

VOL. XVIII-NO. 41.

DURHAM, N. C., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1889.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

THE LAST DAYS

Of the Sam Jones Tabernacle Meetings.

Three Strong Sermons Saturday to the Unconverted.

"For Men Only," His Affecting Sermon of Sunday.

Tears of Repentance from Eyes that Seldom Weep.

The Last Day of the Great Tabernacle Meetings.

That Have Drawn Thousands to Durham.

Mr. Jones' Morning Sermon on "Mother, Wife and Daughter," a Powerful and Touching Discourse. Mr. Culpepper Delivers an Earnest and Stirring Sermon to the Young Converts. Mr. Jones Addresses a Few Final and Touching Remarks to His Durham Audience. Professor Excell Presented by the Choir With a Gold Cane. The Tabernacle Meetings to Be Held Annually.

The tabernacle since the first day of the meeting has been well filled at each service so that although yesterday the building was crowded to its capacity the crowd was not larger than it has been several times during the series of meetings.

Mr. Jones took his text from the 7th chapter of the Epistle of St. John, the 16th verse: "If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself."

He said he addressed a special class in his audience, many who had attended each meeting. They have heard the word of God preached, they have gone away and thought on it, but nothing has moved them to take the decisive step. They may hear every sermon and think seriously on it-and be almost persuaded, but their salvation will never be settled at that point. The attempt of a christian should be to live as near, to heaven as possible. The farther you live from hell the nearer you live to heaven and vice versa. The devil is hunting unoccupied ground between the christian and Christ, and the christian's work is to get so close to Christ that the devil has no room to stand on.

Mr. Jones said he had never seen an infidel who could tell him that he had lived as a Christian for one week and afterwards remained an infidel. There was no trouble about understanding religion. Its definition is a nutshell is this: Christianity is sanctified business. It has its investments and its returns, its stock and its dividends.

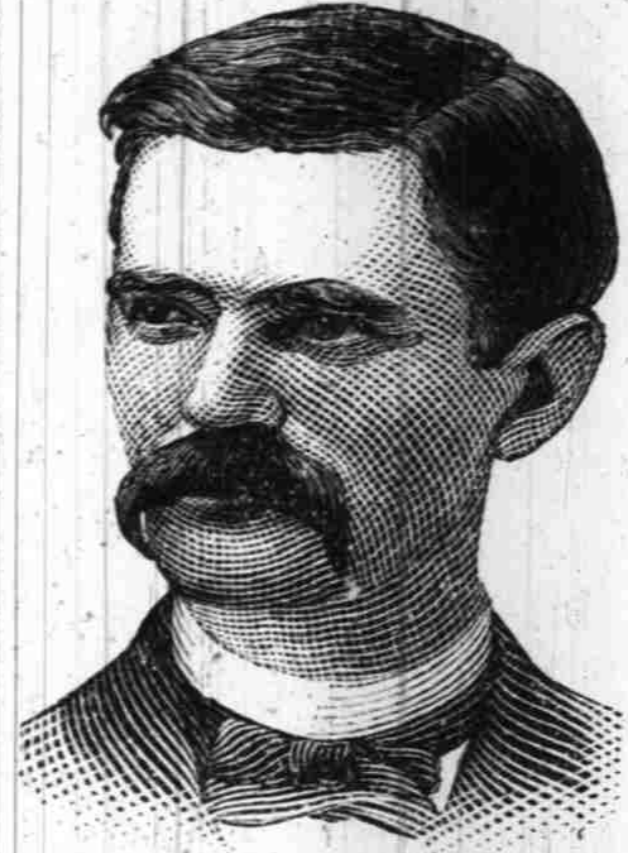
No man can obtain salvation without doing what God says he must do to obtain it. Neither can he do without God's assistance. You have hold of one end of the log and God the other. If you won't hold up your end God can't carry the other, and if God won't carry the other end you can't carry yours.

You say you won't join the church unless you've got religion. I say join the church and then get religion. Religion is practical and there's only one way to get it, and that is to go about it in a business-like manner. There's not a passage in the Bible that cautions you against joining the church without getting religion. I only say if you are going to play cards, drink whiskey and carry on your other devilment you'd better stay out.

Some of you say you want to be a christian, but there's too much excitement at these meetings. Talk about excitement, you are the last gang this side of hell to talk about it. Turn over an old kerosene lamp and burn a spot on the floor two inches square and you go crazy. What ought to excite a man if not the knowledge that he is at the brink of hell? You talk about "hell skinned" singers. That's the only kind I like. I tell you, you take your excitement in hell, I'll take mine in heaven.

Some people won't come here because of the excitement. Ask the man who says that's his reason how many wives he's got, or what he's been stealing, or if he ain't just off a drunk. A preacher in the West said he wouldn't come to hear such a blatant blab-mouthed mountebank as Sam Jones preach, and I inquired into his history. One of his own vestrymen told me he drank whiskey and played cards with his church members. I then said I wouldn't let the lop eared hound come inside my meetings until he had the devil's fleas thoroughly shook off him.

I never hurt a good man in my preaching. No one ever fought me outright who was not as rotten as hell. I never yet had the whole crowd to get up and desert me and so I fear that I do not preach as pointedly as my Savior, for he often was deserted by those whom he rebuked for their sins.



Christianity may be tested as accurately as mathematics. If it could not I would not be a Christian. Sometimes an old "philosopher" comes to me and asks me to demonstrate it to him. Oh you are a philosopher are you. You are one of these high fliers. I guess you want something high up. He says "yes." Then you are a sort of a "muddy physician" too ain't you? "Yes." Well then there ain't no hope for you. A man who is a philosopher and a muddy physician is a fool and without hope.

Religion is capable of being tested. I know I've got it. I am happy. Mother had it, and Jesus did things none but God can do. I wouldn't give a cent for the religion of a man who doesn't know whether he's got it-who just believes he's got it but is not certain. I once heard a man preach about "conscious sonship" and then about "unconscious sonship."

If my boy was to go around and say he doesn't know whether I am his daddy or not I'd wear him out. What, then, does God think of one of his adopted children who doesn't know whether he's God's child or not? Why, it's a slam on the whole family. My illustrations are not always elegant but they always illustrate and that's all I want them to do.

My advice to you if you want to get religion, is to do before you get it just as you would do after you got it. When I tell you to come you say I ain't there and therefore I can't come. You've got to start before you can get there.

There are sensible fools and senseless fools, you ask a nigger why he ain't got religion, and he says "cause he ain't fit," you ask a lawyer and he says "because I ain't fit." The only difference in the answers is, one says "fit" and the other "fitten." You ask Sambo why he ain't fit and he says he ain't fit to git fit, it is the same way with a lawyer. What can you do with such a fool like that?

I believe in the final perseverance of saints. Yes I do, and I believe in the final perseverance of reprobates when I look at some of your sinful old faces out there, you old mean devils you.

I can cure an "infidelle" if he'll just shut his mouth. He can't go to God with his mouth open. His mouth damns him. I once made an old "infidelle" shut his mouth and he got religion and at last he got so he'd believe anything. He even got so he believed that Jonah swallowed the whale.

There's no theology in this text, but there's religion in it. I don't want theology. I don't want a gun that will shoot around a tree, as they say there, has been one of that kind lately invented. When I hit you it's in a straight line and where you have no business at the time.

There ain't a first-class church in this country that would have Sam Jones for a preacher, and there ain't a first-class church in the country that I'd have. Now I don't mean to say there's not a church in Durham I'd have because I might manage to feel at home in one of them, but one of your high churches of the upper-tendom.

Some of the old brethren in Minneapolis seriously came to me and offered to build me a tabernacle and give me \$6,000 a year to preach one sermon a week to an audience of 6,000. I looked at them and said, "You old fools. I now preach to 2,000,000 people a year and get \$25,000 for doing it. We preachers don't preach for money, but if you would stop our salaries we would quit very soon. I've been a circuit-rider all my life and I expect to be one the rest of it."

I wouldn't exchange my lot for that of the Czar of Russia or President Harrison. Mr. Jones here related a number of interesting incidents in his earlier life which for want of space is obliged to be omitted.

He impressed most forcibly on his hearers in the conclusion of his sermon the importance of action in attempting to become a christian. Zacheus would not have been saved had he not come down from the tree when he was bidden. He didn't know he was going to get religion when he made the start but by the

time he had touched the ground his mouth flew open and he had it. It takes a powerful bad case of religion to make a man yelp along the line he did.

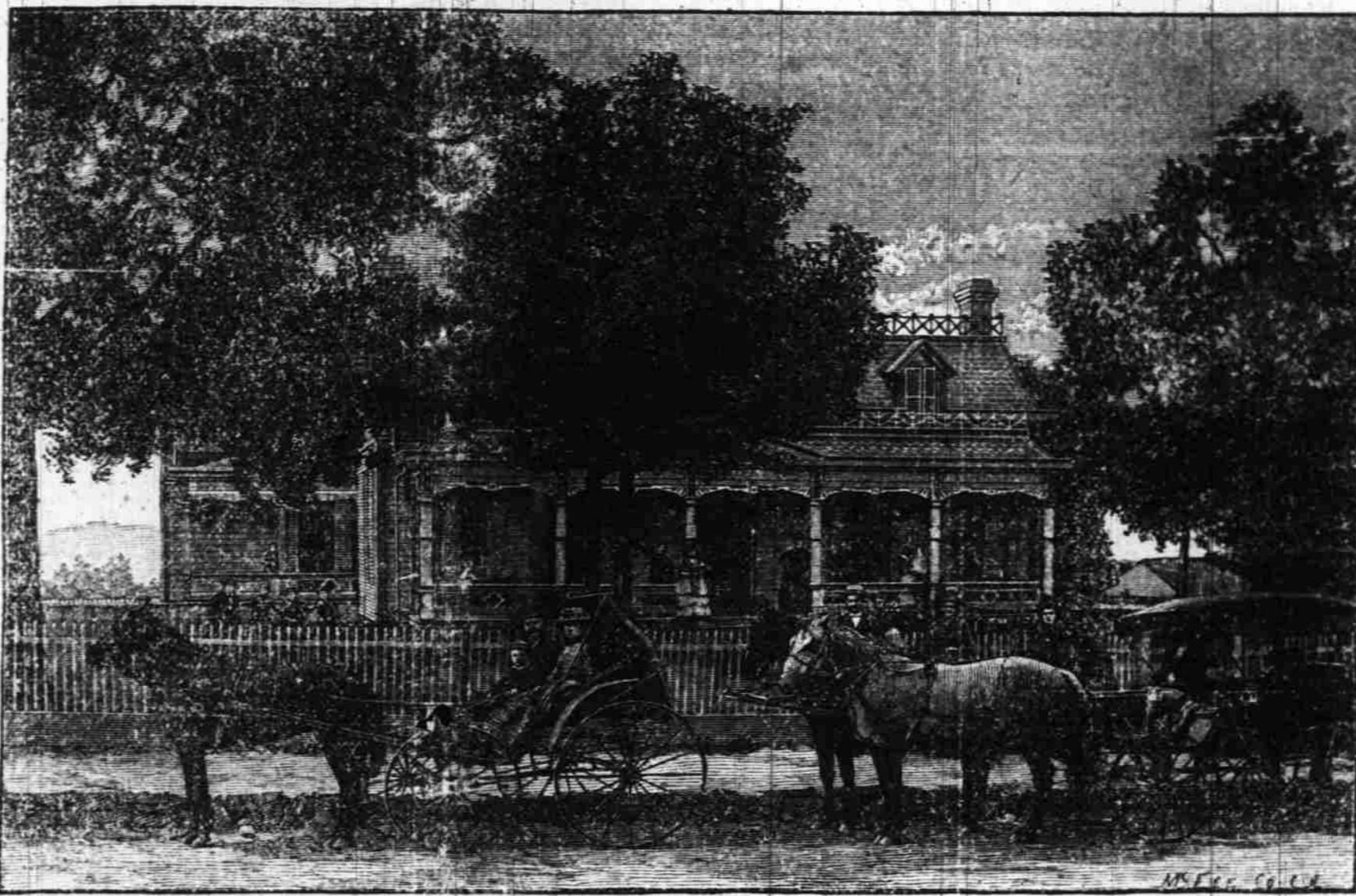
The preacher closed his remarks with solemn and simple instruction to the unconverted about the measures of seeking salvation and invited all who wished to enter their names as members of the different churches. Many came forward and had their names enrolled.

AFTERNOON SERVICES. The attendance upon the afternoon services was not so large as it has previously been, but the interest manifested by those present was, in no wise diminished from that of past gatherings.

The sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Culpepper, and was on the parable of the

fig tree. He applied the lesson of the fig tree to our every-day life. Are we morally bearing any fruit? If not, we "encumber the earth" as did the barren fig tree, and we stand in danger of being "cut down and thrown into the fire." Mr. Culpepper made a strong peroration in behalf of the more general observation of prayer in the family circle. His sermon was the essence of simplicity, comprehensive throughout, full of effective force, and accompanied by appropriate illustrations. At the close of Mr. Culpepper's sermon Mr. Jones invited all the church members who would promise from this time forth to strive to serve God more acceptably in the matter of household worship, to come forward and shake his hand. Most

all the obstacles in its way. I went into the garden of an old brother and there was a tombstone and he said, "There is the tombstone of my wife." I walked up and read the inscription: it gave her name, the date of her birth and the date of her death, and then just one line and that line was this: "She made home pleasant." That was the grandest epitaph I ever saw on a wife's tombstone. A wife and a husband ought to have an understanding that they will not get mad at the same time. When a husband gets to quarrelling a wife ought to sit down and keep her mouth shut. He spoke of a wife's gentleness, and then got off on the subject of mothers-in-law. He said that he had a mighty good mother-in-law, but that just as soon as he married her daughter he moved five hundred miles away and she had never shown any inclination to follow. He said that when his wife wanted to see her mother she could go, but that somehow or other he imagined that when she came back she was a little more sassy than usual. Mr. Jones concluded his sermon by speaking on the third division of his theme, daughters. They make up largely, said he, the life of our homes. He said that there was a family of children in Durham, North Carolina, who are worth their weight in gold. He spoke of silly girls who dance, and who encourage the attention of dudes. The dude, he said, was a pimple on the face of society. You have seen these little white pimples that come on your face when you "sleep." That was a dude, and when one of these pimples was squeezed it was a dudine. Mr. Jones accompanied his discourse with a number of practical illustrations that brought the morals he wished to convey very conspicuously before his hearers.



SAM JONES' HOME.

gratifying was the response to this invitation.

NIGHT SERVICES. The vast assembly hall was packed last night with the largest crowd that has yet gathered to hear the sermons preached by Mr. Jones and Mr. Culpepper. Long before the usual hour for commencing, the hall was full and those who poured in until the sermon began found standing room only in the aisles and near the entrance.

At eight o'clock, after the choir had been singing some of the hymns that have grown sweetly familiar, and that will cling to all as a legacy of these interesting meetings, Mr. Jones arose and said that he held in his hand a letter from a physician of Oxford, who told of a barkeeper of that place who had been led to see the error of his way by attending the Sam Jones meetings in Durham, and who announced his intention to close up his business. The letter also said that during the absence of the liquor seller, a drummer from a Northern whiskey house visited the bar-room to sell a "bill of goods." When told that the proprietor was in Durham attending the Sam Jones meetings, the knight of the grip shut his sample case up with a snap and went out saying something to the effect that there would be no use trying to sell whiskey to that man as in a month he'd be out of the business.

Mr. Jones took the incident as the subject of a short talk before announcing the text of his sermon. Said he, nobody can act square and honest selling whiskey, and that he intended to throw a rock at the whiskey traffic every time it poked up its head, and if nothing was left of it but its tail, he would try to shoot a chunk at that. He urged the good women of Durham to join the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. When these mothers have a drunkard boy on their hands they will wish they had.

Get the women and the preachers thoroughly aroused on this subject and old Durham will vote straight next time. He said that after this meeting the preachers ought to find out what church members voted against local option in Durham last election then tell them to git.

What are you going to do with that old red nose of yours when you get to heaven? When you get there they'll ask you what's your politics, one of you will say, "I'm a Democrat," look at my nose," and another will say, "I'm a Republican, look at my heart, been drinking, beer (placing his hands over his stomach)."

Saloons are the legs on which walk all the sins of society. Lets knock 'em out. Mr. Jones announced that he would preach this afternoon at 3 o'clock "For Men Only." Said he was going to talk the plain truth, that he was going to turn the stones over. You've seen that flat shiny stone in your front yard at home. It looks nice and slick on top, but turn it over and you will find worms and insects crawling about under there.

I'm going to let down my bucket so deep that it will stir the mud. It will be my bucket, but your mud. He asked that every lady pray this afternoon while her husband is attending the men's meeting.

Mr. Jones announced that Professor Excell would sing a solo. In a rich bass

voice the professor rendered one of his beautiful songs in which the choir joined in the chorus. The applause that followed was deservedly vigorous.

Mr. Jones announced "Peace" as the subject of his sermon. He said that there were many kinds of peace. There was the peace of ignorance. He gave as an illustration the instance of a traveller who was trading along through a mountainous country when night overtook him. Becoming weary he sank down and fell asleep. When morning dawned he found that he had been sleeping on the brink of a precipice, and his legs were hanging over the ledge. He was ignorant of his terrible surroundings, and therefore slept soundly and peacefully. This was the peace of ignorance.

Mr. Jones next spoke of the peace of indifference. He said that the stolid indifference with which some men come to these meetings, night after night surpassed his understanding. Indifferent about the appeals of the gospels, and not only indifferent about self, but about the children of his family. The peace of indifference, it was a terrible kind of peacefulness.

Then there was the peace of inconsiderateness, and the peace of apathy, and finally the peace that a man has when everybody has let him alone, but the only peace that brought salvation was the peace that comes from God.

At the close of the sermon a large number of accessions were made to the different churches.

Mr. Culpepper made a brief talk on the line of Mr. Jones' sermon, and concluded by requesting every person in the congregation to shake hands with every person in their immediate reach. He told of having made this request at a meeting he was conducting in a Georgia town, when a couple of men who had been toting pistols for each other for months found themselves in close quarters and grasped each other's hands and forgot their grievances.

There will be no early morning meeting today, the first sermon beginning at ten o'clock and the afternoon and night services at the usual hours.

The sermon of tonight will close these meetings that have brought salvation to so many and spiritual comfort to vast numbers.

Sunday's Meetings. Early Sunday morning the crowds began to roll into Durham from every direction and by every means of locomotion, the trains from Raleigh, Oxford, Henderson and Greensboro being unusually crowded with people coming to hear the concluding sermon in the Sam Jones meetings.

Several hours before the morning services began the people began to pour into the Tabernacle, and by the time for the exercises to begin, every seat had been taken and every foot of standing room was occupied.

At about ten o'clock in advance of the arrival of the evangelists, Mr. James Southgate arose and after reviewing the success of the meeting about to close, made an earnest appeal to the congregation to make up a liberal contribution for Rev. Mr. Jones.

Mr. J. S. Carr spoke of the great spiritual good he had received from the meetings, and said that he would give \$500, and that in order to get the money in hand before night he would agree to

cash all subscriptions made in good faith.

This display of open-handed liberality of Durham's most generous and public spirited citizen, produced a deafening applause. A general collection was taken up and the total sum of \$2,200 was raised and which was later on turned over to Mr. Jones.

Prof. Excell sang a beautiful solo, entitled "The Wonderful Country," after which Mr. Jones arose and announced the subject of his sermon as

MOTHER, WIFE AND DAUGHTER.

He said that the word of God was our first and sweetest word. God's best gift to a good boy is a good mother. There is not a man in all the world so base who did not at some time talk of his mother's goodness. Some of our sages were self-evident truths, one of these was "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." If you give me the place of mother I don't care who occupies the place of president, judge, governor, senator or representative.

Mother! the sweetest word that belongs to earth. We stop long enough to say that Nero's mother was a bloody murderer; and she gave to this world the most cruel man the world ever saw. He could fiddle and dance over burning Rome. Lord Byron's mother was a proud, intellectual woman, and she gave to this world one of the most profligate intellectual autocrats the world ever saw.

John Wesley's mother was a sensible, religious, painstaking good woman, and she gave to this world one of the grandest characters we ever had.

George Washington's mother was a simple-hearted, strong-minded, pious good woman; and she gave to this country a man whom we honor with the title of "father of his country."

All great men may look up and say all my greatness is of my mother. Success in manhood may always be traced to the training a boy gets at the hands of his mother, therefore of all beings in this world, the mother ought to be the best.

There is nothing in the economy of grace that can make up to your child that which it loses in the fact that it does not have a good mother. Twice happy that family and that child whose mother loves God with all her heart, and loves her neighbor as herself.

Mr. Jones here referred in affectionate terms to his mother, and said that he knew he could never recover from the fact that he lost his precious mother when he was a little boy. He dwelt at length on the influence of a sainted, gracious mother, and said that if a boy has got a good mother he has got a vantage ground that the devil cannot displace him from.

Next to that of a good mother God's best gift to a man is a good wife. He touched on all sorts of wives, and said that he had admiration for the woman who had a henpecked husband, that this sort of man invariably needed pecking, that he had better be pecked by his wife than by the devil. He also liked the woman who would stand up to her husband, and in his opinion a cheerful wife is a blessing to any man. Joyous, christian woman, happy all the time and throwing sunshine on everything that comes in contact with her.

Love, joy and peace! Peace that defies all the powers of earth and conquers

all the obstacles in its way. I went into the garden of an old brother and there was a tombstone and he said, "There is the tombstone of my wife." I walked up and read the inscription: it gave her name, the date of her birth and the date of her death, and then just one line and that line was this: "She made home pleasant." That was the grandest epitaph I ever saw on a wife's tombstone. A wife and a husband ought to have an understanding that they will not get mad at the same time. When a husband gets to quarrelling a wife ought to sit down and keep her mouth shut. He spoke of a wife's gentleness, and then got off on the subject of mothers-in-law. He said that he had a mighty good mother-in-law, but that just as soon as he married her daughter he moved five hundred miles away and she had never shown any inclination to follow. He said that when his wife wanted to see her mother she could go, but that somehow or other he imagined that when she came back she was a little more sassy than usual. Mr. Jones concluded his sermon by speaking on the third division of his theme, daughters. They make up largely, said he, the life of our homes. He said that there was a family of children in Durham, North Carolina, who are worth their weight in gold. He spoke of silly girls who dance, and who encourage the attention of dudes. The dude, he said, was a pimple on the face of society. You have seen these little white pimples that come on your face when you "sleep." That was a dude, and when one of these pimples was squeezed it was a dudine. Mr. Jones accompanied his discourse with a number of practical illustrations that brought the morals he wished to convey very conspicuously before his hearers.

At the close of his sermon Mr. Jones announced the presence on the platform of the wife of the late Bishop Wightman and in fitting language introduced her to the audience. Mrs. Wightman presented the cause of the Woman's Missionary Society, of which she is a representative. She said that it was no new thing for women to engage in missionary work, but that it was new that they were beginning to accomplish that work under thorough organization. She said much that was eminently practical and wise in regard to training schools, and mentioned the religious normal school to be erected at Kansas City, where Sunday school missionary and charitable workers would be carefully trained.

Mr. Jones made an appeal to the audience to contribute to this normal religious work and to help build the requisite structures at Kansas City. A fund amounting to the generous sum of \$2,650.50 was subscribed.

AFTERNOON SERVICE. To one attending the large tabernacle meetings last Sunday morning and the week previous, it was a source of surprise and wonder where so many people came from. Surely every man, woman and child in Durham and the surrounding country too, must be present.

It seemed thus indeed at the time, and yet when the hour for the meeting "for men only" arrived, there was the auditorium packed and crowded with men of all ages, but not a woman in the entire building, where they usually outnumbered the men two to one.

Mr. Jones previous to announcing his text said that he had but three questions to propound to the man who attempted to give him religious instruction and point to him the way of salvation. First, are you posted on the subject you are about to discuss? second, do you mean kindly towards me? and third, do you live up to what you preach?

Now my friends I have the kindest feelings towards you in everything I say, though sometimes I know it strikes you pretty hard and hurts. I try to live up to what I preach. I preach to as many people each year in my native home, where I have lived for forty-one years as I do anywhere in my travels. Do you think people would turn out in such numbers and accept the teachings of a man in whom they had not confidence that he was fit to preach to them?

This evening I am going to preach to you plainly, pointedly and decently whatever you may think to the contrary. A portion of the 17th verse of the 19th chapter of Genesis will furnish the text of the discourse: "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain lest thou be consumed."

God has implanted in every man the instinctive love of life and dread of death. If the Bible warns us against anything it is sin and sin is the transgression of the law, and these laws God has laid down plainly in the ten commandments.

The first sin I would warn you against, young men, is the sin of profanity. The man who will persistently swear and pollute the name of God, if he was turned loose, free from all outside restraint, would break all the other commandments. If you see a man a profane swearer, that isn't all he is. Watch him and see what else he does. If a man swears he can swear as much as he pleases and no one prevents him. If he tries to steal, though, he runs up against a sheriff and a pair of handcuffs and a jail.

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