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A Gipsy's Conversion.

(Joseph Woodhouse, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

Perhaps few pages in Gipsy Smith's life of himself are more thrilling than the pages which relate to the conversion of his father, Cornelius Smith.

This great event took place in a mission hall at Latimer Road, Shepherd's Bush. For a long time the burden of sin had been unbearable to him, and having heard of the services held at this hall he went, tell-

ing his children as he left the van, 'I shall not come again until I am converted.'

moment it seems as though the Holy Spirit fell upon him. Speaking of it afterwards he said, 'It seemed as if I was bound in a chain, and they were drawing me up to the ceiling.' For nearly half-an-hour he remained unconscious, 'wallowing and foaming,' on the floor.

On coming to himself he stood up, and, 'leaping joyfully,' exclaimed, 'I am converted.'

The reality of that passing from 'death unto life' is proved by a most remarkable life in the service of Jesus Christ.

sang, 'I do believe, I will believe that Jesus died for me.' When morning came a great joy was still within him. Once more there was family worship, and while he was praying, 'God told him he must go to the other gipsies that were encamped on the same piece of land,'

At once, obedient to the Divine voice, he went and told them what God had done for him. The result is given so simply in the memoir in these graphic words:—'Many of them wept. Turning towards his brother Bartholomew's van he saw him and his wife on their knees.

'The wife was praying to God for mercy, and God saved them then and there. The two brothers, Bartholomew and my father, then commenced a prayer-meeting in one of the tents, and my brother and elder sister were brought to God. In all thirteen gipsies professed to find Christ that morning.'

If William Cowper had never written a line of poetry in addition to that hymn which the Spirit of God has used so often to bring sinners to Christ, he would have conferred an untold blessing upon the Christian Church.

The truth the hymn makes real, and set to verses so sweetly musical, is the Divine fact alone suited to heal hearts troubled and burdened with sin.

I like the hymn so much myself that I am putting one or two verses of it at the close of this brief account of the conversion of Cornelius Smith, that all who read the story here may see what it was that wrought so wonderful a change in the gipsy's life. But you must not forget that God used the words to bring the penitent to himself. And the angels in heaven would rejoice if you were to wash in this fountain filled with blood now.

'There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.'

It Is Curious Who Give.

'It's curious who give. There's Squire Wood; he's put down \$2; his farm's worth \$10,000, and he's money at interest, And thar's Mrs. Brown; she's put down \$5; and I don't believe she's had a new gown in two years, and her bonnet ain't none of the newest, and she's them three grandchildren to support since her son was killed in the army; and she's nothing but her pension to live on. Well, she'll have to scrimp on butter and tea for a while but she'll pay it. She just loves the cause; that's why she gives.'

The same night, having called his children about him, his son writes, 'he put his arms as far round the five of us as they would go, kissing us all, and before we could understand what had happened, he fell on his knees and began to pray.'

Again and again during the night he

