

From Lee

From  
The Author

Cobourg. Ont. 1916



**GIPSY SIMON SMITH**

THE ADVENTURES OF A  
ROLLING STONE

BY

GIPSY SIMON SMITH.

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TRURO, N. S.  
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## INTRODUCTION.

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Gipsy Simon Smith is a child of nature and of grace. You find the marvelous play of both forces through the entire ministry of this unique character.

He is a citizen of both worlds. Gipsy Smith was born on wheels and he has been going ever since.

You need not listen long nor read to any great extent before you realize that he is no counterfeit. The forest is his home. The gipsy is his brother, his sister, his mother, his father. He knows the inhabitants of the forest because he was cradled there. The sweet murmurings of the trees lulled him to sleep; the tempests of the wild woods awakened him. The caress of the forest mother soothed him. To him belong the camp fires of his people, the love songs of the roaming caravans, and the folk-lore of a people strange and weird yet strong and true and affectionate.

Gipsy Simon Smith tells the story of his nomadic tribe with such freshness, originality and raciness that at once you feel the charm and the power of one whose eyes

have seen and whose ears have heard the things that but few are privileged to see or hear. A quiet humor ripples throughout his narratives like some silvery stream pouring from its origin in the hills and flowing on and on to join at length the fulness of the sea beneath. Nothing seems to escape his keen eye. He adorns the trivial and commonplace with a glory that shines forth the greatness of God and gives light to him who knows not what true grandeur really is.

To him story telling is an art born of experience. But to him also story telling is an art vested with tremendous moral meaning. There is a moral to every story. Simon Smith is forever on his job. Like some expert foot ball player he is always on the ball.

He never forgets that he is sent on the greatest mission ever committed to mortal man.

The white light of a great gospel is forever shining as he sings, as he preaches, as he tells the story of his life.

With a voice pure and sweet as a nightingale, with a heart of fire, with an analysis

clear and simple, with a cross around which hangs no doubt or fear or dismay—little wonder that Gipsy Smith is winning hundreds and thousands to the feet of Him to whom every knee shall bow. His volume of story and song shall last and echo and re-echo when other volumes shall fade and crumble into dust.

You ask me why? Because back of all and in all and through all there breathes the breath of life not merely from the grand and lonely forest but the breath of Him who called forth this world and when we were broken and undone by an outraged law He brought us through Christ back to the place of love and power.

NEIL HERMAN,

Pastor Immanuel Baptist Church,

Truro, N. S.

Dec. 5th, 1913.





## PREFATORY NOTE.

Although the first story was written especially for the young, it will no doubt prove amusing, interesting, and instructive to others more advanced in years. Hoping that it will be the means of stirring up the gifts within some who read it, and that it may encourage those who have had a humble start in life to aim higher and press on toward the mark for the prize which awaits those who persevere unto the end,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

THE AUTHOR.

Truro, N. S.

Canada.



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### The Gipsy Boy.

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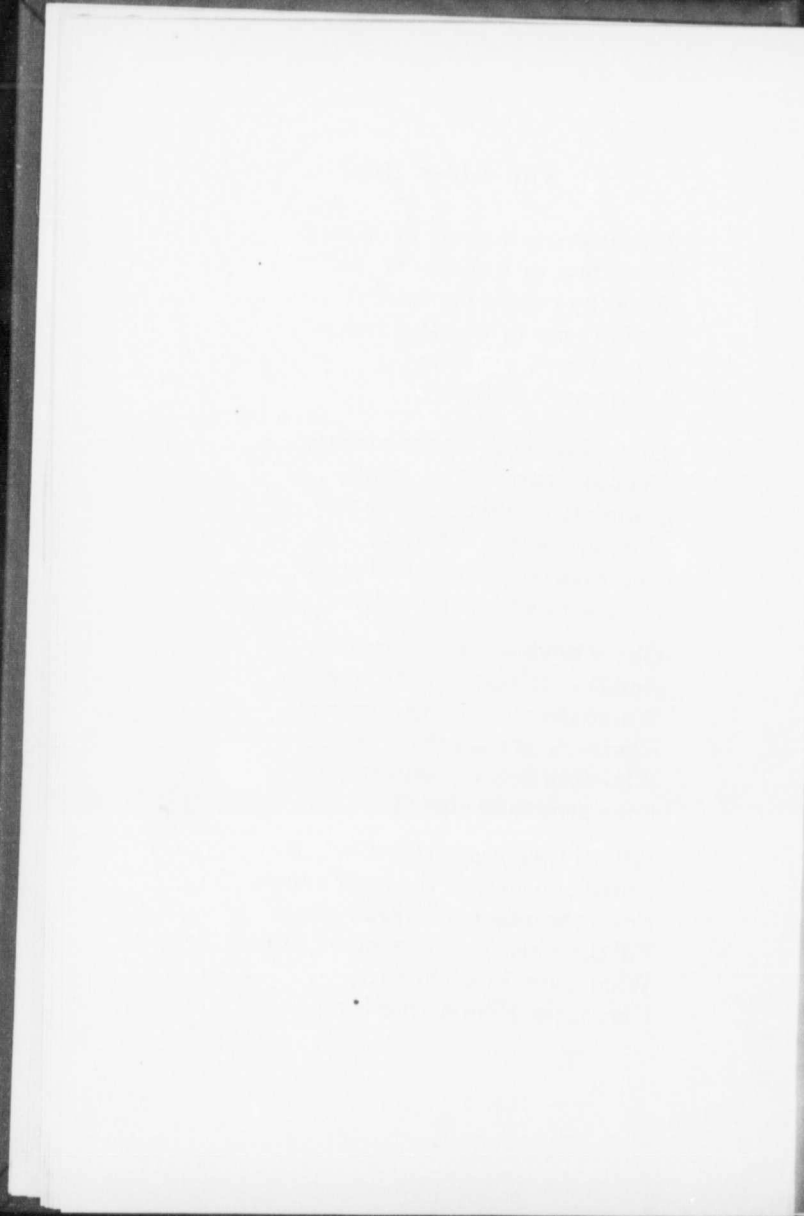
Blessings on thee, my little man,  
Gipsy boy with cheeks of tan,  
With thy ragged pantaloons  
And thy merry whistled tunes;  
Gipsy boy, I wish you joy,  
I was once a gipsy boy.

How I loved the woods to roam,  
Tent and caravan my home,  
And I oft would climb the tree,  
Rosy apples beckoned me,  
And with boyish glee and pride  
Horses frisky I would ride.

Oh for boyhood days again  
And the old camp in the lane,  
Where the choir in feathers sing  
Gladsome praises to our King,  
Who doth deign to find employ  
For a grown-up gipsy boy.

What I was, it matters not,  
Christ can cleanse the leper's spot,  
From the dust can beggars rise,  
Fill their hearts with songs of praise;  
What I am, I owe to Him,  
Christ, the Everlasting King.

G. S. S.



# Only a Gipsy Boy.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE CAMP.

Along the dusty road one hot summer's day, some gipsy caravans might have been seen proceeding towards the next camping ground. The shaggy, long tailed horses, looked tired and appeared to be glad of the rest by the roadside, whilst one of the gipsy tribe went to a cottage to beg some water for them. A pretty colt, which had been nibbling a cabbage leaf picked up in the road, galloped to its mother with a neigh of gladness and took advantage of the halt by refreshing itself. Over the half doors of the caravans could be seen several children, who appeared to be enjoying their ride in their home on wheels, and one of them, on seeing a gentleman pass, clambered down the steps, and running up to him said, "You've got a lucky face, Sir; give the poor gipsy boy a penny, Sir." This he continued to say until the gentleman gave him a penny. Just then some women in gay coloured shawls and kerchiefs, and carrying

large baskets, appeared; these were the gipsy women, who had been selling their wares at the houses as they journeyed. They walk many miles each day, often carrying a heavy basket and also a baby in a sling. After the horses had partaken of a refreshing drink and the gipsies had filled their kettles from the wells at the cottages, the journey was resumed. At last the camping ground—an old brick field, where this tribe had stayed before—was reached. The tired horses were soon let loose and after enjoying a good roll and then a vigorous shake, which is, I suppose, their way of taking a bath, they soon were engaged finding where the sweetest grass grew. For a short time all was commotion: the men were pitching the tents, the lads were making fires, while the women were preparing the evening meal—and as gipsies do not often trouble about cooking dinners, everybody has a big appetite when evening approaches. The cloth is spread on the grass and some quaint cups and saucers are brought from the glass cupboard in the caravan. Gipsies are very fond of old-fashioned china, and some of them possess very valuable collections. Of course, the children could not be trusted with the best



china; they had to use small basins. Very soon the fresh herrings or sausages have finished frying, and the wanderers do full justice to the spread. A lurcher dog looks wistfully from one to the other and waves his thanks with his tail as he receives pieces from various members of the family. He is well known and prized as an honest dog, who will bring a shoulder of mutton safely to the camp from the butcher's without stopping to eat any of it on the road. Alas, that he should have met with an untimely end through playing hide-and-seek with some rabbits on a gentleman's estate. The gamekeeper who shot him evidently was not aware of his good qualities. I must confess that he was often absent from the camp for some hours after sunset, but he did not always go alone, and the next day at meal-time the gipsies would often say "Cushty Juckle," which means "Good Dog." After the evening meal all gather round the camp fire. The old women can be heard uttering a word strange to us; it is "Fogus." But we soon learn its meaning when they commence to fill their black pipes with tobacco. The incidents of the day are discussed first of all, then many interesting stories of past travels are recount-

ed. The gipsies have good memories—they never forget a kindness—and old Tilly Lee will often tell of the dear kind “gorgio” (house-dweller) who gave her a blanket to keep her dear “Topsy” warm when he had rheumatic fever. Or Susan Smith will thank the Lord for the kindness of the lady who ordered her cook to make her a cup of tea during the day. Thus the time passes around the camp fire; the children begin to nod their heads and very soon one after another retires to the tents and caravans, where on beds of straw the wanderers enjoy that sweet repose which a millionaire might covet and yet never obtain with all his wealth. As the fire burns low the older members of the tribe, who are loth to leave, talk of the past, as the broken soldier in Goldsmith’s poem, who

“Sat by the fire and talked the night  
away.

Wept o’er his wounds or tales of sorrow  
done.

Shouldered his crutch and showed how  
how fields were won.”

So old Solly Cooper recounts his great race with Barthy Smith and relates on account of a skirmish with gamekeepers; then the

conversation turns to horses, dogs, hares and hedgehogs, until the last has retired and all is still in the gipsy camp.

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## CHAPTER II.

### A GIPSY BABY.

The next morning there was rejoicing in the camp, for soon the news spread that a little baby boy had joined the Smith tribe. Mrs. Smith, or "Aunt Susan" as the other gipsies called her, was not a real Romany, but many years before these events took place, of which I am writing, she had, much against her people's wishes, married Bartholomew Smith, and took up her abode with the wanderers. The new baby did not look a bit like a gipsy baby, for it had fair hair and blue eyes. When it was three weeks old it was dressed in its best, and the gipsy women, adorned with their gay shawls, big gold ear-rings and coral necklets, accompanied Aunt Susan to the church near the brickfield to have baby christened. Gipsies are very fond of Bible names—not because they know very much about the Bible, for, sad to say, hun-

dreds have never learned to read. But, perhaps long, long ago they might have belonged to those tribes who lived in tents, when Abraham and Isaac were wanderers, like gipsies are today, and they have kept the old names; so the new baby was called Simon. As he was carried from door to door—for the women, as they sell their wares, always carry their babies in slings—many of the people would remark upon his fair complexion, and some would not believe that Simon was a gipsy baby at all, but seemed to think that they had stolen him. The idea that gipsies steal children is a mistaken and silly one. Most of them have so many children of their own to provide for, that they would not think of taking others away. It may be true that long ago, when a great many circus tents were scattered about the country, children were sometimes taken and trained to be acrobats, but circus people are not gipsies. As Simon grew up he became just about the same as the average gipsy boy. He loved to be lifted up on the back of the wagon horse or to sit upon the footboard when they were travelling through the country. He often would lay awake in the tent or caravan and listen with delight to the rain

pattering on the roof; it seemed to be music to him. When his father would be caning chairs or making clothes pegs, Simon would watch with great interest, and the smell of the green willow shavings had a great attraction for him.

Now although his father was a gipsy, he was a good man, and each night in the caravan the family would be gathered together to have family prayers. This had not always been the custom; at one time Bartholomew Smith would sometimes get the worse for drink. Once he took a donkey to sell at the nearest town, and having sold it he spent all the money in drink. Another time, through mixing up with bad companions, he was locked up, although he was quite innocent—thus the danger of carelessly choosing companions. Then no doubt on many occasions rabbits, hares, and other dainties would find their way to the camp, but since the night when this rough gipsy, with his two brothers, went to a service at a Mission Hall, and heard a wonderful story of God's love to sinners, how He sent His only son to die on the Cross that the very lowest—even gipsies—might be pardoned from all sin, and through faith in Jesus Christ obtain ever-

lasting life, since that night a wonderful change had taken place in the lives of those rough men. Often times in the evening one of the Smith brothers would get his violin and start a well-known hymn; soon others would gather round, and together in their simple hearty way the company would sing praises to God. Perhaps you will think Simon was a strange boy when I tell you that whenever he heard music or singing he would hide away in a corner of the tent or caravan and cry.

We read of God speaking to the boy Samuel, and perhaps God was speaking to Simon, but he did not know it at the time. Then the gipsies would have prayer meetings. They could not read or write, but they could sing and pray. Simon's mother always taught the children to say their prayers, and he offered a very strange prayer one day—one which his mother had not taught him. It so happened that as the waggon horse was harnessed, waiting to be put in the shafts, he suddenly thought he would have a gallop round the field. Perhaps he did not want to leave such a nice place, but the gipsies had to move on, and just at that time Jerry's—for that was the name of the horse—pranks were not ap-

preciated. Now Simon had heard his father say that if we pray to God in faith, He will answer our petitions. Therefore he knelt down in the middle of the field and prayed his first public prayer in this fashion: "Lord, stop old Jerry from running away." His prayer evidently was answered, for the horse allowed himself to be caught and was soon pulling the caravan on towards the next camping ground.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### DAYS OF DARKNESS.

Simon had a sister whose name was Mary; they were constant companions. She was a bright little girl of seven, and, like all little girls, she was fond of dolls. One day Mary, with her dolls, and Simon, might have been seen waiting at the corner of the road where the camp was situated; they were waiting for their father, who had been absent for a few days. A horse and cart stood near and Mary began to climb the wheel, when suddenly the horse started and in a moment she was killed. The mother was beside herself as she saw them

carrying the mangled body of her darling child towards the camp, and great was the distress of the returning father. Simon was one of those who followed the bearers of the coffin to the cemetery. He missed his playmate sorely, and oftentimes since then he has looked upon a broken doll hidden away—the one which Mary carried on that fatal day. A few weeks afterwards another sorrow overtook the family, namely, the death of little Elijah. This little fellow, just before he passed away in that gipsy caravan, told his parents that he was going to the place called Heaven to live with the angels. He had not forgotten what they had taught him, and believing what he had told them made the parting much easier.

Some time after this Simon's father decided to settle down. He had never learned to read or write, and there are thousands of gipsy boys and girls in our country to-day who do not know their letters, and will never know them whilst they are driven from one place to another. You see, sometimes gipsies are only allowed to stay in a field or on a common one night, then they are told to move on. Therefore the children never have an opportunity of going to



school, and even if they did go they are not always made welcome. In those days every man's hand seemed to be against the gipsies. The following incident will show how they were persecuted. The caravan had halted by a roadside, and whilst Simon's mother had gone to the village to purchase food his father picked up a few dry sticks in the hedge just to warm some bread and milk for the youngest child, when a girl who was passing went to the farmer and told him that the gipsies were breaking down his hedge. When Mrs. Smith returned she discovered that her husband had been taken to the lock-up some miles away, and carrying her babe that cold winter's night she walked to where he had been taken, in order to try and secure his release. This and many other such incidents made Simon's father anxious to settle down, and to do so would be to give the children a chance to attend school and learn to read and write. A suitable place was found near the Wanstead Flats, a portion of Epping Forest, on which some of the children had been born. Soon a small wooden cottage was erected and Simon had the opportunity of living in a real house. Now gipsies are not troubled with

a lot of furniture—the children generally sit on the ground or floor of the caravan to partake of their meals—but when the Smith family moved into the little cottage some chairs and a table were purchased, and a real bedstead. Alas, Simon came to grief the first night, for he tumbled out of bed twice, and in despair he decided to finish his night's rest upon the floor. In his youthful days Bartholomew Smith had been a swift runner, often winning sums of money, but over-exertion had weakened his heart, and shortly after settling down in the wooden cottage he began to feel poorly. One night several gipsies might have been seen gathered together around the bedside of this rough gipsy man. He was bidding them all good-bye; he said that the angels had come for him. Simon heard these words, and leaving his bed went to his father's side. There he saw his mother weeping and he soon discovered that his father was dying. It seemed that in that humble cottage the dying gipsy could see what others could not, for after asking Simon to be good to his mother, this member of a strange wandering people said, "Lord, let thou Thy servant depart in peace." This one who had run many a

race said "I have finished the course." A great number of gipsies from numerous camps gathered round the grave to pay their last respects to Uncle Barthy, as they used to call him, and many others who had learned to love him because of the good life he had lived since he had become a humble servant of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, for he delighted to talk of the wonderful Saviour, who left the heavenly places and became a little child, who grew up and went about doing good, and with tears in his eyes he would tell how cruel men nailed the Saviour to the Cross on Calvary. "Yes," the gipsy would say, "He died for me, even me, that my sins might be blotted out, and some day I shall see Him for He arose again from the dead, and although they put my body in the cold grave my soul cannot be buried; it will go to the place called Heaven. I don't know where Heaven is but where Jesus is that is Heaven." So at an early age Simon became a fatherless boy.

## CHAPTER IV.

### SCHOOL DAYS.

Having settled down, Simon was sent to school, but although he was sent, I am sorry to say he did not always go. You must remember that he had been used to roaming about, and to sit in school on a hot summer's day was hard indeed. His thoughts would wander to the fields, with their carpets of buttercups and daisies, to the songs of the birds, and to the music of the rippling streams. Sometimes he would pass the afternoon away in a neighboring gravel pit, which contained a lot of water, and with some planks which he found would make a raft and go upon an imaginary voyage across the sea. One day he fell in, and as the water was rather chilly no doubt Simon felt uncomfortable. On Guy Fawkes' day another boy invited him to help in making a "guy" in his garden. They then found bushes and a number of empty baskets at the back of a warehouse, which I really do not think were lost. These were heaped upon one another, the "guy" placed upon the heap, and I might say that some tar which they had also found was

smear over the "guy". Then Simon thought he would like to blacken his face, so dipping his hands in the tar he soon plentifully daubed himself so much that his own mother did not know him when he went home. He forgot about his personal appearance in his delight at seeing the fire blaze away, but unfortunately later the heat caused his face to smart very much. He looked so funny that his mother really had to laugh at him, and when she rubbed some oil on his face to allay the smarting his appearance was not improved. The tar gradually came off, accompanied by sundry portions of skin, and after many days it was possible for Simon to go to school again. One day, when on the way to school, he saw a man come out of a shop with a box in his hand; a dog kept jumping at the box, and this aroused Simon's curiosity. Presently the man opened the box and out jumped several mice. The dog commenced biting them as they sought to escape, and seeing one that had only received a nip, Simon picked it up, placed it in his pocket and proceeded to school. Arriving there he told the boy who was sitting next to him of the mouse in his pocket. This boy then told the

teacher, who was a lady. Now ladies do not seem to like mice, and this one told Simon that he must take the creature out and let it loose at once. The gipsy boy was very fond of animals. I have known him to give his dinner on more than one occasion to a poor stray dog, and he would cry when his mother told him he could not keep it. Having no desire to part with the mouse, he went round a corner and endeavored to find a place where he could safely hide it until his school lessons had finished. Then a bright idea occurred to him; why not hide it in his stocking? This he quickly did and returned to his class, but very soon Simon was sorry for being disobedient, for the creature no doubt enjoyed the snug nest, and recovering from the dog bite, began to climb about the boy's leg, much to his discomfort. At first the mouse tickled him just a little, which made Simon laugh, then it tickled him more, which made him squirm and shriek. The startled teacher and scholars wondered whatever could be the matter, and thought surely he must be going mad. But unable to bear it any longer, Simon confessed that the cause of the trouble was the mouse in the stocking. Of course

he was marched out, and the two boys escorting him saw that it was really let loose this time. On returning the teacher informed him that disobedience must be punished, and Simon soon learned that the way of the transgressor is hard. His mother (or "Aunt Susan") continued to follow her occupation as a hawker or pedlar, and the family—for there were three boys younger than Simon—were often hard put to it, sometimes lacking the bare necessities for living. When the burden seemed too hard for her to bear, this poor widow could often be heard beseeching God to help her and give her strength, and had she not received consolation from Him, who even careth for the sparrows, it would have been impossible to have survived the hardships and sorrows which beset her path. Her children were always warned to beware of strong drink, of wicked companions, and of all evil. Simon always accompanied his mother to worship on the Sabbath, but he always succeeded in going to sleep. Bravely he would try to keep awake, even severely pinching himself, but all his efforts failed to put to flight the drowsy god. One Sunday evening his head could be seen executing sundry jerks

and bobs, when unfortunately he made an extra bob forward and brought his nose into violent contact with the pew in front of him. Simon saw stars, and blood, and you will not be surprised to hear that he kept awake during the rest of the service. On one occasion the seats at this place of worship had been varnished, and when the people wanted to arise to sing the opening hymn they discovered that it required a special effort to do so, but as none of them wore very fashionable attire perhaps another stain did not trouble them.

After his father's death the lad looked about for employment, and at the age of eleven we find that his schooldays were over and he obtained a situation at a chemist's shop, where his chief duties consisted in washing bottles and taking the medicine home to the customers. One day the master told Simon that he thought he ought to wear a collar, and presented him with one of his own. Of course it was much too large, and being very high made the boy feel very uncomfortable. How it chafed and irritated him! What silly things to have to wear, he thought. So after being at the chemist's twelve months the gipsy boy, who objected to collars, resigned. He



says, "I did not mind beating herbs with a pestal, although some of them did not smell a bit like lavender, and I did not object to holding cats and dogs while the master gave them a dose of poison, although I often got scratched, but I did draw the line at wearing my master's collars." There was only one thing which grieved him, and that was the knowledge that his mother would surely miss the 4s. 6d. which he had been earning weekly. Now in the East end of London a good man, who liked to help poor boys and girls, had built a home for the homeless and poor. Each year he would send a great number of boys and girls to Canada, and Simon, who had heard of this, found his way to his home at Stepney Causeway one morning and asked if he could be taken to Canada. It so happened that the good man, who was no other than that father of the fatherless, Dr. Barnardo, had met Simon's father and had admired the diamond in the rough, and when the lad told him that he was anxious to go to the land across the seas for the purpose of helping his mother, the doctor, who was so fond of patting poor boys on the head and saying "God bless you," made another boy happy by telling

him that he should have his request granted.

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## CHAPTER V.

### AMONG THE WAIFS AND STRAYS.

First of all the gipsy boy had to enter the receiving house, where with many others he stayed a few days before entering the home proper. Many of the boys had been found sleeping out in empty vans, in barrels or boxes, and the majority of them were ragged, very dirty, and quite destitute. A few were respectable, but unfortunate orphans. These did not have to mix up with those who were dirty during the period of waiting in the receiving house. Simon was placed in a room with some orphan boys. When the time to enter the home arrived, a barber appeared upon the scene and each boy had a good crop. Then came the order of the bath. Some of these boys were strangers to soap and combs, and after the hair cut and bath did not look like the same boys—especially when they donned the smart little uniform provided by the institution. To hear some of

the boys relate how they used to pick pockets when engaged in selling matches or newspapers, went to show the depths from which they had been lifted. They would steal to enable them to go to a low music hall, or have a tanner (sixpence) on a horse—for many of them gambled or were gamblers. Whilst in the receiving house these urchins would imitate some theatrical villain, and armed with an old rusty knife, one would imitate the actor committing some terrible deed. All this amused the gipsy boy, and at the same time it reveals how the seed of crime is sown in the hearts of these outcasts. There were a great many boys in the home at Stepney Causeway, and like all boys, they were full of fun and mischief. When the bugle sounded the first morning at six o'clock, Simon arose with the others, for at the second blast every boy had to be on parade, but somehow or other he could not separate his head from the pillow. He tugged until tears came to his eyes, but, no, that pillow would not budge. To the great amusement of the boys he was compelled to walk downstairs with it on his head; and finally with the aid of a pair of scissors he found relief. It was then discovered that some mis-

chievous boy who was engaged in the boot shop had placed a piece of heel-ball under Simon's head whilst he slept; of course, the heat had softened it and made it stick. Employment was found in the large kitchen for Simon—where he helped to make bread, cleaned knives and forks, and made himself generally useful. One day he and another lad quarrelled in the kitchen. Simon happened to be standing with his back towards a tub of hot water, when the other lad pushed him backwards, and needless to say the gipsy boy arose somewhat heated. Result No. 1, a scalded pair of trousers, and the other side, No. 2, a black eye. Soon the time arrived when the boys should start for Canada. Each boy was provided with a new suit, and it was great fun to see them trying on the new garments—they would strut up and down the room like peacocks. 'Busses conveyed them from Stepney to Euston Station, and it was indeed a touching sight, as the boys' band played "Far away in foreign country," to see relatives weeping as they bade the boys farewell. It is possible for the very lowest to love, and to see some of those really terrible-looking creatures, in some instances—mothers who had allowed

their offspring to shift for themselves from infancy—to see them taking their last farewell, proved that in spite of their previous neglect there still existed a spark of love in their hearts for their children. Alas, how drink and sin tends to crush and drive out all that is good within. Many of these were themselves homeless, therefore could not, if they would, offer the children a shelter.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### OFF TO CANADA.

Arriving at Liverpool, the boys were marched aboard the steamship "Peruvian." The gipsy boy, like the others, was delighted to be able to walk the deck of a real ship. I think there were over one hundred boys, and the forecastle was assigned to them for their quarters. There were bunks and hammocks; the latter being slung over the tables, it was therefore bed and dining room combined. Soon the vessel was loosed from her moorings and the voyage had commenced, and after evening prayers these happy boys retired to

their bunks and hammocks to dream of pirates, coral islands and cannibals. The anchor was dropped at the North coast of Ireland in order to enable some passengers to go aboard, and very soon they were able to see the mighty rollers of the Atlantic. Somehow the boys did not appear to be so happy at first, and Simon declared that if there had been a back door he would have left and gone home. He said: "First we went up and then down, then the ship would give a shiver like a mighty animal shaking itself, then it would tip sideways until every moment it really seemed that it must capsize, and, worst of all, we were all deeply moved." But after a day or two they became used to the queer antics of the "Peruvian," and having recovered from the attack of "never-no-more-once-I-get-over-this," the boys soon began to enjoy the voyage. I said that the hammocks were slung over the tables, and on boarding the vessel there was a regular scramble for them; but there was not enough for all, so some of the lads were disappointed. Some of these lads, one night when the occupants of the hammocks were peacefully slumbering, cut the ropes which supported them, and you can imagine the feelings of

the unfortunate boys when they fell on the tables beneath, upon sundry tin plates and cups; no doubt they thought the ship had struck a rock. Of course I do not suggest that Simon had anything to do with it, but I know that one day two other boys and he waylaid the steward who was carrying a tin of plum-duff from the galley, and—well, if they had a pain in the waistcoat afterwards it just served them right.

The voyage was uneventful save that some whales were seen blowing and a beautiful iceberg could be seen glistening in the distance. The lads were much interested in watching the porpoises playing around the vessel, and after an interesting voyage the port of Halifax was reached. From thence they travelled through Canada, and at various stations along the line the boys were put off in order that they might go to the situations which had been provided for them. After travelling several hundred miles Simon was put off at a place in Ontario, with another lad. The address of the farmers for whom they were to work had been given them and they were informed that a stage coach would soon be going in that direction. They therefore seated themselves on a log in the yard where

the stage coach pulled up, and whilst so doing a lady who had noticed them from her kitchen approached them and said, "Well, my boys, and where are you from?" The gipsy boy told her that they had just arrived from England. "Did you have a pleasant voyage?" asked the lady. "Not all the way," said Simon, "and we are hungry." Now you know that gipsy boys know how to ask for things without exactly begging, and you must remember these boys were near the kitchen—it was a bow at a venture, but it hit the target. "Could you eat an apple pie?" said the kind lady. "We'll try," said Simon. Then the lady brought out that apple pie to those two hungry boys, and the way they caused it to disappear would have made a conjurer envious. You see, they had been so interested looking out of the windows of the cars for nearly two days that they had not troubled to eat the biscuits and salt beef which had been brought from the ship. They thanked the lady and when the stage coach arrived resumed their journey. On reaching the turn pike, where he had to turn for the farm which was to be his future home, Simon bade his companion farewell, and they never again met.



Placing his box of clothes under a bush until he should return for them, the gipsy boy, now feeling very lonely, realised for the first time that he was a stranger in a strange land, and by the time he reached the farmhouse he had almost wished that he had never left his mother and home. Tremblingly he knocked at the door as the sheep dog barked the news that a stranger had arrived. "Please I'm the boy from England," said he, as a woman opened the door. The farmer was then called from the barn, and after asking the lad a few questions he soon introduced Simon to some of his duties.

Now the lad was not much over twelve years of age and was not very tall, and he had to adopt very queer methods in order to fulfil some of his duties. For instance, when he had to harness his horses which he used on the harrows, it was necessary for him to climb into the mangers to put on their collars, and oftentimes on to their backs to adjust other straps. On more than one occasion he was sent to take the horses from the pasture to the barn, and being fond of riding, but being unable to mount alone, he would sometimes succeed in approaching a horse which was lying

down, and get on its back; of course it had to get up with Simon perched on top. Very soon the lad could handle a team of horses on the harrows or light plough, and could milk, and for about fourteen hours each day had to make himself generally useful. He did not mind the work, but unfortunately his master was very fond of whiskey and then the gipsy boy would have to make himself scarce. On more than one occasion he had to seek refuge in the stable all night, and as it is bitterly cold in the winter you may be sure Simon did not feel very happy. Of course, those who had sent the lad there were not to blame; they did their utmost to find suitable situations for the boys. Arrangements had been made for this lad to attend school four months in the winter, working before and after school hours on the farm. He was indeed happy at the little school house near the pine woods on the hill, and delighted to join the other children tobogganing down the snow-covered slopes. Then on Sundays Simon would go some distance where a Sunday School was held, and in his humble way he would often pray to God whilst working in the fields. At evening time, after the day's toil was over, he

would sometimes sit on the verandah and sing some hymns which he had learned, and sometimes as he thought of home and his dear mother he would silently weep.

In that farmhouse was a sister-in-law of the farmer, who was suffering with a cancer. One day she called the boy into her room and said, "My boy you will never know the good you have done through coming here." "What good have I done?" said he. "Since you have been here," said the suffering, dying woman, "I have obtained comfort and peace through your little hymns which you have been singing on the verandah," and a few days after she departed to that land where all is peace and where there is no more pain, no tears or death. So the gipsy boy had unconsciously been doing good, and you, my reader, can do the same perhaps through singing those sweet hymns which you know, or by visiting the sick and reading a portion of God's word, or perhaps by taking a bunch of flowers to them and saying a few sympathetic loving words. We can all do something—God has His divine plan concerning you. There is work for all, and if we join the unemployed ranks it is our own fault. There was a gipsy boy

with a deep longing for his mother and home, in a strange land among strangers, but God had ordained that he should be the means of bringing light and peace into that troubled heart. It reminds us of the story of the little servant girl in the land of Syria, in the household of Naaman. She was perhaps an orphan, and no doubt she often wept as she thought of her home in far off Samaria, but as she fulfilled her duties and waited upon Mrs. Naaman her faith in the God of Israel remained firm. It was no doubting testimony, but her firm assurance, which caused her master to make the journey to see the prophet Elisha, to seek recovery from his leprosy. The maid had said, "Would my Lord were with the prophet in Samaria, He would recover him of his leprosy," and this bold statement from a little servant caused the great man to go and seek the cleansing which he eventually obtained. So can the young people today tell others of a God who can cleanse away the great disease of sin, which is spiritual leprosy.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

At the end of the first year Simon was engaged by another farmer, who was very kind to him, but after working two years in Canada the gipsy lad could resist the longings for mother and home no longer, and finding that he had saved enough to pay his fare he started on the return journey. Arriving at Halifax, he discovered that the ship would not be sailing for two days; therefore he had to seek a lodging. Now he had ten shillings left after paying his fare, but was most anxious to take that sum home to his mother. After looking about the town he discovered a sailors' home, and succeeded in procuring a free lodging there. The next day, not wishing to spend any of his scanty earnings, even in food, he went down to the quay, and seeing some passengers boarding a vessel, the lad offered to carry their luggage on board. By this means he soon managed to earn thirty cents—much to his delight. A loaf of bread and some cheese were sufficient to satisfy Simon until the next day, when the steamer "Brittanic" started

homeward bound for Liverpool. In those days the steerage accommodation was very poor indeed. The passengers were herded together like cattle, and oftentimes the atmosphere in the steerage quarters was stifling. A lad like the subject of this story, who was used to open-air treatment, found it very trying indeed, and he preferred to sleep on an iron grating over the stokeholds. The food, too, was not inviting enough to even tempt the hungry, and thankful was Simon when after a very rough voyage Liverpool was reached. Needless to say, his mother was very pleased to see him once again, and, although he had only ten shillings to give her, the lad felt that he had done his best, and determined that he would strive to be a comfort to his dear mother, who had so bravely worked to keep him and his younger brothers since their father's death. Of course, these little fellows wanted to hear the many stories which their brother had to tell about Canada, and no doubt they looked upon him as a hero. The next morning Simon was up and out looking for work, and at ten o'clock he was engaged in swinging a sledge-hammer and making himself generally useful at a small factory. "I

want work," said he to the master. "Very well," said he, "When can you start?" "Now, right away," said the lad, and so we find the boy, who had only arrived home at midnight, engaged for the noble sum of 2½d. per hour at ten o'clock that morning. Some time after this we find the gipsy lad in the employ of a horse-dealer. This occupation was more to his liking and he was very happy whilst handling young, high-spirited horses. Then wishing to see a little more of the world, he paid a visit to Holland, and from thence went to the United States of America. I cannot tell you now of all his adventures, for he became a royer and went to America sixteen times in connection with the horse-dealing business, also travelling through Texas and Mexico, and Central America.

This little story is written to tell you of Simon's adventures as a boy with the hope that it may encourage other boys to try and help their mothers and to trust in their mother's God.

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Although he had been taught the right way by his mother, I am sorry to say Simon did not always walk in it. As he grew

up and went out into the world, he was thrown into the company of wicked men, and one of the things which the gipsy lad learned to do was to gamble and bet. Let any lad who reads this little book beware of these evils. It was in the cabin on a ship where Simon was first asked to make up the number at a game of cards. "Only for fun," they said, and through commencing to play just for fun the passion for gambling grew upon him until he became a slave to it. Many a promising career has been spoiled, many a life ruined, many a convict been made, and many have committed suicide through the evils of betting and gambling, so beware! Sad to say, the lad neglected to go to a place of worship, forgot to read the Bible or to pray, and a lad who does that is sure to go wrong. But there came a time when he, like the prodigal, came to himself; he, like the sheep, had gone astray, but calling out, the Good Shepherd heard him and rescued him, taking him back to the fold; and He is ready to do this for all who will call. Many years did this gipsy boy's mother pray that he might become a Christian. God not only answered her prayer but He did more, He made Simon a preacher and in the next



story he will relate how he was called to be a gospel messenger.







The Adventures of a Rolling  
Stone.

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*By "Gipsy" Simon Smith, Evangelist.*

## The Adventures of a Rolling Stone.

People called me a rolling stone, but what could they expect from a gipsy? I was born on wheels, that is to say in a caravan. I loved to travel and see other lands and other peoples. I had been in the employ of a horse-trader in the city of London for some time, when a strong desire to travel came upon me, and I resolved to visit the United States. After purchasing my ticket to Chicago, (which took me by Holland) I had just a few shillings left to provide for my needs in the new country. We had a terrible voyage. A storm raged for a week. The food and accommodation were of the worst kind, for I did not go first-class. An American and myself were the only English-speaking people on board, and about the only English he used consisted of swear words; he cursed everybody and everything. After being caged and questioned on Ellis's Island I landed in New York and proceeded from thence to Chicago. On my arrival there I noticed a well dressed man walking about outside

the depot, and I asked him if he could direct me to a certain office of which I had heard. He appeared to be very polite and offered to guide me to the office, saying that he was going in that direction. I followed my guide until he opened a door and bade me walk in. Immediately I entered, the door was locked, and I realized that I had been trapped by a sharper. The place I had entered appeared to be a low drinking den, and my false guide called three others of his kind and I was quickly relieved of my small stock of money. As I walked once more along the streets, friendless, penniless and hungry, my first impressions of Chicago were anything but flattering. Then a boy came along shouting "Paper," and behold in the corner of my vest pocket I discovered the price of a paper. Purchasing one, I looked down the situations vacant column, and there discovered the following advertisement:—"Farm hands wanted; enquire at the Employment Agency, Van Buren Street." I found this office without any assistance from well dressed gentlemen, and entering stated my wants. The young man informed me that he could provide me with a situation, but that the

fee was \$2. I told him that I was stranded, and taking my bag, left the office, wondering what the next move should be. As I left the sidewalk I noticed a man eyeing me in a suspicious manner. Now I was not eighteen years of age, but had done a little boxing and was quite ready to stand up to one man at a time; and said I to myself, "If this is a sharper I'll give him something for his trouble." Approaching me he said "Are you out of work?" "Yes, are you," said I. I did not speak very politely either. "I wanted someone to work for me," said this man. Said I, "My friend, you are late, and the other fellow got ahead of you at the depot; he cleaned me out, you are only wasting your time on me; find someone that has something to lose."

He then assured me that he was an honest man, a farmer who had come to Chicago, to the employment agency to procure a man, and that he was willing to engage me. Once again I assured him that I had nothing to lose, and as he appeared to be straightforward I agreed to work for him, on his farm. After this decision, he said: "We will go to the depot; I'll carry your bag," and he reached out

for it. "Hold on," said I, "I've lost things before." It suddenly dawned upon me that he might run off with the few clothes which I had. "Don't you trust me?" said the stranger. Just then I espied over the way a quick lunch counter, and I was very hungry. Now, thought I, if he will buy me a meal I will trust him and pointing to the lunch room I said "I am hungry, if you buy me a meal I'll come with you." He willingly consented. My new found friend then took me by train to a place called Prairie View, Illinois, where his farm was situated. He proved himself a friend in need. Out of evil came good, for if I had not lost those few dollars at the hands of those sharpers, I should never have met Charlie Albrecht, who, afterwards with his brother Herman, became like brothers to me. After about a year in Illinois I returned to England and continued as a horse-trader's man. Gipsies are naturally fond of horse trading, and like the Arabs and Indians and other wandering tribes, are expert horsemen. I sometimes think of the days at Prairie View when, just for fun, to the consternation of my friends, I would mount an unbroken colt, and without bridle or saddle, go at a break neck



speed over the fields. Before I was twenty years of age I was back again in the United States purchasing horses for traders in London, England. I crossed the ocean a good many times in connection with this business. It was a hard life, and one was compelled to mix up with hard characters, men who would gamble, drink and curse. I have known them to drink rum until they were just crazed and then fight each other with the empty bottles. More than once I have been the only sober man amongst the cattlemen and horsemen, and have been compelled to lock myself up in the cabin away from those men who made the night hideous with their groans and curses. One could only imagine what Hell would be like under such circumstances. In a wonderful way I have been kept from taking intoxicants all my life,—the desire has never come upon me. It was a common thing to hear those men say, "It's no use asking him to drink." I made no profession of goodness, never attended a place of worship in those days, never read the bible or any good books. My mother, who was one of God's sweetest saints, would say to me each time I left home: "My boy, I shall be praying for

you, wherever you may be my prayers will follow you." Her prayers haunted me. She would pray over me, and out of respect for her I would kneel, as she commended me to God's keeping, before saying good bye. One morning, I remember getting up very early before she was awake, and creeping gently out of the house, made off to the vessel without saying goodbye. That prayer and the good-bye used to make me feel bad, and so I dodged them; but when I returned I had to promise mother that I would never do so again. With every twenty horses shipped across the Atlantic we were allowed to take one man as helper, who received a free return passage and his food. Some times we would meet with strange characters working their passage. I remember one young man who worked for me, and when we returned to New York he insisted upon taking me to his home. I did so and judge of my surprise when he entered a magnificent mansion on Fifth Avenue. He had worked his passage to England just for mere love of adventure. Students from the various colleges, would also adopt this cheap means of visiting England during their vacation. I remember one from Yale. He came t

me as we were loading horses in New York and said that he wanted to work his passage to England. "It's a rough job," said I. He was a smart looking man with rather long hair. He said that he wished to work his passage so that he could write a story entitled "Life on a cattle ship," and he wanted to get first hand experience. "Come on board, you will get all the experience you want," said I. He began to get it when we got out to sea. He soon had a berth day, some people have several when at sea. One day I was attracted by hearing shouts from the end of the vessel where my horses stood. Thinking one of the animals had fallen I ran down, and there on a hatchway I saw my assistant on his knees, while a drunken cattleman had him by the hair with one hand and in his other he brandished an axe. It was a critical moment, and I was just in time to relieve him from his dangerous position. Said he, "That was a close shave." I thought it was nearly a hair cut, but could not refrain from remarking—"What a fine chapter that will make in your book of experience." As fights were very common on board, and in order to protect myself from bullies, I have often had to participate in them, I

have known a drink-soddened cattleman to hit another over the head at the dinner table with a dish filled with hot greens. It was no unusual thing to have to strap some of them down to their bunks when suffering from delirium tremens. Oftentimes they would steal the alcohol and sweet-nitre which we used for horse medicine, and drink it. There seems to be no limit to the depths to which a person will sink through drink. I have heard people compare a drunkard to the beasts of the field. It is an insult to the beasts. An animal knows when it has had enough to drink, then it quits; a drunkard does not. The beasts of the field will not drink polluted water; the drunkard drinks poisoned water. What beast will neglect and forsake its offspring? Drink makes a man a fiend. It is the devil's specialty for keeping people out of heaven.

Some wealthy Mexican gentlemen engaged me to travel for them, and it was a welcome change to travel the prairies instead of the ocean. The life was by no means easy; sometimes I would not see a bed for weeks. Then in various parts of Mexico I dare not leave the horses, which were very valuable, for a moment, owing

to the presence of thieving half-breeds, who, if they could not steal a horse, would strip him off his tail and mane with which they could plait hair bridles.

In the city of Mexico I witnessed a bull fight, a popular sport there, and one which is engaged in on Sunday. As I saw six bulls killed that afternoon, and these poor frenzied creatures killed eleven horses, I wondered how so many thousands of people, including ladies, could enjoy such slaughter-house scenes, and I vowed that my first visit should also be my last. Right near the bull baiting arena horse-racing was in full swing, and Sunday in Mexico seemed to be one great day of so called amusements.

After I had become known as a trustworthy horse traders man, for I had spent large sums of money for English traders, the Minister of Agriculture of Guatemala sought for my services, and I soon found myself taking horses from Chicago to that interesting portion of Central South America. We shipped from New Orleans across the Gulf of Mexico to Port du Barries, thence overland to Guatamala City. On the return journey I was compelled to take ship to British Honduras

and wait there for a banana boat to take me back to New Orleans. Whilst waiting the arrival of this vessel I was stricken with malarial fever. Being without money, for I would not carry any for fear of robbery, and I had arranged to receive my pay in New Orleans, I was in a terrible plight. I was lying in a disused light-house keeper's hut. An old coloured woman acted the good Samaritan and would bring me some rain water to drink, and some bread which would be moistened with cocoanut fat. As I lay there suffering and tormented with myriads of mosquitoes and sand-flies, I thought of my mother in her humble home, I could hear her parting words: "Don't forget, my boy, I shall pray for you wherever you go," and I thought if I die here and am buried in an unknown grave it will break my mother's heart. I was very near death's dark valley, and I uttered a prayer something like this, "Oh God, I am unworthy of Thy mercy, not fit to live, and not fit to die, but for my dear mother's sake spare my worthless life until I get home." God heard that prayer; I had no desire to live only for mother's sake. I was tired of my life, and sometimes wished that I never was born. Why

should this have been? I was young, strong, earning plenty of money, never a drunkard, or swearer; but the reason was this, I was a sinner, a rebel against God. I knew the right way but would not walk in it, my mother's prayers continually came to my mind, and an accusing conscience made that which appeared to be sweet, to be bitter. I tried the broken cisterns, but, ah! the waters failed. I tried to crowd the world with its pleasures into my heart, but all was vanity and vexation of spirit. I tried like the prodigal to get satisfaction from the husks, but found dissatisfaction.

After some time I was able to get about once more, a mere shadow of my former self. The quarantine officer refused to allow me to leave Honduras for some time but eventually I started for New Orleans. Whilst crossing the gulf we encountered a heavy sea and a man was washed overboard. I determined to settle down, and crossing the States sailed from New York to England and home. It was some time before I was sufficiently strong to engage in any kind of work. For a year I had charge of the machinery in a furrier's factory in London, but decided that the

close atmosphere was not suitable for my health, so sought some outdoor employment. Being very fond of horses, and learning that the cabmen of the city procured good wages, I obtained a driver's licence and soon became a full-fledged London Jehu. At first I worked for an employer and finding that the business was a profitable one I purchased a hansom cab, horse, etc., and with a little horse-trading now and then I derived a good income. There is plenty of excitement and adventure in the cab business in a city like London. The cabmen on the whole are a fine lot of men, but perhaps some are not very select in their choice, of language and perhaps others are the owners of abnormal thirsts. It is a life beset with many temptations, and I have seen many a smart young man sink in a very short time to the gutter. I remember handsome young fellows, who would appear on their cabs with the nattiest of silk hats, and dressed equal to any gentleman, with the inevitable boquet in their coat, and of course with a cigar between their lips, who would not take a horse out unless his bridle were ornamented with gay rosettes, and the harness and trappings had to be polished till they



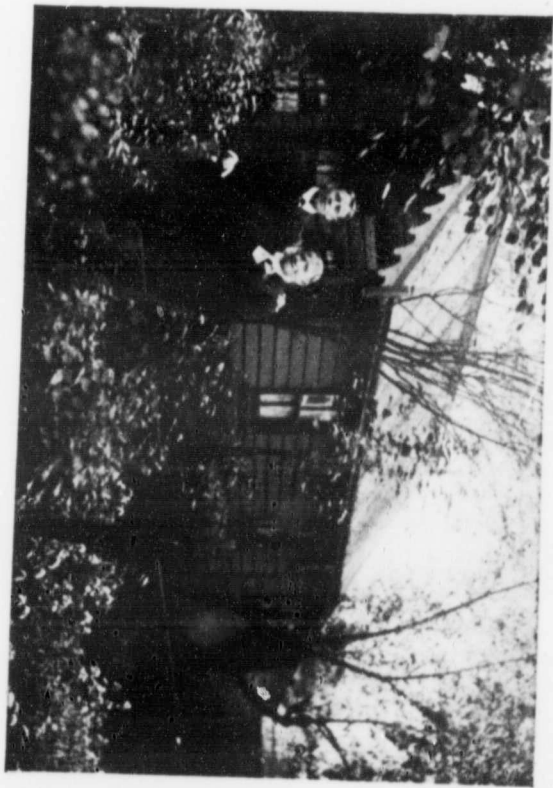
glittered. Yes, I have seen these fine young fellows gradually lose all pride in themselves or their outfit, until they have deteriorated into mere tramps, saloon hangers, or professional cadgers. Drink has done it, and gambling. I would work my cab seven days a week; and of course did not attend a place of worship.

Soon after I had decided to give up my roving life, I thought the best way to settle down would be to get married. For some years I had been thinking of a young lady, but, owing to my wanderings, I had never been able to broach the subject. It was not long before I proved that "where there's a will there's a way," and in due time, Miss Blanche MacKenzie became my wife. People said she was too good for me. I knew that before they said it, and still know it. In my struggles, in my sorrows, in my joys, in my disappointments, in my successes, in poverty or in plenty, she has proven herself to be a true helpmate, a faithful companion, an ideal wife and a devoted mother. A good wife has often proved herself to be a man's saviour. A good mother and a good wife are the choicest earthly gifts God can bestow upon mankind. He has given me both.

It was whilst following the occupation of a cabdriver in the city of London that the great change took place in my life. Perhaps not a great external change, but truly an inward one. I will relate as far as I can remember how this took place.

### FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT

It was Sunday morning, I was preparing one of my horses to go out on the streets of London with my cab to work. Once or twice I thought of giving up Sunday work more for the sake of being home with my wife and children than through any religious scruples. But my expenses were heavy and trade was generally brisk on Sunday, so I was unwilling to make it a day of rest. On this particular morning there seemed to be a peculiar stillness, when clear on the morning air I heard some one singing, "Jesu Lover of my Soul, let me to Thy bosom fly." Evidently a few people were having an open air service before the usual church service hour, and as I heard those words they seemed to pierce my very soul. Jesus loves my soul, Jesus loves my soul, I could not shake it off. My past life seemed to appear before me like a series of living pictures, and I realized



MOTHER AND SON AT THE OLD HOME

that in spite of my careless, indifferent and rebellious life, Jesus still loved my soul, and there that Sunday morning I determined to love Him who first loved me. Putting my horse back in the stable I vowed that never again would I break the Sabbath. Then came days of darkness, fightings within and fears without. An awful spiritual war was waging, the enemy of souls would not give me up without a struggle. It seems to me that Satan and his hosts were drawn up in battle array against the forces for good and righteousness. I was as one groping in the dark. Hearing that my cousin Gipsy Rodney Smith (formerly of the Free Church Counsel) was preaching at the Shoreditch Tabernacle (5 miles distant) I attended the Sunday evening service, and when the invitation was given for those who wished to obtain peace and joy, to make their way to the enquiry room, I was one of the first to go. I was ready to do anything, to go anywhere, if only I could obtain that which Christian people said they possessed. Still no light, still groping. Where and how would it all end? I felt like the man who saw men as trees; my spiritual vision was blurred. It seemed that I could not con-

tinue in that condition much longer; death would have been welcome. Sunday came again. I determined to attend the nearest church, and if light and liberty could be obtained, I resolved to have it that night. I was not used to a place of worship, and felt uncomfortable. Everybody seemed to be looking at me. I chose the nearest empty seat to the door. The singing impressed me very much, I could scarcely keep the tears back; the sermon had ended, the people were asked to bow in prayer. The minister (Rev. J. Walkey, Baptist) asked for a few moments silent prayer. As we were bowing in that place of worship I cried unto God, "Oh God, give me light, give me the assurance of salvation, give it to me now before I leave this church." As I silently agonized the answer came, I felt that I had received what I had so long craved. Just then I felt a touch upon my shoulder. Looking up I saw the minister. He had left the pulpit and was coming straight to me. Said he, "Are you converted?" "Yes." said I, "How long?" was the next question. "Just this moment," I answered. Yes, that night the light came unto my soul. I was indeed turned from darkness to light, from the

power of Satan unto God. That night before retiring I said to my wife, "It is a long while since I have said my prayers, I think I will commence now," and kneeling down with her by my side we commenced to try and live our Christianity in the home. The neglected Bible soon became a much read book, it was a lamp to my feet, my constant companion, a guide book. To its author I turned for all things, for to whom else can we go? He hath the words of Eternal life. He giveth wisdom and understanding to the foolish and ignorant, through the Great Teacher, the Holy Ghost. When I first began to read the Bible on the cab rank the drivers made fun. They said it would soon wear off, and declared it was impossible for a cabby to live a Christian life. I said that although it was hard, yet I believed it was possible, and by God's help I would stand my ground. There were many things to give up, such as Sunday work, and that included work after twelve o'clock on Saturday nights. This meant a considerable decrease in my earnings. I had also to be very careful about overcharging people, as I knew that would be dishonest. Thus in a very short time I discovered that my business, instead of

being profitable, was becoming unprofitable. But then, "What shall it profit a man, though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" What we lose here cannot be compared with that which we shall gain in the life beyond, and even here we are amply rewarded, for we have the sweet consciousness of knowing that we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Who can value Eternal Life? Does this world contain enough wealth to purchase it? Yet it is given freely by God to the repentant believer. My mother was delighted to hear of my conversion. She had continually prayed for me, and after many years of patient waiting her prayers were answered. I felt that so many years had been wasted, I must try and do my utmost to strive to make some amends for the past. I became a member of a church, and also joined the Christian Endeavor and received much spiritual help thereby. It was there in those little gatherings that I was unconsciously training to become a missionary. I very soon discovered that the christian life is a fight, and that as a cab driver I was in the thick of it. Fightings within and without, temptations

on every hand. Oftentimes I felt that "when I would do good evil was present with me." But I was not alone; "Lo I am with you always," applied to me as I plied for hire through London's streets, just as much as it did to those disciples who saw Him in the flesh. It was not easy, but quite possible to live the Christian life, and should this meet the eyes of one who has the desire to live a Christian life, but who doubts the possibility of doing so amidst their present surroundings, let me tell you right here that Christ will carry you through. His grace will be sufficient. The eyes of the world are focussed upon the professing Christians, and they are expected to practice what they preach. Deeds will silence the critic when mere words will fail. My horse-dealing reputation was against me. The cabmen said "What! him a Christian; you had better look out if he sells you a horse." You see I used to buy horses with bad characters, and acted as a kind of missionary to them, doing my utmost to convert them. The trouble was, that people would buy them before they had really turned from their evil ways; therefore if they kicked, gibbed, or resorted to any of the little tricks which horses are



subject to, of course their back-slidings were laid to my charge. The baker, who especially wanted a quiet horse, grumbled because the one he bought of me would persist in lying down in the road; some people are so hard to please. Then the cabman to whom I sold a horse and cab, he blamed me because one day when he was driving a somewhat stout lady and gentleman the cab happened to separate in the middle, and the horse walking off with the shafts and dashboard left him and his fare on their backs on the street. So you see I had to live all this down, and perhaps it is no wonder the drivers doubted my sincerity at first. Before the advent of the taxicab I do not think any class of man had more invitations to drink than the London cabby. There are good and bad in all, and there are many cabdrivers who are gentlemen in the highest sense of the word. 'Tis true, his bump for receiving gifts is very much developed, but who can wonder at this, when we remember that oftentimes he has to stand for hours shivering with cold, only to be called off to earn one shilling, or perhaps half the day is taken up driving sharpers, who eventually bilk or cheat the cabby of his fare. I found it

very difficult sometimes to refuse the many invitations which I received to drink. Some drivers declared that I would never survive a winter without taking something hot. But, alas! I saw many fine fellows come to a premature end through this false notion. Most of my customers were people who seemed to think that a cabman could never say "No," to an invitation to drink. I was obliged to follow some of them into the saloons, for I had learned by experience that some would wander out by another door and omit to pay. When drunken folks engaged me I used to make it a rule to take the fare before starting, and before my conversion I found that with a little persuasion they would pay again at the end of the journey. Of course there was the humerous side. One man the worse for drink once entered my cab, I said, "Where to, sir?" He said "Oh, anywhere"! "That will be two shillings" said I. He paid, and not thinking it worth while to tire my horse, I just went round the corner. "Here we are," said I. "Where are we," said my fare: "Oh anywhere, out you get," said I: I did not leave off working at the race courses immediately after my conversion. Having

given up gambling and betting, I did not think there was any harm in following my occupation, but eventually I determined to give it up. The bad language, drinking and betting which is inseparable from racing, did not tend to strengthen me in the Faith. The drivers said it was impossible for me to live the Christian life as a cabman, but time proved that they were wrong for by God's grace I not only lived it, but was able to witness before many who were familiar with my history. My first testimony at the street corner was something like this: "You fellows know what I have been, but it does not matter what I was, it's what I am that counts. I want to do right and live right, but may make mistakes. If any of you see me go wrong, please tell me, and I'll try by God's help to do the right." Having joined church, for all new converts should do this, I daily fed upon the Word of God, and whenever an opportunity offered I would witness for my Master. Begging back numbers of religious weeklies I would distribute them to the men in the public houses. I felt that I must be doing something to win others. I had many discouragements, especially from those who were professed

Christians. Because I would speak at small missions and at street corners they spoke of my inexperience, and hinted at presumption. I would go several miles to speak at some of these places, without any thought of remuneration, and glad to have the opportunity to preach the gospel. All this was valuable experience and helpful training.

It is no easy thing for a man 25 years of age who has never had a book in his hands for years, and has not exercised his mental powers beyond the means and ways of procuring a living, to settle down to study. My first two books cost a penny, I secured them from a heap of old books in a London market. One was a small Webster's dictionary, without a cover, the other was called "The Theological Instructor." I still possess the latter, and have yet to find its superior. After this I purchased for a few pence some of Paley's works, but soon had to give them up for something more easy to digest. Nicholls Helps proved a great help to me, and all students should procure this work. To the young man whose means are limited, but who has a desire to be able to give a reason for the hope which is within him, take the book of

all books, the Bible, a good concordance and a dictionary; let the Great Teacher be yours, and there is no reason why you should not become efficient enough to teach others. Learn to do your own thinking. A great many teachers are engaged in second hand business, I know some good things are worth repeating, but we need not go in for it wholesale. Commentaries, and the multitudinous helps which exist to-day may be a blessing, but if you are not careful they will make you mentally lazy, and the tendency will be to study them more than the Scriptures.

A few months after my conversion, a London City Missionary prevailed upon me to promise to speak at his hall. It was quite a shock to me when on reaching the building I saw on a poster outside, the announcement that "Gipsy Simon Smith would be the speaker." About three hundred people crowded into the building and with great fear and trembling I told what God had done. Two drunkards occupied a front seat and they encouraged me with such remarks as "that's right, Simon," and when I was through they wanted to applaud. One night I travelled several miles to speak to cabdrivers at a

midnight supper, and very soon the desire to preach the gospel grew upon me to such an extent that I would welcome every opportunity of preaching it in small mission rooms, or at open air services. In order to develop my humble talents I became a member of "The Christian Crusader's Band," whose headquarters was "The Stratford Conference Hall." This band of men and women would supply preachers for the numerous small mission halls in and around London. We looked for no earthly reward, "The love of Christ constrained us." I have spent my last penny many times to pay my fare to some place where I had been asked to speak, and somehow many of the church secretaries were forgetful; they never asked me whether I walked, flew or rode on a car. I preached twice at one large church and received one shilling for expenses. Soon people began to hear of me and invitations began to come in from outside sources. I was still following my occupation, when I received my first invitation to conduct a special mission. Now for some time secretly I had longed to become an evangelist. It would occupy my thoughts for days, and I would dream of it at night, but

when the actual opportunity arrived I felt altogether incompetent, but seeking help from God I decided to go in His strength. It was in a small place of worship outside of Tunbridge Wells, England, and although inexperienced and unlearned, yet for eight days I was enabled to tell the old story of redeeming love, and some professed conversion. This made me anxious to continue in the work and soon I was conducting another mission in a hall at Custom House, in the dock district of London. The first night about 20 hooligans, rough notorious characters, came into the service bent on mischief, but a transformation scene took place, for those who came in to scoff remained to pray. It was indeed encouraging on the last night of the mission to hear those converted roughs sing at my request "Happy Day, when Jesus washed my sins away."

Most of my business as a cab driver being done at night I was not always able to attend the week evening services, I therefore determined to give up the cab business and find some other employment, which would leave me free in the evening to study, speak, or attend meetings. God opened up the way for me to have my

heart's desire. There is an old and true saying that "God helps those who help themselves." Hearing that a certain butcher had several horses, and that he had not a regular man to look after them, I made it my business to walk by his store one morning as he stood outside. I talked horse to him, and suggested that a master who allowed his horses to be neglected for the sake of saving one man's wage, was a penny wise and a pound foolish, and that if he trusted half a dozen people to feed them they probably would never be fed at all, as one would leave it for another, etc. He said he did not need a man. I said I thought he did, and that I would call round the next morning. Then I went to work and prayed. I want to state here for the benefit of my Canadian and American readers that it is a very hard matter to procure work of any kind in London or in any part of Great Britain. I was there the next morning. Have you decided to give me a job, sir," said I. "Well," he said, "I bought a horse the other day and he won't suit; the men are afraid of him." I felt like saying "Praise the Lord." I want you to take him back and help me to select another. "I could not refrain from saying



he would find me very useful if he had rough horses as I was quite used to them. My prayers and efforts were rewarded and I became duly installed as a horse-keeper, working with my hands in the day and studying at night, until after passing the necessary preliminary examinations, I gave up my work, went to study at Richmond (not Richmond College) and eventually was accepted as a London City Missionary. The London City Mission Society is a well known unsectarian and inter-denominational movement of 75 years standing. Honored names such as the Earl of Shaftsbury, Sir George Williams, Sir Ernest Tritton and many others are connected with it. Over 400 missionaries are employed in the great cluster of cities called London. Each missionary after passing the entering examination has to go through a two years theological course, so that every man may be well fitted for the all important work of winning souls. The fundamental truths of Christianity, Doctrines, Evidences, and how to win souls, are the chief subjects for study. No time is wasted on trimmings, or fancy work. The London City Mission has to meet all kinds of men at their work, and all kinds of peo-

ple in their homes, for he is a house to house visitor, and the studies are to fit him to be more of a reacher than a preacher. Some of the grandest men I know are numbered with those missionaries. Yes, they can preach, too, and don't they know their Bibles. They are known as the man with the Book, and every missionary is a specialist. My first District was in the slums of Somerstown, St. Pancras. Somerstown with its basements and attics, its drunkenness and sin, its poverty and squalor, its misery and woes, yet Somerstown with its great possibilities, its souls to be won for Him who came to seek that which was lost. I soon found that the work of a missionary was far harder than steering a cab through a network of traffic. At first I was taken for the rent collector, the insurance man, the tally man, and the boys would say, "Billo, here's a tec." But very soon the people discovered who and what I was, and I had the joy of leading many of them to Him who came to preach the Gospel to the poor. You who dwell in luxurious homes, who have everything that heart can desire, think of the slum-dweller; generally a family in every room. Think of it, nine and ten in a room, and then can you

wonder at the children growing up as they do, the offspring of drunkards in many cases, their lives warped by their environments, with heredity, like a grim spectre ever dogging their footsteps. The marvel to me is that they ever live sober, virtuous lives at all. Yet there are many who in spite of all this, are living true Christian lives. They are found in the London City Mission Halls which are scattered about this great cluster of cities. "Where sin abounds, Grace doth much more abound," and some of God's sweetest saints can be found living in some of the dim back rooms of the slums. All the slum dwellers are not drunkards and unclean persons. Many of them date the change in their lives from the time when the missionary first visited them, and amidst abject poverty they seek to serve God. In one damp basement room I found a family of five who were partaking of a dinner consisting of two-penny worth of bones and a penny worth of pot-herbs stewed up, and after dinner they sold the bones for a halfpenny. That's economy with a vengeance. They were Christians. The husband, owing to rheumatism, was unable to work, and the wife managed to earn enough by office cleaning

to keep them from starvation. In another room I discovered a crippled blind woman, and after making myself useful by cleaning her room I read to her of Him Who made the blind to see. So one could fill a book with such cases, but these are sufficient to show the reader what the slum missionary encounters. Oftentimes I have been discouraged, and the tales of distress and sorrow have depressed us until it seems impossible to hear any more. Praying with, and trying to comfort the sick in dark, stuffy rooms, not daring to sit down in many, which were swarming with insects. Trying to comfort the grief-stricken as they stood by the bedside of the dying, or gazing into the faces of the dead. Yes the London City Missionary knows a little of the tragedy of life. The crushed lives and bleeding hearts might well make his heart and his eyes swim with tears, and were it not for the presence of the Comforter he would surely like his Master, die of a broken heart. Truly he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. And as we go forth with the Sovereign remedy for every ill, and proclaim the glad tidings of great joy, we see the mourners smiling through their tears, the bruised

hearts are healed, captives are set free, the blind eyes are opened, sinners are transformed into saints, and there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over their repentance. I have heard people talk of hopeless cases; the missionary is an optimist and blots out the word hopeless from his dictionary. The Bible tells us how Christ healed the hopeless cases; when everybody and everything had failed, He triumphed. We may fail, our methods, our plans. But Christ never fails. with Him all things are possible. The vilest man or woman has a soul, and that soul is as precious to God as the soul which is encircled by a Royal Body. If we could only learn to look beyond the outer cover, beyond the marks of sin, beyond the rags and dirt, and see the soul for which Jesus Christ died, then we would strain every nerve to bring them to Him. What the Church of Christ needs is a baptism of love, then we like our Master will seek to save the lost. He stooped to save fallen humanity and if we want to do any lifting we must stoop. Pride and self must go. He humbled himself even unto death, and He left us an example that we should follow in His steps. True Christianity is summed up in the

eleventh commandment, Love to God and to your neighbor. "This do and thou shall live." After spending nearly six years as a missionary, having conducted special meetings at various places, and realizing that God has called me to do the work of an evangelist, I resigned, in order to be free to go where ever God should guide me. I owe much to the London City Mission. This society gave me charge of a hall, and therefore afforded me splendid opportunities of developing the gifts which were in me. All my life I shall be grateful to the Rev. Martin Anstey, who was theological instructor to the students. To resign was indeed a sacrifice; an evangelist must be ready to give up home, wife and children, and must practically live by faith. The Master said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself." Therefore I obeyed. I said, "Here am I Lord, send me," and He said "Go." And now in the pulpit or field, to the refined or to the gipsies in their camps, I preach the Gospel of Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth.

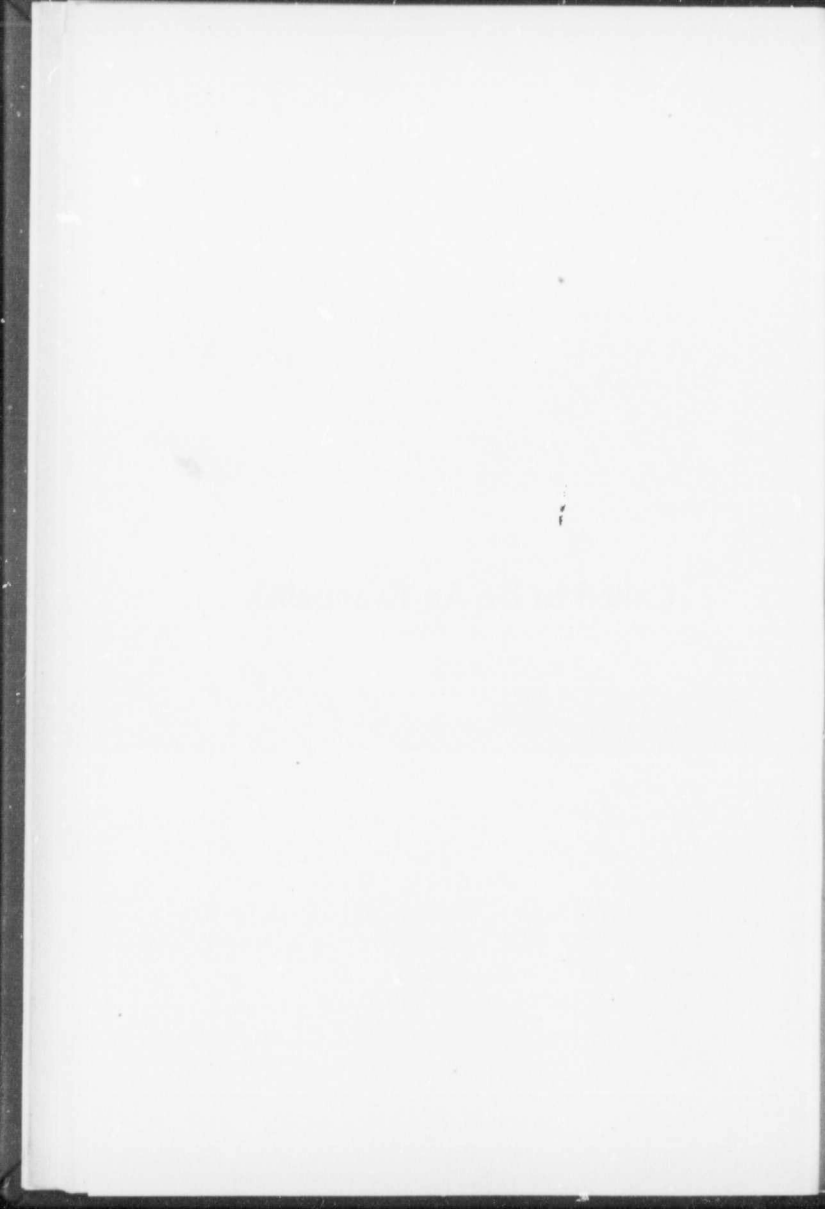
Should this little book fall into the hands of one who, like myself, was burdened with sin, whose surroundings seem to

make it impossible to live right, let this encourage you to trust in Him who found me in a desert land, and in a wild howling wilderness. He led me about and instructed me and keeps me as the apple of His eye. He who saves keeps and uses, and what He has done for me he can do for you; yea, and more, if you will but make a full surrender. He brought me from darkness to light, from the power of Satan to God, from the hansom cab to the platform; to Him be the glory. It was whilst engaged as a missionary that I was requested to speak before Their Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Princess Patricia and an assembly of 200 titled people at the residence of Mr. Waldorf Astor at Cliveden, England. His Highness afterwards shaking me by the hand wished me every success in my work. Another privilege was that of speaking in the Great Queen Hall, Langham Place, London, at the annual meeting of the London City Mission in company with such noted men as Rev. Campbell Morgan, of Westminster; at Caxton Hall, London, at a meeting of all the London City Missionaries, The Royal Humane Society's award was presented to me for saving a lad's life at sea. I also received

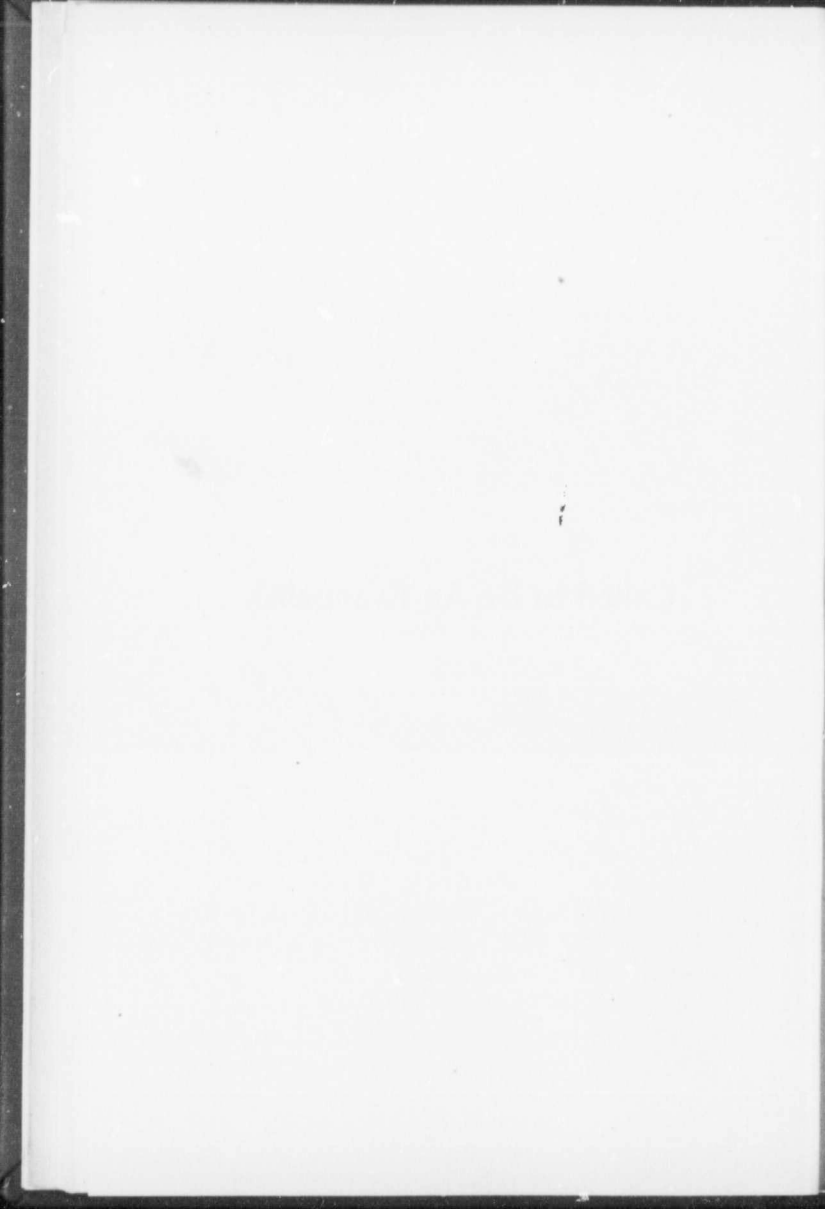
a presentation from the Chief of Police at Scotland Yard for catching, and handing over to the police a noted and dangerous criminal, who as a kind of souvenir left his teeth marks in my leg. On one occasion whilst on my missionary rounds, I wrestled with a madman in his room, who tried to commit suicide. I spent another night with a drink fiend who, armed with an axe, threatened to kill his two children and would have done so had I not thrown him on the floor and sat on him. Even a missionary gets his share of excitement.







**Called to Be An Evangelist.**



## Called to Be An Evangelist

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After serving six years as a missionary, I continually received invitations to visit churches in various parts of the country, and I began to think I could do more good as an evangelist than as a missionary stationed in London. Oftentimes I seemed to hear "Simon follow me and I will you make a fisher of men." For several months I was unsettled betwixt doubts and fears as to the course I should pursue. Like the people of old I wanted a sign. It was no light thing for me with a small family to support, to decide to send in my resignation. My salary, though not a large one, was sure, and my position for life was assured. But to go forth as an evangelist might mean hardships for those I loved, I knew if God called me he would make provision, but I wanted to be quite sure that He was calling, and that I was not merely following out my own inclinations, so I prayed, "Lord send me six invitations from six churches to conduct special missions in various parts, and this shall be a sign." The six letters came, and I handed in my resignation to the London City Mission Society. Some of my best friends

prophesied failure, they spoke of the risk; I said I would rather try and fail than never try at all. They spoke of sickness, and my inability to cope with any such set back because of my penniless condition. I knew the Lord had called me and that He could preserve my body and shield it from sickness (and to this day he has permitted me to keep every appointment). I was sorry to sever my connection with this noble society. What would London do with its teeming millions without it?

The Rev. Martin, M. A., B. D., and the Rev. T. S. Hutchinson, M. A., were my faithful friends and advisers. Any stranger visiting London will be most welcome at 3 Bridewell Place, and if you want experience first hand, spend a day or two with a slum missionary. From the outset the Lord blessed my humble efforts as an evangelist. Some people at first were disappointed because I did not resemble the average gipsy. While standing in the vestibule of a Presbyterian Church in London one night a lady approached me and said "Who is this gipsy, is it the one I have read so much about?" "No," said I, "This man is first cousin to a better known evangelist." "Oh, you seem to know him, what

do you think of his preaching?" questioned the lady. "Not much," I answered, making a brave effort to refrain from laughing. When I ascended the pulpit steps no doubt that lady thought things. In churches of various denominations I conducted special missions in England, Wales and Ireland, and large crowds gathered to hear the Word. In some thickly populated districts such as Kilburn, Willesden, and other places around London, a midnight march and meetings would be arranged in order to reach those who frequented the drink shops. Securing the help of the Salvation Army Band, I rode a horse at the head of the procession, and with advance scouts distributing invitation tickets we paraded the streets. I have seen hundreds of drunkards and low characters at those meetings, and many of those who entered the church drunk would go out sober. Many of them would weep under the influence of some old hymn, or a solo about mother, and several would request prayer on their behalf. Great tact must be exercised at such meetings, plenty of variety and not too much preaching.

Many a man to-day is living a changed life through some of those midnight ser-

vices. Sometimes we had disturbances, but one of the leading spirits present would generally arise and in no uncertain way would insist upon order. On one occasion a man was extra troublesome, when another one half drunk arose and turning to me said "Shall I show him our governor?" I suggested that we had better give the offender another chance, and as he apparently did not want a rough handling his behaviour after that was good. I remember conducting one midnight meeting. The hall was crowded with a very rough lot of men and women, and I had sung two solos (the very lowest seem to love singing), when I was just about to bring the meeting to an end, for it was past one Sunday morning, and I had to rest, and preach that day, a man arose and said, "Mr. Chairman, I votes that you sing us another solo before we go, and if you do we'll pass around the hat." This was applauded by the audience. I complied with the request and sure enough he passed around the hat and those poor people gave over four shillings. We had supplied them all with a cup of coffee and cake. On another occasion I was told at the commencement of the service that a notorious pugilist was

present and that he meant mischief; he was the leader of a gang and had come to fight. After a whispered prayer I went straight to him and said; "I may need some help here to-night, there may be some disturbance; you are the cleverest man with your fists around these parts, I want you to come and sit with me on the platform and between the two of us I think we shall be able to keep order." He fell into the trap, I never had a quieter meeting. He felt his responsibility and was on his best behaviour, nobody dared risk his displeasure by misbehaving.

For the Y. M. C. A. counsel of Wales successful meetings were held in various towns, and in places like Abergyp 1500 miners gathered, and it was indeed an inspiration to hear them sing as only the people of Wales can. Argyle Chapel and Albert Hall, Swansea, were other places where seasons of refreshing were experienced, and in the Sandy Row Immanuel Hall, Belfast, a notable series of services were held. Early in 1912 I received my first invitation to visit Canada from Rev. Dr. Martin, Ph. D., of Montreal. The old Mount Calvary Church had been demolished, and the new building at West Mount not being

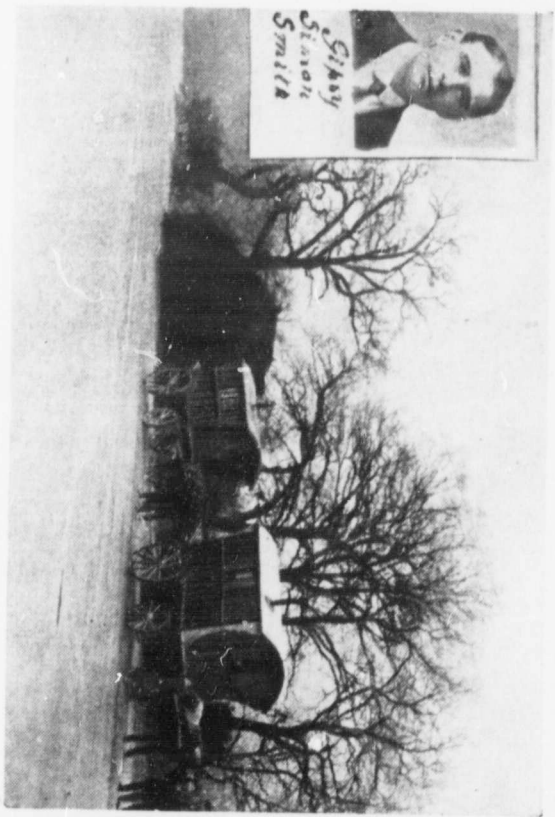


completed, I was invited to speak in a tent for three weeks during July. Notwithstanding the heat wave the attendance and interest were good and toward the close of the mission it is estimated that 800 to 1000 people were present inside and outside the tent, which really seated 700 people.

In 1913 I received a letter from Mr. Morley McLaughan, of St. John, N. B., asking if I would visit the Maritime provinces and on what terms. I answered that I was quite willing to visit a number of churches and that I would make no charge, but that I would trust the people to pay me in the shape of a thank offering the last night of each mission, for I believe if people get a blessing they are ready to pay for it, and when I visit a church I wish to help financially as well as spiritually; and I have come to the conclusion that some people may have occasion to brand some evangelists as money seekers, instead of soul seekers. Mr. Morley McLaughan spared no effort in arranging a three months campaign for me, and in many ways he proved himself a Christain brother, and one whom I am proud to call my friend. St. John (Portland St., Metho-

dist), was the scene of the opening mission which continued for twelve days and toward the close hundreds failed to gain admission. Sackville was the next, and there, although a scattered country district over 1000 people crowded into the church. Then came New Glasgow. The mission started in the Methodist church which proved too small, we then continued in the St. Andrew's Presbyterian, and on Sunday adjourned to the Academy of Music where 1200 people gathered, still hundreds failed to gain admission. Newcastle Baptist Church, Halifax, and other places were also visited, and the largest buildings proved too small toward the close of each mission. I do not adopt or believe in sensational methods, I never yet suffered with swelled head enough to think that I was an eloquent preacher, and although people like my singing of solos I do not pose as a good singer. Then why these crowds? They do not come to look at a gipsy, because I do not resemble one; and sometimes I thank God that I do not, for anything that would attract the people's attention from God to me would be a hindrance instead of a help. In the words of John I would say "Behold the Lamb of

God," not me. No, these crowds coming together night after night proved that His touch has still its ancient power, and that the Gospel is not yet played out, that it is still the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. Many people, especially those who are of an excitable nature, would not approve of my methods. Some have the idea that every evangelist should shout a great deal, and stalk about the platform like a captain walking the bridge of a vessel, and that unless a man raves and tears his hair and behaves like a jack-in-the-box he cannot be in earnest. Prespiration and inspiration are two different things. I am not seeking to condemn other evangelistic methods but I must be Simon Smith and not somebody else. And if I am to do all things decently and in order I must do it quietly. Some people wonder why I do not make a practice of having after meetings. I do sometimes. I consider that when I have delivered the message, that is all I can do. I cannot save the people, and if after hearing that message they still refuse to surrender to God, the responsibility rests with them, not me. The undue pressure brought to bear upon people in some after meetings, the



CARAVANS IN THE FOREST

asking of Christians to stand or raise the hand, is to say the least, taking an unfair advantage, and has caused many persons to act a lie. Too often have evangelists been measured by results attending their efforts. If people would only remember that one may sow, another may water, but God giveth the increase, they would learn not to measure the good done by the immediate visible results. It were far better to know that one, after counting the cost, had placed his feet firmly upon the rock, than to see a hundred in a moment of excitement, or through undue pressure make a profession from which they would be turned by the first adverse wind. The evangelist who wants, to use a common expression "to boss the whole show" has often been the means of bringing contempt upon himself and the noble profession which he represents. I heard a noted evangelist once say "I would not allow any one to come between me and my audience," and as I heard him, I wondered whether he would even allow the Holy Spirit to come between himself and the people. Surely God could use somebody's sweet voice in the singing of a solo, or some faithful minister's earnest prayer just

as well, and perhaps better than He could the evangelist. I look upon the profession of an Evangelist, as that of a helper, a kind of Spiritual handyman. A farmer may be able to sow his seed without assistance, but at the time of reaping he engages help to gather in the sheaves. Even so the evangelist is the hired helper, engaged to assist in reaping the spiritual harvest. No evangelist has any right to say "These were my converts" let him say "Our converts," for "We are labourers together with Christ," we all have a hand in the work and no man has a right to take the praise to himself. Our Lord left us an example that we should follow in His steps. He delivered His message and left the people to think over it. He would not shout nor turn His house into a kind of second rate circus, He was the author of order, not disorder. For the repentant sinner His messages were those of love, for the hypocrite, they were words of condemnation. As an evangelist I have, in my stumbling way, tried to follow Him. I feel like one who has said "I'm not as good as I ought to be and not as good as I hope to be, but I'm a great deal better than I used to be." So in spite of my unworth-

iness, I press on toward the mark for the prize.

Being very much interested in the welfare of my own people, the gipsies of England, thousands of whom still dwell in tents and caravans, and are practically heathens, I devoted as much of my time as I could spare each summer to do mission work amongst them. Lack of funds proved a great hindrance, as I needed a mission van and tent, but by train and cycle I was enabled to visit many of the camps in various parts of the country and many heard the Gospel message. In the midst of one large permanent camp I purchased a piece of land, hoping some day to be able to erect thereon a small meeting room especially for the gipsies' use. During my first visit to the Maritime Provinces of Canada I received so many letters from ministers all over the country asking for my assistance, that I realized that God was opening up a larger sphere of labour for me, and I decided to cross the sea with my wife and children, making our home in Truro, N. S., until such time as I should receive a further commission from God. And as I pen these concluding lines I realize the harvest truly is plenteous but the labour-

ers are few. My humble life and talents belong to God. I often wonder what He could see in me, to call me to such a sacred work. I, the chief of sinners, yet saved by Grace. I, the least of all the apostles, unworthy of the name, yet he hath deigned to use me. While I live I'll praise Him, while this stammering tongue can utter a sound, it shall proclaim the story of his matchless Love. While this voice can form a note it shall be spent in His service. Oh the wonderful love of God, He daily loadeth us with benefits. He found me in a desert place in a waste, howling wilderness. He led me about and instructed me, He keeps me as the apple of His eye. And as you read the account of how God made the gipsy a preacher, how he called me from darkness to light, and has used the weak things of this earth to confound the mighty, there may have come a longing in your soul, a desire to live a better, a nobler, a more useful life. Surely if God can use a gipsy with his limited talents, he can use you with yours which are so many. Let this simple account of his wonder working power inspire you to consecrate your life to His service, and when life's journey is ended and the roll is called up



yonder, look out for a sinner saved by  
Grace, who on earth was known as "Gip-  
sy" Simon Smith.

Truro, N. S.; Canada, 1914.

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### HE KNOWETH THE WAY I TAKE.

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'Mid weariness and pain, there cometh  
peace and rest;

To those who learn to say, Dear Lord, Thy  
will is best.

Through tear bedimmed eyes, we see a vis-  
ion bright;

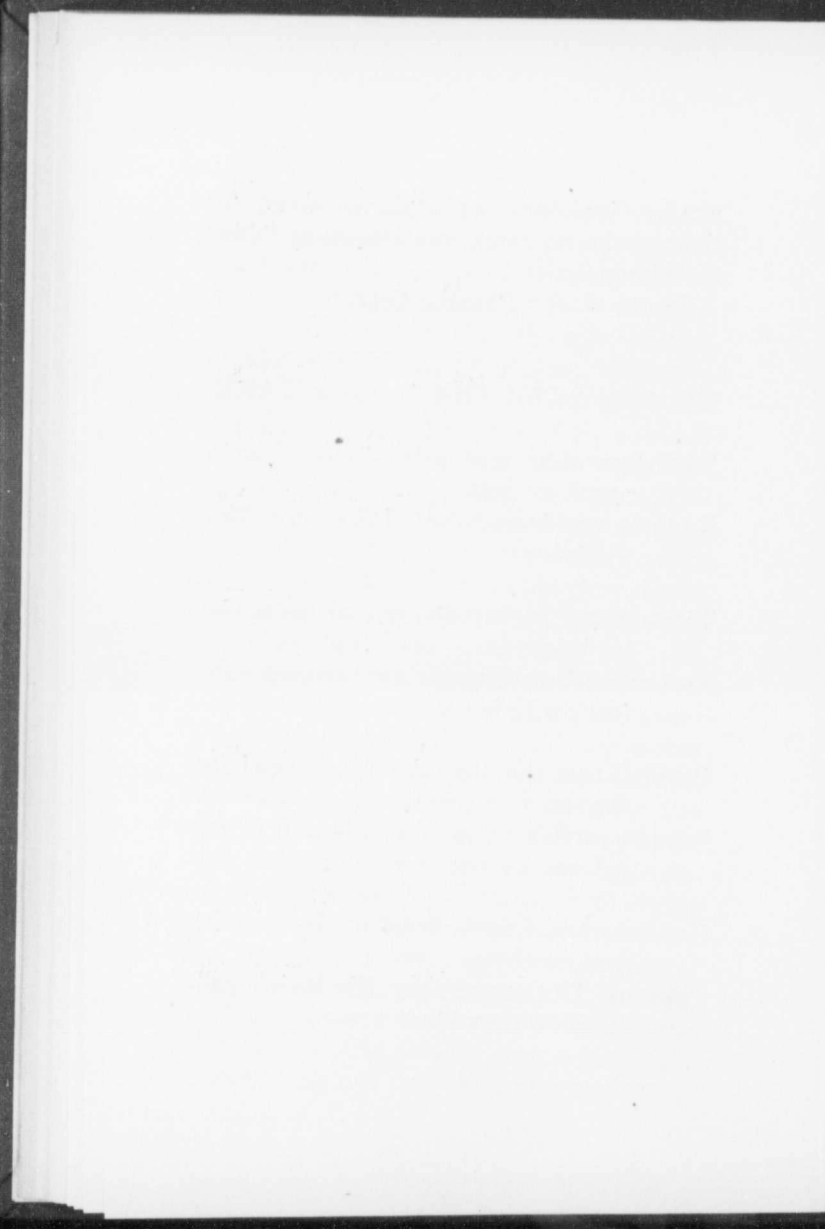
And sorrow's darksome vale becomes suf-  
fused with light.

Beyond the thunder clouds, somewhere  
the sun doth shine;

Beyond earth's trouble, doubts and fears,  
a Love Divine.

God lives, and knows, trust on He careth,  
yes, for thee;

Take up Thy cross, obey His loving call  
"Follow thou Me."



**The Story of the Original Gipsy  
Smith Brothers.**

BY ONE OF THEM.



## The Story of The Original Gipsy Smith Brothers.

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Dear Readers:—

Many people have heard my cousin Gipsy Rodney Smith and myse'f speak of our fathers, the original converted gipsy brothers, who were, by the Grace of God, transformed from wild men of the forest into preachers of the Gospel. I have heard my father and his brother preaching in meadows and in churches, and although they were unlearned and ignorant men, yet I have seen multitudes moved like a field of corn before the winds, for they were Spirit filled, and Spirit taught. They spake as the Spirit gave them utterance. My father could not tell A from B, but God gave him a wonderful memory, and he could quote Scripture better than some who had a theological training. These men lived very close to God. They were diamonds in the rough, they trusted God and relied upon him for all things, as a child would trust an earthly parent. They were called to be Evangelists, and went

forth to do God's work without ever asking for pay. During my visits to the various churches of Great Britain I have met hundreds of people who were converted through the testimony of these humble servants of God. The only survivor is my Uncle Cornelius, he is 53 years of age, and lives at Cambridge, England. To be in his presence, to hear him pray, is indeed an inspiration. During a recent visit, his farewell words to me were "Preach Christ, be faithful and God will bless you." The brothers were converted together, and worked together till death intervened. They were known as the "Converted Gypsies." The following account by Gipsy Cornelius Smith will be far more interesting than anything I say of the great miracle which took place, when the people who sat in darkness saw a great light. Of these men it could be said "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are, that no flesh shall glory in His presence."

“He that glorieth, let him glory in the  
Lord.”

Yours in the service,

SIMON SMITH.



## The Story of the Conversion and Mission Work of the Original Gipsy Smith Brothers.

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I was born in a gipsy tent, in the parish of Burwell, Cambridgeshire, England, in a lane known as Burwell Nest. My parents were chair caners and basket makers, it was their custom to travel all over the country, visiting fairs, feasts, and races. I was reared in darkness and superstition, became very daring and wicked, and loved the roaming life intensely. When quite a lad I had been taught by my brother to play the violin, and was considered to be an expert player. But this proved a curse to me, often leading me into drinking.

On one occasion we arrived at Newmarket during the fair time. After three days' frolic and drinking (by this time I had become a slave to drink and sin) my father fell in with a man who offered, if he desired company, to show him the way to Norwich. Agreeing to his proposal we started off, hawking our goods as we trav-



elled through the villages and towns. On Saturday we arrived at a town called Swaffham, in Norfolk. It was market day, and as usual we commenced drinking, and I played the fiddle. The horses and carts stood outside the public-house. Towards evening my father said to me, "If we are to have any tents pitched to-night, and if we have any love for mother, we must go and do it at once." We at once left for one of the commons close by. My brother and the man that had been our guide stayed in the village drinking, coming home to us after the public-house was closed. On their way home they met a cart, and going behind it took out a basket of shop goods. My brother asked the man not to take it. He would have nothing to do with it, as my father was very strict about such things. The basket however was hidden somewhere close by. The first thing on Sunday morning one of the people who came to our tent said the policeman was coming, as the owner of the basket maintained that the gipsies had stolen it out of his cart. I asked my brother if he had taken it, and he said he had not, but went off with the thief, leaving us to get out of the charge the best way we could. I stayed with my

father and mother, little thinking that they would take me, being perfectly innocent. In about an hour the policeman and the man who had lost his basket drew up to the tent in a trap, and declared that I was one who was "wanted." My parents protested against my arrest, knowing that I was innocent, but to no purpose. The handcuffs were put on, and I was compelled to go to the police station, along with a younger brother. We were brought before the magistrates and sent for trial to Swaffham, where we were detained a whole month before the trial took place. That was the first time I had been locked up. I was then between eighteen and nineteen years of age. Someone had told me that if I betrayed the man who had stolen the goods my brother would become involved in the crime; and rather than bring him in (for I loved my brother) I determined to bear the punishment instead. Being innocent, I felt I could bear it better than the guilty. At length my trial came on, and I received sentence, which was two months' hard labour, my younger brother Bartholomew being acquitted. The man who gave evidence against me declared on oath that I was the man who took the bas-

ket out of his cart. My dear father put his hands together in the court and declared my innocence, and said, "God will be your friend, my child." So you see, dear reader, that I suffered—the innocent for the guilty. So has Christ our Saviour suffered, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God. Oh what love, what boundless love! It is immeasurable! May you appreciate it, and love and serve Him in return.

I have heard men say that they could not leave off smoking and drinking; but a gaol is the place to wean them. They there make you non-smokers and abstainers from intoxicants by Act of Parliament, and without a pledge-book—at least I found it so. I had to leave it off whether I would or no.

The next morning they put me on the treadmill. I did not understand it, and soon fell down and hurt myself, while they stood round laughing at me. The weather was bitterly cold, and the prison clothing so thin that the wind seemed to pierce me through. Being afterwards put to work at an iron crank, I shammed bad and let go, which upset the machinery. The officers with great consideration, took me befor

the doctor, who said I was not well, and gave me two pills, which I have cause to remember, and I was then sent to my cell. The prison rules required that at night our shoes and stockings should be placed at the head of the bed; but owing to the extreme cold I kept mine on to keep my feet warm. The warden on night duty coming round and missing both stockings and shoes, stripped the bed and drew me on to the flagstones, and left me in the dark to do the best I could. I shouted for a light to make my bed, but without any response.

In the morning I was again removed—this time to another cell, where there were five other prisoners. I then had to lie in a hammock, and I slept between the blankets instead of the sheets, experience having taught me which would be most comfortable. They tried to drag me out, but like a badger in a box, being in I had no inclination to come out—another thing they could not get me out. They reported me the next morning. I was then shut up in my cell, and my skilley was stopped. Oh, how I wept and reflected on my past life. I fell upon my knees, and promised God that if he spared me to come out of this

horrible place I would lead a different life, and be careful as to the company I kept in the future.

Sunday morning came, and we were marched round the yard to the chapel, taking our different places in a little box arranged so that the prisoners could not see each other. My eyes were fixed on the chaplain. Taking up the Bible, he read the tenth chapter of St. John's Gospel. The fourteenth verse says, "I am the Good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine." He made a running comment on this verse. He asked who was the Good Shepherd, and then said it was Jesus, that we were the sheep and that He laid down His life for us. I could not then understand it, but the Spirit of God was working in my heart. He then proceeded with the lesson, and commented on the sixteenth verse, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring." The service being ended I went back to my cell, and my reflections ran thus: Christ has sheep in the fold, but I am one of those that are outside. But He meant to bring me in I felt sure. I was so deeply distressed, and cried to God to save me, that had there been anyone

there to have pointed me to Christ, to rest on the promise of God, I most assuredly should have been converted. As it was I did not get peace. My term of imprisonment having passed away, both father and mother met me on being discharged. But alas! good resolutions formed in prison were soon again drowned in drink and bad company. Forgetting God in my wildest moments, I can truly say in the midst of it all the Holy Spirit continually strove with me. I became altogether reckless at this time, caring for nothing only the pleasures of this life, and spending my money as fast as I got it.

I remember, on one occasion, my sweetheart came to see me, and I was in such a state that I was ashamed to meet her. There was a field of cole and mustard seed close by, in which I lay down and hid myself, but by peering through the hedge I could see her and hear her conversation. Bad as I was I wanted to see her. My clothes, however, were so ragged that I feared to make an appearance. The following morning I went to Newmarket with seven shillings in my pocket—all the money I had. I entered a second hand clothes shop and spent the money as best I could.

When I saw my sweetheart she said I looked like a jockey. I began to be diligent from that day, as I thought of taking to myself a wife. This I did when we had got on a little, so that we were comfortably fixed.

One day, soon after our marriage, I went to Baldock, Hertfordshire, to a fair, and took a nice donkey with me to sell. Having sold it, I spent the money in drink. When I got home my wife asked me for the money, and I told her it had all been spent in drink. She scolded me, and I promised to do better, but I soon forgot my vows, and broke them, because they were made in my own strength. I had regular places where I played my fiddle for dancing and the amusement of the drunkards at the fairs and feasts, and was paid well, but the money came easily and it went freely. In those days I was called a jolly fellow—a nickname for a fool.

We travelled on to London, and keeping steady I soon got another donkey and cart to carry my tent and all the goods I had. Then we went into Kent for the hop-picking season, which was our harvest. There our first child was born. After the hopping season we made our way back to

Cambridge, then to Newmarket fair, where revelling in drink was the order of the day. Here a row began. A young gipsy struck my father, and the devil worked me up to such a pitch that I would fight him. We fought until the blood ran like water. I have often thought of that battle. If one of us had been killed, what would the end have been? For me it would have been banishment from the presence of the Lord. In that battle I broke the small bone of my hand, the effect of which is felt and seen to this day. Again I knew that "the way of transgressors is hard." Years afterwards, when God had converted me, I went to this man and told him that God had saved me, and how I loved him and wanted him to be saved too. He wept like a child, and cried for mercy, and then and there with his wife trusted Christ as his Saviour. They had lived together many years unmarried, and as soon as the Lord opened their eyes they set their home in order, and were married, living godly lives. He, poor fellow, went to heaven through much affliction. In his dying moments he took my hand and pointed upward. Although he could not speak he made us know it was all right. Like my-



self he was a brand plucked from the burning. Oh, the joy of bringing lost souls to Christ.

We were now at Melbourne, in Cambridgeshire. I was out one morning early after my horses. Coming home I picked up a few sticks and some straw to make a fire. The policeman saw me, and he said I had stolen them, and I was his prisoner. He took hold of me by the handkerchief round my neck. I then thought it was my turn, and I threw him on his back into the ditch. He got up and went away, saying he would have me dead or alive. He fetched some help, and I was taken to Cambridge, and placed in a cell next to a man who was condemned to be hung, for burning a woman to death. He had pleaded "not guilty," which caused the authorities much anxiety. The governor put me to walk with him in the yard, as they wanted me to hear what he had to say about the crime. I found out by his conversation he was guilty, for he told me he was with the woman, and four of them drank a little bucket of gin. Here again you see the evil of strong drink—"it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Young men shun it! One day his poor wife came in

to see him for the last time. She had a little baby in her arms. Holding it up to him she said, "Look at your baby," and then asked, "What is to become of me, John, and my three children?" He put up his hands and said, "Have mercy upon me, for my wife and children's sake! I never thought it would come to this." How true it is, "The wages of sin is death." I wept at that scene, and being taken back to my cell, I cried to God to have mercy on a guilty sinner like me. My relief was great after I had my trial, and was told that I was to have a month with hard labor. My prison occupation was that of winding string into balls, for the purpose of mat making. As it was extremely cold, I formed them into an armchair, in which I sat, to keep myself warm. Reflection again seized me, for there is plenty of time to think there. My sins again seemed as if they would crush me, and I was again on my knees before God, crying for deliverance, and obtained some relief. Just then the keeper came in, and told me to hold my noise. Being ignorant of the plan of salvation, and having no one to instruct me, the good impressions soon passed away, and I returned to my old habits of sin and

waywardness. How good of God it was to spare me, and not to cut me off as a cumberer of the ground! But he had compassion, that He might show forth His glory in me, and at length enable me to witness a good profession before many witnesses. Bless Him for ever! He is my refuge and strength.

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## CHAPTER II.

### SHADOWS GATHERING—SMALL-POX AND DEATH.

Several years passed away, but I still continued the same wandering life. By this time I was the father of five children. Resting near Town-Malden, in Essex, I had risen early one morning to look after my horses. I found one in the ditch with its back broken, and had to sell him for dogs meat. This was a great trouble to me at this time. The reader must learn that even a gipsy has his peculiar troubles; we are born to them as the sparks fly upwards. We travelled on to Epping Forest, where we found a gipsy by the name of Cooper, whose wife's mother lay dead, and he asked

me if I would keep them company, as they were all alone. I consented, but the husband of the dead woman ran away, leaving the corpse with us. He left no money behind him with which to pay to bury his wife, although he had made arrangements with the undertaker for the coffin and burial. Of course that individual wanted paying. There was nothing left, however, but the goods and chattels of the runaway, and they had to be taken or nothing, and he held possession until the bill was paid. These little incidents are given to show how cruel and unsympathetic some men are, and all this had a tendency to show me the unreality of the world. The man subsequently came back and paid the bill. Very probably he could not rest, knowing that his dead wife was not buried. His goods were then restored to him, but he charged us with cheating him. In the morning, when I went to look for my horse it was gone; and then I looked for the man, but, to my astonishment, he was likewise missing. I at once came to the conclusion that he had taken my horse and decamped, and immediately went in search, advertised for the horse, and walked about seeking it for about a week, until I was fairly brok-

en down in health. About a fortnight after a policeman came to me, and said a horse answering to the description I gave was then in Westminster Green Yard. I went to see it, and recognised it as mine, but it was little to my advantage, for it had to be sold to pay expenses; and when sold, to my chagrin my share only amounted to two shillings and sixpence. Having lost my horse, I had nothing to draw my gipsy van with. There was nothing therefore left for me but to sell out and again take to a tent. I bought a pony and cart, which cost me five pounds; a set of harness for fifteen pence, which you may be sure needed some repairing. Having got some waxed ends, I set to work to make the best of it. During repairs I again thought of my folly, and longed for a change and brighter days. Having once more succeeded in making another start in this roaming life, we were again on the road. Fortune again seemed to smile, and I was enabled to purchase a living van. But trouble had not left us yet, for although gipsies, and not accustomed to remain in one place long together, yet trouble followed us and found us out. Although at that time I could not understand why I was beset on every hand with

darkness, now that the clouds has dispersed, and the Sun of Righteousness have risen, I can see it was God's providential hand that was leading me by a way that I knew not.

We had travelled to Baldock, Herts, and were staying in a wide lane called the highway, when my eldest child fell ill with smallpox. The doctor ordered us to go into one of the by-lanes away from the town, where I built up a tent for my dear wife and children, and took the van about two hundred yards from them and used it as a hospital. Had we not been gipsies very probably they would have taken the girl to the local hospital. But, alas for us! we were gipsy outcasts. I had to act as the attendant for the sick one, and so I watched and nursed. This was in the month of March, as far as I can recollect. At that time I could neither read nor write, so that I have very little recollection as to dates. My wife used to bring the food halfway between the van and the tent; and sometimes before I could get there it would be covered with snow. Oh, how she used to weep and say, "My poor child will die," and "I shall never get over this." Soon afterwards my son was seized with the dis-

ease. Trouble upon trouble came upon our gipsy home, and so I brought the van near to the tent, and for one whole month I never had my clothes off. One after the other fell sick with the smallpox and I had to do the best I could for the whole of them. It may be that you, dear reader, know something of trial, and of nursing the sick and watching the dying ones as they breathe their last. God only knows what I went through during that time of trial. My dear wife was stricken, and then a baby was born. Was not this trouble? I saw that she was dying, and as I sat by her side I asked her if she was afraid to die, and if she thought of God. She said: "Yes, but when I am praying to God, a great black hand comes before me, and shows me all the wicked things I have done, and something says, 'There is no mercy for you.' " But I had great assurance that God would forgive her. So I spoke to her again, and told her about Christ, and asked her to look to Him; that He was her Saviour, and that he died for sinners. On Sunday she seemed to be much calmer, and looking into my face, said with a smile, "I want you to promise me one thing. Will you be a good father

to my children?" I promised her that I would. She put her arms round my neck and kissed me, and rested peacefully in the bed. In the evening, rallying herself, she sang—

"I have a Father in the promised land.  
My God calls me, I must go,  
To meet Him in that promised land."

I watched her through the night for she was sinking very fast. On Monday morning she seemed to be all the while praying. About eight o'clock she breathed her last, and although a gipsy, I believe she is gone to heaven, for where there is nothing given, nothing will be required. But I was left with six motherless children, the baby being only five days old. My children hearing that their mother was dead, ran out of the tent crying, "What shall we do? We have no mother now?" My heart was pierced—something within told me that she was gone to heaven, and I was on my way to hell. I had some light and knowledge to point her to Christ, but had no Christ myself.

On Tuesday night, between ten and eleven o'clock, I followed her to the grave, by a lantern light, the only mourner. She



was buried in a place called Norton, near Baldock. I do not know how I got back. My trouble was more than I could bear, and my sorrow was great. At midnight I went into a plantation beside my van, and threw myself on my face. When all was still, I asked God to help me to keep the promise I had made to my dying wife. God did help me, as far as this life goes; and my sister's daughter came to me to nurse the baby.

During the afternoon of the day I buried my wife my niece was doing some washing, and the tent caught on fire, and burnt it quite down, which left the children without anything to put on. The sparks were flying all over the coffin, the children crying, "Oh, my mother will be burnt up." My strength seemed to fail me. I fell on my face in the grass, weeping like a child, not knowing what to do. I rushed into the fire to try and save what I could, but the flames were so great that I was forced to escape and let it burn itself out. The van was saved. God most wonderfully upheld me under this great trial, and I did not take the disease. A fortnight after the poor little baby died, and was buried beside its mother. We remained in that lane

a few weeks longer; then the doctor gave me leave to move on, all danger being over. So we took farewell of the place where we had seen so much sorrow, and I made up my mind to be a different man, but trying in my own strength failed again and again.

I was like the chaff driven before the wind. I often groaned before the Lord, and hated myself after every defeat, because so easily overcome; and not being able to read the Word of God, never having been to school, it was no wonder that I was ignorant of the way of life.

About this time I became so concerned about my soul that I seemed to rest nowhere. I travelled through Bedfordshire and around to London, to see my father and mother, and they helped me in my trouble with my children for a little time. Then my sister and her husband accompanied us with their van, and as they had no children of their own, she was like a mother to mine, and he was kind as a father to them. My sister could read the New Testament, and used to read to me about the sufferings of Christ, and His death upon the tree for sinful man. She told me it was the sins of the people that nailed

Him there, and I often felt in my heart that I was one of them. She was deeply moved when I wept, and said, "Oh how cruel to serve him so." I took farewell of them, but left my youngest child with them for a time, and travelled on to High Barnett, and made tracks for Luton, Bedfordshire. All the while I was very lonely and sad at heart, and often when my children were asleep, and my horses put away for the night, I have wrestled and struggled on the ground before God with the powers of darkness, but found no relief. I was like the troubled sea casting up mire and dirt. If ever there was a soul that understood the meaning of wormwood and gall, I did.

One morning, just before we reached Luton, I had left a daughter to hawk her goods, and told her I would wait for her on the roadside with my van. While waiting, I looked up and saw two vans approaching from Luton. To my great delight it was my two brothers, Woodlock and Bartholomew, father of Simon Smith, who were equally delighted and surprised to meet me. We began to talk, and I found that they were in the self-same trouble about their souls. God was dealing

with them and convincing them of sin. How wonderful are the dealings of God with the children of men. As we talked, we felt how nice it would be to settle down, and go to God's house and learn of Him—for I had got tired of my roaming life. The more we talked about it the stronger the conviction grew, and we resolved to be different men, whatever the consequence might be. My brothers turned round and went with me to Cambridge. Upon arrival, we went to a public house, and told the landlady how we felt. She began to weep, and said, "I have a book upstairs that will just suit you, for it makes me cry, every time I read it." She went upstairs, and brought it down, and lent it to us to read. We went out into the road to mind our horses, and a young man came out to read the book to us. As we read, our convictions grew stronger. We felt, like its author (it was "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress"), that we wanted to get rid of our burden. My brother Bartholomew rose up and said, "If God does not save me I shall die." All of us felt the smart of sin at that moment and we wept like little children. We returned the book, and thanked the woman for lending it to us. Sad to re-

late, soon after this, her husband, coming home the worse for drink, was thrown out of his trap and killed on the spot. I felt it was another warning for me, and praised God, in my way, that I had been spared.

On Sunday we went to the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Fitzroy Street, Cambridge, morning, afternoon and night. At night Mr. Guns preached. His points were very cutting to my soul; he seemed to aim directly at me. I tried to hide myself behind a pillar in the chapel, but he, looking and pointing in that direction said, "He died for thee." The anxious ones were asked to come forward; and in the prayer meeting the preacher came to where I was sitting, and asked me if I was saved. I cried out, "No! that is what I want." He tried to show me that Christ had paid my debt; but the enemy of souls had blinded my eyes, and made me believe that I must first feel it and then believe it, instead of receiving Christ by faith first. Thousands make a great mistake there. I went from that house of prayer still a convicted sinner, but not a converted one.

I again travelled to London, to Epping Forest, to see my father and mother, who were there encamping in their tent. I put

my horses in a piece o enclosed ground, and on Monday, when I went to fetch them out, the Spirit of God told me it was wrong. I told God that that should be the last time I would ever do such a thing, or sin against him knowingly. I then told my father and mother, brothers and sisters, and some of the gipsy tribe, that I was done with roaming and wrong-doing, and that I meant to turn to God, by His help. How they looked at me and wept. My eldest brother, who was weeping, said "My brother is going to heaven and I am going to hell." My two brothers, Woodlock and Bartholomew, sold their horses to a man, but the man lent them the horses after he had bought them, that they might take their vans through London to Shepherd's Bush, on a piece of building land close to Mr. Henry Varley's chapel. Brother Woodlock went to take the horses back to the man who lent them, and while he was away I sold mine, being determined to have no hindrance, as I meant to settle down and find Christ, if He was to be found. Bless Him! He saw that I was in earnest; and the Spirit of God told me I should be saved that night. And so I was, with my dear brother Bartholomew. After

I got my van settled I built up my tent, and then I asked God to direct me to some place where I might learn the way to heaven. I could think of nothing else but Christ. I believed His blood was shed for me—yes, for me, a poor gipsy—and not only for me, but for you, dear reader; yes, for all the world. Praise His name.

I inquired of a young man if he could direct me to a place where there was going to be a service that night. He said, "Yes." Just then a young man stepped up and said, "Are you going to be religious?" I said, "I don't know anything about being religious, what I want is Christ, and Christ I will have before I come back." This man was so angry at my determination being so great that he said he would be a very devil in the midst of us. I went off to the meeting, my brother Bartholomew going with me. We found a little mission hall in Latimer Road, Shepherd's Bush. It was a prayer meeting, and several working men were there. They were singing that good old hymn—"There is a fountain filled with blood." As they were singing the power of God took hold on me. I was standing up, and my mind seemed to be taken away from everybody and fixed heavenward. It

seemed as if I was bound in a chain and they were drawing me up to the ceiling. I was unconscious until I fell on the floor, and they told me afterwards that I lay there wallowing and foaming for half an hour, like the son that the father brought to Jesus (Mark ix. 17). When I came to myself, I seemed to hear the voice of Jesus saying, "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, come out of him and enter him no more," and the spirit rent me sore, and came out that same hour. Some of my children were there, and, crying, said, "Oh, dear, our father is dead!" Blessed be His name, I had only then commenced to live! My bands fell off, my tongue was loosed, and I immediately rose and told the people that Christ had saved me. My dear brother Bartholomew was saved the same night. No human instrument pointed me the way; God began it and God finished it. I told the people that my wife had been dead three years, and that I had been under deep conviction ever since that time. The change was so great that I walked about the hall, looking at my flesh. To me it did not seem the same colour. My burden was gone and I told the people that I felt so light that if the room had been full of



eggs I could have walked through and not have broken one of them. Glory be to God for His wondrous way in dealing with me. I went forth a new creature in Him. When I arrived home my children were called, and, for the first time in that gipsy home, I knelt with them in prayer. I began at the right place—with my dear children. I shall never forget that night how I sang; and well I might, when such a sinner as I had been was delivered from my guilt. My joy was indeed great, and I told my children that "old things had passed away," and that we must lead a new life together. I did not sleep much that night. I was talking to Jesus, and asking Him how I should go on. A voice seemed to say, "Now are ye clean." I said, "It is enough, Lord, My soul believes it. What must I do to keep clean?" A voice came again, "Abide in me." I did not know at that time that it was in the Bible, but you will find it in John xv. 3, 4. Oh, how sweet it sounded to my soul! I was lost in wonder, love, and praise, and fell asleep singing,

"My Jesus I love Thee,  
I know Thou art mine."

In the morning, I went on my knees in my gipsy van and asked God to guide me by His Spirit to live as He would have me, for I was willing to obey Him. Going outside and looking round the van, I thought I never saw anything look so new and bright. My brother Woodlock came to me and asked me how I had been saved, for he had heard the news. I told him I was a new man, that I had found a peace as calm as a river, and that Jesus had cast out the evil spirit. He replied, "Yours is a real conversion." The devil made my statement a snare for him, telling him that he must feel just exactly as I felt or he would not be converted, so he was kept in bondage till the following Sunday. After breakfast I again prayed with my children, and asked God to save them, receiving an impression while I was praying that I must go and speak to the other gipsies that were encamped on the same piece of ground, numbering about twenty families. Being quite willing to take up my cross I obeyed and went, when in their midst I began to sing, and I told them what great things the Lord had done for me. Many of them were bathed in tears. I turned round to my brother Bartholomew's van, and saw him

and his wife on their knees, and she was crying to God for mercy. God saved her there and then. My brother Bartholomew and I then commenced a prayer meeting in one of the gipsy tents, and my eldest son and daughter were brought to Christ that morning, with several others, until thirteen gipsies professed to have found Christ as their Saviour. I shall never forget our first prayer meeting. We were like the woman at the well, crying, "Come, see a man that told me all things that ever I did. Is not this the Christ?" The prayer meeting ended, and there was a calm.

Now commenced a new life. My attention was first drawn to my fiddle, that I had played and loved in the dancing saloons; and so that it should form no temptation to me, I made up my mind to part with it, although it had brought me in great gain. I took it to a pawnshop in Shepherd's Bush, and asked the broker what he would give for it, as I wished to sell it. He said, "What, sell your best friend?" I told him I had found Jesus, and He had taken away all my desire for worldly things. He wept, and taking my hand said, "May God bless you," and we parted. This was April 6, 1859.

Mr. Henry Varley, of Notting Hill, heard of our conversion and came to invite us to his tabernacle. We accepted his invitation and received considerable help from his preaching. He put a mission tent on the ground where he was staying, and called it the "Gipsy Tabernacle." A lady volunteered to teach the gipsy children in the daytime, and several young men came in the evening to give us an hour's reading, and to hold services on different nights in the week. On April 11th, 1869, my dear brother Woodlock found Christ in Mr. Varley's vestry, and joined us in praising God. At this time the devil began to rage. Seeing that he had lost three of his servants he did his best to upset us, and we were all turned off the ground where we had been staying. Some of the friends told me to hire a field. I did so, at a rent of £25 per annum. We moved our tents and vans into this field, and all the gipsies went with us. The tents were pitched all round the field with the mission tent in the centre. Meetings were continually held, and we had every opportunity to testify to our gipsy friends what the Lord had done for us. But the enemy had not done with us. Several of the gipsies' antagonists got

drunk, fought, and made a great disturbance; and as we had paid no deposit on the land we were again expelled.

We went to God in prayer, and asked His guidance in the matter, as we three brothers were determined to work for God. I was led to a farmhouse close by. Knocking at the door, the gentleman came out and asked me what I wanted. I told him the Lord had sent me to ask him to let us come under the railway arch that was in the corner of his field. He said he was afraid to let us come in. I assured him that we were honest, and that he might use our horses—for we had bought more to enable us to go to Kent for the hop season, where we had worked for Mr. Hodge, Orphan Green, for many years. He seemed at a standstill, not knowing what to do. His wife then came out and entreated him on our behalf, and he yielded and gave me the key. We stayed there until September. He found work for us, and we had some precious times all the while we were there. We still kept going to Mr. Varley's tabernacle until we left for Kent, proving that "godliness is profitable for all things, having the promise of this life and that which is to come." Soon after

we wrote to my father and mother, telling them we were converted, and then went to see them at Lowton Forest. They soon prepared something for us to eat. We told them that before we partook of food now we prayed. All knelt down, and my father cried for mercy, and said he ought to have set the example. Instead of that, we had to come to teach them; and both father and mother rested upon the promise of God. They were then seventy years of age. They lived five years after that, trusting in the finished work of Christ.

I have already intimated that we went down to Kent during the hopping season. This time someone had already told my master that his fancy man had turned religious. He replied that he was very glad to hear it. When I met him at the farm he said, "Good morning. I have heard good news." I told him at once that I had found Christ. He gripped my hand, and the tears stood in his eyes. He said, "You must come up to the house to-night, and then we can talk more about it." We accordingly went, sang some hymns, and talked about our conversion, and the power of God fell upon us. His wife said we had better turn it into a prayer meeting.

We were soon on our knees, and I believe from that time several of that family were savingly converted to God. They built us a tent in the cherry orchard, and we held services right through the hopping season. The work was so blessed that Mr. Varley came down to help us. The policeman who was told off on duty there was told to take his staff with him. He replied to his superintendent that he would much rather take his Bible, for the gipsy was preaching Jesus, and such had been the change produced that the staff was not required. More blessed to relate, the policeman and his daughter were converted during the services there. Praise God!

At Michaelmas, the season being over, we made tracks once more for Cambridge, to settle down for the winter on a piece of ground near the Gas House in Barnwell. On Sunday we commenced to sing the praises of God outside near our vans, and very soon a crowd of people congregated round us. We talked to them of Jesus and invited them to the chapel. We went on singing, the people following us, and the chapel was soon full. We never lost the influence of that meeting. All glory to our risen Saviour, who hath chosen the

weak things of this world to confound the mighty.

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### WORK AMONG THE CHURCHES.

It soon got spread abroad that the converted gipsies were preaching Christ. I told them God had brought us out of darkness into His wonderful light, and we now wanted to work for Him. The Primitives took us by the hand first and put us on their plan, and we laboured for God all over the circuit, in the Wesleyan and Baptist mission rooms, in the ragged schools, and in the mission room with Mr. Sykes. Upwards of a hundred souls professed to find Christ that winter. At Harston a publican found Christ, and came out of his publichouse. The cottage services which we held on Wednesday seemed to stir me up so that I told God that if He would give me conversions I would always witness for Him whenever the opportunity presented itself. How I prayed about the first meeting that God would bless it! I had to walk twelve or fourteen miles, and as I went along I distributed tracts, and had a good chance to speak to many about



their souls' welfare. Having reached a bylane, I stood still and began to preach to a field of turnips—getting ready for the meeting. It was a poor congregation; I could get no response; they had neither eyes nor ears; but to my astonishment there were two men the other side of the hedge that I had not seen, who had overheard my discourse. Thank God it did not prove in vain, for they came forward and thanked me for what they had heard. I went to the meeting with my heart full of joy and the little place was packed. A young man who would not go anywhere to hear the way of life came to hear the gipsy. God's spirit took hold of him and he was converted that night, and afterwards became a local preacher. So God sealed my labours and gave me that one soul, and he is still working for Jesus with all his heart.

Having finished our meetings in Cambridge, the friends presented us with the first Bibles that we ever had in our lives. Our final meetings were held in the very ragged school where God had convinced me of sin when but a child. Some of my children had occasionally gone to school since my conversion, and had therefore learned to read the Bible to me. Being

uneducated and thirsting for the Word of Life this was marrow and fatness to my soul, a lamp unto my feet, and a light to my path. My desire to read the Bible was at this time very great, so I went alone into my van, knelt down before the Lord, and said, "O Lord, Thou hast made me, and Thou canst teach me to read Thy Word," and God did help me, and I soon learned to spell out for myself, and so claim the promises as my own.

From Cambridge we made our way to London, calling at the Forest, as was our custom every year, and then on to Canning Town, to the place called Chevvy Island. There was always a number of gipsies encamped on this ground. On Sunday a singing band of men and women from a camp meeting came into our encampment. They were all arranged on a large wagon. We were delighted at having the people of God with us. True we were strangers to them at first, but afterwards found out that they were the Christian Mission, afterward "Salvation Army" and were soon at home amongst them. It soon reached the ears of Rev. W. Booth, afterward General Booth, that there were three converted gipsy brothers in their

camp. He did not take long before he sought an interview with us; and, taking us by the hand, gave us encouragement, and said the way to keep bright and happy was to work for God. We took his advice and cast our lot in with them, and were put upon their plan as the "Three Converted Gipsies," and were owned of God wherever we went, even to the salvation of numbers of precious souls. The outcome of the effort put forth during our short stay with the mission will only be known in eternity.

About the month of November we returned again to Cambridge, and our hearts were gladdened when we saw many still holding on their way that had been brought to Christ the previous winter. Again we commenced work for God, and gipsies, college gentlemen, and others, were seen marching through the street singing, "There is a fountain filled with blood," etc. the outcome of which was a genuine revival. The work was so great that we had to give up working at our trades, and invitations became so pressing that we felt the call was from God, so we left our chair-caning and basket-mending and gave ourselves wholly and solely to the work of saving souls.

Our first invitation was to Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire. Mr. Sounday found us a meadow in which to put our vans. The engagement was for a week, but the work of God broke out so vigorously that we had to stay a month, and one hundred souls professed to have given themselves to Christ.

From there we went to Potton and Gamblingay, and everywhere signs and wonders were wrought in the name of the Holy Child Jesus. Many are to be found to-day in that neighborhood who remember the visit of the converted gipsies to the praise of God. In the midst of our work we received a letter from the Rev. Wm. Booth, wishing us to go right into the work of the Lord under the auspices of the Christian Mission. It was a matter of consideration for me, for I keenly felt my unfitness for this work; but God's strength was made perfect in weakness. My dear brothers were one in mind with me, and after waiting upon the Lord for guidance we again started for London. On our way Mr. Booth met us at Baldock, Hertfordshire, and we talked the matter over and prayed together, and he said that after much prayer he wanted us to go to Ports-

mouth, and I should have to have a fiddle again and use it for God. I felt willing to do anything and go anywhere if it would glorify God and bring souls to Christ. We met Mr. Booth in London at the end of three weeks, at the People's Hall, White-chapel, and he told us that the bills were out in Portsmouth announcing that the three converted gipsies with their hallelujah fiddle was coming.

At Portsmouth the services were held in a large theatre, and God again owned our labours. We afterwards went to Gosport, just at the time when the soldiers were returning from the Ashantee War. Many meetings were held there and God blessed the Word, and many of the soldiers were brought to know the Lord as their Saviour. One of the soldiers said in his experience, that whilst fighting out there in the bush, his comrades falling down on either side of him, he was struck in the chest with a slug from the enemy and had it not been for his mother's Bible which he carried in his breast-pocket, he would assuredly have been numbered with the slain. "My life was saved," he said; "but, blessed be God, now He has saved my soul." We had some remark-

able meetings there, and on leaving Mr. Cook presented us each with a Bible as a grateful memento of our visit.

Proceeding to Southampton with Brother Corbridge, crowded meetings were held in a large wooden circus, which would accommodate three thousand persons. At first the work was hard, and no results were seen, but we felt the Spirit of God was working. Thirteen came forward during the week, but we were so heavily burdened because so comparatively few yielded, that we went home and wept before the Lord because of their impenitence. But Mr. Corbridge cheered us and said, "We shall have them. They are feeling the smart of sin, and they are in pickle." Thank God they came to our relief, and one hundred souls came out for Christ. And so we were kept as the specials for the Christian Mission, being sent here and there. Having been sent to Chatham, one night it looked like a mighty battle. There were soldiers and sailors, black men and white men, rich men and poor men, all on their knees, crying before God, who is "no respecter of persons." He that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, whatever his nationality or colour, is accepted

by Him. (Acts x.) One man was a green grocer. The devil told him he would lose his customers if he shut his shop on Sunday. We told him that the Lord would make it up to him in other ways. He obtained a board, and had painted on it the words, "This shop will be closed on Sundays." I nailed it up tight for him, and we shouted, "Hallelujah! Christ has got the victory."

About this time the invitations were so pressing that we were led to launch out independently, depending upon God entirely. Having related our conviction to Mr. Booth he saw the reasonableness of our case, and kneeling down commended us to the keeping of our Master. I then said, "Here is the fiddle that you gave me to play. You purchased it, and you have a right to it." He replied, "I shall not take it from you. Seeing that you are married to it, I make you a present of it, to use in the Lord's work." We then bade each other good bye, and from that day until now God has opened the door of usefulness to us, and we have depended upon Him, walking by faith and not by sight. "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few."

On one occasion the Lord impressed me very much about going to Bedford, although we had received no invitation. I told my brothers how I felt about going. They said, "It is of the Lord, we will go at once." So we put our horses in our vans, and away we went for the town of Bedford. We had to take a place where we could stand our vans, after we had arrived in the town. We were charged nine shillings a week for the stand and nine shillings more for a field to put the horses in making eighteen shillings and we were not sure of a penny piece coming in; but believing as we did, that we were sent by God, we knew it would be all right. We went to see John Bunyan's statue; and as we gazed at it we asked God to use us in that town, even as he had used his servant John Bunyan in years gone by. From there we went to Bunyan's Chapel; and as we stood looking, the chapel-keeper asked us if we would like to see inside. We accepted his offer, and sat down in the very chair which this man of God had set in, and asked God to give us power to do something for Him in Bedford. A brother in Christ who was standing there said, "You appear to be strangers to this part." We told him we



were, but that we were not strangers to the Lord Jesus. I told him we were known as the three converted gipsies. He shed tears of joy, and said the Primitive Methodist minister wanted to see us, but he did not know in what part of the country we were in. We went to his house, and after talking the matter over he asked us if we would commence a week's special mission at once. We told him that was why we had arrived; and we began in the open air and sang to the chapel, which was soon crowded to the door, and the power of God fell upon us, and very many souls were brought to the Lord. Every night throughout the week God richly manifested His power in our midst, to the joy and salvation of very many precious souls. Oh, how mysterious is the hand of God! He led us and guided our steps, and blessed us there; and from that visit to Bedford sprang up invitation after invitation to visit the scenes of former labours. We afterwards went there for Mr. Usher, at the bank, and conducted services in the Bedford Hall, and God owned His Word and blessed our testimony to the salvation of not a few.

After our visit to Bedford we left for

Cambridge to stay there for the winter, taking that as our centre. We received calls on every hand. We had an invitation to Baldock, Herts. Having put our horses in our vans we were soon on the road, making tracks for our destination. The roads were very bad and heavy. Night overtaking us we made a halt, and our horses were permitted to graze by the roadside. Before conversion we were not so particular. We found accommodation for them in some one else's field. But now we were made new creatures in Christ Jesus, and old things had passed away. About four o'clock in the morning I was surprised at some one knocking at my front door, and saying, "Hallo, there!" I replied from within, "Who are you?" He said, "I am the policeman, and have come to take you into custody." I said, "Why?" He replied, "There is a law made that if any gipsies are found stopping by the roadside for twelve miles round they are to be taken up without a summons or a warrant." I told him he must be careful in this case, as we were exceptions to the rule, being a King's children, and that the Bible said if they touched one of God's little ones they touched the apple of His eye.

He said, "I'll wait until you get up." When I had dressed myself and gone out, I found there were four policemen awaiting us. We were handcuffed like felons and taken to the lockup. I told them there was no necessity to put the bracelets on us, as we should not run away; but they would not heed. The journey was rather lengthy, being one mile and a half to the lockups. All the way we preached to the policemen and told them that God would bring them to judgment if they neglected the Lord Jesus Christ, and that we should be witnesses against them at the great day, and would then declare that in the *name* of Jesus we had faithfully warned them to flee from the wrath to come. They never responded once, but trudged on in peculiar silence. They undoubtedly had not had such prisoners in their possession before, nor such a lengthy discourse, for that night I had preached to them a sermon "a mile and a ha'f long." Arriving at the lockup, we were placed in the cell. We were soon on our knees in prayer, pleading with God to touch their hearts and save them as he did the gaoler of old. The Lord heard us, and the policemen wept. Then we began to sing—

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free."

The keeper said we must not make such a noise. We asked him if ever he had read of Paul and Silas having been put into prison, and he said "Yes." Then I asked, "What did they do?" He answered, "They sang praises to God;" and I replied, "And so will we," and we struck up singing again—

"His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood avails for me."

They found they had a queer lot of prisoners there at that early hour. The keeper gave us some rugs to keep us warm; and his wife came down weeping and said, "Who have you got here? I have been very much troubled ever since they came." The husband told her to make us some coffee hot, and to give us some bread and butter. Having done so, she brought it to us and I began to talk to her about her soul and about Jesus, and I gave her a little tract entitled "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin." I told her the story of his death for sinners. She drank in every word, and then and there trusted Christ as her Saviour, and we again praised God together.

We were brought before the magistrates in the morning. We had no money on us; but we were fined twenty-five shillings each, or in default imprisonment for fourteen days. Our fines, however, were paid, and we went on our way to Baldock. We can see here that the devil wanted to hinder us in our work and mission at Baldock, but God richly blessed our visit to that place, and many were brought in who have since been working for Jesus. We told the people that we had all been locked up at Melbourne, and the news spread on every hand; but we afterwards received an invitation there, which we accepted. Our meetings were held in a meadow, and our friend the policeman was there and several others. They were sent to keep order, as the crowds were very great, the attraction being the gipsies that had been locked up in that very town.

“God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform.”

The amount of good that came out of this singular occurrence will only be known in eternity, for the Holy Spirit of God was mightily manifest.

I have previously said that Cambridge

was to be our centre. On one occasion I was very busy working in the van. It was Christmas Eve. Being much impressed by the Spirit of God to work for Him, I went on my knees in prayer. I was thanking God for His goodness to me in all my former career, and so greatly did He bless me that I began to sing—

“In some way or other the Lord will provide.”

Just then there was a knock at the van door. It was Mr. Sykes, the missionary, who came in, and shaking me by the hand said, “How good God is, isn't He?” “He is good,” I replied. “Yes,” he said. “I have come to tell you that there are three legs of mutton for you and your two brothers.” I could not answer him for a moment, being taken by surprise. He told me the Lord had sent them, but we would have to fetch them from the grocer's shop at six o'clock. We were there in time, and as we entered the door I saw three bags of flour standing there also. I said to my brothers, “They are ours, I feel sure.” They smiled and said, “Hold your tongue,” but it turned out to be so. We were well supplied with provisions for the Christ-

mas, and we never knew who paid for them from that day to this. But the Word of God is verified that "no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."

It will be interesting for the reader to follow me closely at this point of my story of a few details as to our missionary effort in several parts of the country, and the wonderful way that God opened the doors of usefulness for us, without any advertisement on our part. On one occasion a gentleman from Norwich came to Cambridge adjoining St. Andrew's Hall. We were there for eight days. The crowds were very great, and the Mayor of Norwich said we should have to take the St. Andrew's Hall to accommodate the people. Thank God, many were brought into personal contact with Christ through that mission. We returned in the year 1886, nearly eleven years after the first visit, and found many who held sweet remembrances of that time, who were still rejoicing in the hope that is set before them in the Gospel. We have repeatedly visited Norwich since, and we have no greater joy than to know that our children walk in the truth.

I remember too, with grateful remem-

brance, a visit that we paid to Wymonham, in Norfolk, during the ministry of Mr. Meddows (Primitive Methodist). The whole town seemed to be in one fervour of religious feeling. So mightily was the Holy Spirit's power manifested that we had not much time to eat our food. Great was the cry of convicted souls, and we believe the dear Lord healed them all. More than one hundred precious souls were brought to the Lord during that mission. Here the chapel was again too small, and we had to seek enlargement. Many of the young men who sought the Lord at that time are now preachers of the Gospel—so I have learnt from Mr. Lane, a good man of God. To the glory of His name. He can keep us as well as save.

We also visited Hadingham, Cambridgeshire, labouring with Rev. Mr. Jas. Smith, the Baptist minister. God owned our labours during that week to the salvation of many.

About this time we received an invitation to Leeds to the York Street Chapel. Here some notable characters were savingly converted, one in particular, a soldier in her Majesty's army. In relating his experience, he said that during a recent



campaign he had been in attendance on two large guns, when the men all around him were falling in death. At that time he had never had a thought as to what would become of his soul if numbered with the slain. God was far from his thoughts then, but now he was happy and a new creature in Christ. He was then living in a street which was known as "Little Hell." He said, "If I had died in my sin there is no doubt but that I should have been in a big hell." His wife also said, "God has indeed given me a new husband. My home since his change is like a little heaven below." A brother was also weeping at the meeting, and I asked him why he wept. He replied, "For joy," for all his class had been brought to Christ. We have been to Leeds four years in succession.

It is needless to take the reader any further in my travels up and down the land—suffice it to say that God has blessed the testimony, simple as it may have been, from the lips of three gipsies. God has backed His word with power, and letters on every hand have reached us expressive of gratitude to God that ever we came that way.

## CHAPTER V.

THE TRIUMPHANT DEATH OF  
WOODLOCK AND BARTHO-  
LOMEW.

But in the midst of our work, true as we were to each other as brothers and to the principles of the Cross, death's rude hand came amongst us and made a breach. We were all three labouring for God at Chingford, Essex. The following extract, which at the time was printed as a leaflet, will afford an explanation:—

SUDDEN DEATH OF ONE OF THE "CON-  
VERTED GIPSY BROTHERS" SMITH.

These devoted Christian men had been holding services at Chingford, Essex, since 4th March, 1882, and on Tuesday, 7th March, at the close of their meeting, the second eldest brother, Woodlock, was detained a few minutes behind his brothers in earnest conversation with an anxious soul, and they went on ahead to take train for Stratford, leaving him to make haste after them. Woodlock in the darkness ran with great force against a wooden post in the midst of one of the lanes, and sustained

such severe internal injuries that he never rallied, but died in 28 hours. Cornelius, his eldest brother, stayed by him all night, while Bartholomew the youngest, returned to Stratford to inform their wives and families. On Wednesday morning early Woodlock's wife went to Chingford, and during the day he was removed to his own little home, Cobbold Road, Leytonstone, where he breathed his last early on Thursday, 9th March. Though under terrible suffering he never once lost his consciousness, but to the end testified of redeeming love. He was a large-hearted Christian man, and never happier than when pressing others, in his own simple forceful way, to accept God's gift of salvation, and faithfully to serve the Master he loved so well. He has left a widow, a grown-up son and daughter, and an idiot boy twelve years of age, to mourn his loss.

On Saturday, 11th March, 1882, this worthy Christian man and zealous worker was buried in Leytonstone churchyard. He was followed by his sorrowing relatives, and over fifty of the gipsy community, while four hundred sympathising friends lined the approaches to the church and burying-place. The parish church had a

very unusual audience that day, for the gipsy people pressed in with the others, and as the vicar read the burial service hearts were deeply touched and tears freely flowed, and again when the body was committed to the dust, "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection," the wave of hearty response told how solid was that blessed hope of Woodlock. At the grave two or three Christian men addressed the company, testifying to his sterling worth who had just been laid to rest, urging on the unsaved immediate decision for Christ, and on Christians heartier service for the Master. The two surviving brothers spoke spoke very feelingly of the loved one they were severed from, and how much they would feel the missing link in their chain of Gospel testimony. Hymns having been sung with much emotion, prayer was offered and the company dispersed.

Woodlock Smith was a hale man, only forty-eight years of age. More than twelve years before, his two brothers and he were converted to God, and straightway they began to testify, "Come, see a man which told me all things which ever I did. Is not this the Christ?" And lovingly and earnestly they laboured together from tha



**The Three Gipsy Brothers**  
**Bartholomew, Cornelius, Woodlock**

date. When not called out to Gospel testimony up and down the English counties, they laboured with their own hands. In their services, Woodlock, as a rule, led off the first address, and afterwards gave out the closing hymn.

On Tuesday evening at Clingford, he gave out and sang with full heart and soul

“Sing, oh sing, of my Redeemer!  
 With His blood he purchased me!  
 On the cross he sealed my pardon,  
 Paid the debt, and made me free!”

About an hour afterwards he met with an accident, and when he was picked up, he said to the helpers, “I have got my death blow. My work on earth is done, but all’s bright above, and I’m going home.” He was no ordinary man. In clear incisive Gospel testimony, the blood of Jesus Christ, His finished work on the Cross of Calvary, as alone the ground of the sinners’ acceptance with God, and a consequent life of consecration to His service, was the burden of his discourses.

Over the doorway of his cottage home stands this Scripture, “When I see the blood, I will pass over you.”

Intensely real in what he said, never

did he rise to such a pitch of earnestness as when setting forth, "Ruin by the fall, redemption by the blood of Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Ghost." Within an hour of his departure he turned to his weeping relatives and said, "I am going to heaven, through the blood of the lamb. Do you love and serve Jesus. Tell the people wherever you go about Him. Be faithful, speak to them about the blood that cleanses." Gathering himself up he then said, "What is this that steals upon my frame? Is it death?" and quickly added:—

"If this be death, I soon shall be  
From every sin and sorrow free.  
I shall the King of Glory see.  
All is well."

Who made the difference in this man's life and death from that of an ordinary unconverted gipsy? The Lord Jesus Christ.

Thus was our beloved brother taken from us. We had knelt with him at the Cross, laboured together in the cause of Christ, and we shall live together around His resplendent throne.

Two years after the death of Woodlock when I had scarcely rallied from that heavy

blow, my dear brother Bartholomew died. I was quite overcome with the death of Woodlock, and now this terrible blow for the time seemed to unfit me for work, but the precious last hours of Bartholomew will live in memory.

His last few days on earth were spent in Mildmay Cottage Hospital, where he was lovingly tended, and all that human skill could devise under the Divine blessing was done for him, but gradually growing weaker, he pleaded to be carried to his own little cottage home at Leytonstone, to die beside his dear wife and children, and the wish was granted. He only survived the removal about ten hours, but to the last he glorified God in the fires of affliction. A few hours before he passed away he called his family to his bedside and implored each of them to meet him in heaven. His dear wife naturally felt it extremely hard to part with him. He rallied somewhat in his last moments, and said, "There! I was almost gone then. They had come for me." When asked who had come, he replied, "My Saviour." Turning to his wife he said, "You are clinging to me; you will not let me go; and I am sure you do not want me to stay here in all this pain.



I must go home, I cannot stay here. I have made it all right for you and the children. God will look after you. I know your difficulty, but He will bring you through." Trying to comfort her I said, "Tell the Lord, Thy will be done." She looked at me, and said, "Oh, it is so hard." I said, "Yes, but the Lord is going to take him to Himself, and it will make it easier for you." We then knelt down. He sat up in the bed with his hands clasped, looking at her, whilst she poured out her soul before the Lord, and told Him her difficulty. God gave her the victory. She said, "I can now say, Thy will be done." She then kissed him once more on earth, and then he clapped his hands and said, "Now I can go, can't I? I am ready to be offered up. The time of my departure is at hand. Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace. Receive my spirit, for Jesus' sake." Bartholomew's soul had fled from its tenement of clay. The bed-chamber was filled with a halo of glory. He was interred in Leytonstone parish churchyard, in the same grave with our dear brother Woodlock, there to await the resurrection morn.

Jesus Christ found me a poor wander-

ing, neglected, simple gipsy, and brought me into the light, the eternal light of God, and I want to preach Him to my fellow-men as long as I live.

“Happy if with my latest breath  
I may but gasp His name;  
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,  
‘Behold, behold the Lamb.’”





**A Modern Miracle or Out of The  
Depths.**



## A Modern Miracle or Out of The Depths.

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He was a typical Irish boy, bright, witty and willing, but when most boys of his age were snugly tucked away in their little beds Tom might often have been seen in the tap rooms associating with bad companions, who speedily led the lad into all manner of evils.

At the age of fifteen he joined the Royal Navy and soon afterwards was sent to Australia. Whilst there, through his misdeeds, Tom was imprisoned and as it was customary to put the prisoners together, he soon discovered that his companions were burglars and other criminals who whiled the time away by recounting their past exploits and planning further crimes which they intended to perpetrate after their release. After his discharge from the Navy, the subject of this narrative, who by that time had become addicted to drink, settled down in Belfast and married, but instead of becoming better, he rather grew worse and eventually the

home was broken up and the poor wife and children were compelled to walk the streets or seek shelter in any place which would afford a shelter. Yes, this poor fellow was in bondage, worse than any slave who wore the chains in the days gone by. Owned and led captive by Satan at his will, his face marred by sin, his will atrophied, this man drinks the slow poison, and yet hates himself and curses it while he is still drinking it. He served forty-six terms of imprisonment through various offences caused by drink. He was a terror to the police, and oftentimes when in the cells, he had vowed that he would never touch the accursed stuff again, but alas, the temptations were too great and his good resolutions vanished before them like snow before the sun.

During one term of imprisonment it pleased God to take two of the drunkard's children away from the world which seemed to contain so little comfort for them. You who live in luxury and fare sumptuously every day, who manufacture or have shares in the drink traffic, I tell you that the money you receive is the price of blood. Widows and orphans will rise up in judgment against you and the victims them-

selves will bring accusations against you at the judgment bar of God, because you are placing temptation in their way. "Woe unto him through whom the offence cometh, saith the Lord."

But the great day of emancipation for this poor bond slave was drawing nigh, the day when that dead will should have a resurrection, when God should show the world that He can still perform miracles. Tom was, as usual, drunk, and about as low down as it is possible for a human being to sink. Passing through Sandy Row he came to a place where an open air service was being held. Men were assisting who, like Tom, had been down in the depths, but whose life had not only been reformed but transformed through something which had taken place; they called it conversion. The leader of this band of twentieth century miracles was a prosperous business man who spent his time, talents and money to uplift fallen humanity; and seeing poor, drunken, oft-imprisoned Tom at the corner, he approached him with a message of hope. The result was that the homeless wanderer found himself in the mission room, on the Sabbath morning, listening to the wonderful story of Him who came to



this world on purpose to save sinners, even though they were drunken outcasts. And as he began to think of his past career, and of his homeless wife and children, Tom wept bitterly and in anguish cried "God be merciful to me a sinner." That cry of distress from the drunkard was heard, and immediately answered. The Eternal Light shone into the soul; all darkness dispersed and the same voice which said, when Lazarus arose, "Loose him and let him go" commanded there, in that mission room, that Tom should be liberated from the fetters which had hitherto bound him, for "he that believeth on me though he were dead yet shall he live" said Jesus.

That night the converted drunkard told in a few broken sentences of the wonderful miracle which had been wrought. Some doubted, others hoped that it was true, a few believed; but Tom knew that in him a miracle had been wrought. He could say: "One thing I know, where once I was blind, now I see." The first move in the right direction was to be reconciled to his poor wife and children. This was speedily brought about through the efforts of Christian friends. No doubt the long-suffering wife wondered if it could all be

true; that by some mysterious power the appetite for drink had been taken away, was undeniable; that swearing had given place to prayer and praise; that the public house lounge had become an honest, hard-working man, that the children no longer shrank from their father's presence, were proofs indisputable that even the lowest can be completely changed by the Gospel and its Author's power.

How long will it last, was the oft repeated question, uttered by those who knew Tom and his past record. It was my privilege to conduct some services in the new Sandy Row, Emmanuel Hall, Belfast, recently. This building was formerly a brewery, I would that all such places could be converted, even as this has been, into a house of prayer and praise. And there, happy, well-dressed, and wearing a steward's badge, showing the people to their seats, was the ex-drunkard and jail-bird, Tom. Devil possessed no longer, but clothed and in his right mind. Twelve months have passed since the miracle has been wrought and Tom Irwin, as he is, contrasted with what he was, is resistless proof of the truth and power of Christianity.

Let us talk no more of the hopeless cases, to speak thus is to doubt Christ's power to save to the uttermost. He stooped to lift perishing ones out of the depths, and He left the Church an example to follow in His steps. We have erected noble edifices, beautiful without and within, but in many cases we have sought mainly for those to occupy them, who are most becoming, even as beautiful furniture is chosen for a beautiful room, too often disregarding the command to "go out into the highways and compel them to come in." The Christ of God is still the friend of publicans and sinners, and would have them as well as saints in His house.

As you read this account of Tom's passing from death unto life, if you be a Christian, then cross the word "hopeless" out of your spiritual dictionary, and go forth to the rescue of some one who is sinking into the pit. Remember, Christ lives, and He is performing these wonderful miracles every day.

Recently in company with his little daughter, Tom was passing the prison in which he had so often been confined, and he said to the little maid, "That is the prison." "Yes," she answered, "but you

will never go there any more will you daddy?" "Why do you say that," said the father. "Because you are converted now," the little one replied. Yes, that is the reason, conversion has taken place.

Said a doctor the other day, "I don't believe in these so-called conversions." Supposing that doctor had a patient with a terrible disease, and that he had administered all kinds of remedies but without success, and at last he had to confess that the case was hopeless. Supposing that he saw the patient a year after he had given up, sound and in robust health, with bright eyes and red cheeks. Surely he would have to confess, whether he could understand it or no, "this man is cured."

Tom's disease was, apparently, incurable; many remedies such as prison cells were tried, but they all failed and when he was given up as hopeless, the Great Physician came upon the scene and made him every whit whole. If you still doubt, go seek this trophy of Grace, ask his wife and his children, ask those with whom he toils daily. You cannot understand it, no, "the wind bloweth where it listeth, and ye hear the sound thereof but canst not tell

whence it cometh or whither it goeth, so is everyone that is born of the Spirit." Only believe and though you be as deep down in the depths as Tom was, the Saviour of sinners can lift you up and place your feet on the solid rock.



**In Time of Need.**



## In Time of Need.

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From door to door, from room to room, the missionary whom we will call Peter, had been visiting; he had listened to tales of distress, prayed and read the Scriptures to the sick, sympathized with the bereaved mother and wept o'er the cot whereon her dead baby lay; for he had little children and he knew what anguish it would cause to have to part with one of them. Tired and sick at heart, for so many needed the help which he could not give. There were so many fireless grates, empty cupboards, shoeless feet, and all Peter possessed was just sixpence. He had reached the top back room in a tenement wherein dwelt about eight families, one being in every room, and feeling that he could not bear to hear any more tales of sorrow that day, he determined that it should be his last call. In answer to his knock, a woman, who evidently hailed from the country, appeared, and the missionary noticed that she was much cleaner than the usual inhabitants of that district, and that the floor though very bare was also quite clean.

Having acquainted her with the nature



of his business, this poor woman began to weep and Peter was soon listening to another tale of woe, far more distressing than any he had hitherto heard. No fire, no food, no money, husband unemployed, children crying for bread, landlord about to evict: despair. The missionary thought of the solitary sixpence, then of his own bare cupboard, the heavy rent almost due, and of the two days to get through before he should receive his meagre salary. Then He thought of Him who gave Himself for humanity, and kneeling on the bare floor the missionary appealed to God for help. Leaving his sixpence in the hand of the sorrowing woman, he was about to descend the stairs when he met another poor woman who was bringing a little coal and wood for "that poor thing in there," and so the prayer was already being answered. He then begged some bread and groceries, and the grateful look from the woman and the joy of the children, amply rewarded him for his humble efforts. A later visit, and straight talk to the landlord were sufficient to remove the dark cloud of eviction, which had been threatening to burst any moment.

As Peter climbed to the fifth story of

the building wherein his wife and children lived, he thought how much nicer it would be to live once more in the country. He could see his children gradually losing the healthy bloom from their cheeks, his own nerves were disordered, and he came to the conclusion that a missionary life was a hard one. But then he reasoned, a soldier must expect hardships and it is part of my business to endure hardness, thus proving myself a good soldier. So by the time he had reached the fifth flight of stairs he was quite ready to partake of the tea. This he found ready except that there happened to be no butter to put on the bread but as his wife had threepence it was decided to purchase some. As Peter took the money and descended the stairs, many hard rebellious thoughts assailed him; why should he be so poverty stricken while others had enough and to spare, had he not given up all to do the work of a missionary; surely it was not God's will that his children should eat dry bread. Had he not been compelled to pawn his wife's rings to pay the rent, and had looked this way and that and then sneaked like a criminal into the shop, where he was compelled to stand waiting amongst drink-soddened, foul-

mouthed women, who were pledging their husbands' best coats and boots that they might further indulge. As he recalled how his brave wife, on perceiving his tears, had tried to comfort him by saying "we shall soon have them back again," he wondered when that would be possible. "No missionary should ever get into debt" said one whose income was at least three times above that of the missionary. Bad management was the verdict of another who lived in his own house, and therefore did not think of those, who like Peter, were compelled to pay ten shillings per week for three rooms.

But as he reached the street on his way to spend that last threepence the missionary thought once more of Him who suffered hunger and persecution uncomplainingly, and from the depths of his troubled heart Peter cried, as one of old, "Lord help me." Hardly had he offered this prayer, than there on the pavement, in that busy thoroughfare—could he believe his eyes, surely he was dreaming—no, it was true, there lay a half-crown. Surely this is a miracle, thought he; many people have passed, but none have seen this. God has answered my prayer and as he con-

tinued, to fulfill his errand this humble follower of the Sinner's Friend thanked Him for His help in time of need. On his return his wife was surprised to find that he had other provisions beside butter and as he told of what had happened they together offered thanks to the Giver of all.





**The Story of Love.**



## The Story of Love.

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Most people are fond of love stories. They will sit with the open pages of the latest novel before them, and devour it from preface to conclusion. They will sympathize with the faithful yet persecuted lover, who has sacrificed all for love, and, when the villain has been finally brought to justice, and punished for his misdeeds, they have said: "Serve him right, he has met with his deserts." Yet it is all fiction. The most marvellous love-story of all is that of God's love for mankind, not fiction at all, but glorious fact, and yet the same interest is not manifest in its perusal as in that of the novel. Who would think of commencing to read a novel in the middle of the story, or at the end, and then pass judgment upon its worth? Yet people will dare to treat God's story of love as they would not treat a work of fiction. They will accuse God of cruelty, when they read of the future punishment of the wicked, but will say: "Serve them right," when the villain in the novel gets his reward. God is love, we are the objects of His love. We are his handiwork, made in His own im-



age. 'Tis true that sin has so disfigured mankind, that there be very few, if any, who represent the original likeness. But, even as the inventor loves that delicate complicated piece of mechanism, which is the outcome of his mind, so the Great Creator loves us, whom he has fearfully and wonderfully made. Sin separated God and man, and since the tragedy of Eden, God has been seeking to woo and win mankind back to Himself. As the lover will go to the greatest lengths, and will make a great sacrifice to win the object of His love, so God did all He could—He gave His only begotten Son, a living sacrifice to win us to Himself. The result of true love is to give. God so loved the world that He gave, the best that He could, namely His only-begotten Son. If we love Him, then we will give the best that we have, our life, our all, keeping nothing back. God will not be satisfied with a half-hearted love. He is a jealous God. He says: "Son, give me thine heart." He knows that the heart is the hub, round which all else revolves, and He requires its absolute surrender, unquestioning allegiance, no dillydallying, no mere flirtation, but real trusting love. Around us on every hand

are manifestations of God's love, the breaking of the dawn, the song of the birds, the chirping of the insects, the rippling of the stream all seem to testify to the love of God. We owe to Him all things, the air we breathe, the food we eat, the raiment we wear all are tokens of his absorbing love. Yet some people dare to question this great truth. Said a man to me recently: "How can God be loving, when He condemns people to hell?" Said I; "Does God condemn a man to Hell?" If a man continues deliberately to sin, he may expect to get sin's wages. If a man serves a master, he looks for his wages from his master. If he serves God, he gets wages from Him, namely, eternal life. But, if he serves the Devil, then he gets the Devil's wages, namely everlasting punishment (Matt. 25:46). Then whose fault is it? Can you blame God for this? "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked" (Ez. 33:11) God willeth not the death of one. All through the Scriptures He lovingly says "Come", and if any man will go to the Devil instead of coming to a loving God, it is man's own fault, if he finally finds himself in hell. Wherever that is or whatever it means, I know not,

neither does anyone, Christ Himself just lifts the veil a little, and allows us to have a glimpse at its terrors, which He likens to weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, thus suggesting a place of bitter remorse, where throughout eternity, the lost will be continually condemning themselves, for the opportunities they ignored whilst on earth, even as we have revealed in the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus. Some men, ever ready with ingenious inventions, have taken much pains to make us believe that hell means annihilation, but I would like to know if Matt. 25:46, "Everlasting punishment"—means annihilation too. We need not trouble about hell, or where or what it is, if we put our trust in the loving God. I am interested in the place I intend going to. I don't intend to go to Hell, therefore it does not worry me a little bit. But I do expect to finally reach that place called Heaven, and I am intensely interested in that place and its inhabitants. In His love God has laid before us conditions, which all can, if they will, fulfill. "He that believeth is not condemned"—thus it is a question of faith, "but he that believeth not is condemned already," thus the un-

believer stands self-condemned through his own unbelief. Then again I say, who is to blame?—not God. Even some professing Christians sometimes doubt God's love. From the beginning the great Father God has had unruly wayward rebellious children to bring into subjection. He has had to use harsh measures with some, but it has been done for their good. Oftentimes he has had to apply the rod of correction to the backs of erring ones, in order to bend them to His divine will. Does He take any delight in this? Oh no, not any more than a father does in chastising his beloved child. The most devoted parent is compelled to chastise a child sometimes, but he does it for the child's good—it hurts him more than it does the child. So the Lord loveth whom he chasteneth. Then we accuse God of being the author of every calamity from an earth-quake to a shipwreck, from a mining-disaster or trainwreck to a volcanic eruption. Is this fair or right, to express ourselves thus, simply because we do not comprehend all mysteries. The finite cannot comprehend the Infinite. Suppose God was the author of the San Francisco earthquake, surely that city, with all its infamy, deserved it as

much as the ancient cities of the plain, Sodom and Gomorrah. Even God's long-suffering may have its limitations. It takes some terrible calamity to bring some people to their senses. That earthquake made more people pray in one day than all the preaching of the last fifty years. Just after the wreck of the "Titanic" I crossed the Atlantic, and a man asked me if I thought that God was love, after allowing such a tragedy to occur. Said I: "I don't think God has anything whatever to do with it. If men will deliberately rush a vessel through a danger-zone, and imperil hundreds of lives in order to break records, are we to blame God for man's misdeeds?" And, if a careless miner will, against all rules, strike a match, light a pipe, or expose a naked light under ground, the result of which is a mining disaster, is God to blame? Are we to call Him cruel and revengeful? If nations will war with each other in order to grab more territory, more power, more wealth, and sacrifice thousands of innocent lives, are we to accuse God as the author of the carnage and bloodshed? How long will it be ere people learn that God is a Spirit, and that He will guide and sustain the spiritual life

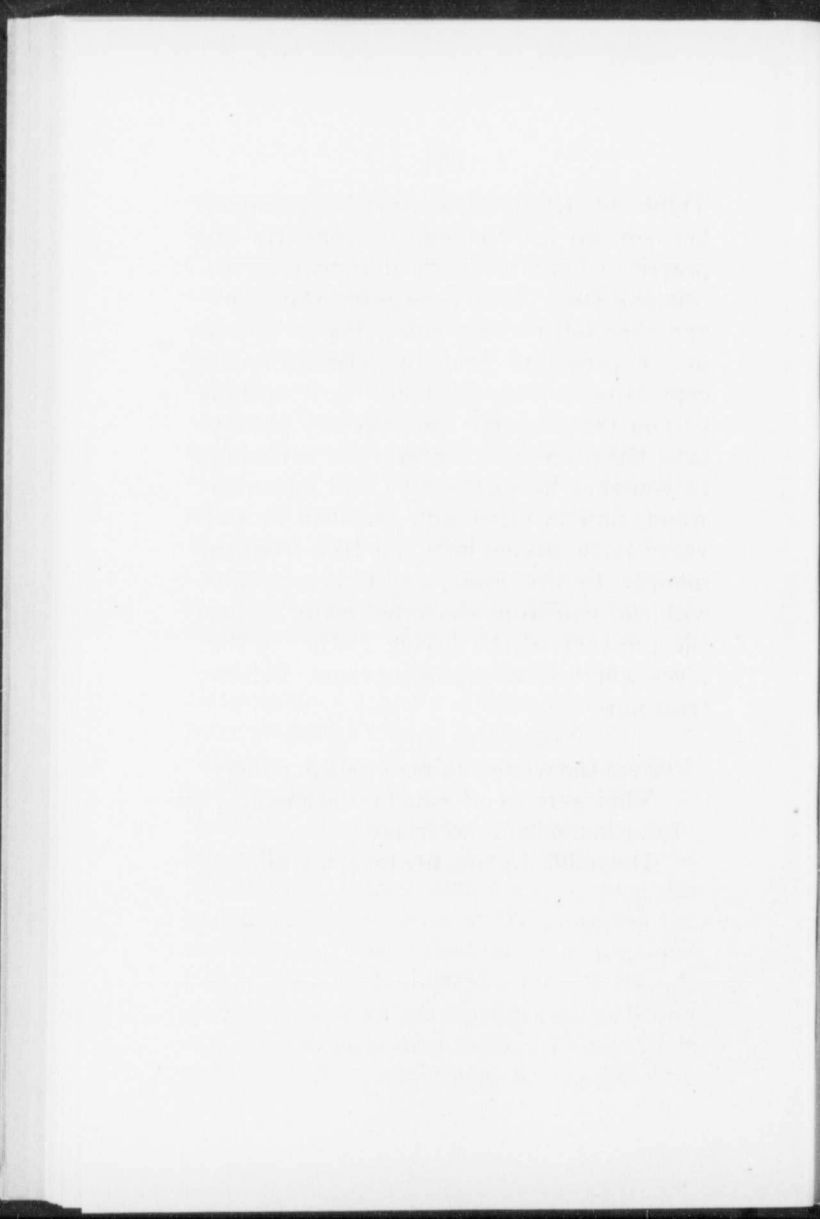
of all who submit to Him, that He is able to keep that which we commit unto Him, but that He has also given us common sense, and a will to use, that probably most of the great disasters are due to the lack of common sense or to flagrant carelessness. God will take care of my soul, but He expects me to take care of my body, and also to help take care of the bodies of others, and if through man's fault, men's lives are imperilled, it is untrue to point an accusing finger at the Almighty and say: "This is your doing." If God had not been love, the world would have perished long ago. If God had not been long-suffering, fire from heaven would have fallen, and this old world would have been but a blot on the face of the firmament. If you and I had received our just deserts, we would have been the companions of those who have joined the host of lost ones in the place of woe. But God lives and loves, and, in order to prove His love, He has sent His only begotten Son to die for a sinful world. He came not to condemn, not to send people to hell, but to show them the way to Heaven. He came to save, to lift up the fallen, to strengthen the weak, to open blind eyes, to unstop

deaf ears, to heal broken hearts, to set captives free, and to raise the dead to life. He still does this, for those who are dead in sin can, through faith in Christ, obtain Eternal Life. Jesus Christ was God in human form, love walking in the midst of unloving people. Publicans, harlots, thieves were not too bad to be loved by Him. He loved them all, and still loves even the vilest. To the poor repentant sinner He never uttered a word of condemnation. He hated the sin, but loved the sinner. Oh, what love, what wondrous love! Ought we not to love Him, who first loved us? Think of the terrible disappointment He must have felt, when, as He wept over Jerusalem, He said: "How oft would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not"—unrequited love, God manifest in the flesh, weeping over a rebellious people. And the loving God is looking over the cities, towns and villages, over the people of today, and, as He perceives the indifference, the rebellion, the sin, methinks He must be saying again, "How oft would I have gathered you, and ye would not." It is your own fault. Think of His suffering, and remember it was for you.

Think of His broken heart, and remember, sin did it. Remember, that He appeared to Paul, after His glorious resurrection, and said: "Why persecutest thou me?" and then tell me, are you going to continue to persecute Him by refusing to accept Him as your Saviour. Is it nothing to you that He left the heavenly place to take His place with sinners? Is it nothing to you that he was reviled and misunderstood, and insulted and crucified on Calvary? Love, divine love, led Him from the manger to the cross, and that same love will lead you from the cross right up into the presence of the loving Father to that place where Love reigns supreme. Believe, trust now.

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small,  
Love so amazing, so divine  
Demands my life, my love, my all."





**Beware of Dogs.**



## Beware of Dogs.

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Scripture Reading:—Phillipians, Chapter Three.

Beware of dogs. First of all, before I really speak upon those words I want to call your attention to another thing which Paul has written in this same Epistle to the Phillipians. It is summed up in the conclusion of his letter, when he says, "Finally my brethren, rejoice." One would almost have thought he would have had it at the beginning. A very important part of our religion and our Christianity is that we "Rejoice in the Lord." It grieves me, as I travel through this world and as I study Christianity, it grieves me I say, to learn that a great many of us have a really wrong conception of Christianity. The reason why so many young people today, hang back and do not have the desire to become Christians, is because some of us are such poor advertisements. "Finally my brethren, rejoice." Do not be so sad about the business; you have something to laugh about; you do not need always to cry. Do not run away with the idea it is wrong to laugh; there is just as much re-

ligion in a good laugh as in a bad cry. It is natural to laugh and see the cheerful side of things and our Lord taught this for He said constantly, "Be of good cheer." It is natural to laugh and be happy and rejoice. The little babe, and nothing can be sweeter than the sight of a mother fondling her babe, and the little one looks up in her face and smiles. It is natural for a child to laugh. Be natural, be real, keep on the sunny side of life. It's good for the health.

I say the reason why some young people to-day do not become Christians, is because they think if they did so they must give up all joy and laughter. No such thing. That is when joy should come to you, when you become a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. Some people take the wrong stand. I was going over to England on board the Royal George, and I was asked to preach in the saloon. There were perhaps three hundred people at the service, and afterward many graciously thanked me for preaching. They seemed to enjoy it. A man was waiting and he did not look at all happy, quite the reverse, and as he grasped my hand he said, "My dear brother." Now I am suspicious of the man

who piles it on too thick. The last man who called me his dear brother wanted to borrow some money. He said, "my dear brother, you have made a terrible mistake." And I said, "what is the matter?" "Why," he said, "you have made a great mistake." I said, "Yes, I have made a great many in my life." I could truthfully say that. "But," said he, "you have not preached the gospel." I said, "I do not like to tell of my private devotions, but before coming into this cabin tonight, I knelt down and asked God to give me something to say and I have obeyed him." "Oh," he said, "you have made a great mistake, you have missed a great opportunity, you have not preached the Gospel." I said to him "How long was our Lord preaching the Gospel? Three years was He not? If it took Him three years to do it, how can I do it in half an hour?" "Oh," said he, "why did you not warn these people of their danger, why did you not talk of the Titanic disaster, why did you not tell them that they might go down?" And I said to him, "Are you a Christian? Well you are a very poor advertisement." That man could only see the sad and dreary side of it. I have never yet discovered when my Lord told a sinner

he was going to Hell. It would be better if I said to a poor outcast, "this is the way to heaven, walk ye in it," and so I talked to that man. It is not my message and business to go about and ask people to get ready to die. It is my business to go about and tell them to get ready to live, then the dying is easy enough. It is only the drawing aside of the veil which separates us from the life beyond. We have not been rejoicing enough. Read the Psalms if you are a sad Christian; you will soon commence rejoicing. Get some of David's spirit. "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth." Thus we shall be good advertisements of Christianity and they will seek the Lord while he may be found. Perhaps you have been doing that way; perhaps you have been thinking it is a sin to laugh and be happy and rejoice and perhaps you have been telling your children that. What a miserable life this would be if some of us could not rejoice. I have no sympathy with the man who sings, "Earth 'tis a desert drear, this earth is not my home." I was walking out here this morning and I saw many beautiful things. This earth is full of beautiful things. The man who wrote

that must have had something wrong with his liver.

We wonder why the young people hang back. I have heard them say. "If that is religion I don't want it." May our hearts be filled with singing and may we take Paul's advice and "Rejoice." We have something to be happy about.

Well I might keep talking like that for half an hour and I was going to say something about "beware", beware of being a long faced Christian. Look on the sunny side, keep smiling. Sometimes people tell me that I look young. I am afraid that if they saw me at home, in the midst of my family they would say I must be pretty old. It is smiling that does it. Keep smiling and singing and save doctor's bills.

Beware of dogs, I want to warn you, and especially the young people here tonight, beware of dogs. I remember preaching in a Congregational Church in England in the county of Herefordshire. When I got to the manse, there was a large sign outside the gate which said "Beware of the dog," and I did beware. I rang the bell—it was one of those old-fashioned affairs with a bell to ring, on the gate and presently the minister came around



from the house, and he said: "Why Smith, you might have walked in," and I said "Yes, but look at the board. I began to think of my wardrobe." Just then we turned the corner and I saw a little wee dog, not big enough to bark, let alone bite. I said, "Do you call that thing a dog?" "Well, it is the only one we have." "But what about the sign?" "Oh," he said, "the sign was here when I took over the manse and I never made any change." I said, "and you have the impudence to keep that sign there, with that dog." "Oh, well," he said, "tramps sometimes come along." "Yes, " I said, "and sometimes gipsies."

There was a dog, harmless, no cause for alarm whatever; but the dogs of which I am going to speak are really dangerous. Thousands have been dragged to an untimely end through the grip of these monsters, and the first one is drink. But, you say, there is no need you wasting your time talking about that in this town, you might just as well give us one of your ordinary addresses. Yes, but I have come from the cities where there were drink shops every few houses, and I have known thousands who left the homestead in the

village or town and never thought of the monster that awaited them. They mixed up with companions, the companions were not drunkards. Oh, no, but they were invited to have a little for friendship's sake and then the dog got to work and fastened his fangs upon the victim, and to-day many of them, a stone marks the place where they were laid. They ought to have lived and been useful citizens but they lay in the drunkard's grave. Beware of dogs. I am afraid that some of us Christian people lay too much blame upon the victim. Perhaps you will not see eye to eye with me just now. When I was travelling in the United States, I used to hear a little song, and I always try to learn something good out of everything I hear, and the chorus ran something like this—"they are more to be pited than censured." If you had seen the victims of this dog drink as I have seen them. On the Thames embankment in the middle of the night, I have found men and women, and I have talked lovingly to them and have heard from them the story of how professional men, men who were once at Cambridge and Oxford universities, Doctors of medicine, and sad to say, Doctors of Divinity were bitten by this

monster. If you question them, and ask them the reason of their downfall, nine out of ten will tell you they did not commence drinking in the saloon. Oh no, and they did not get drunk the first time either, and some one wanted them to have a little for friendship's sake. It may have been in a swell drawing-room, or at a dance or a picnic. Do you not think it is my duty, young people, to warn you to beware of this dog.

For four years in the city of London I drove a hansom cab. You would call me a hack driver. Every night until three or four o'clock in the morning I waited about the streets of London for my fares, and most of my people—the people whom I drove, were victims of the dog drink, and were wasting their substance in riotous living. I know a man to-day whose income was \$5000 a year. He had a good practice, he was a physician, but he became a victim of the drink dog. His wife and children were forced to seek refuge with friends. He came down to his last cent and sought shelter in a lodging house in the city of London where lodgings were provided for six cents a night. He was finally landed in prison. To-day, if you

walk through the streets of London and ask for Caledonia Market, where everything is sold every Friday, and ask them to direct you to old Dr. Brown: there you will see him standing selling pills at a few cents a box ; the man who once held a prominent position as assistant surgeon in one of our largest London hospitals. That is what drink will do. TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT, HANDLE NOT. Shun it as you would a dread poison, as a scourge that would steal your manhood, rob you of your senses and everything you hold dear.

Someone might say, "Well, Smith, if you worked under the conditions that I work, you would have to have something." THAT IS WRONG. I have lived thirty-eight years in this world and mixed up with the roughest of the rough; I have travelled as much as most men of my age and I have been always able to say "No." Mother and I became total abstainers at the same time. You see it was this way. A gipsy woman was walking along the road in England and carrying a baby, and being thirsty she went into one of the public houses and asked for something to drink. It was given her, and just

as she was about to drink, there came to her mind some words that she had heard. I think I told you that gipsies have very retentive memories. The words will be found in the first Psalm, and are "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." She was not a Christian woman, but she thought, I am standing in the way of sinners, and she set down the glass and taking the babe walked out. She said, "I will never touch it again." I was that babe. I said that mother and I became total abstainers at the same time, and we have kept it all along together. I know that the temptation to indulge in strong drink is sometimes strong, yet it is possible, by the grace of God, to say NO.

I think it was while I was in Texas that I had my hardest experience with drink. I was down there with the cow-boys and one day one of the horses was very ill. I said to one of the boys, "If you will let me, I will fix that horse of yours and put him right," and so I attended to his horse. I believe that everyone who has a heart at all will be kind to an animal like the horse. So I did what I considered my duty. The

boys when they came in all went to the saloon and some of them got too much. The cowboy who owned the horse was in a bad condition, and he said to me, "You must have something to drink after that." I said, "No, thank you." But he insisted, and I thought I had better go in, and I said, "I will have a soft drink." I meant lemonade. "No," he said, "you will have no soft drinks here, you must have some whiskey." He was in a condition to fight or do something desperate. I thought, here is a man here, who has had a mother, and who may still have a mother. I was only a lad, eighteen years old, and that great big fellow stood there and said. "You must have something to drink, some whiskey." I said, "My friend, thousands of miles away I have a mother and my mother asked me years ago to make her a promise. Promise me, my boy, that you will never touch liquor. You would not like me to break my promise to my mother, would you?" He put out that great rough hand of his and said, "Stranger, have what you like to drink, keep your promise to your mother."

I tell you men, some may laugh at you, if you stand for what is right, but any sane person will give you credit for standing for

the right. Beware, young people, on no condition give way.

Paul goes on to say, "Beware of evil workers." I want to say a word about another dog, which I feel led to mention. This dog's name is gambling, and perhaps this is more suitable here than the remarks about the other. You may be invited to some party and to have a hand at a game of cards. Now says some one, this evangelist is rather narrow; but, let me tell you a little story and you can judge whether I am justified in making this statement. Coming across from the London docks to New York on my second trip to the United States sent out to buy horses for my master, three men in my cabin, men of the world, old hands in sin and iniquity, brought out a pack of cards and said, will you join us in a game of "Pedro," or "Euchre"? I said that I did not know how to play, but they offered to teach me. They are always ready to teach you, are they not? It is bad enough for a man to go to destruction by himself but woe to the man who drags some one else down with him. I said I did not wish to gamble, but they prevailed, and "just for fun" I commenced to play cards. Just for fun we must have a stake of a few

cents and so the Devil was weaving his net around me; and then the craving grew upon me, the desire to gamble; and the result of my commencing to play for fun in the cabin of that ship was that I became a confirmed gambler, and the hardest thing for me to leave behind, when I became a Christian, was gambling. Drinking and gambling do more towards filling the prisons and lunatic asylums than all the other evils in existence.

A man said to me in a London omnibus one day, in a tone of rejoicing, "they have opened a new public house." "A new public house," I said, "What a pity." "Why," he said, "it will make it good for trade." "Oh, yes, so it will." A few more shoeless children, a few more wrecked homes, a few more heart broken wives, a few more applicants for the lunatic asylums, the prisons and graves. It will make it good for the Devil's trade. That which applies to drinking, applies to gambling, for when a man drinks or gambles he robs his wife and children, his loved ones, and then he robs himself of his manhood. Prevention is better than cure. Many this will not apply to, but if there is one young man here and



these words put him on his guard my message shall not have been in vain.

**THEN ONCE MORE BEWARE OF FALSE PROPHETS.** You did not expect that did you? What did our Lord say? "For false Christs and false prophets shall arise, and shall show signs and wonders, to seduce, if it were possible, even the elect." Paul says "For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you, even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ." **BEWARE OF FALSE PROPHETS,** with their insinuating ways, and their smooth tongues. They would have you believe that they have the true message from God. I say, **BEWARE,** take care. They will come with their literature to your doors—they will tell you it is to help them in their college course—and you will buy a book and you will read it and it looks like the real thing, but by-and-by you will notice the difference between the real and the counterfeit, they will tell you there is no hell,—to soothe the conscience—they will tell you of another opportunity after death, but this Bible does not tell you so, and **BEWARE OF FALSE PROPHETS.** If you study and read to the end you will find that they deny **JESUS**

CHRIST was God manifest in the flesh, they knock away the hub of the gospel wheel, the atonement, they cut that out; and they try to take away the felloes of the wheel, the resurrection. Oh, yes, that is cut out, and you are left with a mutilated gospel when you get through; in fact you have no gospel at all. It is my duty to warn you, beware of false prophets for they are many, their name is legion. The man who says Jesus Christ was not God manifest in the flesh, that he was just a good man like Socrates and no more, he is lying and you tell him so. The man who says Jesus Christ did not make atonement on Calvary for sin, tell him he is a liar. Paul said, "If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." This gospel is not mine, the words are here in the Bible. Tell me if I am not preaching the same Gospel that Paul preached. When you read these works of these blind leaders of the blind, these wolves in sheep's clothing, do you find Jesus Christ there as the Son of God, that he made an atonement for sin? Do you find that he rose again to make intercession for us. It appears to be a newly manufactured gospel

which suits some who have itching ears. Here are men who will lead silly women captive. The Lord knew all about it. The Holy Spirit inspired the Apostle to write and warn them about false prophets. The time is at hand and we should make our peace before the great and notable day of the Lord. Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when He cometh, shall find waiting. Oh yes, all these go to prove that the Lord will come. BEWARE lest when He cometh, he find us asleep, lulled to sleep by the false promises of the false prophets. Wars and rumors of wars. Have we not had them? Pestilences, earthquakes and famines in divers places. Did we not have the great Boer war, and some of our boys went to return no more, and to-day many sleep in unknown graves upon the veldt. In Europe bloodshed on every hand. Earthquakes. Think of San Francisco; volcanic eruptions in Messina; famines in India. I feel tonight like one of old who prophesied. Soon there will be a great war in Europe. England building great vessels and Germany preparing for war, all point to the great and notable day of the Lord. Ought we not to get ready, and shut our ears to the false prophets and

bow to God in His house and crave his pardon and get right with him, for "in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man may come. Watch ye, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh."

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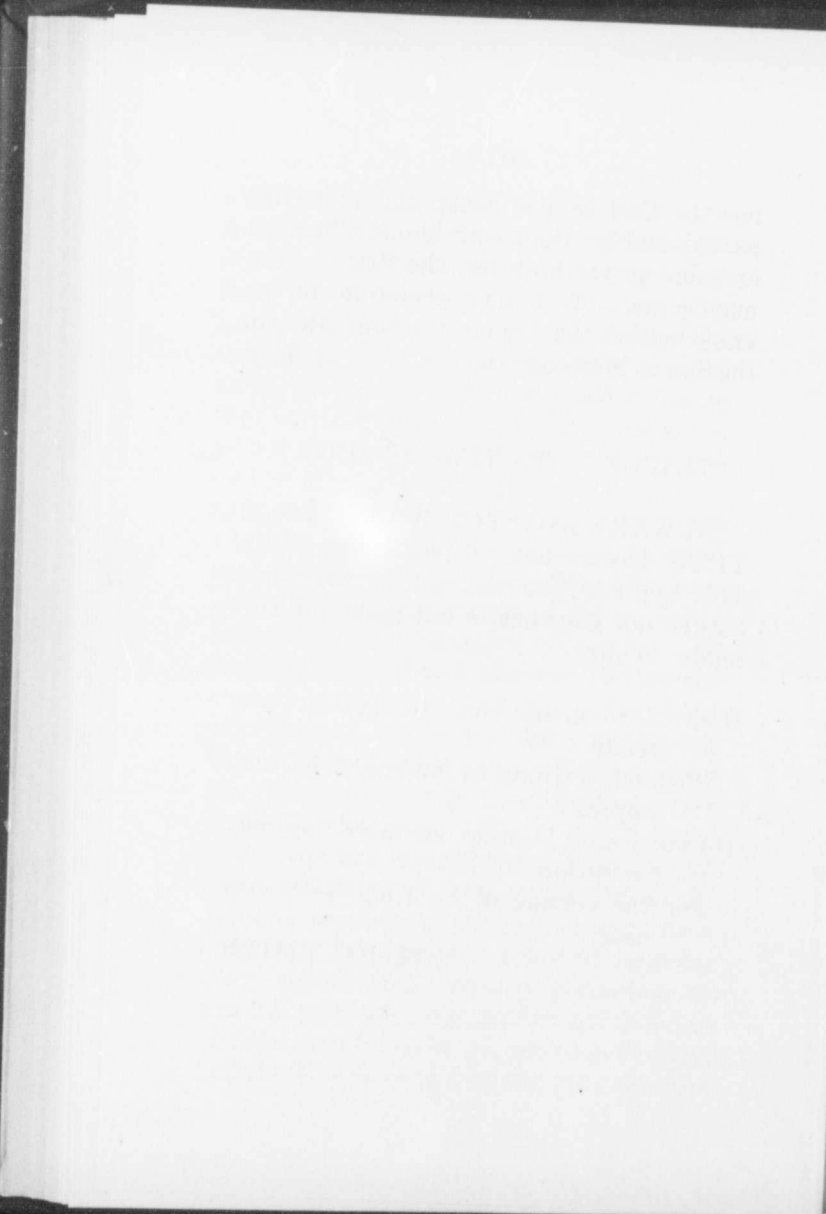
TRIFLE NOT. TIME IS SHORT.

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BEWARE HOW YOU WASTE YOUR TIME, beware lest ye quench the Spirit. This night if you would hear his voice, harden not your hearts but make full surrender to him.

If the Lord should come to-night are you  
 ready  
 Without warning at midnight he may  
 appear  
 Do not longer hesitate, one more day may  
 be too late  
 For the coming of the King is drawing  
 near.

SIMON SMITH



A Near Thing.



## A Near Thing.

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Reading: The Acts of the Apostles. Chapter 26.—verse 28: "Then Agrippa said unto Paul; almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

It was a near thing for Agrippa. King Agrippa came near to becoming a Christian. If he had obeyed the heavenly vision, if as he sat there under conviction, when he heard that Prince of Preachers the great Apostle Paul, if he had obeyed the dictates of his conscience we might have read something about another apostle named Agrippa. He said, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." He was almost, almost a Christian, and to me the saddest thing that I have to encounter as I go from place to place, from country to country, is to learn that so many thousands to-day are almost Christians: so near to the kingdom and yet not altogether. I think I remarked in one of my discourses, that it might be possible for a person to regularly attend a place of worship, for a person to read the Word of God regularly, it may be possible for a man to have a prefix and



an affix to his name, denoting that he is a theologian, and yet it may be possible that one is not altogether a Christian. It is a sad thing to have to say, but the pity of it is that there are so many so near and yet so far. Only a step and that step would turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, and yet they hesitate, hang back and will not take the decisive step; and I find it harder, much harder, to get a person who is "almost a Christian" to take this decisive step, than to get one who has wandered far in sin. One whom we call "down and out," that one will readily say, under conviction, "I am a sinner, Lord save me." Very often we can get such a one to make that confession and with that confession, when it is truly sincere, there comes forgiveness. For "if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

This and another are the most pathetic stories I find in the Bible. I would call your attention to the story of the young man who ran to Jesus and knelt at his feet and clasped those hands that were afterwards nailed to the tree; that young man who saw the love-light in those won-

derful eyes—for Jesus looking upon him loved him—and that young man asks the question “Good Master, what shall I do to inherit Eternal life?” The Lord looking on him loved him and said “Keep the commandments.” All these, said he, “have I observed from my youth up.” He was a model young man; no flaw in his moral character and yet when the Lord told him what he should do and the surrender he should make, “One thing thou lackest,” only one thing; he went away sorrowful. To me the story of King Agrippa’s refusal and the story of that young man’s refusal are most pathetic. I sometimes wish that I were an artist so that I might paint a pair of pictures. The first, that scene I spoke of yesterday morning, where we read that the Ethiopian after hearing Philip preach Jesus, went on his way rejoicing; and the other of this young man who went away sorrowful.

A picture of an acceptor, one who accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and a picture of the rejector. The one who accepted and went on his way rejoicing was a colored man, an outsider, an Ethiopian, you might call him “a low-down fellow” but he went on his way rejoicing. The oth-

er one, the rejector, the ideal young man, very religious, who knelt at the feet of Jesus and after having that blessed privilege which some of us would give years of our life to have had, of handling God manifest in the flesh, and seeing the look of love in his eyes; after all that, this young man went away sorrowful. Imagine, turning his back on the Son of God, who left the realms of glory to come to this world and save fallen humanity. Can you imagine a sadder scene than that? He missed his opportunity. Almost a disciple: we have four gospels but may be if that young ruler had accepted Jesus Christ and obeyed the command "Come follow me" as the fishermen did, we should have had five gospels. We might have read in the Acts of the Apostles about that disciple, but you never again read of that rich young man. You never read that King Agrippa ever became a Christian. You never read that Felix, who was convicted under Paul's preaching, and trembled, you never read that he became a Christian. He MISSED HIS CHANCE. It was a near thing with all of them. So near and yet so far.

What a tragedy to think a man should be so near and yet miss that God-given

opportunity. "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Some of you have been listening to your faithful ministers for years; some for months, perhaps some of you have been to every one of these services and yet only "almost a Christian." I know you may accuse me of being personal, but I will risk offending you for I must be faithful, and we read that if we please everybody we cannot please God. Paul did not pander or bow to those in high places; he preached what he proclaimed the whole counsels of God, and if Paul did not, I dare not. It is a sad thing, people, if after all you are only "almost a Christian;" if after all the host of invitations contained here in this book, where our Lord says "Come"; after listening to the appeals that have gone forth in these services; after you have heard the songs inviting you; after hearing your own loved ones praying for you; how sad if you are only "almost persuaded to be a Christian."

Then there are young folks here to-night, as in all the services, and I want to be fair with you because I still feel young myself and I can just about realize what some of you would say to me. You would say, "Yes, I am almost a Christian and

would have made the decision long since only, only"; then you would commence to make excuses and these are some of them:—and I want to try and meet you. There would be the excuse, first of all: Well you know, I am just light-hearted, I like a bit of fun, and if I become a Christian I shall have to be so sober and so sad. There is "SO-and SO" they look at you as though you were a sinner when you laugh, and they give you lectures and say you are frivolous. If I am going to be a Christian I cannot be so sad. They seem to have the idea that if they become a Christian they must say "Good-bye" to all earthly pleasure. NO SUCH THING. I enjoyed life before I became a Christian, and I want here to deny a statement that I have heard even some preachers make "before I became a Christian I never found any pleasure in the world" and I have heard plenty in testimony meetings say the same thing. Well, as the Scotchman says, "I hae my doots," for I can assure you I had plenty of pleasure before I became a Christian. If you did not find pleasure there would be nothing hard about giving up. Because we find so much pleasure in the world it means a great sacrifice. I loved the theatres, the

music halls, the race course, playing cards and I found it very hard to give them up. But listen, the pleasure which I now have is a different kind of pleasure altogether than the kind of pleasure I had before conversion. That other pleasure does it satisfy? It seems to lose its charm after a time; but this pleasure which I receive in the service of my Master is lasting, something substantial about it. It makes life worth living. I used to laugh before conversion and I do now. Perhaps I laughed at things I ought not before conversion. I used to have fun before conversion and I have it now; it is clean fun though. I used to be fond of athletic sports before conversion and I am now; but if I were playing football now, which I have not the time to do, I should play cleaner football than before conversion. I would not kick the other fellow's shins. I believe in a manly Christianity. Yes, don't make that mistake. If you have the idea that you have to say farewell to all earthly pleasures when you become a Christian you never made a greater mistake in your life.

Another one says—and I have had most of these questions put to me. Well now, you mention theaters, music halls and

such like, of course you are not troubled with many here, but in the great cities they will come along, what do you think? Can the Christian go to the theater, the music hall, the dance or a few other things? Can they? Well, you become a Christian first and then I will guarantee you will know what you ought to do and what you ought not. It is hardly fair to ask all these questions before you become a Christian; for when you become a Christian you become a new creature and God will tell you, if you want to be told what you ought to surrender. If you are in doubt and you think, I would like to go to some place of amusement, just before you go kneel down and ask God to bless you. If you think you can kneel down and say "Lord I am going to this dance or card party, and Lord bless me while I am there," well, if you can do that, go; but again "I hae my doots."

When my cousin was preaching in South Africa, a wealthy lady attended the services and she became a Christian. That lady had a beautiful daughter and the daughter was making preparation for a dance and was having an elaborate dress made and her mother said "My dear, wilj

you come along with me and hear Gipsy Smith."

She replied, "No, I do not want to be bothered with those meetings, I am preparing for this dance. It is the dance of the season." The next night the mother went again and at last the daughter's curiosity was aroused and she went. God spoke to her and she became a Christian. Now that mother was a wise woman: she did not say anything about the dance right away; but just the day before it was to take place she said to the daughter, "My dear I have not heard you say anything about the dance or your dress this last day or two," and the daughter putting her arms around her mother's neck and weeping tears of joy said, "Mother do not talk about the dance, do not talk about the dress, I found Jesus and he is sufficient."

Now some one might say, Yes, that Smith is very narrow, very bigoted; he has come to preach against dancing. I have not told you it was wrong to go to dances have I? But some one else has been telling you. Some one, while I have been telling that story and I will leave it with you. I am not a judge, I dare not condemn. I leave it to you to discover whether you



shall do this or that or the other, for God will speak to you through your conscience and if you are ready to surrender to him you need not ask. If you are willing to be guided, God will guide you. I like to be fair with you, for I know you think these things even if you do not ask them. We would like to ask you, you say, do you go to the music hall, the dance or the card party? Do you drink or smoke? I can say no to all these, but I do not say because I do not do these things that you must not do them. Let God be your judge, not Simon Smith. Oh yes, I will admit that dancing in your own drawing room with people you are well acquainted with is different to a public affair. But will it end there? I have seen hundreds of young women dancing out at Manhattan Beach far past midnight, and I would not like to see my daughters there when they grow up. These girls, no doubt, learned to dance at home. I remember after my conversion I did not expect to have all the light at first—I will try and illustrate—The child does not become full grown at once, and perhaps you will accuse me of being wrong in a theological sense, but I do not think you become a full-grown Christian in a

moment; for I read, "Grow in grace." It looks to me as though it were a progressive race. Paul said, "Press on toward the mark." When I became a Christian I did not see any harm in going to a place of amusement, and I remember very well, one night going into a music hall in the city of London. I love music, and I went in. I thought, there are a lot of people here not very good but they need not affect me. I had not been in there very long before I felt uncomfortable and I wondered why, for I had not felt that way before. I seemed to be turning hot and cold and I thought "Perhaps I am doing wrong but I will see it through now," and then there came the still small voice making me to doubt—and that should be the surest test, if you have doubts about anything drop it, let it go, turn your back on it. I came out, and I said "God helping me I will never enter another music hall," and I never have. It was hard: but I found I could not serve two masters. No man can serve God and mammon.

The Christian must live a separate life, "come out from among them and be ye separate saith the Lord," and I believe the trouble with the Church of Christ to-day

is that we have not been ready to be a separate people and we have been trying to serve God, and mix up with questionable things and people. If you ask me these questions, I have not said yes or no, I leave it with God and you. Let him be your guide. Take the first four words of the Bible, and you will never find a better guide, no matter where you search. "In the beginning God" and when you are asked to go somewhere think of that. Can I put God first? If not it is a sin; anything that comes before God is wrong. He must be first. "Our Captain requires unquestionable allegiance." I remember hearing that phrase from the lips of Sir Ernest Tritton. I had been studying, with others to become a missionary and after the students had finished their course, that man of God, Sir Ernest Tritton, presented each student with their piece of parchment and said "Remember this, your Captain requires unquestioning allegiance." I have never forgotten that. Let God have your best. I think of that wonderful little verse that was found in the fly leaf of a Bible belonging to a student at Cambridge University, who was studying for the ministry. His parents and teach-

ers predicted a brilliant future for him but the godly young man was called home, and afterwards in the leaf of his Bible they found these words:—

“Just as I am, young, strong and free;  
To be the best that I can be  
For truth, for righteousness, for thee;  
Lord of my life, I come.”

We will not have time to bother about these things if we put him first in our lives. You will not ask so many questions if you become fully persuaded to follow the Lord. Do not be content to be outwardly a Christian but let it sink deep into your hearts; make a full surrender and let God have the right of way in your life and heart. Sometimes when we sing that hymn “Almost persuaded now to believe” I think of that passage which says “Harvest is past: summer is ended and we are not saved.” When I think of the prayers that have gone up on behalf of some of you and the anxiety of that father or mother who is still praying for you and yet you are only almost a Christian. Some day we shall have to stand before the throne in the heavenly place. I am not imagining this, you know it is true, for, “in such an hour

as ye think not the Son of Man may come." In our heart of hearts some of us are hoping it will be a great way off, but; Behold the hour is at hand. It may be at midnight, the Scriptures say so, the Lord will appear and then there will come the great separation. I sometimes try to imagine what it will be like. We have here and there a little light on the subject, some on the left and some on the right, and then the Judge of all the earth will speak to those on the left—and perhaps even then they will commence to make excuses, and some will say "Yes, I attended every one of those special services, I was almost a Christian, but I held back until it was too late and then we shall hear "Almost cannot avail; Almost, but lost." They will be so near to the kingdom and yet just outside. You might just as well be a thousand miles away. There is no need for me to enlarge on this, you can only be saved, or an unsaved sinner. I do not know of any intermediate step or opportunity, or other chance. I wish I did, to encourage some. Either I am right with God, or wrong with God. Either I am travelling heavenward or hellward. Either I am serving God faithfully and doing His will and grow-

ing in grace or I am surely drifting, drifting further on the road to destruction.

These may seem very plain and perhaps rude remarks but the Scripture informs us there is no other way.

“Almost persuaded,” harvest is past!

“Almost persuaded” doom comes at last!

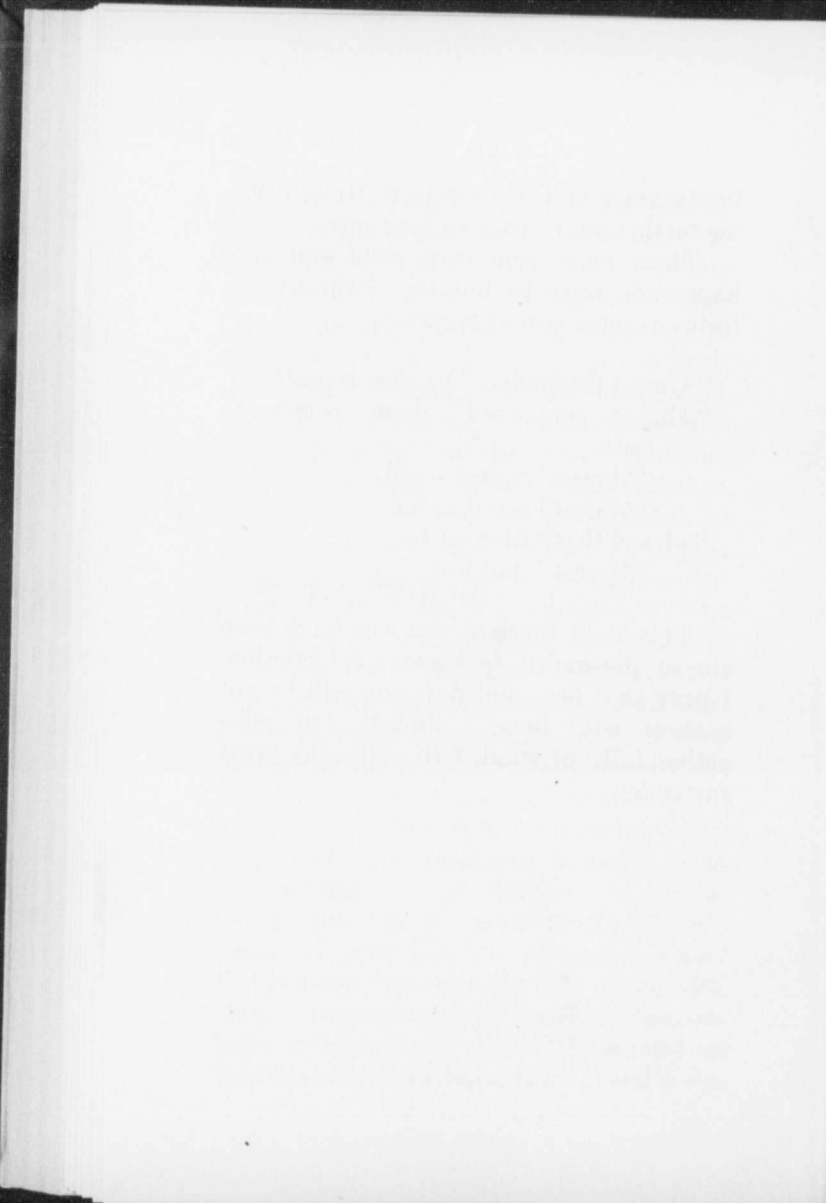
“Almost” cannot avail;

“Almost” is but to fail;

Sad, sad that bitter wail—

“Almost,” but lost.

This night those of you who have been almost persuaded to become a Christian. I pray that here and now you will be not content with being “almost” but altogether fully persuaded to make the great surrender.



## **Points for Young Preachers**



1918 for Young Teachers

## Points for Young Preachers.

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A great many young men have missed their avocation in life. Some who are in business or between the plough handles, ought to be in the pulpit, and alas, some are in the pulpit who should be elsewhere. That young man who has heard the still small voice calling him to "forsake all and follow," if he refuses to obey, if he is disobedient unto the heavenly vision, woe be unto him, for his life will be one long mistake, it were better for that man if he had never been born. I know of a man who did that, the pay of a preacher was too small, today he has money, yes and misery, he made shipwreck of his life. Said a disappointed father of his son, who had been enticed from his intention of becoming a minister, and who eventually became a British Ambassador, "My son has deteriorated into a common ambassador." Yes, to be an ambassador of the King of Kings, would have been far better.

The young preacher must be prepared to do plenty of hard spade work at first. If you would reach the top rung of the

ladder, you must commence at the bottom. Seize every opportunity of developing your talents. Count it a privilege to be permitted to preach the gospel anywhere. In small halls or churches, in out of the way districts, or at the street corners in the towns or cities, remember that the most successful preachers commenced this way. Remember that your Master preached in all the villages, and that He was an open air preacher. You will find it hard work preaching to the twos and threes, but try and put as much soul into your preaching as though you were speaking to a thousand, and the two or three may become preachers also. Be sure that you are called of God. There are too many man-made apostles already. Paul said "Not of man but by Jesus Christ," let the divine ordination come first, be sure that you can say "He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel." Commence at home and in your own town. "Go home and tell what great things the Lord hath done." Commencing at Jerusalem, that was the home of some of the disciples, and it was a good test. If you can preach before your own people you can do it anywhere. In your preaching seek to please

God rather than men. The truth sometimes may cut, may offend, but stick to it. Don't trim, don't compromise, don't pander to wealth, or you will soon be known as the Rev. Smoothem, and your words will be as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Even the ungodly admire a man who speaks plainly. A man can be faithful without being vulgar. "We use great plainness of speech" said Paul. Go then and do likewise. Be natural, understandable, there is no need to send people home hunting up dictionaries.

Be original, use your eyes and ears. Don't be afraid to tell a story to press home a truth. Jesus Christ was always telling stories. Think of the stories of "The Prodigal," "The Good Samaritan" and others.

No preacher need apologize for telling stories, even if they are about himself, Paul was always doing it. Don't forget the children; the young mind like warm wax is easily impressed. Any child old enough to know right from wrong, is old enough to become a church member. Jesus said "forbid them not." The day may not be far distant when every church will have to do more than provide a Sunday School

for the young if they are to be kept from drifting.

A Junior Church roll, and special communion services for the young would form a strong link.

Be bright; the Gospel means Good News, proclaim it as such. It will not be a crime to tell it with a smile, be a good advertisement for Christianity. Don't rave, or screech, it doesn't look or sound nice, it will be easier on the people and yourself if you don't make quite so much noise. A balloon makes a noise when it bursts but there's not much in it.

You need not try to be a religious clown, if you are gifted with humor thank God for it and use it, but don't search all the papers for funny stories and persecute the people by relating them. Study good books, your bible first, but above all study humanity.

If you have never toiled with your hands you won't understand the working man. If you have never wrestled against the world, the flesh and the devil, you cannot sympathize with or understand the man who is engaged in the conflict. If you have always had money at your command, you cannot understand the

poor. Jesus Christ became poor, worked, hungered, suffered, and died with sinners, because He came to save them, and if you want to save sinners you must study them, live with them, and give your life to save them.

Be charitable. Before you condemn others, look within. Christ came not to condemn, follow Him. No preacher has any right to tell anybody that they are going to hell.

Who made you a judge?

Hell and its terrors should be mentioned with tears in the eyes, and not as though it were a sweet morsel that the preacher enjoyed rolling continually around his tongue.

Tell them often the way to get to heaven, and get them started.

Preach the Love of God until everybody is in Love with Him.

Shakespeare, Emerson and a few others that we hear so much of in the pulpits are all smart fellows and they said some good things, but please don't ask the Son of God and Paul to take back seats behind these fellows. Be honest. Don't talk as though you were perfect. Remember the man who is listening may get dis-

couraged and give up in despair if you talk that way, for he knows that he has not yet attained unto perfection, and therefore he concludes that you are either lying or that you have something beyond his reach. Barnabas and Paul were about as good as most men yet they said, "We also are men of like passions with you." The preacher who has got beyond "Forgive us our trespasses" is out of his latitude, evidently this earth is no place for him. The man of God, Paul, after years of faithful service, after persecution, imprisonment, shipwreck and many strifes called himself the chief of sinners.

Humility is a lesson every preacher should learn. Our Lord humbled Himself even unto the death of the cross. He stooped to lift the fallen. Don't set yourself up on a pedestal. A preacher should not consider himself above, or beneath the people, he should be their brother, for our Lord said "All ye are brethren." It is painful to see some men after they get a prefix and sometimes an affix to their name, and even the ministerial garb has been sufficient to make some almost unapproachable. Pride in the pulpit is worse than pride in the pew, both are bad. The

clothes don't make the man. Don't preach against pride if you are dressed like a dandy. It is not wise to spend more time curling your mustache, than on your knees. You had better cut it off and cast it from you, if it offends. If you do happen to possess a diamond ring, don't keep spreading your hands over the front of the pulpit. You won't catch cold if you leave it off. Even frock coats and peculiar collars are not really essential for good preaching; neither is slovenliness in attire a true mark of humility. If you are successful and people praise you, this should tend to make you more humble, because you know you really don't deserve it. "Not I but Christ" should ever be before you. When people pat you on the back and call you a good<sup>d</sup> fellow, and say, "We never heard it in<sup>i</sup> this fashion," perhaps the<sup>l</sup> latter remark will<sup>a</sup> be quite true. Perhaps the reporters will run after you and your picture with what you said and what you did not say will appear in the news columns, then it is time to shut your eyes and your ears and get on your knees, and by the time you have got through confessing your faults to God, and by the time



you have done thanking Him for all His goodness, your head will have shrunk to its usual size, and you will have come to the conclusion that you are only just an ordinary fellow after all.

A newspaper once reported that a well known preacher would have made a good actor. I heard and saw him the next night, evidently he had read the report, and believed it, for he acted as he had never done during the many times I had heard him before. The whole thing was ludicrous, and spoilt an otherwise good service. Remember that you have before you saved and unsaved, let your message reach both. If you want to reach people's hearts, speak rather from your heart, than from your head, but remember that both heart and brains must be put into your work.

Avoid cant; talk in a natural tone. If possible avoid using notes, look your people straight in the eyes. You will then realize that there is a kind of wireless telegraphy going on between you and the people. Perhaps human electricity may account for the fact that you can adapt your speech to suit certain people before you, whose inmost thoughts you seem to

be able to read; the man who reads his sermon misses this. Don't play the parrot. Don't mimic other preachers. Don't palm their sermons off as your own. Your audience may have read it, and detect the fraud. Think for yourself.

You are not forced to take a text because others do. After all it is only a man-made custom. Peter, John and Paul did not pick out a few words here and there, and weave pretty sentences round them. You are not forced to get into the old rut of firstly, secondly and thirdly. You are not forced to pray a long prayer to kill time, neither are you compelled to have any cut and dried methods; that kind of, as it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be world without end, is the thing that is crippling the church today. It would come as a pleasant surprise to some congregation if the preacher would climb out of the rut, and change the programme a little. The preacher should rebuke whispering, giggling, leaf-turning or anything that will tend to mar the service. Some people may accuse you of referring to them in your sermon, tell them "if the shoe fits they must wear it."

Do not preach two gospels, one for the

rich and one for the poor. The gospel is for all; the people do not want a fancy gospel, they are hungering for God, longing for light, they want something to help them to live, and something to take away the sting of death. The man who in his agony the other night cried "If I am not saved tonight I shall go to hell" that man did not want any flowery sermons. Preach the Word. Stick to your Bible, other books are very well, but the Gospel does not emanate from them; if they are good, they emanate from the Bible and therefore should take a secondary place. Preach a real Christ and a real Devil, a real Heaven and a real Hell.

Preach what the bible teaches about these rather than what theologians teach. "Whom say ye that I am" asked our Lord. "The Christ of God" said Peter. Preach Christ then as the Son of God, not merely as a good man. Preach repentance, as our Lord and His disciples did. Don't skip over the atonement. Christ died for the ungodly, and be sure you make much of His resurrection, for if Christ be not risen we are yet in our sins. If every Christian only realized as they should, that Christ lives, Christianity would be

revolutionized. Preach what the Bible says about sin, and its wages; about righteousness and its reward, about heaven, but don't imagine too much. The Lord did not reveal much. You will read a lot of literature about hell; some men have taken a great deal of trouble and spent a great deal of money in trying to explain it away. They tell you it means the grave. In some places it does, but not in all. They tell you of another chance after death, but one would need some very strong magnifying glasses to detect any such chance in the Bible. The Son of God did not imagine or tell stories merely to while away the time, He was no teller of fairy tales, and when he said of the rich man "In hell he lifted up his eyes being in torment" Luke 16: 23, he meant what He said, it was founded upon fact.

There are many things which man cannot understand. When you cannot explain things or answer all the questions put to you, say you don't know, don't beat about the bush. "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God" Deut. 29: 29. Leave it with Him, do not doubt, because the finite cannot comprehend the

Infinite. In all your preaching let your object be, conversions.

A church, a preacher, without conversions is a fruitless tree. There is something wrong somewhere.

By their fruits ye shall know them. To the young man who contemplates entering the noble profession of preaching the Gospel, whether it be as missionary, minister, or evangelist, let me say that you must be prepared to meet disappointments, difficulties, prejudice, jealousy and enmity. You may never be one of those who appear in the limelight of publicity; the world may never hear of your name, faithfully you may pursue your work for years, and perhaps not receive as much praise in a lifetime as some men do in a month. You may be worth two of the other fellow. But what is the praise of men, compared with God's "Well done." He who watches the sparrows careth for you, and He knoweth the way you take. You may perhaps dwell in heaven's inner circle, whilst the man who has had praise and wealth showered upon him below, may have to live in the suburbs of the heavenly city. One gets sick of the spectacular in religious work today. Press

on, faithful one; without the blowing of trumpets, perhaps in obscurity, you will be helping God to work out His Divine plan, the Master hath need of thee there. Popularity has proved to be the downfall of many. To be popular is as though one were standing on the brink of a precipice, where any moment the earth may crumble away from beneath the feet. Very few can stand prosperity; a certain successful preacher's display of wealth, prosperity and rich apparel and jewelry on members of his household, has been a stumbling block to many in that town, and that prophet will soon be without honor in his own country. Do nothing that will be a stumbling block in the way of others. Drink no wine, not even for your stomach's sake, even though Timothy did. It was not the poison that is ruining thousands today. Remember your weak brother, and the power of example. The same argument applies to tobacco. For the boys' sakes, shun it. I have known some good preachers who have used tobacco, but they would have been better preachers if they had not. A man may be a Christian and use tobacco but he will be a dirty Christian.

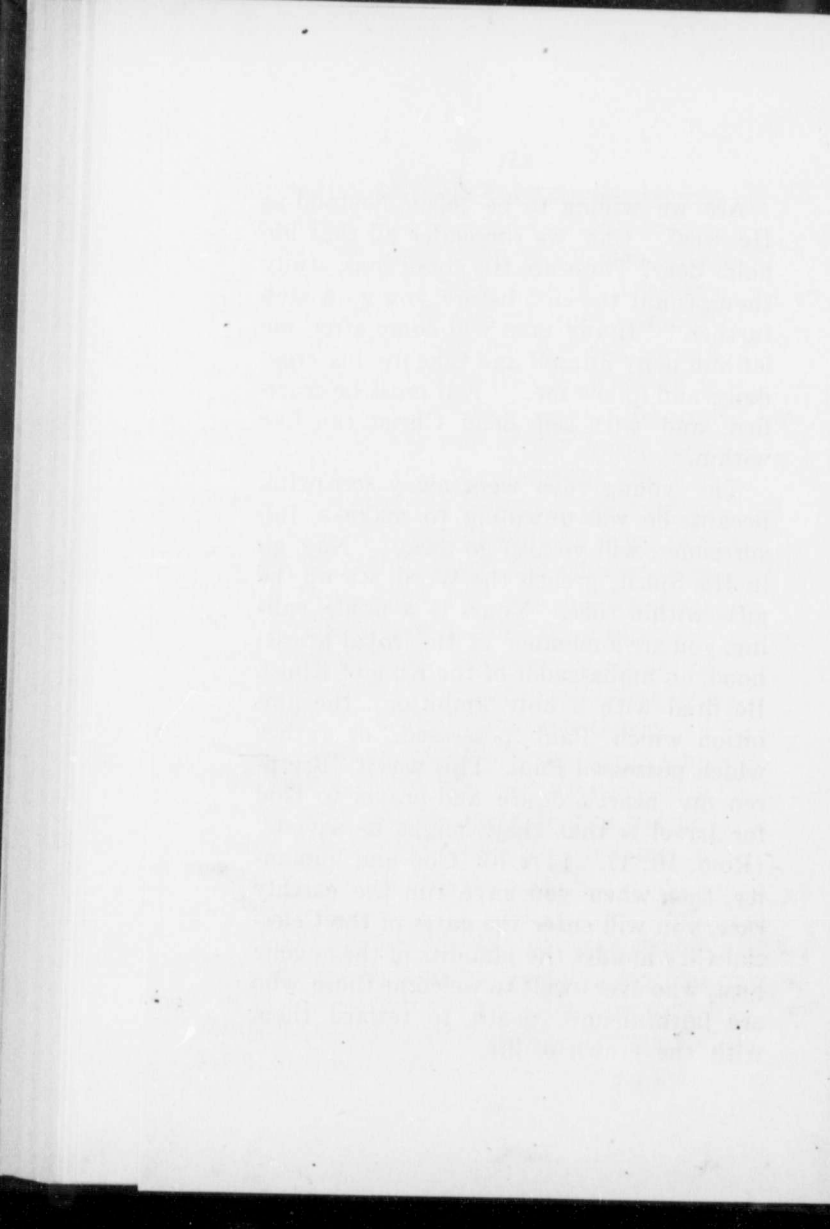
Be happy, smiling, entering the church or the home like a fresh morning breeze. Try and be everything to all men without pandering to any. Laugh with the cheerful, weep with the mourner. Cultivate a big heart, tender sympathies and compassion for the multitude, who are as sheep without a shepherd. Let it be said of you, as it was said of our Lord, "this man is the friend of publicans and sinners." Go into the haunts of pleasure, of sin, into the drink and gambling dens, into the slums study there the characters in life's dramas, then you will have gathered a chapter more in your book of experience, and you will be able to speak of that which you know, and testify that you have seen. Get first hand experience. I learned more of London, New York, Chicago, New Orleans and Mexico City in a few weeks by mixing up with the people, than I could have done by reading a whole library of books.

Our Lord deigns to mix up with fishermen, publicans, sinners, harlots. He had a kind word for them all. He looked beyond the exterior, to the soul for which He came to die.

Are we willing to be misunderstood as He was? Can we surrender all that life holds dear? These are His conditions, study them, count the cost before you go a step further. "If any man will come after me let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me." Self must be crucified, and with self dead Christ can live within.

The young ruler went away sorrowful, because he was unwilling to make a full surrender, will ye also go away? Nay, go in His Spirit, preach the Word, stir up the gifts within thee. Yours is a noble calling, you are a member of the royal priesthood, an ambassador of the King of Kings. Be fired with a holy ambition, the ambition which Paul possessed, or rather which possessed Paul. This was it "Brethren my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they might be saved." (Rom. 10: 1). Live for God and humanity, then when you have run the earthly race, you will enter the gates of the Celestial City amidst the plaudits of the angelic host, who ever await to welcome those who are faithful unto death, to reward them with the crown of life.





Verses Composed by "Gipsy"  
Simon Smith.

COME HOME.

*"He arose and came to his father"—Luke xv.*

In the far country of sin I did stray,  
Wasted my substance in riotous way;  
But I came to myself one glorious day,  
And turn'd toward Father and Home.

Chorus:—

The Father, he bids you come Home,  
    come Home,  
A welcome awaits you, come Home;  
That dear sainted mother, a sister, a  
    brother,  
The angels all bid you come Home.

Like wandering sheep we have all gone  
    astray,  
Everyone turning unto his own way,  
But the Lord has atoned and His Word  
    doth say:  
"Confess, I'll forgive you; come Home."

Sin-stained, a wand'rer, companions un-  
    clean,

Wretched and bruised, your way hard has  
 been;  
 But the door stands ajar, so enter therein;  
 The Saviour is pleading, come Home.

Will you arise and seek Father to-day,  
 Though you have sinned, He'll not turn  
 you away;  
 Oh, come just as you are, no longer delay,  
 He's longing to welcome you home.

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MY RESOLVE.

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When others laugh, why should not I laugh  
 too?  
 When others weep my tears may help them  
 through;  
 If I can help a fellow when he's down,  
 Am I to stand aside and risk God's frown?  
 Nay, I'll be ready with smiles, tears or  
 kindly deeds,  
 Ready to do my humble part and see my  
 brother's needs,  
 Knowing that when my earthly course is  
 run  
 My Master will reward me with well done.

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