

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 FOURTEEN

THE CINCINNATI REVIVAL

After the conquest of Mr. Jones in St. Louis in November of last year he spent the holidays at home with his family, and on January 7, 1886, he went to Cincinnati and opened a campaign against the sins and vices of the Queen City.

During the six months that had passed since Mr. Jones's great meeting in Nashville there had been more in the secular press regarding him and his peculiar methods than any other pulpit orator in the land.

The remarkable results of the Nashville meeting had been heralded abroad, and the great dailies of St. Louis had brought him more prominently before the people during the wonderful meeting in that city. This had prepared the way for the greater dailies of Cincinnati to discuss him freely, and bring him into still greater prominence. This in a marked degree called the attention of the Cincinnati people to his peculiar preaching. His fame had gone before him, and the people had become interested in his great ministry. Perhaps Cincinnati was the most obstinate and wicked place to which Mr. Jones had been called to labor. The city has been noted for its indifference to religion, and its open wickedness, although there were thousands of most earnest Christians in the city. What Paul said of Athens might be applied to Cincinnati, "**The city wholly given to idolatry.**"

There was one minister. Dr. L. W. Joyce, pastor of the St. Paul Methodist church (he was afterwards made bishop), who must have had the apostle's experience when "**his spirit was stirred within him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry.**" Dr. Joyce had endeavored to get the Protestant Ministers' Alliance to bring Mr. Jones to Cincinnati, and having failed, he took upon himself the responsibility of inviting him to the St. Paul Methodist church. This invitation came through the official board, at the suggestion of Dr. Joyce.

To have anything like a sweeping revival, one that would move the city to its very depths, the outlook was absolutely hopeless from a human viewpoint. The church in which the meeting started was centrally located, but with a small seating capacity, perhaps not accommodating more than eight hundred or a thousand.

This would not impress one as the place where a current could be started that would sweep over the great city. To evangelize a great city like Cincinnati it would seem necessary to have most perfect organization with the most exhaustive preparations. In previous meetings other evangelists had the benefits of such organization, and the assistance of a corps of able workers, as preachers and singers, with the hearty endorsement and cooperation of the evangelical ministers and Christian laity; but Mr. Jones had none of this. When we see the great work that he accomplished without the aid of perfected plans, and much machinery, it will give us a deeper insight into his real ability, and allow more credit for the operation of the divine Spirit.

Cincinnati was never an inviting field for evangelists. Nearly every prominent one who labored there realized that it was a most difficult city to move. The great Moody said, "It is the graveyard for evangelists."

The municipal life had been notably corrupt, the social life always shallow and empty. The religious life had been weak and powerless. Under such conditions it was hard for the evangelists to succeed. If the combined forces of the ministry, with the most perfect scheme for evangelization, have staggered and failed in the presence of the foes and strongholds of the enemy, how difficult it would seem for them to be conquered through the personal influence and ministry of Mr. Jones. However, when the Holy Spirit is at work and God's servants are under his leadership, insurmountable difficulties disappear.

Mr. Jones preached his first sermon in St. Paul's church to an audience that did not tax the seating capacity of the building. For a week or ten days the attendance was large, but great crowds did not attend. Those who heard him went away, however, and spread the news, and the audience finally became so large that the church proved too small to accommodate the people.

While the papers had taken considerable notice of him and his work, it was not until he had great crowds that they published full accounts of the meetings. The religious fire had broken out in the church and reached in every direction, until it seemed that the whole city was aglow with religious fervor. Dr. Joyce, seeing the turn that the meeting had taken, decided that Mr. Jones should have a larger building in which to preach. Again, he sought the cooperation and help of the Ministers' Alliance and the laity of other churches, but received very little encouragement from them. However, he was determined that Mr. Jones should have a place large enough to accommodate the people who were anxious to hear him.

Finally, with the endorsement of his official board, he contracted for the large Music Hall, which would accommodate from eight to ten thousand people, and his church became responsible for the rent, and lifted all anxiety from the heart of the evangelist, and turned him loose in the magnificent auditorium, that he might preach to the thousands.

From a worldly point of view, this was nothing less than a piece of daring. The announcement of the transfer of the meetings from the church to the Music Hall created much interest and comment. The editors of the great daily papers began to take deeper interest in the movement. The revival had taken on such wonderful power that it defied opposition. The great papers sent their reporters to the Music Hall to report the wonderful work that had been inaugurated. The city was in a great commotion, and when the hour for the first service in the new building arrived it would be seen whether the change was justified.

The Music Hall had been put in readiness for the meeting. There was a large platform projecting from the front of the stage, covered with green baize, and in the center of this improvised platform was a table for the Bible. When the doors were opened the people rushed in until they tested the seating capacity of the great hall. Both sides of the balcony were occupied, and every seat of the auditorium was filled, while a line of young men stood all along the sides of the hall.

The platform was occupied by a large number of ministers of the city. Mr. M. J. Maxwell, who had recently formed a partnership with Mr. Jones, as a chorister, had organized a very large and enthusiastic choir. The music on this first occasion was spirited. The great choir under direction of the leader rendered many helpful songs, and Mr. Maxwell urged that the audience assist in the singing. It wasn't long until a great volume of song filled the immense building. About the close of the song service Mr. Jones entered the building and seated himself near the front of the platform.

The following morning the *Cincinnati Enquirer* said: "Last night's sermon was the best that Mr. Jones has yet delivered. It was sparkling with wit and brimful of hard sense, and some of the remarks on the state of things existing in other cities were remarkably applicable to local affairs. The politicians were touched up in a lively manner that showed a keen insight into local politics. The clubs of the city were scorched in an unusual way, and Mr. Jones mentioned several of the leading clubs by name. Mr. Jones did not fail to arraign the liquor traffic during the course of his remarks. He had the following to say about the saloons, and closed with a touching illustration of how whiskey had ruined a Georgia boy:

"You reckon the saloon men in this city, if they had any conscience or believed in God, would want to pour liquid damnation down the throats of our men and boys and damn them and ruin society, and ruin the Sabbath day? No sir. They deny that there is a God, and practically they have no conscience. What we want in this country, if we have any conscience, is to quit stabbing it. That's what we want.

The man that will sell liquor is about eleven-tenths hog, anyway — that's the truth about it. All that's physical about him has turned to hog, and the intellect of the fellow has turned into a hog; that makes another tenth, and now he is a solid hunk — eleven-tenths hog. And there are men in this city who are given over to drink, who have tampered with liquor until they have gotten to the place where they can not break away from the habit. They are going down grade at a fearful rate, and in spite of everything will be damned.

"Poor Bob Herrick, of my State, drank on and on until he was seized with the third attack of delirium tremens.

"At times he was trying to beat his arms off against the bed, and he had almost bitten his tongue out of his mouth, when in a lucid moment he said: 'Doctor, is there any chance for me to live?' And the doctor said, 'No, Bob, no, if you drink you will die, and if you do not drink you will die' — and two more hours passed; his wife and children were hanging around his neck, as he foundered on the rocks of damnation and went out forever.

Oh, friends, if there is a brake in your hands, put it on to-night. If you can say, 'I will stop, I will stop,' say it now. Do not roll another foot — do not roll another round of the wheels — just look the situation over and say, 'I have drank my last drop. I have sworn my last oath.'"

There were fears on the part of some that Mr. Jones would be unable to make every one hear him in the great building. However, these fears were removed when he arose to speak. His voice was in good shape, and its peculiar resonance made it easy for the large assembly to hear even his faintest words. The service produced a profound impression, and the great audience went away deeply impressed with the message of truth. All the fears and apprehensions were swept away at the first service, and the people saw that the great faith of Dr. Joyce had triumphed, and they were enthusiastic over the wonderful proportions that the meeting had taken on.

From day to day the audiences increased both in the afternoon and in the evening. At the first afternoon service there was an audience of thirty-five hundred people; afterwards the immense hall was filled at many of the day services. The Music Hall was always overflowing at night. The interest deepened in every way, and the city was soon under the control of the mighty Spirit of Grace.

There was a considerable change in the weather, and the cold, wet, disagreeable day made it difficult for people to leave their homes. In the evening the city was swept by a fearful storm. Some thought that this would interfere with the attendance at the meeting; however, the first floor of the auditorium, including the stage, balcony and gallery were densely crowded, and hundreds who entered the hall after the seats were occupied were compelled to stand during the service. A large number of people who had braved the discomforts of the evening were turned away, being unable to get even standing-room.

When Mr. Jones came upon the platform, the remarkable attendance was an inspiration to him, and he was in one of his best moods, as was seen from his sermon, which was replete with flashes of wit and brilliant references to the meeting, which evoked the most enthusiastic applause from the audience.

In his mail that day he had received letters that he read to the congregation. Facing the immense throng he said:

“Brethren, I received (holding a piece of paper in his hand) this in the contribution basket last night, and when this much comes to me it seems like there can’t be anything better than this to follow. This little scrap of paper pays me for every lick I have struck in your city: ‘Brother Jones, I am in your debt as follows for quitting and swearing off from drinking one hundred dollars; for quitting and swearing off from swearing one hundred dollars; for quitting all my meanness one million dollars; for learning to love our dear Lord better than life, three billion dollars. Credit one dollar. I hope to be able to pay the balance by doing good the remainder of my days.’

“Brethren, what is really the pay in this service? Thank God for the privilege of doing good. Dr. Joyce [turning to the minister], that’s one reason why I never ask you for a cent of money, and I told you I didn’t want a cent, for I knew God would pay me, and here is the pay.

If this man feels that way, how do you reckon his precious wife and children feel about it? I say glory to God for bringing heaven to one home in Cincinnati. Thank God for every home that has been blessed. I thought once to-day I would have all the communications I got in the basket last night compiled into a little pamphlet for its rich reading. One dear woman writes: ‘I haven’t a cent in the world to give, but I want to tell you that you have brought me to the dear Saviour and He is mine, and I am happy in his love.’

I tell you we will be paid in heaven when money and dollars and cents have long ago been forgotten. Thank God for pay that I can cross the river with. I don't mean the Ohio River, but the river of Death to the City of God."

Comments upon the incidents showed his real character regarding the finances connected with the meeting. While, as a rule, he was paid handsomely for his services, he never allowed monetary considerations to influence him one whit in his meetings. How this reminds us of his attitude towards the financial committee in the city of Cincinnati twenty years afterwards while holding his last meeting there. He shouldered the responsibility that the financial committee had assumed, and bravely fought their battles, raising the entire amount necessary for the expenses of the meeting, losing sight of his own remuneration, and when the last service was conducted and the expenses met, there was scarcely anything said about his own compensation. He accepted gratefully what the committee gave him.

It was doubled six months afterward. Had he failed to receive a cent for his work in the first or last meeting, he would have left the city with as much faith in God and love for humanity as if they had poured thousands of dollars into his hands. While aiding the financial committee in raising the money for the expenses of his last meeting, he was so often reminded of how Bishop Joyce relieved him of such anxiety in the first great work.

He was fond of saying that just one man is needed in every great city back of every good and worthy cause. He said so many times with great admiration and reverence, "Oh, how I miss dear old Bishop Joyce, who has just slipped off a little ahead of me to his home above. How I remember his untiring efforts as a leader of God's people in this city twenty years ago."

The papers next morning spoke of how the meeting was reaching all classes of people, and as they were on the ground, they could speak intelligently:

"The great religious revival conducted by Sam Jones has been spreading like wildfire day by day until now little else is thought of or spoken of in the city. In the hotel lobbies, offices, stores, clubhouses and police circles the subject of religion and the man who is now so forcibly proclaiming it in this community are the general topics of conversation. And the subject of purity versus impurity, and godliness versus ungodliness have even penetrated those places where, before, such thoughts were never dreamed of.

"Yesterday Mr. Jones preached two sermons in Music Hall. The one he delivered in the afternoon was his first to men only. It was attended by at least six thousand men, and he held them in sympathy and interest from the beginning until the close of the sermon. At night he addressed a mixed audience, which numbered not less than nine thousand persons.

The doors were closed shortly after seven o'clock, though the services did not commence until seven-thirty, and at least five thousand disappointed people were turned away for want of room to place them in the hall. Expressions of 'Wonderful! Wonderful!' are heard on all sides. The moral good done to this community and section by the revival is wonderful to contemplate. This evangelist can already number his friends here by the thousands. He has made impressions on the hearts of the people that will not be obliterated."

It was evident that a vast amount of real and lasting good of a known quantity was being accomplished by these meetings, and perhaps the unknown quantity of good was much greater. One of the tangible results at that stage was the quietude of the Sabbath. The city was noted for its open and flagrant sins on the Lord's Day, as could be seen from the police annals in the Monday courts. The most striking illustration of the power of the movement, and a proof of the intense and general interest felt was that there were absolutely no arrests for any offense recorded up to six o'clock.

This was unknown in the city before, and was solely and correctly attributed to the influence that Mr. Jones was exerting upon the city. Another was the fact that Mr. Jones's sermons were being reported verbatim in the *Enquirer* and other papers, and that the preachers were discussing him and the secret of his power in their Sunday services. These great papers had called not only the attention of the ministers of the city but of the surrounding country to his work, and in other cities the ministers were reading and commenting favorably upon his sermons at their regular Sunday morning services. Special to the *Commercial-Gazette*, from Springfield, Ohio, says: "The interest in the great revival now being held in Cincinnati by the Rev. Sam Jones is far from being confined to Cincinnati.

"There is almost as much interest in the sermons in this city as in that. Dr. Buckley, a former Cincinnati pastor, and at present pastor of St. Paul's M. E. church, this city, has had several 'Sam Jones' nights at St. Paul's, in the course of which he delivered a sermon, giving many of the bright and pithy sayings of Sam Jones. Several Springfield pastors have lectured on Sam Jones and his methods.

The *Commercial-Gazette*, containing the sermons, is eagerly awaited by many persons, and not a few have saved the papers containing the sermons entire since the first.

"The general opinion here is that the sermons are steadily improving as Sam Jones goes on. An effort will be made to have Mr. Jones come to this city for a series of meetings. Revivals are in progress here in the Central, St. Paul and High Street M. E. churches. The number of conversions has been very large."

Furthermore, the sermons as printed in the papers were eagerly sought for and read by people farther away. Usually sermons reproduced in newspapers are not much read, hence they are not often printed, but those of Mr. Jones were of such interest that much space was given to them.

At the capital of the nation, the most prominent men were buying the papers that they might get every word that he was uttering in Cincinnati. The people never tired of reading them.

He knew that his sermons in Nashville and St. Louis had been widely copied, and he did not repeat himself in Cincinnati. While he would take the same text, he could preach several sermons from it without going over the same ground. Those who make a careful study of his sermons will see that he never repeated. If he should use the same expressions, they were always as fresh and forceful as if he had uttered them for the first time. This wonderful power made it impossible for him to repeat.

A prominent bishop once said to him: "Mr. Jones, where do you get all the marvelous things you say? You finish reading a morning's paper in ten minutes; you take no time for special study; where do you gather up all these wise and witty things you say?" His reply was: "I don't know, my brain secretes them like my liver secretes bile."

Mr. Jones realized in those days that the whole country was following him, and he guarded against repetition. Some of the most marvelous productions of his brain were during his great meetings in Nashville, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Chicago, which were held in close succession.

Two gentlemen discussing Mr. Jones's methods, said one: "I don't for the life of me know what it is about Sara Jones, but his words burn their way into my heart, and I always go away from his preaching feeling a better and purer man."

The other remarked: "Nor can I fathom the secret of his influence over men, but he certainly has a peculiar influence, and carries a man with him in his absorbing illustrations of good and evil."

Unquestionably Mr. Jones had captured Cincinnati and the surrounding country, and the ultimate positive good that was accomplished can never fully be known. Cincinnati was yielding to the power of God, and dying hard, and sinners were being converted on all sides. The people stood in awe and surprise at the signal defeat of the evil one, and nothing short of the coming millennium would surprise the enthusiastic and astonished Cincinnatians.

About this time Mr. Dwight L. Moody stopped off the train one night to hear Mr. Jones. Upon his return to the station he wrote him in substance as follows:

"Dear Brother Jones: God has given you a sledgehammer with which to shatter the formalism of the church, and to batter down the strongholds of Satan. The good Spirit is helping you mightily to use it. God bless you.

"D. L. Moody."

Mr. Jones was in no hurry to invite the unsaved to accept Christ. He had been preaching day and night, endeavoring to get the Christian people ready for service. Some of the church members had been very anxious for him to begin the altar work, but he said:

"Until the church-members of this city make restitution of their fraudulent bankruptcies, and confess their slanders and forgive one another, forsaking worldliness and social drinking, gambling and card playing, with other sins that may be in their lives, they are not ready to lead sinners to Christ."

Said he: "We pull out the train from Cincinnati, and I don't want the brakeman to yell out 'Chattanooga' when I haven't heard him say 'Lexington,' which is right on the road. Let us clean up ourselves, and sinners will be converted."

When the churches were finally aroused and got right with God he began to have after-meetings. There were from fifty to a hundred who professed conversion each night, and the number increased until as many as five hundred were in the after-service, and as many as three hundred were happily converted at a service. The interest and power of the after-work increased as the services progressed. It is out of the question to give a correct estimate of the thousands that were brought to Christ during the meeting.

The results of the great revival led the ministers to ask Mr. Jones to preach a special sermon to them. They felt that a man who could wield such an influence in such an ungodly city had a message which would help them in their ministry. He accepted the invitation to preach to them. The announcement to this effect called out an attendance that crowded the hall of the Methodist Publishing House to its utmost capacity, and many could not get inside of the doors. He spoke to them in his humorous, sarcastic, and sympathetic way. His remarks were forceful and his expressions were striking, which brought down the house several times. The sedate ministers forgot themselves, and laughed, cried, and applauded, until one would be reminded of a political demonstration.

Mr. Jones spoke on "*The Best Way to Secure Practical Results.*" In a general way he advised with them as to what a minister should do. The drift of his talk, as will be seen, was towards a greater aggressiveness in the pulpit. He said: "Here in Cincinnati you have things in shape to begin a vigorous warfare on sin, and the preacher who wants to delay had better surrender. You have things here now so that you can convert fifty thousand people in the next ten months. It is well enough to preach Christ and Him crucified, Christ's love and Christ's mercy, but you want to stop that now and tell these wicked old sinners that they have got to repent, that they have got to reform. They have listened to your preaching Christ, Sunday after Sunday, until they have listened unmoved. One time when I was raking some folks over the coals, a good old brother came to me and said:

"'Brother Jones, you ought to preach a little more to us about Christ, and not raise so much noise about other things.'

"I told the brethren that I would not bring Christ down there among such a lot of cutthroats as they were. You want to talk to these old sinners about their sins and convince them that they are doing wrong. No man is lost in a gospel sense, until you make him feel he is lost. Some of us little preachers believe in that good old text, '**Ye must be born again.**' If there is any one sermon that we preach on every occasion it is that. Why, it's too much for most of us. If I had as much sense as Bishop Fowler here, I might try it.

"Jesus only spoke of the subject once, and that was at midnight, when He had but one man to listen to Him.

"Whatever hurts the soul or keeps it away from God — that's the proper subject of a sermon. Take the preachers of this town. They talk to their congregation about drunkenness, and tell them that a drunkard cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven, and right down before them are a lot of distillers and brewers and whiskey-sellers, and men who rent their property for improper purposes.

"You want to talk right to those fellows. If I had one of them in my congregation I would make him give up his evil ways, or I would make him get out of my church. Some time ago I was in a town and I got on this subject. I said I felt satisfied that of the whisky-dealers in that place one-fourth were church members. Well, that made a great deal of trouble, and at last someone made a count and found that of seventy-four in the town sixty-one were members of churches; thirteen Methodists, twelve Presbyterians, seventeen Baptists, and so on. No, brethren, don't talk Christ and His love to such reprobates. Tell them how wicked they are and that they have got to mend their ways. Let us stir up these things.

“The next thing to religion is fun, and if we can’t do anything else we can have some fun. The trouble is that we are fearful. I, myself, never had any fear of guns and pistols and fists, and I was never afraid of running contrary to public opinion; and, I tell you, it takes more courage, oftentimes, to take a stand against public opinion than to walk up to the mouth of a cannon. Up in Canada, where I have been, if a newspaper assails or misrepresents a preacher that preacher sits right down and writes a column and a half in defense and that newspaper publishes it the next day. If a newspaper assails any of you, you never say a word back. Now, I have seldom had any cause to complain of newspaper men. They have treated me very fairly as a class. Occasionally some one of them gets on his ear, sits down on it, and fans himself with the other, but they have always done well by me as a rule. But there is no doubt but they do give currency to slanders against preachers, and the preachers won’t say a word back. Don’t do that anymore. Stand up for yourselves. Make men respect you as men.

“Why, look how they nominate a preacher at our conferences. One brother wants to know if he is cautious, another wants to know if he is conservative, and so on. They always want a man who is quiet and meek, and who will not step on anybody’s toes. Well, I feel like getting up there and asking if he is a pusillanimous pup. We don’t want men to be meek and quiet. We want preachers to be aggressive and determined — courageous enough to tell the people what miserable sinners they are. Satan won this country by fighting, and we must win it back from him in the same way, and I wish when you find a man who has raised a row in some church, that instead of crushing him, crucifying him, you will give him your best charge. To me there is no better recommendation for a man than that he has raised the devil. That’s what we must do. We must raise the devil.”

Whether he was preaching to the ministers or the general public, they retired, not weary, but wishing that he had spoken longer.

The people never tired of his speaking, but left the building discussing him in the most enthusiastic way. One young man was heard to remark: “I like that man, he seems to believe what he says, and there is no nonsense about him.”

Another one said: “If I were a lawyer, or a minister, or any other person accustomed to addressing an audience, I would study Sam. Jones’s style; there is something wonderful in it. It is not oratory such as that taught in books and colleges; it is not logic, as lawyers and theologians understand and teach it, but it is something outside and beyond all this. It is the power to reach and influence the human mind that few ministers possess, and fewer still practice.”

That states the case pretty well. To most critical people Mr. Jones was a puzzle, but the fact that he was a great power and kept himself in the background, and placed in the forefront the great truths that filled his mind and controlled his life helped him to win everywhere. Most men would have had their heads turned by the tremendous crowds that hung upon his utterances, but instead of being elated, he was always humbled. He realized fully the responsibility that rested upon him, which made him stay at his Master’s feet.

While Mr. Jones was in Cincinnati he had two or three special sermons for women. At one time he spoke to the young ladies. It was a novel congregation, composed entirely of the younger women of the city. The sunshine brought a flood of light through the windows of the great Music Hall.

It was a beautiful scene to see so many thousand young girls and women just from their homes with all the life and vivacity of young womanhood. It is said that such a scene had never been presented in the Music Hall. Again the balcony, auditorium and stage were filled in every corner by bright-faced daughters, and a great crowd of young girls stood around the walls during the entire sermon. All sections of the city were well represented in that vast audience, and a great number were present from the suburbs and adjoining cities. Mr. Jones said it was one of the grandest sights he had ever seen. He spoke to them about "*The things that should lie the nearest to the hearts of girls — mother, home and heaven.*" Perhaps he never pleaded more tenderly, gently and lovingly than that afternoon while addressing the young women of that city.

Later on he had a special service for "Wives Only." The Music Hall was filled from gallery to stage and from pulpit to doors. There must have been seven thousand wives and mothers in the great auditorium. Mr. Jones preached to them from Galatians 5:22, 23: "**But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, and gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law.**"

In his sermon he had a great deal to say about the worldliness as manifested in card-parties, theatricals, and dancing. He discussed those questions in his own peculiar way, at times provoking them to laughter, while at other times bringing them to tears, and sometimes making them just the least bit angry.

However, before he was through with his sermon, he had brought them around to his way of thinking, as was evidenced by the great audience standing and approving what he said, and also by the hundreds that went up and gave him their hands, promising to be better wives and mothers. Those special services for women were very precious and helpful.

A distinguished pastor, who had been associated with Mr. Jones in a great meeting in another State, was passing through Cincinnati and attended the women's meeting. In speaking of it he said:

"This morning at Music Hall I witnessed a scene such as is rarely presented in this world. Five thousand women brought together to hear the great evangelist preach to mothers. And such a sermon! How the women laughed and cried as the preacher depicted with inimitable wit and wisdom, point and pathos, the way women think, talk, live, move, and have their being, in their homes, before their children, husbands, and servants. The evangelist had one of the grandest opportunities of his life to impress the vital truths of the gospel where they would do the most permanent good.

And well did he improve it. Never did he do more faithful work for the Master. Looking upon that scene of five thousand weeping women, moved as they were to promise to live better in their homes and be more faithful to the religious training of their children, the possibilities of the gospel through the power of consecrated homes seemed to be truly infinite. The work of that hour, accompanied as it was by the Holy Spirit, ought to home thousands in heaven. The play and interplay of thought and feeling upon the thousands of upturned faces was a study not soon to be forgotten."

Mr. Jones also conducted several special meetings for "men only." The mere announcement that the women would be excluded from the meeting created a stir, and curiosity was aroused so that the attendance was larger, if possible, than would have been with a mixed audience. The weather was very severe, but the men were there in such numbers that the seating of them was a difficult problem.

Mr. Jones held these men's meetings in order to make room for the men, who would have been excluded by a mixed audience. While he usually preached a very straight and strong sermon about the sins of men, at other times he would deliver some of his most beautiful and tender sermons. The object was not, as some people imagine, to get the men together that he might talk to them in a coarse way that would not be permitted in a mixed audience; but by bringing the men of the city together he could appeal to them as a community and have greater results. His men's meetings were always the most successful of the series.

When he came on the rostrum he was greeted by a long, hearty applause which fairly shook the building. Such scenes always inspired him to be at his best, and he was never so much at home as when speaking to a body of men. He seemed to understand their hearts, know their needs, be conscious of their weaknesses, and have sympathy and love for them. While discussing their besetting sins, going through the catalogue, making them hideous, he was always in deepest sympathy with them; and while talking to them about their profanity, dishonesty, gambling, drunkenness, and other vices, the great audience at times was wild with enthusiastic approval, and at other times was still as death. Mr. Jones had preached to them that there is not one standard for woman and another for man. His remarks had produced a deathlike stillness over the great audience.

In further discussing a clean life, he referred to a tragedy that had just happened in Cincinnati. With his sense of justice outraged, he looked the men square in the face and said: "Men, hear me, I picked up the *Enquirer* and read that a young man of this city, of a prominent family, was at a shameless house, a prominent house of shame, last night; he walked in and said to the woman of the house:

'I want to see one of the prettiest girls you have,' and then walked up to the room he generally occupied. He entered that room, presently a girl came sweeping in, and he struck a match and lit the gas and turned his eye on the girl, and instantly jerked his pistol from his hip-pocket — bang, bang — and with a heavy, dull thud the girl fell upon the floor and died.

They ran into the room and said: 'Oh, what have you done?'

He said: "That is my own sister, and I will kill her before she shall come to a house like this."

And I say to you thousands of men, fathers, husbands, and sons, that that girl had as much right in that house as her brother had."

Perhaps there was never an audience that was so profoundly moved as the one that heard the true and brave friend of both men and women speak out in such a strong and manly way. The applause was appalling, and thousands of men went away believing as the man of God, who had been so fearless in defending the daughters and mothers of our homes. How true it was as Mr. Jones said: "If there was ever a man that stood on the front steps of the American homes and fought off the devil and his crowd, that man was Sam Jones."

It was not my privilege to be in Cincinnati all the time during his stay there. He had been in the city between three and four weeks when I joined him. The results of the great men's meeting were the talk of the city when I arrived.

Three of our daughters, Mary, Annie and Julia, accompanied me. Upon our arrival in the city we were domiciled at the Gibson house. A *Times-Star* reporter called upon Mr. Jones that morning, and this interview appeared in the afternoon paper. I shall ask the reader to indulge me the privilege of inserting this interview, which is somewhat personal. It reads as follows:

“Sam Jones is happy now. His wife and three daughters are with him at the Gibson House, and they are living as cozily and quietly as they could in their little home down in Cartersville, Georgia.

“The Jones family occupies a pleasant suite of rooms on the fourth floor, and have everything comfortable and convenient about them. When the *Times-Star* man called this morning, Mr. Jones said:

‘This is my wife, Mrs. Laura Jones,’ presenting a handsome lady with much evident pride; ‘and these are my daughters, Annie and Mary,’ continued the revivalist. Mrs. Jones is just such a woman as you would naturally imagine her to be. Ten chances to one, if you should meet her on the street, you would turn and say to your companion, ‘That must be Mrs. Sam P. Jones.’ She reminds one somewhat of her distinguished husband. She has the same character of eyes, bright and sparkling, and only a shade lighter complexion.

“Her voice has the same musical mellowness, and when she is earnestly moved you see the same enthusiasm in her manner that has marked and made the reputation of her husband.

“She is thoroughly a Southern woman in disposition and sympathies. She is finely educated, not only in literature, but in personal graces. She is a charming conversationalist, and you will not be in her presence long before you will have discovered that she is a superior person, with the most delicate appreciation of culture and propriety. Being asked how long she would remain in Cincinnati, Mrs. Jones replied: ‘We expect to stay a week, at least, and maybe longer. My husband was just getting a little lonesome and homesick. He hadn’t been with us for a long time, you know, and we came up to comfort him.’”

The closing days Mr. Jones preached some of his most earnest, pathetic and soul-stirring sermons. The religious tide was rising higher each day. The people were coming in from towns in all directions, and the city was stirred to its very depths. At nearly all the services, at the noonday meeting, the afternoon and evening services, hundreds were being converted. It was estimated that nearly six hundred converts daily were made during those last days.

The great work was going on with a vim and vigor that promised much for the future. Dr. Joyce said: “Despite what many say, those who have been converted by the wonderful words of Mr. Jones will be led into better paths of life, and they will continue in them, as the influence that has been stirred in them is not of an evanescent character, but it has gone down deep, and will remain and be permanent.”

In speaking of the financial understanding with Mr. Jones as to his compensation, he said:

“There are people who think they have information to the effect that Mr. Jones had a definite arrangement as to the amount Trinity church should pay him for his services.

“This is a grave mistake. Mr. Jones agreed to come without a word as to what he should be paid, and that he would come to Cincinnati if he did not receive a cent, but got his meals. When the fact is thoroughly understood, as it is hoped it will be, that Mr. Jones is here without promise or expectation of any remuneration, the people should appreciate the work he has done and show their gratitude to God by contributing liberally to a special collection for Mr. Jones.”

When the opportunity was given the free-will offering amounted to something over eight hundred dollars.

After five weeks of earnest labor Mr. Jones concluded his services in Cincinnati. It was one of the most remarkable revivals in the city's history. He was in Cincinnati for two other meetings and lectured there a number of times, holding a strong grip upon the city until the very last. Just a year ago he held his last great meeting in that city in the large Music Hall, and thousands waited upon his ministry.

We notice on the front page of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, dated February 15, 1886, an account of the closing service of his first great meeting there:

“The services of last evening concluded the labors of Sam Jones in Cincinnati. For five weeks he has been laboring in God's cause in this city, and his efforts have been crowned with unparalleled success. Never before was such a religious awakening known in Cincinnati.

Large crowds have attended the services both day and night and the revivalist has averaged two sermons each day. Conversions have been many, and thousands of people sincerely regret the departure of the earnest and plain-spoken preacher from the city. It was generally known that yesterday was the last day of his stay here, and everyone who had heard him wanted to hear him again, while those who had not were anxious to embrace the last opportunity. Early in the afternoon policemen were stationed at the doors to control the crowd. For a time the street was completely blocked for two squares by the great crowds coming and going. It is not an extravagant estimate to say that fifty thousand people sought admission to Music Hall last night.

“As early as half-past five o'clock in the afternoon a large crowd of people had already assembled in front of the building awaiting the opening of the doors. By six o'clock, at which hour promptly the doors were thrown open, the crowd in front of the building had been so largely augmented that within ten minutes after the doors opened ten thousand people were rammed, jammed and packed in every nook and corner of that immense building. A reporter, who came along fifteen minutes after six o'clock, had great difficulty in working his way to the front by reason of the crowds that thronged the aisles and every inch of standing-room in the hall.

A few minutes later the doors were shut and bolted, it being dangerous to admit any more people. At seven o'clock Elm Street from Twelfth to Fourteenth streets was one surging black sea of humanity — the locked out. That no one was crushed to death is a miracle. There were at least forty thousand people around Music Hall. All the street-cars were completely blockaded, and the streets were utterly impassable. Mr. Jones drove up to the hall a little after seven o'clock, and, with the aid of a stalwart policeman, entrance was forced part of the way, when finally the policemen took him up on their shoulders and carried him to the entrance of the building.

When he reached the hall he was almost breathless and bewildered, looking as if he had had a personal encounter with some demonstrative admirer. When he walked out on the platform he was greeted with prolonged applause.

“Facing the vast audience, he said: ‘I thank God the gospel of Jesus Christ can outdraw anything in Cincinnati. The ten thousand people who got in and the forty thousand who didn’t brand the statement as a slander that this is a wicked, lawless and irreligious city. There is no truer, nobler or better city in the world than Cincinnati.’

“After preaching his farewell sermon from Proverbs 3:17, **“Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace,”** he told the immense audience good-by. Dr. Joyce stepped out to the end of the platform and taking the hand of Mr. Jones, who remained looking at the immense congregation, he clasped it warmly. Mr. Jones returned the hand-pressure, and hand to hand the two reverend gentlemen turned to the congregation and Mr. Jones said:

‘Brethren, I cannot shake hands with you all personally, as I am nearly worn out, having had to remain in my room all the afternoon to gather strength to preach to you to-night, but in shaking hands with Dr. Joyce I shake hands with you all. Good-bye, brethren, and may we all meet together again in the glorious hereafter and once again shake hands if we never meet here on earth.

Good-by, brethren, good-bye.’”

~ end of chapter 14 ~

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