

# **Life and Sayings of Sam P. Jones:**

A Minister of the Gospel

The Only Authorized and Authentic Work

By his wife  
Assisted by  
Rev. Walt Holcomb, a  
Co-worker of Mr. Jones

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## **CHAPTER THIRTY**

### **MEMORIAL TRIBUTES**

#### **Tributes at Nashville**

There were memorial services held all over the country in honor of Mr. Jones, and beautiful tributes paid him by devoted friends. It has been impossible to speak of all these services, and publish the many tributes. We mention the services in Nashville, Chattanooga and Atlanta. These memorial services were held in the largest auditoriums in these cities. The immense throngs began to pour into the buildings soon after dinner, and sat from two to three and a half hours. While every available space was occupied, the people were turned away by the thousands at each place.

The *Nashville American*, in speaking of the memorial services at the Jones-Ryman Auditorium, said:

“No more magnificent tribute has ever been paid to the memory of any man, citizen, or soldier, by the people of this section, than the expression of love and honor to the life and character of Sam P. Jones, which they voiced at the Jones-Ryman Auditorium on Sunday afternoon. The number who came to pay tribute to this great man of God, to drop a tear upon his grave, to express a personal sympathy at his death, to testify to the great work for man and Christ that he had wrought upon the people, was limited alone by the capacity of the building in which the exercises were held.

“The meeting was called to order and presided over by Dr. Allen G. Hall, moderator of the last General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church. The invocation was offered by Rev. Wm. T. Haggard.

“Rev. Lin Cave, of the Christian Church, was the first speaker, and paid a tribute to Mr. Jones as a preacher. He said:

“My heart prompts me to say I speak to you with feelings of emotion. He to whose memory we pay grateful and loving tribute to-day was my friend, always ready to do me a kindness. Though not thrown into close social contact with him as were some of you; I loved him with a strong and steadfast affection. Death paints our loved ones in softer and fairer colors, and brings us to see, as we did not see before,

“Their likeness to the wise below,  
Their kindred with the great of old.”

“And so to-day, with an affection sanctified and strengthened by sorrow, we appreciate his life and labors more highly than while he lived. I have been asked to speak of him as a preacher, and in doing so it is just and safe to say he stood among the foremost of his time. He was the best-known evangelist in this country, and ranks with the two or three best-known in the world to-day. He was wonderfully endowed by God, and has blessed and helped to save more people of all classes than perhaps any other preacher of this generation.

“He enjoyed unusual and widespread popularity, especially with the common people, and was greatly loved. While his body was in the Capitol at Atlanta for a few hours, it is estimated that fully thirty thousand persons came and looked on his face. If all who had been cheered, blessed and led by him to a better life could have followed his body to the grave, the cortege would have been one of the largest ever seen on such an occasion.

“It is justly claimed that to be a useful preacher, one must have piety, natural gifts and skill. By this measurement Sam Jones was one of the greatest and most useful preachers of any age. He was a good man, pure in heart and life, rich in natural gifts and unexcelled in skill and tact in the use of them. He was in no sense a theologian; he rather hated theology. He cared little or nothing for creeds and the doctrines of men, but he loved Christ and Christianity. Theology, he said, was man-made. Christianity was of God. If I misrepresent Him, my brethren, call me down, for I have no desire to do Him any injustice. This enlarged his usefulness and gave him such great power, far greater than I can fully describe.

“Let me give, instead, the estimate of a leading secular journalist written some years ago: “If we were asked to analyze the power of Sam Jones we would say that the chief elements are clear mental vision, fearless soul, kind heart, and unbridled, witty tongue. His good eyes enable him to see the world just as it is — its sad things, its funny things, its sham things, its brutal things, its terrible things, its beautiful things. His fearless soul leads him to describe what he sees, and the immense force of truth and realism becomes his ally. His kind heart enables him to denounce, yet not drive away; to chastise, yet love; to punish, yet win the culprit.

“His want of reverence for others, their ways of speech and of life, unchains him from the shackles of cant, custom, routine, and conventionality. It frees him from imitation. He thus gets room for his own individuality to grow, his foundation to play. Being freed entirely from the chains which enslave so many thousands of public men his genius shines like a star — inexhaustible, radiant.”

“There never was but one Sam Jones. In speaking further of his great success and his influence as a preacher, I wish to say he was absolutely fearless, a man of both moral and physical courage. He was ready at any time, and in any presence, to say what he believed God wished him to say, and he would have said it in front of the cannon’s mouth had he known that while speaking his body would be blown to atoms. I think we may apply to him the famous eulogy of Regent Murray at the grave of John Knox, “There lies he, who never feared the face of man.”

“He was at the same time very humble. Notwithstanding his widespread popularity and vast personal influence he had the spirit of humility, and was always ready to yield his place if there was any one who could do better than himself. Again, as a preacher, he was intensely practical and used present conditions and occasions with wonderful effect. He was thoroughly earnest. Abrupt, terse, vehement, fiery in style, his simple sentences at times were flashes of lightning in a dark night, his words volcanic explosions from a fire long burning within, and all who heard them always felt their tremendous power.

“Someone who has drawn a distinction between Cicero and Demosthenes says when the former spoke people said, “How well Cicero speaks,” while, when Demosthenes spoke, they said, “Let us go against Philip.” We may draw the same distinction between him and many other preachers. When people hear them they say, “How well they speak,” but when they heard him they were aroused and moved to say, “Let us go and fight the devil and all forms of sin.” I have heard him at times in pathetic exhortation show such bursts of passionate grief for lost souls that men who had been untouched and unmoved by others were made to tremble and weep as children.

“Finally, he was loving and full of sympathy for lost humanity, and all mankind. To strike and spare not, was the motto with which he faced the sinner. To help and rescue, was the second motto which redeemed the fearless first. He was as swift to succor as he was to smite. He was as tender in healing as he was terrible in arousal, He was full of the milk of human kindness, and was the enemy of no man. He loved God and his fellowmen, and those who abused him most bitterly will find out some day that he was their real friend, and always aimed to do them good.

“Some have criticized him for lack of refinement and his use of ridicule and irony. Elijah is a striking example of the use of ridicule in sacred discourse. He mocked the priests of Baal before all the people. Ridicule was to him a fair way to expose the absurdity of idolatry. All irreligion has aspects and elements that are absurd, and it is allowable and useful to show this by irony and ridicule. In Proverbs it is condemned as folly, and depicted with the keenest sarcasm, and there are slight touches of irony and scorn in the epistles of Paul. In my estimate of him, I do not forget the well-known words of Cowper in his description of the preacher, Paul would hear, approve and own. “He that negotiates between God and man, as God’s ambassador, the grand concerns of judgment and of mercy, should beware of lightness in his speech. It is pitiful to court a grin, when you should woo a soul; to break a jest when pity would inspire pathetic exhortation.”

“He consecrated humor, ridicule and wit as few, if any, have ever been able to do, and tried always to use them only for God.

“May God bless and sanctify this service to the salvation of every unsaved person here.”

“Following Dr. Cave’s tribute. Dr. D. B. Towner and wife, of Chicago, sang a very sweet and effective duet, entitled ‘He Knows.’

“The next address was delivered by United States Senator, Edward W. Carmack, who spoke of him as ‘The Man.’ Senator Carmack’s loving eulogy is printed in full:

“‘Ladies and Gentlemen: There needs no excuse for the appearance of a layman to participate in the exercises of this occasion, for Sam Jones belonged to all the people, and the scope of his influence was as wide as the whole field of human life and activity. And so I have come to pay my brief and simple tribute to the memory of one whose death is an affliction because his life was a blessing to mankind.

“‘The world has often made heroes of its own worst enemies, has called him greatest who has done most to multiply its sorrows, has builded its monuments to the destroyers and not to the savers of men. The time is coming when men will find some other standard for human greatness than genius linked with selfishness and ambition, when the world’s memorials will be wrought for those who have served it best. When that time comes, few men will have or deserve a higher monument than Sam Jones.

“‘There can be no nobler epitaph written above the dust of any man than to say that the world is better for his having lived, and only the records of eternity can reveal the magnitude of the work that Sam Jones has done for his fellow men.

“‘With mental gifts that would have won him distinction in any field of endeavor, he chose to devote all his powers to the services of his Master and of mankind. He fell, a self-devoted victim in the midst of his labors. We often say that the days of martyrdom, when men died by the stake, or the fagot, for conscience sake, have passed. But Sam Jones was as truly a martyr as any of old. His own will bound his limbs to the stake of duty and his spirit kindled the flame in which his body was consumed. Because he had no patience, no sympathy, with evil, the thoughtless or malevolent have charged him with a want of charity. But he laid down his life for humanity, and **“greater love hath no man than this.”** It is a strange aberration of reason that finds a want of love for mankind in a hatred of everything that is injurious to man. That was the only hatred that ever found its way to the heart of Sam Jones.

“‘There has been much speculation as to the secret of his marvelous success as an evangelist. In the early days of his fame, it was freely predicted that he would prove a nine-days’ wonder, whose popularity would wane with the novelty of his style; but, though he never changed his manner or his methods, he steadily grew and increased in power, and death found him not yet at the zenith of his greatness.

“‘The real secret of his success lay in the fact that Sam Jones the preacher never effaced Sam Jones, the man. He never made himself an intellectual hermit whose mind lived apart from the world and busied itself only with ethical abstractions. While the basis of his nature was spiritual, he was intensely practical, intensely human.

“While a careful reader of his sermons could not fail to see the deep thought of a powerful mind, he prepared himself for his work, not so much by secret meditation in the closet, as by keen observation of what was going on in the world. His mission was that of a wise and faithful commentator on the daily doings of men. He sought to enforce the lesson that to be a good Christian you must be a good man; you must lead a good life. In his phrase, “Quit your meanness,” he summed up his conception of practical repentance. **“Cease to do evil, learn to do well”** might have been the text for every sermon he preached; and what was evil and what was good he portrayed with objective vividness of treatment by illustrations drawn from actual experience and the daily life of the people. By direct and particular application, he gave life and meaning to general precepts and invested his preaching with a human and immediate interest such as no mere exegesis of Scripture, however learned and eloquent, could ever command. He thundered against the actual, visible manifestations of evil. He held up to the public gaze the common vices of the time. He waged war not against the devil in hell, but against the devil in this world.

“He was often criticized for the extreme aggressiveness of his methods and the severity of his language. But Sam Jones wrought with a rare knowledge of human nature. To treat the evil-doer with too great tenderness and respect often serves only to flatter his sense of self-satisfaction and confirm him in his evil ways. Sam Jones dealt with vice as a thing utterly detestable, and he would admit no excuses for the vicious man. He covered him with the hot lava of his scorn, he lashed him with ridicule, and he made him mean and contemptible in the sight of men. He thus humbled the pride of the evil-doer, made him despicable in his own eyes, and drove him to reformation of his life as the only means of recovering his self-respect.

“He cared little — perhaps, too little, — for forms of doctrine. His theology was expressed in the lines,

“For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,  
He can’t be wrong whose life is in the right.”

“Even an avowed infidel was not so repulsive to him as actual wickedness. He often said that the horns and hoofs belonged not so much to the theoretical infidel as to the man who denied God, not with his lips, but in his life.

“He once said that a poor sermon with the power of earnestness behind it was more effective than the most powerful sermon without the spirit of earnestness. One great secret of his own power as a preacher was the intense earnestness, the manifest sincerity of the man. All the powers of his splendid intellect could not have made him the great evangelist he was if his words had come cold from the brain instead of hot from the heart.

“In the earlier years of his career he was made the target, not only for injudicious criticism, but the calumnies of the vilest character. He was not insensible — no man can be entirely so — to these malevolent attacks, but he bore them with outward composure and gave to slander its most crushing answer — a pure, upright life.

“He was sometimes criticized for overstepping the proper limitations of a preacher’s calling, and for dealing with matters foreign to the pulpit. But Sam Jones was the man always as well as the preacher, and his alert and active mind was interested in everything that concerned the welfare of man. These criticisms were doubtless sometimes sincere, but for the most part, these proceeded from men whose way of life would not bear a particular application of general precepts. These always prefer the kind of preacher who drones vague abstractions to a somnolent congregation and deals with sin in such a way as not to disturb the repose of the sinner. It was because he was the reverse of this type that Sam Jones was such a power for good in this world.

“But beneath all this bluntness of speech and manner was a heart overflowing with love and charity. It was because he loved the sinner that he hated sin. He but expressed his devotion to the welfare of humanity in the intensity of his loathing for the vices of his time.

“To those who knew him, he was a man easy to love — frank, open, kindly, **“with malice towards none, with charity for all.”** To those who did not know him thus, we only need to point to the fruits of his ministry. Men do not gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles. A corrupt tree cannot bear good fruit. Only a great and good man — a man great in his goodness and good in his greatness — could have yielded to the world so great a harvest. And finally, if he who saves a soul from death covers a multitude of sins, how trivial, even in the eye of divine perfection, must seem the failings of Sam Jones when he appears at the great bar encompassed by a throng of human souls rescued and redeemed through his ministry.’

“Dr. W. F. Tillett, Dean of the Theological Department, Vanderbilt University, was the first of the number selected to make three-minute addresses. He said that he was glad to be permitted to bring a rose from Vanderbilt and lay it on the grave of this great man.

“As I sought the character and work of him we loved to call Sam Jones, it seems to me it was he who struck the point where our modern civilization needed attention. He touched the greatest blot in our modern life, intemperance and the gambling-dens. Is there a work that our reformers could do, that would be greater than eliminating these evils? That strong and mighty sentiment against the open saloon that is growing greater every day, is due in no small degree to the work of our friend and brother. This was one of his greatest works, and I believe it will survive.

“I rejoice to be able to say that the man to whom we pay honor never delivered a message that the audience could not say that behind his eloquent sermon was a pure Christian life. While many times I grant he called forth a laugh at the expense of education and theology, but if I had a boy at Vanderbilt University struggling to get an education, and I had only to mention the fact to Sam Jones, he furnished the necessary money to educate that boy. When all things are considered, Brother Jones must be pronounced one of the most remarkable, original and gifted men that Methodism has ever produced. We may write his epitaph “He purchased deathlessness with death.”

“The next three-minute address was delivered by Professor J. J. Keys, of the Nashville High School. He said:

“‘The secret of Sam Jones’s great power was his love for humanity. He did not have to tell you that he loved you. It was not necessary. He made you see yourself as you really were. I first heard of him twenty years ago in Michigan, when a newsboy passed through a train selling copies of his sermons. I devoured the book at one sitting; little did I dream then that someday I would be called upon to take part in a great service like this in his memory. Let us send up a prayer of thanksgiving that it was our blessed privilege to sit at the feet of this great man and through him learn the way of life.’

“Professor J. W. Brister, of Peabody College for Teachers, made the next brief address:

“‘The whole nation, especially the South, mourns his loss. Nashville grieves, and rightly so, as over the departure of an own son. For here he did some of his most notable preaching, and here he scored many of his greatest triumphs.

“‘From that first great meeting held yonder on Broad Street, twenty-one years ago, his friends multiplied, and his service and its benefits to our city increased with cumulative effect.

“‘Hardly a home in all the community but has indirectly felt the influence of the mighty work he here wrought; and thousands of them have been directly benefited and blessed. Hardly a church in all the section but numbers among its members one or more Sam Jones converts, and in many churches they may be counted by the score. And these converts, many of them, stand in the forefront of Nashville’s religious leaders, faithful in building up and strengthening the church, ready and zealous in every charitable work, powerful in every movement for civic reform.

“‘Nashville owes him an incalculable debt. At her hands he deserves all honor and praise. This splendid auditorium ought to be rechristened the Jones-Ryman Tabernacle; and on either side of the great organ, some day to be installed, ought to be placed a life-size statue — one of Sam Jones, who inspired the building; the other of Tom Ryman, his follower, who labored with unflagging zeal and invincible faith towards its erection.’

“‘The last of these short speeches was made by Hon. John Bell Keeble, of the Nashville Bar. While it was very brief, it was one of the most appropriate speeches of the afternoon. He said that the common belief that the day of oratory was passed, is a fallacy. The spoken word was one of the most potent powers for good, and would always be. God has always used the voice of man to effect His work on earth. John the Baptist, Paul, Jesus Christ were all great orators. Sam Jones had the brain, the heart, the wit, humor and pathos that set fire to the words that went from his mouth. His eloquence opened the doors of men’s money-safes, and caused them to turn loose their money for the glory of God, and the belief of men. The best of all, this man never prostituted his gifts of oratory, but used them to bring men to God, to revitalize their lives, to show them the cross of Jesus Christ, and so portray Him as to cause men and women to yield to Him their services and dedicate their lives to His cause.’

“‘After these brief addresses, Mr. Charles Butler, soloist in the Torrey-Alexander meetings, sang ‘The Glory Song.’ A number of persons who had been converted under Mr. Jones’s ministry in Nashville made one-minute talks, while many stood in all parts of the building testifying in that way the appreciation of the man who had led them to the Saviour.

“The last address was delivered by Rev. Walt Holcomb, of Nashville, who was with Mr. Jones at the time of his death. Mr. Holcomb spoke on ‘His Last Days’ as follows:

“Mr. Chairman and Friends of Brother Jones: From Cartersville I bring the love of the bereaved family, to the thousands of friends of our glorified brother, who are gathered this afternoon to pay honor to the memory of the truest friend Nashville ever had. [Turning to Bishop Fitzgerald]. And to you, my dear Bishop Fitzgerald, Mrs. Jones sent special love because of your great love for her late husband. Of all the cities where Mr. Jones labored, there was none other that he visited so frequently, and spoke with deeper solicitude and more tender affection. He loved Nashville. When I look upon this sea of faces and follow the hundreds who were turned away, and have watched you sitting here for nearly three hours, I feel sure no city loved him better, and has suffered a greater loss at his untimely death.

“I have been asked by your committee to speak on ‘His Last Days.’ It was during his latter days that I knew him personally. I shall never forget the first time I met him. It was at Charlotte, N. C. I was in the Southern station waiting for a train. I heard a conversation going on between a telegraph-operator and the man who was sending the message. After the operator had counted the words and looked at the signature, he threw up his eyes and said, ‘Is this Mr. Sam Jones?’

“Yes, sir,” he replied, “That’s my forgiven name. How much do I owe you?”

“Well,” said the operator, “you don’t owe me anything. You can’t pay for a telegram that I send.”

I walked up to him, extending my hand and giving my name, and called attention to a Bible conference that I was connected with at Montreat, N. C. He looked at me from head to foot, as if he were sizing me up, as much as to say, “Kid, where were you jumped up, anyway?”

I tried to explain to him our conference, while showing him the announcements. He said, “Well, thank you, but I can read.” Then he gave me a hearty grasp of the hand and an earnest “God bless you,” and boarded the train for home. That day I was drawn to his kindly heart.

“A few months later he went to Wilkesboro, N. C, for a revival meeting. On Thursday before the meeting began on Sunday, I received a note from him, in which he said, “I cannot go to Wilkesboro before next Monday. I want you to go up Saturday and ‘hold the fort’ until I come.” Saturday I went to Wilkesboro and along the way people from towns and the surrounding country were at the depots to get a peep at the great Georgia preacher. Sunday morning came, and the large tent was crowded with people to hear him preach. I preached the best I could to a disappointed audience. From then till preaching to his last audience in Oklahoma City, I never refused a request he made of me. Mr. Jones always looked upon that meeting as the most marvelous, next to the memorable meeting he held here, twenty-one years ago. The liquor traffic was so entrenched in the county that its grip upon the people was something appalling. He pitched into that infernal business, and at the close of the meeting Wilkesboro was practically a temperance town, and Wilkes County, a temperance county. I shall never forget the last service.

“Business had suspended, people were there from far and near, and Mr. Jones took for his text, **“Lord, what wait I for?”** He took up the sinner and discussed the various excuses that they offer for not becoming Christians. Such sarcasm, invective, ridicule, I never heard in all my life. Such wit and humor was never crowded into an hour; and, when he finished preaching, he had literally, by the help of the good Spirit, ridiculed and laughed them out of their sins. When the invitation was extended they ran over each other to get to the altar. I shall never forget his radiant face. He had been sick, weary and worn for months. He said, “I am a dying man.” But that morning heaven and earth seemed to meet, and he clapped his hands and stamped his foot, and with the tears streaming down his cheeks, exclaimed, “Thank God for a scene like this; there hasn’t been such a happy soul in my body in the last twenty years.”

“One of Mr. Jones’s favorite texts was **“I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith; I have finished my course; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.”** He was a real Christian soldier, and fought the battles of life more manfully than any one whom I have ever known. His faith was as simple and mighty as that of a little child, and it was lost in the personality of Jesus Christ. None ever entered the Christian race who kept his eyes more fully upon the goal and strove harder to win the crown.

“No man ever lived who tried harder to get to heaven. His homegoing must have been as happy as a schoolboy running home. A friend had this dream the night before his death. He dreamed that he was in heaven with Mr. Jones. He saw him standing in one of his characteristic attitudes near the pearly gate, with one of his expressive and significant smiles covering his face, shouting, “I got here at last; I pulled some of the steepest hills of any man that ever reached the gates of pearl, and by the good Lord’s reaching down and snatching me away, I was saved from pulling steeper ones.”

“When I think how the devil tried to ruin his young life; how he tried to cripple him in his ministry; how he tried to defeat him in the end, and had he succeeded, what a victory it would have been for the devil and his kingdom, there comes to my heart peace and joy that lift me above the indescribable sorrow and peculiar grief I have felt.

“A prominent citizen of his town said to me, “I had just finished reading Mr. Jones’s last letter in the Journal, written from Oklahoma City, in which he said how he was fighting the world, the flesh and the devil, when the telegram announcing his death was received. While my heart was aching, I couldn’t refrain from shouting ‘Glory to God, he has quit fighting the devil and gone to playing with the angels.’”

“Last Monday morning, on a Rock Island train from Oklahoma City, just fifty-two miles beyond Little Rock, Ark., we were blockaded by a freight wreck. This was about four o’clock in the morning. Mr. Jones arose and dressed about half-past five. He sat and talked to the porter who was shining his shoes. Then suffering from nausea, he called to his daughter to arise and hand him a cup of water. While waiting for the water, they were engaged in conversation, when suddenly he collapsed. She called me, saying, “Oh, Mr. Holcomb, hurry to papa, I believe he is dying.”

“In a moment I was by his side with his hands in mine, drawing his noble head to my heart, saying, “Oh, Brother Jones, what’s the matter?” He looked at me and attempted to speak, but the words died in his throat. Then I realized that the fatal stroke had put an end to all that was mortal, to the best friend I ever had. His noble wife, two of his daughters, Mr. Dunham and myself, had clustered around, while a serene and heavenly expression formed in his face. Without a struggle he left us as peacefully and quietly as daylight ever glided away into eventide. We knew that his pure soul had slipped off to a brighter world. Perhaps God, in His infinite mercy, caused the train to stop long enough for His wearied, tired and faithful servant to lie down and die.

“Mr. Jones lived on trains more than any other man. He loved railroads, steam-engines, fine cars and Pullmans. He loved the railroad men from the president of the road down to the humblest porter. Among the most beautiful illustrations that he used were stories of railroad life and scenes. Next to his beautiful home, in what place could he have passed away that would have been more like home to him?

“We watched over his sacred body until we reached Little Rock, where it was turned over to the undertaker. The railroad officials of the Rock Island offered every courtesy — even their own private cars — to carry his body and family home. Upon our arrival in Memphis, the president of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway had a special train at our disposal. All along the way men and women stood around the station with bleeding hearts, moistened eyes, and uncovered heads, paying a silent yet mighty tribute to the man they loved so well. Never was a train pulled more gently, and seemed to be on a more sacred mission than the one that took him home.

“Mr. Jones has always said that he wanted to die “in the harness”; that he wished to follow the leadings of the Holy Spirit, and if, perchance he should see fit, to lead him through the hardest fought battle of his life, and after that, go home. Surely, this wish was granted.

“In speaking to me he said, at the close of the Oklahoma meeting, “This last year I have had three of the hardest campaigns of my life.” He then spoke of the arduous work in Cincinnati, in his last great meeting, when victory crowned his labors. Then he spoke of the difficult campaign in Evansville. Then in Oklahoma City, when he had more to contend with, humanly speaking, and yet through it all never murmured or complained, and had overcome more than ever before. The last thing he said about it was, “My hands seem to be in the mouth of a lion. I will pull them out as gracefully and manfully as I know how.”

“That evening on the train he was in a very happy mood. For several hours he sat and talked with us. After supper he spent an hour or more in conversation with some commercial men. He was talking to them about the sins of men in general, and said if a man had real respect and love for his mother, that he always stood a fair chance of reformation, but when a boy allowed the love for a good mother to die out of his heart, he was ordinarily beyond the reach of God’s love.

“He was preaching as earnestly to that handful as he had done a week previous to one of the largest audiences of men that ever assembled in Oklahoma City. Leaving the men, he joined the family circle again, and in a little while kissed each member good-night.

“His attention was called to a poor consumptive with his broken-hearted wife, who were in the day-coach. He immediately called the Pullman conductor and had them assigned a berth. He said, rising to his feet, “Captain, here is the money for the berth. If that poor fellow should pay it himself, perhaps he wouldn’t have anything left when he reached Memphis. So I’ll pay it, and I’ll have something left over.” May I ask, “What had he left over?”

“Before we reached Memphis he had gone to his reward. Here is what he had left over: **“For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me. Then shall the righteous answer him saying, Lord, when saw we Thee an hungered and fed Thee; or thirsty, and gave Thee drink; when saw we Thee a stranger and took Thee in; or naked and clothed Thee; or when saw we Thee sick and came unto Thee; and the King shall answer and say unto them: Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”** I had rather be called to heaven after having done a kindly deed like that than to leave any other finished work in the world.

“Before retiring he went to the berth of the sick man, then uttered the last words I ever heard him speak. He bowed by the berth, taking the man by the hand, saying: “I’m sorry to see you suffering so. I am glad that we found you, and can serve you. I hope you will sleep well to-night. If you should need any help, don’t fail to call me. I shall be glad to come to you.” Then turning to his wife, he said “When we reach Memphis, I’ll see that you get transportation to your home.”

“After Mr. Jones’s death, I found some money on his person, and recalling his last words to her, I went to the berth and said, “Pardon me, but I heard Brother Jones speak of getting your transportation, and wish to know if you have sufficient means to get home.” The tears came into her eyes, and she said, “That’s one thing that has been troubling me. We haven’t enough money to get home.” I handed her the money, explaining that it was Brother Jones’s, telling her I would finish for him his last act of kindness.

“I have related to you my first impression of him, and recounted some of the incidents of his last days. Now, I shall speak of him as a man and preacher, as he appeared to me during his last days.

“In making a sympathetic study of Mr. Jones, we must consider him first of all, as a man. I am proud of the respect given the ministry, because of its high and sacred calling, but I am prouder when the world respects a minister, because of the manhood that lies back of his profession. God never made a bigger nor grander thing than when He created a man. I say it reverently. He cannot make a preacher out of anything but a man. And, if I were to start out in search for the most manly man, I would not stop until I came into the presence of Mr. Jones. Taking him as he daily lived, in all the transactions of life, he was the most exemplary character I ever knew. To my mind, he was the cleanest, noblest and grandest spirit that has lived. I never saw him do a small deed; never heard him speak an unkind word, and never heard him offer an uncharitable criticism. While his conviction of right and wrong was the strongest, his contempt for shams and hypocrisies was the keenest, and his determination to do right the most indomitable; yet he had the kindest, gentlest and most forgiving heart that ever throbbed in the bosom of man.

“When he spoke of the people who did not come up to his ideal of life, there was always such considerateness and tenderness in his criticisms, that all the sting was extracted from his words. He was as free from sensitiveness and jealousy as an angel. As a man, I do not hope to see his like again.’

“As a preacher, he was the greatest that ever stood before an American audience, and I believe that he will go down in history as one of the greatest and most marvelous ministers of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I have heard his most objectionable utterances, and I wish to say that never for a second, did the words of the man influence me, but for God. There was a peculiar power that he wielded in his most denunciatory words that made a man see the pure and the good, and kept mere words from influencing the mind for evil. I always went away from his preaching and lecturing loving God better, with the Bible more real and precious to my heart, and with a sweeter and truer love for mother and home.

“His great gifts in speaking were wit, humor, sarcasm, pathos, all under marvelous control, and completely concentrated upon the effect that he wished to produce. Never was there a day that he did not create smiles and drive away the burden from the hearts of his fellowmen. He started waves of laughter and merriment that encircled our nation. His pathos was the rarest and sublimest ever given to man. It was never more in evidence than the last night he preached, in which he spoke of dying and going to heaven. The entire audience wept like broken-hearted children. His sarcasm and invectives were of such keenness and sharpness that no surgeon’s knife has ever served him better than these weapons served him. His oratory, unlike that of other men, will go down in history as the cleverest, most winsome and powerful of any man living or dead. From generation to generation his unique and matchless words will be handed down in private conversation, and it will require no printed page to preserve them. They will be repeated again and again by those that are to follow us.

“The great audiences that attended his ministry for nearly thirty-five years outnumbered those addressed by any man since the world began.

“At a Western Chautauqua he dropped in to spend a short while with his family. When it was noised abroad that he was on the ground, there was a general request that he preach. The director of the Conference arranged the program so as to give the people an opportunity to hear him. He was tired and worn out from a long lecture tour, and refused to speak in the open air at the Hillside meeting. Finally the rain drove the people into the auditorium, and he was asked to address them there. The Rev. John McNeil, the distinguished Scotchman, had been announced for the eight o’clock hour. Mr. Jones preceded him, with the understanding that he should speak as long as he felt impressed.

“Dr. McNeil stood in the rear of the building while Mr. Jones was swaying the great audience. The Scotchman seemed to forget that his time was being encroached upon, and was watching the performance and the scene with the greatest pleasure and delight. Just before nine o’clock he walked up on the platform, and instead of being angry, as some preachers would have been, he spoke in the most extravagant terms of Mr. Jones’s address.

“He said in substance:

“I have crossed the Atlantic, and returned to my Scotch people many times,” and, then, looking at a thousand or more prominent ministers, gathered from the leading cities of the United States, he said: “Not once have my people asked about any of you men, but they have always asked ‘Did you see or hear Sam Jones while in the States?’ I shall take great pleasure upon my return in telling them that such an opportunity had been given me.”

After reading the thoughts of many before him, he said: “Now, you preachers will say that anybody can talk like Sam Jones. Well,” replied McNeil, “I would advise you to try it; if you have anything up your sleeves that will draw the crowds, hold them, and move them, as this man does, you begin at once. Whatever you have up your sleeve, shake it down next time you appear before your people.” The great “Scotch Spurgeon,” as he is known in the old country, realized that behind the wonderful things that Mr. Jones had said was a strong will, a big heart, a ponderous brain, and a powerful personality, consecrated to God, with the anointing of the Holy Spirit, which accounted for the wonderful power that he had wielded over the audience.

“In all of his ministry and work he had encountered many critics. Some of them were really jealous of him, which was back of every fault they found in him. Others were too fastidious in this day of great wickedness, in high and low places; however, during his long ministry most of them changed their minds. Perhaps nine-tenths of them passed away before he died. The other tenth has been converted in his death.

“Last fall in the Cincinnati meeting a prominent minister left the great Music Hall in company with an unsaved man. As they walked down the street, the preacher was criticizing Mr. Jones unmercifully; the sinner was silent. They came to the parting of their way; the unconverted man took the minister by the hand and said: “It seems that the sermon didn’t affect you like it did me. All the time he was preaching I felt that I was the meanest sinner that ever lived. I realized that if God didn’t help me that I was lost for both worlds.”

“On the way home the minister asked himself the question: “How much of my preaching would it take to make a man feel that way?” The more he thought about it the more he became convinced that Mr. Jones was right and that he was wrong. I noticed in the *Cincinnati Times-Star* that he makes a manly confession of his mistake, and writes a beautiful tribute to the memory of Mr. Jones.

“I feel that I have lost the truest, noblest and best friend I ever had. To say I loved him, expresses it mildly. God only knows how his love and interest in me and my work have helped and strengthened me. His memory will ever be fresh, sacred and sweet to my heart. I am a better man for having known him and gone with him through sunshine and shadow. May his great mantle fall upon a thousand ministers of the gospel. God’s richest, sweetest and best blessing be upon his precious wife, and the children that were dearer to him than life. In the language of the poet, I would reverently say:

“Sleep on beloved, and take thy rest,  
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour’s breast,  
We loved thee well, but Jesus loved thee best;  
Good-night; good-night; good-night.”

“Dr. R. A. Torrey, who was conducting evangelistic services in the city, closed the memorial services with an earnest appeal to the unconverted to come to Christ. He said: ‘It was my privilege to speak the closing words at a memorial service in Northfield, Mass., of the late Dwight L. Moody. It is now my privilege to speak the closing words at the memorial service of another great evangelist. Sam Jones is now on the other side of the river saying to all the unsaved of Nashville, “Come over here.”’

“‘While thousands in this city yielded to his appeals during his ministry, there are others who resisted his tender entreaties, but now his voice is calling louder than it ever did before in this tabernacle. I don’t believe that Mr. Jones would feel that this service was complete unless an opportunity was given to accept Christ, and I am going to ask those of you who will become Christians to rise to your feet.’

Quite a number arose, and then Dr. Hall asked Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald to pronounce the benediction.”

~ end of chapter 30 ~

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