

CONTINUED

Last Day of the Meeting.

CLOSING INCIDENTS OF THE SAM JONES REVIVAL.

A Collection of \$1,586 for the Evangelist.

His Sermon to the Negroes—Children's Services—Sunrise Prayer Meetings—A Strong Sermon Delivered Last Night.

The Sam Jones meeting will be brought to a close in the tabernacle to-night. This is the last day of the most wonderful religious revival ever known in Charlotte. As The News was going to press yesterday, Mr. Jones was preaching to between 6,000 and 7,000 colored people. Some of the incidents were noted in yesterday's paper. Mr. Jones preached to them a practical sermon, full of plain facts bearing upon the evils of intemperance, theft, profanity, lying, cheating, licentiousness, etc., and the negroes seemed to be deeply impressed. He asked all who did not love liquor to stand up, and about 25 got upon their feet. "Half of you are lying," said the preacher to them. Whiskey and politics, he told them were the bane of their race.

To-day was a largely attended sunrise prayermeeting, at which a number of converts were announced. The children's meeting was opened at 8:30 o'clock, and there was a great throng of children present. The tabernacle was crowded as usual at the 10:30 service.

Last night's services were preceded by a speech by Mr. Chas. W. Tillett announcing that a collection would be taken up for the evangelist. He first called upon those present who would contribute \$35 each to call out their names. The responses were in the following order: M. C. Mayer, Joe. C. Smith, E. M. Andrews, Jno. W. Miller, J. S. Spencer, O. P. Heath, J. W. Wadsworth, Walter Brem, Mrs. Walter Brem, Joseph McLaughlin, A. G. Brenizer, A. Friend, Dr. John H. McAden. Mr. George Kittle, who had previously given \$25, said he would give \$25 in addition. Mr. H. C. Eccles, who had previously given \$25, said he would give \$75 in addition. Two gentlemen who were interested in the meeting, gave \$179.50. The collection was then taken up, and the response was liberal. Mr. David H. Anderson, the treasurer, reports the sum total of the collection in the tabernacle last night for Mr. Jones, to be \$1,586.

Beginning his sermon, Mr. Jones said: I invite your attention to the 17th verse of the last chapter of the Book of Revelations: "And the spirit and the bride say come, and let him that heareth come, and let him take of the water of life freely." You can see that I got this text from the last chapter of the blessed book.

This is God's last message to man. How could any man, after the threats, warnings and rebukes all through this book, and wind up the sacred canon with this blessed verse of invitation, refuse it? He intended this to be his last message to us, for he only added after this that "I testify to every man that heareth the words of this prophesy, if any man shall add anything to this book, I shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book. If any man take away anything from these words, I shall take his part out of the book of life."

These are God's last words to man and if I had been in correspondence with a friend 10 or 20 years. I would always turn back to the last letter received from him to act upon the advice given in that letter. Now whatever may be said in Genesis, Revelations or in any intermediate book, we can always fall down on God's last message to us and we may bank on that for the whole world, "and the spirit and the bride say come, and whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely."

It was a grand day, brethren, in this world's history when the evening and the morning were the 7th day and the son of God and the angels shouted over the finished world. When man looked about him with his reason clear and perfect, untroubled by passion and unimpaired by disease, and as he looked about him he said that mountains were God's thoughts spread, and the ocean were God's thoughts embedded, and the dew drops were God's thoughts in pearl, and the flowers were God's thoughts in bloom, and whenever we look about it can be said the hand that made me is divine. That was a grand day in this world's history when the man and woman were placed in the garden and commanded that all of the fruit of the trees of the garden they may eat except one—the tree of knowledge—good and evil. But man violated the command of his maker and was driven from the Garden of Eden, and a sword in the hand of an angel should keep him out forever. That was a grand day in the world's history when the last strong swimmer sank beneath the waves and only Noah and his family were saved.

That was a grand day when the burning hall fell on Sodam and Gomorrah, and destroyed the city. That was a grand day in this world's history when Pharaoh's hosts were

swallowed up in the Red Sea and Israel passed over in safety. That was a grand day in this world's history when the old prophet of God stood on hills of Judah and the voice of God was heard to say to Simlon and Anna, "prepare to rock the cradle of the babe;" and it was a grander day in this world's history when the star praised itself over that manger and the angels shouted it down over the infant born, "Peace on earth; good will toward men." It was a grand day when God over all, and blessed forever, was a babe.

That was a grand day in this world's history when Jesus of Nazareth stood in the temple with the knowledge and wisdom. That was a grander day in this world's history when Christ stood in yonder tribunal and was condemned as a culprit and blasphemer against God, and the sinner against society. That was a grand day in this world's history when he was placed between two thieves and there gave up the ghost, and they carried him away and buried him in the grave of Joseph.

Christ himself said I am the sacrifice for the sins of the world, and how will God accept the sacrifice; and the world looks and waits and wonders. It was the morning of the third day when God summoned an angel to the earth and he rolled away the stone of the sepulcher and took Jesus by the hand and lifted him up and took the grave clothes from his body.

Whosoever liveth and believeth on the Son of God shall not perish but shall have everlasting life. Thank God for a Saviour born of woman.

Revivals! Under one sermon 3,000 were converted to God. St. Peter, with the Spirit and power of God upon him, brought to Him more than Jesus Christ did in the three years of His ministry—so far as record goes, and I dare say a great many people don't believe that 3,000 people were converted, caused by the fact that it was a revival. I tell you my countrymen that it is by revivals and through revivals that this world is going to be brought to Christ.

A minister's daughter once said to me: My father don't believe in revivals. Well, I said, your father and the devil are together on that question. I don't know how they stand on other things, but they are square together on that. A child born in an ice house may survive, but it never gets over the chill of the atmosphere and those people that are born in the church are never worth much to the church.

The successful man is the preacher that convicts and converts men. I have seen the power of the Lord so omnipotent that sinners could not resist it, and that Spirit is here tonight, and the language of that Spirit is come, and it says come to every man. And the bride says come to every man, and I warn you tonight to heed the voice and exhortation of the Spirit of Christ as He knocks at the door of your heart. The Spirit says come, and not only does the Spirit say come, but the bride says come. The bride is the church of Christ.

A man once said, in the presence of his wife, Mr. Jones, I have not been to church for ten years before you came here. What do you mean by staying away from church ten years. He said: I was raised in a Christian family and I went to church until it looked like the preacher was against me, and the old members of the church looked like they were mad at me, and I thought the whole business had fell out with me. The idea of a sinner feeling like the church was against him.

Tell the truth and stick to it. You promised to defend God and fight the devil, and no wonder the world is pulled back away from God. There is hardly an old sinner in this country but what some old member of the church has acted the dog with.

Don't you say a fellow can be in your way unless he is ahead of you, and if these old hypocrites are ahead of me I won't say a word. Get a fellow behind you and he cannot be in your way unless you want to back up against something.

The only trouble with these trifling members of the church is that they are just like you. They are just like you.

Let's talk a little sense along this line. If I don't live any better than you do, I won't talk about other folks anyhow. If I cut no bigger figure in the moral universe than you do I wouldn't go around shooting my mouth on another fellow.

A member of a church is like a white piece of canvass, and everything you put on it shows; but you are like a dirty piece of canvass, and they can rub anything on you and it don't show at all. That's the way it works.

Do you know there is a wonderful difference in men. If I were to go on the streets of Charlotte and swear it would be telegraphed all over the world; but some of you little black rascals can swear and they don't say a word. You see that's the difference between a gentleman and a vagabond. There is a marvelous difference in them sure as you live.

If I was to go up town and get drunk tonight it would be telegraphed all over the United States that Sam Jones got drunk. But some of you old fellows get drunk every day and they don't say a word. Ain't there a wonderful difference between a gentleman and a vagabond. Did you ever think about it? If I was to get drunk and nobody noticed it, I would say you are the lowest down old hog in the country, and would leave the town. Some of you will quit town tomorrow. You are right there.

The business of the church is to say come, and to say come to every man, and to come to the right; come to God and the church in Charlotte, N. C. Whatever may be her record, there has not been a day since the first church was organized in this town; there has not a day that with outstretched arms the message, "Whosoever will let him come." Let us enjoy that privilege. Not only does the spirit, and the bride say come, but the bride say "Come!"

Brethren, friends, let us come to that meeting; let us do right. "Let him that heareth say come." Away out in the desert when the water all gives out they send a man on the swiftest camel on the road looking for an oasis; five more miles

uses they start another, just to keep in sound of the first one. When the lead man finds water, he shouts back, and the next man shouts out, and so on along the line until the caravan hears the cry, and they all hurry away and find the water. God starts the welcome word over the line. Christ brought it down. Christ brings it still nearer, and the ministers bring it to the church, and we shout it to the very gates of hell. Thank God for the privilege of passing it along down the line. My little boy went climbing up the stairway calling: "Buddie Paul," and he came back and asked his mamma "what's that upstairs every time I say "Buddie Paul," somebody says it back. That's an echo. Brethren I wish every man on the face of this world was an echo. When Christ says come and when you hear it let it pass from here, here, here, until the whole world has heard the come to the living waters. Whosoever heareth let him come.

You can preach a sermon I cannot preach to save my life. A young man said he wanted to be a Christian and if the girl with him would come up he would come. Oh! my, what a responsibility upon a girl. Never but once in my life did I ever find but one woman who was not willing to go with her husband, or friend to the altar. I walked up to that man and shook hands with him and asked him are you a Christian? I said to the lady: Wont you come with your husband and give your heart to God. She said: "No, sir!" Do you mean to tell me that your husband is more interested for the welfare of his soul than you are? She said: "I wont go up there." I am sorry for a man who is better than his wife. These little old flippant, card playing giggling wives, I am so glad I did not get tangled up with one of that sort. I never would have been anything, I would have been just like one of you husbands. I would have made a dead failure. Oh! My Lord! Have mercy on the women that are wolves but who ought to be sheep.

Some folks think I use too much slang. One good woman said I was so much out of propriety. Do you know what propriety is? It is right straight forward. Did you ever know of any man in your life with more propriety? What is your idea of propriety? You go down to the millinery shop. Some of you've been there, and see the hats twisted and bent. That's the 19th century propriety.

You know who the elect and non-elect are? The elect are the "whosoever-wills," and the non-elect are the "whosoever-wonts." If you will, God will; if you wont, the devil will, and that's the whole thing in a nutshell. I could not preach without that word "whosoever will."

Look here my friend, I have a contempt for this meek modesty, going around through the country. See how the ladies of this country will come and hear Sam Jones. You old bon ton. You have tortured and twisted your body until you can't recognize yourself. It does me good, it does.

Look here brethren, I am no theologian, but I can see a hole through a ladder if there is any light on the other side of it. Show me a fellow that never had a chance to get to heaven. There ain't a man in hell to-night that did not have one good straight-out chance but didn't take it. And there ain't a man in heaven but did not have a thousand good chances to go to hell and didn't take them.

Universalism says all for whom Christ died will be saved, and he died for all. Hardshellism says all for whom Christ died shall be saved, but he didn't die for a certain few. Hardshellism is nothing but Universalism gone to seed.

Brother Jones sort of getting us. "Whosoever will." Ain't I sticking to my text and cutting fellows heads off. "Whosoever will," that's my text, and it's the last thing God ever said to us. I am glad of that. Now listen, men, God did write "whosoever will," not whosoever feels, but whosoever will. Now lets get a hold of that. The spirit says come, the church says come. Let the man that hears say come. If down in your soul you want to do good, then "whosoever will." Let him come. God said "whosoever will" may come and take the water of life freely.

I tell you how I would like to wind up this night. I felt like I could not preach at all. I have done the best I could. What some sisters don't like I didn't intend at all. I have preached the truth for you the very best I could. How many fathers, sons, daughters will say "I will," God helping. "I will" start a better life. To-night let us have a great big old-fashioned meeting of hand-shaking. Wont you come up and say "I will try. God helping me. If any one of you will start and say "I will" begin a new life to-night and mean what you say, may God bless you.

TO-DAY'S SERVICES. Mr. Jones Preaches from the Text: "What Shall it Profit a Man," &c. The tabernacle continues to be packed at every service and this morning at 10:30 it looked impossible to squeeze another one into the building. When Mr. Jones walked upon the platform he called out for the "ushers and preachers to be quiet." Text: "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and loose his own soul." This question was propounded 1800 years ago, but it has never been answered. The whole country is running on profit and bargain making. The merchant that hangs out the biggest sign is the fellow who will get the biggest trade. Everybody is after bargains.

I never did like those little fellows that can be trolled around. They ain't got any backbone. I love a fellow with a backbone that will be straight no matter how hard the wind blows. Some folks have got a cotton string run up their backs and a few ribs knitted to them, and they call it backbone. God pity you. I don't like General Mahone, of Virginia, only for one thing, and that is because he has got a backbone. When a fellow asked General Mahone how much he weighed, he said 95 pounds

CONTINUED ON 7TH PAGE.

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