

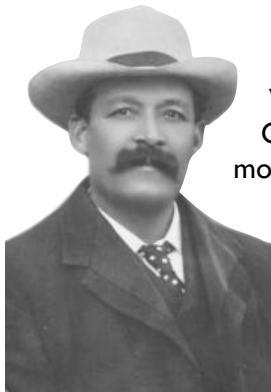
Lifting Up The STANDARD

“When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the LORD shall lift up a standard against him” (Isaiah 59:19).



Challenging And Encouraging God's Remnant To Remain Faithful

Issue No. 19



Gipsy Smith

Gipsy Smith

Without a doubt, my favourite preacher of the past is Gipsy Smith. The one book in my library I value the most (other than the Bible) is an autographed copy of his autobiography. In this article we will focus on his ministry and much of the information we will consider comes from his own story of his life.

Gipsy Smith, was born in a tent, and died on the Queen Mary. In between his birth and his death is a wonderful story of someone who was insignificant in the eyes of the world, but was a

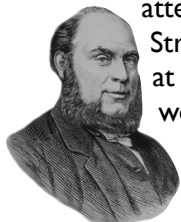
giant for the cause of Christ.

He was raised in a Gypsy camp and never had the luxury of spending even one day in school and yet he influenced the lives of millions of people through his powerful preaching and his personal testimony. Gipsy Smith's life on earth was eighty-seven years, four months, and four days.

He was saved in 1876 at the age of sixteen. The witness of his father, the hearing of Ira Sankey sing, a visit to the home of John Bunyan in Bedford all contributed to his trusting Christ as his Saviour. It was at the foot of the statue of Bunyan, Gipsy Smith vowed he would live for God and meet his mother in Heaven.



Only a few days later on November 17, 1876, in Cambridge, he attended the Primitive Methodist Chapel on Fitzroy Street. George Warner, the preacher, gave the invitation at the conclusion of his message and Gipsy Smith went forward and trusted Christ as his personal Saviour. He heard somebody whisper as he walked down the aisle, "It's only a gypsy boy." That Gipsy was mightily used of the Lord in countries around the world. One can only wonder what the one who whispered that it was "only a gypsy" did for the Lord.



George Warner

Concerning that service Gipsy Smith later said, "I wandered one evening into a little Primitive Methodist Chapel in Fitzroy Street, Cambridge, where I heard a sermon by the Rev. George Warner. Oddly enough, I cannot remember a word of

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Ira Sankey

"While holding meetings at Burdett road, London, in 1874, Mr. Moody and I one Saturday took a drive out to Epping Forest. There we visited a gypsy camp. While stopping to speak to two brothers who had been converted and were doing good missionary work, a few young gypsy lads came up to our carriage. I put my hand on the head of one of them and said: "May the Lord make a preacher of you, my boy!"

Fifteen years later, when Gipsy Smith made his first visit to America, I had the pleasure of taking him for a drive in Brooklyn. While passing through Prospect Park he asked me:

"Do you remember driving out from London one day to a gypsy camp at Epping Forest?" I replied that I did. "Do you remember a little gypsy boy standing by your carriage," he asked again, "and you put your hand on his head, saying that you hoped he would be a preacher?" "Yes, I remember it well."

"I am that boy," said Gipsy Smith.





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what Mr. Warner said, but I made up my mind in that service that if there was a chance I would publicly give myself to Christ. After the sermon a prayer meeting was held, and Mr. Warner invited all those who desired to give themselves to the Lord to come forward and kneel at the communion-rail. I was the first to go forward. I do not know whether anybody else was there or not. I think not. Soon there was a dear old man beside me, an old man with great flowing locks, who put his arm round me and began to pray with me and for me. I did not know his name. I do not know it even now. I told him that I had given myself to Jesus for time and eternity - to be His boy for ever. He said - "You must believe that He has saved you. 'To as many as received Him, to them gave He power to be the sons of God; even to them that believed on His name.'" "Well," I said to my dear old friend, "I cannot trust myself, for I am nothing; and I cannot trust in what I have, for I have nothing; and I cannot trust in what I know, for I know nothing; and so far as I can see my friends are as badly off as I am."

So there and then I placed myself by simple trust and committal to Jesus Christ. I knew He died for me; I knew He was able to save me, and I just believed Him to be as good as His word. And thus the light broke and assurance came. I knew that if I was not what I ought to be, I never should be again what I had been. I went home and told my father that his prayers were answered, and he wept tears of joy with me.

He secured a Bible, an English dictionary and a Bible dictionary and carried them everywhere. This caused people to laugh and snicker; however, Gipsy Smith was determined that someday he would preach. He taught himself to read and write and began to practice preaching in a field where he lined up some turnips on a Sunday and preach to them. Again, people would laugh and snicker. One can only guess if those who laughed and snickered ever did anything for the Lord.

At the age of seventeen, he stood on a small corner near a gipsy wagon and gave a brief testimony. This was his first attempt at preaching. He caught the attention of William Booth who recognized this young man had some potential to be used of the Lord. On June 25, 1877, he accepted the invitation of Booth to be an evangelist with the Salvation

Army. One of the first people to be saved in his meetings was his youngest sister.



On December 17, 1879 he married Annie E. Pennock, who was also won to the Lord in one of his meetings. His congregation at Chatham, grew from 13 to 250 in nine months. On July 31st a gold watch was given him and about \$20.00 was presented to his wife by some folks; however, acceptance of these gifts was a breach of the rules and regulations of the Salvation Army, and as a result, he was terminated from working with them in spite of the fact that he was having crowds of over 1,500 attend his meetings and had produced 23,000 decisions for Christ. One has to wonder if there was a jealousy

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"I Have Never Lost The Wonder of It All"



In the latter years of his life, someone said to Gipsy Smith: "Gypsy, I heard you preach over fifty years ago, you blessed my heart then. I have never forgotten it, but again tonight, how my heart was warmed and thrilled! Gypsy, tell me--what's the secret?" Gypsy answered, **"Sir, I have never lost the wonder of it all."**

Years later, the songwriter, Alfred B. Smith, wrote a song based on this story entitled "I Have Never Lost the Wonder of It All":

"Once so aimlessly I wondered
round the tangled paths of sin.
All about me seemed so hopeless,
Doubts and fears without, within.
Then a voice so kind and gentle
Spoke sweet peace unto my soul.
Gone my days of sin and
wandering, Since the Savior made
me whole.

Now my life is full of gladness, All
my days are filled with joy.
I no longer walk in sadness, Happy
songs my lips employ.

For I've learned the wondrous
secret Only those in Christ can
know. 'Tis the peace of sins
forgiven--Joy that makes my glad
heart glow. I have never lost the
wonder of it all.

I have never lost the wonder
of it all! Since the day that Jesus
saved me and a whole new life He
gave me, I have never lost the
wonder of it all!

Saved when he was sixteen,
Gipsy Smith could neither read or
write. He preached in five
continents. By 1936 Gipsy Smith
had conducted 33 revival tours in
the United States.



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problem brewing. In any-event they did him a favour. As an independent evangelist he was soon drawing crowds of over 4000 to listen to him preach.



The Sad Story of His Mothers' Death

Gipsy Smith in his stories about his life said, *"I remember as if it were yesterday when the doctor told his father that his sister had the small-pox." He heard the doctor say, "you must get out of the town at once." He sent them to a lane about one-and-a-half miles away and there his father erected their tent. There he left mother and four children. He took the wagon two hundred yards farther down the lane. From the door he could see the tent clearly and be within call. Gipsy Smith said, "The wagon was the sick-room and my father was the nurse. In a few days the doctor, coming to the tent, discovered that my brother Ezekiel also had the small-pox, and he too was sent to the wagon, so that my father had now two invalids to nurse."*

Gipsy Smith's mother wept crying again and again, *"My poor children will die, and I am not allowed to go to them!"* Everyday his mother got a little nearer and nearer to the wagon, until one day she went too near, and then she also fell sick. When the doctor came he said it was *"the small-pox."*

Gipsy Smith said, *"My mother's death caused a gloom indescribable to settle down upon the tent life. The day of the funeral came. My mother was to be buried at the dead of night. We were only gypsies, and the Authorities would not permit the funeral to take place in the daytime. In the afternoon the coffin was placed on two chairs outside the wagon, waiting for the darkness. Sister and brother were so much better that the wagon had been emptied. My father had been trying to cleanse it, and the clothes, such as we had for wearing and sleeping in, had been put into the tent. While we were watching and weeping round the coffin - father and his five children - the tent caught fire, and all our little stock of worldly possessions was burnt to ashes. The sparks flew around us on all sides of the*

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The Day I Met Gipsy Smith



Louis Arnold

When I was growing up I often heard of the great evangelist, Gipsy Smith. I never dreamed that I would hear an evangelist whose fame had crossed oceans; so I was greatly excited when I learned that Gipsy Smith was to hold a revival in Huntington, West Virginia, not many miles from where I was pastoring.

When Gipsy came on the platform, I saw that he moved quickly and appeared to have great reserves of energy. His hair was iron-gray, and the back of his head was partly bald. His face was slightly dark and almost without lines or wrinkles. Though he was 81, he looked like a man in his late fifties.

Gipsy went to the front of the platform, and, without a glance at the great, expectant audience, knelt with his arm on the railing and bowed his head in silent prayer. A holy hush seemed to settle upon the audience as Gipsy prayed. I felt compelled to join him in that time of silent prayer.

Every eye was upon Gipsy as he went to the podium, picked up a hymnbook, and announced the opening number. He was so relaxed and at home in the pulpit, it hardly seemed strange that he was leading his own singing. He had a remarkably clear, soprano voice, and the great audience joined him in singing.

How shall I describe the service? It was different to any service I had ever attended. It was not divided into the usual devotional part and preaching part. Instead, the service was one unit. One scarcely noticed where the singing left off and the preaching began. Gipsy often paused to read a verse of the hymn they were singing. His diction was flawless, and people leaned forward, listening, hanging upon every word as he read.

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coffin, and we expected every moment that that too would be set on fire. We poor little things were terrified nearly to death. "Mother will be burnt up," we wept. "Mother will be burnt up." Father fell upon his face on the grass crying like a child. The flames were so strong that he could do nothing to stop their progress, and indeed he had to take great care to avoid harm to himself. Our agonies while we were witnessing this, to us, terrible conflagration, helpless to battle against it, may easily be imagined, but, strange to relate, while the sparks fell all around the coffin, the coffin itself was untouched.

And now darkness fell, and with it came to us an old farmer's cart. Mother's coffin was placed in the vehicle, and between ten and eleven o'clock my father, the only mourner, followed her to the grave by a lantern light. She lies resting in Norton churchyard, near Baldock. When my father came back to us it was midnight, and his grief was very great. He went into a plantation behind his van, and throwing himself on his face, promised God to be good, to take care of his children, and to keep the promise that he had made to his wife. A fortnight after the little baby died and was placed at her mother's side. If you go to Norton churchyard now and inquire for the gipsies' graves they will be pointed out to you. My mother and her last born lie side by side in that portion of the graveyard where are interred the remains of the poor, the unknown, and the forsaken."

They remained in that fatal by-lane for a few weeks until the doctor gave them permission to leave the place where they had seen so much sorrow.

Gipsy recalled, "One day I went to visit her grave in Norton churchyard. I shall never forget my first visit to that hallowed spot. Our tent was pitched three miles off. My sister Tilly and I - very little things we were - wandered off one day in search of mother's grave. It was early in the morning when we started. We wandered through fields, jumped two or three ditches, and those we could not jump we waded through. The spire of Norton church was our guiding star. We set our course by it.

When we reached the churchyard we went to some little cottages that stood beside it, knocked at the doors and asked the people if they could tell us which was mother's grave. We did not think it necessary to say who mother was or who we were. There was but one mother in the world for us. The good people were very kind to us. They wept quiet, gentle tears for the poor gipsy children, because they knew at once from our faces and our clothes that we were gipsies, and they knew what manner of death our mother had died. The grave was pointed out to us. When we found it, Tilly and I stood over it weeping for a long time, and then we gathered primrose and violet roots and planted them on the top. And we stood there long into the afternoon. The women from the cottages gave us food, and then it started to our memory that it was late, and that father would be wondering where we were. So I said, "Tilly, we must go home," and we both got on our knees beside the grave and kissed it.

Then we turned our backs upon it and walked away. When we reached the gates that lead out of the churchyard we looked back again, and I said to Tilly, "I wonder whether we can do anything for mother?" I suddenly remembered that I had with

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The words of the hymn had become a sermon. Then Gipsy started singing, and the people's voices rose and swelled as they sang with him. So the service went, with Gipsy reading and singing, the people singing with him, and the Holy Spirit in charge.

After a time, without a change in tone or pace, Gipsy laid aside the hymnbook, picked up his Bible, read a text, and continued talking. It hardly seemed that he was preaching. Instead he was talking as if to one person. I felt that he was talking directly to me. Others must have felt the same. There was not a sound or a movement in the great audience. People were listening, enraptured, scarcely breathing. Occasionally Gipsy would stop talking and sing a verse of a song. Then he would continue to talk.

Thus the service went, with reading and singing and talking. Time seemed suspended. Everyone was lost in the present. A spiritual atmosphere pervaded the place. The message ended all too soon, though Gipsy had been speaking for nearly an hour.

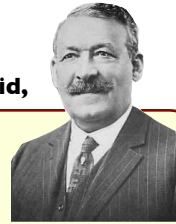
The rain had come down in torrents all day, and it was still raining when the time came for the people to gather for the service. Attendance was down that night, but when it came time for Gipsy to speak, he said, "The Lord's weather does not interfere with the Lord's work. Often a service like this, when the attendance is down, will be the best service of the meeting. God blesses those who make an effort to come out on a night such as this." Then he preached to Christians.

The invitation that night was for Christians to come to the altar and surrender their lives anew to the Lord. I went forward and knelt at the altar. There I told the Lord of the shallowness of my life and of my lack of power. There I gave my life to God anew. I arose from that place of prayer with a new joy in my heart and a new power in my life.



me a gold-headed scarf-pin which some one had given me. It was the only thing of any value that I ever had as a child. Rushing back to the grave, upon the impulse and inspiration of the moment, I stuck the scarf-pin into the ground as far as I could, and hurrying back to Tilly, I said, "There, I have given my gold pin to my mother!" It was all I had to give. Then we went home to the tents and wagons. Father had missed us and had become very anxious. When he saw us he was glad and also very angry, intending, no doubt, to punish us for going away without telling him, and for staying away too long. He asked us where we had been. We said we had gone to mother's grave, Without a word he turned away and wept bitterly."

Gipsy Smith said,



Gipsy Smith

"If there is a man or woman who has been trying to live a Christian life and has no joy in it, and no victory in it, and no song in it—I know the reason. It is that they have never repented. They have started wrong.

Repentance is the most neglected doctrine in the New Testament and the most unpopular. People do not like to be called to repentance and you do not often hear it preached. And yet the Bible is a handbook of repentance. It enforces it, commands it, and so demands it that no substitute can be accepted for it.

Over sixty times the Scriptures enforce it, and all the Epistles are written to show men how to repent, so that no one need be in a fog as to what repentance means, yet multitudes of people are."

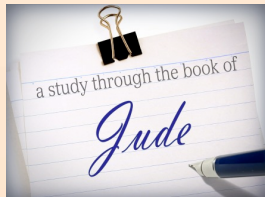


Spurgeon said,

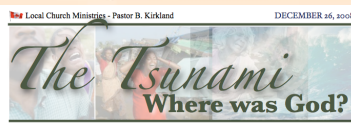
"Let each one of us, if we have done nothing for Christ, begin to do something now. The distribution of tracts is the first thing"
C.H. Spurgeon

Audio

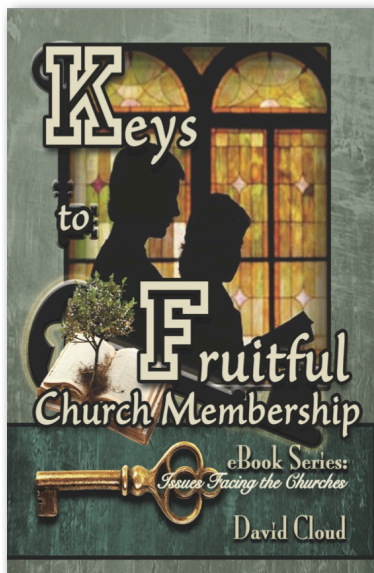
Series - Nine Messages



Article



"For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof"
(Psalm 107:25).



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“My Lambs”

Protecting The Lord’s Sheep

Pastors have been given the awesome responsibility of protecting the Lord’s sheep.



We would do well to remember

that they are His sheep. The phrase “*my sheep*” occurs ten times in the Bible. Christ said, “*he that is an hireling...careth not for the sheep*” (John 10:13). When Jesus said “*feed my sheep*” He didn’t suggest we allow the wolves to feed with them.

Feed My Little Sheep

It is very important to note that before Jesus said, “*feed my sheep*” He said “*feed my lambs.*”

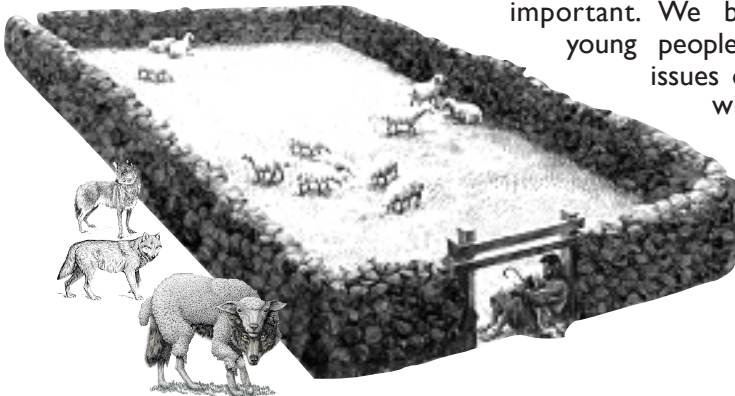
John 21:15,

“*He saith unto him, Feed my lambs.*” The Greek word translated “*feed*” means to be, (“*portraying the duty of a Christian teacher to promote in every way the spiritual welfare of the members of the church*” Strong’s Concordance).

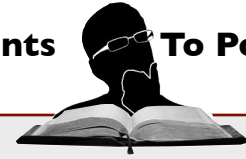
The Wolves Will Get Our Young People If They Do Not Know The Truth About Our End-Time Issues.

Christ warned about wolves coming into our local churches. In Matthew 7:15 He said, “*Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep’s clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.*” To beware is to be on the lookout, to be on guard for satan’s wolves who will, “*come to you.*” Notice this pack of wolves appear as prophets in sheep’s clothing, “*but inwardly they are ravening wolves.*” **Paul also warned us that** “*grievous wolves*” would “*enter in among you, not sparing the flock*” (Acts 20:29). **Peter warned,** “*But there were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies*” (Second Peter 2:1).

The future of the Lord’s “*lambs*” is important. We better warn His young people concerning the issues of our day or we will lose them to the wolves.



Points To Ponder



In March 1887, C.H. Spurgeon published the first of two articles entitled “**The Down Grade**” in his monthly magazine, The Sword and the Trowel. He said, “*Earnest attention is requested for this paper...We are going down hill at breakneck speed.*”

Spurgeon was concerned about a drift away from sound doctrine, that was leading to an outright apostasy. He likened this drifting from truth to a downhill slope, and thus called it “**the down-grade.**”

In August The Sword and the Trowel carried an article by Spurgeon entitled “**Another Word Concerning the Down-Grade.**” The tone of this article was even more urgent. The article shocked the Christian world. Spurgeon, had been almost universally revered by all Christians, was suddenly besieged with critics from within the camp. Spurgeon took the Scriptural position; however, most Christian leaders willing to receive such counsel, not even from Spurgeon. The attitude was “*don’t confuse us with Scripture, my mind is made up.*” Today we face the same problem in what we call fundamentalism. **We are going down hill at breakneck speed.**