

# The Blackest Word in Human Speech

By

Rev. H. P. Robinson

Text: “. . . *for whatsoever is not of faith is sin . . .*” (Romans 14:23).

[Editor's Note: I thought it would be interesting to put up some of Rev. Robinson's sermons in original form. Most of them are not in good enough shape to scan like this, but this one works well as a scan. You will see typos and misspelled words and notes penciled in, some of which are illegible. Although he typed many of his sermons, the typewriter he used was quite primitive and makes the copy hard to read, especially with the aging of the paper, but it does give you a glimpse into his sermon preparation and delivery. Enjoy.]

Its Origin  
Its Character  
Its Finished Product  
Its Doom.

## SIN

### THE BLAKEST WORD IN HUMAN SPEECH.

Sacred history records a tragic incident that occurred some six thousand years ago in a place called paradise. It was nothing more than a disobedient act on the part of the first man. But this act, according to the laws of a holy God was a sin, against heaven and was a blight to all the earth.

This one act of sin started a fountain of black water that has spread on and on until the whole earth has become filled with its poison.

In that first transgression, the infernal virus of serpentine poison was inserted into the blood stream of the father of all men and from that small beginning was transmitted to all of his offspring.

It started as a small fester but soon it became an incurable ulcer, feasting its paracitic maw upon the bodies and souls of helpless men through unnumbered generations.

#### A DEFINITION OF SIN.

- (1) Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.
- (2) Sin is the transgression of the law.
- (3) All unrighteousness is sin.
- (4) The thought of foolishness is sin.
- (5) He that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin.

#### Sins Character:

A persons character is revealed in what they do. The character of sin can best be determined by observing sin in action,

Sin is waste, terror, agony, unbridled passions unchecked iniquity.

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It seeks to blast the walls of righteousness abolish all restraints, and paralyze every agency for good.

It robs manhood, blights womanhood, betrays youth, opens all the dens of hell and irreparable loss.

It is back of all murders, blasphemy, hatred, drunkenness, it is the parent of all saloons, the father of all lies. It has established every brothel and cancerous pesthole.

It tries to destroy every happy heart, remove every smile, put out the fires of hope in every bosom. Seal the lips of every preacher, blast every home, wreck every altar.

If sin could have its way it would convulse the world with a universal sob and wail that would echo to the very pits of damnation.

Sin is so black and ribald that it would place a corpse in every home, hang a crepe on every door, fill every highway with a funeral procession, and convert every flower garden into a graveyard. It would put out every star turn the moon into blood and robe the sun in sackcloth.

If sin could have its way there would never another gospel song be sung, It would make every church a saloon, every hospital an alms house, every happy home a hog pen.

Sin is a monster, wild, and bloodthirsty. It is the blood hound of hell the mad dog of perdition. It is a poisonous reptile that will never cease to torment men until it is locked in the pits of eternal damnation.

Sin is the cause of every open grave, every filled coffin. It has orphaned every parentless child, and sent a world reeking ~~down~~ drunkenly down suicide road. It has convulsed the earth in sorrow and bathed it in tears.

It has shed enough tears to make a river, like the great Mississippi, and enough blood to redden the waves of every sea. It has broke e enough hearts to send an ~~immortal~~ wail from hells bottomless pits to the very throne of God.

Someone tried to grow poison out of a rattlesnake He grew them down to the 11th generation, and one day he found his little child dead in the snake cage.

You may drag an old rattler out of the ooze and quagmire of a southers swamp, wash him in chrystal water, perfume him and put him yonder under the very throne of God, where cheribims sing and David plas on his golden harp, and he will coil up and strike at a passing angel. So with sin.

I take my stand in the hovels of poverth and listen to the chilly blast of a wintery wind. Out there in the cold rain and snow I see a thinly clad, bedragled mother, toiling through the long hours of the day and night, th try to keep together the fragments of a once happy home that has been ravaged by sin.

Yonder is a mother bent with toiland care, her hair is white with care and not with years, A little while ago she was a beautiful girl with dreams of a happy home but now she walks the streets an outcast, rejected by society unloved and unwonted. Just another finished product of sin.

All of the tragic picture of sins havock fade into whkk insignificance when I take you to the crowning act of wickedness. It was out on hill called calvary, where sif showed heaven earth and hell how heartless it could ~~be~~ ~~how~~ ~~black~~ ~~its~~ When it nailed the Son of God to a cross.

Thought sinn made a Calvary, and sund the world in sorrow, Yet in this far off day I can say:

I know of lands that are sunk in shame  
And of hearts that faint and tire  
But I know of a name, a name, a name.  
That can set these lands on fire.

wash - sympathy  
" - vigilance -

Inoperable past  
Available Future

Called them to Christian membership  
energy

The sermon ends here. We can only imagine the direction this sermon took at this point. Rev. Robinson often wrote out a manuscript like this which appears to have helped him set the stage for an extemporaneous and inspired conclusion.

In this particular sermon, I found the notes above scribbled on the back of the last page. Apparently, he continued the sermon by warning the congregation to be watchful about sin in their lives, having sympathy for those who fall prey to sin and being vigilant in their lives to stay free from sin's clutches. In the next notation, he spoke of our inoperable pasts (perhaps that there is nothing we can do about the sins of the past) and our available futures (perhaps that the future can still be shaped regardless of the sins of our past). The final notations are difficult to discern. My best interpretation: