"BILLY" SUNDAY'S SERMONS

Today's Sermon

THE MORAL LEPER

Text: II Kings v, 1.—"But he was a leper."

"I have sometimes tried to imagine myself in Damascus on review day and have seen a man riding on a horse richly caparisoned with trappings of gold and silver, and he himself clothed in garments of the finest fabrics and the most costly, but with a face so sad and melancholy that it would cause the beholder to turn and look a second and third time. And a man unaccustomed to such scenes might have been heard to make a remark like this: 'How unequally God seems to divide his favors! There is a man who rides and others walk; he is clothed in costly garments; they are almost naked while he is well fed,' and they contrast the difference between the man on the horse and the others. If we only knew the breaking hearts of the people we envy we would pity them from the bottom of our souls.

"I was being driven through a suburb of Chicago by a real estate man who wanted to sell me a lot. He was telling me who lived here and who lived there, and what an honor it would be for me and my children to possess a home there. We were driving past a home that must have cost $100,000 and he said: 'That house is owned by Mr. So-and-So. He is one of our multi-millionaires, and he and his wife have been known to live in that house for months and never speak to each other. They each have separate apartments, each has a separate retinue of servants, each a dining room and sleeping apartments, and months come and go by and they never speak to one another.' My thoughts hurried back to the little flat in Chicago that we called our home and where we had lived for 17 years. I had paid rent enough to pay for it. There wasn't much in it; I could load it in two furniture vans, maybe three, counting the piano, but I would not trade the happiness and the joy and the love of that little flat for that palatial home and the sorrow and the things that went with it.

"As you are driving along the street and a man who was intimately acquainted with the skeletons that are in every family should tell you the secrets of them all, of that boy who has broken his father's heart by being a drunkard, a peg-leg gambler, and that girl who has gone astray, and that wife who is a common drunkard, made so by society, and the father himself, who was also a sinner.

LEPROSY AND SIN

"'But he was a leper.' That disease, peculiar to the Orient, is exceedingly loathsome, and as I study its pathology I am not surprised that God used it as a type of sin. A man who is able to understand this disease, its beginning and its progress, might be approached by a man who was thus afflicted and might say to him, 'Hurry! Hurry! Show yourself to the priest for the cleansing of the Mosaic law.' 'Why,' says the man thus addressed, 'what is the trouble?' The other man would say, 'Do you see the spot on your hand? Hurry and show yourself to the priest.' But the man says, 'That is only a fester, only a water blister; only a pimple, nothing more. There is no occasion to be alarmed. You are unduly agitated and excited for my welfare.' Those sores are only few now, but it spreads and it is first upon the hand, then upon the arm and from the arm it goes on until it lays hold of every nerve, artery, vein, with its slimy coil, and continues until the rotten disintegration of the parts takes place and they drop off, and then it is too late. But the man who was concerned saw the beginning of that—not only the end, but the beginning. He looked yonder and saw the end, too.

"That is the reason why you hurry when you get evidence of the disease. So I say to you, young man, don't you go with that Godless, good-for-nothing gang, that blaspheme and sneer at religion, that bunch of character assassins; they will make of your body a doormat to wipe their feet upon. Don't go with that bunch; I heard you swear, I heard you sneer at religion; stop, or you will become a staggering, muttering, bleary-eyed, foul-mouthed down and outer, on your way to hell, I say to you, stop! or you will go reeling down to hell, breaking your wife's heart and wrecking your children's lives. And what have you got to show for it? What have you got to show for it? God pity you for all you got to show for selling your soul to the devil. You are a fool. You are a fool. Take it from Bill, you are a fool.

A WARNING TO THE YOUNG

"Don't you go, my boy; don't you laugh at that smutty story with a double meaning. Don't go with that gang. But you say to me, 'Mr. Sunday, you are unduly excited for my welfare. I know you smell liquor on my breath, but I never expect to become a drunkard, I never expect to become an outcast.' Well, you are a fool! You are a fool. No man ever intended to become a drunkard. Every drunkard started out to be simply a moderate drinker. The fellow that tells me that he can leave it alone when he wants to lies. It is a lie. If you can, why don't you leave it alone? You will never let it alone. If you could, you would. My boy, hear me. I have walked along the shores of time and have seen them strewn with the wrecks of those who have drifted in from the seas of lust and passion, and are fit only for danger signals to warn the coming race. You can't leave it alone, or if you can, the time will come when it will get you. Take it from me.

"And I say to you, young girl, don't go with that Godless, Godforsaken, sneering young man that walks the streets smoking cigarettes. He would not walk the streets with you if you smoked cigarettes. But you say you will marry him and reform him; he would not marry you to reform you. Don't go to that dance. Don't you know that it is the most damnable, low-down institution on the face of God's earth, that it causes more ruin than anything this side of hell? Don't you go with that young man; don't you go to that dance.

"DANCES SPEW FROM HELL"

"That is why we have so many whippoorwill widows around the country; they married some of these mutts to reform them, and instead of doing that the undertaker got them. I say, young girl, don't go to that dance; it has proven to be the moral graveyard that caused more ruination than anything that was ever spewed out of the mouth of hell. Don't go with that young fellow for a joy ride at midnight. If a young fellow came up and asked me girl to take her joy riding at midnight, I would knock him off the face of the earth. I tell you, if automobiles and carriages could talk there would be something doing.

"Girls, when some young fellow comes up to you and asks you the greatest question that you will ever be asked or called upon to answer, next to the salvation of your own soul, what will you say? 'Oh, this is so sudden.' That is all a bluff; you have been waiting for it all the time.

SOME POINTED QUESTIONS

"But, girls, never mind now, get down to facts. When he asks you that greatest question, the most important one that any girl is ever asked, next to the salvation of her soul, just say: 'Sit down and let me ask you three questions. I want to ask you these three questions and if I am satisfied with your answer it will determine my answer to your question. 'Did you believe me to be virtuous when you came here to ask me to be your wife?' 'Oh, yes. I believed you to be virtuous. That's the reason I came here. Violets dipped in dew would be as cow fodder compared to you.' The second question: 'Have you as a young man lived as you demand of me as a girl, that I should have lived?' The third question: 'If I, as a girl, had lived and done as you, as a young man, and you knew it, would you ask me to marry you?'

"They will line up and nine times out of ten they will take the count. You can line them up and I know what I am talking about and I defy any man on God's earth to successfully contradict me. I have the goods. The average young man is more particular about the company he keeps than the average girl, I'll tell you. If he meets somebody on the street whom he doesn't want to meet he will duck into the first open doorway and avoid the publicity of meeting her, for fear she might smile or give an indication that she had seen him somewhere and sometime before that. Yet our so-called best girls keep company with young men whose character would make a black mark on a piece of anthracite. Their characters are foul and rotten and damnable. I like to see a girl who has a good head choose right because it is right, never minding the criticism. Choose the good and be careful of her conduct, careful of good company and keep company with a good young fellow. Don't go with the fellow whose reputation is bad. Everybody knows it is bad, and if you are seen with him you will lose your reputation as well, although your virtue is intact, and they might as well take you out to the graveyard and bury you when your reputation is gone. If a man like that asks you to go with him, say to him that if he will live the way you want him to you will go with him. If you would take a stand like that there wouldn't be so many wrecks. If our women and girls would take higher stands and say, 'No, no, we will not keep company with you unless you live the way I want you to,' there would be better men. A lot of young women hold yourselves too cheaply. You are scared to death for fear you will be what the world irreverently calls "an old maid."

A CASE IN ILLUSTRATION

"Henry Clay Trumbull told me years ago when he was in Europe and in London he went to a theatre to see a man who was going to give an exhibition of wild animals and serpents. He had a Royal Bengal tiger and a Numidian lion, and introduced a beast that seems to be least capable of being tamed, either by kindness or brutality, a black panther. He made him go through the various motions, and after a while a wire screen was put down in front of the stage between the audience and the performer, and to the weird strains of an Oriental band the man approached from the right with a boa constrictor 35 feet long. The eyes of the serpent and the eyes of the man met and the serpent quailed before the man. Man was master there. At his command the serpent went through various contortions and the man stepped to the front of the stage and the serpent wound himself round and round and round the man until the man and serpent seemed as one. Its tongue shot out, its eyes dilated. The man gave a call, but the audience thought that part of the performance, and that horrified audience sat there and heard bone after bone in that man's body crack and break as the reptile tightened its grasp upon his body, and saw his body crushed before he could be saved.

KILLED BY HIS PET

"He had bought that snake when it was only four feet long, and he had watched and nursed it until it was 35 feet. At first he could have killed it; at last it killed him.

"Are you nursing a habit today? Is it drink? Are you nursing and feeding that which will wreck your life and wreck you upon the shores of passion, nothwithstanding all the wrecks you have seen of those who have gone down the line?

"I never got such a good idea of leprosy as I did by reading that wonderful book of the 19th century by General Lew Wallace, 'Ben Hur.' Lew Wallace and Bob Ingersoll were infidels. One day the latter suggested that the former show up Christianity, but, as he read and studied upon material for his book, he saw the light and became a Christian.

"You remember the banishment of Ben-Hur and the disintegration of the family life and estate, and the return of Ben-Hur from his exile. He goes past his old home. The blinds are closed and drawn and all is deserted. He lays down upon the doorstep and falls asleep. His mother and sister have been in the leper colony and are dying of leprosy and only waiting the time when they will be covered with the rotten remains of others who have come there. So they have come to the city to get bread and secure water, and they see their son and brother lying on the doorstep of their old home. They dare not awaken him for fear that anguish at learning of their fate would be more than he could bear. They dare not touch him because it is against the law, so they creep close to him and put their leprous lips against his sandal-covered feet. They then went back again with the bread and water for which they had come.

BEN-HUR'S AWAKENING

"Presently Ben-Hur awakens and rubs his eyes and sees great excitement. (This part of the story is mine.) Along comes a bleary-eyed old whisky-soaked degenerate and Ben-Hur asks him what is the trouble. What is the excitement about, and he says, 'A couple of lepers have been cleansed, but there is nothing to that, just some occult power; it's all a fake.' Ben-Hur goes further on and hears about this wonder, and they say it is nothing, some long-haired evangelist who says his name is Jesus Christ; it's all a fake. Then Ben-Hur goes farther and discovers that it is Jesus of Nazareth and that he has cleansed his own mother and sister. He hears the story and acknowledges the Nazarene as his own.

"The lepers had to cry 'Unclean! Unclean!' in those days to warn the people. They were compelled to do that; also, they were compelled by law to go on the side of the street toward which the wind was blowing, lest the breeze send the germs of their body to the clean and infect them with the disease. And the victim of this disease was compelled to live in a lonely part of the city, waiting until his teeth began to drop out, his eyes to drop from their sockets, and his fingers to drop from his hands; then he was compelled by law to go out into the tombs, dying among the dead, there to live until at last he was gathered to the rotten remains of the dead. That was the law that governed lepers in those days. All others shrunk from him; he went forth alone. Alone! No man of all he loved or knew was with him; he went forth his way alone, sick at heart, to die alone.

SIN IS INFECTIOUS

"I'll bet my life against a slug cent that there is many a man here bound in the chains of vice.

"Leprosy is an infectious disease like typhoid fever, smallpox or diphtheria, and goes through a community like an epidemic; when one leper comes in contact with the clean, he becomes infected. And so it is with sin. Sin begins in so-called innocent flirtation. The old, God-forsaken scoundrel of a libertine, who looks upon every woman as legitimate prey for his lust, will contaminate a community; one drunkard staggering and maundering and muttering his way down to perdition will debauch a town.

"You don't live your life alone. Your life affects others. Some girls will walk the streets and pick up every Tom, Dick and Harry that will come across with the price of an ice cream soda or a joy ride.

"So with the boy. He will sit at your table and drink beer, and I want to tell you if you are low down enough to serve beer and wine in your home, when you serve it you are as low down as the saloonkeeper, and I don't care whether you do it for society or for anything else. If you serve liquor or drink you are as low down as the saloonkeeper in my opinion. So the boy who had not grit enough to turn down his glass at the banquet and refuse to drink is now a blear-eyed, staggering, ermin-covered drunkard, reeling to hell. He couldn't stand the sneers of the crowd; many a fellow started out to play cards for beans and tonight he would stake his soul for a show-down. The hole in the gambling table is not very big; it is about big enough to shove a dollar through, but it is big enough to shove your wife through; big enough to shove your happiness through; your home through; your salary, your character; just big enough to shove everything that is dear to you in this world through the little solid top of the table.

TWO KINDS OF LEPROSY

"Listen to me. Bad as it is to be afflicted with physical leprosy, moral leprosy is 10,000 times worse. I don't care if you are the richest man in the town, the biggest taxpayer in Philadelphia County, the biggest politician in the congressional district or in the State. I don't care a rap if you carry the political vote, and if you can change the vote from Democratic to Republican in the convention—if after your worldly career is closed my text would make you a fitting epitaph for your tombstone and obituary notice in the papers, then what difference would it make what you had done—'He was a leper.' He was a great politician—but 'he was a leper.' What difference would it make?

"I'll tell you I was never more interested in my life than in reading the story of an old Confederate colonel who was a stickler for martial discipline. One day he had a trifling case of insubordination. He ordered his men to halt, and he had the offender shot. They dug the grave and he gave the command to march, and they had stopped just three minutes by the clock. At the close of the war they made him chief of police of a Southern city, and he was so vile and corruptible that the people arose and ordered his dismissal. Then a great earthquake swept over the city and the people rushed from their homes and thousands of people crowded the streets and there was great excitement.

WHEN "AUTHORITY" FAILED

"Some asked, 'Where is the colonel?' and they said, 'You will find him in one of two or three places.' So they searched and found him in a den of infamy. He was so drunk that he didn't realize the danger he was in. They led him out, then put him on a snow white horse, put his spurs on his boots and his regimentals on; the mayor pinned a star on his breast and put a cockade on his hat and said to him: 'Colonel, I command you as Mayor of the city to quell the riot. You have supreme authority.'

"He rode out among the people to quell them, spurring the white side of the horse until the crimson flowed out, and he rode in and out among the surging mass of humanity.

"He rode out among the people with a command here, torrents of obscenity there and in 25 minutes stillness of death reigned in City Square, so greatly did they fear him, so wonderful his power over men. He then rode out, dismounted, took off his cockade, tore the star from his breast and threw it down, threw off his regimentals, took off his sword, then he staggered back to the home of infamy, where three months later he died, away from his wife, away from virtue, away from morality, his name synonymous with all that is vile. What difference did it make that he had power over men when you might sum up his life in my text—'But he was a leper.' What difference did it make?

"I pity the boy or girl from the depth of my soul, who, if you ask, are you willing to be a Christian, will answer: 'Mr. Sunday, I would like to be, but if I tell that at home my father will abuse me, my mother will sneer at me; my father would curse me, my mother would sneer at me. If I were I would have no encouragement to stand and fight the battle.' I pity from the depths of my soul that boy or that girl, the boy who has a father like that; the girl that has a mother like that. With a woman like that in a home a stepmother would be a Godsend if she had religion.

THE UNCLEAN LIFE

"Unclean! Suppose every young man in Philadelphia who is a moral leper was impelled and compelled by some uncontrollable impulse over which he had no power to make public revelations of his sins! Down the street he comes in his auto and you speak to him from the curbstone and he will say; 'Unclean! Unclean.' Yonder he comes walking down the street. Suppose that to every man and woman he meets he is impelled and compelled to make public revelations of the fact that he is a leper. Suppose every young woman is impelled and compelled to make public revelations of the fact that she is living a life of sin. Somebody else pays for her clothes and her board.

"Suppose that some young man who lives a good life calls upon her and rings the doorbell and she comes down and says: 'Unclean! Unclean! Keep away; do not come near lest you be contaminated.' There are lots of moral lepers that are apparently clean. Oh, yes! They live in the best homes and lots of so-called best girls receive them and keep company with them. They open the door to the moral leper and he comes and sits with your daughter, and many of you know that they are moral lepers. And many a fool girl will marry a biped like that.

"These are the things we are up against nowadays—that so-called 'Modesty.'

"Leprosy is an infectious disease; it is the germ of sin. If there is evil in you the evil will dwell in others. When we do wrong we inspire others—and your lives scatter disease when you come in contact with others. If there is sin in the father, there will be sin in the boy; if there is sin in the mother, there will be sin in the daughter; if there is sin in the sister, by your influence you will spread it. If you live the wrong way you will drag somebody else to perdition with you as you go, and kindred ties will facilitate it.

STREET FLIRTATIONS

"Supposing all your hearts were open. Supposing we had glass doors to our hearts, and we could walk down the street and look in and see where you have been and with whom you have been and what you have been doing. A great many of you would want stained glass and heavy tapestry to cover them.

"Suppose I could put a screen behind me, pull a string or push a button and produce on that screen a view of the hearts of the people. I would say, 'Here is Mr. and Mrs. A.'s life as it is, and here as the people think it is. Here is what he really is. Here is where he has been. Here is how much booze he drinks. Here is how much he lost last year at horse races.' But these are the things that society does not take note of. Society takes no note of flirtation on the street. It waits until the girl has lost her virtue, and then slams the door in her face. It takes no note of that young man drinking at a banquet table; it waits until he becomes a bleary-eyed drunkard, and then it will slam the door in his face. It takes no note of card-playing for some dinky little cream pitcher or a pair of silk hose; it waits until you become a gambler, and then it slams the door in your face. God says, 'Look out in the beginning for that thing.' Society takes no note of the beginning. It waits until it becomes vice, and then it organizes civic righteousness clubs. Get back to the beginning and do your work there. God planned to save this world through the preaching of men and women, and God reaches down to save men; He pulls them out of the grog shops and puts them on the water wagon.

NAAMAN AND THE PROPHET

"The servant of Naaman entered the hut of the Prophet Elisha and found him sitting on a high stool writing with a quill on papyrus. The servant bowed low and said, 'The great and mighty Naaman, captain of the hosts of the King of Syria, awaits thee. Unfortunately he is a leper and cannot enter your august presence. He has heard of the miraculous cures that you have wrought and he hopes to become the recipient of your power.' The old prophet of God tells him:

"'Tell him to dip seven times in the Jordan—beat it, beat it.' The servant came out to Naaman, who was sitting on his horse.

"'Well, is he at home?'

"'He's at home, but he's a queer duck.'

"Naaman thought that Elisha would come out and pat the sores and say incantations, like an Indian medicine man, and say, 'Matter is nonexistent; it is an illusion of your mind, my dear fellow. Why didn't you phone me from Damascus and I would have given you absent treatment.' Poor old cuss sitting away—'matter nonexistent—you just imagine you have leprosy.'

"Naaman was wroth, like many feel today. God reveals to the sinner the plan of salvation and instead of thanking God for salvation and doing what God wants them to do, they damn God and everybody else for bothering them.

THE SINS OF SOCIETY

"Some men ought to be hurled out of society; they ought to be kicked out of churches and out of politics, and every other place where decent men live or associate. And I want to lift the burden tonight from the heads of the unoffending womanhood and hurl it on the heads of offending manhood. Society needs a new division of anathemas. You hurl the burden on the head of the girl, and the double-dyed, licentious scroundrel that caused her ruin is received in society with open arms, while the girl is left to hang her head and spend her life in shame. Some men are so rotten and vile that they ought to be infected and take a bath in carbolic acid and formaldehyde. Shut the lodge door in the face of every man you know to be a moral leper; don't let him hide behind his uniform and his badge when you know him to be so rotten that the devil would duck up an alley rather than meet him face to face. Kick him out of church. Kick him out of society.

"Here is a man who wants to be a Christian. What will he do? Will he go ask some old saloonkeeper? Will he go ask some of these old brewers? Will he ask some of the fellows of the town? Where will he go? To the preacher, of course. He is the man to go to when you want to be a Christian. Go to a doctor when you are sick, to a blacksmith when your horse is to be shod, but go to a preacher when you want your heart fixed.

"So Naaman goes into the muddy water and the water begins to lubricate those old sores and it begins to itch, and he says, 'Gee whiz,' like many a young fellow today goes to church and just gets religion enough to make him miserable. Like an old fellow in Iowa came to me and said: ' "Bill," I have been to hear you every night and you have done me a lot of good. I used to cuss my old woman every day, and I ain't cussed her for a week. I am getting a little better.'

"The trouble with many men is that they have just got enough religion to make them miserable. If there is no joy in religion, you have got a leak in your religion. Some haven't religion enough to pay their debts. Would that I might have a hook and for every debt that you left unpaid I might jerk off a piece of clothing. If I did, some of you fellows would not have anything on but a celluloid collar and a pair of socks.

RELIGION AND PRAYER

"Some of you have not got religion enough to have a family prayer. Some of you people haven't got religion enough to take the beer bottles out of your cellar and throw them in the alley. The trouble with you is that you are so taken up with business, with politics, with making money, with your lodges, and each and every one is so dependent on the other that you are scared to death to come out and live clean for God Almighty. You have not fully surrendered yourself to God.

"The matter with a lot of you people is that your religion is not complete. You have not yielded yourself to God and gone out for God and God's truth. Why, I am almost afraid to make some folks laugh for fear that I will be arrested for breaking a costly piece of antique bric-a-brac. You would think that if some people laughed it would break their faces. To see some you would think that the essential of orthodox Christianity is to have a face so long you could eat oatmeal out of the end of a gas pipe. Sister, that is not religion; I want to tell you that the happy, smiling, sunny-faced religion will win more people to Jesus Christ than the miserable, old, grim-faced kind will in 10 years. I pity any one that can't laugh. There must be something wrong with their religion or their liver. The devil can't laugh. God makes a little humor, as evidenced by the fact that he made the monkey, the parrot, the donkey—and some of you people. The devil has no tune except the spittoon, and I want to tell you right now, if I were some women I would not clean their old spittoon out for them if they made a hog trough out of it. If they want it cleaned, let them clean it themselves.

"'Oh, laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone;
'Tis easy enough to be pleasant
When life goes along with a song,
But the man worth while is the man who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong.'

"I wish to God the Church were as afraid of imperfection as it is of perfection.

THE FIRST CHAPTER

"Naaman dipped himself seven times in the Jordan, 'and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.' He offered Elisha of the store of gold and other precious metals, but the prophet would not take any of it. But Gehazi, servant to Elisha, coveted the goods, and ran after Naaman, saying that Elisha had changed his mind. Naaman dumped a pile of it on the ground, and mark this, the leprosy of Naaman infected Gehazi. He was the first grafter mentioned in the Bible.

"I saw a woman that for 27 years had been a madam, and I saw her come down the aisle, close her doors, turn them out of her house and live for God. I saw enough converted in one town where there were four houses to close their doors; they were empty; they had all fled home to their mothers.

"Listen to me and I am through. Out in Iowa a fellow came to me and spread a napkin on the platform—a napkin as big as a tablecloth. He said: 'I want a lot of shavings and sawdust.' 'What for?' 'I'll tell you. I want enough to make a sofa pillow. Right here is where I knelt down and was converted, and my wife and four children, and my neighbors. I would like to have enough to make a sofa pillow to have something in my home to help me think of God. I don't want to forget God, or that I was saved. Can you give me enough?' I said: Yes, indeed, and if you want enough to make a mattress, all right, take it; and if you want enough of the tent (I was preaching in a tent then) to make a pair of breeches for each of the boys, why take your scissors and cut it right out if it will help you to keep your mind on God.' That is why I like to have people come down to the front and publicly acknowledge God. I like to have a man have a definite experience in religion. Something to remember.

CONFOUNDING THE DEVIL

"I once read of a wreacher who used to quarrel with his wife. That was before he became a preacher; no one can quarrel with his wife after he becomes a preacher. Abe and his wife used to fight because Abe was an Episcopalian and his wife was a Methodist. Abe said to his wife: 'See here, all they do down at your church is read the prayers.' Abe's wife said: 'It isn't the church, it's the life we lead.' And the devil said to Abe: 'You run this ranch; give her a blowing up; let her understand who runs this thing.' But the Lord said: 'Abe, you are a preacher and your wife has more religion in her little finger than you have in your old carcass. You are a preacher. Be a man.' So he went out to the ash-hopper. Did you ever see one of those ash-hoppers? It is a thing you build with four sides, small at the bottom and with an angle of 45 degrees, and you will fill it with hickory ashes and pour water on the ashes, and the water percolates through the ashes and makes lye, and they make soap out of it. A lot of folks can make 'ile' without ashes or soap. They used to make that kind of soap when I was a boy. So Abe went behind the old ash-hopper and said: 'Eliza, forgive me. You have more religion in your little finger than I have in my whole body.' He went back to the house and threw his arms around the old woman and kissed her. And when the devil comes around to Abe he says: 'Ash-hopper; ash-hopper! ash-hopper! On my knees behind the ash-hopper I fought the battle and beat the devil.' "

Last Night's Sermon

THERE follows the text of the formal, prepared sermon delivered last night by Mr. Sunday. The evangelist did not adhere to his sermon. Deviations—and they are many, picturesque and characteristically forceful—are to be found in the general account of what took place yesterday at the tabernacle.

Text: 2d Timothy, 2-15.

"We seem to be living in a new era. A great political, moral, social, economical era. Whether we have been separated or combined in our advancement I am not going to discuss in detail, but I think it behooves the church of God not to forget that we are facing the powers of darkness and opposition as never in the history of Christianity.

"There never has been a time when the people were more self-satisfied, self-complacent, self centered, than they are today. Some imagine God Almighty will condone what evil they do. So many people in their own minds are climbing to heaven because of their deeds of philanthrophy, but when the end comes and Almighty God strikes a balance on the books of record. He will cut square. Some people think that a man who lives a fairly good life, goes to church, is true to his marriage vows, will stand just as good a show of going to heaven as the man who has been on the firing line for virtue and home and native land and has been bullet meat and has worked and fought against the stoical indifference of the people of today. They convey the impression today that no man will ultimately reach hell. I don't believe you can remember when you heard a sermon on hell. Well, you'll hear about hell while I am here. God Almighty put hell in the Bible and any preacher that sidesteps it because there are people sitting in the pews who don't like it, ought to get out of the pulpit. He is simply trimming his sails to catch a passing breeze of popularity. If you do that you are a cipher. We stamp on our coins 'In God We Trust,' Hot air.

GOSPEL STILL UP-TO-DATE.

"Let's get back to Christ, back to Pentecost, back to the Apostolic beliefs, back to the beliefs of our own forefathers, back to God's kingdom. God's got to come first and all other things can trail. The trouble is that you've got a lot of fool preachers who are breaking their necks to please you society dames. The most up-to-date thing on earth is the gospel of Jesus Christ.

"There's a lot of preachers on earth who can preach the gospel better than I, but there's not one living who can preach a better gospel than 'Bill.' Not long ago my mother became very ill. I had her hurried to a hospital in Chicago; got the best surgeons money could get to attend her, hired a retinue of nurses to see that she would want for nothing. I saw to it that ma had every attention that woman could get on this earth and I told them to do everything in their power for her no matter what the cost, for she is my mother. The church of God, the church is my spiritual mother and I would lay down my life for her this minute.

"I believe in baseball. Why? Because I know the game is clean. I played it for eight years and I believe it is the square sport there is today. It is square because it hasn't got into the hands of the black leg gamblers. Horse racing is crooked because the gamblers have got hold of it.

CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS.

"I think one of the biggest curses that ever came to America was the congress of religions held in Chicago during the World's Fair. There were there Christian men sitting in with mutts like Hindus, followers of Zorasters, Shintism, Parsees, Confucius—they had their pagodas and joss houses and temples and there were sun worshipers in Chicago, who built a high wall around a little joint—they built a house with glass and went in there to worship that the sun would eliminate sin. They were sun worshipers.

"A fellow came to Chicago a few years ago and he didn't have clothes enough on him to make a pad for a crutch. And he came to spout out some heresy, fol-de-rol, tommyrot—he had an instrument filled with a lot of needles, and he would inject a concoction that would eliminate all sin. Today he is rated at millions.

"You know a man has printed a book, and they buy it up so fast they can't turn it off the press fast enough, in which he advocates that marriage should not be a life contract, but on the instalment plan, like you buy furniture.

"They see a girl that is pretty good looking and they go up and say: 'Cissie, let's make up and try it for six months, and if we like one another at the end of that time the same as we do now, we will continue. If we don't, we will split up and call it off.' Thank God, that such an infamous, God-forsaken, hell-born doctrine will never exist as long as man preaches God's word and woman will hear it.

"Now I have not one word to say against any man or woman who was born or has come across the seas. We all originally came from across the sea, and I will be among the first to stand at Ellis Island and extend the hand of welcome to any man or woman who wants to come here and assimilate our ways and conditions, and live beneath the Stars and Stripes, but so help me God, if I will yield to any class or clique—and there are multitudes of them, a half million to a million every year—just multitudes of them—coming with just enough money and materials enough to escape being paupers and criminals, and they settle here and become a carbuncle on the neck of the body politic. They turn our idea of the Sabbath into the Continental idea, with their beer gardens and beer drinking. They are driving the Bible out of the public schools and letting in their dirty licentious dances. Let them keep their hands off our schools. If they don't like our way, let them stay out.

"I am an American from the top of my head to the bottom of my feet, and I will not yield to any man. Sixty-eight per cent. of the criminals of the United States come from foreign shores, or are born of foreign parents. So you see that that has something to do with it. That is not the only thing; 50 years of negative preaching on the part of a good many preachers has something to do with it, too. The liberalizing tendency has stunted its growth and dried up its fountain head. This old world needs Jesus Christ as much today, here, in the 20th century, as she ever needed Him. She always will need Him, and don't go away with the idea that a time will ever come when you will be immune from the need of this atoning blood of Jesus Christ to keep you out of hell.

OLD STUFF; NEW NAME.

"There is another crowd that gives us a fascinating mixture of ethical culture, higher criticism and new thought. The Bible says there is nothing new under the sun; it is the same old devil that inspires what you call new; it is the same old stuff, only it has a new name.

"A Godless cowboy once went to a brownstone church—with a high-toned preacher—I am a half-way house between the brownstone church and the Salvation Army. They are both needed and so is the half-way house. Well, this fellow went to one of these brownstone churches, and after the preacher had finished the cowboy thought he had to go up and compliment the preacher, as he saw others doing, and so he sauntered down the aisle with his sombrero under his arm, his breeches stuck in his boots, a bandana handkerchief around his neck, his gun and bowie knife in his belt, and he walked over and said: 'Hanged if I didn't get shy of you fellows—but I'll tell you I sat here and listened to you for an hour and you monkeyed less with religion than any fellow I ever heard in my life.' They have taken away the Lord and don't know where to find him.

"A woman who was to lead a prayer meeting was on her way downtown to perform the task when her attention was attracted by a display of headgear in a milliner's window. She stopped and looked at this hat, that hat and the other hat, carefully noting the prices tagged on them and admiring their beauty. Suddenly she remembered the prayer meeting. She rushed to the place where it was being held and, all out of breath, took the platform. Hurriedly opening a hymn book, she said: 'Now, let's sing No. 14.' Her mind was not on that meeting. Not on your life.

"Down in New York city some time ago at a big labor meeting, there were 700 men present, and they were discussing conditions, when one big, broad-shouldered, deep-chested man got up, and said: 'I propose three cheers for Jesus Christ,' and the very building shook with the cheering of that body. The world is looking for some Moses to lead it out of bondage. I want to tell you that the biggest mistakes I have ever made were when I temporized with the devil. When I have been firm and true to God and refused to bow and scrape and truck with the world, when I have hurled anathemas of God against ranks of sin, when I refused to subsidize my fear of criticism, when I stood four-square to the wind, I have been blessed.

"When I have bowed and ducked and truckled, when I have played to the grandstand, when I have subsidized my fear of criticism, I have miserably failed. There are a lot of fools that think that success can only be gained by moral placidity; by compromise on all moral, religious, political and ethical questions, instead of hurling God's anathemas into the ranks of their opponents.

FOR FREE CHURCH PEWS.

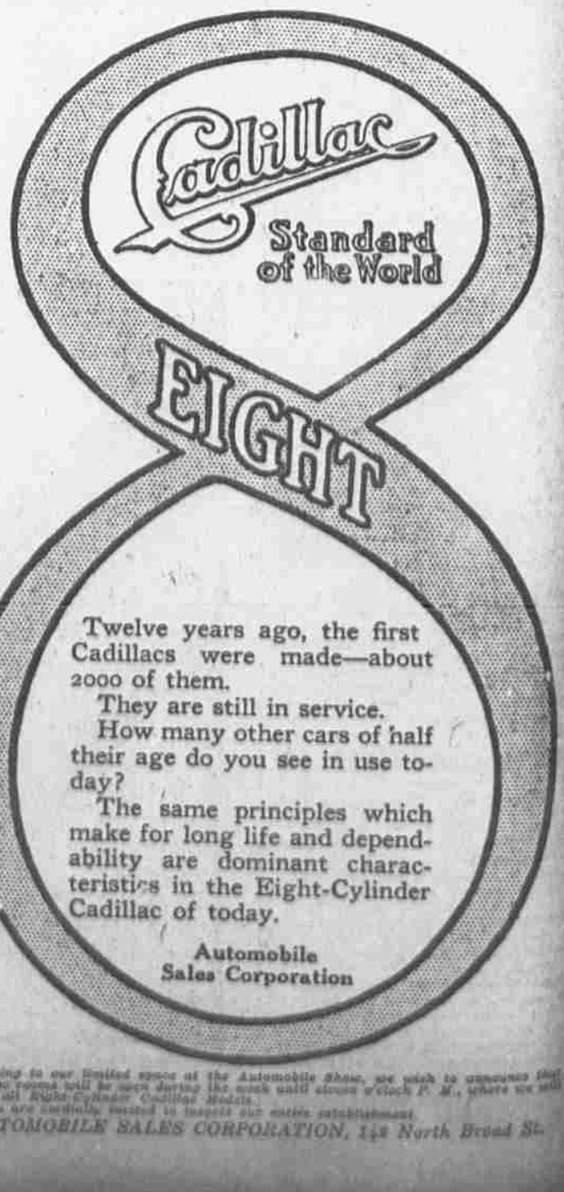
"Thaw out your miserable formality. I believe the pews in every church ought to be free. Oh, I know you don't agree with me, some of you; if you had religion you would. Many a poor man is made to feel like a beggar in the house of God because he's got to stand and wait until so and so comes before he knows whether he can sit down or not.

"If I read the signs of the times aright it behooves the church of God to wake up and fight as it has never fought before, for you'll see the lines between the man and the devil. The church and the saloon, the home and brothel drawn so tightly that your game will be lost and the people keep rushing to hell.

"I sound the charge! I sound the charge! How many of you will help me to save old Philadelphia for Christ? Stand up, those who are in this fight to win."

Benefit for the Red Cross

A gala performance of "Lieb Vaterland" will be given in the Metropolitan Opera House tomorrow evening for the benefit of the German Red Cross, the Austrian Red Cross and the German Home Relief. The performance has been arranged by a committee of German-Americans in Philadelphia, and it will be given by the company of the Irving Place Theatre, New York. Music will be supplied by members of the Philadelphia Orchestra, who have volunteered their services.



Owing to our limited space at the Automobile Show, we wish to announce that our show rooms will be open during the week until eleven o'clock P. M., where we will exhibit all Eight-Cylinder Cadillac Models.
You are cordially invited to inspect our entire establishment.
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