

Gipsy Smith's Conversion.

Gipsy Smith, the Noted English Evangelist, in his autobiography, tells as follows the story of his own Conversion.

'But, although I was a mischievous boy, I was not really a bad boy. I knew in my heart what religion meant. I had seen it in the new lives of my father, sisters and brothers. I had seen the wonderful change in the gipsy home—the transformation that had taken place there. I had seen the transformation-scene if I had not felt it, and in my heart there was a deep longing for the strange experience which I knew to be my father's.

I remember one evening sitting on the trunk of an old tree not far away from

ever, and had I at once confessed Christ, I believe that the witness of the Spirit would have been mine, the witness which gives one the assurance of acceptance. I knew I had said "I will" to God. I made the mistake of not declaring my decision publicly, and I believe that thousands do likewise. The devil tells them to keep it quiet. This is a cunning device by which he shuts hundreds out of the light and joy of God's salvation.

'Still I was not satisfied. A few days afterwards I wandered one evening into a little Primitive Methodist Chapel in Fitzroy Street, Cambridge, where I heard a sermon by the Rev. George Warner. Oddly enough I cannot remember a word of what Mr. Warner said. But I made up my mind in that service, that if there was a chance

his name. I do not know it even now. I told him that I had given myself to Jesus for time and eternity—to be his boy forever. He said:

"You must believe that He has saved you. 'To as many as received Him, to them gave He power to be the sons of God; even to them that believed on His name.'"

'Well,' I said to my dear old friend, 'I cannot trust myself, for I am nothing; and I cannot trust in what I have, for I have nothing; and I cannot trust in what I know, for I know nothing; and so far as I can see my friends are as badly off as I am.'

So there and then I placed myself by simple trust and committal to Jesus Christ. I knew He died for me; I knew He was able to save me, and I just believed Him to be as good as His Word. And thus the light broke and assurance came. I knew that if I was not what I ought to be, I never should be again what I had been. I went home and told my father that his prayers were answered, and he wept tears of joy with me. Turning to me, he said, "Tell me how you know you are converted?" That was a poser for a young convert. I hardly knew what to say, but placing my hand on my heart, I said, "Daddy, I feel so warm here." I had got a mite of the feeling that the disciples had when they had been talking with Jesus on the way to Emmaus: "Did not our heart burn within us?" The date of my conversion was the 17th of November, 1876.'

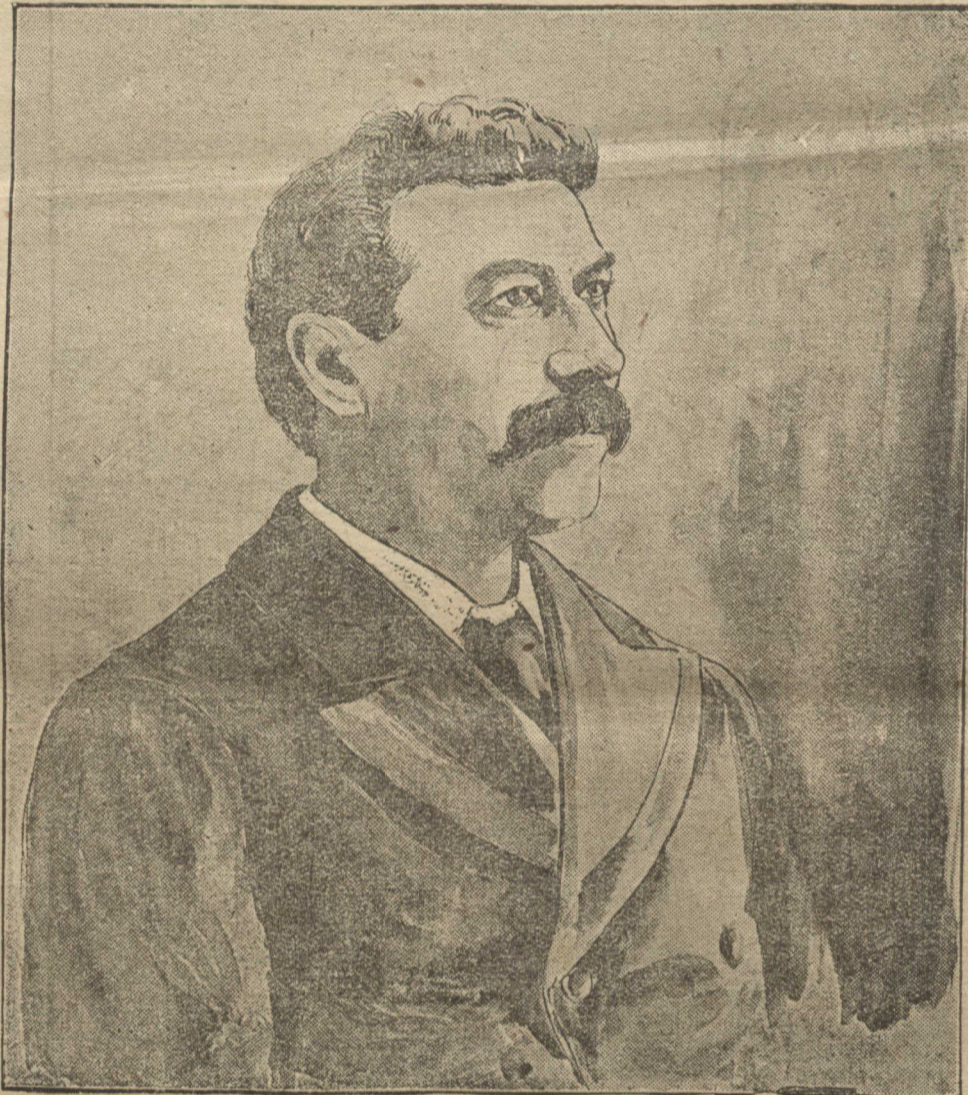
Seventy Converted.

(J. H. Todd, in 'Ram's Horn'.)

Many Christian workers date their interest in Jesus Christ from the moment they were spoken to personally. A great deal of Christian work is of a general and indirect character, but personal work is direct and definite. It always hits the mark. The person dealt with cannot apply the truth to anyone else. It is for himself or herself. A woman who was a member of an aggressive church singled out different young men who were attending the services and prayed definitely for one at a time. One after another was saved in answer to her prayers until she was able to count twenty, at least, who had been converted. It is a question if there is any kind of Christian work that yields as large and satisfactory results as personal work. Some years ago thirteen young men, representing different churches, banded themselves together as a soul-winning band. They resolved to meet monthly for prayer and to report how God had used them in personal work during the month. At their first prayer-meeting they asked God to give them each one soul within a month and at their next meeting they were able to report thirteen brought in through their efforts. The work went on with similar results for some months, until the band was broken up through a number of the members leaving the town and going elsewhere, but many of these workers are still as active as ever in this kind of work.

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GIPSY SMITH.

my father's tent and waggon. Around the fallen trunk grass had grown about as tall as myself. I had gone there to think, because I was under the deepest conviction and had an earnest longing to love the Saviour and to be a good lad. I thought of my brother in heaven, and I thought of the beautiful life my father, brother, and sisters were living, and I said to myself, "Rodney, are you going to wander about as a gipsy boy and a gipsy man without hope, or will you be a Christian and have some definite object to live for?" Everything was still, and I could almost hear the beating of my heart. For answer to my question, I found myself startling myself by my own voice: "By the grace of God, I will be a Christian and I will meet my mother in heaven!" My decision was made. I believe I was as much accepted by the Lord Jesus that day as I am now, for with all my heart I had decided to live for him. My choice was made for-

I would publicly give myself to Christ. After the sermon a prayer-meeting was held, and Mr. Warner invited all those who desired to give themselves to the Lord to come forward and kneel at the communion-rail. I was the first to go forward. I do not know whether anybody else was there or not. I think not. While I prayed the congregation sang:

"I can but perish if I go
I am resolved to try,
For if I stay away I know
I must for ever die.'
'I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me,
That on the cross He shed His blood
From sin to set me free.'

'Soon there was a dear old man beside me, an old man with great flowing locks, who put his arm round me and began to pray with me and for me. I did not know