

THE GIPSY SMITH
MISSIONS IN AMERICA

EDWARD E. BAYLISS

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GIPSY SMITH

THE GIPSY SMITH MISSIONS IN AMERICA

A VOLUME COMMEMORATIVE OF HIS
SIXTH EVANGELISTIC CAMPAIGN
IN THE UNITED STATES
1906-1907

By EDWARD E. BAYLISS

*Author of "The Story of the Gideons"; "Millennial Dawn
vs. Bible Teaching," Etc.*

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Miss INA A. KEITH,
Official Stenographer of The Gipsy Smith Campaign,
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Dedicated

TO

EVANGELIST GIPSY SMITH

AND THE

NOBLE PASTORS AND CHRISTIAN WORKERS
THROUGH WHOSE CO-OPERATION IN PRAYER

FAITH AND LOYAL SERVICE

THOUSANDS OF SOULS WERE WON TO

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST

IN THE INTERDENOMINATIONAL

EVANGELISTIC CAMPAIGN OF 1906-7

THIS VOLUME IS FRATEERNALLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR

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A FOREWORD.

BY S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D.

THE work of our dear and honored friend, Gipsy Smith, is now before the churches of the nation. It is so large in its benefits that my task is almost superfluous. He has been enabled, under God, and that enabling has proven a fountain of grace and of vitality for the brotherhood of the Christian ministry, and for the feeding of the flock of Christ. Beyond these, and among the men and women who had not hitherto recognized the claims of the Lord Jesus, his catholic sympathy and wise insistence upon the very center of the gospel, have won noble, and, as I believe, permanent victories for the kingdom we live and labor to upbuild. That which we had heard concerning him in the motherland and South Africa has been abundantly manifested before our own eyes. So we give thanks unto the Father of lights for the excellency of this gift, the gift of a brother beloved, who preaches the good tidings of purity and of peace. The man and his message are an almost irresistible demonstration of the genius of an evangelical ministry.

This ministry of the evangel is the deepest and widest need of our age and of all the ages. It renews its plea in every generation of the race, and that plea is sustained by the hearts of men in search after God, and by the heart of God overflowing in his son for

reconciliation with men. The summons of the eternal will to the ministry and to the churches is an imperative one; it is a demand made in love's constraint that we unceasingly set forth, according to the measure of our gifts and opportunities, the glorious truth and excellency of the life which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. He is the true life, alike for individuals and for churches; for the outcast and the far away, for the saintly and the blessed. And, if we are faithful to the obligations this summons lays upon us, other gains will follow. The one hope of this world is in the historic realization of Jesus Christ.



REV. A. Z. CONRAD, D.D.

INTRODUCTION.

ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE INTER-DENOMINATIONAL EVANGELISTIC CAMPAIGN OF 1906 IN BOSTON.

BY A. Z. CONRAD, D.D.,
Chairman of the Committee.

IN a meeting of the directors of the Evangelical Alliance, held in Park Street Church in May, 1906, the question of an evangelistic campaign was introduced. It was the unanimous opinion that the hour had struck for action.

Notices were immediately sent to the "Ministers' Meeting" of each of the evangelical denominations, requesting all interested in the proposed "mission" to meet at Park Street Church the following Monday. A fairly representative company of ministers met in response to this invitation. It was here learned that Gipsy Smith would be available as the evangelist. There was unanimous desire that he should at once be engaged. A nominating committee was chosen to present names of clergymen and laymen who should constitute a permanent committee.

Later this committee made its report, which was adopted. The Interdenominational Evangelistic Campaign Committee was thus inaugurated, with Rev. A. Z. Conrad, D.D., as chairman; Rev. Herbert

A. Manchester, D.D., as secretary; and Col. Edward H. Haskell as treasurer.

A communication was immediately sent to the evangelical ministers of Greater Boston and vicinity, comprising some three hundred ministers, urging their coöperation.

Tremont Temple was engaged for one month and three days' services, and Park Street Church for such overflow meetings as might be required.

In the early part of October, meetings of the Executive Committee were held, and additional communications were sent out by the chairman, looking to active participation on the part of as many ministers as possible.

October 29, the date fixed for the opening of the "mission," Tremont Temple was well filled to greet Gipsy Smith. At the appointed hour he appeared and outlined his purposes and plans. He immediately gained the confidence of his coworkers. The plan adopted was a noonday meeting of one hour, and an evening meeting at 7.30. At the noon meetings Gipsy Smith insisted that the first message of ten minutes be given by one of the Boston pastors, as indicative of his recognition of the fact that he was here as the pastors' helper. This has proven a happy feature of the campaign. The first week of the meetings witnessed a large attendance, deepening interest, and conversions at every service. During this time the newspapers had taken practically no notice of what was being done. No help from this

source was received until a rising tide of popular interest demanded it. The Temple was taxed to its utmost capacity the second week. Ministers of all denominations became increasingly impressed with the divineness of the mission and the complete consecration, tactfulness, saneness, and zeal of Gipsy Smith. Ever-increasing numbers confessed Christ at the services. The organization was complete and yet not mechanical.

There was nothing which smattered of the office in any part of the work. The great evening assemblies were under the spell of the Holy Spirit. Nothing of even the slightest sensational flavor could be found for the critic. His presentation of truth has been Biblical, judicious, rational, and his appeals full of sweetness and sympathy. The inquiry meetings have been equally devoid of anything that could be properly criticised. Cards have been presented to all inquirers for their signature, with address, the card itself declaring full surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ. Not less than three thousand have expressed a purpose to live the Christian life.

The third week of the "mission" witnessed a serious difficulty, which increased the fourth week. Thousands were unable to gain admission to the Temple. The auditorium was filled long before the hour appointed for opening. Lorimer Hall was also filled, and that meeting was addressed by appointed clergymen, and always with gratifying results. Meantime letters were pouring in to the chairman of

the committee from surrounding towns and cities, asking for reserved sections, that they might attend in fifties and hundreds. This was found to be impossible. Disappointed thousands went home from evening to evening, unable to hear Gipsy Smith.

Park Street Church was then opened for services, and Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Brooklyn, addressed the assembly there November 21 and 22, and Dr. Conrad the 23d.

The Rev. Dr. W. J. Dawson preached to crowded audiences at Park Street the last three days of the campaign. The Personal Work Committee, under the chairmanship of Dr. William H. Allbright, took entire charge of the Inquirers' Cards and arranged for persons to conduct the opening exercises at all meetings.

The chairman of the General Committee presided at all meetings except when absent from the city.

Greater Boston has not been so stirred for a generation. The influence of the movement is strikingly apparent throughout the city and the suburbs.

No religious work could be more evidently and unquestionably the work of the Holy Spirit. God's presence has been powerfully felt. The work will not stop when the meetings close. The signed cards have been sent to the pastors indicated by the church preference.

There has not been a single note of discord of any kind or nature during the whole series of services. The fellowship of the ministers has been beautifully

close and sincere. The campaign has not only been an unqualified success from every standpoint, but it has been more, — it has been a new revelation of the tremendous vitality of the power of Christ to save men. It has been a new demonstration of the fact that the appeal to heart and conscience is as effective as ever. It has had as its trumpet call, “Repent and be converted, every one of you.” It has centered all eyes on Calvary. The truth of the Atonement, just as it is presented in gospel story and apostolic epistles, has been emphasized. Nothing could be more evident from the great throngs of people in attendance than that the people know their need, not alone of an example, but of a SAVIOUR.

Special mention should be made of the massive audiences of men assembled each week Sunday afternoon at Tremont Temple. The main auditorium and Lorimer Hall proved incapable of holding one half of the men wishing to attend. Not less than one thousand men have arisen in response to the appeal, thus declaring their determination to put away sin and live for Christ.

Another remarkable and never-to-be-forgotten meeting was that held for young people from ten to eighteen years of age. More than four thousand young people thronged the Temple Saturday, November 24. At this meeting Miss Zillah Smith, daughter of the evangelist, gave one of the most valuable, persuasive, and fascinating addresses of the entire campaign. She was followed by Gipsy Smith in a

sweet, earnest presentation of the claims of Christ on the young. There was not one thing that could be criticised. There was no attempt to arouse the emotions. It was a mind and conscience matter from first to last. Nearly a thousand children filled Lorimer Hall, which was used as the inquiry room for the day. It was an indescribably glorious spectacle.

A series of meetings freer from every and all objectionable features could not possibly be imagined.

It is with profound gratitude to God that we think of the coming of Gipsy Smith to Boston. He has glorified his Lord, gladdened thousands of hearts and homes, and put a star of hope in the sky of hundreds of those who had been walking in the shadow of death. He has made for himself a large and lasting place in the hearts of the ministers who have stood closest to him in this series of meetings. He has awakened the churches of Christ in Boston, and stimulated evangelistic effort in many other cities of our country.

THE GIPSY SMITH MISSIONS IN AMERICA.

PERSONAL WORK.

BY WILLIAM HERVEY ALLBRIGHT, D.D.

AN evangelistic campaign, like any other campaign, involves organization. God's work cannot be done at haphazard. Soul winning is no child's play. If any one thinks it is, let him try. People sneer at "machinery in religion." What could be accomplished without order, plan, system? To be sure, the machinery must not rattle so loudly that the voice of the preacher and of the Spirit of God cannot be heard.

This latest campaign was well arranged. Committees on advertising, meetings, workers, inquirers, finance, were made up of experienced and competent persons. The call for volunteers to do personal work among inquirers met with hearty response. Most of these persons were invited and nominated to the committee by the pastors. They were in good degree *picked men and women*, as should always be the case. A few were not such, and herein was noted a difficulty. In spite of definite instructions from Gipsy Smith and from the committee, bungling was noted in dealing with souls. The approach was sometimes brusque and sometimes professional. Frequently

obtrusion by one worker on the work of another was a matter of complaint. In order to obviate this difficulty the following letter was addressed to the personal workers:

SUGGESTIONS TO PERSONAL WORKERS.

The Personal Work Committee expresses its deep and tender appreciation of the services rendered by personal workers.

Contact with seeking souls is delicate work and must be done with tact, sincerity, and entire consecration.

Let the words be few and carefully spoken. Be tender and wise. Use no hackneyed religious platitudes. Ascertain the point of deepest interest or difficulty and use it to effect decision, or inspire hope and purpose. See that the cards are properly filled out and handed in.

May we ask that under no circumstances shall there be intrusion when a worker is dealing with an inquirer. The intrusion of a third party invariably defeats the purpose desired.

If you feel unable to deal with any particular case, call a pastor or well-known worker.

Beloved coworkers, let us be very careful and very prayerful, these closing days of the great mission.

A. Z. CONRAD.

W. H. ALLBRIGHT.

This letter was kindly received. It worked a cure of the ills mentioned. Better work and gentler methods were immediately noticed.

Too much credit cannot be given those who have toiled so assiduously in this department of endeavor. The pastors have laid aside all thought of clericalism

and dignity of profession, have gone down among the people in the seats, on their knees, and wrought for the salvation of precious souls. Again and again they have tarried to a late hour to deal with special cases of perplexity and promise. A volume could be filled with intensely interesting items concerning those who have been aided and saved. Young artists, musicians, collegians, and newspaper reporters have been among the number.

Beside the matter of personal contact with inquirers, getting cards signed, and forwarding the same to pastors and churches, the Personal Work Committee has had the care of arranging for the speakers and those leading in the devotions at noonday and at night. This has involved at least one hundred and fifty invitations to pastors and others to speak or read Scripture and offer prayer. Consideration has been had for all the interests represented. *Denominationalism has not figured at all in this mission* on the surface of things, but it has not been forgotten, and could not be ignored. Each denomination has been fairly dealt with, so that none might have occasion for complaint, and the work be thereby injured.

Here is a sample of the card sent to three hundred ministers in Greater Boston:

GIPSY SMITH EVANGELISTIC SERVICES.

Dear Brother, — The Devotional Committee desire your coöperation and service in these meetings. We cordially invite you to render the service indicated in the space beneath.

To read brief Scripture at noon meeting.
To offer prayer at noon meeting.

Date.....Name

To read brief Scripture at evening meeting.
To offer prayer at evening meeting.

Date.....Name

Please indicate your acceptance by writing your name opposite this date, and return this card to me for file at once.

NOVEMBER 1, 1906. W. H. ALLBRIGHT, *Chairman,*
 63 Hartford Street, Dorchester.

Among so many busy ministers regrets at not being able to serve were numerous. Other dates were assigned where it was possible. Under this arrangement a pleasing and helpful variety has been enjoyed, and many pastors have been identified with the movement that would not have been in attendance but for this personal appeal.

Great heartiness of accord has been manifest from beginning to close. *There has been no jealousy, no consideration of caste or color.*

A platform ticket was sent to all the evangelical clergymen of Greater Boston, with a personal invitation to come to the platform. The response had been most delightful. Every day, at noon and night, the platform chairs have been invariably filled.

Here is a specimen of the ticket sent out. Numerous have been the letters received, expressing regret that duties or exigencies have kept brethren away.

"GIPSY SMITH" MEETINGS

in TREMONT TEMPLE

October 29th to November 28th

at 12.00 M. and 7.30 P.M.

Admit to Platform. *Not Transferable.*

The Meetings Committee.

Never was a campaign of evangelism conducted with a fine spirit of unity and co-operation. A great blessing has come to the heart of every pastor in attendance, and every personal worker has been benefited by this personal touch with seeking souls. Never did chairman have a better staff of willing and devoted assistants. To each and all is hereby tendered this word of personal appreciation and grateful acknowledgment. May God be pleased to continue his work in the hearts of the people when the workers can no longer pray with them, and help them in their difficulties.

GIPSY SMITH: A BRIEF SKETCH.

BY E. E. BAYLISS.

THE question has been asked, "Is Gipsy Smith a fictitious name, a mere *nom de plume*, or is it descriptive of the man's racial type?"

We briefly answer that query. Rodney Smith was born of gipsy parentage, and in a gipsy tent, near the spot made famous in English history,—Epping Forest,—on the last day of March, 1860. He is one of a family of six children, four of them girls.

Gipsies, as a class, are practically heathen; it is remarkable, therefore, that Rodney's mother should have died a devout Christian, and that his father was subsequently soundly converted and became an earnest, efficient gospel worker.

As a boy, Rodney was about on a par with the average youngster. He was thoroughly nomadic, taking frequent trips throughout many sections of old England.

Gipsy Smith's daughter, Zillah, in a beautiful and powerful address at the children's meeting in Tremont Temple, on Saturday, November 24, 1906, said: "When my father was a little gipsy boy, away in old England, his father made clothespins, which he (my father) carried around for sale through the villages and towns. Perhaps many of the people whom he approached, trying to sell the pins, thought little

of the boy, but he gave himself to Jesus, and God has since used him in telling the story of Jesus and his love in America, Australia, Africa, and throughout Great Britain, and thousands upon thousands have been converted through his preaching."

Gipsies are very illiterate, without education, the majority of them not being able to read or write, and our friend was reared in the same way.

Like all healthy, normal boys, Rodney was very mischievous and tricky, full of boyish pranks. Yet he was not a bad boy.

The bewildered, almost dazed, feeling that came over him upon the announcement of his dear mother's death is pathetically described in his autobiography.

One evening he went alone by himself, thinking of his mother in heaven, and of the consistent, attractive Christian lives of his father, brother, and sisters, and he said to himself: "Are you going to wander as a gipsy boy and man without hope, or will you be a Christian and have some definite object in life?" And he resolved, on the seventeenth day of November, 1876, by the enabling grace of God, that he would be a Christian and would meet his mother in heaven.

Immediately following his conversion came the earnest longing to improve his mind. With a Bible and two dictionaries he began laying the foundations of the knowledge which now enables him to interest, instruct, and lead vast throngs to the feet of Jesus.

When he was somewhere about the age of seventeen his desire to become a preacher was intense, and,

shortly after, he became identified with the Christian mission of which the Rev. William Booth, of Salvation Army fame, was the founder and head. This was the June following his conversion.

As an officer of the Salvation Army he worked successfully, with unmistakable tokens of God's smile and favor, in a number of the most important towns of England. After five years of loyal and efficient service in the Salvation Army he retired from its ranks. He immediately entered upon distinctive evangelistic service, and received the heartiest commendations from godly ministers and laymen, irrespective of denominational affiliations.

The first impression of Gipsy Smith is of a well-born man, straight, compact, clean, with a kindly spirit, and a tender, sympathetic heart. An air of efficiency is about him, and he seems measured to his task. He is built for endurance, and his well-poised methods make for economy of power.

Strength of mind and body fairly bristle in his personality. His full, swarthy countenance is set with a square, determined jaw, and from beneath the high, receding forehead, peer jet-black eyes that depict the mood of the brain, now gentle and reflective, again flashing earnestness and resolution. His stalwart, well-knit body is endowed with nervous energy that enables him to bring his utterances to the thrilling climax that rouses his hearers to absorbing interest.

One who has heard Gipsy Smith a number of times during the Boston campaign said:

“There is one thing (*several*, in fact) that I like about the evangelist; that is, *he is a perfect gentleman*; so courteous that, every time I see him, I am reminded of a definition of a gentleman I once read: ‘A gentleman — as gentle as a woman, and as manly as a man.’

“I should not wonder if he has adopted the Latin phrase, *Suaviter in modo; fortiter in re*, — Sweet in manner, but firm in principle, — as his motto.”

As he speaks, certain preconceptions naturally suggested by his origin are sure to be dispelled. You find yourself listening to such pure English that you marvel whence it came. The street does not give it, and the universities rarely breed it. It suggests kinship with the song of the thrush.

This diction is the vehicle of a sentiment no less refined. He is here to win men because he loves them. He will not berate, will not needlessly offend or irritate, will respect their opinions and will not provoke their antagonism.

While you listen you become at once favorably impressed. He evidently has no use for fuss and feathers. I have failed to detect the least ranting or effort to merely arouse the emotional nature. He discards all frills and attempted flights of oratory. He is downright *dead-in-earnest*; manifestly so sincere, so practical, so humble, so devout, and so reliant on the Holy Spirit. And he unmistakably loves the Lord Jesus with all the intensity of his gipsy nature.

“This man has made himself, by conscious effort and training, a willing and devoted instrument of the

Spirit. His sensibilities are of a high order. He is alive to what God in Christ has done for him. He is keenly sensitive to his fellow-men, knowing how they feel, and wanting them to share with him the love of God. He seems to hold himself in spiritual poise that he may be played upon, not by abnormal gusts of passion, but by the movement of the Spirit directed to a given end. He believes that men will respond, and they do. He is a master of assemblies by an art so subtle that it would seem the play of magic were you not fully persuaded of the sincerity of motive of which it is employed, and the nobility of cause to which it is consecrated. His appeal is from love to love, letting the heart interpret his message and trusting the best instincts of the soul."

One thing, very marked, is the intensely serious character of the immense audiences. A holy hush and hallowed stillness characterize the gatherings. There is not the slightest indication of frivolity, or any disposition to treat the meetings as a show.

As you come into contact with the man and hear his message, the conviction seizes you that here is *a godly man*. His affection for the Lord Jesus Christ is so genuine, so warm, so loyal, and so self-evident, that, in listening to him, you seem to have been brought into the presence chamber of the Master, and the King of kings has fresh charms, more marvelous attractions, intenser sympathy, and you find yourself saying, "Yea, HE IS *altogether lovely*."

The present campaign has excelled the expecta-

tions of everybody. As Rev. Dr. Alexander expresses it: "At the beginning of these meetings I doubted greatly the ability of any man to stir Boston by evangelistic preaching. So many have tried and failed, some of them deservedly. It was not long, however, before I began to see that I was mistaken. The strong, sweet, manly, winsome personality of Gipsy Smith, and his simple and persuasive presentation of the vital truths of the gospel commanded at once the situation, and won my complete sympathy and support."

The present makes the sixth evangelistic campaign conducted by Gipsy Smith in the United States. On his previous visits the work was, *mainly*, in individual churches. The following churches and places were favored:

The Central M. E. Church, Seventh Avenue, New York City; Cincinnati, Ohio; Old Jane Street M. E. Church, New York City; Nostrand Avenue M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.; People's Temple, Boston, Mass.; Calvary M. E. Church, New York City; Old Bedford Street M. E. Church, New York City; Lynn, Mass., while Dr. Whittaker was the pastor; Wharton Street M. E. Church, Philadelphia, Pa.; Yonkers, N. Y., a union meeting; Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson; Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.; and Denver, Colo.

So far as his present itinerary is arranged, he will hold meetings, all of them interdenominational in their character, in Boston, Mass.; Portland, Me.; Manchester, N. H.; Chicago, Ill.; Galesbury, Ill.;

St. Paul, Minn.; Clinton, Ia.; Atlanta, Ga.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Philadelphia, Pa. (probably); Providence, R. I.; with a return visit to Boston, when sectional meetings will be held in the leading suburbs, winding up with a grand rally and demonstration in, probably, Mechanics Hall, as Tremont Temple is entirely inadequate to hold the people who desire to attend his meetings.

GIPSY SMITH AS A MAN: HIS SPIRIT, HIS METHODS, AND HIS SUCCESS.

BY J. STANLEY DURKEE, PH.D.

THE first look at Gipsy Smith brought a feeling of wonder, of strange inquiry. Here is a man about whom the world is talking — talking because of his remarkable power in leading men to Jesus Christ. Four continents know him and love him. We passed to another side of the room, studying his face. It's not disappointment we feel, it's not doubt, it is a kind of mystery. Do we unconsciously associate him with our childhood stories of gipsies and their mystic rites? Perhaps this is an explanation!

But the lines are forming for an introduction. As we pass, he extends his hand, gives a good firm grip, flashes his black eyes into ours, and turns quickly to meet another. The feeling of mystery is intensified! Who is this strange, dark man, of black hair and olive skin?

Later, before that company of trained men, he stands to speak. A scholar has preceded him. He is no scholar, in school terms. Will he hesitate and fail? He speaks a word and — something has happened. All are at attention. We smile, we feel the tears start, and then comes the consciousness that back of it all is an intimate acquaintance with Jesus Christ, and the man speaks under the spell of his Master's presence.

He is an humble, retiring, ruggedly honest, Christian man. We who have been associated with him these weeks in Boston have learned to trust him, to love him, to reverence him. He has taught us that it is not by might, nor by power, nor by scholarship alone that men are reached, but by the Spirit of God.

He seems to be looking at men, not so much what they are, as what they may become. It's potential man he sees more than actual man. Those frequent references to his own life illustrate this. Yet he is no dreamer. Some of the sternest rebukes of sin ever uttered upon any platform have fallen from his lips. If he sees what men may become, he also sees what hinders them from becoming. Sin is a great, horrible truth. Sin must be abandoned. Jesus Christ, if permitted, will enter the life and destroy sin. But man has his choices. God will not interfere. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Not trained in the schools, he has been forced to construct his own methods of preaching, and delightfully naïve are they. No homiletics hamper him. He never sacrifices a soul for a sermon. When he has probed deeply into the human heart, and the thousands listening are saying to themselves, "Yes, that's true — that's my life — the man is right — I ought to give myself to Jesus Christ;" — then will come some story out of his own experience, moving to laughter, perhaps, but instantly followed by the tears, and the great audience is swayed in its con-

viction of sin and its need of a Saviour. Then comes the invitation for those who believe it to manifest their belief, and with a voice full of music, of pathos, of love, he calls hundreds to the inquiry rooms, and there they find Jesus.

Gipsy Smith received a natural endowment for such work, and the Holy Spirit called him to be an evangelist. To this statement all who know him instantly agree. But Gipsy Smith is what he is to-day, not by natural endowment, but by the power of the indwelling Christ. Paul's words are true in Gipsy's life: "I live, nevertheless not I, but Christ liveth in me." His successes, from first to last, are due to the fact that Jesus Christ, by the Holy Ghost, speaks through him to the people.

GIPSY SMITH AS AN ORGANIZER.

BY FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

THE words "organizer" and "organization" are not altogether happy ones when used in connection with an evangelist and evangelistic meetings. We are apt to think of something mechanical and man-made, of methods and pre-arranged plans, if not of tricks for inducing men to consider the greatest of all themes,—their salvation through Christ.

But the marvelous thing about Gipsy Smith's meetings is the apparent lack of organization, the spontaneousness and genuineness of them in every particular, the fact that he "gives the Holy Spirit a chance," according to his own favorite expression.

This does not imply that there is not preparation, and forethought, and planning, and prayer for the meetings; without such preparation they could not succeed, for the Holy Spirit uses just such means, as has been proved ten thousand times in the history of the Church. But what I mean to say is that there are no pre-arranged, cut-and-dried plans which cannot be altered; no set sermons that must be preached whatever the condition of the speaker or the audience; no inflexible rules which must be carried out whatever the indications of special need may be; no formal, mechanical plans for arousing an interest or compelling men to declare themselves.

The great evangelist, in every meeting that he conducts, shows that he is ready at any time for an intimation from the Spirit of God for a new word, a new plan, a new exhortation that may be given him at the moment. He often follows the line of thought of the last speaker, carrying it out more fully, emphasizing some point which his predecessor did not have time to develop, illustrating with a touching story some truth that had already been impressed upon the hearers.

When asked by a brother minister concerning his style of preaching, he said: "I try always to give the Holy Spirit a chance to speak through me. I just let my heart flow out over the congregation"; and that exactly describes his attitude before an audience and the style of his persuasive appeals. His heart "flows out"; it mellows his voice; it adds a persuasive touch to every earnest invitation; it takes away all harshness even from his denunciations and warnings; it leads every individual in the audience to feel that he means *him*, that his heart is yearning over him, and that he desires nothing so much as his salvation.

When the appeal has been made and conviction has reached the hearts of the repentant, then, of course, comes the personal work for which he has arranged, and which is fully organized, for the personal workers have been instructed out of his rich and varied experience; they know how to speak to the souls of the inquirers; the best men in the community, the strongest ministers and laymen, are

deputed to do this work. Gipsy Smith, himself, largely keeps out of the inquiry room, wisely realizing that his personality and reputation would lead many to crowd around *him* instead of seeking the way of salvation through another; and, as he could not talk with all, it is better for his lieutenants to do this personal work.

Another method which the great evangelist insists upon is the distributing of the converts among the churches of their choice by means of cards, which are signed and sent to the pastors of the different churches, who can thus follow up the work, clinch the nails that have been driven, nurture and train the converts for larger service, and, in due time, establish them in church membership, and as pillars in the temple of God.

But again, let me say that the evangelist's power as an organizer is the ability and the disposition to let the Holy Spirit work, to rely upon prayer and consecration, to remember that it is "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

As I was going recently to Portland, to speak at a meeting in some sense preparatory to the coming of Gipsy Smith to that city, I said to him: "Mr. Smith, I am about to take the train to Portland; what message have you to give to the people who are awaiting your coming?" With intense earnestness shining out of his dark eyes, and manifesting itself in the strong grip of his hand, he said: "Tell them to pray *hard*. Tell them to pray *hard*. Tell them to

put themselves back of this movement, relying on God's Spirit as the people of Boston have done, and the same blessed results are a foregone conclusion." This, after all, is the secret of Gipsy Smith's power, — prayer, preparation, consecration, and reliance upon God for results.

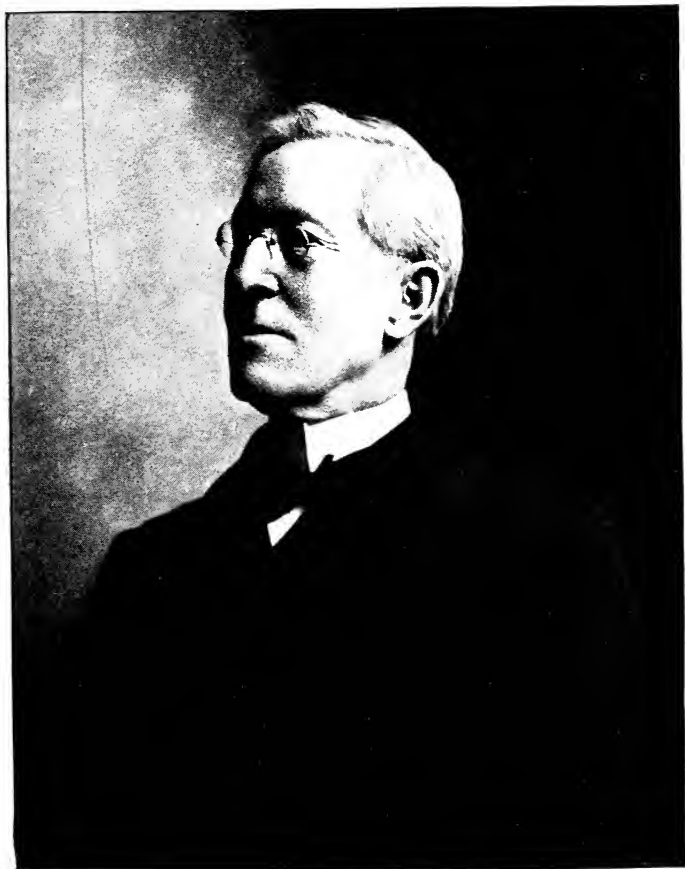
GIPSY SMITH AS A PREACHER.

BY P. S. HENSON, D.D.,

*Pastor of Tremont Temple.**(In Whose Church the Campaign was Held.)*

A MIGHTY man was Samson in his day. Time and again, single handed, he smote the Philistines, hip and thigh. Nor was he careful about the instruments he used. The jaw bone of an ass served him as well as a sword of "ethereal temper" would have done. Vainly the Philistines sought to find out wherein lay the strength of Israel's redoubtable champion.

That Gipsy Smith is a veritable Samson among "the thousands of Israel" is unquestionable; for whenever he goes forth to war "the slain of the Lord" are many. There is only one Gipsy Smith, and while he jocosely says of himself that the reason there is not another doubtless is that the Lord saw that one of that kind was enough, yet one who listens to his preaching, and marks the results that attend it, cannot but wish that there were a thousand Gipsy Smiths turned loose to arouse a sleeping world, and, what is more important, a sleeping church. While any attempt to imitate him would be foredoomed to failure, for every man must be himself or nothing, yet no preacher, however gifted with genius, however enriched by learning, and however eloquent of spirit,



REV. P. S. HENSON, D.D.

can mark the methods of Gipsy Smith without the utmost profit, unless he have a mind foreclosed by consummate conceit respecting his own ability. I have referred to Gipsy Smith's methods, and yet the thing that strikes you most, perhaps, is his utter disregard of method. We cannot conceive of him as taking a little excerpt of Scripture and elaborating a discourse upon it after the regular homiletical fashion. He does not deal with the Scriptures as he would with dead lumber, to be sawed and planed and then nailed or dovetailed into those often empty forms that are labeled "sermons." He makes you realize rather the truth of that saying of the Prince of preachers, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."

Every sentence that Gipsy Smith utters has in it the throb and thrill of intensest life. The common people hear him gladly because he speaks in language that the common people can understand. He uses the choicest and the strongest English, and even a word that might, by a purist, be accounted slang he does not hesitate to sling when it will serve his purpose in hitting a point.

Yet all the while you feel that these are not the words which man's wisdom suggests, but the Holy Ghost.

He makes you feel that he is not giving a performance for which he is paid, or for which he hopes to be praised, but that he is God's ambassador charged with a message, and that it is of infinite moment that

he deliver it faithfully, and that you give heed to it solemnly. There are passages of exquisite pathos in his sermons, for Gipsy Smith is very human and sympathizes with every heart throb of humanity; and every now and then are touches of delicate humor, for he is no ascetic, and if he can get a short, sharp turn on the devil, — so short and sharp that a ripple breaks over the congregation, — he evidently does not believe that it hurts anybody but the devil. In addition to his marvelous simplicity and felicity of language, he has a voice of wondrous compass, from softest cadences to startling thunder bursts, and when he makes appeals for men to forsake their sins and come to Christ, so winsome, so tremulous with tenderness are his tones that he must be a hardened wretch indeed who can resist him.

He does not deal in abstract truth, to any large degree, or metaphysics or polemics, but in concrete truth, in illustrated truth. And for his illustrations he does not go far afield among classic and historic lore, but he finds them in the Bible and in the homes and everyday lives of men. Above all, he makes his hearers feel, as they listen to his words, that they are in the presence of a man who knows God and loves Him, who knows man and loves him, who is not merely a preacher, but “a man of God,” *who practices what he preaches, who believes and therefore speaks, and this is the secret of his power.*

Editorial from the Boston *Herald*, Monday, December 3, 1906.

THE SECRET OF PREACHING.

THE protracted meetings held in Boston by Gipsy Smith have led to a good deal of serious discussion of preaching in general and of his own methods in particular. On all hands it seems to be admitted that he has won general respect for the earnestness, elevation, purity, and humanity alike of his doctrines and his spirit of appeal.

For a man living in such a perpetual whirlwind of daily and nightly excitement, and subjected to such storm and stress of popular adulation, Gipsy Smith has preserved a wonderfully level head, and given proof of reserves of simple and solid character few would have been capable of. Probably no form of temptation, to which frail humanity can be exposed, has toppled over more weak brains and turned their possessors into charlatans, applause-seekers, or fanatics than this to which, for now so many years, he has been subjected. Breathing the carbon-laden air of nightly close-packed audiences, and drained to the dregs of his last reserves of spiritual vitality by the demands of thousands besieging him for supplies of faith, courage, and inspiration, it seems a miracle that he should not long since have reached the dead-point of possible spontaneous interest, and have become a mere automatic mechanical repeater of

phraseology desiccated of every trace of its original sap. On the contrary, Gipsy Smith leaves the impression of a man in whom the fountain head of genuine heart and soul religious experience wells up as fresh and gushing as in the days of his first conversion.

Never is it to be forgotten, however, in explanation of all this, that an itinerant preacher, perpetually changing his environment of scene and audience, has signal advantages for keeping fresh and in fine fettle that are entirely denied the preacher settled, year in and year out, over a single congregation. No preacher has in reality more than a score or so of fresh sermons. The rest are simply variations on the regular theme. When he goes off on an exchange, and so has a fresh audience, the old sermon becomes brand new as when first written, for the "prosperity" of a sermon, as well as of a jest, "lies in the ear of the hearer." If that ear is dull and jaded, the sermon is dull and jaded.

Now, to apply this to Gipsy Smith. He, too, has not over a score of telling sermons. But he has hundreds of new audiences, and each one of them gives him a chance to improve the depth and reach of each sermon. And so that which Ben Franklin said of Whitefield — the most marvelous of all itinerant preachers — holds true of Gipsy Smith. "By hearing Whitefield often," declared Franklin, "I came to distinguish easily between sermons newly composed and those he had often preached in the

course of his travels. His delivery of the latter was so improved by frequent repetition that every accent, every emphasis, every modulation of voice was so perfectly well turned and well placed . . . as to give a pleasure of much the same kind with that received from an excellent piece of music." This sounds Ben-Frankliny, but it is true.

GIPSY SMITH'S FERVENT APPEALS IMPRESS
MANY AT THE MEETING FOR MEN AT
TREMONT TEMPLE, NOVEMBER 18, 1906.

HUNDREDS YIELD TO GOD.

REPORTED BY E. E. BAYLISS.

THE audience began to gather as early as 2.15 P.M., and speedily filled the vast assembly hall to overflowing, with a remarkably fine, intelligent, orderly, and serious body of men. Representatives of the professional, commercial, mechanical, and laboring classes were present in large numbers.

Over three thousand men crowded into the Temple, hundreds standing in the doorways. An overflow meeting was simultaneously held in Lorimer Hall, in charge of Revs. W. T. McElveen and A. A. Stockdale, at which fully eight hundred were present, while hundreds were unable to gain admission. The way was prepared for the most intense and impressive evangelistic service in Boston for many years by chorus and congregational singing.

Every available seat was occupied by 3.10, and the service of song began at 3.15, with that great martial hymn,

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Christ, the royal Master,
 Leads against the foe;
 Forward into battle,
 See, his banners go.

Chorus. — Onward, Christian soldiers!
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.

The song was sung with tremendous enthusiasm and a volume of voice like the sound of many waters, accompanied by the magnificent Temple organ, manipulated by the regular organist, who has rendered splendid service and who was won to Christ during the campaign.

Next was sung that noble prayer, which touched many hearts:

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.
 I need thee every hour,
 Most gracious Lord;
 No tender voice like thine
 Can peace afford.

Chorus. — I need thee, oh! I need thee;
 Every hour I need thee;
 O bless me now, my Saviour!
 I come to thee.

The leader, Col. E. H. Haskell, said, “ We will now listen to a selection by the Schubert Quartet, ‘ Speed Away, Speed Away, on Thine Errand of Light.’ ” The song was beautifully, artistically, and feelingly rendered.

Leader. — “ Shall we all join in singing the hymn which is so dear to many Christian hearts, ‘ Tell Me the Old, Old Story ? ’ ”

Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

Chorus. — Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

Before singing the last verse, Gipsy Smith urged everybody to sing it.

“ We will have the Scriptures read by Brother Phineas Hubbard, of Cambridge.”

“ The quartet will now favor us with another selection.”

“ I’m a Pilgrim, and a Stranger ” was sung with wonderful pathos and effectiveness.

“ Shall we join in prayer with the Rev. A. A. Stockdale, pastor of Berkeley Temple ? ”

Dr. Stockdale prefaced his prayer by saying: “ There is something better than the prayer by one Christian minister, and that is a volume of prayer going up to God from all the Christians in a vast assemblage like this. I am going to suggest that we

all join in David's prayer: 'Create in us a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within us.' There are three things we must pray for: *First*, for Gipsy Smith, that God may panoply him with the might of his Spirit; *second*, for the large number of unsaved men present, that their hearts may be touched, and their wills brought under subjection to King Emmanuel; *third*, for the overflow meeting in Lorimer Hall. Let us spend just a moment in silent prayer.

"Now, men, unite with me in that blessed prayer: 'Create in me a clean heart, O God.' Holy Spirit, speak to those who know not thy voice. O God, call to life, by the potency of thy waking, numbers of souls now dead in trespasses and sins. Give to thy servant, our brother Smith, the exact message for this occasion and assemblage. Take into thy care and keeping the personal workers; make them wise to win souls. We ask it in the name and for the sake of Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen."

Leader. — "We will now take our usual offering, and I am quite sure that this vast audience is well aware of the grand and noble work that the Young Men's Christian Association is doing in this city, and that you will show a disposition to help them in their splendid service for young men by a liberal contribution."

The quartet sang:

"I am wandering down life's path:
I shall rest in that lone valley soon."

There was a little misunderstanding as to the time when the collection was to be taken; however, the Colonel asked the ushers to pass the boxes again, and the congregation was told that if they had given already they surely would not object to having the opportunity afforded them of doubling up on their gifts, as liberal, big-hearted, open-handed giving was a splendid means of grace.

Mr. S. B. Carter, of the local committee, announced that in answer to the earnest suggestions for a meeting for laymen to pray and plan for reaching out after our busy, unsaved fellow-citizens, one would be held in Lorimer Hall, and that it would close in season for those attending to come to the meeting upstairs. Gipsy Smith would make an address.

Gipsy Smith said: "May I supplement that notice by urging all of you men to put in an appearance here Tuesday night, as you will have a magnificent chance of doing effective service for God and your brother men. A good many eyes are on this city, and a great many hopes are centered on this work as promising great things for the whole country. May I also say, while I am on my feet, that I have two requests for prayer; one from a workman for his shopmates, among whom he stands alone as a Christian. The other is from a mother, whose son entered college this fall, that he and his companion may both be converted.

"Shall we all join in singing two verses of the hymn, 'What a Friend We Have in Jesus.' Let us all rise and sing."

“ What a friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear;
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer.
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
 Oh, what needless pain we bear —
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer.”

Colonel Haskell was so impressed by the great, eager throng that he confessed his inability to say more than simply to introduce Gipsy Smith.

Gipsy Smith, in rising, said: “ Before I speak to you I want to sing you a little message that may awaken old memories; and sometimes old memories are our inspirations to better things.

“ ‘ Over the river, faces I see,
 Fair as the morning, looking for me.
 Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair,
 Waiting and watching, patiently there.

Chorus. — “ ‘ Looking this way, yes, looking this way,
 Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;
 Fair as the morning, bright as the day,
 Dear ones in glory looking this way.

“ ‘ Father and mother, safe in the vale,
 Watch for the boatman, watch for the sail;
 Bearing the loved ones over the tide
 Into the harbor, now to their side. — *Cho.*

“ ‘ Jesus the Saviour, bright morning star,
 Looking for lost ones, straying afar;

Hear the glad message; why will you roam,
Jesus is calling, 'Sinner, come home.'—*Cho.*

"I wonder how many of us have a mother in heaven—or a father—or a child. Those who have, let me see. I wonder if we have made our resolve to meet them there.

"Sing the chorus softly again, please. You are not all singing the words—whether it is that you do not dare to trust yourselves to sing, or that you don't know the words."

The chorus was sung again. Gipsy Smith sang the solo with such pathetic voice and manner that hundreds were affected to tears, and the silence was absolutely oppressive.

"If we had an audience of women they would weep silently, but you men have to blow your nose to try and hide your feelings. My brother, we know what it means. Many of you have had some tender chord touched by this song. Do not be afraid to weep. It is not a sign of weakness, but is evidence that you have some manhood left. Let your tears fall freely. And every tear God will put into his bottle, for he has a wonderful way of preserving the tears of his trusting children. Let me read you the words of the chorus; then all try your level best to sing it.

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"This is the text that I can't get out of my mind. It has been pressing home upon my thought and

heart from the early hours of the morning, and, I take it, it is given me for this meeting.

“‘Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.’ This is found in Galatians, the epistle to the Galatians, sixth chapter, seventh and eighth verses. ‘God is not mocked— is not fooled.’

“I think it was your great Lincoln who once said something like this: ‘You can fool some of the people all the time. You can fool all the people some of the time. But you cannot fool all the people all the time.’ And I want to add to that statement of your martyred President just this message. Listen! You cannot fool God for an instant. You may think that you can, but that is where you are deceived. You can’t deceive God as to your character, as to what you are. You can’t deceive God as to what you mean, and you can’t deceive God as to what you do. God is not fooled.

“You can’t shut God’s eyes; you can’t bribe God. He is above it. God is not fooled. And, if you have been thinking along the line that he cannot comprehend what you are, come out of such a fool’s paradise. Don’t be deceived. Don’t be deluded.

“I wish that every one in the house would realize the profound truth of these words to-day. No sane man scatters one kind of seed in the earth and expects a

crop of another kind. No sane man scatters from his seed bag nettles, thorns, thistles, and poisonous weeds and expects to garner a golden harvest of good grain. In his sane moments no man plants potatoes and expects a crop of corn.

“ When you send your children to school, you give them sound advice; whether *they* take it or not is another matter. You say to your boys: ‘ Make the most of your studies; learn your lessons; make them part and parcel of yourself. Learn them so that when fresh subjects are up another day they will seem comparatively easy. Concentrate effort. Play when it is time to play, and work when it is time to work. Keep your eyes on your lesson. Learn it. Give it your best thought, digest it!’ And when you start your boy off to business you say to him: ‘ Study your employer. Make his interests yours. Be tidy. Be methodical. Be alert. Look after the interests of your employer.’ An idler never did anything and he never will. Chiseled on a gravestone in an old church yard in England is an epitaph which reads:

“ ‘ Here lies a man who never did any good,
And if he had lived he never would;
Where he’s gone or how he fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares.’

“ The idler will reap exactly what he sows. Listen! The apostle, in these words, shows that what takes place in the natural world is in exact correspondence with what transpires, only intensified, in the spiritual realm.

“‘Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.’ There is no getting away from it. The things you say to-day, and the things you do to-day, the conditions of to-day, the things you handle and touch, will vitally affect your innermost soul. The things that build up your character, — these are the things that are to affect you to-morrow and affect the eternity that is hastening on.

“If God should cease to be, if his throne was blotted out forever, when the sun goes out and the stars fall from their eternal heights, you will be affected by what you did last night, by the company you were in, and you will realize, in its awful reality, that it was impossible to fool God. Don’t be deceived. God is not fooled. Listen! ‘*Whatsoever* a man soweth,’ — and the word ‘*Whatsoever*’ is as big as the word ‘*Whosoever*.’

“Take two or three illustrations: Some of you are gray-headed now, but you remember when you left home, with the imprint of your mother’s kiss fresh upon your cheek, and your mother’s prayers sounding in your ears, and your mother’s Bible in your grip, and a promise to her on your lips, which you honestly meant to keep. But you got into a boarding and rooming house in the city, where things were different from what you had been accustomed, and there you met fellows who were loud-mouthed and boldly blatant in defense of wrong doing, and antagonistic to the truth and to God. Some of them, perceiving that you were fresh from the country, laid their traps to catch

and trip you, but the memory of your good mother's prayer and humble, consistent example held you true for a while. I can't find words to express the utter loathing and detestation I have for *a thing*, under the guise of a man, who deliberately, willfully, and of malicious purpose, plots to blight and blast the character of an innocent, guileless person. There can be no meaner or more dastardly villain on earth, and no crime in the Decalogue is comparable to it. I would advise such a scamp to go out into the great American desert and purposely and forever lose himself. He is a despoiler of guileless manhood, a befouler of purity, a corrupter of innocence. But, you recall the experience you had to pass through, and how they laughed and sneered and insinuated and insulted you. They called you a milksop, and said that you were still led and held by your mother's apron string. Blessed string! Holy string! Hallowed string! The string that holds so many of the noblest, the bravest, and the grandest sons on earth. That holds to right, to purity, to the cross, and to Christ. That holds many of us to the beautiful, the true, and the heavenly.

“One day a book was placed under your eye, and permission given you to read it for fifteen minutes,—a book containing indecent cuts, vile descriptions, and filthy innuendoes. You read the impure and filthy stuff, and, in less than the allotted time, your moral nature had been tainted, the poison had entered your soul, and you were on the way to moral pervers-

sion and spiritual damnation. A young lady told me that when she was going to school a bad book was placed in her hands, and that its blighting and demoralizing effects were such that speedily all love for, and interest in, good, pure, helpful literature ceased. She had surreptitiously conveyed impure books into the pure atmosphere of her mother's home, and had taken the covers from off such books and had substituted in their place the covers from good books to disguise the character of the devilish poison.

“And to hear your talk, — the obscenity, the rottenness, the blasphemy, the cursing and swearing which make up a big percentage of your speech, — one would think that you had been to hell for your education and had received your graduation papers at the hands of his Satanic Majesty.

“Listen to the newsboys on your streets, the oaths that continually flow from their polluted lips, and how they blaspheme the God of heaven. Watch your own boys, and you will speedily determine that they are adepts at imitation. You can't sow vile seeds and reap crops of purity and righteousness. Some of you are not happy unless you are telling some filthy story, and fairly revelling in such things all the time. How can you live in the atmosphere which God breathes, while you are continually rummaging about, and delving into, such filth and moral miasma? ‘Be not deceived. God is not mocked, for *whatsoever* a man soweth, *THAT SHALL HE ALSO REAP.*’

“Some of you remember the first time you were

tempted to impurity, and now wonder that you cannot break away from such practices and associations. You need not wonder, for I defy an angel from heaven to come down to Boston and remain pure in the company you keep. I defy Gabriel himself to keep straight in such an environment. Your pinched, chalky, bloodless faces show, unmistakably, what you are. Your sunken, watery, lusterless eyes, with the dark circles beneath them, and your clammy hands, are all indicative and symptomatic of the life you are living, and prove that 'the wages of sin is death.' Yes, verily, a life of sin is moral suicide. A life of sin is destruction. May God save a large number of you men to-day.

“Some of you remember the temptation was a glass. It sparkled. It said: ‘I will make your eye bright. I will make your step elastic. I will put spring and life and manhood into you!’ Has it? Where is the brightness? Where is the promised elasticity? Where is the spring and life and manhood? DESTROYED, by that poison of the devil,—alcohol. It is the parent of fraud, the premature filler of graves. Under its blight, prostitution flourishes. I would hew down the accursed tree, with the Sword of the Lord and of Gideon, with one blow! [Tremendous applause.]

“What is the good of that, if you don't take the truth home to yourself? I am not here for applause. Oh, how much some of you are paying for a life of alienation from Jesus Christ! Men, don't complain

to me that, if you become Christians, you have to give up this and that. You've got to give up nothing but sin and ruin.

“ It's thirty years ago yesterday, the 17th of November, that I became a Christian. Sometimes I fancy I am dreaming, **BUT DON'T WAKE ME.** Sometimes I feel like pinching myself to try and determine whether I am laboring under a delusion, ‘ An illusion of mortal mind.’ Or is it a blessed reality? Sometimes I see a little gipsy tent. Mother and father and brother and sisters are beneath its shade, and a little tried, perplexed, and bewildered lad, *myself*, is there after the labors and disappointments of the day — so few sales have been made; so many rebuffs from unfeeling people. Then the scene changes, and I find myself standing before an audience of three thousand men as the ambassador of Christ.

“ If I were an artist I would paint a picture, ‘ **THE CONTRAST.**’ For thirty years, come next June, I have been continuously engaged in Christian work. Do you think I am a fool? Do you think I did a wise thing?

[A mighty response came from the audience, like a peal of thunder — **YES!**]

“ **THEN YOU DO THE SAME.**

“ Yes, I started, and I thank my God for it, before I had learned a single vice. And I want you, who may have gone astray, and know that you are not right with God, to make an honest stand to-day.

“ Now, while the power of truth is upon your con-

science; now, while the blessed Spirit of God is wooing you; now, while your better nature is demanding assertive rights; now, while you are in the atmosphere of heaven; now, while we are praying for you and are here to help you to Jesus — Come along! Come away to Jesus! There's emancipation in Jesus. He will snap the shackles from off your limbs. He will speak the word of pardon. He will speak peace to your soul and send you away happy in his love. Men, your mother has some claim upon you. One of the things you will reap at harvest time will be the murder — I say it deliberately — the *murder* of your own mother. For you need not administer poison. You don't need a six-shooter to kill her. You are breaking her heart and hastening her gray head to the grave by your wayward, willful, wicked ways, and by the trials and the disappointments you are bringing upon her.

“ I had a dear friend who died recently in England. He was beloved by all who knew him, — one of the most godly and popular Wesleyan ministers in the British Isles, — the Rev. Thomas Champness. The simple announcement of his name was sufficient to fill the largest public hall in England. A few months before the Father called him up higher he told me this story, naming place and people:

“ A widow was left with six boys. She was a poor woman, and took in washing for a living, and by doing a day's work additional here and there she managed to keep her boys decently clad, respectable, and at school. The oldest boy, Jack, grew up and

went to a distant city to work. He never wrote his mother. She pined for a letter from her first-born, and her face wasted and her brow furrowed. One day Jack received a message, informing him that his mother was dying, and that, if he wished to see her alive, he must hasten home. He took the first train, and, upon his arrival at the old homestead, in his rough, thoughtless way, he rushed into the chamber where his mother lay dying. He didn't know how to deport himself, or what to say, but finally blurted out: 'Mother, we shall miss you terribly. You have always been a good mother to us.' She replied: 'Why didn't you say it before? If you had said it but once I should have lived a little longer. You never once told me that, all these years. It's too late now! It's too late!' And she died.

"How many mothers' prayers have gone up to heaven's throne this week for numbers of you men here to-day?

"Let us pray. Let every head be bowed. Let there be perfect stillness. This is the most important part of the service.

"O Lord Jesus, help the men to say, 'I will accept Christ to-day.' Now, while your heads are bowed, and your eyes closed (please don't look around), who of you will cease sowing to the flesh and begin sowing to the Spirit? As many of you as will say, God helping me, I will henceforth live for Jesus,—if there's a spark of true manliness left in you, stand up, and thus indicate your decision.

“That’s right; God bless you. Sit down, my brother. How many more? That’s right. Now you are settling the biggest question of your life, whether you will accept Jesus as your personal Saviour. Oh, for Jesus’ sake, for your dear mother’s sake, for your own sake, come along:”

All over the hall, in the balconies, on the floor, one here, two or three there, singly and in groups, they responded to the earnest appeals, and worked their way toward the platform. Here they were greeted by the evangelist, and by the workers, who seated some, while others were ushered into the rooms on either side of the platform.

“Lord, save every man in this house. Believe me, if I could stand up for you all, I would leap to my feet and cry, All for Jesus! Jesus put up two hands for you.

“Now, let me make another general appeal. That’s right — near the clock — the top gallery. God bless you. Two in that corner. Praise the Lord!

“We are not here to criticise or hold you up to ridicule, but to help and start you heavenward. If I, a poor saved gipsy, feel so good over it, how do you think Jesus feels?

“Brothers, hear me, — you who know that life has been wasted, that you have not been happy, and you want to get right with God, — stand up, show your colors, and cheat the devil.

“I look back with joy and gratitude over the

thirty years of my Christian life, and praise God for having saved me.

“ Now, we are going to invite all of these men who have stood up to come into these rooms on either side, where we may have the privilege of taking you by the hand and giving you help and cheer.”

The rooms were speedily filled, and still the men pressed to the front. A verse of that grand hymn of decision, under whose spell thousands have taken a stand for God, was sung :

JUST AS I AM.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

“ Please clear this front row of seats right across the hall. Praise the Lord! Before we sing another song I have one more word to say, so that you may all understand. Come along! Fill those front seats. All who want Christ and a better life, come right away to these front seats. We must have another row cleared. They are coming. Oh, glory to God!

“ Now, then, all of you who know that your sins are forgiven, *who know* that Christ is your personal Saviour,— I beg of you not to respond if you are conscious that it's not true,— you now stand up.”

Over fifteen hundred people responded.

“ Now, then, sing:

“‘I need thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.’

“ Now, listen! Just where you are, stand up. Will those of you who, really, in your hearts, want and will accept Jesus raise your hand. Praise the dear Lord! Hundreds must have risen to-day and responded.

“ Now, while we sing the second verse, let all those who have stood up or raised the hand come into these front rows. That’s right! Praise the Lord!

“ Listen! Those of you of a timid nature, who hesitate, move a few seats away from your present position. Make a change. Defeat the devil. Come away to Jesus. Hallelujah! the Lord reigneth!

“ Sing the third verse:

“‘I need thee every hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.’”

The people came flocking to the front as doves to their cotes.

“ We must sing that second verse again, and as you sing, bring them away with you:

“‘I need thee every hour;
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.’

“ I believe there are hundreds of men who, to-day, have decided to begin a new life in the power of Christ. Listen to the wooings of the Divine Spirit, his drawing on your heart-strings, and respond to His voice. Settle the question to-day. You who will not be saved to-day may perish to-morrow. The gospel, in its offer of salvation, knows nothing of to-morrow. It says ‘ *Today*, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.’ Jesus offers to save you *to-day*. But if you refuse this present offer, if you will not be saved to-day, to-morrow you may be where the Saviour cannot make any more kind offers, or give any sweet invitations, but where the law will utter its anathemas, and a rejected Christ his sentence, — ‘ Depart ye!’ I entreat you, in my Divine Master’s name, accept Jesus. I beg of you not to leave this building unsaved. This is heaven’s opportunity.

“ Now we are going to change the song. Sing, ‘ What a Friend We Have in Jesus.’ Everybody sing. Come along. That’s right. God bless you. Let everybody who is not saved come right along.

“ Listen! We are going to close in a moment or two. If you mean to become followers of Christ, come and get in touch and company with his present friends and disciples. Identify yourselves with God’s people. Come out from the world and be separate.”

“ Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow ” was heartily and enthusiastically sung.

“ O God, our Father, we bless thee for this sweet

gathering of men. For the huge company who have settled for eternity with thee to-day, we thank thee. It's not going to end with the benediction. We pray especially for those men who have enlisted under heaven's blue flag. God bless them. Go home with us. Give us courage to confess thee. Be with us in all the meetings of this great campaign for righteousness. In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

“May the grace of our Lord Jesus, the love of God Almighty, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, continue with and abide upon us all, until Jesus comes. Amen.”

After the dismissal the men surged around the platform to shake the hand of Gipsy Smith, while many a tear-stained face indicated the tremendous struggles that had been going on and the moral victories that had been won. It was great and glorious. The very atmosphere of heaven filled the Temple. Jesus was truly in the midst.

Many declared it to have been the most powerful, blessed, and fruitful meeting they were ever in. God was honored, and the Holy Spirit was given a free rein.

GIPSY SMITH'S POWER IN APPEAL.

BY CHARLES A. CRANE, D.D.

THE very remarkable ability of Gipsy Smith is nowhere seen to better advantage than in the exhortations with which he follows his set discourse. Here the patience and gentleness of faith come to full bloom. Where many a preacher would be ready to pronounce the benediction and quit, he rises to new heights and turns to new expedients, by means of which he woos and wins many who are not in a hurry to turn to God. With the same audience he changes his tactics and tells them expressly just what he is going to ask them to do, and he resorts to no tricks by which one might seek to commit one to a course not yet decided upon. In turn he will call upon the same people to stand, to raise the hand, to come to the inquiry room, to kneel in the front row of seats made vacant for their use, and to come forward and shake his hand, and all this with no sign of impatience or hurry. And it is all done with such sweetness of manner, with such charming grace, that it is a veritable benediction to watch him as he works. You must remember that this word *sweetness* stands for no softness in any other than in the strongest sense. There is no babyishness in him. He is in no sense feminine, but the rather pre-eminently strong and manly. His tenderness is not that of weakness.

You see the tears of his audience — not the tears of him. When he weeps it is with the silent, hidden tears such as our Lord Jesus shed. He is so far removed from the bombastic, melodramatic roaring of some evangelists that he seems almost to preach a new gospel.

But it is the same old story, so simple and easy to be understood that his exhortations need no footnotes, no explanations, no “asides.” He takes it for granted that with the jury who hears his plea the evidence is all in. He calls for a verdict then and there. He movingly insists upon the people who know the truth doing the truth they know. His appeals to conscience, to memory, to common sense, to the Holy Scriptures, to the human heart, are masterpieces of persuasive eloquence. His example in this alone would be a liberal education to theological students. Persuasion is his forte. Here the very Spirit of God moves in him, and his message is alive with the movings of the Almighty. Here his power as a preacher comes to its climax. Here he gets hold of men. He stirs up and overturns their interior furniture. He pulls the very heart strings till strong men groan or cry aloud or bow themselves under the storm of their own feelings. If preaching ever becomes a “lost art,” ’twill be in that stream of preachment where exhortations cease and the preacher refuses to pull the line which he has baited and cast with such skill and care.

In preaching and in singing, Gipsy Smith stands

high — exceedingly high. In exhortation he stands alone among all the preachers I have ever heard. And it is well that it is so, for both the preaching and the singing lead to the matchless appeals, answering which thousands are turning to “the Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.”

THE MEETING FOR YOUTH.

HELD IN TREMONT TEMPLE ON SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, AT 10.30 A.M.

REPORTED BY E. E. BAYLISS.

GIPSY SMITH loves the children and exerts great power over them. This was demonstrated on Saturday at Tremont Temple, when three thousand youth, from ten to eighteen years old, crowded into the auditorium. An overflow meeting was made necessary in Lorimer Hall, where more than twelve hundred attended. It was a beautiful sight. As Gipsy Smith reached the platform the immense gathering rose to their feet and greeted him with the Chautauqua salute — the waving of white handkerchiefs overhead.

Dr. Allbright prayed: "God bless the children. And let thy blessing be upon us, and upon thy servant, who loves the children. Inspire him to give such a message to-day that many precious souls may be won to Jesus Christ. Revive thy work in our hearts, in our churches, and in our land."

Gipsy Smith was nearly overcome at the welcome he received. He declared he had never seen a prettier sight in any place in the world, in all his travels. He read from the gospel of Mark, tenth chapter, verses 13 to 16.

Dr. Conrad, chairman of the Evangelistic Committee, said:

“ I have often walked through the Boston Public Gardens, admiring the artistic floral designs, and have thought that it would be impossible to have anything more beautiful. But it is a more beautiful and inspiring sight to look upon such a gathering of bright, happy young faces, assembled to hear about Jesus and his love.

“ We ministers, who have been intimately associated with our dear brother Gipsy Smith, have come to feel a heartfelt attachment to him, and we love him as a faithful ambassador of Christ. Really, we shall be sorry when the time has come for us to say good-by to him. And we ministers want that you children shall listen very attentively to what he has to say to you. He loves children, and is never happier than when he is telling them about the Lord Jesus Christ.”

Brother Smith has a splendid aide and coworker in his daughter, Miss Zillah Smith, who has sung with her father, and has gladly responded to the requests of the people to sing. She has a rich, wonderfully clear and penetrating voice. She delivered a brief address, which was remarkable for its beauty. She said: “ I was but seven years old when I gave myself to Jesus, and he has blessed, watched over, and kept me ever since. Some of you are puzzling your brain and wondering what profession or business you will adopt and follow when you get to be a man. My young friend, I urge you to put your Heavenly Father’s business first. Make him the senior partner

in your business, the head of your firm. Honor him with all your heart's devotion.

“ In England the people, and the boys, greatly admire and honor the character and memory of that noble Christian soldier and valiant hero, — GENERAL GORDON. His monument is, among England's worthy and honored dead, placed in Westminster Abbey, and is visited by multitudes.

“ His epitaph reads:

“ ‘ Who at all times and in all places gave
His strength to the weak;
His substance to the poor;
His sympathy to the suffering; and
His heart to God.’ ”

Gipsy Smith said:

“ In the few moments that I was absent from you I was speaking to the boys and girls in the lower hall, and saying to them that I would rather see five hundred children giving their hearts to Jesus than two thousand gray-headed men. Their influence would count more for God. Nearly all the ministers in America gave their hearts to the Lord Jesus in their youth. Think of the life that's wasted, the valuable time lost, the bad influence exerted; for, no matter how obscure and apparently uneventful the life may appear, there is somebody, somewhere, that you influence, either for good or evil. ‘ No man liveth to himself.’ And we want you boys and girls to dedicate your best days to Jesus Christ. Why, there may be ministers, and physicians, and lawyers,

and statesmen, and heroes among you boys. And some of you girls may exert an influence national, even international, reigning as queens in the homes of some noble men.

“The things you do, and the words you speak, are going to ring through the souls of the coming generation. I beg of you, in Christ’s name, to begin early and to walk worthy of your Father in heaven. Don’t think that if you become a Christian you have to be gloomy and morose. Nothing of the kind. All that you have to give up is the evil, the mean, the crooked, and walk in paths of pleasantness for His name’s sake. You don’t know what real joy is until you give your heart to Jesus. You cannot imagine the joy it gives me to hear my child on this platform with me, witnessing for Jesus.

“When my boy came to Jesus he was only eleven years old. I was preaching in Manchester, England, to a crowd of four thousand. He sat weeping during the sermon. Perceiving what was going on, I held the service for fully ten minutes longer for his sake. That night he took a stand for Jesus. He did not talk about what he had done when he got home, but early the next morning he stole into my bed, wishing to show me what he had written in his Bible which I had given him. This was what he had recorded:

““I, Hanley Smith, was converted Sunday night
[such a date].

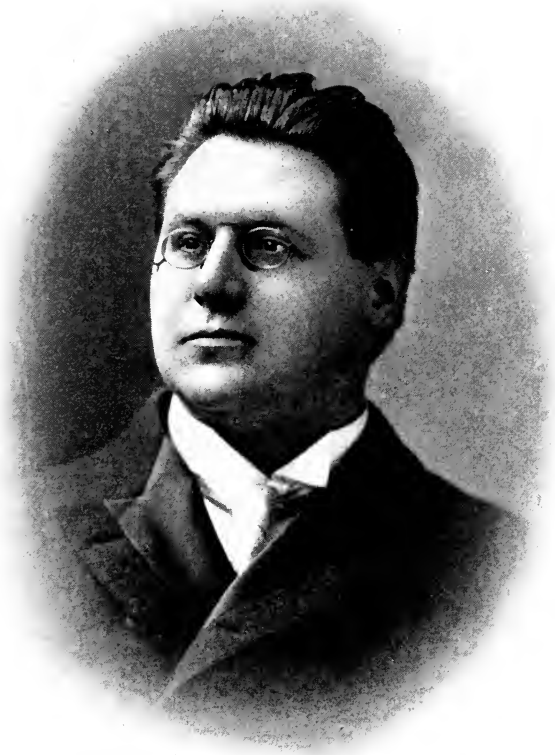
“““And the Lord added to the church such as were being saved.”””

“ My boy is now a student for the ministry, and is preaching the gospel. Praise the Lord!

“ How many of you boys and girls, over twelve years, will say, ‘ Lord Jesus, make my heart your home? I have never said it before, but I do now invite you to come into my heart and henceforth control my life.’

“ All that is beautiful and useful in my life was made possible the day I gave my heart to Jesus. A dear old gray-headed man has arisen. God bless you, my brother. I thank God for the contrast. Among so many young hearts accepting the Saviour, I am glad to see an old gentleman coming to the Lord. Hundreds have risen; thank God, they are still coming. I never saw this step taken more seriously, intelligently, and reverently.”

Those who had decided to live for Jesus were invited to go down stairs to Lorimer Hall, and the hall was quickly packed. **OVER NINE HUNDRED YOUNG PEOPLE DECIDED FOR CHRIST !**



REV. W. T. MCELVEEN, PH.D.

ABIDING IN CHRIST'S LOVE.

BY WILLIAM T. McELVEEN, PH.D.,

Executive Secretary of the National Congregational Evangelistic Committee.

WHAT is the secret of Gipsy Smith's power? What are the hidings of his strength? A very intimate fellowship with him leads me to answer unhesitatingly, "He abides in Christ's love." It is that which puts the note of wooing into his preaching and which gives winsomeness to his personality. He doesn't simply enjoy a few *prelude* moments in the morning and a few *postlude* moments in the evening, in the warmth of that love. He lives in it and it lives in him. He makes his home in the life and love of Christ. "The love of Christ constraineth" him. When Paul said that he didn't refer primarily to Christ's love for him or his love for Christ. It was the very love of Christ in him that at once impelled and held him together. It is the very love of Christ for men that — to use one of Gipsy's favorite words — "tethers" him to the holy task of wooing and winning men. Jesus, lover of men's souls. Without irreverence we can say, Gipsy Smith, the lover of men's souls.

He is inhabited by the love of Christ. He is divinely possessed. Christ is a personal and determining life in him. Christ is so personally localized

in him that he speaks with Christly wisdom and pleads with Christly power. He is so flushed with the indwelling life of the Christ that his words are quotations from Christ's mind, and his acts are duplications in small of Christ's activity. He so breathes with the life of the Eternal Son of God that he could say with Paul: "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Gipsy Smith is a spiritual psychic. He feels the Spirit's presence. He is conscious of the Spirit's help. He is under the control of the Spirit, and he is obedient to the Spirit's impressions. He trusts his intuitions. He believes the Spirit speaks to him through them. If he feels that there is some one else who is on the point of yielding to the Christ he continues to plead. He waits on the Spirit. To use his own phrase, "He gives the Spirit a chance."

One Sunday morning he attended Shawmut Church as a worshiper. He is as good a listener as he is a winner of others. After the service he became a member of a large Bible class that usually discusses the truth presented in the morning sermon. When asked his criticism he said: "The sermon said too much; it contained too much truth; it was too clever; it called attention to itself. It didn't give the Spirit a chance." And then he turned to me and asked, "Didn't you plan beforehand to say just what you said?" "Of course I did," said I. "But by so doing you gave the Spirit no chance to get in his word," he replied. "But," I answered, "I tried to

think the Spirit's thoughts in my study, and what I said I feel was the Spirit's mind." "Yes," he said, "but the very best things I say come to me when I am speaking, and they are the thoughts which influence men and women to accept Christ."

After that very frank statement I felt justified in asking him how he prepared his addresses. "Well," he said, "I meditate more than I read; I ponder more than I study. I stay with a truth until it is surely mine. I write these thoughts down in their proper sequence. And when I rise to speak they are like a series of mountain peaks, and I go from one to the other. But if, while I am speaking, I get my wings, I leave the mountain peaks of previously arranged thought, and I trust God to tell me what to say, and in that same hour it is given me what to say."

In no man that I know is God-consciousness so evident. God, to Gipsy Smith, is not an occasional vision, but an habitual outlook. God is an influence in him. The Psalmist's declaration, "I have set the Lord *always* before me," might be made by him, for he preaches the presence of God. God does not merely reveal his Son to him; he imparts his Son's life *into* him, so that his life and his sermons are divinely inspired. He abides in Christ's love.

SOME IMPRESSIONS.

BY J. L. CAMPBELL, D.D.

MUCH was said a few years ago about the time of great religious awakenings and revivals being a thing of the past. On the contrary, in this first decade of the twentieth century we seem to be approaching the time foretold in ancient prophecy when nations are to be born unto God in a day.

The evangelistic campaign conducted by Gipsy Smith in Boston, and which is now drawing to a close, will mark an ever-memorable epoch in the religious history of the city. They have been days of the right hand of God's power. I have been specially impressed with the sanity and robust common sense of the evangelist. In all the meetings there has not been a single utterance that was extravagant or that need call for explanation or mental apology. The right thing was always spoken at the right time and in the right way. There is nothing superficial about his teaching, no healing of the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly; no saying, Peace, peace; when there is no peace. Sin has been denounced with the fearlessness of a Hebrew prophet, and with all the tenderness and pathos of a mother; the sinner has been pointed to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. His singing has also been an important factor in the meetings, and in the man-

agement of the enormous congregations, as well as in the conduct of the after-meetings, he has shown himself a master of assemblies. In Gipsy Smith we see what God can do through a man rarely gifted by nature, whose whole being is consecrated to his service. Blessed be God for such a man, and long may he be spared to continue his great work.

NOTES REPORTORIAL.

BY E. E. BAYLISS.

A GENTLEMAN remarked, regarding the services for men on Sunday, November 25, 1906: "It is very unusual for me to have to fight my way, in vain, to gain entrance to a hall at 2.15 P.M., for a meeting announced to begin at 3.30 P.M. But that was my experience here to-day."

Tremont Temple was full to repletion. Lorimer Hall was congested, and hundreds upon hundreds went away unable to gain admission.

The Sunday afternoon meetings for men, held under the auspices of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, and under the direction of Gipsy Smith, have been marvels of intensified interest and fervor.

Last Sunday, instead of waiting for the hour advertised, the meeting commenced at 3 P.M.

Gipsy Smith said:

"I never spoke to larger, more intelligent, and more responsive audiences than I have in Boston.

"Solomon said: 'There's nothing new under the sun.' But he said this before I came around. He did not know of what God was going to find in, and bring forth from, a gipsy tent. He didn't know of what they would have *on hand*, nor what might be *off hand*, in the year of our Lord 1906. God's resources are infinite. He has his hidden treasures in

the vegetable, mineral, and animal kingdoms. 'The heavens declare the glory of God.' Deep unto deep cry out of his wisdom and power."

The general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, Mr. Mehaffey, presided, and said: "We are in advance of the time announced for the commencement of this meeting, but the house is completely filled, so there is no reason why we should defer any longer."

Mr. Shumway, of Melrose, requested all to join with him in reciting the Twenty-third Psalm.

The Rev. D. C. Shields, rector of the Church of the Redeemer, South Boston, offered prayer: "O God, the father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and therefore our father through adoption, by faith, send thy peace into the heart of every man here assembled, — the peace which the world can neither give nor take away, the peace that passeth all understanding. O Saviour of the world, who by thy precious cross and blood has redeemed us, save us, we pray thee. May we worthily love thee and magnify thy holy name. Write the truth, by the power of the Holy Spirit, upon our hearts and consciences to-day. Aid thy servant, whom thou hast so signally honored, to bring a heaven-inspired message to-day. As he wields the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, may it be quick and powerful; piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and prove a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. We pray in Jesus' name. Amen."

Miss Smith sang, with great power, "Lord, I'm Coming Home."

By special request, Gipsy Smith sang, "Looking this Way."

The text for the day was Matthew 27, twenty-second verse. "What shall I do then with Jesus who is called Christ?"—Pilate's puzzled question to the accusing Jews.

In his sermon Gipsy Smith said:

"What shall I do with Jesus? That question is as much alive to-day as when it was first put. There is as much in it for you and for me as when it was first uttered. It is not dead. It is alive, for it throbs and pulsates with the interests of two worlds. The question confronts every man. It refuses to be set aside. It will be thought about sooner or later. It demands attention. You may dodge, turn, or vacillate,—you must answer it. It is pungent, piercing, penetrating. There are in it an anthem or a dirge, a pæan or a wailing, dungeons or thrones. No man can be good who shuts Jesus out. You, my brother, no matter who you are, must face this question, and if you haven't honestly given it your thought and attention, the sooner you do it the better. For this question will be answered. You are a good man or a bad man as you answer that question. You measure up to your best, or lower to your worst, as you give that answer.

"You tell me you know good men who are not Christians. That is false. Such men are good

because of the momentum in their blood given them by a Christian father and a Christian mother. You will find that is true every time.

“There is nothing that will bring you happiness like Christ. Wealth won’t do it. Some of the most miserable creatures you have here are among your wealthy people. I hear you have one millionaire who would give a million dollars for a new digestive organ. I am no enemy of wealth. What I mean is that wealth won’t purchase happiness. You’ve got to have Christ.

I see God in the dust at my feet as well as in the opening of the gates of the morning without a creak in their hinges. God is all about you. The wings of the storm are but God’s voice, and the peals of thunder, accompanied by bolts of lightning, are but sparks from his chariot wheels riding on his way to victory.

“You may be bruised, crushed, silenced, or cursed; your passions may have their fling, but He is near to thee. Resist Him and you will be haunted. Shut out Christ and you invite everything that is dark.

“He loves you with a love that’s strong enough to lift a world; He is nearer to you than the clothes on your back. There is no such thing as getting away from God.”

The climax of Gipsy Smith’s sermon brought tears to half the eyes in the Temple. It was a well and effectively told story of a man, who was a mere wreck, whom he discovered at one of his meetings in

an English provincial city, a man who had been a schoolmaster and had fallen, leaving his mother, wife, and children in London. He was in tatters. Mr. Smith got hold of him, straightened him out, and returned him to his family, who had given him up for lost, and the evangelist said he is filling an honorable position and is a changed man. This doesn't give any idea of the manner in which Gipsy Smith told the story, with the pathos of his wonderful voice, and tears in his eyes.

At the conclusion of this story quickly came the call for men to arise who wished to "come to Jesus," before which, however, all were requested to bow their heads in silent prayer, and not look up. Men popped up all over the house, and the evangelist, pointing to each, would say, "God bless you, brother. Sit down."

After a short time he asked these men to step forward into the "inquiry room," and to the front seats, three rows of which were cleared for the purpose. Then the evangelist's assistants labored with each of these.

In the meantime the evangelist was exhorting others to come forward and "be men." He exhorted, sang a stanza of a hymn, exhorted again, taunted those who had not the courage to come forward, asked those to stand up who were Christians, and those who had not professed Christ to remain seated. Then he addressed those who remained seated, and called upon all to sing the next stanza of

the hymn. Then there was more exhortation, and if, with his sharp eyes, he detected one of those seated singing, he called on that man to come forward and prove himself.

A man in the gallery called out:

“ Pray for a man who is half convinced.”

Every eye was turned on the man who was seated, with two of the assistants of the evangelist laboring with him. Gipsy Smith pointed to the man and said:

“ Come, brother. Come!”

But the man was obdurate. One could see the hesitancy in his eyes. He was a middle-aged man. Then Gipsy called on the entire audience to sing “ Come to Jesus,” the whole body facing this one man.

Finally, the Episcopal rector, and others, induced him to accompany them into the inquiry room, where the poor man was speedily upon his knees with an Episcopal clergyman, the Drummer Evangelist, and a deacon of Tremont Temple kneeling around, talking and pleading with him, and praying for him, with the tears flowing down some of their faces; and he promised to accept the Lord Jesus as his personal Saviour. Hallelujah! Praise the dear Lord!

AN APPRECIATIVE WORD.

BY GEORGE W. MEHAFFEY,

General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association.

THE evangelistic campaign in Boston, under the leadership of Gipsy Smith, has surpassed any similar effort here since the great revival conducted by Dwight L. Moody, and has proved a great blessing to this community.

To my mind the most striking feature of the series of meetings, unless we except the children's service, was the four great mass meetings for men under the auspices of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, aggregating in attendance over thirteen thousand men, hundreds being unable to gain admission at either the main or overflow meetings.

Gipsy Smith proved himself fully equal to this unique opportunity, for the marvelous skill with which he swayed this great body of men was the subject of general comment and caused great rejoicing.

His conduct of the meetings met with general approval. There was an absence of frenzy or unwise exhortation, yet there was an incisiveness to his message and a directness of appeal that were irresistible, for many hundreds responded to his appeal to take Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour. The inquiry rooms proved too small to accommodate the number at any one service.

The men were impressed by Gipsy Smith's sincerity, his intense sympathy, his keen insight into human nature, his practical common or uncommon sense, and, above all, by the evident consecration of the man to the work to which God has unquestionably called him. As a missionary to men, I know of no superior.

THE LAST MEETING OF GIPSY SMITH'S MISSION IN BOSTON: A MOSAIC.

EMBODYING THE DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF THE REPORTS IN THE BOSTON *GLOBE*, BOSTON *HERALD*, BOSTON *JOURNAL*, AND BOSTON *POST*, TOGETHER WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES.

BY E. E. BAYLISS.

THERE closed last night, November 28, 1906, what the leading coöperating pastors designate "the most successful revival that Boston has ever seen." There were three thousand people in the main auditorium of the Temple, and of these some eight hundred were converts who had professed conversion during the mission. They were seated on the main floor and overflowed into the balcony.

So vast was the crowd that wanted to hear Gipsy Smith that long before the opening hour every seat in the Temple was filled, and several hundred stood about in the corridors and on the sidewalk, waiting and hoping for some chance to get in. Lorimer Hall and the Park Street Church were both filled with the overflow.

Pastor A. Z. Conrad, D.D., and Rev. H. A. Manchester, chairman and secretary of the Evangelistic Committee, are more than pleased with the results. Both gentlemen said they believed it to be the greatest mission ever held in one church in this city, and Dr.

Conrad thanked Gipsy Smith last night in a whole-souled and heartfelt way for the work he had done the past five weeks. They intimated that it was proposed to have the Romany evangelist back here again in the course of a few months, and this announcement was loudly applauded.

He further said that though the missionary goes, the mission remains.

Gipsy Smith did not take a text. When he stood up to begin his address it was with a good deal of suppressed feeling in his voice.

“If I could say all the thanks I feel in my heart, I would stand here all night,” he said. He thanked the clergymen present for the assistance they had given him, especially Drs. McElveen, Conrad, Henson, Allbright, and Bates. He likewise thanked Mr. L. E. Smith, the leader of the choir, for his efficient service. “The pastors have all stood by me in my work,” he said. “I never labored with a body of men who have held me up in any city; I have never received heartier or more loyal support from any body of ministers in the world. My heart goes out in admiration of the godly lot of pastors the churches of Greater Boston are favored with. You people of Boston are indeed fortunate in your pastors. Stick to them. They are a noble body of men. Stand by them as you have stood by me the past five weeks, and you’ll see the same sort of results. Carry out that belief of yours; act your faith. I say to you, my brethren, as at the beginning, *It is your victory*. I thank you all.”

Turning to the organist he said, "I'd like to take the organist and the organ along with me."

"I wish you would," said Dr. Henson.

"The organ?" asked Gipsy Smith.

"Yes," replied Dr. Henson; "we want a new one."

"I also wish to thank the ushers — I was going to say the English word, 'stewards.' It takes a bit of grace to be an usher. And I wish to thank these reporters who have been here and who have enabled me to reach more people than I otherwise could have reached. [Applause.] I thank you all. I have my faults, but I have made an honest attempt to give myself to the work of Jesus with you the past month, and I look forward to some day in the near future when I shall, D. V., undertake another campaign in Boston. [Loud applause.]

"This sight on the floor doesn't tabulate the results of the mission. Think of the multitudes who have stood up for Christ at these meetings. This is an indication that God has been working. And the influence of Jesus has been felt by thousands that came here and did not stand up. I know it."

The appeal that he made to his hearers and the unregenerate among them was fully equal to any plea in the series of meetings. There were glimpses into his own life experience that were thrillingly interesting and that seemed to have the greater effect upon his audience.

"If you are a Christian," said he, "you cannot follow this body or that body — the minister, the elder,

or the deacon. You must follow Christ. He is your Father, your leader, your Lord. He has left you an example that you should follow in his steps.

“When I was a boy in a gipsy camp in England, my father had a plain silver watch. He bought it, that was how he got it. (I thought it was better to tell you that, for some might think a gipsy would get a watch otherwise.) [Laughter.] As we were traveling from one town to another, my father would see a town clock, look at his watch, and find it was fifteen minutes slow. Round went the hands. Then he would see another clock, and by it the watch was a few minutes fast. Round went the hands again. Do you know, he set that watch so much that it wouldn't go at all. Do you catch on, you spiritual nomads?

“There are many here who come to give themselves to Christ. In his arms there is plenty of room. No matter how many come or how many are there now, there is always room for one more. I'll tell you another story. My father was one of three brothers who were converted in England at the same time. Big, brawny fellows they are; my father stands over six feet, and he is the smallest of the three. He is seventy-four now, straight as a rule, hair as black as mine. There's not a man in Boston more handsome.

“Soon after these three brothers were converted, they were in great demand for evangelistic services. They went to Portsmouth to stay two weeks. They stayed three, four, five weeks, and it was six weeks

before they returned to our tent. Father wrote that he would be back on a certain day, and we at home got up at six o'clock that morning and went to meet him. We knew nothing about trains, and it was six o'clock at night before he got home. Oh, those long, weary hours! He was father and mother both, in our tent, and when he came it was my little sister's privilege to go to his arms, — for the youngest child has the right in a gipsy camp to meet the homecoming member first. She flew to him, and those big, strong arms held her within their embrace, while I was standing there hoping, longing, and reluctantly waiting for my turn to come. At last I could wait no longer.

“ ‘It is my turn now,’ I said to my sister.

“ ‘I don't care,’ said she; ‘I am here, and you can't take me away!’

“ ‘I know that,’ said I, growing desperate; ‘but there is room for both of us.’

“ That is the way with those arms of Jesus; *there is room for one more.*

“ During the Welsh revival I was holding a mission in Cardiff. One day, at the close of a meeting, a lady approached me with the information that there was a gipsy camp in the suburbs of the town, and inquired whether I would like to visit my brethren; saying that she would take pleasure in driving me out in her carriage. I promptly accepted her invitation, for I am always ready to take a carriage ride. Upon arriving at the camp I discovered that there was not a

bona fide gipsy among them. One woman had tried to dress and fix herself up as a gipsy, but she could not deceive me. Subsequently she informed me that she had recently joined the camp, but that she was not a gipsy. None but a gipsy woman knows how to dress herself. She was a *joiner*.

“That’s the way with lots of you church members. You belong to the joiners — the squatters. But you don’t have any of the earmarks of a Christian. The language you speak is a *patois*. You try to say shibboleth, but you always get it sibboleth. You have a name to live, but you are dead! O, my brother, get right with God. Right in your heart.”

The voice of the preacher, now thrilling to emotional and religious enthusiasm the hearts of the three thousand hearers, now in its soft, caressing cadences moving many to tears, the spiritually inspired people who hung upon his words won to public confession of the Christian faith were sixty men and women. It was a meeting especially for the “converts.” During the unprecedented meetings in Tremont Temple, over which the evangelist has presided, more than twenty-five hundred people arose to his call, and some eight hundred and fifty dear youth calmly, cheerfully, intelligently, accepted Jesus.

Silently, though with bowed heads and bodies swayed by the strong feelings stirred within them as the Holy Spirit applied the truth enunciated by Gipsy, the immense concourse prayed for Boston

sinner. Never before had such a scene been witnessed in Tremont Temple, and as they prayed, women wept, while Gipsy Smith, from the platform, urged the occupants of the balconies to repent and to come home to God.

“Pray! Pray!” thundered the evangelist. Then he called for converts, and from all over the hall came young and old. Among those who responded to the call were over a dozen young people. One young woman came from the side of the auditorium, saying that she was from Portland, Me.; that she had come out of curiosity, but had been touched, and with a loud “God bless you,” she was cheered on her way.

From the balcony came an old woman, bent and decrepit with years and suffering, yet with resolute step she made her way to the platform and drew from the folds of her dress several English banknotes which she thrust into the hands of Gipsy Smith with a “God bless you.”

Several very prominent pastors from other cities have spoken at the meetings; among others, Drs. Cadman and Hillis, of Brooklyn, and Dr. Dawson, late of London, England, all rendering efficient aid and admirably supplementing the work of Gipsy Smith.

AT THE CLOSE OF GIPSY SMITH'S LECTURE
ON HIS LIFE.

BY E. E. BAYLISS.

BEFORE a crowded audience a beautiful scene was witnessed. The secretary of the Evangelistic Campaign Committee, Rev. Herbert A. Manchester, D.D., stepped forward to the raised dais, holding in his hand a magnificent silver loving cup, having three handles. Dr. A. Z. Conrad promptly stepped to the other side of the platform, and as Brother Manchester held the cup toward him by one handle, he took hold of the cup by the second handle. Then, upon invitation, Gipsy Smith arose and stepping forward, grasped the third handle. Representatives of the different coöperating churches gathered around the trio and placed their hands upon the hands of the holders of the beautiful souvenir, amidst a thundering storm of applause, the audience wildly cheering. When quiet was restored the presentation was made, in felicitous words, by Dr. Conrad, who said in closing: "This cup is filled to overflowing with the heart's true affection of the ministers of Boston. It represents the sincere love of our whole city, the entire country, and the four continents of the world towards Gipsy Smith." Then the audience and choir sang "Blest be the Tie that Binds."

Gipsy Smith was evidently greatly taken by surprise, and said:

“ You know this is a surprise to me and I don’t know what to say. My heart overflows. It is more than I deserve.” [Cries of No! No!] “ My heart and my love have been given to serve my brethren. It is a great joy to me to coöperate with the pastors of this city. Never in my life have I labored with men who have sought more nobly and brotherly to hold up my hands and to support me day by day. And the victory is theirs, not mine, for they made it possible for me to succeed. I knew from their invitation that I had their entire confidence.

“ But this, Annie [turning to his wife], we shall prize, and my children shall prize after me. It is the first of the kind I have ever seen as mine, and it will have the place of honor in my home as coming from the ministers of your beautiful city. I shall pray that some day, ere long, we may have another campaign, for I don’t think my work is over in Boston. God bless you, dear people, for all your kindness and patience and forbearance and sympathy for me; and may I ask you to pray that my success elsewhere may be at least what it has been in Boston, only more abundant?”

While he stood before the vast crowd, thanking those who had so helped him in his work, as he finished, he pulled out his pocket handkerchief and waved it toward the people in front of him. Instantly, from every part of the house, flashed forth handkerchiefs which waved him an affectionate farewell.

At the morning meeting Dr. Henson said: "This Temple has seen many memorable scenes, but never since its foundations have we seen anything comparable to those which have been witnessed this last month. We have much to be thankful for. The recent election has shown that we are sane and safe. There is a stern determination on the part of the public not to be led astray by arrogant capitalists or designing demagogues. We are thankful for it. This has been a celestial storm center. I hope that the preaching of Gipsy Smith has shown to some of my brethren, who may have been tempted to go far afield for themes, that there is one theme greater than all others, as it always has been."

Rev. Dr. W. T. McElveen said his mind had been broadened and deepened and he could preach more earnestly after having been associated with the great evangelist.

Rev. Dr. Lewis B. Bates said he believed that if a league existed between America and England there would be no more wars.

He thanked God that a policeman was able to tell him that since Gipsy Smith came to town men had not been heard to swear so commonly in crossing the streets, and he had been told that more Bibles had been sold during the past month than in any previous month for years.

Rev. Dr. Herbert L. Manchester found occasion for thankfulness in the fact that this series of evangelistic meetings had been inaugurated by a committee of

ministers; that every obligation had been most creditably met; that perfect harmony had prevailed throughout the preliminaries and the progress of the mission; and that there are no wounds to be healed. He believed that the pastors of all the churches have a more brotherly spirit towards each other and are better prepared to sympathize with each other in their troubles and to coöperate with each other in interdenominational work. He said over twelve hundred adults have signed the cards in the mixed meetings, that over nine hundred youth from twelve to eighteen years had likewise signed, while over five hundred men at the Sunday afternoon services had signified their intention to become servants of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Great praise must be given Mr. J. E. Smiley, of the Young Men's Christian Association, who had charge of all the arrangements for ushering, taking the collections, etc. He is a master in organization; perfect order prevailed throughout the campaign, thanks to his wise and thorough manipulation. Thanks be unto God for what He hath wrought!

GIPSY SMITH IN PORTLAND.

BY SMITH BAKER, D.D.

PORTLAND is a very conservative city in its religious life. It has been styled a self-satisfied city; opposed to anything like religious excitement. The trend of its social life is towards intelligent respectability, and what is called an emotional religion is not popular. Mr. Moody's meetings here were not a success. Some people have called it a city of religious formality, and with two or three exceptions the churches are not given to extra meetings. The pastors for months felt the need of an intenser spiritual life in the churches, and with this feeling all the evangelical ministers united in an invitation to Gipsy Smith to spend three weeks with them in December. With two or three exceptions, all the Sunday evening meetings and all the week-day meetings in the churches were suspended during the mission. It was as near as possible a perfect union. The meetings were held in the City Hall, which will seat three thousand people. With the exception of two stormy evenings the hall was filled, and on Sunday evenings overflow meetings were held in near-by churches. The pastors have taken turn in conducting the devotional services, and the workers in the inquiry room were chosen by them.

Gipsy Smith met our expectations. His superior natural ability, his splendid common sense, his long

experience in such work, his knowledge of human nature, his culture (for, as a preacher, he is a master of Saxon-English), his tenderness and gentleness with his intensity, his unaffected consecration, his unsparing faithfulness to the old gospel doctrines, his uncovering of sin, his exaltation of the blood of Christ, with his desperate earnestness and the seemingly complete surrender of his personality to the Holy Spirit, his passion for souls, his preaching as a dying man to dying men, with no compromise or letting down of the old truths, so that the most conservative were satisfied, and all done with such a spirit that the more liberal could find no fault, — this superior combination made him at once master of the situation. Now and then his exegesis seemed a little far fetched, but the sermon he built upon it was all right. In one sense he made it hard rather than otherwise for souls to decide, and he fearlessly held up the worthlessness of a mere fashionable profession. Some of his sermons were commonplace as to matter, but none of them dull or uninteresting, while some of them were masterpieces of eloquence and beauty of illustration. One of the most interesting and impressive services was that for youth from ten to eighteen years of age, when fifteen hundred such persons met in the City Hall. The meeting was one of the most quiet, reverent, and serious of the course. There was no appeal to the mere emotions, but a plain address to the reason and conscience. "Miss Zillah" made an address at this meeting, which, for sweet,

calm dignity and tenderness, was equal to that of her father. As a result of that service over three hundred young people between twelve and eighteen went into the inquiry room, and hundreds more received an impression they can never forget. We have no doubt that service did more for the churches than any other five meetings. In all, during the mission, over fifteen hundred persons expressed a purpose to lead the Christian life. The last regular meeting of the course was that for converts, when Mr. Smith addressed more than one thousand such persons. It was an ideal for its sense, its faithfulness, and its spirituality. No pastor could complain of its wisdom or spirit.

Indeed, we found that one of Gipsy Smith's superior methods is *his loyalty to pastors*. He did not criticise or dictate, but honored and helped them. The visible results in converts, however, is but a small part of the good his visit did to our city. It stirred up the spiritual life in many of our churches, it set the people all over the city to talking about religion and Christ, and some of the ministers feel they have received a new vision of the truth and of preaching. His closing lecture on "From the Gipsy Tent to the Pulpit," as all know who have heard it, was full of wit and eloquence, common sense, and spiritual application, and revealed the many-sidedness of the man as a consecrated genius. Of course there were some formal professors who thought the truth presented was fifty years behind the times, and many pleasure-loving church members who had nothing

to do with it, but the spiritual element in all our churches is a unit in delight at his work. The pastors gave him a parting gift of a gold watch, and passed resolutions. Blessed is the community which has his services.

THE PORTLAND, MAINE, MEETINGS.

EDITED BY E. E. BAYLISS.

GIPSY SMITH began his labors in Portland Saturday night, December 1, having his first great meeting in City Hall. The hall was packed to the doors. It was a great reception given to an evangelist of world-wide and unique fame.

Rev. Dr. Frank L. Wilkins presided. He said that the coming of Gipsy Smith to Portland was first suggested by Dr. Smith Baker, who keenly felt the present imperative necessity of extraordinary effort for the salvation of souls. Then turning to the Romany he said, "Gipsy Smith, I welcome you in the name of this great brotherhood and sisterhood in Christ Jesus."

Gipsy Smith said he should be glad were it possible for him to take up in Portland the work he had laid down in Boston. More than three thousand had shown their interest in the meetings in that city by expressing a desire and a determination to lead a Christian life, and that more than twice that number had been really reached.

"Great Britain belongs to America and America belongs to Great Britain, because both belong to God. It is a splendid thing for representatives of one country to go to another. We have had men like Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander, and you decided that

you ought to have a Britisher; but you haven't got a Britisher, but a gipsy, and no one knows where the gipsies come from.

“I believe in the age in which we live. I am riotously optimistic. I have no patience with those who are always talking of living in a world of sin. I rejoice that I live in a redeemed world. I believe in the cross and in the Christ of the cross, and when I am talking with a lost man I feel that God has been there before me. I believe that we are going to have victory in Portland. I feel it in my bones, through my soul, that the next twenty days will see glorious triumphs. But, let me assure you, the largeness of the success will depend *upon how much you put into it.*”

With great tact and felicity of speech the Romany evangelist gave direct instructions to those who were to be active participants in the services, thus showing his thorough generalship and proving the position taken by Dr. Clark in his paper, “Gipsy Smith as an Organizer.” He said: “I want to say a word to the choir. If I were not a minister I should be a member of the choir, for, next to preaching the gospel, the most glorious thing in the world is to sing it. I learned music from the feathered choir, from the thrush and the skylark and the nightingale. If you could but get this thought of the service of song into your churches, you would hear singing such as you never had before, and your services would be channels of blessing, vehicles of divine grace.

“I do not say that any of you would be thoughtless, but I would rather see you with bowed heads and closed eyes and feel that you were lifting me heavenward in your prayers. You can help me greatly to drive the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, right up to the hilt into the rebels against God. And if there is one of you behind me in this great choir unconverted, please think ‘Gipsy Smith meant me,’ for saved *you must be*. God wants your bodies, your love, and your service, and I want you to feel that this service of song is no mean service. May God bless the choir.”

To the ushers: “You will have to be very patient, very loving, and keep smiling, because a religious crowd can be an unreasonable crowd. It takes a good deal of common sense to deal with a crowd, and common sense is the most uncommon thing in the world. Don’t let the people be crowded. Make them comfortable. Keep the doors closed at special times. See that the air is pure and fresh, but carefully avoid creating a draft. I believe that the Holy Spirit works best in pure air and when unopposed.”

Referring to collections, he said: “A collection never harms a meeting, but many meetings are injured because no collection is taken up. If you tried to run your business as you do your churches you would be bankrupt in six months, and, on the other hand, were you to run your churches as you do your

business, there would be splendid results for Christ. I was once in business. I was a commercial traveler. My father made clothespins and I sold them; and making clothespins is all right when you come by the wood honestly."

To the Christian workers who had been selected to deal personally with inquirers, he said: "Let Bible truths do their work, and be exceedingly slow in asserting 'You are saved!' *Let the Holy Spirit do that.* Go slow; take time. Be certain that the man under conviction understands that he must give up his particular sin, and that forever."

At the end of the first week's service fully two hundred were converted, and a number of the pastors were interviewed relative to the work. They expressed great satisfaction with, and expectation of, the meetings. Many people had gone voluntarily to the inquiry rooms at every service.

The pastor of the First Baptist Church, Rev. Mr. Joseph Twomney, said: "Gipsy Smith is one of the biggest men that I have ever met. I have heard Dwight L. Moody and Campbell Morgan, but he ranks differently from them. The whole secret of his success is his gracious spirit, and the spirit of God in him. His work here thus far has been splendid, and I am looking for bigger things."

Rev. C. H. Priddy said: "Gipsy Smith is growing on me all the time. He is entirely free from dogmatism. I am very much pleased with his work, and I am looking for yet bigger results next week. He

is the greatest personal spiritual power that I have ever met."

Rev. Dr. Laurin F. Buell: "He is thoughtful, earnest, and impressive, bringing the people to a decision, which is the important thing. He is very helpful to Christians and non-Christians, to church members and others alike. He has already done great good and will do more."

The chairman of the Executive Committee stated: "It seems to me that the work of Gipsy Smith is very sane and very safe. The meetings commend themselves to my judgment as remarkably free from objectionable features. I am also impressed with the *abandon* with which he seems to give himself up to his subject. It is glorious to see the play of his imagination, and he seems to speak like one of the old prophets. There runs through all his utterances the note of love and tenderness. His denunciations of wrong suddenly change to a pleading, wonderful voice that touches the heartstrings. He is one of a generation, and Portland is exceedingly fortunate in securing his services. What he is doing will be remembered for years to come, and I think that the effects will be felt all over this part of New England. I am glad to see how thoroughly the churches are pulling together in perfect harmony."

Rev. Judson Van Clancy said: "My expression is, simply, that this wonderful man is doing a wonderful work. The reason for this great work is that he is, as the Welsh miner expressed it, 'thick with God.'

His is a deeply spiritual life, and he is a thorough student of human nature. He lives the Christian life in its rich, full, symmetrical rotundity."

Rev. William Ross stated: "I have long had knowledge of Gipsy Smith. His work in England is much appreciated, and no man has greater influence or exerts more power in that country. Just as he has won the hearts of the people in Boston he will win them here. He is winning his way in this city splendidly."

All who have heard him will remember his rich, quiet wit and humor, his sarcasm without a sting in it, and his wonderful pathos, all so natural and unaffected.

Throughout the entire mission the services were attended by tremendous crowds, City Hall being wholly inadequate to hold the people, and, hence, overflow meetings were held in several of the neighboring churches.

Upon three occasions Maine Day was set apart for the residents of other cities to attend the meetings, and thousands responded to the opportunity thus afforded to hear the Gipsy.

The men's meetings on Sunday afternoons were marvels of interest and success. His very first service had an audience of twenty-five hundred, and fully one hundred surrendered to Christ.

The service for youth held the last Saturday morning of the mission was a duplicate of the marvelous Boston meeting of a similar character. The invi-

tation to those who desired to follow Christ was responded to so generally that it was found necessary to hold the inquiry meeting in the main hall. The ministers and workers present say that they never saw such a scene before. Hundreds expressed their desire and determination to lead a Christian life, and it is believed that the meeting was perhaps the most important, and likely to have more far-reaching results, than any held here under the lead of the great evangelist.

Gipsy Smith himself was greatly moved. The scene carried him back to the gipsy camp and to the time when he was struggling to be of use to his generation, the time when even Christian people saw in him no special promise for the future, and when no one really encouraged him to try to go higher.

The series of meetings closed Thursday night, December 20, 1906, when the evangelist told the story of his life. At times the great audience was moved to laughter and some pathetic incident would suddenly creep into the narrative, while the applause was frequent and oftentimes prolonged so that the speaker had to wait a minute or two for it to die away.

A series of strongly expressed and unanimously indorsed resolutions were read by Dr. Smith Baker, the last one being:

Resolved: That we praise God and tender our sincere thanks to our brother, Gipsy Smith, for his mission among us, and for the faithful, tender, spiritual, and persuasive preachings of the old gospel of our

Lord Jesus Christ; and rejoice in the work God has done through him, not only in the winning of a multitude of unsaved souls to the Redeemer, but in the awakening of religious thought in our city, in the quickening of the spiritual life in the churches, and in the inspiration he has been to the ministry. Nor do we forget the kindly presence of his loyal wife, or the sweet and precious words and songs of Miss Zillah, a true daughter of her father. They have each found a place in our hearts, and our prayer is, that God spare them many years to work in his kingdom, and that at last, in the heavenly city, our mansions may be on the same street with theirs."

When Dr. Baker had finished, Rev. Judson Van Clancy arose, and, in a few well-chosen words, seconded the resolutions, saying, among other things: "We claim you as our Gipsy. I can say for all the ministers that you have led us to Christ, and our hearts go out to you in gratitude. In your autobiography we read that some thirty years ago you received a gift that changed your heart, and we thank God for the after results. We are going to watch your meetings in this country, and when you get back to Old England we shall still think of you."

In the names of the workers and pastors, Mr. Clancy then presented Gipsy Smith with a beautiful gold watch, which bore the following inscription engraved on one of the cases: "Presented to Gipsy Smith from Portland, Me., friends in grateful remembrance of the mission conducted in this city." There

was deafening applause as Mr. Clancy handed the watch to the evangelist, and all rose and waved their handkerchiefs. Taking another watch from his pocket Gipsy Smith said:

“I have worn this watch since July, 1882, and it is just on time now. I shall lay it aside and begin to wear this one in memory of my visit to Portland, and as a memento of my love for your people. [Applause.] I need not tell you that this is a great surprise. I had no idea about it, and I cannot tell in words how deeply this token of your love touches my heart. I am not worthy, but if you will have patience I will try to show you that I am making an honest attempt to be worthy of your confidence and your love.”

The resolutions were adopted by a rising vote. Dr. Wilkins then said: “Now we are ready, Gipsy, to dream with you all the way from the tent to the pulpit.”

The evangelist extended his thanks to all the good people who had so splendidly served all these blessed days and said: “Let me express deep personal gratitude to the choir, the ushers, and the doorkeepers. I want to thank all the persistent workers, and I cannot forget these reporters. They are my friends. I always try to make friends with the reporters. . . . I would not allow my friends to die before getting a whiff of my flowers. I want to say to all you good people that I thank you. There is one other word to the people of the churches of the city.

I want you to take care of these new converts. The Lord has given you over one thousand to look after.

“ Don't put your nursing out. Go to your pastor and say: ' Pastor, give me one of these new converts to visit, and I will make him feel, if he comes to our church, that it is one of the cheerfulest and warmest spots in Portland.' Be friendly to these new converts, and cross the street to shake hands with them. Don't be afraid to look them up and follow them up, every one. Let us pray for every soul, for the work is not over by any means. Work and pray, and I believe that in these days you will see under the preaching of your own ministers the same results as under mine. Stand true to your pastors.”



REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D.

GIPSY SMITH IN MANCHESTER.

BY THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D.,

Pastor of the First Congregational Church.

WHEN it occurred to the ministers of Manchester to secure Gipsy Smith for a mission, the best parts of his allotted time for New England had been engaged by the Boston and Portland committees. The Christmas holidays, December 21 to 30, were offered us, and we accepted. We had never undertaken work of this kind at such a season, but we were happy to secure him at all. A general committee was organized, composed of all the evangelical pastors in the city whose churches were willing to coöperate. The pastors comprising the committee were Edgar Blake, N. L. Colby, David Fraser, C. E. Frost, B. L. Hess, C. P. Kittredge, J. B. Lemon, D.D., B. W. Lockhart, D.D., D. J. Many, E. J. Palisoul, J. E. Robins, D.D., M. L. Robinson, Samuel Russell, G. G. Williams, and Thomas Chalmers. It is as chairman of the general committee that I have been asked for this account. D. J. Many was elected secretary, and N. L. Colby, treasurer. Sub-committees on finance, music, ushers, personal work, press, advertising, afternoon services, and conduct of the meetings were created. The press committee began its campaign of publicity about a month before Gipsy Smith arrived. Interesting anecdotes and incidents about him appeared in the

local press almost daily. Some long write-ups, taken almost bodily from the chapters of his autobiography, with proper acknowledgments, were used by the papers. The one copy of his life in our city library was kept busy. Everybody, as a consequence, was waiting for the famous evangelist long before he came. His doings in Boston and Portland became matters of interest to Manchester people.

Manchester is a city of about seventy thousand inhabitants. It is a typical New England manufacturing city, with a cosmopolitan population. It contains just such a population as Peter preached to on the day of Pentecost, — Parthians, Medes, and Elamites, the dwellers in Mesopotamia, Cretes, and Arabians. All these people and many other kinds are to be found among its inhabitants. Manchester is a city of extremes. The palatial homes in its residential sections are hardly surpassed anywhere in New England; so also its hovels of the poor. Its churches are strong, well-equipped, and energetic. The Roman Catholic diocese of Manchester covers the state. The Protestants, though practically limited to the American people, are branching out and conducting successful missionary work among the French, Germans, and Swedes. We have even made advances to the Greeks and met with a cordial response. The purpose of the Gipsy Smith mission was to reach the English-speaking, unchurched population, and to awaken the spiritual and moral aspirations of our people. As all the details of our agreement with him had been

fully discussed and settled in the first two or three of the dozen letters that passed between us, while he was at Boston and Portland, the most perfect harmony of purpose and understanding existed between committee and evangelist.

The First Congregational Church was selected as the place of meeting on account of its central location, the size of its auditorium, and the ample conveniences on the same floor for inquiry room work. Preparatory meetings had been held in different churches and in neighborhood house meetings for two weeks before the mission was opened. A final preparatory service was held the evening preceding Gipsy Smith's arrival by all the pastors in the First Congregational Church. The church had been supplied with a platform seating a chorus of one hundred and fifty, and with chairs for thirty ministers. Mr. Arthur J. Abbott was chosen as leader of the chorus, and Miss Mary Spofford, organist. Deacon O. J. Prescott was chief usher.

Saturday evening before Christmas, Gipsy Smith was introduced to a large congregation. "Leave off the 'reverend,'" said he; "I have my own title. 'Gipsy' is good enough for me." He gave his usual characteristic first night's address. He had the friendship and confidence of his audience from the first sentence. But how he did go at them! "If I talked to my people like that," said one prominent pastor, "they would ride me out of town on a rail. They would not come back to church again, that's

sure." But for some reason or other they did not get mad at Gipsy. They came back to be scolded again in numbers that grew to a genuine mob on the last night. It would seem as if people were hungering for plain speech. It would seem that it is not honeyed words they want, after all, but merciless unfolding and cataloguing of their meannesses. I understand some people have severely criticised our evangelist for this characteristic, but I did not hear the criticism, and I have every reason to believe, by the countenances in the audiences, that his plain speech was not resented by them, as a whole, or individually. He has such a nice way of flaying his victims and hanging their hides on the fence that they really seem to receive the attention as a genuine distinction. It is seldom that a public speaker, however complete a master of assemblies he may be, ventures to censure a single individual in a great congregation. Gipsy Smith doesn't hesitate to do it. "Never mind, my dear sister; let me do the talking," said he to one enthusiastic woman who was punctuating his remarks too vociferously with her exclamations of approval. She subsided, to be sure, but continued to rejoice in his remarks by smiles and nods, and I saw her at almost every service thereafter. "Put down those opera glasses. This is not a theater; you show the kind of habits you've had," said he to a woman at the rear. "Please stop fanning. I am not used to it in my own country, and it is not necessary here." "Close your eyes; if you

have no reverence yourselves, have respect for the feelings of others." "And you can only laugh at it! It shows how shallow you are." These and many other like rebukes fall from his lips with all the guilelessness of a tender father among careless children. It is his manifest tenderness that holds all these lumps of plain speech in solution. There is no acid or bitterness in any remark he made in Manchester. On the other hand, there is no limit to the affection and sympathy that have glowed in every sermon. It is this tenderness that sustains his plain speech.

Another characteristic which struck his Manchester hearers as pardonable and pleasant, by reason of his superb freedom from disagreeable vanity, was the naive assumption of his own undoubted position and power in the Christian world. That he has had an extraordinary career and has attained great eminence as an evangelist no man in the world can dispute. Why should he not then accept it and take it for granted? To act on any other assumption would be ungentle. He does not act on any other assumption. He takes his own great power as a fact generally granted, and needing no proof. We Americans ought to be the last people in the world to censure that characteristic. It is a typically American characteristic, if we may believe Max O'Rell, who told our friends across the water that America is the greatest country in the world, and that it is unnecessary to stop to prove it, since we Americans acknowledged it ourselves. But Gipsy Smith is a modest man,

genuine and natural, and no amount of laudation has spoiled him yet. It is a perilous experience he is going through. Not one man in a million could pass through such a furnace of public notice and praise without carrying the smell of fire on his garments. But there is no smell of fire. He has not yet developed the haughty airs and independent manner that such adulation usually breeds. I don't think the man can be spoiled. "I have dined at the Mansion House with the Archbishop of Canterbury, but it has no more effect on me than a mustard plaster on a wooden leg. I am the same gipsy boy I was in the old tent." He tells the truth about himself, so far as he knows it, whether it be for or against. He doesn't hesitate to call himself an unprofitable servant when he dwells on the goodness and grace of God. But he also tells what he believes to be the truth when he says with equal sincerity and simplicity: "My friends, you haven't learned how to live till you hear my lecture. It will be an education to you." So it is again when he says, "The secret of my success, so far as I know, is because I have tried not to resist the Spirit."

Those of us who heard Gipsy Smith in Boston and Portland are universally of the opinion that he reached his climax of great preaching in Manchester. The sermon which I heard him preach in Portland on "The Chapter of Incurables" was an effective sermon. From an evangelistic point of view it was a powerful sermon. The currents of inquirers which it moved toward the inquiry rooms were an evidence

of its power. But that same sermon, delivered in Manchester, — and yet it was not the same, though on the same text and subject, — was an achievement of wit, eloquence, and pathos that I never have heard surpassed, and I have listened to the greatest preachers of this generation in Great Britain, Germany, and America. It was the work of a master. But the response to that sermon was less than under almost any other. When I spoke of my surprise at this to one of the pastors, he replied that the sermon had been too powerful for evangelistic purposes, and that it had cast a spell over the congregation from under which not even the evangelist himself could move them. I think there is some truth in this remark. But we seemed to get the effect of that sermon on the following evenings.

Gipsy Smith's humor was at its best in Manchester. The amount of laughing he made his audience do was a sight glorious to behold. He has materially shortened the faces of Christian people in this city. That is something to be thankful for, any way. If he hadn't had a conversion, the consecrated amusement his witty observations furnished us would have been well worth all the effort and cost. He made it hard for the theaters in Manchester, the ten days he was here. If he had stayed for the season he would have broken up their business. His address on Thursday afternoon will long be remembered by the men who heard it. We had sent out the following self-explanatory circular to the pastors in the state for that service:

MANCHESTER, N. H., December 15, 1906.

My dear Brother: The English evangelist, Gipsy Smith, is to conduct an evangelistic mission in the First Congregational (Hanover Street) Church in Manchester, December 21-30, with the coöperation of the ministers of the city. He is engaged in evangelistic work in this country until April, and every day of his time has been booked up to the date of sailing. The Manchester meetings will be the last of his three missions in New England. Our committee has arranged an afternoon (three o'clock) meeting for December 27, for ministers and church workers, and have secured special convention rates on the railroads on all lines coming into Manchester. Inquire for them from your local agent. May we also ask that you secure publication of these facts in your local papers for the benefit of any others who may wish to attend?

Yours in Christian hope,

THOMAS CHALMERS,
Chairman of General Committee.

The response to this circular, together with the usual afternoon attendance, gave us a crowded house. It was an intelligent and sympathetic audience. The chorus seats behind him were filled with about one hundred ministers. The evangelist was at his best. The interplay of wit and pathos, the mingling of tears and laughter, was like a showery day in summer when the big drops of rain fall warm to the earth through streaks of sunshine. Gipsy Smith's own enjoyment of his work was at its height in Manchester. He bore witness to it not only in declarations to members of the committee and to the press, but in his own manner in the pulpit. Ask him if he

ever enjoyed anything more than he did the sight of the man in Manchester who had sat with his overcoat on for an hour and a half of the famous lecture, and then, when Gipsy Smith asked the congregation if they wanted any more, with the usual affirmative reply, stood up and took it off. When Gipsy Smith called attention to that man shedding his overcoat and settling down for some more lecture, it turned that great congregation into a quaking mass of risibles. But the man who laughed the hardest was Gipsy Smith. For a few seconds he was completely overcome.

But, after everything has been said about his wit, humor, and eloquence in the Manchester mission, the strongest impression he leaves behind is of his power to awaken the souls of men and women to a need of God. The Sunday afternoon men's meetings were especially strong. He moves men into the inquiry rooms pricked to the heart. I could tell the stories of a dozen men whom I personally talked with who will date a first genuine movement toward God in these two Sunday afternoon meetings for men. And other ministers have been busier than I in the inquiry room work. He knows how to appeal to men. He showed excellent judgment in Manchester, as he does everywhere, in the character of his invitations. He presses the invitation till it has done its whole work, and then closes. He never made an appeal in Manchester without response, and the inquiry rooms have furnished a constant scene of earnest souls seeking

and finding religious guidance, cheer, and help. Many hundreds of people have been blessed by the faithful labors in the inquiry rooms.

I cannot close this account without giving my readers a sight of the last service in the series. Gipsy Smith gave his lecture on Friday evening. He rested Saturday, spoke to men Sunday afternoon, and made his last appearance at the Sunday evening service at seven o'clock. The doors were to be opened at 6.45. Shortly after five a few people began to gather about the front doors. The number kept on growing till six o'clock, when it had become a crowd. From that time on it swelled rapidly, and became an object of great interest to passers-by. By 6.30, when I went to the church, the crowds about all the doors, front and back, had grown to a solid mass of people reaching from the doors down the long, broad approaches to the very sidewalk. It was with great difficulty that I succeeded in reaching the side door. As more people were already on the outside than the church would hold, we completed the arrangements for the overflow meeting at the St. Paul's M. E. Church, across the way. When the doors were opened there was a mad rush for seats. At one of the main entrances a woman tripped and fell. Then another stumbled against her and fell, with the throng pushing onward from the rear. "Back," shouted the guard, who, by the way, is not a professing Christian. "You act more like beasts than human beings," said he, as he threw his weight against a man who was in

the act of stepping over the prostrate women. One of the women had fainted. She was carried to one side and the crowd poured in. Within a minute the body of the church was full. Within five minutes more every seat had been taken and all the aisles were full. The overflow meeting drew some of them away, but fully two thousand remained. This church has seen throngs before. It has them at times in its own services. It has had them in other days, during missions under Moody and under Mills. It had one when Miss Ellen M. Stone, fresh from her captivity, addressed the ninety-fourth annual meeting of the American Board here. But it never had a throng like this before. The overflow filled St. Paul's Church, and two rich services closed the Gipsy Smith services. But the work goes on. The momentum was so great that the meetings are being continued for another week. Gipsy Smith, his wife, and daughter, have just taken train for Chicago, sped by the prayers and best wishes of thousands of New Hampshire friends.

OPINIONS AND APPRECIATIONS.

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

BY JAMES ALEXANDER, D.D.

I AM very glad, in behalf of the Presbyterian churches in Boston, to say a word about the Gipsy Smith Mission in Tremont Temple. First of all, let me express a word of personal indebtedness. At the beginning of these meetings I doubted greatly the ability of any man to stir Boston by evangelistic preaching. So many have tried and failed, some of them deservedly. It was not long, however, before I began to see that I was mistaken. The strong, sweet, manly, winsome personality of Gipsy Smith, and his simple and persuasive presentation of the vital truths of the gospel, commanded at once the situation and won my complete sympathy and support. My own spiritual life was greatly quickened, and my convictions of the power of the gospel to fill the hunger of the human soul for God were deepened. He has given me a fresh grip upon myself and the vital truths of religion.

If I were to sum up the results of the mission as I see them, they would be:

1. The demonstration of the power of truth when presented by a sane, tactful, Christ-filled man, whose personal gifts, notwithstanding his self-depreciation, are far from being ordinary.

2. The immense number of people in every stratum of society who are longing for help to live a better life.

3. The surprising number of men who have not only attended the meetings, but have decided to live a Christian

life, many of them among the successful business men of the city.

4. The quickening that has come to many churches and ministers, not only in our city, but in towns and cities all about us. Since the days of Mr. Moody, Boston has seen nothing to equal this mission, and our Presbyterian churches thank God, and esteem very highly in love, Gipsy Smith.

A MINISTERS' MOVEMENT.

DR. CONRAD says in the *Congregationalist* :

“The Boston ‘mission’ has been a ministers’ movement from the first. It has been magnificently supported by the ministers of Greater Boston. The fellowship has been close and harmonious. The coöperation has been frictionless and hearty. Gipsy Smith has won the hearts of the hard-worked pastors, who have found in him a friend keenly alive to their trials and triumphs, their joys and jolts.

“The message has been as clear and explicit as the English language could make it. ‘Calvary’ has been the rallying watchword. Man hopelessly lost in sin, the Christ of the cross and the throne, a Redeemer who saves and keeps, acceptance of Christ determining the destiny of the individual, immediate decision imperative, unreserved commitment to God, singleness of purpose in service,—these are the themes which have engaged the attention of the vast audiences. There has not been a sensational feature in the entire series of services. The appeal has been to the intelligence, the conscience, and the will.

“The secret of Gipsy Smith’s power is easily discoverable; his unreserved consecration, his passion for souls, his interesting and attractive personality, his soul-winning voice, and finally, his absolute and unqualified dependence on the Holy Spirit.

“ Boston has been thoroughly stirred by this work of grace. Not less than one hundred ministers have, by letter or by personal interview, expressed their joy, their amazement, and their renewed courage in the results of the revival.

“ The secret of a true church federation has been made apparent. Ministers of all evangelical denominations sat together on the platform, participated in the opening services, knelt beside converts in the inquiry room. The closest bonds of fellowship have been woven. More than a score of men have told me they had already begun the distinct evangelistic appeal in their own churches. The campaign has marvelously stimulated Christian men and women to engage in personal work for Christ. It has revealed the deep soul-hunger of the people. The large proportion of the attendants were from the strong middle class. There were, however, many people of wealth and high standing, and many also from the student body of the city.

“ Personally I have felt a keen sense of responsibility, but the compensations have a hundred times outweighed sacrifices involved. The mission has been an unqualified success from every standpoint. It has exceeded my most sanguine expectations. In point of numbers our regret is that we could not have had an auditorium capable of accommodating eight thousand people for the last two weeks of the mission.

“ Many of us are already engaged to arrange for the return of Gipsy Smith a year hence, if possible.”

A NOTE OF GLADNESS.

BY LEWIS E. SMITH, *Musical Director.*

“ MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.”

I am grateful for that first verse in the One Hundredth

Psalm, for it takes away the excuse so many people make that they "cannot sing," and gives them the opportunity to join in with even a joyful noise. A choir of three hundred members was organized to lead the singing for the Gipsy Smith Mission in Boston, and from this number the seats were filled, the personnel of the large chorus changing nightly. Before the first song at the meeting for organization, this chorus choir was dedicated to God for service in a word of prayer, and the prayer was answered. The membership was largely from the young people's societies and church choirs of Greater Boston. The first quarter hour of every service was devoted to praise; the book used was "The Gipsy Smith Mission Hymnal," published by the Biglow & Main Company. These books were distributed through the audience, and invariably the first song was one of the old standard hymns which never failed to bring out the full power of the voices; then would follow two or three of the Gospel hymns. The two popular selections were "I Will Sing the Wondrous Story," words by Rev. Francis H. Rowley, sung to that plaintive Welsh air, "Hyfrydol"; and "Never Give Up," words by Fanny Crosby, music by I. Allan Sankey, son of Ira D. Sankey,—the first, a glorious testimony song of God's love and grace in Jesus Christ; the second, full of cheer, encouragement, and hope, and a swing in the music that carried itself.

The sweet voices of Gipsy Smith and his daughter Zillah will never be forgotten as they sang the blessed gospel of our Lord. At the men's meetings music was furnished by the Y. M. C. A. Glee Club and the Schubert Quartet. The instruments used at all services were the large church organ and grand piano. The people were quick to respond to the requests made by the leader in song, and choir, floor, and galleries seemed to vie with each other as they would sing separately or together. A favorite was "What a Wonderful Saviour," one section taking the lines and the others the response. The importance of uplifting song cannot be over-

estimated, whether by the congregation or by a consecrated choir. "Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee." — Psalm 67: 3.

LETTER SENT TO THE EVANGELICAL PASTORS OF
GREATER BOSTON FOR THEIR SIGNATURES.

BOSTON, MASS., November 27, 1906.

THE Interdenominational Evangelistic Campaign, under the evangelistic leadership of "Gipsy" Smith, just now closing, has afforded opportunity for an opinion of the man, his methods, and his message.

We recognize in Mr. Smith a consecrated man of God, of pleasing and forceful personality, striking individuality, and affectionate and sympathetic nature.

As a preacher he has been Biblical, instructive, persuasive, devoting himself to those truths calculated to lead men to recognize their lost condition in sin and turn to Jesus Christ as their only hope of life eternal. His preaching has been free from commonplaces or cant, and equally free from dogmatic assertion or offensive antagonism.

Simplicity, tactfulness, graciousness, earnestness, and great power have characterized his appeals for decision.

His methods have been direct, effective, and exceptionally free from every objectionable feature.

In hearty coöperation with and appreciation of the pastors, his whole work tends to sweeten and strengthen the bonds of Christian fellowship. His appeal is to the conscience, the intelligence, and the will, and finds hearty response in the hearts of his hearers.

Most heartily do we recommend him to churches and aggregations of churches everywhere desiring the services of an evangelist.

(Signed.)

[Over two hundred signatures were appended to this endorsement.]

BISHOP LAWRENCE TO GIPSY SMITH.

KNOWING from the testimony of others of the spiritual help that you have been to them, I want to thank you for what you have done for the community. It was my hope to hear you, but pressing duties each day prevented. It is a happy thing that men working under different methods are all working for the same Master, who looks upon the spirit and the spiritual result. May God bless your work elsewhere as he has here.

Faithfully yours,

BOSTON, November 28, 1906.

WILLIAM LAWRENCE.

 THE RESULTS TABULATED.

45 WEEK-DAY meetings, attendance 100,000.

4 Sunday men's meetings, attendance 13,000.

1 children's meeting, attendance 3,500.

2,500 adults expressed desire to become Christians.

1,250 signed cards at the week-day meetings.

400 at the men's meetings.

900 at the children's meeting.

1,440 adult cards mailed to pastors, and 850 children's cards.

These included many nationalities and many religious beliefs, from various localities.

 THE VERDICT OF "A FREE LANCE."

THERE is a genuineness about the man which entrances his audiences. We do love reality and truthfulness, however much we may pose ourselves. I did not expect to be moved myself, but after he began to speak and make his appeal I came under his spell without a struggle. He is wonderful in

his simplicity and naturalness — no bid for notice of his own personality, so common in evangelists, no ranting, nothing offensive. An unusual command of English, and a voice sweet and tender beyond telling, give him at least two special qualifications for touching the cultured person. But that person probably received several unexpected thrills before he got away, for Gipsy Smith was not spending his time talking politely to cultivated Bostonians.

Mr. Smith's appeal to the unconverted to enter the Christian life was remarkable in its tenderness and magnetic power. He wanted people to rise to show that they meant to begin, so they did, and it doubtless gave them confidence and did them good. But, not satisfied with that, Mr. Smith wanted all who were really Christians to rise; then all those who wished to know whether they were or not; then those who knew they had uninterrupted communion with God.

What a memory he has! He did not know what his associate at the noon-hour services would say until he spoke. But how finely did Gipsy Smith's remarks top the pyramid the first speaker began to build. How frequent and exact were the evangelist's allusions to the first address. And ever and always he gave the Spirit a chance.

The gipsy has the gift of persuading people to pass the point where many stick, and of bringing them to open confession of the Saviour. His special work ends with this. The card signed gives the pastor the privilege, amounting to duty, of visiting the convert, and even if the signer is not soundly converted, the card gives an opportunity such as any earnest pastor would eagerly seek and which the wise will turn to large account. The common figure of evangelistic reaping should be changed. The evangelistic method kindles the seed into life; the pastoral ministry matures it for God's harvest. If many go back, it is not always the fault of the evangelist or the method.

FAME OF GIPSY SMITH SPREADS.

INTEREST in the mission in Tremont Temple under "Gipsy" Smith seems to increase daily. Requests are being sent in from surrounding towns, such as Lawrence and Lowell, that seats be reserved for those coming from these places.

On last evening, in spite of the fact that the churches are holding their weekly service of prayer, the Temple was packed to the ceiling, and the service was one of the most impressive of the series. At the close of a powerful address by "Gipsy" Smith, scores crowded the inquiry room and filled the seats in front.

The sermon was a continuation of Thursday evening, and the text was in Mark v: 30, 31. "We looked," said the evangelist, "at the all-conquering Christ. We saw Jesus Lord over devils, over disease, and over death, and then we turned it around and saw that Jesus was a man's Saviour, a woman's Saviour, and a child's Saviour."

RELIGION THAT COUNTS.

"Some people in Boston boast that they have heard all the preachers who have come to Boston in ten years. You are here to-night not to hear what God has to say to you, but because you have itching ears, and want to hear something new. But when you come to deal with Jesus it means life every time.

"Let me tell you another thing. There is a tremendous difference between touching Jesus and thronging him."

GIPSY SMITH HOLDS TWO OVERFLOW MEETINGS.

THE immense throngs that have hitherto greeted Gipsy Smith during his evangelistic meetings in Tremont Temple were as nothing to the crowd that pushed and crowded to get in last night to hear this greatest of all evangelists. So great

was the crowd that two overflow meetings had to be held, one in Lorimer Hall and the other in the Park Street Church.

Late in the afternoon people began to gather in front of the Tremont Temple building, coming in little groups of twos and threes. As the hours passed by the crowd became greater, until by the time the services were to begin the Temple would not hold one quarter of the crowd.

The meeting in Lorimer Hall was addressed by Rev. J. J. Dunlop, of the Roxbury Presbyterian Church, while that in the Park Street Church was addressed by Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis. Both these places were crowded, all who attended hoping that Gipsy Smith might make a short address.

Over one hundred converts were made by the evangelist last night, who took for his text the Philippian jailer's question, "What must I do to be saved?"

The overflow meetings will be continued every night until the conclusion of Gipsy Smith's stay in the city, and will be addressed by different ministers each night.

THEY GIVE THANKS.

CLERGYMEN AT MEETING IN TREMONT TEMPLE SPEAK OF THE EVANGELISTIC WORK OF GIPSY SMITH IN BOSTON.

A THANKSGIVING service, with five-minute addresses by different clergymen, and a concluding address by Gipsy Smith, the evangelist, attracted a gathering which completely filled Tremont Temple yesterday morning.

The service opened with the customary prayer and singing. The Scriptural reading was by the pastor of People's Temple, and then Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson, pastor of Tremont Temple, began the addresses, which were confined mostly to a few reasons why each of the speakers felt occasion for thankfulness and to a brief testimonial to the work of Gipsy Smith, who

was leaving to take up his work at Portland, Me. At the suggestion of Dr. Henson, a collection was taken up as a complimentary testimonial to Gipsy Smith.

Dr. Henson spoke of the work of Gipsy Smith, and said that personally he felt himself a better man for having heard him, and that if he had the time he should just like to tag round after the evangelist and sing hallelujahs. "So would I," could be heard from several in the congregation. Dr. Henson pointed out that the best way to show appreciation of what Gipsy Smith had been preaching was to do what he had asked all to do, — to work for the saving of men's souls.

Rev. Dr. A. Z. Conrad confined himself to the sentiment, "Jesus said, 'Now is my father glorified,'" and sat down.

Gipsy Smith, when he arose to speak, was given the Chautauqua salute by the big congregation. He said he could, with great joy, spend all of his visit to America right here in Boston, and inclination cried out to him to do so, but the churches in other parts of the country had arranged their work and programs, and his services were needed there, just as they had been needed and welcomed in Boston.

He was glad to learn that men had ceased to swear at the crosswalks. He had known the same thing to happen in Wales. There the colliers became converted in such numbers that the ponies in the mines had to be taught a new language. They did not know what their masters meant when the cursing and swearing ceased.

Rev. Reuen Thomas, D.D., of Brookline, gave the closing prayer. The favorite hymn of the evangelist was then sung, and the benediction was pronounced by the departing leader of the revival meetings, which this service brought to a close.

SILENT GREETING FOR GIPSY SMITH.

TREMONT TEMPLE WHITE WITH WAVING HANDKERCHIEFS IN CHAUTAUQUA SALUTE. WORDS OF PRAISE FOR ROMANY EVANGELIST. DR. HENSON AND OTHER PASTORS LAUD HIS WORK AT THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

A SERVICE of praise and thanksgiving was held at Tremont Temple yesterday morning. The Rev. Poindexter S. Henson, pastor, explained that this was his meeting, and not Gipsy Smith's, although the latter spoke briefly, expressing his thanks for the work which has been done during the past month. The Romany evangelist spoke as follows:

"I have nothing to grumble at, but I have much to thank God for. God has done much during this month, and the work will go on. You have only touched the fringe, you have only reached the coast, and the sea is still ahead of you. This work and better will do. It is magnificent to hear that more Bibles have been sold in Boston during the past month than during a similar period for years past.

"In Wales, so many of the colliers were converted that the men were obliged to teach their ponies over again, as the animals could not do their work, being unable to understand their masters when they spoke without oaths. One of the great Welsh dailies found it necessary to print a special revival edition every evening, which was sold far and wide. It is also a good thing to hear, as I have heard, that the beer people will be glad to get rid of me."

GREAT WINTER FOR BOSTON.

"Thank heaven that God is working. The leaven is in the lump, but remember that, however much we may accomplish, there is always some one needing us. I believe that Boston is going to have the greatest winter in its church life that it has ever experienced in its entire history. I wish that I could spend every hour of my time in America in this city. God grant that at the last hour you and I may meet again."

THE LECTURE REPORTED IN A BOSTON PAPER.

THE extraordinary success of Gipsy Smith's work in Boston was commemorated last night in Tremont Temple, where an immense audience witnessed the presentation to the evangelist of a silver loving-cup bearing the inscription, "Presented to Gipsy Smith by the ministers of Boston on Thanksgiving Day, in loving commemoration of the great Boston mission, November, 1906."

DEFENDS GIPSY RACE.

In his lecture Gipsy Smith spoke for nearly two hours on his early life and on the circumstances which, first converting the father, also led to the son taking up work as an evangelist. He delivered an impassioned defense of the neglected and calumniated gipsy race, contrasting conditions in countries possessing the Bible, the church, and the school with the superior morality of his own people. His condemnation of liquor drinking, theater-going, and dancing created something of a sensation.

"As to drink," said he, "I never touch the stuff. I'd settle your closing-time question for you forever. I never smoked in my life. I'm just as sound on the theater. What right have you to be at the communion table one day and at the theater the next? Clement Scott, the critic, said that a woman's promotion on the stage depends on the concessions she is prepared to make. If that is true, would you like your sister to be there, or your child?"

[A voice from the platform, "That isn't so in America."]

"It's everywhere, and is it conducive to the spiritual life of anybody?" Many voices replied, "No," when the speaker said, "Then you have no right to pay to expose another man's child. I know what I think of anybody who is willing to take pleasure at the expense of another's ruin."

"I made a statement like that in England, and the next morning there were seven actresses in my audience. They

wrote and thanked me that one man had had the courage to speak out against the system that was robbing women of their purity.

I am just as sound on the dance. What right have you people who profess to follow Jesus to be in a dance half dressed? Try it in the daylight and skip around alone and see what happens. You say Jesus countenanced dances, but when he did the people danced alone.

“ You women tolerate things in a dance room you would not tolerate out of it for a moment, and you will allow men whose purity you question, and whose character you know is wrong, to dance with you, while you kick the woman whom the man you dance with has ruined. It is time somebody had the moral courage to speak out in the name of God and womanhood. [Cries of “ Amen.”]

“ I am not afraid of you. I come from a people who never had your dances. Your women are partly to blame. If a man ‘ sows his wild oats,’ you forgive him, take him back to your heart and home, allow him to sit in your drawing-rooms, to flatter you and dance with your daughters, but the woman he wronged you spurn forever. God has only one law for man and for woman. I would brand the man equally with the woman, and I would say, ‘ You don’t come back here, sir, until you bring that woman with you.’ [Applause.]

“ When churches open their schools and lecture rooms to dance parties, it’s time to set fire to them.”

THE PUBLIC PRESS.

[An editorial in the *Watchman*, November 29, 1906.]

THE GIPSY SMITH MEETINGS.

NOT since the Moody and Sankey meetings of 1877 has Boston witnessed such great evangelistic services as those conducted by Gipsy Smith, which close this week. In the autumn of 1905, when the announcement was made that Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and his corps of workers would come to Boston, there was a very deep and lively interest among the churches. The meetings were anticipated with great interest, and many of the churches began the work of preparation by special prayer and extra services. At the canceling of those meetings, however it may be accounted for, a blight fell upon the increasing religious interest in the churches of Boston and vicinity. And although many earnestly prayed for a revival, and there has been some local interest, the revival spirit, kindled by the tidings of the wonderful work of grace in Wales, almost wholly departed from our churches.

The invitation to Gipsy Smith to come to Boston did not proceed from any general feeling among the churches, but rather from a determination among a few pastors and laymen to try the most promising method, humanly speaking, of awakening or rekindling the revival spirit. Accordingly a committee was formed, of which Dr. Conrad, of the Park Street Church, is chairman, and the services of Gipsy Smith were secured for six weeks in October and November. . . . The name given to the evangelist as a boy was Rodney, but he is proud of his pure gipsy blood, and prefers to be called Gipsy Smith, objecting to even a "Mister."

The Boston meetings began with no special interest or anticipations. They had been well advertised, and fair congregations were present from the first, although it was some time before the main hall of Tremont Temple, which seats twenty-five hundred, was filled. The meetings have been held every noon and evening except Saturdays and Sundays, with a meeting for men only on Sunday afternoons at three o'clock.

From the first the evangelist made a favorable impression on those who heard him. One of the Boston daily papers referred to him as "uncouth." But the epithet was probably a mere inference from the race from which he sprang, and showed an entire lack of discernment on the part of the writer. Nothing could be further from the fact. While simple and unassuming, Gipsy Smith is tall and graceful in form and in his movements, and his language is the pure Anglo-Saxon of John Bunyan and John Bright. There is nothing in his addresses to offend good taste. On the contrary, there is much to attract persons of cultivation and refined sensibilities. His transparent sincerity and earnestness and good feeling win at once your confidence and respect. It was some time before the daily journals of Boston awoke to the real merits of the man and his meetings, and they attained their large success without the help of gratuitous advertising in the secular papers.

It was the men's meeting on Sunday afternoons which first called attention to the very unusual character of the meetings. At the close of the first fortnight the Temple on Sunday afternoon was filled with men, and every Sunday afternoon thereafter the main hall has been crowded, and an overflow meeting has been held in Lorimer Hall, and hundreds have been turned away because there was no room for them. Hundreds of men every week have proclaimed by rising and by signing cards their interest in the salvation of their souls, beside a multitude of others, both men and women, at the week-day services. The meetings have not been charac-

terized by exhibitions of emotion so much as by calm and deliberate decision. One of the most remarkable meetings was the great and wonderful meeting of Saturday forenoon, November 24, when three thousand children thronged the Temple, filling both Converse and Lorimer Halls, and hundreds of young hearts were given to the Saviour with simple, confiding faith.

It would be well for Boston if Gipsy Smith could continue his services right along indefinitely. But that is impossible. He goes to Portland, Me., December 3, and then has other engagements in the West. A movement has, however, been started to bring him back to Boston in the spring. He is one of the regular evangelists of the National Council of Free Evangelical Churches in Great Britain, and a cable has been received giving him permission to prolong his stay in America, so that further services by him in Boston in the spring may be anticipated.

Meantime it devolves on the pastors and members of our churches to see that the fruits of the gracious tokens of the presence of the Holy Spirit are fostered and gathered into the churches. There are hundreds and perhaps thousands of newly awakened souls in all parts of Greater Boston. Let them be sought out and carefully led into a permanency of devotion and service. And may the wave of divine blessing which has wafted so many into the kingdom of the Lord sweep on with greater power and wider scope until the whole of the community and of New England shall be deeply stirred to seek after the Lord. — E. F. M.

[Editorial from the *Congregationalist and Christian World*.]

HAS THE GIPSY SMITH CAMPAIGN PAID ?

THE outstanding religious event of the winter in Boston thus far has been the series of evangelistic meetings conducted during November in Tremont Temple by Gipsy Smith, the evangelist of the English Free Churches. In view of the length of the campaign, the eminence and standing of the evangelist, the character of the coöperation extended him, and the bearing of the movement upon the evangelistic labors of the winter throughout the country, it is proper at the close of the Boston work to seek to estimate its real value.

We measure this campaign not solely by the number of converts, but by impulses lodged in the hearts of many Christians, that will be felt far and wide throughout New England. It is a cause for rejoicing, indeed, that perhaps three thousand persons during the month definitely expressed their purpose to begin the Christian life. That is a large harvest, and for anything parallel to it we should have to go back to the Moody campaigns in Boston early in the seventies. Besides these registered "converts" are doubtless as many more who have not made public profession, but who have been turned from lives of selfishness to lives of faith and service.

But the crowning good of the campaign has been the fresh vindication of the place of evangelism in the life and work of the church. Some who, at the start, were questioning whether or not the time had passed for distinctively evangelistic campaigns involving large mass meetings and considerable machinery, have come to see that, given the right conditions, there is still a place for protracted meetings, with their sharp, constant, yet tender appeals to men to accept Christ as Master and Saviour without parley or delay. More-

over, the value of normal and permanent, as well as occasional evangelism, has been freshly shown, and many ministers, because of these meetings, will, during the coming months, strike the evangelistic note more frequently and insistently.

As a consequence of this vindication of evangelism, there is a new sense of the function and need of the evangelist. That apostolic office ought not to be slighted by twentieth century churches so long as there are men like Gipsy Smith to fill it. If he had never helped to convert a single soul, he would have endeared himself to Boston because of his embodiment of what an evangelist ought to be,— quiet, genuine, impassioned, gentlemanly, a true yokefellow of pastors, a friend of all sorts and conditions of men.

Hardly less lower down on the list of benefits arising from the gipsy's stay among us should be placed the deeper fellowship that has grown up in the ministry and among the laity of Greater Boston. Men of all ages and of all schools of thought,— Presbyterians and Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, and Episcopalians, have stood shoulder to shoulder. Such unity of feeling and purpose ought to make Christian work in Boston in the coming days easier and more effective. Such unity as now exists ought never to be impaired by the intrusion of anything petty, and it will not be if Gipsy Smith's sentence, spoken in this office last week, "A man is a fool to divide Christians, when there is so much to unite them," is kept in mind.

Few places in this country can have the benediction of the gipsy's presence this winter, but two things for which he preëminently stands — a warm, aggressive evangelism and Christian unity — can be incorporated into the working program of every church in the land. Then the winter on which we are entering will witness great spiritual conquests.

[An editorial from the Boston *Transcript*.]

GIPSY SMITH'S MISSION.

THE presentation of a loving-cup by clergymen of many denominations to Gipsy Smith in Tremont Temple last evening, at the close of his vivid, varied, and self-revealing story of his life as a boyish nomad, as a youthful evangelist first singled out by the eagle eye of William Booth, marks a somewhat unusual climax of such a mission as Boston has not seen in many years. It is a tribute both to the winsome, lovable personality of the evangelist, and the wisdom he has shown in delivering his message so as to win the respect of the clergy, to build up their influence as the established teachers of religion in the community, and to make easy a continuation of the work throughout the winter where any church is sure that it is wise to use the evangelistic method. Often the trail of the evangelist is strewn with wreckage, with disparaging remarks against clergy and churches, with embitterment of coteries among the clergy.

The number of persons induced by Mr. Smith to profess a desire to lead the Christian life has been much larger than the record of any month's work by any evangelist in the recent history of the city, and so large as materially to affect the life of the churches of Greater Boston, should all the persons influenced by his message be held constant to their new impulses; and his wisest words last evening were on the duty of clergy and laity in seeing to it that the converts are rightly cared for.

Mr. Smith, who arrived here with the indorsement of the National Free Church Council of England, a body which is dominated by men of breadth and scholarship, came not to preach an *ism*, but the gospel; not to attack higher critics,

but the heresy of un-Christlike living; not to belittle priests and prophets, but to demonstrate the place in the economy of institutional religion for the missionary. Incidentally, he also has revealed what the ancient, mysterious gipsy race stock can do in mastery of the English tongue, in brilliant, persuasive, and denunciatory eloquence and in complete control of masses of men through appeals to the heart and the conscience.

It also has been demonstrated to him that Boston is more religious and responsive — so he says — than any other city in which he has labored on four continents, an opinion which it is hoped will be read in those sections of the country, particularly the Middle States, where opinion based on rumor is dominant that Boston is intellectual but not spiritual, rational but without emotion, forever seeking after new gods and never adhering to them long.

[That the Boston press learned to appreciate the work and spirit of Gipsy Smith is apparent from the following reports of the meetings. — EDITOR.]

[From the *Boston Journal* of November 14, 1906.]

ONE HUNDRED LED BY GIPSY SMITH INTO FOLD.

TWO BLIND GIRLS GUIDED TO ALTAR AT REVIVAL TO ACCEPT TEACHINGS — EVANGELIST'S APPEAL ANSWERED BY SCORES.

TREMBLING with the emotions of a new-found hope, two blind girls from the Perkins Institution for the Blind, Marion Crockett and Sophia Mudduon, led the procession of converted mourners who last night sought the altar at Tremont Temple in response to the magnetic invitation of evangelist. Gipsy Smith for those who had found peace to come forward and publicly acknowledge it.

From every portion of the huge auditorium was audible the suppressed sob, the emotional throat sob, that betrays and dispels the silence, that those who utter would rather overcome, as the solemn and earnest procession wended its way slowly up the aisle to the altar, where the evangelist, with encouraging words, stood ready to receive them.

MOST PATHETIC INCIDENT.

When, however, the infirmity of the two leaders, one grasping the hand of the teacher, the other that of her sightless companion, was recognized by the huge congregation, the wonder gave way to enthusiasm such as not even the sermons of Gipsy Smith had been able to arouse.

It was the most pathetic incident of the evangelist's visit to the Hub. Those nearby almost held their breath while the act that means so much to the blind pair was consummated. It was a dramatic moment, and when all was over, when the vast assemblage had given a helpful prayer to the two bereft of sight, and the speaker had given his "God bless you," all leaned back in their seats with a sigh of relief.

They realized that such a conversion meant worlds to the little girls whose only comfort is within themselves. And more than one man and woman gave forth a silent blessing upon "Gipsy" Smith, whose remarkable personality and power had made it possible.

Though the blind girls led the procession, there were many others, and as the short, dogmatic truths of the evangelist, who is drawing thousands to the Temple daily, carried to the farthest corners of the mammoth hall, converts arose in couples and later in dozens. With encouraging words Gipsy Smith stood, and every time he sent forth his plea others arose and joined the kneeling repentants.

Epigrams and flowing periods were alike used to good advantage, and when the evangelist found that one would not call forth the sinners to repent, he tried the other, with the result that before the evening was done he had received the names of over a hundred that had come forward for prayer.

"Gipsy" Smith is not an ordinary evangelist. He adopts none of the time-honored mannerisms of those of the old school. His talk is calm and dispassionate, and he relies entirely on the portrayal in the simplest terms possible of a few primal truths of Christianity.

"Do not deceive yourself," was his cry. He declared there was no half way toward religious peace. "Admit everything, for you can't fool God," and his way to that end is a simple appeal to help from on High.

Mr. Smith was assisted in the meeting by the Rev. Dr. Conrad, of the Park Street Church; by Dr. Marble, of Cambridge, and many others. But it was the evangelist himself that the hundreds had come to hear. Those on the floor and in the two galleries were so quiet that their breathing was easily heard on the stage.

"There shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," was his text from St. Luke. Repentance was his theme, and he left no doubt in the mind of his hearers as

to what repentance means. "We can't repent too much," he said, "though we can too little."

Mr. Smith related some of his experiences in evangelistic work among New York's "Four Hundred," where he held a series of meetings in the Fifth Avenue home of a prominent society leader.

"This woman," said Mr. Smith, "told me she had been devoted to cards, to horse races, and to theaters all her life, and asked me if there was any hope for her. I told her yes but that it would be necessary to give all those things up. She consented with more gladness than she ever did anything before in all her life."

"Who's to be the first to come to Christ?" was Mr. Smith's sudden question after he had spoken for half an hour.

Two men got up in the gallery.

"That's right, God bless you. Who's the next?"

At this point the two blind girls passed to the front, amid a surprised thrill.

"Let us thank God for these little girls," said "Gipsy" Smith, in a tone scarcely above a whisper. "Amen," sounded from the rear of the stage.

"I know it's hard; the devil is telling you not to listen to me, but you are listening. Let this be the moment when you will say to the world, 'I will stand up for God.'"

"Ah, there's another, and another, and still another. I knew they would come. They are coming fast now."

They were coming fast. And finally those on their knees in front, where seats had been cleared for them, soon numbered nearly two score.

"Let's sing another verse," sounded the voice of "Gipsy" Smith.

"Just As I Am without One Plea" was taken up with fervor by them all.

A last appeal for church members who felt "they were getting cold" added several dozen to the conversions already made. The names and addresses of the one hundred con-

verts were taken, following a talk by Mr. Smith to all the newcomers in a room at the side of the stage.

“ Gipsy ” Smith’s meeting was over.

[From the *Boston Journal*, November 15, 1906.]

HUNDREDS WEEP, SOB, AND PRAY WITH GIPSY SMITH.

POWER OF THE EVANGELIST AFFECTS OLD AND YOUNG ALIKE.
SCORES AT FOOT OF THE ALTAR AFTER SERMON.

A THOUSAND men and weeping, sobbing women, swaying back and forth, attested the power of evangelist Gipsy Smith at Tremont Temple last night. Convulsive sobs were heard in every quarter of the vast auditorium. Strong men shook as though with intense grief, and in many cases women had hard work to restrain their feelings. And at the close of the speaker’s talk such was the dramatic intensity of the moment that scores rushed forward and threw themselves at the foot of the altar.

Some were young men, and some young women, but by far the larger part were old men, weary and decrepit, and many had to be assisted from their seats to the small room near the altar, where they were greeted in person by the revivalist himself.

Gipsy Smith’s text was taken from St. Mark, chapter 5, and he dwelt on the power of Christ to penetrate into the hut as well as the palace. And his pathetic reference to the death of his gipsy aunt, who died in a gipsy wagon near Cambridge, England, after a lifetime in taking the place of Mr. Smith’s mother, was the immediate cause of the tears on the part of the immense audience.

“ Some years ago,” said Mr. Smith, “ I was just going into a meeting in London, when I received a telegram from my old father that my aunt was dying in the gipsy wagon which was her home. I took the next train for Cambridge, and on arriv-

ing at her bedside I asked her if she wanted me to pray for her. 'No,' she said, raising herself up in bed, 'don't pray for me, pray with me in giving thanks to Him on high for causing me to see the eternal truth in which I have lived for years, and which has given me unspeakable peace.'

"And all I ask you, my friends, is, if Jesus is the Jesus that can do this in a gipsy tent, isn't it good enough for a palace?"

Gipsy Smith announced during the evening that, beginning tonight, there will be an overflow meeting arranged for the Park Street Church if it proves necessary. It is thought it will be necessary, unless the attendance to-night shows a marked falling off from what it has been so far this week.

[From the *Boston Journal*, November 19, 1906.]

"MEN ARE GRADUATES OF HELL," SAYS GIPSY SMITH.

SHOUTING in ecstasy, weeping from emotion, trembling, pleading for forgiveness, and showing great contrition, sixty men arose simultaneously from their seats in Tremont Temple yesterday afternoon, crowded to the altar, and kneeling with outstretched hands pleaded for prayers of forgiveness and salvation, while Gipsy Smith, the evangelist, beckoned to those in the rear and shouted, "Come forward and cheat the devil."

As if in obedience to a signal, some fifty workers, including clergymen and deacons, closed in upon the rear of the band of salvation seekers. Each form was encircled by a friendly arm, and the entire mass moved into the two small rooms located at the sides of the platform.

STRONG MEN WEEP.

In the audience remaining, strong men were brushing tears from their faces. "All those who will be saved — hands up!" shouted Gipsy Smith, pacing the platform. "Hands

up for the Master! His were nailed up for you." From all parts of the auditorium young men rose and, leading the salvation seekers from their seats, ushered them forward. The band of workers then returned to those who sat.

A twelve-year-old boy, who said he wanted to go forward, but could not pass those who sat in the row, was lifted bodily out of his seat and headed toward the altar. Of those who had refused to stand scarcely a score remained to resist the pleaders.

PLEA TO RENOUNCE SIN.

After a plea to those that filled Tremont Temple to renounce the "sins of the flesh," Gipsy Smith pointed a finger of condemnation at the men down front and shouted, "Your sunken eyes, clammy hands, and pinched faces tell the life you have been leading. Where is your manhood and your elastic step? I'd defy Gabriel or any other angel to remain pure in the company you keep!"

"Mothers are praying for you. Before the judgment seat you will be charged with murder — deliberate murder — the breaking of your mother's heart."

Handkerchiefs were raised to filling eyes, and scores buried their faces from sight.

GRADUATES FROM HELL.

"To hear you men talk," shouted the preacher, "one would think that you had graduated from hell and had Satan for your teacher. The very children in the streets of Boston cannot talk without blaspheming God. You adults led these children astray. Go down to the wharves and jump into the harbor before you lead another human being astray."

After the preaching, and while the singing was in progress, men continued to weep.

"Be not ashamed of your tears," said the preacher, and, while the music continued, men crowded to the front seats to meet the workers with their open Bibles.

[From the *Boston Herald* of November 14, 1906.]

"SOME are resisting. They are holding back. What does religion amount to if it doesn't open your mouth and let your heart flow when others are near," thundered Gipsy Smith, the English evangelist, as, with hands raised heavenward, he swept the packed floor and galleries of Tremont Temple with an accusing glance last night.

Then the harshness left his voice. With arms folded across his breast he looked sadly about him. The tones that next fell on the ears of his hearers were soft and sorrowful, and quivered with the intensity of the appeal.

"Think! think! think!" He implored. "Your ways have become crooked. They need straightening. The coming is yours, and the rest is God's work. Now come along, oh, please come to Jesus!"

DOZENS KNELT AT HIS FEET.

He stepped to the platform's edge with arms outstretched and waited.

At his feet knelt the dozens of penitents who had responded to the first call. Some were bowed to the floor; with hands covering their faces, other rested their heads on the chair seats. All thought of surroundings seemed to have left them.

In a corner of the balcony, where the wall met ceiling, a little gray-haired woman half arose and then dropped back into her chair.

"There, there; come right along," cried Gipsy Smith, soothingly.

Once more the penitent arose. Her head was bowed, but determination instead of hesitation marked her mien. Unheeding the multitude she passed down the winding stairways and walked slowly along the floor of the auditorium, a frayed black shawl held tightly about her.

“Praise be to God!” exclaimed one of the faithful as the convert dropped to her knees.

“Amen!” came in a thunderous chorus.

“Come, I say to all you who would be forgiven,” persisted the evangelist, his voice this time high and piercing like a blast from a trumpet.

A wee slip of a girl left her place. Then seats rattled as two men, with snow-white hair and halting gait, shuffled forward.

Soon a line was recruited from balconies and floor, but when they knelt, and no others were forthcoming, Gipsy Smith renewed his exhortations. He pleaded and coaxed, but in vain.

His insistence that a complete and open acknowledgment of past misdeeds was the one stepping-stone to salvation, for a time held the conscience-stricken.

That many were racked with recollections of the past was evident from the bowed heads and the flutter of handkerchiefs as tears were wiped away. A few gave way to their thoughts by sobbing softly.

“Listen,” commanded the evangelist. “There’ll be joy in heaven and in your hearts when you pluck up courage to renounce Satan. Then, and not until then,” continued Mr. Smith warningly. He swept the hall with a look of tender solicitation. His voice was tempered by the compassion which a parent shows toward the erring child, when he said: “Don’t be afraid to save your souls. Come right ahead, there’s no cause for fear.”

A sturdy young sailor lad, in the uniform of Uncle Sam’s navy, stood up.

“God bless you,” was Evangelist Smith’s fervent recognition.

Clean cut and sturdy, the Jackie joined the kneeling line, as contrite and absorbed as the man of three-score and ten who came after him.

Then half a hundred more persons, young and old, of all stations of life, left their seats. In twos and threes they tip-toed to where the converts had congregated.

“Clear another row of chairs,” instructed Mr. Smith to his assistants, and his words rang out triumphantly.

Then it became necessary to empty still another row of chairs, from wall to wall, that those who knelt might have some support.

Another line of vacated seats was pressed into service, a few minutes later, but after that but one or two came forward.

About one hundred converts was the result of Mr. Smith's work last night.

Then the evangelist urged those who would efface past misdeeds to kneel.

Many acknowledged their yearning for salvation, but the proposal that they come forward startled them. Eventually the majority were won by the evangelist's pleading.

The sick and the lame and even the blind were there.

[From the Boston *Herald*, November 27, 1906.]

TWENTY-FOUR HUNDRED CONVERTED, SAYS GIPSY SMITH.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED ADULTS AND NINE HUNDRED UNDER TWENTY YEARS DURING SERVICES. TWO BIG OVERFLOW MEETINGS ARE HELD. EVANGELIST STERNLY ATTACKS RELIGIOUS SHAMS AND CONDEMNS THEATERS.

GIPSY SMITH, in Tremont Temple, announced last night that fifteen hundred adults and nine hundred persons between fourteen and twenty years of age had been converted during the revival services and had made permanent church connections. As in all the later meetings, the Temple was crowded to its capacity before seven o'clock, and overflow meetings were held in Lorimer Hall and in the Park Street Church, where the Rev. Dr. W. J. Dawson, late of London, England, but now permanently located with his family at Taunton, conducted the services.

The Rev. A. Z. Conrad, D.D., asked the three thousand

people in Tremont Temple to make known by show of hands how many of them had been present at the opening services four weeks before. Less than a score raised their hands.

"Yes, the beginning was small," said Dr. Conrad; "but we had great faith in the beginning, but God has swept beyond our faith. These meetings are the most discussed topic all over New England. You hear talk of Gipsy Smith and his wonderful work on the trains, everywhere, and the religious wave is sweeping over the entire East. After attending religious services for forty years I have never seen such meetings as these. Never have spiritual meetings been directed saner, wiser, or more cautiously. This applies particularly to the children's meeting, where the appeal was made to the clear thinking of the life of the young. I wish to state that there will be an evangelistic Thanksgiving service in this Temple, Thursday morning."

"An American and an English Thanksgiving," prompted Gipsy Smith.

"Yes," replied Dr. Conrad; "both flags will be up and the cross will be above both of them."

Dr. Conrad said that he expected the congregation to contribute four hundred dollars at the evening collection, and explained that half of the money received went to the English evangelistic organization that had sent Gipsy Smith here.

The Romany evangelist, before the collection was taken, said:

"I will take this opportunity to inform you as to the character of the collection being taken up here in Boston. This is a sample one: from it were received 15 bills, 20 half-dollars, 200 quarters, 600 dimes, 1,800 nickels, and 1,300 pennies.

"Think of it! thirteen hundred pennies, and all dressed as well as you are! But it wasn't you who put a penny in the plate. It was the one who is not here to-night, so I have better hopes of this collection."

WORRY WHITENS PASTOR'S HAIR.

Again as a prelude to his sermon the Romany evangelist sang, in his wonderful barytone, "Why should We Tarry when Jesus is Pleading." There were so many requests for prayers sent in that the evangelist said he could not read them all to the audience, but he had read them carefully himself, and some of them were so sad that it seemed the writers had lost hope. And then followed an affecting prayer, which the evangelist concluded by invoking the Lord to help him "speak thy message in thy way."

His text was from Samuel, fifteenth chapter, tenth to twenty-fourth verses, which he requested his hearers to read in their homes. He dwelt on the punishment of Saul for not obeying in its entirety the command of God. Saul was ordered to slay all, but he spared Agag and took alive oxen and sheep, upon which the Lord cried out, said the preacher: "'Saul is turned back from following me. He has not performed my commandments.' And to that plaint of the Lord's are the teardrops of the universe, the groans of Calvary, and the sorrows of Gethsemane. The man in whom he had vested so much of possibility, the man to whom he had given such a stupendous opportunity, Saul, the king, had turned back from following him.

"If God were to speak about you and me, what would he say? Poor Samuel cried unto God all night because he could not sleep. Do you know what causes your pastor to pass a sleepless night? Do you know what turns his hair gray? Do you know what causes his death when he should live? Do you know what digs his grave? Not work. WORRY. Do you know what takes his heart out of his work when all his enthusiasm should be strongest? I'll tell you. The inconsistency of his flock. The wordliness of those who profess Christ. The backsliding of prominent people in the church. And so with Saul. When he came to meet the prophet he put on his religious fast-feast face, his sanctimonious smirk — "

REBUKES GIGGLING HEARERS.

As the evangelist portrayed the make-believe Christian some few people giggled audibly.

“Some of you recognize yourselves,” he said sternly, “and that is why you laugh. I am not seeking your giggles; I am seeking your conscience. I am after something deeper than your humor.”

The rebuke prevented any further outbreak of levity, and the Romany preacher continued in stinging invective to expose religious shams.

“It is astonishing,” he added, “how religious people can be on Sunday and help the devil to damn the world on Monday, and Tuesday, and Wednesday, and Thursday, and Friday, and Saturday, and then by large money donations, for religious purposes, hope to deceive God. But God is neither bribed nor gulled. Remember, Saul lost a crown and a kingdom over a few oxen and sheep. When you are dealing with eternal things be sure you are on Bible ground before you decide. You never hear one say, ‘There is no harm in going to church’; but what a lot of people say, ‘There’s no harm in going to the theater!’ Who told you so? Would you like to see your child half dressed, strutting about to be gazed at by a lot of half-drunken men? Answer me!”

Cries of “No, no.”

The evangelist then denounced card playing and dancing, and told his hearers they must give them up. He told of a man who had confessed and been forgiven for a theft he had hidden twenty-five years.

“I am prepared to state,” said he, “on the authority of that book, the Bible, and by the history of all that’s good and holy, that it pays to do right.”

His call for those wishing to become Christians was responded to by a stream of people pouring into the inquiry rooms, where they were received by many clergymen.

[From the *Boston Globe*, November 16, 1906.]

THRONGS GO TO HEAR HIM.

GIPSY SMITH'S WORK OF SAVING SOULS. OVERFLOW MEETINGS TO BE HELD IN PARK STREET CHURCH. SERVICES FOR CHILDREN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

OVERFLOW meetings must hereafter be the order of the day, or at least of the evening, in the evangelistic campaign of Gipsy Smith. Tremont Temple is no longer big enough to contain the crowds who come to the doors in their desire to hear this impassioned apostle of the cross in his appeals to repentant and unrepentant sinners.

Wednesday evening more than three thousand men and women were crowded into Converse Hall, which means that more than five hundred stood through the service, while a throng estimated at one thousand were turned away.

Last night *in the torrential rain and howling blast* some seventeen hundred or more came before the hour of beginning the meeting and remained until at least one hundred had crowded into the rooms reserved for those who had taken the first step toward salvation and were inquiring the way.

The attendance has increased from the very first, and all through the nearly three weeks of noonday and evening work many at each service have announced their decision to lead Christian lives, so that now the enrollment numbers more than one thousand.

Arrangements have, therefore, been made by the Inter-denominational Committee for the use of Park Street Church, and this will be used whenever necessary for the accommodation of the overflow, Gipsy Smith dividing his time between the two places as far as possible.

The chorus of Christian Endeavorers, nearly all young women, under the leadership of Lewis E. Smith, braved the

elements to the number of fifty or more, and sang gospel hymns half an hour previous to the devotional exercises. Gipsy Smith sang two of the stanzas as a solo with such pathos as to bring tears and sobs from hundreds in the audience.

Numerous requests for prayers were read by the evangelist, who commented upon them as he proceeded, especially when he came to one asking supplication for the people of the Back Bay, for whom he said, "Salvation is as free and needful as for the people of the slums."

Gipsy Smith read from Paul's letter to the Romans, "'Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God . . . is, that they might be saved,'" and added: "If you would know the depth of Paul's prayer you must go back to the ninth chapter, where he says, 'I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen.' Think of Paul praying for such a people, with such a record, such a history. If anybody could claim a monopoly of religion it was Israel, the people of the prophets, the poets, the ordinances, and the sacrifices. Think of a man telling such a people they must be saved.

"It is of no use to cover up a refuse heap with snow and declare it is clean. Paul went to the bottom of things and exposed the corruption and sin, and said, 'You must be saved, according to God's purpose.' These people were just as good as you are. They went to church, were members, had moral momentum, pedigree, and religious standing equal to yours, but he cried out, 'Your names are on the church roll but not in the Lamb's book; you have a name to live, but are dead.' So it is with some of you in front of me.

"Paul says, too, 'They go about establishing their own righteousness.' That is like some of you. You boast that you have heard every minister in town; you come to hear every evangelist, and take a front seat; you bow your head during prayer to make people think well of you; you go to communion because you don't dare stay away; you take a

Sunday-school class when you know you are not fit — to establish your own righteousness. You 'go about' to do it; you become religious tramps."

NOT THE WAY TO GOD AND PEACE.

"That is not the way to God and to peace. Oh, when shall we stop these pretenses to make people think we are Christians and religious?

"You ought to be full of hallelujahs, but where are you? Held in sin and the bonds of iniquity. The difference between your righteousness and God's is that yours exalts self and dethrones God, and God's exalts God and dethrones self. It must not be some of self and some of God, nor less of self and more of God, but none of self and all of God. We must come down to the foot of the cross and say, 'Lord, we've blundered; we have been wrong; forgive us.' If you long for that, bring your goodness, if you think you have any, and lay it at his feet like a little child and you'll have the victory.

"If you are living in your own righteousness you must abandon it. May you at this moment abandon self and accept Christ. Those who can say, 'Jesus, have thy own way with me,' please stand. Shut your eyes and ears to all else and listen to God."

One after another rose here and there through the house, gathering in numbers under the entreaties and encouragement of the missionary, until in a few moments there seemed to be a lull, when he stepped close to the front and waving his hand over the audience exclaimed to those still sitting: "What impression do you want to leave on my mind? That you don't want Christ? That you don't need him? That you are good enough without him?"

Immediately all over the house men and women, from their early teens to gray-haired, rose to their feet and in tears and sobs pressed forward to meet the workers, their faces lightened with resolutions and smiles as they came.

Many inquiries have been made as to whether the children

of the city were to have a chance to hear Gipsy Smith. The committee has now settled that question by announcing a meeting at 10.30, Saturday morning of next week, November 24, for children exclusively, no others being admitted except Sunday-school teachers.

[From the *Boston Globe*, Monday, November 26, 1906.]

GIPSY SMITH has held some pretty large meetings in Tremont Temple since he has been here,— meetings of a mixed nature, of men and women,— and it is entirely probable that if he had a meeting for “women only” he could easily attract five thousand of them, but when it comes to attracting five thousand men, and men only, to a meeting, that is a different proposition, as every preacher in the land knows. Yet that is what this extraordinary man succeeded in doing yesterday afternoon to the meeting in Tremont Temple, which began at 3.30 o'clock and lasted two hours.

Of this number at least three thousand were in the Temple, which was crowded to the doors, and there was an overflow into Lorimer Hall, in which there were at least one thousand, and besides this there must have been at least five hundred who were denied admission because there was absolutely no room for them in either hall.

It was a very extraordinary spectacle, and it shows better, perhaps, than anything that has gone heretofore, the wonderful popularity which this evangelist has attained since his coming to Boston.

Sitting at the reporters' tables, and looking over that vast audience of men, without a woman anywhere in sight,— except Miss Zillah Smith, daughter of the evangelist, who sat on the platform,— it seemed a very unusual spectacle. And when these five thousand men sang the old hymns like “Nearer, My God, to Thee,” with the enthusiasm which the evangelist aroused, this, too, was a most impressive scene.

The singing was well fortified by a male chorus of more

than one hundred voices in the organ gallery, and by the great organ itself. When it was all going at full blast it made a volume of sound such as one is seldom privileged to hear. And like an echo every once in a while would float up the sound from the one thousand voices in Lorimer Hall.

Some two hundred converts were made. Many of these were weeping when they arrived at the front seats. Among them were two blind men, a sailor from the warships, and a Syrian who had a son killed a short time ago. He was "reached" through one of his own countrymen, however, as he could not understand English. But he came to the meeting just the same.

[From the *Boston Post*, Saturday, November 24, 1906.]

ONE HUNDRED MOVED BY GIPSY SMITH.

RESULT OF LAST EVENING'S THREE MEETINGS DELIGHTS THE EVANGELIST.

"You must be prepared to seek for salvation — not only to wait for it to come to you — if you really desire to be saved." This was the burden of Gipsy Smith's address at Tremont Temple last evening.

The meeting was opened by singing of the choir, led by Mr. Lewis Smith, and while the choir sang, "Gipsy Smith" entered, accompanied by members of the Portland Gipsy Smith Committee.

The evangelist took Paul's answer to the Philippian jailer, "What must I do to be saved?" for his text.

"Your sin will find you out, remember that," he said. "Paul got hold of sin by the hair of its head and dragged it from its lair," was one expression; and another was, when the audience laughed at one of his remarks: "Don't giggle. I'm trying to get at something deeper."

So great was the crowd, that there were overflow meetings at Lorimer Hall and Park Street Church, and at the latter the evangelist's daughter, Zillah, sang.

There was a large number of converts last evening, probably a hundred men and women coming forward.

Row after row of seats in the forward part of the Temple were cleared to accommodate the anxious ones, and Mr. Smith expressed himself as delighted with the success of this, one of his last meetings in Boston.

"NOT CAUSE OF INSANITY."

When a *Post* reporter asked Mr. Smith if he thought he was responsible, as asserted, for the overcoming emotion

manifested by a woman and a girl at the hall, Thursday night, and for the frenzy with which a young Syrian was taken, and for which he was sent to Danvers yesterday, he replied:

“Distinctly not! We have never had a disturbance at any of our meetings.

“People may possibly become hysterical over the joy of being born again, but they never become insane.”

[From the *Boston Post*, Monday, November 26, 1906.]

SCORES of men wept in one of the largest audiences which ever gathered in Tremont Temple, yesterday afternoon, when Gipsy Smith imploringly raised his hands, and in a pathetic voice said, “Don’t go back on Jesus; come forward and be saved.”

And they did come forward; not singly, either, but in groups of three and four, with their heads bowed in sorrow, while their faces bore traces of strong emotion. Some were so overcome at the words of the revivalist that they could hardly see as they walked.

While the converts pressed forward, about four thousand male voices,—for there was only one woman in the audience, a daughter of the gospel preacher,—joined in singing psalms.

The volume of sound which came from such a concourse of voices was inspiring, and this was no small factor in adding to the effectiveness of the meeting.

With their heads bowed in grief as they were escorted to the front seats reserved for the converts, were two blind young men. As this was called to the attention of the preacher he uttered, “They see more than we can; they see the invisible and eternity while we do not.”

This was followed by a chorus of “Amen! Amen!”

The preacher’s tones were entralling. At first he spoke in a low cadence. His appeals were soft and mellifluous, then impressive, but withal he seemed to carry conviction.

His listeners gave him their undivided attention, and fre-

quently the stillness — except for the sound of the preacher's voice — was awe-inspiring.

At the psychological moment, when all were bowed in fervent prayer, the preacher stepped to the edge of the platform and said: "All those who mean to live for Jesus, step forward and be saved."

This remark was followed by a lull, but soon those whose hearts had been melted came forward as the audience sang, "I Need Thee Every Hour."

First it was a colored man who came forward, then a Jackie, and then an old man.

BANGOR THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
The Gipsy Smith Missions in Ame
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Bayliss, E. E.

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AUTHOR
The Gipsy Smith missions in

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