their nature dried up; and you might just as well preach to a dead man as to preach to him. Why, he says all emotional flow and all emotional feeling and all concerning his sensibilities is dead long ago.

Oh, my God! Pity a man that has stabbed his sensibilities to death, and has no feeling about his immortal interests.

And, then, he that pursueth evil not only kills conscience and stabs sensibility to death, but he goes on at his work, and then, he that pursueth evil pursueth it to the death of his powers of resistance.

THE STOPPING POWER

You see that throttle and that engineer's hand on it, and you gee that engine rolling at the rate of fifty miles an hour, with an impulse almost omnipotent! The greatest power of this nineteenth century is the throttle-valve of an engine. Next to that greatest power is the lever of those air-brakes — the stopping power. The first is the go-ahead power; the next greatest power is the stopping power. I was sitting on an engine some months ago with a friend, and as we sat there talking I saw ahead. Said I: "Look at those cattle on the track!"

We were rolling forty-odd miles an hour. He just took hold of the lever of his airbrake and turned it around, and slapped on every brake on every wheel and blew his whistle, and gave the cattle time to clear the track; and but for that brake-power that day, those cattle might have ditched that train and killed half the men on it The power to stop! The power to stop!

WHEN THE BRAKE WON'T WORK

I believe it was on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad that some months ago a passenger engineer pulled his great long passenger train of thirteen cars, seven passenger coaches and four sleepers, heavily up a steep grade, until he reached a tunnel. When he ran out of the tunnel he pulled out his watch and saw that he was an hour behind time. He had thirteen miles of down-grade, to the river, and he shoved his lever forward and pulled his throttle open, and that engine commenced to roll and thunder down that grade until she reached a speed of sixty miles an hour. Down that grade, and on and on she rolled, with every pound of steam thrown against her piston-heads, until she rolled within a mile of the bridge across the river. When he reached that point he shot the steam off, and turned the lever of the airbrakes, but they were out of fix.

He instantly awoke to a consciousness of his peril, and said: "I am within a mile of the river, with a speed of sixty-seven miles an hour, and my air-brakes out of fix."

Then he reached out and caught his whistle-lever and whistled a fearful blast, that called for "down-brakes." The brakeman ran to the car door and stood there. The car was jumping and pitching and tossing, and the brakeman said:

“It is certain death for me to walk out on that platform to those brakes.”

The engineer felt his train rolling on with an increased impulse, and he reached out again and caught hold of the whistle-lever, and again with fearful blast called for “down-brakes.” And the captain, the conductor, ran up to the rear end of the car where the brakeman stood, and said: “Go out and put on those brakes. Don’t you see that we are near the bridge? The engineer has whistled for down-brakes.”

The brakeman said: “Captain, we cannot go out on that platform. It is certain death to go out there. We cannot stand here in the car.”

And on and on the train rolled and soon swept on to the bridge. The first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh cars rolled onto the bridges, but the first sleeper swung too far out to the left and struck the bridge, and the four sleepers were hurled into the river below and swept into eternity. What was the matter! The brakes would not work, that is all. And I tell you here to-night, in St. Louis there are 10,000, 20,000 men that have pulled to the top of the grade and have started down and down, and on and on they roll to-day, and every brake on their nature is gone forever.

POOR BOB HERRICK

Poor Bob Herrick, at home, a good-natured, kind-hearted man he was, with a pleading wife and against the advice of physicians, drinking on and on! And now he is on his dying bed and he is surrounded by friends. It took four men to hold him on his dying couch and when the last lucid moment came he said, “Doctor, is there any chance for my poor life?”

“No, Bob,” he replied. “If you drink you will die and if you don’t drink you will die.”

And two hours after poor Bob foundered on the rocks of damnation, with his wife and children clinging around his neck. Gone! Gone! Gone! Gone forever!

There are men, perhaps, listening to me to-night who will never stop cursing, who will never stop drinking. You will die with an oath on your lips. God pity the man that has reached that point when he has said, “I cannot quit! I cannot quit!”

It would seem that God had stricken such poor wretches with judicial impotency. Oh, my friend, tonight let us put the brakes on our nature and say, “I will quit! I will quit! I will drink no more! I have drunk my last drop. I have sworn my last oath.” Let you and I settle that once and forever, and say, “God being my judge I will quit to-night!”

You have no more time to throw away. You need not catch up any more momentum. No, the momentum some of you have will run you on and on until you make the final leap and you are gone forever. Your appetite for whisky could not be any stronger. The appetite of your lustful nature is such that you are debauched from head to foot now. On and on men go until they awake to a realization of their doom and say:

“I am rolling on with a momentum that frightens me. Every brake is removed from my machine. I am doomed, and I am certain I will be damned at last”

THE LAST SLACKING UP

Look here, friend; let us stop to-night. I tell you I verily believe that if I had not stopped at my father’s dying couch fourteen years ago, I believe that was my last slacking up. I believe that if I had not then said, “Father! Father! I speak it from the depths of my nature, I have quit — I am done forever.”

I believe right then and there that was my only chance to stop and recover myself. And, blessed be God, I made that stop. Blessed be God! There was a turning-table right there, and on that turning-table I rolled my engine, and turned round, and I am rolling the other way to-night, I trust with a momentum that will sweep me into the kingdom of God by and by.

And he that pursueth evil pursueth it to the death of his intellect and his reason. I believe that men sin against their intellect until they get to a point where their minds will no more grasp Scriptural truth than they can make a world. In Georgia, in my own State, in one of the towns there, a lawyer of great legal ability would come out and hear me every time I preached there and shake hands with me.

On one occasion I met him the next day, and he said: “I like to hear you preach. You seem to be candid and honest, but the Gospel you preach is the veriest nonsense in the world to me. I can see nothing in it”

Oh me, brother, the poor old fellow has sinned until a lie seemed to be the truth to him and the truth a lie, and I verily believe a man can so distort his mind and becloud his intellect until he cannot grasp a Scriptural truth as easy as he can make a world. Oh, friends, let us stop to-night! God pity the man that debauches his intellect and rolls on and on and on. And then lastly, and I will be through in a word or two:

“He that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death.”

Oh me, I can understand you when you say a man has sinned his conscience to death, has sinned his sensibilities to death, and destroyed his power of resistance, and sinned his reason away; but, oh, sir, when you tell me that sin will kill the soul, when it comes to the death of the soul, then I stagger back and am lost in wonder and in dread. The death of the soul! Take these two words, “Death” “eternal,” “Eternal” “death.” Both of these words are the most dreadful in our language, but coupled together, oh what a compound! Eternal death, Death eternal! What does it mean? The death of the soul! The death of the soul!

DEATH OF THE BODY

The death of the body. I see this body. I have walked up to the dying couch of a friend and stood over him as death was doing its work on body. I have watched him closer and closer as death came upon him.

I watched him to the point where there was a glare in his eye and a twitching in the muscles of his face and a jerking in his nerves and a heaving in his bosom, and then I walked off and shut my eyes and said: "Oh, death, how cruel thou art to that loved friend! I have gone back and put my hands on him and he has had the same glare in his eyes, the same heaving, of the bosom, the same jerking of the nerves, the same twitching of the muscles: and I looked and went away again and say: "Temporal death is not eternal death."

And then I ask: "Eternal death, what is it? Oh, does it mean an everlasting glare of the eye? Is it an everlasting jerking of the muscles? Is it an everlasting twitching of the nerves? Is it an everlasting heaving of the bosom? Is it to die forever?" And yet I can never die. Oh, God,

Help me to make my own election sure,
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mission in the skies.

THE DEATH OF THE SOUL

Oh, thank God Almighty; there is no death to a saved man. On my first pastorate a good man died. Death robbed him of his strength day after day, month after month, and I walked into his chamber the day before he died and I saw that death had stripped him of almost every ounce of his flesh. I said: "Oh, literally, here is nothing left but skin and emaciated bones."

I can never forget how death had done its work on him, and there he was without the power to raise his hand or move his body. And one morning death walked in at the door and struck him its last fatal stab. And as death walked up to his bed he looked it in the face and pushed his bony hands out before him. As death made a stab at his bosom, he bared it to death, and as death struck the blow he said: "Life eternal! Eternal life!," and swept out of the body and was gone forever. And I said: "Blessed be God, that as death did its worst and struck its last blow he cried: 'Eternal life,' right in its face."

Blessed be God, I believe in eternal life. I cannot live with any other thought. Just thirty years ago I tip-toed into my father's parlor, one morning, and they said, "Be quiet; mamma's dead!"

I was not old enough to understand it I walked up to the casket and looked down upon my mother. She looked paler and sadder than I had ever seen her, and when they removed the lid father kissed her and elder brother kissed her, and I kissed her, and I said "Precious mamma's lips are so cold."

She has been buried in the State of Alabama thirty years, and if I was to go down there tomorrow and dig the earth off of my mother's body and disinter her bones, I expect I could gather them all up in my hands, and as I would stand there looking at my mother's bones, would say, "Great God, is this all that is left of my precious mother?" and as I stand looking at those bones my knees smite together, and I am in despair, and all at once a voice speaks audibly in my ear and says:

“For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.”

And I look up and say:

“Thanks be unto God that giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

A SAVED MAN’S DEATH

Death of a good man — what is it? What is it? Death to a sinner — what is it? Here he is now, bound hand and foot; there he is, without power to move, and here comes a venomous reptile and approaches closer and closer, without power to get out of the way of it. He looks at its approach, and it comes closer and begins to coil around his limbs and around his body, and in the cold embraces of the venomous reptile he shudders, and when the snake makes its last coil around his body and draws back its head for the fatal bite, he looks down its mouth and sees the fatal fangs of damnation and death. The snake recoils a moment, and then plunges the fatal fangs into his victim, and then in the pangs of agony and death he dies forever!

But the Christian — the snake approaches the Christian. He does not appear to be able to get out of its way, but just as it approaches, a kind hand reaches down and takes hold of the head of the snake, pries its mouth open and takes out the fangs right before the eyes of the Christian and turns the offensive snake into the inoffensive snake, and the snake coils itself around his body and he recoils because he is in the embrace of a serpent, but when the serpent draws back for its last bite, the Christian laughs and says:

Oh, death! Where is thy sting,
Oh, grave! Where is thy victory!

And leaps out of the body forever.

THE LAST APPEAL

Oh, brother, let us never sin! Oh, brother, let me endeavor to begin a new life to-night. Brother and sister, let us never die. Let us give ourselves to God and begin eternal life. I want to say, in conclusion, I sympathize with every man that is not a Christian. Will every man that is not a Christian stand up, and by doing so say: “I want to be a Christian.”

(A great many persons rose to their feet).

Now, before we dismiss the congregation I want every member of any church to stand up and say: “I pledged myself anew to God for a better life. I am going to do better. I am going to set a better example to my children and to my city.”

(Almost the whole congregation stood).

Oh brethren! What a victory for Christ!

The meeting closed with the benediction..

Quite a number of penitents stayed after the rest of the audience had left, and many were encouraged in their resolves to start anew for the heavenly life.

~ end of chapter 14 ~

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