

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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BOOK THREE

THE END

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

THE FUNERAL SERVICE

The funeral service of Mr. Jones was conducted in the Cartersville Tabernacle. There was no church large enough to accommodate the thousands that had come to pay their last tribute to his memory. It was very appropriate that this service should be held in the Sam Jones Tabernacle, as Mr. Jones had built it, and for twenty years had held annual evangelistic services there.

Two special trains bearing Atlanta people arrived about noon. Every regular train which arrived in Cartersville was crowded with persons from all parts of the South. Among these were many prominent people and personal friends.

The funeral march was completed a few minutes after two o'clock, and soon began to move towards the Tabernacle. Delegations from secret orders to which Mr. Jones belonged composed the honorary escort and led the procession.

Following the fraternal orders were the honorary pallbearers, which followed the hearse, lined on each side by the active pallbearers; then the carriages, which were arranged in the following order as far as the seventh:

The first five carriages contained the immediate family and relatives and close friends. The sixth and seventh carriages, Bishop Galloway and the ministers who were to assist in the funeral service.

The line of march was direct from the residence to the Tabernacle. A block from the home several hundred schoolchildren entered the funeral procession, accompanied by the members of the school board.

The ministers of the town were the honorary pallbearers. The active ones were Judge Tom Milner, John S. Leake, L. S. Munford, W. H. Howard, Jno. H. Wikle, Jas. W. Knight, J. W. Vaughn, Dr. R. J. Trippe, Robert Milam, J. C. Wofford and Mayor Paul Gilreath.

The great Tabernacle was appropriately draped, and presented a sad spectacle. Every available seat was taken by those who had been thronging the city all day from all sections of the country, and from various parts of the county.

Special provision was made at the Tabernacle for the colored people. Many of them failed to get a seat, and stood around the building. The colored people of Cartersville loved Mr. Jones as devotedly as the white people, and they were glad for the privilege of attending the service. When one of the preachers mentioned his triumphant entrance to glory, some of the faithful old servants were heard to shout "Glory to God."

The casket was placed on the platform, where Mr. Jones had delivered his last sermon a few weeks before, and was covered with flowers which had been sent by loving friends.

The Scripture reading, as the remains entered the Tabernacle, was by Rev. G. W. Duval, his pastor. The first song was "How Firm a Foundation," which was announced by Rev. Ford McRee, his presiding elder.

The Old Testament lesson was read by Rev. J. E. Barnard, pastor of the Cartersville Baptist Church.

The New Testament lesson was read by Rev. W. E. Cleveland, pastor of the Presbyterian Church here.

The prayer was made by Rev. J. A. Bowen, of Winona, Miss., a life-long friend.

The quartette, consisting of Mr. E. O. Excell, Charlie D. Tillman, French E. Oliver and Edwin R. Smoot, sang Mr. Jones's favorite gospel song, "The Old-Fashioned Way."

The first address was made by Rev. Walt Holcomb, in which he gave an account of his last work and death.

The next tribute was delivered by Rev. Geo. R. Stuart, who spoke of the years of his association with Mr. Jones.

By special request. Judge John W. Akin, of Cartersville, Georgia, one of the foremost lawyers of Georgia, sometime President of the Georgia Bar Association, Representative for five years from Bartow County and Senator-elect from the district in which Mr. Jones resided, then spoke of "Sam Jones, the Citizen," as follows:

“The Dead Soldier of the Cross comes home.”

“From churches, splendid and lowly; from tabernacles and bush arbors and amphitheaters; from the lecture platform and the pulpit; the ‘Dead Soldier of the Cross comes home.’

“From the soft winds of Florida, which blow through the jasmine and the magnolia; from the far white fields of Canada, where the Ice King reigns; from the Empire of the West, where the mighty Pacific breaks on Californian and Oregonian shores; from the snow-crowned peaks and wondrous beauty of the Rocky Mountains; from where the blue-green flood of the great Columbia rushes through the Cascades down to the caverns of the deep; from the Rio Grande, pouring its yellow flood into the emerald bosom of the Gulf of Mexico; from Minneapolis and New Orleans; from New York and San Francisco; from Chicago and St. Louis and Cincinnati; from the throbbing capital of the new-made State, the thriving, bustling, busy Oklahoma, where his last great work was done; from the hundreds of cities and towns and villages and hamlets where unnumbered multitudes hung upon his words and were moved to better things; from the far, wide fields in which with shield and sword he fought stout battles for God and humanity; from all these, the ‘Dead Soldier of the Cross comes home.’

“He comes to his own people; to those who knew him longest and who knew him best; to those, as may be seen from the tearful eyes and heard in the muffled sobs of this mighty throng before me now, who loved him as Friend, as Companion, as Brother.

“He comes to the old County of Bartow in the older State of Georgia; where the ashes of his father rest; where his kindred and friends who dropped by the wayside before him have gone to sleep; where the beautiful Etowah ripples and murmurs through hills and valleys; and where old Pine Log Mountain, a silent sentinel voiceless but grand, stands out against the rising sun like some giant sapphire, cameo-cut, in the reddening glory of the opening day.

“To this, the ‘Sam Jones Tabernacle,’ his own handiwork, from beneath whose ample roof thousands have gone forth quickened to higher impulses and moved to a nobler life; to white-haired men; to women tottering with age; to those in the full strength of mature years; to young men and maidens blossoming out of youth; to little children, their prattle hardly ceased; to these thousands of all ages and conditions, stunned into the numbness of grief by the shock of his sudden death within one moon of that last Sunday of the last of his twenty-one Tabernacle meetings on this spot, where the largest audience ever gathered here saw him, strong, sturdy, full of life and vigor, with wondrous voice and flashing eye, and heard him preach as only the one Sam Jones could preach; to this vast throng and to this hallowed spot, the ‘Dead Soldier of the Cross comes home.’

“I would that I might speak of him as one may speak of another whose years of neighborly intimacy and friendship have made him know that other’s mind and heart. I would that I might tell the instances in his life, showing the many-sidedness of the man; of his qualities as husband and father, friend and neighbor, lecturer and preacher.

“I would that I might tell of the pleasant and, to me, instructive social intercourse between us; of our interchange of thought on things temporal and eternal; of the new revelations of his brightness, his wisdom, his goodness, his genius, which our friendship gave me occasion to know, as I saw more and more of his inner mind and heart. But the limitations of this hour forbid.

“I am to speak of this Shakespeare of the pulpit in his character of Citizen.

“It is a great word — ‘Citizen.’ The ancient Romans had some idea of the greatness of the citizen when they formed from the same root the two words. Citizen and State. The multitudinous oppressed and despised of France had some notion of its importance when, in the blood and fury of the Revolution of 1789, they sought to abolish all titles except this one — ‘Citizen’ — which they decreed should be bestowed alike upon all. So, when we wish to dignify the office of President of this great Union, we speak of him as the First Citizen of the Republic.

“To be a good citizen is to contain within one’s self the sum of all the virtues. One may be a good father, husband, brother, son, church-member, neighbor, friend, without being a good citizen; but no one can be a good citizen without being all of these and more. The good citizen obeys the law and practices all civic and personal virtues, helps others, strives to raise not only the individual but also the mass, puts his shoulder to the wheel of every enterprise designed for public good, interests himself in the Republic, the State, the county and the town in which he lives, selects the best candidates and the best platforms and helps to vote them into office, condemns public wrong and sustains public right, is willing to fight— aye, if necessary, to die — for his country and the right. It is of such stuff that heroes are made; not only those who die in battle, but also — what is often harder — those who, amid difficulties and dangers and conflicts, to struggle for the bettering of the people and the uplifting of the State.

“Few men can bear this test. Many — I believe, the majority — strive to reach some such ideal. Most, perhaps all fall short of this goal of the Perfect Citizen.

“Measured by this standard, tested with this rule, this remarkable man whose tenement of clay lies before us draped with the white-and-black emblems of death was of lofty stature. If not the Perfect, he was at least the Commanding and Conspicuous Citizen.

“Some men, illustrious away from home, are at home inconsequential figures. Some indeed are greater the farther from home they are. But Sam Jones, the Citizen, was greatest here — in the homes and on the streets of Cartersville, amid the people of Bartow County.

“What shall I say of him as Citizen? Ask the men who stood for law and order in this county in times bygone, when activity, zeal and courage were needed most for the public weal. Ask the men, in the church and out of it, some of whom yet bear scars of that conflict when the great fight was being fought out in this county, victory in which drove barrooms from the soil of Bartow forever. Ask those friends and fellow battlers in that cause who know what dangers he risked and faced at the hands of misguided men, who later recognized his valor, his faithfulness and his righteousness.

What shall I say of him as a Citizen? He stood for the right, as God gave him to see the right, in all departments of human life and endeavor. He hated sin, public and private. He hated stinginess and meanness and smallness in the private citizen as well as in the public official. He may have made mistakes. He may have misjudged parties and policies and their representatives. He may have been deceived by men and associations of men. But he tried to see the right; and in that effort of mental vision, he had an instinct for truth and good far beyond that of most men.

“He loved rightness and he hated wrongness. His perception of the moral qualities of human conduct was so keen and sharp as to seem instinctive. And perhaps it was instinctive. We know not, in its entirety, the source and cause of the individual consciousness of right and wrong. But reason, no less than human experience, demonstrates the fact that, in spite of environment and education, there is in some men more than in others a born intuition of such principles. This born intuition as to right and wrong differentiated the moral perception of Mr. Jones from that of the vast majority of mankind.

“Armed with this marvelous intuition, he recognized as a citizen the expression of right and wrong in the conduct of men. He saw this, as it were, by the lightning flash of truth through the storms and clouds of men’s passions.

“And when he saw it, he never faltered or wavered. At once he reached down a helping hand to lift up the right and the right-doer. At once he struck out boldly at the wrong and the wrongdoer. In neither case did he aim at the individual except as the individual was the means through which right was to triumph or wrong was to crush. Thus it is that wrongdoers whose evil works he denounced in pulpit or on platform with tongue of fire, while often for the time being enraged, in the end frequently — nay, with practical unanimity — came to like him and to admire him. His life’s work is full of illustrations of this truth.

It is absolutely true that nothing of personal animosity against the individual who did the wrong inspired his invective or rankled in his breast. It was the thing he aimed at — not the man. It was wrong-doing and evil living and such misconduct as flows from a life dominated by these things — it was this, and this only, which he abhorred and despised even unto the white heat of righteous indignation. Like the Master whom he served, he hated the sin, he loved the sinner. And when the sinner turned about and set his face to the light of righteousness, he had no more kind, sympathetic and helpful friend than Sam Jones.

“It is of these principles put in action by him as a citizen that I would speak to this vast and sorrowing throng, so many of whom knew him, admired him, loved him. And, as related to his character as a citizen, I would speak of one other phase of mind and heart in which he was remarkably like some of the greatest men of all times. It is this: While he was sometimes mistaken in the man, he rarely misjudged the mass. While he was occasionally deceived by the shrewd and designing as to their real character and motives, yet he never misjudged human nature in its entirety or as to its tendency. It is needless to seek reasons for this psychological attitude. One familiar with biography will recall many remarkable examples of similar trend. Who can forget the numerous instances where the great Napoleon selected for his deepest confidence and his most important offices men whose real character, as shown by subsequent events, he entirely misjudged.

Yet who more clearly and instinctively than Napoleon perceived the real nature, the real desires, the real passions, the real tendencies and the real character of that great nation which bore in victory the Eagles of the Empire on every battlefield of Europe?

“Let me add that the one evil which he fought hardest and longest and bravest was the monstrous evil of whisky. He denounced all the concrete sins. He was an enemy to gambling, social and commercial, to lewdness of thought and of life, to covetousness, to profanity, to immorality of every sort. But never did he wield sword so deadly or give blows so vigorously, so uncompromisingly, as when he struck at the unmitigated and inexpressible evils of whisky and whisky-drinking. In this he spared no opponent, improved every chance of attack, drove to the hilt his sword, asked no quarter, and refused all compromise. Whatever the future may have in store for the liquor traffic its defenders and apologists may rejoice that Sam Jones’s voice is hushed and his tongue silent. And yet, like the spirit of the martyrs, this voice will not be silent; for in the memories of those who heard him, and in the minds of those who will read his sermons and lectures and speeches, now that he is gone, the Lucifer of Rum may yet find an Archangel Michael, the brightness of whose sword and shield not even the gates of death can entirely obscure.

“Once more I ask myself, what shall I say of him as a citizen? Alas, alas, how vain are words! And yet I cannot leave this platform without saying something about this loved and loving man which comes very close to the hearts of many in this hushed and reverential throng who felt not merely the greatness, but the sweetness and tenderness of this, the First Citizen of our county and our town. His labors kept him away from us most of his time.

When he was here it was generally for a few days only. Yet he did not come home without asking as soon as he came who was sick, who was in trouble, who was afflicted and sorrowful among the people of his own community. And when he found the homes into which death or sorrow or sickness or affliction of any sort had come, he straightway knocked on the door of that home. He entered that home. He brought brightness and cheer and comfort and good fellowship to that home. He soothed the sorrowing. He comforted the afflicted. He read the Bible to the sick and prayed for them.

“Not only this; but these Christlike attentions to men and women and children were not confined to those who lived in fine houses and wore fine clothes. He entered the homes of the poor, the humble and the lowly. He went into log cabins with puncheon floors, and cracks in the walls through which the winter wind whistled. He put his gentle hand on fevered heads resting sometimes on a straw mattress without a pillow. In such homes he left not only kind words, but bread and meat and medicine. He not only prayed, but he sent the doctor. Of many such cases I know myself. Of others I have heard — rarely from him, and then only incidentally.

“Social generally he was not. He had no time. His life was filled with other and greater things. But while he neglected — for very lack of time, if for no other reason — what some may call the requirements of social life, he did not neglect those who needed his visits, his attentions, and his kindness.

“Of Jesus we read in the Gospel that ‘**the common people heard him gladly.**’ If this be the test of the divine character of one’s message, then the message delivered by Sam Jones was divine; for surely nowhere for many, many years has there been one whom ‘the common people heard’ more gladly than they heard Sam Jones. He understood them. He sympathized with them. He had compassion upon them.

“And this compassion expressed itself not alone by word of mouth in pulpit and tabernacle. It made itself felt in the gentle, unobtrusive ministrations of which I have just spoken.

“You will forgive me for thinking, as I speak these words, of how he came to me and to my home when I was so long under the shadow of affliction; of how his visits brightened and cheered; of how his humor beguiled away pain of body; of how like one of God’s ministering angels he was. Is it possible that I shall not hear him speak again — that I shall not behold the flash of his wonderful eye, nor see him smile in that way of his so charming, nor shake his hand? Ah, Science stands helpless and heartless at the grave. But there is something stronger and higher than science and reason. Faith speaks, and I listen!

“This is no time to take his measure. It is not needful; and if it were, we do not know as yet how to measure him. He is too close to us. We cannot even realize that he is dead, as men say. We must see him in the perspective. Perhaps we shall not see his perspective at all. Perhaps this will be left to other generations.

“Those who live at the foot of the mountain rarely look upon it or think of its beauty, its grandeur and sublimity. They cannot.

They are too close to it. The Swiss cottagers, dwelling as their fathers did before them among the Alps, never think to look up toward the heavens and see the white beauty of the Matterhorn’s icy peaks piercing the blue of heaven and reflecting the red glory of the setting sun, after night has fallen and the stars are shining down upon the simple peasants in the valleys far below. They are too near to the Matterhorn. They have lived too long in sight of its surpassing beauty.

“May it not be so with us, as to the character and attainments of this man whom we memorialize to-day? It is, as it were, but yesterday that we heard him speak, that we shook hands with him, that we met him on the street, that we talked with him and that he talked to us. It is only a few years — so swift does time run by — that he was unknown beyond the limits of the first humble circuit which he traveled as a Methodist itinerant.

“Even while applauding multitudes have grown and grown in numbers as his fame deepened, broadened and widened; yet it is but truth to say that few, if any, have yet read and studied with sufficiently thoughtful criticism his sermons, so remarkable for their simplicity of thought and word, and also for the hold which they take upon the reader; of his witticisms, maxims and proverbs, the pungent strength of which may not be seen without reading and re-reading; of the philosophy of his thought upon things religious; of the wondrous versatility of his talent; of his undoubted genius.

“We may be the Swiss peasants living far down in the valley, looking on the commonplace things of life, seeing only the lines of local environment. We may now and then glance upward at the mountain and wonder, perhaps, how high it is and how far above us are its dazzling caps of snow; and then turn back to the narrow current of our lives.

“And so I ask myself the question, will not multitudes yet unborn look upon this Matterhorn and see it towering up, and up, and up, far away into the skies, and gaze with rapt vision upon the splendor of its lofty crest, white and beautiful beyond our power to see or know?”

The funeral oration was delivered by Bishop Chas. B. Galloway, a life-long friend, and a great admirer of Mr. Jones. His splendid tribute is given in full.

“I am here not to eulogize the distinguished dead, but to lay a flower upon the grave of a personal friend, and pay grateful tribute to the memory of a most remarkable man. I have come **‘to weep with those that weep.’** A great State has lost its best known citizen, a great church its most popular and powerful preacher, the nation its most noted evangelist, and the cause of public morality one of its mightiest and most fearless champions. In the strength of his years when his sun was at the zenith, before his powers had begun to fail, or his voice to lose its charm, this great man in Israel has been summoned to his rich reward.

“What strange paradoxes were wrapped up in that masterful man and his brilliant career. He was a genius without eccentricity, a great personality without peculiarities, unique without being erratic, a wonderful orator without the graces of oratory, a marvelous preacher with little concern for the rules of homiletics, and a philosopher without the aid of a pale guide and a student’s lamp.

“He had all the gifts, without the cultivation, of a great philosopher. What he lacked in learning was made up in the keen penetration and clear discernment of a student of human nature. If limited in his familiarity with history, he knew the forces that make history and determine destiny.

“Had his knowledge of books equaled his acquaintance with men — had he known the history of the human heart as well as he knew its great motives and subtle passions — he might have commanded a much larger place in the story of his times.

“He had many rare qualities and attractive virtues, but one great gift — the gift of commanding utterance. And upon that his fame will rest and his influence abide. His pre-eminence was as a preacher. God anointed him to be a prophet in Israel, and clothed him with a power seen but a few times in a generation.

“He was not called to wield a pen, but to be a voice crying in the wilderness. He might have succeeded at the bar, but his throne was the pulpit, and his mission the redemption of his fellow men.

“And what a master of assemblies he was!

“Measured by the multiplied thousands that crowded again and again to hear him, and by the dead consciences he awakened, and the penitential tears he started, and the high purposes he inspired, and the reforms he instituted, and the converted souls he led to his Lord, he must go down in history as one of the most conspicuous figures of the last half century.

“Were I called upon to state, in a few words, the qualities that gave greatness to this master of assemblies, and enabled him to sway with the wand of a magician the vast thousands that crowded to his ministry, I should say they were his philosophical insight into the secret springs of motive, his power of lucid and luminous statement, his rare, genial humor, the breadth and wealth of his genuine love for humanity, and the marvelous qualities of his wonderful voice — all under the domination and inspiration of the Holy Spirit.

“He said more quotable things than any man of his generation. There are few homes in which some saying of his is not repeated. He had a genius for proverb-making.

“I believe that one secret of his strange power as a preacher was the fact that all his appeals were directly to the human conscience. His theory was that the conscience was on the same level, whether in a philosopher or a child — whether in a scholar or an illiterate. And that the message needed to arouse the one could not fail to awaken the other. Therefore, like Paul, he felt himself a debtor to the Greek and the barbarian, to the wise and the unwise.

“He demonstrated the fact that the day of the preacher and public speaker had not passed. The living voice is as potential to-day as ever in the world’s history. The printed page may inform the mind, but the living messenger is necessary to kindle passion and urge men to action. The preaching function of the priesthood can never lose its authority. As in the olden times, when Isaiah’s voice was heard in Israel, and Paul preached on Mars Hill, the divinely called man with a message will ever be the mightiest force in his generation.

“His life of almost unexampled activity was dominated by one high and holy purpose — to do good to his fellow men and faithfully serve his generation by the will of God. From that purpose he was never deflected, and from God’s service his heart never felt the slightest alienation. To that high aim every ambition was subordinated, and every energy put in commission.

“Believing that Providence had clearly indicated his field of largest usefulness to be unconfined by the narrow limits of a local pastorate he retired from the regular itinerant ministry and made the nation his parish. Whatever the judgment of others as to the wisdom of that course, he never doubted that God had ordered it and His blessings would approve it.

“In every State of the Union his voice was heard by eager thousands, preaching with the same fearless fidelity and Christly sympathy as to the humble friends and neighbors on his first Georgia circuit.

“Without attempting any recital of the facts of a brilliant history, I shall merely mention a few features of a noble character.

“First of all, because above all and best of all, our honored brother was remarkable for the strength and solidity of his moral character. There was granite in its foundations, and every living stone was polished after the similitude of a palace. Flaws there may have been, but no fissures — discolorations, but no suggestion of disintegration. The storms of life sometimes strained, but never moved it. The rains descended, the floods came and the winds blew, but which the sky had cleared he stood unshaken and majestic as a mighty mountain. However much men may have criticized his utterances, or questioned the wisdom of his policies, no one ever doubted the integrity and purity of his character. Had there been in it any serious weakness, some curious or critical or envious eye would have quickly discovered it and loudly proclaimed it, but throughout his brilliant career, every hour in the fierce public glare, his mission and methods as a reformer inviting and encountering stubborn hostility, he fought and wrought and finally died, without the faintest shadow on his beautiful character. There were notches on his trusty blade, but not a blur on his noble name.

“He genuinely loved his fellow men, and never lost hope for humanity. He believed in a gospel that can redeem a world, and like his Lord, he went out to seek and save the lost. And no poor prodigal ever got so low or wandered so far as to be beyond the reach of his hopeful message and helpful sympathy. And that made the world love him so. There is nothing more divinely attractive than the radiance of hope, and nothing more cheerless and forbidding than the notes of discouragement and despair. Tell a poor, blasted, blistered soul that there is hope for him, and his wailings will turn to pleadings, and his despair into the tones of prevailing prayer. It was this ever-reiterated gospel for the worst sinner that helped to attract the thousands to his ministry.

“The bells of St. Michael’s, in Charleston, S. C, that have chimed the hours of morning and evening prayer since Colonial times, have a strange history. They have crossed the Atlantic Ocean five times. During the Civil War they were shipped to Columbia for safekeeping. But on a certain famous march to the sea they were burned and broken into fragments by the hands of a vandal. Every sacred piece was gathered up, and all shipped back to the foundry in which they were originally cast. There they were made anew and brought home to the tower of St. Michael’s without the loss of a single note or the lowering of a single majestic tone.

“Thus, this good man believed God could do with every sinful, broken human life. Gather up scarred and scattered fragments, make them anew in His image, and put cathedral music into the redeemed soul.

“His moral courage was nothing less than sublime. What he conceived to be the path of duty he would pursue, though a lion crouched in the shadow of every tree. No threat of man, or fear of all the legions of darkness, could stay his course or hush his imperial voice. And yet there was in him nothing of rashness, and he never spoke without premeditation. His was not a harsh, but a gentle nature. He had a strong, soft hand. The tones of his voice were authoritative, but the undertones were gentleness and love. Though he sometimes showed the sternness of a Hebrew prophet, he really had the tenderness and sweet persuasiveness of an apostle. Who but this master of the human heart could unite such startling and overwhelming plainness of speech with lyric tenderness and irresistible persuasiveness! With a sternness that was at times as awful as Sinai, he united a pathos that made every eye a fountain of tears.

“If he sometimes used the muck-rake, it was not simply to expose the rottenness of society and the wickedness of the world, but that the healing light of the truth might shine upon and cure it. He uncovered sin that it might be destroyed. He rent the robe of hypocrisy that its ghastly deformity might cease to deceive. But for every penitent he had a mantle of charity and for every homecoming prodigal a joyous welcome.

“He was free from the weaknesses and vices of narrow natures. His great soul was too generous for jealousy and too broad for bigotry. Envy found no hiding-place in his brotherly and sunny heart. He coveted no man’s position or possessions, and envied no human being his fame or his fortune. It never occurred to him that any rival stood in the way of his attainments or achievements. No Mordecai sat in the gateway of his noble soul. He rejoiced that the world is wide, with an inviting field for every honest toiler, and ample reward for every faithful workman; that there is a chaplet for every heroic brow, and a throne for every really royal soul. While deeply appreciative of his large place in the nation’s esteem — pardonably proud of his wonderful and long-sustained popularity — he generously rejoiced in the honors and success of every worthy man. I never heard him speak a disparaging word of any mortal who had high aims and a serious purpose. His generous hand would have withered had he attempted to pluck a star from another’s crown. Such magnanimity is one of the final tests of true greatness.

“But time fails me to speak more at length of my glorified friend. We would fain have kept him longer, but the Lord knew best. His was a life that cannot go out; it will go on.

“The end came, not exactly as he had hoped, but as beautifully and triumphantly as any heart could wish. It was just after a great revival in which, as on so many notable occasions, God had wonderfully honored his ministry. With the tears of a penitent still gladdening his eyes, the tired preacher was told that it is time to rest. Between a revival and an expected family reunion, the angels met him and carried him to the house of many mansions. In that heavenly home may there be no vacant chair!”

At the close of Bishop Galloway’s address the quartette sang “My Heavenly Father Knows.”

The closing prayer was by Rev. John B. Culpepper, Iuka, Miss., who was associated with Mr. Jones in some of his evangelistic meetings.

Bishop Galloway pronounced the benediction.

After the ceremonies the remains were carried back to the home and remained there until Friday morning, when his body was removed to Atlanta.

~ end of chapter 28 ~

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