

# 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 TWENTY-ONE

### ON THE PACIFIC COAST – LOS ANGELES, SACRAMENTO AND SAN FRANCISCO

#### I — Los Angeles

It was my privilege to accompany Mr. Jones to the Pacific coast. We took our four children and nurse, and had a safe and pleasant journey, arriving in Los Angeles, California, on January 13, 1889.

The first meeting that he conducted was in Los Angeles, and upon our arrival in that city we were entertained at the Westminster Hotel. Mr. E. O. Excell and wife joined us there. We were given a most cordial welcome to the “City of Angels,” which is situated in an original and genuine earthly Paradise.

The great daily papers had hailed his coming with delight, and the ministry was enthusiastic over his proposed work. For months there had been an urgent request for his services, and the people seemed to be glad of his coming. We had hardly reached our room when the *Tribune* reporter called upon Mr. Jones. As was his custom, he greeted the reporter with courtesy, and showed his sympathy and appreciation of the work of the public press.

He wished to know if this was Mr. Jones’s first visit to California, and Mr. Jones said: “Yes, this is the first time I was ever on this coast, but my wife and I were out for a walk this morning, and do you know everything seems like a dream in the city?”

The reporter said: “Mr. Jones, you rank at the head of American evangelists in the estimation of our people.”

“Well,” said he, “I don’t know about my rank being at the head. I am not an evangelist in the sense that Munhall, Moody and others are. I belong to the North Georgia Conference, and received my appointment like any other preacher, which at the present time is the agency of the Decatur Orphanage.

“I can raise the money for this worthy institution while prosecuting my evangelistic work wherever I am called in the providence of God. For years I preached in the conference, but was literally drawn out into this work.”

“The report has been circulated in this city,” said the reporter, “that you never go anywhere without a large and stipulated salary.”

“Well, that’s not true; at Chautauqua assemblies and Eastern camp-meetings, where there is a regular admission fee charged I receive a stated amount of money for my services. In such cases I always contend that a white elephant is worth the fence around it. I never have required any stipulated sum for my services as an evangelist.”

“What is the difference in your success in different sections of the country?”

“Well, I find the people differing wherever I go; more depends upon the size of the city than its location. I have been successful in the great cities of the South, in Cincinnati, Chicago, Toronto and Boston, and in all these places the buildings were inadequate to accommodate the throngs that came to hear me. You can bite an apple, but a pumpkin you can only nibble and slobber over. Charleston, South Carolina, was an apple. I spoke to five thousand people, one-tenth of the population, and through that tenth I could have some influence on the whole, but Chicago is a pumpkin. It is unwieldy and bulky. Boston is of a different type, but there the people will hear any man who has something to say, and there is no better field for evangelism than Boston.”

“What is your opinion of the work of the Young Men’s Christian Association?”

“It is a well-organized body, but, like many churches, the Association could do a great deal more than it does. It is a magnificent engine, but frequently without steam; however, I have shown my interest in the work of aiding them wherever I have gone and help was needed, in raising money to put them on a safe basis.”

In arranging for the meeting the committee had fixed up the great pavilion, and had everything suitably arranged. Mr. Excell had an excellent choir, which rendered many beautiful selections. Rev. Dr. Cantine acted as master of ceremonies, and introduced Mr. Jones.

At the first service the building was filled with over five thousand people, and at least that many were turned away. On account of some of the sensational newspaper articles there was a wide difference of opinion by the clergy and the people, and much speculation in general, as to how he would be received. Mr. Jones with his matchless instinct for sizing up an audience seemed to know that he was on trial, and that a number of people had come, not to hear the gospel, but to see if the things that had been published about him were true. Those who had come to laugh, scoff and pick flaws in the preacher were foiled of their opportunity, as he preached one of the most serious sermons, abounding in beautiful figures and touching incidents, from the text, **“Choose ye this day whom ye will serve; as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord”** (Joshua 15:24).

The audience went away somewhat disappointed in that there was nothing to criticize, but deeply impressed with the service. He took occasion to put the people on notice as to his attitude regarding the objections that had been raised to revivals. Said he: "Some of you have been asking if revivals don't react. Yes, they do, just like a man's stomach reacts after a big dinner, and he wants another dinner the next day, but that's no sign that he is going to stop eating; it's no sign because you had the first revival that you don't want and need another one. As I walked through your streets this morning, I was charmed, and said to myself, 'How can sinners flourish where God empties heaven every day upon them,' and, with the poet, I thought 'every prospect is pleasing, and only man is vile.' Now, some of you fellows will say, 'Sam is bidding for a home.' Well, bud, I have turned down homes all over this country, and had rather live in my little home at Cartersville, Georgia, than anywhere on earth. When the devil has nothing else to do, he seems to start his agent to lying about Sam Jones. I don't care, go it; if you can say worse things about me than I can about you, I am in. Stagnation is the last station this side of damnation and the fellow who gets there generally goes through."

He said in closing: "Brethren, I want to see a great work done here in Los Angeles. I have not come for fun or money. I have prayed God to make me a power to bring souls to Christ, and I hope before next Sunday there will be a blaze of revival; that this city will be made as lovely in morals as it is in climate and surroundings."

The papers became very bitter, and even scurrilous in their criticisms, both editorially and in reports of the meetings; however, this opposition was soon overcome, and the papers supported him loyally and gave the meeting every consideration. One of them said: "Los Angeles is one of the least wicked and most exemplary places. The entire community supports more churches in proportion to its population, and nowhere is divine worship more popular, but even Los Angeles is not so thoroughly good that it does not need to be stirred up once in a while by a road-gauged, old-fashioned revival of religion. We blush to own it, but it is an undeniable fact that the worship of Mammon in this city has had about seven days in every week for the past years, and if this shameful state of affairs can be changed by Mr. Jones, there will be great improvement in both private and public morals. We have no doubt that the present revival will continue to accomplish a great deal of good, and that men who have murdered will confess, who have defrauded will make restitution, and that thousands will form resolutions to forsake their evil ways."

He waged a merciless war upon card-playing, dancing and theater-going, which brought upon him the condemnation of the society element. A charity ball which had been given during the meeting was denounced in the most severe terms, and the papers which had recently been loud in his praises turned against him again, and with renewed vigor resorted to all kinds of methods in order to injure him and destroy his influence. They garbled the reports of his sermons, and wrote flaming editorials which fanned into a short-lived flame a wave of popular resentment. Some of the papers deliberately printed statements and credited them to Mr. Jones which were absolutely false. As the opposition grew in intensity his denunciation became more fierce, until they were won back by his bravery.

The *Los Angeles Christian Advocate* had an editorial which gives a fine account of the battle between Mr. Jones and the newspapers, and the subsequent result:

“We have never heard so much religious discussion as has been aroused by the Sam Jones meetings, and the devil and his emissaries have been completely stirred up. Two saloon-keepers have been heard to say that they would give big money to get a chance to give Sam Jones a thrashing, and undoubtedly all the mean, corrupt, dishonest and contemptible villains of the city would like to contribute to that fund. The *Times* and *Herald*, two of our dailies, have tried to make themselves popular with the saloon and hoodlum crowd by misrepresenting and distorting the evangelist’s utterances, and by publishing editorial criticisms that showed their gross ignorance and malignity of spirit. Of course, these adverse criticisms have only advertised the meetings more extensively, and the witty sentences of the evangelist in reply have made these papers the laughing-stock of the city. The *Times* went so far as to change the reports of one of Mr. Jones’s sermons furnished them by a reporter in their employ, and when the reporter discovered their contemptible practices he immediately left their employ. A great number of good people have notified the *Times* that they do not want the paper any more in their homes.

“The *Herald* was first sulky, and then came out in open opposition to the meeting in one issue, making desperate assault upon Mr. Jones. The editor was drunk on the streets that very day, which may account for it. Like the *Times*, the *Herald*’s opposition has cost it several hundred subscribers, and other patronage amounting to several hundred dollars a year. The *Social World*, a society paper, in favor of card playing, theater-going, dancing and drinking, said in its Saturday issue: ‘Sam Jones ought to be ridden out of Los Angeles on a rail.’ That sentence was the last kick of a dying goose. On Wednesday the sheriff sold out the establishment, and the only mourners were the creditors of the concern.”

Thus it would seem that it was not profitable to oppose the onward march of the gospel truths, even from a secular standpoint. Mr. Jones kept up his war against all kinds of sin, preaching three times daily. He seldom dignified the individuals and newspapers who fought him with more than a few witty words spoken before the beginning of his sermon, but at times he administered such stinging rebukes that his audiences burst out in uproarious applause, thereby showing their approval of the stand he had taken, and disapprobation of those who were fighting him. It wasn’t long until all the papers came back to his support, and were friendly to him to the end.

Mr. Jones remained in the city for four weeks, and his tireless efforts were abundantly blessed of God in the salvation of the people.

The reporters interviewed the leading theatrical managers, most prominent saloon-keepers, and managers of the largest beer-gardens as to the results of the meeting on their business. They all said in substance: “We are certainly getting the worst of this; our receipts in the evening have diminished terribly since the crowds began to go down to the pavilion. Frequently they used to come to our places, but now they go to hear Sam Jones and then home. We’ll be glad when he leaves town. Reforms have been effected and impression made upon the city that cannot cease.”

His closing sermon was delivered on the evening of February 6th. Long before the hour of service, thousands were being turned away from the doors. Never had such an ovation been given any man before.

At the close, thousands went up and shook hands with the evangelist, and during the singing of "God be with you till we meet again," the great audience stood there and wept like children.

An editorial in the *Tribune* the following morning said: "Rev. Sam Jones has been successful not alone in attracting the largest audiences that have been seen in Los Angeles, but he has also been successful in making converts. Nearly one thousand persons have professed Christianity under his ministry. The interest has not decreased a particle, but on the contrary, increased till the last."

As he left that day for Sacramento, thousands of people went to the train and expressed a feeling of deep regret at his departure from the city.

## II — Sacramento

From Los Angeles he went to Sacramento and began a meeting on February 11th under the auspices of the Ministerial Alliance of that city. The ministers and laymen who were instrumental in bringing him to Sacramento called upon him, and gave him the status of affairs of the city. There was some apprehension on their part as to the safety of Mr. Jones, in case he should preach as plainly as he did at Los Angeles. They told him of the great wickedness of the place, and of some threats that had already been made. They warned him about turning his guns upon a certain element in the city. After having laid the capital city before him as one of the worst, they said there were men there who would not hesitate to kill him should he preach on their sins. He received the warning with a smile and said: "I am no respecter of persons. I have preached my convictions all over this country, and I shall not change my style in Sacramento. If they get mad with me for wanting to clean up this old town, and think it best to kill me, they only give me a short cut to heaven. I want you to know that you can't put a muzzle on the mouth of your Uncle Jones, and I shall not be scared away from my duty."

On Sunday at three o'clock the first service was held in the Armory Hall. Rev. A. T. Needham opened the service with prayer and introduced Mr. Jones. After the introduction Mr. Jones arose and said: "We are in this city for the purpose of holding services for some time to come. We have been invited to your city by the pastors of your churches, and we are here with the promise of hearty cooperation of the people and preachers. We are in the interest of right, humanity and God; the interest of every good citizen, good mother and virtuous daughter lies close in our hearts. May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth and my right hand lose its cunning if I, in your city or elsewhere, shall ever advocate anything but right or denounce anything but wrong.

We are not here to discuss isms and dogmas, but to learn what is right, and then do it. I was disheartened in talking with your pastors. They said that there were forty thousand people in the city; four hundred saloons, and ten churches; that an average of three hundred at each church was a fine audience. Four hundred drinking places to supply the people with liquor and damnation, and ten churches to supply them with salvation. Three thousand people go to church, and thirty-seven thousand do not. I am simply talking facts; not of my own making, but what your pastors gave me; you must know that I believe in God, and in His power, or I would have taken the first train out of this town last night.

God has said one man can chase a thousand and two can put ten thousand to flight, therefore, we won't be discouraged, because it will only take about four men, good and true, to clean up the whole city for God. While you are here by the thousands this afternoon, I am told that you are not coming to these meetings. I don't know whether you will or not, and, as far as I am concerned, I don't care whether you do or not. I have been preaching to large audiences for so long that it would be a real rest to preach to a small crowd for awhile, therefore, if you don't want to come here just come around to my room at the Golden Eagle Hotel and I will write you out a permit, bud, to stay away."

Then he announced his text and preached a sermon that completely captured the audience. He had much to say against the saloons and other dens of vice in his first sermon. The devil, he declared, with all his power, cannot do anything unless he can get someone to help him, but he has all the help he wants in this town. Here are forty saloon-keepers to each preacher. The devil ought to be satisfied with that. The devil doesn't make liquor, but he gets some fellow to make it for him; he doesn't sell, but he gets some of you rascals to do it for him; he doesn't make gamblers. He has some of the church-members to sit down and teach their children to play cards at home, and make gamblers in that way. He just walks around with his hands in his pockets and gets you fellows to do what he wants done here in this city.

Now, it don't make any difference to me whether you are the governor of this state or the biggest fellow in it; I am going to pour the biggest shot I have in my pouch into you before I leave here. I shall shoot right into the hole where you are. I know you'll come out a-humping, declaring you weren't in there, but how are you going to explain being shot all to pieces, you idiot you? Now," said he, "I want those of you who desire to change your ways, and believe I am right about these things, to stand up." In response to his request the audience rose almost en masse.

The audience that attended the evening service was still larger; while no more could be crowded into the building, thousands were turned away. For three weeks these great audiences waited upon his ministry, and some of the most denunciatory sermons he ever delivered fell from his lips in Sacramento. Being the "Capital City" of the State, the corrupt politicians had dominated the city until its corruption was something intolerable.

In referring to it he said:

"Let me tell you, a city like this could never have reached the depth of corruption and infamy without some men here making a record that the devil himself would be ashamed of. You political bosses, you municipal and county bosses, and your henchmen, the damnable record that you are writing is enough to make every decent citizen in the city rise up and say, by the grace of God the thing has gone far enough. [Applause and a voice, 'you're right'.] And when a few of you church members get backbone and speak your convictions this crowd is going to stop, beg your pardon and say, 'We didn't know you objected at all.' Infamy was never brave. Cowardice is the foundation upon which these scoundrels stand. What is your record as a member of the Legislature now in session; now, some of you need not be clapping your hands, for I can find fifty of you rascals in this town to one in the Legislature." [The legislators applauded].

“Now, you fellows needn’t applaud, because the only reason I can find fifty rascals in town to one in the Legislature is because there are more people in the town. I can take the record of some of you legislators and, with the laws of California, consign you to the penitentiary before to-morrow night. Think of it — a man in the Legislature that ought to be in the penitentiary. A lawmaker the worst lawbreaker in the land. No wonder California is steeped in lawlessness and crime, when it’s Legislature furnishes its pro rata of lawbreakers.

“Take, for instance, that body on the liquor question. There is not a member that doesn’t know that this traffic is cursing the country. If you haven’t this much sense, you haven’t enough, to be in the Legislature. You ought to be in the insane asylum instead of where you are. The idea of wanting to enforce upon this town and other towns in the State a liquor law putting license down to eighty-four dollars per year. I believe a legislator that will deliberately vote such a law is owned body and soul by the liquor dealers. May God stir up every preacher and every citizen in this whisky-soaked city and put an end to this infernal traffic. If every stave in a whisky barrel in this town could be turned into a wing, every one of you could pin two on your shoulders and fly off to the Lord.

“You are the most corrupted people by liquor I have ever seen. A decent man came to this town the other day and looked around and said: ‘I won’t bring my wife and children to a town where there are ten churches and four hundred saloons.’ Then your faro-banks and gambling dens are wide open. How can a mayor, who swears to execute the law, and the chief of police, who takes his oath of office, sleep at night with the consciousness that the law is overridden and this town is debauched? If I were mayor of this place I would put the gamblers and saloon-keepers where they would have to obey the law. But your mayor hasn’t any backbone, just a little string run up his back, with a few ribs hitched to it. It is dangerous for men to walk the streets at night. When I was in St. Louis I thought that was the most wicked city I ever saw, but if hell is due west from St. Louis, I think you are just about twenty-five hundred miles nearer to it. ‘My!’ you say, ‘I have never been talked to this way before’; well, what are you going to do about it? You say you are going to drum Sam Jones out of town. Well, boys, I’ve got the drum, and I won’t lend it to you.”

This was one of the most terrific sermons that Mr. Jones ever preached, and the audience was at first full of resentment, but was changed to conviction before he finished. The people went away admiring his bravery, and more interested than ever in his ministry.

It was noised abroad that schemes had been concocted to assassinate Mr. Jones. He had taken his life in his own hands, and had faithfully proclaimed the truths of God. Just before going to the evening service the next day a committee came to the hotel and told Mr. Jones that there were men waiting at the door to shoot him as he started to the building, but with his dauntless courage and faith in God, he looked at me and said: “Wife, don’t you know that God will take care of me and protect me as long as I am doing my duty.”

He deliberately walked down the stairway, refusing the protection of friends and officers, and went out of the hotel. He proceeded to his carriage, and as he took his seat he turned to one of the men and said: “If I live until one of those cowardly scoundrels shoot me, I will make old Methuselah look like a plumb baby by the side of me.”

Upon reaching the Armory Hall, where the immense crowd had assembled, he continued his fearless preaching as if no opposition existed.

One of the papers, the *Bee*, continued its denunciation of Mr. Jones and his work, but he soon turned the table on the editor, saying: "I can't see for the life of me how you call yourselves civilized and will allow that vicious little sheet to be thrown into your front yard. I would just as soon have a mad dog turned loose in my front yard to bite my children. The dog could only kill the poor little bodies, but a vicious thing like that dirty little sheet will cause them to lose regard for religion and wreck them body and soul for both worlds." (Applause, after his arraignment of the *Bee* was long and deafening. The fate of the paper was not long in writing, and it was a sad one to its editor and owners, but a relief to the city).

The meeting in Sacramento, in many respects, was not what might be termed a great one in converting souls; while hundreds were brought into the church, nevertheless, in waking up the consciences of the city and in purifying its morals it was most remarkable. His ministry led the people to demand from their officials the enforcement of their laws, and when the meeting closed there were no open gambling-places, and the laws regarding the Sunday saloons were enforced. Thousands stood up at the closing service and testified that they had started for a better life, and hundreds gave evidence of genuine conversion.

At the end of four weeks he closed his remarkable work and moved on to San Francisco.

### III — San Francisco

San Francisco was the last city Mr. Jones visited on the Pacific coast. The great metropolis afforded a very inviting field for his work. The committee in charge of the meetings offered us our choice of hotels and Mr. Jones selected the Occidental, because it was more of a family hotel, where he could be quiet.

The Mechanics' Pavilion had been arranged for the revival. It would accommodate five thousand people. Mr. E. O. Excell led the large choir, and the services were full of interest from the very beginning. J. D. Hammond, agent of the Western Methodist Book Concern and editor of their church paper, had been instrumental in bringing Mr. Jones to the Far West. At the first service he was in charge, and presented the evangelist to the audience.

The three leading papers. The *Chronicle*, The *Call* and The *Examiner*, had been discussing pro and con his meetings in Los Angeles and Sacramento. In their editorial and press notices they had stirred up very much curiosity and interest in the meeting. The pavilion was crowded at the first service, and Mr. Jones preached his most sympathetic and powerful sermon on John 3:16: **"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."** The first sermon was unlike what the audience had expected; so full of elegant and chaste language, so much tenderness and pathos, that the people were unable to pick a flaw in his utterances.

Monday morning each of the papers had full accounts of the first service, and had given a description of Mr. Jones and estimates of his character and work. The *Chronicle* said: "Sam Jones has arrived; has talked; has conquered. San Francisco, modern and ancient, good, bad and otherwise, filled the seats in the Pavilion at both services on Sunday. He is a small, wiry-looking man, with a firm jaw, sallow complexion, black mustache, coal-black hair high on a rather narrow forehead, finely lined eyebrows, and hands as small and delicate as a woman's. He has the slow, drolling accent of the Georgian. He is no mere elocutionist, and makes no effort at the dramatic. There is pathos in his voice, however, and a natural charm about his manner of delivery that soothes the nerves, delights the ear and carries with it the sympathies of his listener.

"He is perfectly cool and collected, and says so much in so few words, and with such little apparent effort, that the congregation, while delighted, wonder where on earth he came into possession of such a marvelous style. He has the quaint humor of the South and is full of homely anecdotes, which he uses to illustrate his text, and relates them so naturally that his discourse is brightened by them and his congregation at times is convulsed with merriment. He is always saying something original, and his audience never wearies."

The *Call* and the *Examiner* had equally as good and favorable reports and comments as The *Chronicle*. As in all other meetings, it was not long until he had taken in the situation and began to preach against the prevailing sins, and raised the issue for the meeting. He led up to this by a reference to the South firing upon the Stars and Stripes at Fort Sumter. Said he, "I am sorry we fired on that flag. We made a mistake in doing that. No man is more loyal to the flag of his country than the one who now addresses you. I am not very sorry that we fought you Northern folks, and never will admit that you whipped us. We just wore ourselves out fighting you. But the first thing in the war was an issue; the next thing was drawing the lines, and then every fellow hustled home to get his gun. So it is in this religious warfare. We must raise the issue, draw the line, and every fellow get ready to fight. Here in this fair city you are given to card-playing, theater-going and wine-drinking, and when a crusade is made against these things and a call is made, we can't get a corporal's guard with which to fight the devil. You people run home and shoot under the bed; anybody can jump on a little fellow and stamp the feathers off him, but it takes a man to attack the sins in high places. I have quit jumping on little fellows. If you want to find me just go where the bottom dog is and scratch under him, and if I ain't there, then I am just gone to dinner. I always sympathize with the bottom dog. I like a preacher like John the Baptist, who would preach against the sins of Herod, and while in jail would die before he would retract his words."

No sooner had the issue been raised, than the papers began to defend the people and the city. There was nothing in the way of misrepresentation and denunciation that they did not resort to. This led Mr. Jones to speak of them at one of his services. He said: "I have been swallowed by whales and nibbled by minnows, but I never had the ants crawl over me till I struck the Pacific Slope. The little papers in Los Angeles, Sacramento and San Francisco are pitching into Sam Jones. Now, these little editor ants don't hurt me, they just crawl over me and make me itch."

This reference created much laughter and brought forth enthusiastic applause.

Of course the papers continued their assault, but finally he won the day, and their attacks upon him simply called the attention of more people to the meeting. He did not lack for congregations from the very beginning, but the issues at stake and the attitude of the press aided him in getting audiences which far exceeded the seating capacity of the Pavilion.

Believing that the morals of the city needed purifying he took the city officials to task and scored them without mercy for their loose administration. He called attention to the theaters that were running in open defiance of the Sabbath laws, and said no city could hope for the blessings of God that would ruthlessly disregard His injunction to keep the Sabbath day holy. His attacks on the saloons were severe, and received just as vigorous attention as in other places. The *Examiner*, edited by William Randolph Hearst, took up his remarks on municipal affairs and ridiculously distorted them until one would think that Mr. Jones was illiterate, unrefined, and without the knowledge of the ordinary citizen.

With the reporters sitting in front of him, he called the attention of the audience to the misrepresentations, and, pointing at the reporters, said: "You little sap-headed reporters, with eyes so close together that you can see through a keyhole with both of them, are sent here at night to take down my sermons; now, if you can't report them as I deliver them, you stay away from here. You seem to think your mission is to make my sermons funnier and more sensational, and in your ridiculous attempts you are slandering me and the cause. Now, bud, if you are doing the best that you can, your paper had better put you on a job that is small enough for your caliber, and let them send a man here that is big enough, for the occasion."

The meeting continued from day to day, growing in interest and power, while souls were being converted at all the services. Mr. Jones had the cooperation of a large portion of the Protestant ministers of the city, which was a source of pleasure and strength to him, as he always appreciated the full and sympathetic help of the ministers of a city. He was in San Francisco four weeks, and thousands of people professed conversion and resolved to live a better life. He was urged to remain longer, but his engagements elsewhere were pressing him and it was impossible for him to comply with their wishes.

In describing the last service one of the papers said: "The odor of all kinds of flowers filled the Pavilion yesterday, for the concluding services had been anticipated by the friends of the evangelist, who showed their appreciation of his efforts to reform the city by decorating the band-stand on which he spoke and the wall behind him with the fairest flowers of the garden and forest arranged in the most graceful and tasteful manner. The railing of the stand was concealed from view by a bank of calla-lilies, while at the back of the stand was a cross made of ivy and callas, festooned with roses and lilacs. Mr. Jones said: "I have never looked upon such lovely valleys, green mountains and crystal streams in my life. From my heart I pray that this glorious country may someday be given to God, then California will be the greatest State in the Union, and San Francisco the fairest city that angels ever looked upon. We are told that there shall be a new heaven and earth, wherein shall reign righteousness. God could make such a heaven out of California with less transformation than any other part of the world."

He took occasion to compliment in terms of sincerest praise the cordial hospitality with which he had been uniformly received in all the cities of the State.

At the close of his sermon the ministers, in bidding him farewell, presented the following resolutions:

“Resolved, That we, ministers of the gospel, residing in San Francisco, have greatly enjoyed the services of Rev. Samuel P. Jones in this city. He has been abundant in labors, faithful in declaring the whole counsel of God and wonderfully successful in stirring our community for righteousness. We are thankful that he came; our prayers go with him as he goes, and we shall gladly welcome him to our city whenever the good providence of God shall again bring him to the Pacific coast.

“Resolved, That the services of Professor Excell, singing companion to Mr. Jones, have been most enjoyable. He is a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. Long may Jones and Excell do services for our common Master.

“(Signed) R D. Bovard, J. M. Hammon, M. C. Harris, W. W. Case, F. M. Washburne, A. J. Nelson, C. V. Anthony, J. Harmon, G. W. Izer, Richard Harcourt, N. Carver, M. M. Gibson, Lorenzo Waugh, E. G. Matthews, L. M. Schofield, W. S. Urmy, W. S. Bovard, H. H. Hall.”

A liberal offering was made for his Orphans’ Home and for his own support, and thousands pressed forward and gave him their hands in token of their appreciation for the great help that they had received from his ministry.

The citizens had requested that he remain over and deliver a paid lecture at the close of his evangelistic services. The great pavilion was crowded and standing room was at a premium. The policemen, with difficulty, made way for him to reach the platform, and when he was introduced the thousands cheered enthusiastically for fifteen minutes, making it impossible for him to begin. This great ovation visibly affected Mr. Jones, and he delivered one of the finest addresses of his life.

Thus closed his services at the city of the Golden Gate.

~ end of chapter 21 ~

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