

Autobiography

GIPSY SMITH

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1 HIS LIFE AND WORK

1.1 POSTSCRIPT

I TRUST that what I have written will interest my readers. I have had a life very different, I think, from that of most of my fellows, but a life which God has greatly blessed, and I think I may add, with all reverence, greatly used. It has been full of trials and difficulties. I have been often troubled, but never distressed; often perplexed, but never in despair; often cast down, but never destroyed. Any afflictions that have visited me have been but for a moment, and have worked a far more exceeding weight of glory. I have sought to keep the eyes of my heart open to the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.

I have had rich and strange experiences. I have lived in many houses, the guest of many sorts and conditions of people. I have been presented to two Presidents of the United States, dined with bishops and archbishops, and slept with two Roman Catholic priests. In my study hangs a letter from her late Majesty the Queen, and one from a royal duchess, but the dearest things in my house are two pictures which adorn the walls of my bedroom. One is the picture of the wagon in which my mother died, and the other a picture of a group of gipsies I never sleep in that room without looking at these pictures and saying to myself: "Rodney, you would have been there to-day but for the grace of God." Glory be to His name for ever.

THE END