



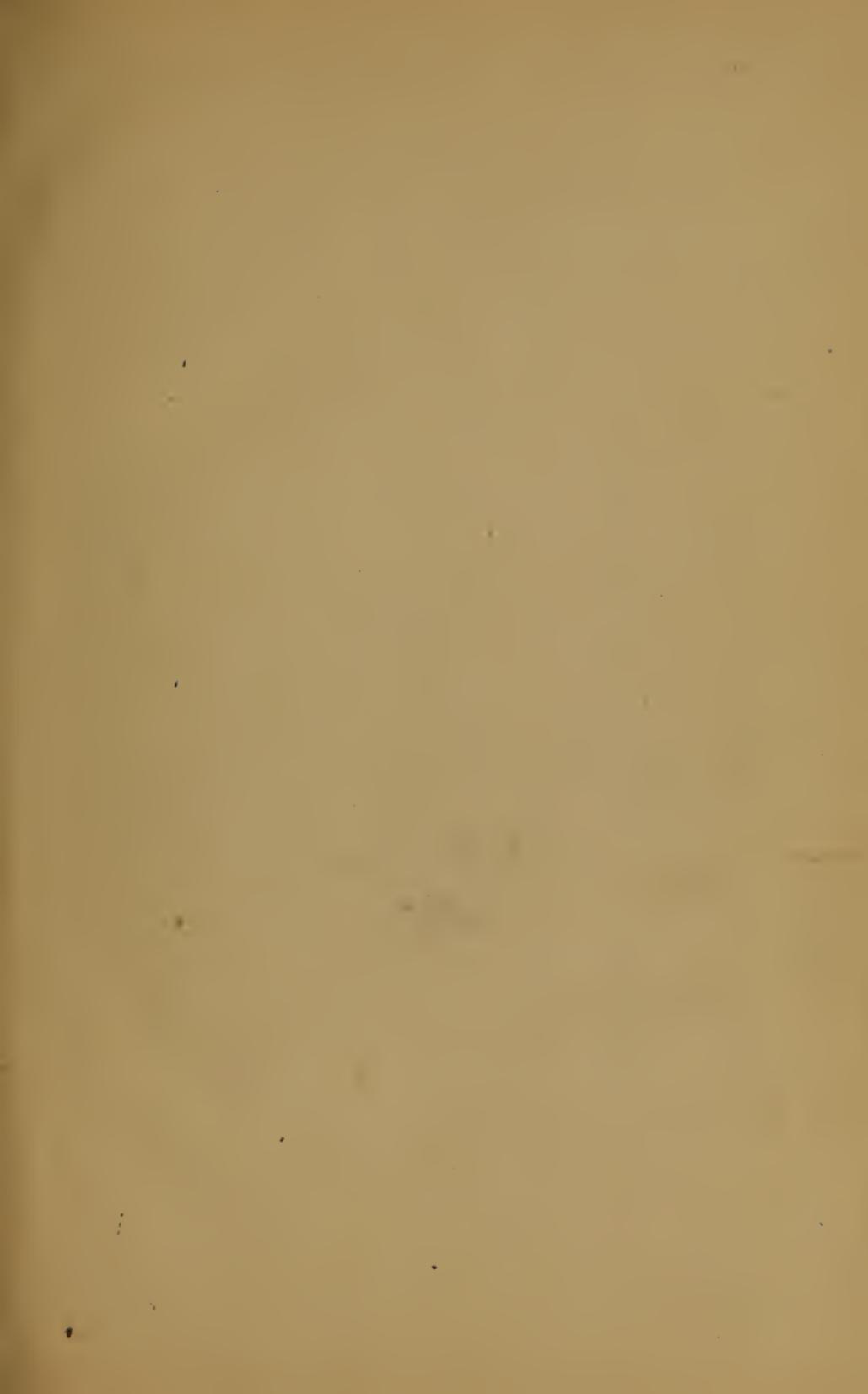


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REV. E. PAYSON HAMMOND.

# EARLY CONVERSION.

Showing how Children and Young People can be Led to Jesus  
and Prepared for Church Membership—With Many  
Practical Illustrations and Stories Which  
Others can Use, with the Help of  
God's Spirit, in Securing  
These Blessed  
Results.

BY

REV. E. PAYSON HAMMOND, M. A.,

Author of "Conversion of Children," "Roger's Travels," "The  
Better Life, and How to Find It," "Stories for Children  
About Jesus," "Jesus, the Lamb of God," "Gems  
of Praise," "Gathered Lambs," "Jesus'  
Lambs," Etc,

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TO THE

DEAR PASTORS, CHRISTIAN PARENTS, SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS

AND LEADERS OF JUNIOR ENDEAVOR SOCIETIES

IN GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA

WHO BELIEVE IN

“EARLY CONVERSION”

AND LONG TO HAVE THEIR CHILDREN LED TO JESUS,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR;

WITH THE PRAYER THAT IT MAY HELP YOU TO WIN MANY PRECIOUS

SOULS TO CHRIST, AND MAY LEAD OTHERS, WITH THE

HELP OF GOD'S SPIRIT, TO BELIEVE IN HIM WHO

“LOVED US AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR US.”



# CONTENTS.

## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY CONVERSION.

	PAGE
"I Take Care of the Lambs"—Bishop McCabe's Experience—Christ's First Command, "Feed My Lambs"—Frank Smith—Dr. Hart—Comparative Ages of Conversion—Edward's Covenant—Mr. Spurgeon—His Earnest Words—Children not in Church Services—A Boy Teacher—Ignorance of Children's Need—Deep Spiritual Experience of Children—Hindering Children—"File Their Teeth" . . . . .	15

## CHAPTER II.

### WILL THEY BE KEPT ?

Permanency of Early Conversion—E. D. G. Prime—Baptist Noel—Children in Rochester—George Whitfield—J. B. Currens—"Jack's Fidelity"—Touching Story—Missionaries Led to Christ in Childhood—Interesting Experience—Saginaw—Miss Campbell's Statement—Bishop Marvin's Daughter—Faithful to Christ—Child Conversion—Dryden Phelps—Henry Drummond—Led to Jesus—Nine Years Old—Children's Meetings in Harrisburg—Testimony of Dr. Stewart, President of Auburn Theological Seminary—Trials—"Putting Me into the Ministry"—"Whitfield Humbled"—Spurgeon's Trials—Children United With the Church—Fanny Crosby's New Hymn—Trusting . . . . .	26
---	----

## CHAPTER III.

### ILLUSTRATIONS FOR USE IN ADDRESSES TO CHILDREN.

R. C. Morgan—Engineer—Christ's Death for Us—"We All Love Little Dudu"—Johnny and His Mother—Jewish Boys Profess Conversion—The Happy Boy—Lost on the Mountains in Norway—"It'll Be All Light There, Mamma"—Furnaces in Scotland—"Is Mamma Doin' to Die?" "Hush, Mamma is Doin' to Sleep" . . . . .	53
--	----

## CHAPTER IV.

### CHILDREN'S EXPERIENCES.

Christ Lifted Up—Use of Parables—Helps in Speaking to Children—Story of Carletta—Infidel Led to Christ—Galveston, Texas—Indian Children—New Mexico—A Happy Arizona Boy—"I Feel Like Singing All the Time" . . . . .	72
---	----

## CHAPTER V.

### WHAT PASTORS SAY OF EARLY CONVERSION.

General Opinion of Pastors—Dr. E. M. Levy—Dr. Hutchinson—Dr. J. E. Rankin—R. C. Morgan—At Vernon, Conn.—Meetings in Albany—Rev. E. D. Vance—Rev. D. V. Mays—Bishop Fallows . . . . .	84
--	----

## CHAPTER VI.

### WHAT THE SUPERINTENDENTS AND SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS SAY OF EARLY CONVERSION.

William Reynolds—D. W. McWilliams—Peoria, Ill.—Humble Confession—J. H. Dey, Office Editor of "The New York Evangelist"—Mr. Ben Haines—Miss M. W. Leitch—Miss Tobey's Experience—William Luff—George Muller—W. H. Stanes, Missionary in India—D. L. Moody—New England Evangelistic Association—J. E. Grey . . . . .	97
--	----

## CHAPTER VII.

### PRAYING CHILDREN.

David Brainerd in Prayer—Remarkable Answer—"God Has Forgiven Me for Christ's Sake"—"Please Make My Father a Christian"—"Help Father to Love Jesus"—"Changed Man"—St. Louis Lawyer—New York Juvenile Asylum—E. M. Carpenter—"I'se Said My Prayers, but Did Not Pray"—"Tears Came From My Eyes"—Prayer Meeting Every Morning—Among Children in South Africa—Parents Reached Through Prayer—"Pray to God and He Will Make Your Father Willing" . . . . .	108
---	-----

## CHAPTER VIII.

## RESULTS OF EARLY CONVERSION.

	PAGE
"I Began to Work for Jesus"—Burden Rolled Off—Lines—"Won't You Love My Jesus?"—A Flood of Tears—"I Want to Tell Jesus You Will Love Him"—Children's Meeting in Fremont, Neb.—"You Are Not a Christian"—Temperance Story—"Drink That Grog!"—"Better Come to Jesus Now, Papa"—Story of Anna Belle—Touching Death—"I Will Not Fight"	124

## CHAPTER IX.

## WHAT CHILDREN CAN DO FOR JESUS.

The Astonished Infidels—Experience of a Skeptic—"Won't You Pray for Me?"—Report to the Club—"I Have Accepted Jesus"—Happy in the Love of Christ—Father Weeping—Child's Prayer—"I Am Following in Your Steps"—Right Examples—Infidel Books—"Lines on Jordan"—Mr. Moody in London—"I Will Tell Jesus You Led Me to Him"—"You Never Prayed for Me, Father"—A Faithful Teacher—"The Doctors Have Given Me Up"—Every Scholar Brought to Christ—"I Will Meet You All There"—Mr. John Sands' Words	139
---	-----

## CHAPTER X.

## GOSPEL TRUTHS.

Saved in Three Ways: Meritoriously, by Christ; Instrumentally, by Faith; Declaratively, by Works—"Jesus Paid It All"—Magnetic Tack Hammer—Report of a Children's Meeting—All Have Sinned—"Whispered"—Illustration—Christ Took Our Place—"Rattle-Bones!"—Christ's Death for Us—Jimmie—Whipped to Death—"I'se Going Home to Jesus, Now"—Feast of the Cherries—Won by Love—Hamburg—"Here It Was the Lord of Glory"—How the Guilty Got Free—Christ Died, the Just for the Unjust	154
--	-----

## CHAPTER XI.

## SHOULD CONVERTED CHILDREN BE RECEIVED INTO THE CHURCH?

Dr. Andrew Bonar's Opinion—His Influence in Cincinnati—Direct Preaching of the Gospel—Substitution—Mr. Cecil's Experience—Remedy Forgotten—Use of Right Means—Importance of Personal Work—Child's Work for Jesus—"Lambs Should Not Be Left Out of the Fold"—Dr. A. J. Gordon	176
--	-----

## CHAPTER XII.

## CHRIST LIFTED UP.

Bible Reading for Children—Jesus' Love—Mother Dying for Child—How We Became Sinners—Adam and Eve—"None Righteous"—A Child Weeping—"Don't Listen to Her"—Brief Life of Jesus—"I Give Myself a Ransom"—Atoning Sacrifice—Speaking Through Interpreters—Radcliffe—Lord's Supper—Jerusalem—Dr. Jessup—Beirut—Crown of Thorns—The Painter and the Gypsy Girl—"I Know He Died for Me"—"I Am Going to Live with Him"—Young Martyr—Holland—"Father, Forgive Them"	191
---	-----

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE COVENANT.

Account of Its First Use—"I Will Put My Fear in Their Hearts, that They Shall Not Depart From Me"—"I Am Afraid to Sign It"—"I Am So Glad that I Signed It"—"Mamma, Are You Not Glad?"—"I remember the Card"—"You Had No Business to Sign That Covenant"—Zinzendorf in Prayer Six Years of Age—His Covenant—Martyrdom of Marius—"Give the Christians to the Lions"—Parting Words—Cardiff, Wales—Doctrine of Substitution—Letters from Missionaries—"DECISION DAY"—"Heart Filled with the Spirit"—How to Win Children to Christ Without an Evangelist—Dependence Upon the Spirit—Charles G. Finney—Work in Galveston—Four Ministers in St. Louis—How to Promote a Work of Grace	213
---	-----

## INTRODUCTION

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I AM sure that the Church of Jesus Christ is sadly neglecting the children. It is true that we have our Sunday schools and other organizations for the training of children in the knowledge of the Word and God, but there is not that definite work for their conversion that there should be.

No other form of Christian effort brings such immediate, such large, and such lasting results as work for the conversion of children. It has many advantages over other forms of work. First of all, children are more easily led to Christ than adults. In the second place, they are more likely to stay converted than those apparently converted at a later period of life. They also make better Christians, as they do not have so much to unlearn as those who have grown old in sin. They have more years of service before them. A man converted at sixty is a soul saved plus ten years of service; a child saved at ten is a soul saved plus sixty years of service.

I am greatly indebted in my ministry to Mr. Hammond's book on the conversion of children, which I read years ago. It has led me to work for the children, and this has resulted in many conversions to Christ. Years ago, when visiting Dr. Newman Hall's church in London, the leading workers there told me that many of their best workers in the church were those who had been converted as children in Mr. Hammond's meetings.

I hope this present book, "Early Conversion," will serve to stir up the ministers, parents, Sunday school teachers and other Christian workers of our land, to more aggressive and untiring efforts for the salvation of the young, and that with God's blessing it will lead many to Christ.

R. A. TORREY, Chicago.

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A FEW WORDS TO OUR YOUNG READERS.

This book has been written more especially for ministers, superintendents, Sunday school teachers, and Christian workers, but in part, also, for the YOUNG PEOPLE AND CHILDREN. I hope that you will read it, too, and find pleasure and a blessing in doing so. It contains many touching stories which you can understand. It might be read with profit in your Junior Endeavor meetings.

It contains numerous extracts from my addresses in various parts of the world to the children. Those conducting children's meetings might frequently read from it and find a blessing in so doing. A minister from England in speaking of one of my other books says: "One day last week about twenty girls retired to a class room, and one of them read aloud the third chapter. They told me afterwards that they could not help crying almost all the time, they were so affected with the stories and the application made of them."

If you are not a Christian this book will help you to see how Jesus has loved you and given Himself for you, and then it will help you to lead others to Him. I beg of you to read it with much prayer.

THE AUTHOR.

Just as this book is going to press, Mr. Hammond is beginning a series of meetings in Providence, R. I., and Rev. Robert Cameron, editor of *Watchword and Truth*, sends the following note to Rev. R. C. Miller, and as it has come into our hands we take the liberty of inserting it. It may lead some to read "Early Conversion" with more interest and stronger faith, and thus be led to put forth renewed efforts for the salvation of the young.

THE PUBLISHERS.

"DEAR BRO. MILLER: I am delighted to learn that you are to have Mr. Hammond in your church and in your locality. I have known him for over twenty years and have worked with him in my own church and in union meetings. He is one of the best men I ever knew. He always leaves a sweet taste in your mouth after he has gone—he does good and nothing but good while he is with you. It is hard to tell where the source of his power is—he reaches the high and low, rich and poor, the learned and the illiterate, the oldest and the youngest. The beauty of it all is, his converts 'stick!' There is no reaction after his meetings are closed. In my seven years of ministry in Denver, Colo., I met more 'pillars' of the church who had been converted in childhood at his meetings than those brought in by all other evangelists put together. He has a wonderful power of commanding the affections of children; you need never be afraid of the genuineness of the work of grace in their hearts under his ministry. I had my scruples about encouraging young people to enter the Church; but since my observations in Church work and the conversion of many children at five, at eight, and one at nine, my scruples have all vanished. I can say, with Spurgeon, that I never had to exclude from membership any one who had been brought to Christ in early childhood.

"Sincerely yours,

ROBERT CAMERON.

"PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 8th, 1900."



# EARLY CONVERSION

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## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY CONVERSION.

Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.—Matt. xviii. 10.

IF I consulted my feelings I should avoid referring to my own work. But it was on account of my long experience and the many facts that have come under my observation that I have been asked to write this book.

“Conversion of Children,” of a somewhat similar character, published by Morgan & Scott of London, and by the F. H. Revell Company, of Chicago, and translated into several different languages, has accomplished, I believe, an important work. Many by it have been induced to labor more directly and earnestly for the salvation of the young. Those who have read and used that book have expressed a desire that I should write another with fresh facts and of a similar character.

As I move about the country I notice that great efforts are often made for the conversion of a few hardened sinners, while the multitudes of little ones are neglected because, it is alleged, of their being too young to become Christians. My sister has just written me from Glasgow that, notwithstanding the great efforts made there last winter for the conversion of adults, comparatively few were led to Christ, while those who labored for the conversion of the young were richly blessed and many children were saved. Christ’s first command is “Feed My Lambs.” A farmer was once asked how it was that he had such a fine flock of sheep. He replied: “I take care of the lambs.” Is it not so with regard to the fold of Christ?

Children in our churches ought all to be led to Christ

before twelve years of age. All know that only the work of God's Spirit can do this. He is ready to work when His people will work with Him. A boy can be hanged in at least one of our States when only eight years of age. Yes! He can also die and be lost before that time.

The *Advance* of October 6, 1892, says: "Out of the seventy-one corporate members of the American Board of Missions nineteen were converted at so early an age that they were unable to remember it, while thirty-four were led to Jesus before fourteen years of age."

Chaplain (now Bishop) McCabe and I conducted the meetings one year at Round Lake, Saratoga, where hundreds were led to Christ. In addressing one of our meetings he told of his conversion at eight years of age.

Rev. H. H. Wells was a student in Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, when I held a series of meetings there in 1870. I encouraged him at that time to "do the work of an evangelist." He took my advice, and has been at it ever since. Years after he gave me an account of the conversion of his little daughter at the age of four and a half years. From that time she lived a thorough, consistent Christian life, and gave the clearest evidence of a change of heart until the time of her translation to a better world. In Syracuse I met the granddaughter of Phoebe Bartlett who, Jonathan Edwards says, was led to Christ and was a suitable candidate for church membership at four years of age. It was predicted that she would not hold out and that Jonathan Edwards would regret having published the story of her conversion. But she lived a consistent Christian life, and one of her descendants was Rev. Justin Edwards, who was honored by all who knew him.

I knew Frank Smith, son of Mrs. H. W. Smith, when a boy. His mother believed that he was truly converted at four years of age.

Dr. Hart, twenty-five years pastor of the Congregational church in West Haven, Connecticut, in some meetings I conducted in his church, astonished us by saying that he was truly converted at two and a half years of age. After the meeting I told him that I thought he had made a mistake in making such a statement and should explain

it to the people. But at our next meeting he repeated it and gave the reasons that he had for coming to that conclusion. It is stated that Voltaire became an infidel at five years of age.

While holding meetings in Oakland, California, Dr. R. E. Cole had charge of our covenant book. He was most careful not to allow any one to sign it until they gave a "reason for the hope that was in them with meekness and fear." Several ministers were often asked to examine those who came for a covenant card, which read: "I, the undersigned, believe I have found Jesus to be my precious Savior; and I promise, with His help, to live as His loving child and faithful servant all my life." He prepared the following table of the one thousand and fifty signers of the covenant during the first three weeks of the meetings in Oakland.

AGES.	NUMBER.
5 to 10.....	109
10 to 15.....	372
15 to 20.....	283
20 to 30.....	68
30 to 40.....	29
40 to 50.....	16
50 to 60.....	11
Over 60 .....	4
Not given.....	158
Total .....	<hr/> 1,050

At our meetings in Lawrence, Kansas, five hundred and twenty-eight signed the covenant, but over one thousand one hundred joined the churches. Over five hundred professed conversion during the first four days. I first began to use the covenant there, and many professed conversion who did not sign it. Jonathan Edwards in his youthful days wrote out a long covenant and signed it. He believed the words of Jesus, "Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess before My Father which is in Heaven." (Matt. x. 32.)

Mr. Spurgeon was a strong believer in the conversion of

children. During my three visits to London he always did what he could to assist in winning souls to Christ. He said to me one day: "Will you hold a series of meetings in my tabernacle?"

I at once replied: "No, I do not wish to do so."

"Why not?" said he.

"We are having full meetings in the other parts of the city. Baptist Noel's church and others of that size are filled night after night, and I would rather be in those churches, crowded full, than in your immense building and only have it half full."

He quickly replied: "If you will promise to hold meetings every night in the week in this tabernacle I will promise to fill it."

I was so much impressed with his manner of conversation that I answered, "With God's help we will hold the meetings."

Much prayer was offered the Sabbath before for God's blessing. Mr. Spurgeon preached a sermon on the conversion of children. It was immediately printed and scattered over London, and at the door of the weekly prayer meeting every Christian was urged to take a packet of them and distribute them in his neighborhood.

Mr. Spurgeon sent to sixteen Sunday schools in his vicinity, and said, "Each of your scholars can have a place in my tabernacle next Sunday if you will send teachers to sit with the children and to speak to them after Mr. Hammond has done preaching to them." The next Sunday afternoon as I pressed my way into the crowded tabernacle Deacon Olney said to me: "This building will seat six thousand adults, but there are to-day, without any doubt, crowded into it no less than eight thousand who will listen to and hear what you have to say. There are, I believe, at least three thousand outside who came here to get admittance but cannot do so."

Every child had one of my hymn books, and at the end of nearly every seat sat a Christian man or woman, ready to speak with those who would remain to the enquiry meeting. Nearly all did so.

Mrs. Bartlett, from whose Sunday school class nearly six hundred joined Mr. Spurgeon's church, was there

among the workers; pastors from all parts of the city, also, and above all the *Lord* was there with great power. There was no undue excitement, but very deep conviction produced by the Holy Spirit in answer to prayer, sending home the truth to many hearts. Night after night much the same scene was witnessed. I heard a man of much experience say that he believed during that week's meetings from two thousand to three thousand were convicted of sin and brought to Christ. Similar meetings had been held throughout the great metropolis of over five millions of people, and I believe volumes of prayers ascended from many hearts for a great blessing on those closing meetings in Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle. When I returned there about seventeen years afterward, Mr. Spurgeon told me of the permanent results of those meetings, and asked me to assist at the communion table. He thanked God for the great numbers that came into the Church through those meetings for the young seventeen years before. He said that many were now preaching the gospel who were converted at that time. During my last visit we held a series of meetings in one of Mr. Spurgeon's buildings, called Haddon Hall. Among the workers were many who had been converted in the previous meetings in Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle.

I am led by these facts to insert these good words from Mr. Spurgeon:

“‘And they brought young children to Him, that He should touch them: and His disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it He was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily, I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.’—Mark x, 13-16.

“It must be a very great sin indeed to hinder anybody from coming to Christ. He is the only way of salvation from the wrath of God, salvation from the terrible judgment that is due to sin. Who would dare to

keep the perishing from that way? To alter the sign-posts on the way to the city of refuge, or to dig a trench across the road, would have been an inhuman act, deserving the sternest condemnation. He who holds back a soul from Jesus is the servant of Satan, and is doing the worst of the devil's work.

"I. Let us describe the sin of hindering young children from coming to Christ: I believe that this act of the Apostles was caused by zeal for Jesus. These good men thought that the bringing of children to the Savior would cause an interruption. He was engaged in much better work: He had been confounding the Pharisees, instructing the masses, and healing the sick. Could it be right to pester Him with children? The little ones would not understand His teaching, and they did not need His miracles: why should they be brought in to disturb His great doings? The disciples had such reverence for their Master that they would send the prattlers away, lest the great Rabbi should seem to become a mere teacher of babes. This may have been a zeal for God, but it was not according to knowledge. Thus in these days certain brethren would hardly like to receive many children into the church, lest it should become a society of boys and girls. The outside world will call it a mere Sunday school.

"The apostles' rebuke of the children arose in a measure from ignorance of the children's need. If any mother in that throng had come with a sick or diseased child, the disciples would all have said: 'Make way for this woman and her sorrowful burden,' But these little ones with bright eyes, and prattling tongues, and leaping limbs, why should they come to Jesus? Ah, friends, they forgot that in those children, with all their joy, their health, and their apparent innocence, there was a great and grievous need for the blessing of a Savior's grace. If you indulge in the novel idea that children do not need conversion—that children born of Christian parents are somewhat superior to others, and have good within them which only needs development—one great motive for your devout earnestness will be gone. Believe me, your children need the Spirit of God to give them new hearts and right spirits, or else they will go astray as other children do.

“Also, no doubt, this feeling that children may not come to Christ may be derived from a doubt about their capacity to receive the blessing which Jesus is able to give. Upon this subject, if I were at this moment to deal with facts alone, and not with mere opinion, I could spend the whole day in giving details of young children whom I have known and personally conversed with—some of them very young children indeed. I will say broadly that I have more confidence in the spiritual life of the children that I have received into this church than I have in the spiritual condition of the adults thus received. I will even go further than that, and say that I have usually found a clearer knowledge of the gospel, and a warmer love to Christ, in the child-convert than in the man-convert. I will even astonish you still more by saying that I have sometimes met with a deeper spiritual experience in children of ten and twelve than I have in certain persons of fifty and sixty. It is an old proverb that some children are born with beards. Some boys are little men, and some girls are little old women. You cannot measure the lives of any by their ages.

“I knew a boy who, when he was fifteen, often heard old Christian people say, ‘That boy is sixty years old; he speaks with such insight into Divine truth.’ I believe that this youth at fifteen did know far more of the things of God, and of soul-travail, than any around him, whatever their age might be. I cannot tell you why it is, but so I do know it is, that some are old when they are young, and some are very green when they are old; some are wise when you would expect them to be otherwise, and others are very foolish when you might have expected that they had quitted their folly. Oh, dear friends, talk not of a child’s incapacity for repentance! I have known a child weep herself to sleep by the month together under a crushing sense of sin. If you would know a deep, and bitter, and awful fear of the wrath of God, let me tell you what I felt as a boy. If you would know joy in the Lord, many a child has been as full of it as his little heart could hold. If you want to know what faith in Jesus is, you must not look to those who have been bemuddled by the heretical

jargon of the times, but to the dear children who have taken Jesus at His word, and believed in Him, and therefore know and are sure that they are saved. Capacity for believing lies more in the child than in the man. We grow less rather than more capable of faith: every year takes the unregenerate mind further away from God, and makes it less capable of receiving the things of God.

"Some others hinder the children because they are forgetful of the child's value. The soul's price does not depend upon its years. 'Oh, it is only a child!' 'Children are a nuisance.' 'Children are always getting in the way.' This talk is common. God forgive those who despise the little ones. Will you be very angry if I say that a boy is more worth saving than a man? It is infinite mercy on God's part to save those who are seventy; for what good can they now do with the fag-end of their lives? When we get to be fifty or sixty we are almost worn out, and if we have spent all our early days with the devil what remains for God? But these dear boys and girls—there is something to be made out of them. If now they yield themselves to Christ, they may have a long, happy and holy day before them in which they may serve God with all their hearts.

"Who knows what glory God may have of them. Heathen lands may call them blessed. Whole nations may be enlightened by them. If a famous schoolmaster was accustomed to take his hat off to his boys because he did not know whether one of them might not be Prime Minister, we may justly look with awe upon converted children, for we do not know how soon they may be among the angels or how greatly their light may shine among men. Let us estimate children at their true valuation and we shall not keep them back, but we shall be eager to lead them to Jesus at once.

"II. Secondly, concerning this hindering of children, let us watch its action. I think the result of this sad feeling about children coming to the Savior is to be seen, first, in the fact that often there is nothing in the service for the children. The sermon is over their heads, and the preacher does not think that this is any fault; in fact, he rather rejoices that it is so. Some time ago a person who wanted,

I suppose, to make me feel my own insignificance, wrote to say that he had met with a number of negroes who had read my sermons with evident pleasure; and he wrote that he believed they were very suitable for what he was pleased to call 'niggers.' Yes, my preaching was just the sort of stuff for niggers. The gentleman did not dream what sincere pleasure he caused me; for if I am understood by poor people, by servant-girls, by children, I am sure I can be understood by others. I think nothing greater than to win the hearts of the lowly. So with regard to children. People occasionally say of such a one, 'He is only fit to teach children; he is no preacher.' Sirs, I tell you that in God's sight he is no preacher who does not care for the children. There should be at least a part of every sermon and service that will suit the little ones.

"Another result is that the conversion of children is not expected in many of our churches and congregations. I mean, that they do not expect the children to be converted as children.

"The theory is that if we can impress youthful minds with principles which may in after years prove useful to them, we have done a great deal; but to convert children as children, and to regard them as being as much believers as their seniors, is regarded as absurd. To this supposed absurdity I cling with all my heart. I believe that of children is the kingdom of God, both on earth and in heaven. It is a sacred joy to me to know that certain boys and girls who come here make it a habit of praying for me. Some of you old folks do not pray for your pastor; but these children do, for they love their pastor, and he, on his part, highly values their prayers. Happy church which is adorned and blessed by prayers of dear children who early learn to cry to the Great Father for the hallowing of His name and the coming of His kingdom! We expect to see children converted, and we do see it.

"Another ill result is that the conversion of children is not believed in. Certain suspicious people always file their teeth a bit when they hear of a newly converted child: they will have a bite at him if they can. They very rightly insist upon it that these children should be carefully examined before they are baptized and admitted into the

church; but they are wrong in insisting that only in exceptional instances are they to be received. How often do people expect to see in boys and girls the same solemnity of behavior which is seen in adults.

"A very solemn person once called me from the playground after I had joined the church and warned me of the impropriety of playing at trap, bat, and ball with the boys.

"Do not others expect from children more perfect conduct than they themselves exhibit? If a gracious child should lose his temper, or act wrongly in some trifling thing through forgetfulness, straightway he is condemned as a little hypocrite by those who are a long way from being perfect themselves. Jesus says, 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones.' Take heed that ye say not an unkind word against your younger brethren in Christ, your little sisters in the Lord. Jesus sets such great store by His dear lambs that He carries them in His bosom; and I charge you who follow your Lord in all things to show a like tenderness and love for the little ones of the Divine family.

"III. And now let us notice, thirdly, how Jesus condemned this fault. He condemned it as contrary to His own spirit. 'They brought young children to Him, that He should touch them; and His disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased.' He was not often displeased. Certainly He was not often 'much displeased,' and when He was 'much displeased,' we may be sure that the cause was serious. He was displeased at these children being pushed away from Him, for it was so contrary to His mind about them. The disciples did wrong to the mothers; they rebuked the parents for doing a motherly act—for doing, in fact, that which Jesus loved them to do. They brought their children to Jesus out of respect to Him: they valued a blessing from His hands more than gold; they expected that the benediction of God would go with His touch. He was therefore much displeased to think that those good women who meant Him honor, should be roughly repulsed.

"He made them see this; for 'He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.' All

His life long there is nothing in Him like rejection and refusing. He saith truly, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' If He did cast out any because they were too young, the text would be falsified at once: but that can never be. He is the receiver of all who come to Him. It is written, 'This Man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.' All His life He might be drawn as a shepherd with a lamb in his bosom; never as a cruel shepherd setting his dogs upon the lambs and driving them and their mothers away."

## CHAPTER II.

## WILL THEY BE KEPT.

No man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand.—John x. 29.

WHEN years ago, I began to labor among children, I found those who were sceptical as to the permanent results of such efforts. As years have passed my faith has continually been strengthened in meeting so many who have been ready to tell of the permanency of the results of the services God has permitted me to conduct. If, in answer to prayer, the Holy Spirit convicts of sin and really brings children to Christ, why should we not expect that they should "be kept by the power of God unto salvation." My experience teaches me that children are not more likely to be deceived than adults; that, on the whole, they hold out better. It stands to reason they should. They have not so many bad habits to break away from. A bit of experience with regard to the children's meetings I held the second time in London bears upon this subject.

In the summer of 1864 I was sitting under a shade tree near the Mountain House in the Catskill Mountains, reading a book, when a gentleman passing asked me if I could tell him the way to Eagle Rock. I replied that I would be happy to *show* him the way. The consequence was that we spent the forenoon together, conversing mostly upon religious topics and scenes and persons that we were both acquainted with in other lands. We did not learn each other's names until we returned to the hotel, when he introduced me to his wife, Mrs. E. D. G. Prime, daughter of Dr. Goodell, of Constantinople. Dr. Prime told me that his brother was writing a sequel to "The Power of Prayer," and asked if I had anything on the subject of answers to prayer and concerning the conversion of children. I gave

him a copy of "The Harvest Work of the Holy Spirit," and referred him to some facts, which he put into his book.

Four years after, in 1868, I received a letter from the Honorable and Reverend Baptist Noel, of London, a brother of the Earl of Gainsborough, saying that he had been reading "Five Years of Prayer," by Dr. Prime, which had been republished in England, and that his heart was deeply moved in hearing of what God had been doing by His Holy Spirit in the conversion of children in America. In his letter he requested me to come to London and hold a series of meetings similar to those of which he had read in America. He said that he believed that other churches would unite, and the work would spread through the city, and though it might begin with the children it would not end there. The invitation was accepted. I found Baptist Noel surrounded with a most earnest, consecrated band of Christian men and women. They had great confidence in their pastor, nearly seventy years of age. He had long been with them, and they seemed ready at once to comply with every request he made. Much prayer was offered for a great blessing. When the children's meetings commenced, on Sunday afternoon, his large church was crowded in every part. The Spirit of God manifested itself with mighty power; it is not too much to say, that at the very first meeting hundreds were bathed in tears. The one theme was THE LOVE OF JESUS in giving Himself to die for us. On Monday the same scene was repeated; the aisles were so crowded in the inquiry meeting, to which nearly every one remained, that it was difficult to move about. All day Tuesday I was troubled with regard to the best method of conducting the second meeting. In my own mind, I was satisfied that a division ought to be made of those who were anxious from those who were rejoicing in Christ, yet I was fearful to propose this division lest Mr. Noel should not approve of it. I feared lest I should do any thing to forfeit the confidence of this good man. I felt that, if I were to labor in London for some length of time, it was very important I should have the co-operation of this man, who, if he had remained in the Episcopal Church, many believe, would have been bishop of London. In the evening of that day,

as I entered the church, it presented the same crowded appearance. Mr. Noel touched me upon the shoulder and invited me to his study. In his quiet manner he said, "I found, as did also others, that there were a large number of children in the meeting yesterday who had evidently experienced a change of heart. It seems to me, therefore, that it would be wise to call those who have been converted into the side room and then let them come out upon the platform, that their parents and teachers may see that they have 'the witness of the Spirit' and are not ashamed to confess Christ."

I replied, "That is just what I desired all day, but I was afraid to propose it, fearing it might not meet your approval. I think," said I, "that it is natural and proper, but I would rather you would propose it."

"I will willingly do so," he replied.

At the close of the address he asked the children who had been converted to meet us in the side room. I at once arose and warned the children against self-deception, and told them that if any went into the room among the young converts who had not been converted, they would tell a terrible falsehood.

I dwelt at some length upon the spiritual evidences of a change of heart, and to make it doubly sure, I requested five or six judicious men and ministers to act as gate-keepers, and to allow none to pass through until they were examined with as great care and as thoroughly as if they were to join the church immediately. A long time was spent in examining two hundred and thirty. We then followed them into the vestry and there reexamined them. Still, we could not induce any of the two hundred and thirty to go back into their seats. Mr. Noel then opened another door, and, like a shepherd followed by a flock of lambs, he walked up on the large elevated platform, with all these children following him. Many parents in the gallery were in tears as they pointed out one or more of their children, saying, "There is our dear child." Some who were not Christians found themselves under deep conviction and felt a stronger desire to be followers of Jesus than they had ever experienced before. The same thing was repeated the next day, and just about one hundred more were added.

Mr. Noel printed a great deal upon the subject which was read all over Great Britain. He thoroughly endorsed the work, and expressed his conviction repeatedly that it was not of man but most unmistakably the work of the Holy Spirit. At the end of three weeks he gave a soiree (he was a man of wealth) in the church, to which he allowed none to come except those who gave evidence, after having been watched and examined by their Sunday school teachers, that they had experienced God's regenerating grace in their hearts. The number who were allowed to come, though many were turned away, was about three hundred.

At the end of a year I returned there, and at the close of the first meeting I requested that those children, and only those, who one year before were examined as young converts and allowed to go into the side room, and from thence to the platform, should do the same again. To the delight of all, and the astonishment, no doubt, of some, those *same children* were there, the number nearly as large as one year before; and with that same confidence and humility they stood upon the platform again. It was a most impressive sight, one which those who witnessed will not soon forget. We spoke with many of those dear children personally, and found that though some of them had passed through severe trials and at times been almost ready to give up their hope in Christ, they had nevertheless heard the loving Jesus repeatedly saying to them, "I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE NOR FORSAKE THEE."

I have, in one way and another, heard from many of them. My heart has often been rejoiced to learn of their progress in the divine life. One of those dear children was burned to death, but though she went home in a chariot of fire, she was heard to sing amidst all her suffering,

*Jesus! take this heart of mine,  
Make it pure and wholly Thine;  
Thou hast bled and died for me,  
I will henceforth live for Thee.*

NOTE FROM DR. S. M. CAMPBELL, ROCHESTER.

It was officially reported at the State Sunday School

Convention in Troy, the fall after those union meetings in Rochester, that one thousand and one from the Sunday school alone joined the churches. Dr. S. M. Campbell gives a full report with regard to his own church. Mr. Baxter, editor of the *London Religious Herald*, told me in London that he travelled extensively through New York State during those union meetings at Rochester and made an effort to gather the facts with regard to the number of probable conversions. I was astonished when he stated he believed that as the direct and indirect results of the meetings we conducted in some of the principal cities of New York State there could not have been less than forty thousand. The meetings began in Dr. Hatfield's church in the city of New York, then were held in Dr. Cuyler's and Dr. Buddington's churches in Brooklyn; afterward in Utica and places in that locality, then in Rochester and vicinity, Auburn, Lockport and Buffalo. The far-extended blessings of God upon those meetings that winter cannot be estimated.

When in Savannah, Georgia, I heard much about the visit of John Wesley, who was there as a preacher for about one and one-half years. I have it upon good authority that when he returned to Great Britain he said he he was sent to Savannah to preach the gospel when he himself had never been converted. About that time Count Zinzendorf fell in with him and was enabled to lead him to understand the great doctrine of justification by faith. John Wesley soon began to preach Christ and Him crucified. Every one knows that he is generally regarded as the founder of the Methodist Church.

May it not therefore be said that the conversion of the Gipsy girl, recorded in another chapter, was one of the links in the chain which led to the establishment of the Methodist Church? This little girl was certainly the means of the conversion of the German painter, by her persistent questioning about Jesus. After he had seen Christ as his Savior he was able to paint as he had never done before and to depict the sufferings of Christ in such a manner as to move Zinzendorf to lay himself entirely upon God's altar, and then he was the agent in leading John Wesley to Christ. Surely God's Word is true: "A little child shall

lead them." It is no wonder that our Savior has said: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones."

During the meetings just held in August, 1900, in Lowell, Mass., my heart was cheered again and again with persons telling me of their conversion in other places where I have held services.

One teacher in a modest way stood on the platform and told of her conversion at the meetings I had held in that church fifteen years before. Another said: "I was converted in the meeting you held in the church where George Whitfield held his last service (Newburyport). I went with you down into the crypt where his body rested. At that time I gave my heart to Jesus with many others. I have kept track of them as far as I could and with few exceptions, they have remained steadfast."

Two years ago I spent the winter in Nebraska, Minnesota, South Dakota and Chicago, holding meetings in some forty different cities and towns. Part of the time I was with the Rev. J. B. Currens, who was for ten years a missionary of the Presbyterian Church. He insisted upon my going with him. He often went a day or two in advance to prepare the way. We frequently saw from fifty to one hundred led to Christ in a single meeting. The people knew that we could only remain with them about three days, so they came out at once, and the buildings were generally crowded. We hardly visited a place where there was not at least one or two to testify that they had been led to Christ in meetings God had permitted me to conduct in other places. We finally started for Deadwood and Lead City, Dakota, on some accounts remarkable places. As we slowly pressed our way up the mountain through the snow I had a feeling that we were far from home and could not expect to see any familiar faces.

The conductor of the Pullman car said to me:

"Did you not conduct meetings in Utica, New York, more than thirty years ago?"

I replied that I did.

"Did you hold meetings in Dr. P. H. Fowler's church?"

"Yes, indeed."

His face brightened up, as he exclaimed: "That was the first time I ever saw Jesus bleeding and dying on

the cross for me, and my heart went out in love to Him."

"Have you been faithful?" I asked.

"Not as faithful as I should have been; but the belief that I at that time repented of my sins, believed in Jesus and experienced a change of heart has never left me. I, too, am going on to Deadwood and will do all I can to help on your meetings during the short time I am there."

As we approached the city, where there has been so much gambling and so much Sabbath breaking, I felt that I had at least one friend in the person of this Pullman car conductor. I thought of Jesus' words, "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish" (Matt. xviii. 14).

#### JACK'S FIDELITY.

There was held in Hartford, Conn., a convention of the Colored Baptist Association of New England. I was invited to address one of the sessions. To show what those converted in early life are sometimes enabled to endure by God's grace, I related the following story. J. D. Husbands, a lawyer of Rochester, New York, assured me that the facts are perfectly true.

It was in the days of Southern slavery, when Willie, the master's son, brought home a spelling book. A little slave boy, Jack, asked:

"What's dat, Willie?"

"That's a spelling book, Jack."

"What's de spellin' book for?"

"To learn how to read."

"How's you do it?"

"We learn those things first."

And so Jack learned A B C, etc., mastered the spelling book and then learned to read a little, though the law forbade any colored person to do it.

One day Willie brought home a little black book and Jack said, "What's dat, Willie?"

"That is the New Testament that tells about Jesus."

And ere long Jack learned to read the New Testament, and when he read that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in

Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," and that He really loved us and died for us, and that "if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins," his heart went out in love to Jesus. He believed in Him, his sins were forgiven, his heart was changed, and he became a happy Christian.

Though a mere child, he at once began to tell others of Jesus' love. When he became a young man, he was still at work for the Lord. He used to go to the neighboring plantation, read his bible and explain it to the people.

One day the master said to him: "Jack, I hear you go off preaching on Sunday."

"Yes, Mas'r, I must tell sinners how Jesus died on de cross for us."

"Jack, if you go off preaching on Sunday I'll tell you what I'll do on Monday."

"What will you do on Monday, Mas'r?"

"I'll tie you to that tree, take this whip, and flog all this religion out of you."

Jack knew his master was a determined man, but when he thought of Christ's sufferings for us, and heard his Lord saying unto him, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," he resolved to continue his work for the Lord the next Sunday.

With his New Testament in hand he went down to the plantation and told them his master might whip him half to death the next day, but if he did he would not suffer more than Christ had suffered for us.

The next morning his master said, "Jack, I hear you were preaching again yesterday."

"Yes, Mas'r. I must go and tell sinners how Jesus was whipped that we might go free."

"But, Jack, I told you if you went off preaching on Sunday I should whip you on Monday, and now I will do it."

Blow after blow fell upon Jack's back, while oaths fell from the master's lips and he said, "There, Jack, I don't believe you will preach next Sunday. Now go down to the cotton field and go to work."

When the next Sunday came, Jack could not stand straight, his back was so covered with scars and sores. But

with his Testament in hand, he stood before the people of the plantation and said, "Mas'r, whip me mose ter death last Monday an' I don' know but he will kill me to-morrow, but if he does I shall not suffer more than Jesus did, when He died on the cross for us."

Monday morning the master called him and said, "Jack, I hear you have been preaching again."

"Yes, Mas'r, I must go an' tell sinners how Christ was wounded for our transgressions, how He sweat drops of blood for us in the garden an' wore that cruel crown of thorns that we might wear a crown of joy in heaven."

"But I don't want to hear you preaching. Now bare your back and take the flogging I told you I should give you if you went off preaching."

Fast flew the cruel lashes until Jack's back was covered with blood.

"Now, Jack, go down to the cotton fields and go to work. I reckon you'll never want to preach again."

When next Sunday came Jack's back was in a terrible condition. But, hobbling along, he found his way to his friends in the neighboring plantation and said:

"Mas'r whipped me almost to death last Monday, but if I can get you to come to Jesus and love Him I am willing to die for your sake to-morrow."

If there were scoffers there, do you not think they were led to believe there was a reality in religion? If any were there who were inclined to think that ministers preach only when they get money for it, don't you think they changed their minds when they saw what wages Jack got?

Many were in tears, and no doubt some gave themselves to that Savior for whose sake Jack was willing, if need be, to die the death of a martyr.

Next morning the master called Jack and said: "Make bare your back again, for I told you that just as sure as you went off preaching I would whip you till you gave it up."

The master raised the ugly whip, and as he looked at Jack's back, all lacerated, he could find no new place to strike, and said, "What do you do it for, Jack? You know that as surely as you go off preaching on Sunday I will

whip you most to death the next day. No one pays you anything for it. All you get is a terrible flogging, which is taking your life away from you."

"Yer ax me, Mas'r, what I'se doin' it for. I'll tell yer, Mas'r. I'se goin' to take all dose stripes an' all dose scars, Mas'r, up to Jesus by-an'-by to show Him how faithful I'se been, 'cause He loved you an' me, Mas'r, an' bled an' died on the cross for you an' me, Mas'r."

The whip dropped and that master could not strike another blow. In a subdued tone he said, "Go down in the cotton field."

Do you think Jack went away cursing his master, saying, "O Lord, send him down to hell for all his cruelty to me."

No! No! His prayer was, "Lord, forgive him, for Jesus Christ's sake."

About three o'clock a messenger came down to the cotton field, crying, "Mas'r's dyin'! Mas'r's dyin'! Come quick, Jack, Mas'r's dyin'!"

There in his private room, Jack found his master on the floor in agony, crying, "O, Jack, I'm sinking down to hell. Pray for me! Pray for me!"

"I'se been prayin' for you all de time, Mas'r. You mus' pray for yourse'f."

"I don't know how to pray, Jack. I know how to swear, but I don't know how to pray."

"You mus' pray, Mas'r."

And finally they both prayed, and God revealed Christ on the cross to him, and then and there he became a changed man.

A few days after he called Jack to him and said, "Jack, here are your freedom papers. They give you your liberty. Go and preach the gospel wherever you will and may the Lord's blessing go with you."

While telling this story at the convention I noticed a man, perhaps sixty years of age, with quite gray hair, who was deeply moved. When I had finished he sprang to his feet and with a clear but tremulous voice said:

"I stand for Jack. Mr. Hammond has been speaking of me. He has been trying to tell of my sufferings, but he cannot describe the terrible agony I endured at the

hands of my master, who, because I was determined to preach the gospel on the plantations around us, every Monday morning for three weeks called me up and laid the cruel lash upon my back with his own hands until my back was like raw beef. But God helped me to pray for him, until he was forgiven and saved through Christ. And, thank God, Jack still lives."

I have given you only a few of his burning words, but I can tell you there were many eyes filled with tears during this touching scene, which will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

LED TO CHRIST IN CHILDHOOD, NOW FAITHFUL  
MISSIONARIES.

"When you were holding services at Pittsburg, Pa., in the South Side Presbyterian church, my wife and I, then both children of about eleven years, gave ourselves to Christ.

"I well remember how one afternoon you told any who wanted to come to Jesus to remain, and some one would talk with them.

"How a playmate and I remained in our seat, but no one approached us. How as some of the ladies were passing out one said to me: 'Well, how did you enjoy the meeting?' I said: 'No one talked with us.' She called a faithful elder and told him about us. After some conversation with him, and prayer, we gave ourselves to Christ.

"The Lord has kept me ever since.

"There are a number, one now an elder, who have been kept by the power of God since your labors there.

"My wife and I returned last May from Kora, Asia, where we have been preaching the gospel for the past six and a half years, under the Presbyterian Board. In September we met your niece, Miss Mary Hammond, here, and had many pleasant talks together about our work.

"Count us among your children in Christ, and those we lead to Him as your grandchildren in Him.

"FRED S. MILLER."

## AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE OF ONE WHO KEPT THE FAITH.

While in Leavenworth, Kan., years ago a girl of thirteen years listened to all that was said of the story of Jesus' love. Her heart melted. At last she was led to put her whole trust in Jesus. Years afterward, I found her again in Saginaw, Mich., an earnest worker for Christ and doing all she could to lead others to Him. She wrote me a beautiful letter which is full of instruction for young and old. I wish every reader of this experience might be led to give himself to Christ.

“SAGINAW, MICH.

“MY DEAR MR. HAMMOND: I have had a great desire to express my gratitude to you for what you have done for my soul.

“It was when you held those wonderful meetings in Leavenworth, Kan. I was then thirteen years of age and I well remember what a godless place Leavenworth was at that time. But before the meetings closed the city was shaken from ‘centre to circumference’ by the Spirit of God.

“The Baptist church, which held over a thousand people, was crowded night after night, and often the church across the way was full of those who could not find standing room where you were speaking. I also remember that while you were preaching in that church a great many Christians were wont to meet in some other church and ask God to pour out His Spirit upon that meeting. I think God answered those prayers and gave you power to reveal Christ to the sinner, for hundreds came to a saving knowledge of Jesus, and I was among that number. But I did not come out on the Lord's side for several weeks because I feared that when the meeting was over my interest would die out and I should bring dishonor to His cause.

“One afternoon you told us about the Spirit striving with us and that if we kept rejecting Him, there would come a time when He would leave us and never come to us again. At the inquiry meeting the choir sang ‘Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,’ and when they sang the words, ‘Too late, too late will be the cry, Jesus of Nazareth has passed by,’ it came to me very forcibly that Jesus was

passing by and if I did not then call to Him for help it might be too late the next day, for I knew that His Spirit had been striving with me for some time. So I then and there decided that I would give my heart to Jesus, and that evening, when the invitation was given for those who wished to become Christians, that I would rise. My father was not in sympathy with the meetings; he thought it was all excitement, and that children did not understand what they were doing. Mother and I had tried to have him attend some of the meetings, but without success. That night, without any invitation, from me at least, father said he would go with us.

"My heart sank at once, and I kept thinking all through the meeting, 'Can I ever stand up before my father?' And I suppose it was the evil one who whispered that it would be just as well if I did not until the next evening. But that verse came to me which says, 'Whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny My Father which is in Heaven.' And that decided the matter for me. When I rose peace filled my heart and I felt no fear of what my father might say of me, neither did I fear that I should not remain steadfast, for I felt that Jesus had accepted me.

"And, oh, what an ingathering there was at the churches after you left us, and, as far as I know, the most of the conversions were genuine, and the people of Leavenworth are feeling the influence of those meetings to-day. I remember that when you left I wept very bitterly, I thought I should never see you again till I met you with the Redeemer. So you can imagine my surprise when I heard you were coming to Saginaw. I said to my husband, 'Oh, I'm so sorry that we have not a larger church here, for I know that the Presbyterian church will not hold all who will want to come.' I thank God for what He has done for us in these last few days, but I felt that He has much more in store, if we only continue in prayer.

"Yours affectionately, ANNA RICHARDSON DAVIS."

Have you, my young friend, given your heart to Jesus? If not I beg of you to do so at once. It may soon be too late.

## BISHOP MARVIN'S DAUGHTER FAITHFUL TO CHRIST.

Bishop Marvin was one of the most eloquent men in the Methodist Church. Before he was well known he preached one morning to a large audience, but though he was a stranger in the place and had come some distance to supply the pulpit, yet no one invited him to dinner till a colored man requested him to come to his humble abode. He accepted the invitation cheerfully. Years after, when he had become famous as an orator and a bishop, he preached again in that same pulpit. Large crowds were moved by his stirring words, and when the service was over numbers pressed forward and, taking him by the hand, invited him to dine with them. He said, "No, I have an engagement to-day," and walked toward the door, where his old colored friend was waiting for him, and together they found their way to his home. This bishop resided in St. Louis when I was there twenty years ago. As his daughter was present at one of our services I said to her, "Are you a Christian?" In a hesitating manner she answered, "I—hope—so." I asked, "Why not know so?" These words never left her till she was led to feel her lost condition and the necessity of a change of heart.

In one of the recent meetings I was conducting in St. Louis this same daughter of Bishop Marvin approached me and said, "I have come 104 miles, from Fredericktown, Mo., to thank you for asking me those two questions." She had since been a most useful missionary in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. I have just received from her an interesting letter, a few sentences of which I venture to quote:

"Returning home that evening, I remarked to a friend, 'Mr. Hammond ought not to have spoken to me in that manner. I am indignant.' I smile now as I recall how I tried to persuade myself that I was indignant. Silly pride, indeed!

"The more I thought of your words, which you uttered as if you really felt for me, and in a kindly manner that touched my heart, the more the Spirit of God convinced

me that I was not a Christian and that experimentally I knew nothing of the love of Christ in my heart, until I saw and felt that Christ had loved me and given Himself to bleed and die in my stead on the cross. My heart went out in love to Him and I was ready to say, 'Yes, I am a Christian.' The result of those meetings in St. Louis is felt to this day. The work of God's Spirit extended to the regions beyond. Many times have I thought of you, and thanked God that you were led to speak to me in the manner you did. If I had passed out that first night, as I intended to do, without allowing any one to speak to me, I should probably not have returned again, and I might have passed through that marvelous work of God's Spirit without being led to Christ. While in Brazil trying to lead those who know nothing of a spiritual life, who are in darkness and superstition—for as in the Catholic countries so in Brazil, the ignorance of the people is the policy of the Church—I tried to impress the thought, the Holy Spirit will abide in our hearts if we truly repent of our sins and trust in Christ as our only Savior, and then seek day by day to do His will. Then when we witness for Jesus our ringing, clear testimony will have no uncertain sound. And to any one asking the question, 'Are you a Christian?' we shall be able to answer, 'Yes, I know in whom I have believed and am persuaded He will keep that which I have committed unto Him,' and so be ready to give a reason for the hope that is within me with meekness and fear.

"Many places in Brazil are ready and waiting for missionaries, but too few workers are ready to enter in and take possession of the land. The Brazilians are a kind-hearted people and given to hospitality. Books for young people are not found in their homes, except occasionally. There are very few religious books, especially for the young, translated into their language. The Book of Life is seldom found, save now and then in the homes of those who have been taught by Protestants the great need of the Book as a daily companion."

These words may be read by those who are not conscious of having experienced a change of heart, and who

therefore hesitate to say, "I know in whom I have believed."

May I be allowed to ask such, "Why not know that you are a Christian?" If you will with sorrow in your heart for your sins look away to the cross and see the dear Savior bearing the punishment for your sins in His own body on the tree you will soon be able to testify that you have passed from death unto life and be able to sing for joy:

*"In His own body on the tree  
He bore my guilt and shame,  
'Twas there He suffered death for me,  
I plead alone His name."*

#### THE INQUIRY MEETING.

Miss Campbell, the gifted authoress of "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By," attended nearly all the meetings in Newark for five weeks.

Some of her best hymns were inspired by the scenes she then witnessed and have since been sung by thousands all over the world.

We make a few extracts from one of her lengthy articles to the *Sunday School Times* over the familiar signature of "Etta."

"At the first touch of the match the fire has burst forth into a mighty flame, and multitudes are rejoicing in its light. Those who as Sabbath school teachers have been for years sowing the good seed in sadness are now reaping, joyfully, an abundant harvest, while all over the city happy, grateful households are praising God for His mercy and love in bringing their dear ones, some of whom were wilful, wayward wanderers, into the fold of the Good Shepherd.

"Meetings have been held every afternoon, at which as many as two thousand children and adults have been gathered. All denominations unite in the movement, the ministers generally co-operating heartily. Our largest churches are daily crowded to overflowing, every seat and standing place in the aisles and galleries being occupied

long before the appointed hour; and very earnest and thoughtful is the aspect of the great mass of youthful faces, which are fixed intently upon the speaker, as he tells them of the love of Jesus to children. The attention of a restless child, by a few simple words, is arrested and held in fixed contemplation of a single truth until the heart is melted with penitence and drawn out in love to the suffering Savior, who is constantly presented to view. Mr. Hammond believes in the conversion of children, that they are capable of appreciating the claims of God upon them, of understanding the great doctrines of gospel truth, when clearly and forcibly explained, and of yielding themselves up heartily to their Savior. Believing, too, in the power of prayer and the promise of Christ to give the Holy Spirit to all who ask it, he prays and labors as if he expected the blessing would descend. There is a practical infidelity on this point among Christian laborers for the young. We sow the seed and think perhaps it will take root and spring up some day, though we hardly expect to see it. We pray because it is our duty, not from an abiding faith in the promise of God to answer prayer. We say of our children, they are wild and careless, we cannot expect them to think of these things now, but possibly as they grow older they may, and so we become listless and indifferent workers in our Lord's vineyard, expecting no immediate results, and consequently experiencing none.

“He spends no time in generalities, but leads their minds to consider some special point of doctrine, enforced and illustrated by a simple story, which fixes the attention, until it is thoroughly comprehended and appreciated in its practical bearings, upon each individual heart. He dwells mainly upon the two great truths of sin and a Savior,<sup>a</sup> always appealing to the bible and their own consciences for the support of his assertions. He reads a portion of Scripture at every meeting, commenting upon it in familiar language, and selects some one passage as the basis of his remarks, which is repeated over and over by the children, with the chapter and verse where it is found, so that they cannot fail to remember it. These texts are reviewed at each subsequent meeting and thus are more indelibly impressed upon the mind and memory.

“Again, he presents Christ as a real, a living Savior, crucified for their transgressions—not for the sins of men and women only, but for the sins of children, too,—for their sins—thus arousing a personal interest in the loving Redeemer, who has given His life for them. A little girl said to her mother, after listening to the address, ‘It seems almost as if we had seen Jesus. He seemed to be right there before us.’ He portrays vividly the scene of Christ’s sufferings, and shows them their guilt and ingratitude in rejecting such a Savior, and in slighting such wondrous love; then, while their hearts are warm and tender, he makes a personal application and urges upon them an immediate surrender of themselves to Jesus. This appeal is made still more effectual by the inquiry meetings, which always follow the general exercises, when there is a direct contact with individual minds, and many a young inquirer is led at once to a hearty consecration to the Savior.

“He guards them against the danger of self-righteousness—points out the folly of trying to work out their own salvation, and teaches the sufficiency of Christ’s righteousness. ‘Jesus paid it all, all the debt I owe.’ ‘Cast your deadly doing down, down at Jesus’ feet,’ is the sentiment infused into their hearts and minds at every meeting.

“Then, again, they are brought into a direct and close connection with the throne of grace and taught to utter the fresh desires of their hearts for pardon and acceptance in simple child-language. One of the most touching and beautiful exercises at the meetings is the united prayer of the children, as they reverently, and with manifest feeling, follow Mr. Hammond in a few simple petitions. Many a dear child who has never known what it was to pray, many who have had no Christian mother to teach them even a formula of prayer, have now learned the way to the mercy-seat and realized the blessedness of communion with an unseen but present Savior.

“They are taught, too, to sing with the spirit and the understanding. The simple, stirring hymns are suited to their capacities and are clearly explained until they understand every word. They know what they are singing, and it is no dull, lifeless exercise. It is enough to kindle a glow of enthusiasm in the coldest heart to hear their ring-

ing voices as they sing so heartily, 'Jesus is mine,' 'Come to Jesus.' It gives us an idea of heaven, where thousands of children stand around the throne singing 'Glory!' And these same touching airs are pervading the community, floating in the atmosphere, sounding through our homes—who can tell what may be the result!

"And then the persuasive power of the whole movement is love, not fear. One mother said, 'My children shall not attend the meetings. I don't want them frightened into religion.' But she had not been present herself and knew nothing of the spirit of love and harmony which characterizes them. It is the love of Jesus in dying for sinners, tenderly set before the children, which melts their young hearts, and wins from them a reciprocal emotion. This is evident from the tone of the hundreds of letters which have been handed in to Mr. Hammond—the fresh outpourings of the love of new-born souls. 'When I heard of the love of Jesus, I saw what a sinner I was not to love Him;' 'When you talked about the dear Jesus I couldn't help loving Him; He is so good,' and similar expressions fill these little notes. There is often a deep conviction of sin, but it is the effect of a vision of the cross. It is the goodness and love of God leading to repentance.

"This mode of working is earnest, direct, loving, personal, practical, accompanied by apt, forcible illustrations and fervent prayer for the blessing of the Holy Spirit to make it effectual. And success is abundant. We have reason to thank God for it. A new and powerful impulse has been given to the work of salvation among the young. Sabbath school teachers are encouraged and strengthened, and are learning lessons in the best method of leading the little ones to Jesus, which will be invaluable to them. The practical unbelief in the conversion of young children, which existed in many minds, is being swept away by the tide of convincing evidence which is pouring in upon us. God grant that it may never cease!                   ETTA."

SURREY CHAPEL, LONDON.

Mr. Samuel Tyler next addressed the meeting and was happy to bear his testimony to the work of grace

which had been going on since Mr. Hammond's visit, now nearly three months ago. The first thing that surprised him was that the Christians of the present day have so little faith in the conversion of children. They will toil and labor and pray year after year for this very thing and when the answer comes and the gracious influence descends they are afraid it is all excitement. It is so unusual to see a hundred or two of children weeping for their sins that they are afraid it cannot be real, so they must wait awhile and see whether it is a work of the Lord, and actually grieve that those who see in it an answer to the prayer of faith are so sadly led away. He would not say a word unkindly to such, but he verily believed their Master would say to them, as He did to those of old, "O ye of little faith, wherefore did ye doubt?" The question is, Can the Holy Spirit convert a child, or can He not? And yet it is almost blasphemous or sceptical to raise such a question. Is it at all likely that God should allow His zealous servants to labor year after year without results? Does it become mortal, insignificant man to limit the operation of the Almighty Spirit of God because some one comes to work in an almost totally different manner, so that hundreds of little lambs begin to throng into the fold of the Good Shepherd? Instead of sceptically criticising, or even envying, let us share in the reaping, remembering that the harvest is the Lord's and that sower and reaper shall be alike blessed. He was more than ever certain that the reason we do not succeed is that we do not act upon the words of Christ: "Be it unto you according to your faith." We furnish the mind of the child with the facts and doctrines of God's own word, and not unfrequently succeed in impressing their hearts. And what then? Why, just at that most solemn time when the soul is halting between two opinions, our machinery seems entirely to fail us; and the scholar, finding no opportunity of unburdening his mind, in nineteen cases out of twenty resolves that he will be a Christian, but not yet. What, then, do we want to render the Sunday school more operative? Simply another link. We want something to meet the cases of those children who are under impressions, and who often, unknown to us, are

earnestly but secretly seeking Jesus. We must have some kind of a service which shall meet them at this stage, and which shall lead them of their own accord to seek that word of guidance they now especially need. From a most happy experience he believed that that link is to be found in Mr. Hammond's services. And one very interesting feature, which is quite new to Sabbath schools, is the many requests for prayer sent up by these little ones for their sisters and brothers and friends.

#### CHILD CONVERSION.

I met in New Britain, Conn., a lady who told me that when a child she often heard Rev. Edward D. Griffin preach in Williamstown. Her face glowed with enthusiasm as she spoke of the power with which he preached Christ and Him crucified. She said that he believed in the conversion of children and that she, now more than eighty years of age, was truly converted at the age of ten. This fact she had never doubted. I was once a guest for several weeks of Matthew W. Baldwin, the well-known builder of churches, as well as locomotives. He told me that when he was a child he was led to Christ by the preaching of Dr. Griffin, the president of Williams College.

In speaking of these services Dr. Griffin says: "One Sabbath when I had dismissed the children, they gathered around me weeping and asking what they should do to be saved. I know not but a hundred were in tears at once. The scene was as affecting as it was unexpected. With all my entreaties I could not prevail on them to depart till night came on, and then I was obliged to go out with them, and literally force them from me."

I have recently received a letter from the Rev. Dryden Phelps. The testimony he gives of his conversion in childhood may encourage parents and Sabbath school teachers to labor with stronger faith for the early conversion of the young. He says:

"I was three years old when we left the house where I was born. I remember my mother talking to me about

God while we lived there. In Sunday school and day school, being much given to thoughts of God and the wish to be a Christian, I used to wonder whether the children around me felt as I did. At one Sunday school session while I was quite young, those present that wished to be Christians were asked to rise. A number of older people rose. The Good Spirit told me to rise, but I did not. I have often felt that if I had risen then I should have become a Christian. I remember once, when eight years old, sobbing while I sang:

*'This sinful world is not my rest;  
I long to lean on Jesus' breast.'*

"And near the same time I took comfort in these words:

*'When the pangs of trials seize us,  
When the waves of sorrow roll,  
I will lay my head on Jesus,  
Pillow of the troubled soul.'*

"One Sunday, in my tenth year, the Rev. Charles York Swan preached in our church and gave in the evening an account of the religious interest in Bristol. I stayed away from that service because I was afraid some one might see me weep. Three weeks later, my father's morning sermon made me weep so much that I did not feel able to stay to Sunday school, but went home. Yet when asked by my sister and father why I wept I did not tell them. The following Sunday I was at a young people's meeting where those that would see Jesus were asked to rise. I felt I ought to rise, but I did not, and for two weeks the unwillingness to do so kept me from becoming a Christian. One Sunday night my sister rose by my side, but I remained seated. That week, on Friday night, three boys of my acquaintance rose, while I seemed to be nailed to the seat. O, how I felt! When Sunday night came I, as usual, failed to rise. But when it was too late I was very, very sorry I had not. Just then some one proposed that a second invitation be given. It was quite out of the customary course and seemed to be from God for me. I

rose. At home that evening, when my mother had come into the library and found me sobbing, she asked me if I wished to be a Christian. She prayed and had me pray. On the morrow the dreadful burden I had had was gone. The next evening I was at a meeting where many had told of a Savior they had lately found. And when one after another, among them my sister, had said, 'I, too, have found Christ.' O, the joy this gave me! Surely, the Rev. Dryden Phelps has held out and done a good work for the Lord."

HENRY DRUMMOND CONVERTED WHEN NINE YEARS OLD.

When in Scotland I become acquainted with Mr. Peter Drummond. It was in the year 1859 that he invited me to his home in Stirling. Soon after my arrival I found the children from all around the neighborhood tramping through the deep snow, pressing their way to his large parlors. It was quite a surprise party to me, but Mr. Drummond had been in some meetings of mine in other places, and knew how the children loved them. So he sent all through the town, and got as many as he could to meet me, and I am sure that he and his good wife had been much in prayer that God's blessing might be upon the gathering.

At that time few people in Scotland thought of singing American hymns; but I had some with me and I asked the children to join in the singing of them. I told them of the great love of Jesus in giving Himself to die for them and explained how it was that, because of His sufferings on the cross in our place, God could now forgive all their sins, give them new hearts, and make them happy here and hereafter.

I noticed in front of me a little boy, with curly, golden hair, who seemed much interested in all that I said. At the close of the meeting, he and others remained that we might talk and pray with each one. He put his little hand in mine, and said, "I want to be a Christian and love Jesus."

I told him again what Jesus had done for him, and asked, "How can you help loving Him, when He has suf-

ferred so much for you, that you might be happy in heaven, and wear a crown of joy?"

He answered, "I must love Him, and I will give myself to Him."

We knelt, and he took this prayer from my lips: "Dear Jesus, Thou has loved me and died for me, that I might have my sins forgiven; and now, as well as I can, I am going to give myself to Thee, and will never be ashamed of Thee who hast done so much for me."

I believe it was there, in his uncle's house, that this little boy, afterward Professor Henry Drummond, accepted Christ as his Savior, and from that hour began to live a new, happy Christian life. He became one of the great men of Scotland. He traveled in Africa, visited America several times, and spoke at Mr. Moody's meetings. It was there that he said to me in substance what I have told you. While telling his experience to the students in Amherst College, he said it was at that meeting in his uncle's parlor that he accepted Christ and learned his first American hymn.

#### PERMANENCY OF REVIVAL WORK IN HARRISBURG, PENN.

The work among the children in Harrisburg, Penn., was most delightful. The opera house was often filled in the afternoon meetings. There were many touching incidents of conversion. I have received a letter from the Rev. George B. Stewart, D.D., now president of Auburn Theological Seminary, and in it he speaks of the permanency of the work, in which about forty ministers co-operated.

If any young minister or evangelist should be led by this book, as I hope that they will be, to consecrate their lives to work among children, I assure them, speaking from experience, that they will have many trials which will cause them sleepless nights; yet as they grow older and receive such letters as the following from Dr. Stewart they will find occasion to thank God that they have been "put" (Tim. I. vii. 12) into this "ministry" of laboring for the young.

I have told in another part of this book how it has

rejoiced my heart in returning to places where I have labored as an humble servant to find those who have been converted still steadfast. Whitfield, instead of being puffed up from seeing his labors richly blessed, was greatly humbled, and, on returning to his room, would throw himself on the floor and with Job exclaim, "I have heard of Thee with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee, wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes" (Job xlii. 6). God has His own ways of keeping humble those He deigns to use.

Mr. Spurgeon once said to me that many were praying for God to keep him humble, but if they knew what crushing trials and responsibilities he labored under, they would pray part of the time for God to give him grace to bear them. Notwithstanding that trials may come upon those who give themselves up to work for the young the fields in that direction are white unto the harvest, and I pray that children's evangelists may be sent into this field.

I rejoice that through the Children's Special Service Mission and through my meetings in various parts of the world hundreds of young men and women have been led to devote themselves to the work of gathering stray lambs into the fold of Christ.

In the winter of 1875 and '76, it was my privilege to conduct a series of union meetings in Harrisburg, Penn. Dr. C. L. Thompson, formerly editor of the *Interior*, had occasion to visit that locality and said he believed it would be no exaggeration to say that at least 3,000 had been converted in the Cumberland Valley in connection with, or the immediate result of, those meetings in Harrisburg. No doubt the question was often asked, What will be the permanent results of such a work? A partial answer comes in a letter from Dr. Stewart of the Presbyterian Church where the governors of Pennsylvania have been wont to worship. It was a pleasure to receive such a letter, and I doubt not it will interest those who rejoice to see sinners coming to Jesus. God's work must be permanent.

"HARRISBURG, PA., April 24, 1899.

"MY DEAR MR. HAMMOND: I desire to express my gratification on hearing from you and knowing you have

not forgotten your visit to Harrisburg. Dr. Robinson, as you correctly state, was pastor of the church and was interested in your work. He resigned this charge in 1884 to accept a professorship in Allegheny Theological Seminary, and shortly after I was called as his successor here.

"I have had a most delightful pastorate and am pleased to take this opportunity to say to you, what I have frequently said to others, that the blessed revival that came to this church during your visit in 1875 has left its permanent mark upon the life of the church and many individuals. We are still enjoying the blessed fruit of that revival.

"As you may recall, many of the children and young persons who were converted in the revival of 1875 did not unite with the church until the beginning of the next year. So, if you care to take the trouble, it will not be difficult for you to discover, by going over the names in the 'roll of communicants,' just how many are to-day members of this church as the result of that revival in the years 1875 and 1876.                   GEORGE B. STEWART."

Should not facts like those gathered in this chapter lead us to believe the assurance of God's word that those who truly repent of their sins and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ "will be kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation"?

I remember very well the time when I became acquainted with Fanny Crosby, who has written so many beautiful hymns to cheer people on their way to heaven. I have recently received a new hymn from her, which, I think, will be a fit closing for this chapter. May it help all the readers of "Early Conversion," young and old, to "be faithful unto death," and finally "receive the crown of life."

NEW HYMN BY FANNY CROSBY.

*I am trusting, O my Savior!  
I am trusting only Thee;  
I have proved Thy gracious promise—  
As my day my strength shall be.*

## Early Conversion

*I am trusting, O my Savior!  
 Though my path I may not know;  
 When Thou callest, I will answer;  
 Where Thou ledest, I will go.*

*I am trusting, O my Savior!  
 And my hand is firm in Thine;  
 Though the clouds may sometimes gather,  
 Still I see Thy glory shine.  
 And I look beyond the shadows  
 To the sunny fields of rest,  
 And I catch the glad hosannas  
 Of the faithful and the blest.*

*I am trusting, O my Saviour!  
 I am trusting day by day;  
 Holy angels guard my footsteps,  
 And I cannot lose my way.  
 For Thy spirit hovers o'er me,  
 Like a pure and gentle dove;  
 And in all my cares and sorrows,  
 I can hear Thy voice of love.*

*Like the early dews of morning,  
 How Thy precious gifts descend!  
 And I know that Thou art with me  
 And will keep me to the end.  
 In Thy secret place abiding,  
 O the joy Thy presence brings!  
 I am covered with Thy feathers—  
 I am safe beneath Thy wings!*

## CHAPTER III.

## ILLUSTRATIONS AND STORIES FOR USE IN ADDRESSES TO CHILDREN.

But without a parable spake He not unto them.—Mark iv. 34.

As I have been preparing this book I have often found myself offering prayer that the entire religious press of the world would use the illustrations, which I have gathered from a life of constant work for the Master, to lead many to Christ.

Five of the twenty books that I have written have been printed entire in religious newspapers. "Stories to Children About Jesus," "Roger's Travels," "Jesus the Way," and "Conversion of Children," were published in *The Christian Herald*, London, which has a circulation of 250,000. I hope that this book will be used in somewhat the same way.

The *Bombay Guardian* has been sent to me occasionally, with some of the stories which I have used in preaching to the young. The editor of the *London Christian* for more than thirty years has been in the habit, not only of reporting my meetings, but also of reproducing some of the booklets I have written. The publishers, Morgan & Scott, have also printed thirty of my tracts and booklets and seven of my books. I became acquainted with Mr. Morgan in 1859. He stated in one of his editorials, three years ago, that he believed over one million of people of various ages had been led to Christ, in the meetings God had permitted me to conduct. I was amazed when I read this, for I had never made an effort to keep account of those who had professed conversion in the services I held, but Mr. Morgan has made it his business, from his high outlook carefully to observe what is taking place in different parts of the globe.

In nearly all his epistles Paul begins by telling those to whom he writes that he is praying for them. Again and again he says: "We give thanks to God always for you, making mention of you in our prayers." And in nearly every one of them he asks them to pray for him. It has been my custom for many years before beginning a series of meetings to write to places where I know there are those who believe in the power of prayer to pray for the people whom I expect to be among for some time. God's words are: "Call upon Me, saith the Lord, and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not."

The conversion of one soul is a great and mighty thing, and why should we be astonished when many Christians are praying that hundreds and even thousands are led to Christ? Thank God, we are told the time is coming when a nation shall be born in a day. This dreadful war now raging in China may prepare the way for such marvelous manifestations of God's grace in that country.

#### HE GAVE HIMSELF FOR US.

We all know that Christ died on the cross to save sinners, that He suffered a dreadful death for us. We have heard of it ever since we were children. But have we taken it to our hearts, and have we been led to say with Paul, "Who loved me and gave Himself for me"? Until we can do this we shall never feel our hearts going out in love to Him. In order, my young friend, to lead you to think of this, let me tell you about an engineer, who gave his life to save a train full of passengers. This train was running between New York and Newark, on the Pennsylvania railroad. Six hundred passengers were on board. They were going at the rate of forty miles an hour. The engineer saw a danger signal. He tried to stop the engine, but suddenly the cab was filled with steam and flames. The furnace door flew open. He rushed from his cab and shouted to the conductor, and then dashed back through the fire that he might stop the engine. This he did, but when the conductor and others found him he was all on fire; still he managed to let himself down into the water

tank and thus put out the fire that was burning his clothing. When he was drawn out his flesh was almost falling from his bones. His body was fearfully burned. He was taken to St. Francis Hospital in Jersey City, where after two days he died a dreadful death. He might have fled and saved his own life and left those people with a runaway engine to perish; but, no, he died to save them. Do you not think that each of those six hundred people loved that heroic engineer, who dashed through the fire that he might stop the train in time to save them from sudden death? Tears must have stood in the eyes of some of them as they saw him. Have you stopped to think that the Lord Jesus died a more dreadful death for you?

Have you thanked Him for it?

How can you delay?

Many young people in our meetings in London, after having been told how Christ suffered in our stead, found the following hymn expressive of the feelings of their hearts, and some of them in the inquiry meetings afterward told us that it was while they were singing these words that they felt for the first time a love for Christ.

I pray that some of our young readers may find this hymn expressing the feeling of their hearts.

*There is a story sweet to hear,  
I love to tell it, too;  
It fills my heart with hope and cheer,  
'Tis old, yet ever new.*

*They tell me God the Son came down  
From His bright throne to die,  
That I might wear a starry crown  
And dwell with Him on high.*

*They say He bore the cross for me  
And suffered in my place,  
That I might always happy be  
And ransomed by His grace.*

*O wondrous love, so great, so vast,  
So boundless and so free!  
Low at Thy feet my all I cast;  
I covet only Thee.*

WE ALL LOVE LITTLE DUDU."

These are the words of a little maid, who was told to go and borrow quite a young child from their neighbors. This child was old enough to grasp the great truth that Christ has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Many have an idea that children under about six years of age cannot understand the teachings of God's word so as to enable them to become Christians. They do not realize how the Holy Spirit can, in ways we may not be able to understand, help very young children to feel their need of Jesus, and so grasp the doctrine of substitution and be saved. If I had read in books and papers some of the many things I have seen with my own eyes I am almost ashamed to confess I would scarcely believe them. It is sometimes said, "Seeing is believing." Many have come to our meetings filled with prejudice and almost determined they would not believe, but after staying to two or three inquiry meetings their unbelief has vanished and they have been ready to obey the command of Jesus, "Suffer little children to come."

At a meeting Mr. Hammond related the following story of "The Borrowed Baby":

"Please, ma'am, I've come to borrow the baby.' The speaker was a rosy-cheeked girl, who lived with the family across the way. It was, said the lady, a regular nuisance this lending the baby all the time. She did not seem to belong to us at all any more. So, for the hundredth time, I rolled little Dudu up, and kissing her good-bye sent her off to act the part of a borrowed baby. When John came home to dinner and found the baby gone again he was just as angry as could be. I forgot to say that John and I were free-thinkers and did not go to church. We had both graduated in an intellectual school, devoid of the

'foolish superstitions' of any religious faith, and we intended to bring up our child in the same moral atmosphere. We felt that we were sufficient for ourselves and our child. The baby came home. She was nearly three years old, but after all only a baby, and as I took her from the girl, I said, 'We won't be able to lend the baby any more, Mary; her papa and I both think it isn't a good plan, and we cannot possibly do without her; the house is too lonely. Tell your mistress so, with my compliments.' 'I'm sorry, ma'am,' said the girl, 'because we all love little Dudu so much. She can sing "Jesus Loves Me" all through, and not miss a word.' 'Superstition!' I exclaimed angrily. 'Tell your mistress for me that I do not wish my child to learn those senseless hymns. I do not believe in them, nor do I intend that she shall.' 'Not b-e-l-i-e-v-e them!' gasped the girl. 'Why, you ain't a heathen, be you?' I dismissed her curtly, and when John came home told him of the message I had sent. 'That is right, my little woman. I guess we know enough to take care of this little blossom. Hey, wee Willie Winkle, don't we?' Somehow just then an old forgotten text flashed into my mind, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' and it ran up and down the garret of my thought all the evening. When I put Dudu to bed I noticed that her hands were hot, and her eyes seemed heavy. There was lots of diphtheria in the place, but she had not been exposed to it at all, our neighbors who borrowed the baby being as much afraid of it as we were, for that was why no baby was in their home. Oh, that dreadful time! I cannot recall it now—the days—hardly more than a day—of anguish; the awful suffering and the end; the parched lips and the fever-bright eyes—the awful realm of death, and not one hope, one word of comfort—only the cruel, dreary, unlighted grave that yawned for our darling! Just at the last there was a moment's peace. It was not on us that her last look fell. We turned to see, and there stood our neighbor over the way, whom she at least, sweet darling, had loved as herself, and then she lifted the weary little hands, and with a glad look of recognition sang the hymn:

*'Jesus loves me, He who died  
Heaven's gates to open wide;  
He will wash away my sin,  
Let His little child come in.'*

"And thus, with a sweet smile upon her face, she went to dwell with Him who said: 'Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not.'"

#### JOHNNY AND HIS MOTHER.

During the meetings at Notting Hall, in the West End of London, a mother and her little boy were standing outside the church. The mother, in a harsh voice, said, "Come along, Johnny."

Still the boy looked wistfully toward the door, where he could hear the sweet singing of the children.

"Johnny, have you come to Jesus?" asked one of the workmen.

"No," sobbed the boy.

"Come back into the church and let us pray about it."

"Come along, child," repeated the mother, "it's time you were home; I can't have you staying out like this," and she was drawing the child away.

The workman laid his hand on Johnny's shoulder: "Johnnie, the Lord Jesus is here; you can give your heart to Him out here as well as in the church."

He fell on his knees on the cold pavement and cried to the Lord to save him. The mother's heart was melted. "We'll go in, Johnnie. I'll go, too," and together they sought and found the Lord.

#### MAKING JESUS CRY.

"So glad to see you at the meeting, dear—what made you come?" "Why, Hetty came and asked me. I laughed and said I didn't want to be good. Then she cried, and said I was making the Lord Jesus cry, because, when He was down here, He sometimes wept over people that wouldn't do what He wanted. So I came, and I am so glad, because I've given myself to Him."

"I've given my heart to Jesus," said a bright girl of thirteen, "and I'm so happy, I must tell some one." So she told her schoolfellows, and she looked so bright that some of them thought they would like a little of Nellie's happiness. They came, and found out for themselves the joy of trusting Jesus.

But poor Nellie had toothache. Her face was burning, and she was starting with pain. "Poor child," I said, "is it bad?" "Yes, it is," she replied, "and I do not like it; but," and a smile lit up the flushed face, "but I'm very happy." Nellie had learnt the blessed truth, that bodily pain cannot rob us of our joy in Christ.

#### JEWISH BOYS PROFESS CONVERSION.

It always pleases me to see the Jews, young and old, coming to Christ. Human hearts are much the same everywhere. Christ lifted up dying and bleeding for us can but move sinners of all ages to give themselves to Him.

In London meetings we sometimes found Jews. The story of the love of Jesus in giving himself to suffer on the cross for us melted some of their hearts and led them to trust alone in Him for salvation.

A curate of St. Jude's Church wrote me the following note about some boys who attended our services: "A lady asked me to speak to two Jewish boys. Miss S—— told me of her conversation with them. They said to her, 'We were not born Christians.'

"'Nor was I born a Christian, but I am converted and made a Christian by God's Spirit dwelling within me.'

"'But,' said the boys, 'we were born Jews, and we do not believe in your Jesus.'

"I first asked them why they came into the meetings. They said, 'We have just come out of the synagogue. It is the Feast of the Tabernacle to-day. We wanted some tickets of invitation to give to our friends, and some one asked us to come here for them.'

"I then spoke to them of the Scriptures. 'Do you ever read them?'

"'Yes, every day; on Sabbath days and festivals in Hebrew, the other days in English. But we do not believe in the New Testament.'

"I then told them of Jesus as our Saviour and Friend.

"Where," said they, "do you find in the Old Testament anything to show that the Messiah, as your Jesus, was God's Son?"

"I referred them to Psalm ii., 'Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee,' and from that I preached unto them Jesus. Their pretty eyes opened wide and they drank in the story of Jesus' death for us.

"They said, 'We have no sacrifice at Jerusalem now; the altar has been broken down.'

"They promised me that day to ask the God and Father of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob to reveal to them the true Messiah. They obtained their tickets and spent an hour in giving them away, inviting all to the meetings, and then came back for more, saying to the portress at the door, 'If we were only twenty-one we would become Christians.'"

"After a week I saw those beautiful eyes fixed on mine, listening to the story of the cross of Jesus. You see these boys thought they must wait until they were twenty-one before they could be Christians. Do you know the reason of this? They knew very well that if they became Christians they would suffer persecutions, for their parents would not allow them to stay beneath their roof with any comfort. Would not your parents be very glad to have you become Christians? I remember when I was a boy how often my dear mother pleaded with me to trust the precious Savior.

"If you would stop and think how much Jesus has loved you, and suffered in your place that you might be forgiven and fitted for heaven, it seems to me you could not help loving Him in return. If you will ask God for Jesus' sake to forgive you He will do so, and also give you a new heart, and then you will love to work for Him. You have not been taught to reject Jesus, like these Jewish boys, and you would not suffer persecution for serving Him. Many of your friends are now Christians, and for you to be one also would make them happy.

"Will you not then go away alone with your bible and read the nineteenth chapter of John, and then kneel down and make this prayer your own?"

“O, Lord, show me what a sinner I am not to love the dear Savior who bled and died on the cross for me, and help me to trust alone in Him. Please forgive me all my sins, and give me a new heart, for Jesus’ sake. Amen.”

“SAVED BY A FLOWER,” THROUGH A CHILD’S INFLUENCE.

Little things are often used to accomplish great results. A spider’s web woven across a cave’s mouth just after a white man had plunged into it in seeking to escape from an Indian saved his life. The Indian naturally reasoned that if the white man had entered that cave, he certainly would have broken the spider’s web, and passed on, and the white man escaped with his life.

When Napoleon Bonaparte was emperor of France he thought a man named Charney an enemy of his government, and for that reason deprived him of his liberty. Charney was a learned man.

One day while pacing his yard, he saw a tiny plant just breaking the ground. The sight of it caused a pleasant diversion of his thoughts. No other green thing was within his inclosure. He watched its growth every day. “How came it here?” was his natural inquiry. As it grew, other queries were suggested, “How came these delicate little veins in its leaves? What made its proportions so perfect in every part, each new branch taking its exact place on the parent stalk, neither too near another, nor too much on one side?”

In his loneliness the plant became the prisoner’s teacher. When the flower began to unfold he was filled with delight. It was white, purple and rose-colored, with a fine, silvery fringe. Charney made a frame to support it.

“All things come by chance,” had been written by him upon the wall, just above where the flower grew. It gently reproved as it whispered: “There is One who made me so wonderfully beautiful, and He it is who keeps me alive,” and thus shamed the proud man’s unbelief. He brushed the lying words from the wall, while his heart felt that “He who made all things is God.”

But God had a further blessing for the erring man through the humble flower. There was an Italian prisoner

in the same yard whose little daughter was permitted to visit him. The girl was much pleased with Charney's love for the flower. She related what she saw to the wife of the jailer. The story of the prisoner and his flower reached the ears of the amiable Empress Josephine. The empress said: "The man who so devotedly loves and tends a flower cannot be a bad man." So she persuaded the emperor to set him at liberty.

Charney carried his flower home and carefully tended it in his own greenhouse. It had taught him to believe in a God, and delivered him from prison.

We have seen how Charney's love of this little flower resulted in his deliverance from prison. May I ask, dear young readers, if you have love in your heart for Jesus, who is sometimes called "the lily of the valley"? I can assure you that if He has loved you and given Himself to die in your stead, and if you will trust in Him alone as your Savior, you will, for His sake, receive a pardon for all your sins, and be brought out into the marvelous light and liberty of the gospel. If you have not done this, then those words in John iii. 18, are true, "He that believeth not is condemned already." You are like a man who has been tried and sentenced to be put into prison, waiting the hour of execution. The Lord Jesus comes to you and says, "If you will repent of your sins believing on me as your Savior, My Heavenly Father will forgive you for My sake and permit you to go out of the prison house of sin, and henceforth treat you as though you had never sinned."

Suppose that Charney had sent word to the emperor that he had been unjustly deprived of his liberty, and he would not accept pardon, and the entreaties of the empress for him were all in vain, as he chose to live and die in that doleful place.

You can see what would have been his fate; but he was not so foolish, as he went home rejoicing, carrying his flower with him, and watching over it carefully in his own greenhouse. He never felt ashamed to speak of his love for the flower, which had been the cause of his deliverance from that doleful prison.

## THE HAPPY BOY.

Away to the north, where the thermometer in winter is down forty and fifty degrees below zero, the boys and girls wear coats and cloaks made of fur. When the blizzards come the wind finds its way through all kinds of cloth. A number of years ago, in Winnipeg, Manitoba, several hundred children wrapped in warm furs day after day pressed their way, often through the deep snows, to our children's meetings.

To all these children's meetings came Charlie McCrossan. No matter how cold it was or how fierce the wind blew this brave boy was always there.

He was led to feel that he was a sinner and that he could never enter Heaven without a new heart. Then, we told him of the great love of Jesus in giving Himself to die that dreadful death for us and how ready He was to receive all who trust in His finished work on the Cross. Charlie's heart went out in love to Him and he believed in Christ and was saved. He was then ten years old; he is now a preacher of the gospel. I had a nice letter from him and will let you read it:

"When you held meetings in Winnipeg I was a little fellow, but I was at every one of them.

"I was a wild boy. I had no love for the bible, and cared nothing for Jesus. But one night, when you were telling of His great love for us and how He died in our stead on the cross, I began to feel that I was a sinner.

"The tears came into my eyes. I stayed to the inquiry meeting. A lady spoke to me, and prayed with me, and I prayed. Just then the choir sang 'Jesus is mine,' and I could not help singing, too; I felt so happy.

"The burden of sin was all gone. I spoke to the other boys about the love of Jesus, and tried to get them to trust in Him and be saved.

"I thank God to-day that I can say I love Him now more than I ever did before. I am working for Jesus in the Northwest Territory of Canada.

"In Stonewall God used me in speaking to the children and many were led to trust in Jesus as their Savior. I have

seen some converted when only five years of age and have heard them offer touching prayers that could not but move hard hearts.

“This letter will, no doubt, be a surprise to you, but I am sure that you will be glad to know that I have tried to live near to Jesus ever since I was converted in those meetings in Winnipeg.

“I pray that God may help you to lead many more children to Jesus.”

#### A DAILY PRAYER-MEETING.

It is not enough to tell young Christians that Christ died for them; this great fact must be dwelt upon and light flashed upon this all-important truth from various directions until it burns into the heart of everyone so that they cannot forget it if they would. For such meetings there must be unceasing, persistent prayer, listening frequently to God's word, “Not by might nor by power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord.” In nearly all the places where I have held meetings these forty years I have started a daily prayer-meeting. I commenced one in Glasgow in 1860, and thank God it has never stopped. Mr. Moody found it afterward and did much to increase its strength. When I returned in 1885 I conducted a daily prayer-meeting in that building for twelve weeks. It has become a centre of influence in Scotland.

#### LOST ON THE MOUNTAINS IN NORWAY.

I have often been requested to prepare a book that teachers, superintendents and young ministers could use when holding children's meetings. I have had that object partly in view in the preparation of this book. Many of the illustrations, however, are not intended as samples of addresses to children; still, by a person who is accustomed to address the young, they can be used to fill in an address. I sometimes tell a story which has not much gospel in it for the purpose of arresting the attention, and later on in the address speak so as to convict of sin, and then hold up Christ in His atoning sacrifice, tenderly

and earnestly preaching the doctrine of substitution. So I would not have any think from a story like the following, that these are samples of a whole address. This is merely a simple illustration which seeks to show the young that they are lost on the barren mountain of sin, and need to turn and flee to Jesus:

“We left Bergen for a five days’ journey over the Haukel Sater Mountains. On our way through the inland lakes we passed a glacier which was one shining mass of snow and ice, forty miles long and five wide. We were seldom out of sight of beautiful roaring waterfalls. We soon left the green valleys and comfortable farm houses and flocks of sheep and lambs, and wound our way among the Norway spruce and patches of snow. In that region live goats and reindeer. We spent a night with a farmer who had 250 of these warmly clad, branching-horned animals.

“The road in some places was very steep, and as we were resting our horses, we saw in the thicket a snow-white kid bleating pitifully. We thought we could hear it say, ‘I am lost, lost, lost!’ After we had petted it, we tried to drive it back to a peasant’s house we had just passed; it would not return, but was determined to follow us. I feared some one might come after us and say, ‘Why are you taking away our kid?’ Yet no one claimed it, and the poor lost kid kept up with us.

“At last it became weary, and began to cry. My wife said, ‘Let us take it in.’ Do you think the kid ran away when I went to take it up? Not at all. It had been raining, and its long hair was quite wet. But I took it in my arms and placed it in my *cariole*. We feared it might try to jump out, but it soon became contented and licked my hand, as if in gratitude for our kindness.

“When we reached the station where we were to change horses we noticed some of those on the steps smiling, as if a friend were returning home. Ah, the lost one was found. There was the home of the little pet. We had feared we were taking it from its home, but we were taking it to its home. All were glad to see it. When we were making ready for another start the little

thing was determined to go with us. The only way they could keep it from following us was by holding it. Still, as we drove off it called after us, as much as to say, 'I thank you for your kindness. I wish I could be with you all the time.'"

Have you thought, dear young friend, as you have read of this lost kid, that if you are not a Christian you are lost?

You may not know this, but it is true; yes, as surely as this little kid had wandered down the steep mountain-side and was lost, so surely have you wandered away from your Heavenly Father and are now lost on the cold, dark mountain of sin. I pray that God may help you to feel this, and then you will be glad to read of Him who came to "seek and to save the lost."

But you say, "I do not know what you mean. I am not a bad child. I do as well as I can. I say my prayers every day. I read the bible, but I can't understand it very well."

I will tell you what I mean. You have a sinful heart that is leading you day by day to think wrong thoughts and speak wrong words and do wrong things; you know this, I do not need to prove it to you. Day by day your inclination to sin grows stronger. When you first did some wrong thing your conscience troubled you very much; but now you say, "I don't care, others do the same." You are getting farther and farther away from God and heaven.

In one of the meetings in Stockholm I found a boy sobbing bitterly, and I asked, "Why are you weeping so?"

He said, "O, I am lost. I can never find my way to heaven. I have never loved Jesus. Did He really die on the cross that I might be saved?"

When I explained to him how it was that Jesus took our place and suffered in our stead, his face brightened, and he said, "O, then I will love and trust Him."

When I saw him again the next day he was happy. He took me by the hand, saying, "It is all right now. Jesus is my Savior; I was lost, but now I am saved, and I know He is leading me home to heaven. I am trying

now to get all my young friends to come to Jesus. I have been telling them that they are lost, and that they will never find the way to heaven unless they first trust in Jesus, and then follow Him."

I pray that you, too, may see and feel that you are lost and cannot find your way back to your Father's home, and then you will be in earnest as was that poor kid and you will cry for help.

Have you ever done this? In the meetings I have conducted for children and youths in Norway and Sweden I have found many in the inquiry meetings weeping for their sins. Sometimes hundreds of them have bowed their heads and prayed to the Good Shepherd to lead them home to heaven.

Will you be as much in earnest, and ask Him to give you a new heart, so that you will follow Him in the bright, shining path of happiness? Then you will love to sing of Jesus, as do these young people in this northern clime.

But do I hear you say: "I feel I am so wicked, I fear Jesus will not save me. I know He died for me, but I have never thanked Him for it. Will He now forgive me, and take me in His loving arms?" Yes; for "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Matt. xviii. 2).

We did not climb up that high mountain, through the cold snow to find the lost kid; we did not know it was there. But the dear Jesus came down from His bright home in heaven into this sinful world on purpose to save lost sinners like you. Have you thanked Him for it? Do you love Him? Will you serve Him the rest of your life? He will help you and make you happy in doing so, if you will in earnest ask Him.

We did not make any sacrifice to save that kid. All we did was a pleasure. But Jesus died for us. He says, "I lay down my life for the sheep." Have you thought what it cost Him to be able to save you? When I was in Jerusalem, again and again I said, "Here it was that Jesus died for me. Here it was that He bore my sins in His own body on the tree." I felt I could never love Him enough for all His great love to me. Will you read the nineteenth chapter of John and kneel down and

give yourself to Him? You will then, I trust, wish to follow Him."

You remember how anxious the kid was to follow us, even beyond its home, and so if you really feel how truly Jesus loves you, and how much He has done for you, you will tremble at the thought of leaving Him. I am sure you will not do so without giving some reason for leaving Him. When you try to think of one you will find you have no good one, and so, I trust, you will not turn back, but "follow on to know the Lord, whom to know aright is life eternal."

While we were riding down the other side of the mountain these lines came to me, and I wrote them out to help you remember the story of this lost white kid and the lesson it teaches:

*While toiling up the mountain high,  
We heard "O, don't forsake me."  
It was a kid's faint bleating cry,  
And oft it said, "Please take me."*

*We quickly turned our steps aside,  
To find why it was bleating;  
But still impatiently it cried,  
In spite of our entreating.*

*We smoothed its wet and tangled hair,  
And thus the kid we petted;  
In vain we tried its grief to share,  
Yet still the poor thing fretted.*

*At length we journeyed on our way,  
The kid then with us started;  
We tried to drive it back—but nay,  
Along the road it darted.*

*It followed us for many an hour,  
Without a note complaining;  
At length the clouds commenced to lower,  
And bitterly 'twas raining.*

*The poor thing then began to bleat,  
"Please show me some affection."  
It did not long in vain entreat  
For comfort and protection.*

*We stopped and took it in our arms,  
Foot-sore and wet and weary;  
It soon forgot all its alarms,  
Contented, and quite cheery.*

*By roaring waterfall we pass'd,  
Up snow-clad Haukel Sater;  
The kid we sheltered from the blast,  
Till sunset, and till later.*

*Half filled with fear we pressed along,  
Up to the mountain station;  
Lo, there we heard a cheerful song,  
To our congratulation.*

*"Our long lost kid! behold 'tis here;  
Alas, in vain we sought it;  
We looked for it both far and near,  
We're thankful you have brought it."*

*When to the kid we said, "Adieu,"  
'Twas loth from us to sever;  
We thought it said, "I'll go with you,  
With you I'll stay forever."*

*You, too, are lost, my little friend,  
Although you may not know it;  
Your sinful words and naughty ways,  
To others often show it.*

*The Savior bids you cease to roam,  
O would that you might heed Him;  
He longs to bring you safely home,  
He knows how much you need Him.*

*It was for you He bled and died,  
That you might be forgiven;  
Ah! yes, for you was crucified,  
That you might sing in heaven.*

*His love must surely win your hearts;  
Will you not say, "Lord, take me,  
And from Thy side I'll ne'er depart,  
And Thou wilt not forsake me."*

"SHUT YOUR EYES, MAMMA, IT'LL BE ALL LIGHT THERE."

In Scotland I have frequently seen immense furnaces melting pig-iron. Iron, coal and wood were piled together in large quantities, then subjected to great heat. It seemed almost useless to think of melting that mass of iron so that it would run like thick water. After awhile, however, the point was reached when the stoker seemed to know the time had come to remove the obstruction and let the molten iron run down into the sand, in places prepared for it.

Every earnest gospel preacher knows there are times when he preaches the solemn truth with all the zeal possible and yet there seems to be no moving power upon the hearts of the people. If the sermon were to stop at this point evidently no permanent impression or conversions would be made, but after awhile some simple, touching incident seems to be used by the Spirit of God to melt hard hearts. Many are led to say, with godly sorrow for sin and saving faith in Christ, as I did when I was converted,

*"Drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe,  
Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
'Tis all that I can do."*

I have been led to dictate these words to introduce a touching incident which some may like to use with which to soften obdurate hearts. May God's Spirit use it for his glory:

There is a family in Detroit who are dependent upon a little child for the present sunshine of their lives. A few weeks ago the young wife and mother was stricken down to die. When the family physician called them together and in his solemn way intimated to them the truth—there was no hope—then the question arose among them, who would tell her? Not the aged mother who was to be left childless. Nor the young husband, who was walking the floor with clenched hands and rebellious heart. There was only one other, and at this moment he looked up from the book he had been playing with, unnoticed by them, and asked gravely:

“Is mamma doin’ to die?”

Then, without waiting for an answer, he sped up stairs as fast as his little feet would carry him. Friends and neighbors were watching by the sick woman. They wonderingly noticed the pale face of the child as he climbed on the bed and laid his small hand on his mother’s pillow.

“Mamma,” he asked, in sweet, caressing tones, “is you ’fraid to die?”

The mother looked at him with swift intelligence. Perhaps she had been thinking of this.

“Who—told—you—Charlie?” she asked faintly.

“Doctor, ’an papa, ’an gamma—everybody,” he whispered. “Mamma dear, doan’ be ’fraid to die, ’ill you?”

“No, Charlie,” said the young mother, after one supreme pang of grief; “no, mamma won’t be afraid.”

“Jus’ shut your eyes in e’ dark, mamma; teep hold my hand—an’ when you open ’em, mamma, it ’ill be all light there.”

When the family gathered, awe-stricken, at the bedside Charlie held up his little hand.

“H-u-s-h! My mamma doan’ to sleep. Her won’t wake up here any more.”

And so it proved. There was no heart-rending farewell, no agony of parting, for when the young mother awoke she had passed beyond, and, as baby Charlie said, “It was all light there.”

## CHAPTER IV.

## CHILDREN'S EXPERIENCES.

"And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all unto me."—John xii. 32.

*Thank God, my heart is filled with joy,  
Oh, come, and trust Him, too;  
His praise will then be your employ,  
This Jesus died for you.*

THIS has often been an aid to me, when I have stood before a company of lads, whose attention it was hard to secure. The verse has strengthened me, and I have said, "I know what it is to lift up Christ as the atoning sacrifice for the sins of the whole world and, by God's help, I will do it." Thus often before a meeting was closed, I have seen moistened eyes, and heard sinners ask what they should do to be saved.

Missionaries, evangelists, superintendents, and teachers are often at a loss to find just the right story fitted for an address.

I have gathered in this chapter some facts that I have written and used myself, and I venture to introduce them, praying that God's blessing may go with them. We are told that Paul and Barnabas went into the temple at Iconium (Acts xiv. 1) and so spake that a great multitude believed. They not only preached the gospel, but preached it with such power and pathos that many hearts melted as they saw the Savior dying on the cross for them. We are told in substance that our Savior never preached a sermon without using illustrations or stories, as it is written, "Without a parable spake He not unto them."

The incidents in this chapter might have been used to illustrate some of the leading thoughts in other chapters of the book, but as they are here clustered together they can easily be found and used as they may be needed.

## CARLETTA.

Two gentlemen were conversing together. One of them, John H., did not believe in the religion of the Lord Jesus. As they walked along in the city, on a dark, rainy night, returning from their business, for they were merchants, their conversation turned upon religious subjects.

Mr. H. remarked:

"If I could have your faith, friend B., I should be glad; but I was born a sceptic. I cannot help doubting. I cannot look upon God and the future as you do. Prayer is but the result of superstition. I have been hardened in unbelief for thirty years, and expect to die as I have lived."

"But," replied his Christian friend, "God can change a sceptic's heart. He has more power over your heart than you have, and I mean to pray for you."

They stepped into an elegant dining room to get some supper. They had nearly finished their supper, when a strain of music came through the open door.

"Upon my word, that's pretty," said H. "There is great purity in those tones."

Just then they saw the shadow of a child, and, at the same moment, they heard the waiter of the saloon say, "Out of here, you little baggage."

Said H., "Let her come in." They drew her into one corner of the long dining hall. On her slight figure she had a thin dress and a patched, old cloak. Her head was covered with a ragged hood and on her feet were a pair of shoes from which her little toes peeped out.

Her cheek was of olive darkness, but a flush rested there; and out of the thinnest face, under the arch of broad temples, looked two eyes whose softness would have touched the hardest heart.

"That little thing is sick, I believe. What do you sing, child?" he added.

"I sing you Italian, or little English," she said softly.

H. had been looking at her shoes. "Why!" he exclaimed, and his lip quivered, "her feet are wet to her ankles."

By this time the child had begun to sing, pushing back her hood and folding up her little thin fingers. Her

voice was wonderful, and simple and common as were both air and words the pathos of the tones drew together several other persons. The little song commenced thus:

*“There is a happy land,  
Far, far away,  
Where saints in glory stand,  
Bright, bright as day.”*

Never could the voice, or the manner, of that child be forgotten, and when she finished her great speaking eyes turned toward H.

“Look here, child, where did you learn that song?” he asked.

“In Sabbath school, sir.”

“And you don’t suppose there is a happy land?”

“I know there is; I’m going to sing there,” she said, so decidedly that the men looked at each other.

“Going to sing there?”

“Yes, sir. My mother said so. She used to sing to me until she was sick.”

“Well—and what then?”

“And then she died, sir,” said the child, tears brimming up and over on the dark cheek, now flushed scarlet.

John H. was silent for a few moments. Presently he said:

“Well, if she died, my little girl, you may live, you know.”

“O no, sir! no, sir!” very quickly, “I’d rather go there, and be with mother. Sometimes I have a dreadful pain in my side, and cough as she did. There won’t be any pain up there, sir; it’s a beautiful world!”

“How do you know?” faltered on the lips of the sceptic.

“My mother told me so.”

John H., too, once had a praying mother. His chest labored for a moment—the sobs that struggled for utterance could be heard even in their deeps—and still those large, soft, lustrous eyes, like magnets, impelled his glance toward them.

“Child you must have a pair of shoes.”

Several hands were thrust in pockets, purses were pulled out, and the astonished child held in her little palm more money than she had ever seen before.

"Her father is a poor consumptive organ-grinder," whispered one. "I suppose he's too sick to be out to-night."

Along the sloppy streets went the child under the protection of H., but not with shoes that drank the water at every step. Soon she had on good new shoes. Warmth and comfort were hers. Down in the deep, den-like lanes of the city walked the man, a little, cold, child-hand in his. At an open, broken door they stopped; up broken and creaking stairs they climbed. At last another doorway opened, a wheezing voice called out of the dim arch, "Carletta."

"O father! see what I have brought you! Look at me! look at me!" and down went the hoarded silver, and, venting her excessive joy, the child fell, crying and laughing together, into the man's arms.

"Did he give you all this, Carletta?"

"They all did, father; now you shall have soup and oranges."

"Thank you, sir," said the father addressing himself to H., who had entered just behind the child. "I'm sick, you see—all gone, sir—had to send the poor child out, or we'd starve, sir. God bless you, sir! I wish I was well enough to play you a tune," and he looked wistfully toward the corner where stood the old organ.

These gentlemen provided for Carletta. One day they met again, by agreement, and walked slowly down town. They came to the gloomy building where lived Carletta's father.

No, not lived there; for as they paused a moment, out came two or three men bearing a pine coffin. In the coffin, the top nailed down so that no mourner might open, slept the old organ-grinder.

"It was very sudden, sir," said a woman who recognized his benefactor. "Yesterday the little girl was sick, and it seemed as if he dropped right away."

The two men went silently upstairs. The room was empty of everything save a bed, a chair, and a nurse,

provided by H. The child lay there, not white, but pale as marble, with a strange polish on her brow.

"Well, my little one, so you are no better?"

"Oh, no, sir! father is gone up there, and I'm going."

Up there! H. turned unconsciously toward his friend.

"I wish I could sing for you," she said, and her little hands flew together.

"Do you wish to sing?"

"Oh, so much! but it hurts me. It won't hurt me up there, will it?" Where was the child looking that there seemed such wonder in her eyes?

"Did you ever hear of Jesus?" asked B.

"Oh, yes!"

"B., this breaks me down," said H., and he placed his handkerchief to his eyes.

"Don't cry, don't cry; I can't cry, I'm so glad!" said the child exultingly, and she looked up as if heaven's light were already dawning on her.

"What are you glad for?" asked B.

"To get away from here," she said deliberately. "I used to be so cold in the long winters, for we didn't have fire sometimes; but mother used to hug me close and sing about heaven. But I did have to go out, because they were sick; and people looked cross at me and told me I was in the way; but some was kind to me. Mother told me never to mind, when I came home crying, and kissed me and told me if I trusted in Jesus, who had died on the cross for me, He would save me, and one of these days would give me a better home; and so I gave myself to Him, for I wanted a better home. And oh, I shall sing there and be so happy.

With a little sigh she closed her eyes.

"H., are faith and hope nothing?" asked B., pointing to the little face taking on such strange beauty, as death breathed icily over it.

"Don't speak to me, B.; to be as that little child I would give all I am worth," was the broken response.

"And to be like her you need give nothing—only your stubborn will, your sceptical doubts, and the heart that will never know rest till it finds it at the feet of Christ. O, my friend, resolve, by the side of this little child who





is soon to be 'singing in heaven,' that you will be a follower of my Savior. Let reason bow here, before simple, trusting faith."

There was no answer. Quietly they sat there in the deepening shadows. The hospital doctor came in, stood off a little way, shook his head. It needed no close inspection to see what was going on.

Presently the hands moved, the arms were raised, the eyes opened—yet, glazed though they were, they turned still upward.

"See! see! she cried. "Oh, there is mother! and there are the angels! and they are all singing."

Her voice faltered, her arms fell, but the celestial brightness lingered yet on her face. Feebly she turned to those who had ministered to her, feebly smiled—it was a mute return of thanks for all their kindness.

"There is no doubting the soul-triumph there," whispered B.

"It is wonderful," replied H., looking on with tenderness. "Is she gone?"

He sprang from his chair as if he would detain her, but the chest and forehead were marble now, the eyes had lost the fire of life; she must have died as she lay looking at them.

H. stood as if spell-bound, there was a touch on his arm; he started, and turned.

Said his friend, B., "Shall we pray?"

For a minute there was no answer—then came tears; the whole frame of the man shook, as he said—it was almost a cry—"Yes, pray! pray!"

And from the side of the dead child went up agonizing pleadings to the throne of God. That prayer was answered—the miracle is wrought—the lion is a lamb—the doubter a believer—the sceptic a Christian.

This little Carletta had drawn the stout-hearted sceptic to the Savior. She had preached a more effective sermon to him than he had ever before heard. He had interpreted the child's faith and had seen it bear her safely through the last hour. He felt that he needed Carletta's faith—he sought and found Carletta's Savior.

Does not a touching story like this, which I have reason

to believe is true, as I learned from a New York gentleman, impress every reader with the power of child influence when sanctified by the grace of God.

May the Lord help us with redoubled earnestness and faith to labor for the salvation of the little ones, whether living in lanes or palaces.

#### A CHILD IN GALVESTON, TEXAS.

From that beautiful island in the Gulf of Mexico, where we found so many flowers and oranges in March, writes little Ida. From her letter we see how God used her happy song to lead a man to the cross. She says in her letter:

“As I was coming home from school day before yesterday I was singing ‘Come to Jesus just now,’ when suddenly a man stopped me and gazed into my face. At first I thought I should die, I was so frightened, but I continued to sing. After I had finished the song, the man passed on.

“That night, as I went to church, I saw the same man there. After the inquiry meeting began I was going among the children, talking with those who were seeking Jesus, when some one pulled my arm. I looked round and saw it was the same man. He asked me if I remembered singing, ‘Come to Jesus,’ that afternoon. I replied that I did. ‘Well,’ said he, ‘that song was the means of my conversion, but when I heard the first words, I thought I would think nothing about them; but as I came nearer to you, I could not help looking in your face, although I knew it to be rude and ungentlemanly, but I could not help it, for I knew your face.’

“I asked him where he ever saw me? He said that his little daughter was one of my dearest friends—that she had my photograph and had told him that since my conversion I was always singing, no matter where I was.

“I then said: ‘Let us thank God now that your whole family are converted.’ Just then one of my schoolmates came along, and began scoffing at me. I told her I would do my Master’s work regardless of scoffs and jeers. The

next night that same little girl was at church, and she was weeping for her sins. I pray that she may be converted.

"Your little friend, \* \* \* \*"

We have all read of the terrible destruction of Galveston and of thousands there of all ages who have been suddenly called from time to eternity. If the twenty-one Christian workers and ministers who went with me eight hundred miles from St. Louis to conduct a week's meeting there had known that some of those who attended them, and perhaps the little girl who wrote the above beautiful letter, would be thus suddenly called to stand before God in judgment would we not have been more in earnest in seeking for early conversions and sounding aloud the words to all: "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh. But I thank God that the prayers of multitudes of converts and young Christians followed us to Galveston, and that these prayers were answered in the professed conversion of about five hundred in that city.

#### WORK AMONG THE INDIAN CHILDREN.

Children are the same the world over. Missionaries have sometimes been discouraged in working among adults, but when they have turned to the children they have found them susceptible to the truth. This was the experience of the great Dr. McDuff. I heard him speak of it in Edinburgh, at the Assembly Hall. He advised all missionaries to make more of the work among children, and to exercise a strong faith not only of the possibility of their conversion, but of the power of God in keeping them "through faith unto salvation." Nearly everywhere we went in the Holy Land and remained any length of time we spoke to the children. We did the same all through the continent of Europe, in Alaska and in Egypt, telling them the story of Jesus and His love. The blessing of God rested upon the work. Years ago we held meetings in Washington, N. J. About forty

people went with us from Newark, N. J., and other places in that State.

The son of a minister, at whose house we were guests, wept his way to the cross, and became a happy Christian.

I found in my scrap-book an account I wrote of our visit to Pueblo, N. M. To illustrate what I have been saying I insert it here:

"I am now far away in New Mexico, in a place called Albuquerque. There is a population of about eight thousand; about half are Mexicans. Though it is now mid-winter it is nearly as warm here as a May day in New York. Around us are mountains thirteen thousand feet high, the tops of which are covered with snow. Many invalids come here from the East, and are often cured by this balmy climate. The town is nearly a mile above the ocean. There are, in this region, between nine and ten thousand Pueblo Indians, who live in villages, in adobe houses—houses made of mud.

"Professor Bryan, who is now at the head of an Indian school here, which we visited, went on the Polaris expedition, under Captain Hall, in search of the North Pole, but their ship was crushed by an iceberg. Part of their company floated on an ice-floe sixteen hundred miles in the one hundred and ninety-six days during which they were prisoners. They had to kill seals and use their oil for light and fuel. There were nineteen on the ice-floe, none of whom died. Among them were two Esquimaux families, in one of which was a small child only a few months old.

"The professor has brought his children into our meeting nearly every day. They have been greatly interested in hearing the story of Jesus and his love.

"Some of them have been converted and written me interesting letters. I will let you read a few sentences from them.

"It is only a short time since they began to learn English, so they cannot speak our language very well. Hugh Patten, from Arizona, says: 'Your meetings gave me some new ideas, so I resolved I shall love the Lord Jesus Christ as He loved me and died on the cross for me, that

I will not be lost in th darkness. I remember very well the stories you told us. You have made some things clear to me and I will now love the dear Savior and try to live for Him, because I have felt His power. I now love to go to church and hear about Jesus; I love to pray, and my bible, and I never did before I was converted.'

"Another boy says: 'I very much enjoy your meetings; I never tire of hearing you talk about Jesus; yes, I do love Jesus and I am trying to serve Him well. I have given my heart to Jesus. It is hard for me to do what God requires, but I ask Jesus to give me strength to do His will. I will ask Him to give me faith to trust Him more. My home is in Arizona; when I return I will tell my people what I have learned about Jesus. I will see if I can do something for Him who has done so much for me. I feel that I am a Christian now; I used to love to think about bad things, but now I can see what a great change has come over me. I love to do right, and I trust God will help me to live a Christian life.'

"Not long ago this poor boy was not much better than a heathen; now, you see, he is trying to live a happy Christian life."

I should like to tell you about the Mexican penitentes, as they are called, who, very near here, walk upon sharp stones and piercing cactus with their bare feet, and with a heavy cross upon their bare shoulders, whip their bodies and have others help them do this until they are covered with blood, and nearly every year some of those who do this die while enduring the torture. A few years ago a procession of these penitentes, led by a priest, passed through Albuquerque on their way to their place of suffering, perhaps of death. Sometimes hundreds of people witness these terrible tortures.

How thankful we should be that we have been taught in God's word that Jesus finished the work on Calvary's cross, and that God is ready, without any torturing of our bodies, to forgive our sins and fit us for happiness and heaven.

“I FEEL LIKE SINGING ALL THE TIME.”

In Utica, N. Y., a child wrote me an account of her conversion, in which she said: “The first time that I attended your meeting I cried, but since I have learned to trust in Jesus, I feel like singing all the time.” This led me to write the following hymn, which has been sung and translated into various languages. Mr. Stebbins set it to music and it has been used in “songs and solos” for many years. Mr. Spurgeon was very fond of it and often gave it out in his meetings. It has been printed in four hymn books which I have edited. The children love to sing it. At one of my meetings in Montreal I saw a lady in tears, who afterward told me that seeing that company of one thousand children and so many happy faces, it made her feel that they were happy on their way to heaven and that she was a wretched sinner going the other way.

Sometimes I have been in places where as many grown people as children have been led to Christ in the meetings for the young. During the first fortnight of meetings in Newark, N. J., about twenty-five hundred children and adults assembled every afternoon, and in those two weeks, of the five hundred who professed conversion I think that half the number were adults. God can use smiling faces and sweet songs to awaken the careless to realize their lost condition and to seek an interest in the finished work of Christ.

I beg of those who read this book to pray that God’s blessing may go with it. In Isaiah xii. 4, we read the command, “Declare His doings among the people.” In writing this book I have felt that I was obeying God’s command in speaking of His work as I have seen it among the young. May this hymn touch others as it often has done in the past, so that they, too, shall be glad to join in the song:

*I feel like singing all the time—  
My tears are wiped away;  
For Jesus is a Friend of mine,  
I’ll serve Him every day.*

*Singing, glory, glory,  
Glory be to God on high.*

*When on the cross my Lord I saw,  
Nailed there by sins of mine,  
Fast fell the burning tears; but now,  
I'm singing all the time.*

*When fierce temptations try my heart  
I'll sing "Jesus Is Mine;"  
And so, though tears at times may start,  
I'm singing all the time.*

*O, happy little singing one,  
What music is like thine?  
With Jesus as thy Life and Sun  
Go singing all the time!*

*The melting story of the Lamb  
Tell with that voice of thine,  
Till others, with the glad new song,  
Go singing all the time.*

## CHAPTER V.

## WHAT THE PASTORS SAY OF EARLY CONVERSION.

"That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us."—1. John i 3.

SOME of those who read this book will ask, "What do the pastors say of early conversions?" The fact that we have repeatedly been invited to return to their churches to hold similar meetings helps to answer that question. We have held five series of meetings in Brooklyn, and as a general rule those with whom I previously labored were the ones who did most to initiate the second series. In London we spent in all over one year and have been invited back repeatedly. The last time we were there we remained seven months. Among the most efficient were those who had been by my side continually in previous missions. My dear friend, Mr. Josiah Spiers, went with us from place to place during that time. He it was who inaugurated the seaside mission, and was one of the chief workers in the Children's Special Service Mission. Year after year he toiled on in that work. More than one million copies of his book, "True Stories," and his leaflets for children, have been circulated. Though he had made his plans for the winter, he gave them up so that he might devote his time to our series of children's meetings to be held in different parts of London.

In another part of this book I have referred to Mr. J. S. Paine, who for about eighteen years has carried on a remarkable work in Cambridgeport, which began with the two weeks' meeting we once held there. On an average about one thousand and five hundred gather at those meetings on Saturday mornings, and the work of conversion has been going on continually.

Three different times we have been on the Pacific coast, from San Diego to Sitka, Alaska, holding meetings, and

have been delighted to return to the larger cities a second and sometimes a third time.

At three different periods we have held meetings in the city of Washington. Coming from the South last winter, we spent a short time there and were greatly delighted to find so many who referred to those blessed days in 1876, when the Rev. Dr. Rankin said, "I believe there were about three thousand converted."

It has always been through the pastors that we have revisited the visited fields of labor. This, as I have said, is one of the most satisfactory replies to those who ask the question, "What do ministers who have labored in such meetings think of them?"

I have often prayed that more might be encouraged to give themselves entirely up to this work of saving the young. Hence, my desire to say something that will lead young Christians, ministers and evangelists to do this. If General Booth, as he says was the case, could in part be led by my humble example and personal influence to give up his church and to launch out into the great work in which he has accomplished so much, should I not be encouraged to believe that some of those who read these testimonies will be led to say, "Here, Lord, am I, teach me by Thy spirit how to win children to feel their need of Christ and to put their trust in Him."

Rev. Dr. A. H. Burlingham was pastor of one of the leading churches in St. Louis when we were there in 1874. He was, indeed, a tower of strength in those great meetings, some of which were held in Ben De Bar's Opera House, where sometimes over four thousand gathered. In his introduction to my "Conversion of Children" he says, "Many of the young converted at that time, in your meetings in St. Louis, came into the Second Baptist church, of which I was then pastor, and their durability and fidelity as Christians will compare more than favorably with that of any like number of adults I have ever received into my church."

At three different times we have labored with the pastors in Newark, N. J. After the first series some thirteen hundred joined the churches from the Sunday schools alone. One hundred and fifty-three united with the Rev.

Dr. Henry Clay Fish's church after the meetings, and seven years later one hundred and seventy-three.

#### CHILDREN'S MEETINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

Twice in Philadelphia and once in Newark, N. J., Dr. Edgar M. Levy has been one of the leading pastors with whom we have labored in winning the young and old to Christ. I am glad to receive, just at this book is going to press, the following letter:

“REMARKS ON THE CONVERSION OF CHILDREN. BY REV. Edgar M. Levy, D.D.

“THEY brought young children to Him.’ The writer can well remember that his sense of sinfulness began in the earliest years of conscious life. This sense of guilt and personal responsibility often moistened his eyes with tears, bowed his little knees in prayer and caused him to utter the cry of the publican.

“He can also recall many seasons of revival when the children in his congregation were under strong convictions. Once, while in the Sabbath schoolroom, he noticed a child weeping and exhibiting great distress. He went to the class, where all the members were strangely agitated, and said, ‘My child, why do you weep?’ ‘Oh, sir,’ she replied, amid sobs, ‘My sins! my sins! They seem so bitter. What shall I do?’ In Mr. Hammond’s meetings, especially those he held in Newark, N. J., in 1864, hundreds of children in one service were seen weeping in a similar manner. It was not because their fears had been excited, but conscience had been awakened and the soul had seen the awful nature of sin in the sufferings and death of Jesus—the just dying for the unjust. During the great revivals in Ireland in 1859 many such cases are recorded. One little girl about twelve years of age, the child of pious parents, was reading to her mother on a Sabbath evening the hymn, ‘What’s the news?’ When she came to the lines,

*'The Lord has pardoned all my sins,  
I feel the witness now within,*

her mother stopped her, saying, 'I doubt if you could say that from the heart, my dear.' It was a word in season. It reached her conscience, and in a moment she was on her knees crying for mercy. For some hours she was in touching agony of soul, using such expressions as 'Oh, what a dreadful sinner I am.' After remaining in this state for about two hours the light broke in upon her soul and she clapped her hands for joy, repeating M'Changne's hymn,

*'I once was a stranger to grace and to God;  
I knew not my danger, I felt not my load.'*

"In my own congregation, during a time of special awakening, many such scenes were witnessed. Children of tender age broke down under strong conviction. At one time the death-like silence was only broken by the sobbing of broken and contrite hearts. At another time the pastor could not speak a word. His heart was too full to speak, as he stood there in the midst of the lambs who were bleating to enter the fold of the Good Shepherd. On another occasion many young girls attending a neighboring public school would, on their way home with their books under their arms, come into our afternoon meetings. Being unable to obtain seats they stood in the aisle weeping. The principal of their school afterward told me that for two days she was compelled to suspend the recitations on account of the weeping in the classrooms. Many of these were converted and united with churches of different denominations.

"And this leads to the remark that very young children are capable of understanding the way of salvation. It is the glory of the Christian religion that while it stretches beyond the grasp of the mightiest intellect it contracts itself, so to speak, within the limits of the narrowest; that while it furnishes matter of inexhaustible speculation to such men as Lock and Newton, it condescends to become the teacher of babes; or, as it has been beauti-

fully said, 'It is a fountain at which a lamb may sip and an elephant may quench his thirst.'

"How often when examining children have I been impressed with the truth of these remarks by the clear, intelligent, and scriptural reason which was given for the hope that was in them. In this respect their examination has been generally more satisfactory than that of adults.

"The most favorable season for conversion is in early life; the earlier the better. The child has less to unlearn than the man. Doubt has not as yet found a lodgment in his mind. Infidelity is the sin of age, not of youth. A child accepts with simple confidence the word of God. His hearing is more acute; so that young Samuel hears the voice of his Maker, while aged Eli hears nothing. A child's heart is more impressible, because he has not for long years been making it as adamant, and consequently is more ready to confess Christ before the world. For these reasons, and many others that space will not permit us to enumerate, children should be brought to Christ. This is the one great object we—parents, pastors, teachers—should seek, and everything else should be subservient to it. Sing, pray, preach, teach, and do it all with the view of bringing them now to Christ. Let this be done, and let domestic example be what it should be, and then our dearest hopes will not fail to be realized. Then the words of the prophet will be fulfilled: 'All thy children shall be taught of God, and great shall be the peace of thy children.'"

REV. DR. CHARLES HUTCHINSON.

The following was written by Rev. Dr. Charles Hutchinson, who was for thirty-nine years pastor of the First Presbyterian church in New Albany:

"Mr. Hammond held a series of meetings in our city at the invitation of the various pastors. At the first union meeting in the tent the daily paper said that there were about seven thousand present. A large company went with

Mr. Hammond from New Albany to Louisville. In answer to much prayer there, also, many were led to Christ.

“The grandest work done on earth is the conversion of a soul to God. And Mr. Hammond has been used of God to bring hundreds here in New Albany from sin to salvation. How then can we do otherwise than to regard him as a benefactor to our city? Beyond any teacher of divine truth I have heard the Spirit has taught him just how to put himself right down beside a child so as to win his confidence, and make Jesus in all his loving tenderness a reality. We mean to profit by the lessons he has taught us and continue his method in winning the little ones to Jesus. But love for them and for their Saviour is needed in order to succeed. This we earnestly seek. Faith in the conversion of children has been so intensified by this work, and what we have ourselves seen, never, we trust, to be shaken. God grant we may ever work for the salvation of our children, and all others with a zeal that will insure large success.”

DR. J. E. RANKIN.

Meetings were held for twelve weeks in Washington, mostly in the First Congregational church, of which Dr. J. E. Rankin was the pastor. It was then the largest auditorium in Washington, and after a little it was crowded nightly so that admission had to be by ticket. Dr. Rankin was one of the leaders in the work, and was at nearly every meeting—morning, afternoon and evening. Dr. Rankin says in his introduction to one of Mr. Hammond's books:

“It was not many months since we received to our communion a lady who was converted in childhood at one of Mr. Hammond's meetings for children in the West. He could have no higher honor than this title—‘Children's Evangelist.’ I think he deserves this title, if for nothing else, for his advocacy of the possibility of a child's conversion as against all evil hearts of unbelief. But, in addition to this, I believe there are multitudes of children, in this and other lands, who will rise up in heaven and call him blessed, because he taught them the way of life, through the blood of Christ.”

R. C. MORGAN, EDITOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN," LONDON.

I first met this beloved brother in 1859. He had just been to Ireland to see that marvelous work of grace among the young and old. It was estimated that there were over 100,000 conversions. At that time Mr. Morgan began to edit a paper called *The Revival in London*. I found he was greatly interested in what he had seen of child conversion in Ireland. I had been there but a short time before, and naturally became interested in what he had to say about the displays of God's grace in that country. Since that time we have kept up our acquaintance. During the seven and one-half years I spent in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe Messrs. Morgan and Scott did all in their power to assist in my work. They published most of the books and tracts I have written from time to time. Mr. Morgan has crossed the ocean many times, and has repeatedly visited us.

In one of my scrap books I find the following short report of his address at a Sunday service in Vernon Center, our old home. I venture to place it among the pages of this book.

"R. C. Morgan, editor of *The Christian*, London, gave a most interesting address in the church, based on I. Sam. xiv. 23. He said history repeats itself. These Old Testament narratives are repeated in principle to-day. Things were in a dull condition in Jonathan's day; only six hundred men were left with Saul, out of all the men who had followed him, and he himself had lost his former energy. Many Christians are now in a similar condition. An inspiration came to Jonathan to go against the Philistine garrison. Every thought to do anything for God against His enemies comes from above, and ought not to be disregarded. Jonathan wisely told not his father, Saul. He would have warned him against foolhardiness. There were rocks of difficulty in the way; there always are in any enterprise for God; but Jonathan overcame them through faith in God. There is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few. The work of Spurgeon, Moody, Hammond, Barnardo, Charington, Miss Macpher-

son and others was cited as illustrating the call to work for Christ, and the inevitable difficulties which beset their path, especially at the outset. The speaker felt peculiar pleasure in speaking at Vernon, to which England owed E. Payson Hammond, who had commenced so great a work among the children, which has been continuously carried on during his absence by 'The Children's Special Service Mission,' which was then originated, and has been strengthened by his subsequent visits. The speaker, as he grew older, thought more and more of the importance of the conversion of children. Jonathan sought for a sign to assure himself that God was with him, but this did not come till he and his armor-bearer had discovered themselves to the Philistines. The work is half done when we have taken a bold stand for God. Then the sign was given which assured them that God was with them, and the hand of God was manifestly put forth. First twenty men fell before them, then the garrison and the spoilers trembled, and the earth quaked, and there was a very great trembling. All the armies of Israel could not have made the earth to quake, but a far greater work than this is wrought in behalf of the preachers of the gospel. It takes a mightier working of Almighty power to make sinners' hearts quake than to make the earth quake. Then every man's sword was turned against his fellow. That is still the way in which God works; the ranks of God's soldiers are recruited from the enemy: the sinner having been converted turns to fight the Lord's battle. It is to be noted that Jonathan did not go against the garrison to make a name for himself or his family or his tribe. He said, 'Come after me, for the Lord hath delivered them into the hand of Israel.' It adds greatly to the influence of the servant of Christ when he does not seek his own glory, nor the glory of his own sect, but goes forth representing the whole Church of Christ; just so, one of the happiest characteristics of the revival work of the present day is the unsectarian character. Of Moody, Hammond and many others it has often been said that no one would know to what church they belonged. Another fact in this battle has its counterpart in revival times. The Hebrews who dwelt in the Philistines' camp, and

the Israelites who had hid themselves in caves, turned to be with the Israelites and followed hard after the conquered Philistines; so backsliders who have given up the name of Christians, and are found in the theater and at the card table return to their first love; and timid Christians who hide themselves and make no confession of Christ, are found to identify themselves once more with Christ's followers when one bold man of faith and prayer has led the way. When Mr. Hammond came to London in 1867 the value of the work among the children was noticed by one of the most excellent and respected of London ministers, the Hon. Rev. Baptist Noel, and no one who attended those meetings will forget the absorbed interest with which he watched and entered into the work, and the joy with which he saw multitudes of the young evidently gathered into the fold of Christ."

#### MR. HAMMOND'S CHILDREN'S MEETING AT ALBANY.

"Rev. J. F. Elder, D.D., pastor of the Calvary church, invited Mr. Hammond to hold a children's meeting in his church Sabbath afternoon, February 5th, and preach in the evening. On the Friday evening previous, the pastor had urged the subject of personal Christian work, and called a meeting at his own church of Christian workers from all the churches to meet Mr. Hammond on Saturday evening. At this meeting large plans were laid, by which many children were to be invited through personal calls on their Sunday school superintendents.

"These plans secured a large and well equipped auditorium, filled with children, with a worker in the end of each pew. An orphan asylum filled one row of pews and various Sabbath schools other rows. Besides, to each aisle two or three ministers were assigned to lend assistance in the second meeting. Rarely, indeed, has such an opportunity been afforded for holding up the cross to the children. Pastors A. K. Duff of the United Presbyterian church, and J. F. Elder, especially the former, had been indefatigable in visiting and preparing the way.

"And now we come to the prepared meeting, that sea of faces. The song, "Jesus Loves Me," from those hun-

dreds of children, filled the house, but in a much greater degree God's Holy Spirit filled the place in answer to all the prayers. And Christians were there in the spirit of prayer.

"Dr. Elder opened the meeting proper with a word of welcome to the Sabbath schools which had accepted his invitation. Then Mr. Hammond began his address. Those who have heard him can understand if this pencil says the address cannot be described. The subject of sin was made prominent, and then Jesus, as the crucified Savior, was held up. Finally the whole audience was led in a simple prayer, sentence by sentence, repeating it after Mr. Hammond, closing with:

*"Jesus, take this heart of mine,  
Make it pure and wholly Thine;  
Thou hast bled and died for me,  
I will henceforth live for Thee."*

"Then began the second meeting, an inquiry meeting, and in this was seen the benefit of system in the preparation. Each child was personally spoken with and many were prayed with. After a suitable time opportunity was given to as many as felt that they had accepted Christ to give expression to this by gathering around the organ to sing, and in response to this invitation the great and blessed answer to prayer was seen.

"Every older Christian had been instructed to allow no child to give such expression who did not first give evidence of repentance of sin and faith in Christ. A minister said he spoke with each of six girls about fifteen years of age in one pew; all acknowledged themselves sinners. 'Well, are you ready to accept Christ?' he said to one. 'Yes, sir.' Then he asked the next, and so on. He said aloud, 'Here is a seatful who accept Christ.' Pastors and parents, teachers and superintendents recognized often their own children in the pews, and with tears of joy heard the answer, 'I accept Jesus as my Savior.' This is giving examples of the kind of work done.

"To give a pen picture of the whole auditorium is impossible, but it is possible to say that the scene was a blessed

one. All hushed and quiet, but as the pastor said from the pulpit at the evening service, with tearful earnestness, the whole atmosphere he had found in that inquiry meeting to be conducive to decision for Christ. Young people with whom he had repeatedly spoken during the year past he found there, ready to decide; yes, in many cases, already decided, and said he, 'I could not be mistaken as to what these young persons mean.' He said he confidently believed that several hundred might have given their hearts to Christ here to-day.

"A lady in the Monday morning prayer meeting described the inquiry meeting as a Pentecostal outpouring. Another said it was wonderful. Still another, 'The windows of heaven were opened.' A great many said they had never seen anything like it. Mr. Hammond has sometimes, when with Mr. Spurgeon in London, addressed five and six thousand children and youth in a single meeting, but he remarked at the meeting yesterday that he had seldom, if ever, seen a greater manifestation of God's power than at that Sunday afternoon meeting.

"Mr. T. J. Williams, long resident in Albany, said he was present at all Mr. Hammond's meetings in Utica many years ago, when he saw marvelous displays of God's grace in connection with Mr. Hammond's work among the children. He said: 'I came here yesterday to see if Mr. Hammond had the same power and blessing with the children, and I found that he had even greater, for I never witnessed such a manifestation of God's grace in any of his meetings before.' He added that he wished every city in the land might enjoy the benefits of Mr. Hammond's labors among the young.

"My pencil can but tamely tell the story of that Sabbath afternoon in Calvary church. Mr. Hammond preached at night to a full house, and after the sermon conducted an inquiry meeting, which did not close until nearly eleven o'clock. Two mothers, one after the other, said between the tears of joy: 'My daughter came to Christ this afternoon and my son has come to Christ to-night.' A father said: 'Why should I not rejoice? My son has just said that he accepts Christ.' Many others, parents,

superintendents, and teachers, added like testimony, and it came with the emphasis of joyful exclamation, impossible to describe. Dr. Elder said the simple fact that the congregation and so many impenitent souls had waited to be spoken with, and were still remaining at this late hour, half-past ten, for religious conversation, was an indication of the presence of the Holy Spirit. And not least was this: A child of ten years, on going home, said: 'Papa, I never saw such a Sunday in all my life.' Even Mr. Hammond said, in the course of the meeting: 'I want to make a confession, friends; I want to say to you that at the beginning of this service I did not have faith to expect this; some of you have been praying more than I did for this blessing here to-night.'

"After sharing and receiving blessings in meetings with Charles G. Finney long ago and with Mr. Hammond in other cities, I have to say this Sabbath at Albany was a most blessed day. EDWARD D. VANCE."

REV. D. V. MAYS.

"Association with Mr. Hammond in his work in Kansas in the seventies had acquainted me with the manner in which the Holy Spirit used him in presenting the gospel for the conversion of children. On renewing acquaintance with him in an extended evangelistic tour in the South, in the winter of 1899-1900, it was my privilege, with many other precious experiences, to witness a most remarkable instance of the effect of the singing of his collection of hymns, and of his addresses, in a large body of youths in the Protestant Orphan Asylum for whites in Charleston, S. C. After his first exercises with them, two or three hundred filed by him and gave expression to a new love for the Savior. Subsequent visits presented faces radiant with joy in an experience of pardoned sin and acceptance of Jesus as their Redeemer. This testimony, like that of multitudes of other coworkers, is given to call attention to the opportunity and duty which present themselves everywhere of using such means for the conversion of children as will present the gospel simply, clearly and

touchingly to youthful minds, and of thereby bringing them to Christ.

“From a child the boy, Timothy, knew the Scriptures, and such home training all parents should give their children, but it pleases God to save children by the foolishness of preaching, and it is the aim of Mr. Hammond’s book on ‘The Conversion of Children’ to show that such preaching as God has wonderfully used for their conversion should be more generally given them. While children, they should become wise unto salvation.

“It gives me much pleasure to join to the praise of God in the following testimony of Rev. Thomas Marshall, D.D., Field Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church: ‘I know of no other evangelist during the first fifty years, if there has been one during the entire century now closing, who has been the equal of Mr. Hammond among the children, and also among the unconverted and the hardened in our large cities and in our larger towns.’

“D. V. MAYS.

“BEAVER, PA., 1900.”

## CHAPTER VI.

WHAT THE SUPERINTENDENTS AND SUNDAY SCHOOL  
TEACHERS SAY OF EARLY CONVERSION.

## BISHOP FALLOWS.

IN a large file of letters from young converts in Milwaukee, I find some very touching ones recalling many delightful memories of a powerful work of God's spirit, in which nearly all the pastors of the city united. Among them were Dr. Geo. M. Stone, now the much beloved pastor of the Asylum Hill Baptist church, in Hartford, and Right Reverend Bishop Fallows, LL.D., of Chicago. I have just received a delightful letter from the latter, from which I quote two sentences. He understood the children's meetings and rejoiced in them. Why should it not be when Christ's words are, "No man shall pluck them out of my hand."

Bishop Fallows writes: "I recall with the greatest satisfaction and delight the glorious meetings we had in Milwaukee, and thank God devoutly for the great and lasting work which was accomplished among the children and the young people of that city. Please accept my warmest thanks for the 'Roger's Travels' you sent me. I shall read it with the greatest pleasure."

## WILLIAM REYNOLDS, PEORIA, ILL.

It was through the influence of W. Reynolds and D. L. Moody that I was led to go to Peoria, and yet at the close of the first meeting, when many of the children and young people were asking what they should do to be saved, Mr. Reynolds felt he could not engage in the work,

but as he saw God's Spirit was moving many of them, he soon became interested. The large hall and churches were crowded. Mr. D. W. McWilliams, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was one of the earnest workers in those meetings. I remember something like one thousand professed conversion. We often heard touching incidents of parents being first moved to attend the meetings through their children, who gave evidence of having experienced a change of heart. Mr. Reynolds afterwards gave himself up to work for the young. He became president of the International Sabbath School Association, and spent much time in traveling from city to city in the interests of the association. One day he came into our meetings in Jackson, Mich., where there was an extensive work of grace, and spoke as follows: "Twenty years ago Mr. Hammond held a series of meetings in Peoria. We soon came to realize that God was not going to consult us about the plans for carrying on this work, and that the greatest good was not accomplished by excitement, but by the quiet workings of the Spirit of God. We came to realize, too, that God could not come in power until His people became right before Him and before their fellow men, and when we came to this condition then would we see sinners coming and accepting salvation and back-sliders being awakened out of their sleep. One day a lady said: 'I wish that William Reynolds would keep his mouth shut in those meetings.' She was asked why. 'Because he has not spoken to my husband in five years and he is standing right in the way of his conversion.' I heard of it, and, though I did think that he was the meanest man in town and he thought I was the meanest man in town, yet I said if I am standing in the way of anyone I am going to get out of it right off, and I took my hat and put on my coat and went out of the meeting and straight to that man's office. When I went in he looked astonished and appeared as if he was preparing to resist me, but I went up to him and took his hand and said, 'Doctor, if I have ever done anything or said anything mean about you, and I know I have, I want you to forgive me,' and he forgave me then and there, and not only that, but he asked my forgiveness also.

We were both moved to tears and that man was afterwards converted. If any of you are in anybody's way get out of it as quickly as you can. One great proof of the great work which Mr. Hammond accomplished in our city is the steadfastness with which the children converts have held out through these twenty years, and it was a great blessing to our city.'

Mr. Reynolds said that although he felt rejoiced at seeing these old hardened sinners come to Christ, yet it rejoiced him most to see the children and youth beginning a Christian life, because they had so much longer to serve God. He then asked how many in the audience became converted previous to the age of twenty, then how many since that age, and those who responded to the first question were more than double the number who responded to the last. Continuing with his remarks, he said:

"There was one man converted while Mr. Hammond was in our city who was a strong atheist, and he was so firm in his belief that his conversion caused more astonishment than if he had been Robert G. Ingersoll, and he is to-day a man of strong Christian character.

"Mr. Hammond used to tell the Christians to talk to the person next to them and in one meeting I sat between two men, one of whom I knew to be a Christian and the other I knew was not. I turned around and said, 'Don't you think you ought to be a Christian?' and he said, 'Mr. Reynolds, you have been a Christian a good many years, haven't you?' 'Yes.' 'And you have known that I was going straight to ruin.' 'Yes.' 'Why, then, have you not asked me this question before?' Well, I acknowledged I had done wrong, but said, 'I have asked you now, haven't I?' and asked him what he intended to do, and he said he intended to give the question serious consideration, and he was converted."

Mr. Reynolds told also of how he tried to be an infidel for many years, yet he knew all the while that there was a God, and how one day, coming home and picking up a

bible, his eyes fell on the story of the sufferings of Jesus, and that was instrumental in leading him to Christ.

EARNEST WORDS FROM OFFICE EDITOR "N. Y. EVANGELIST."

J. H. Dey, Esq., for many years editor of *The Evangelist*, has always been in sympathy with any efforts for the salvation of the young. I am glad he has written something for "Early Conversion." He says:

"We have long been acquainted, as those interested in the progress of the churches may well be, with the labors of the Rev. Edward Payson Hammond. We recall him as a youthful member of the Presbytery of New York. It was my privilege to attend the meetings which Mr. Hammond held in the church of the late Dr. Edwin F. Hatfield, at that time the stated clerk of the General Assembly, N. Y., and the experienced and wise pastor of the North Presbyterian church in West Thirty-first street. The congregation was large and influential, and Mr. Hammond's work fruitful in the best sense.

"There has been much criticism of our Sunday school teaching, some regarding it as too scholastic, and others quite the contrary. That there are defects is generally admitted. The Christ of the gospel and epistles is inadequately set forth in his redemptive relations to the unsaved; in short, the ethical teaching is often wanting in that definiteness which leads to a change of heart and the building of character.

"That there was room for the evangelistic labor and teaching which Mr. Hammond has supplied, there can be no question. Thousands who were brought into the kingdom in their tender years through his preaching, now testify for him and his methods in their maturity. He has done, past all controversy, a great and indispensable work in the churches for more than forty years. All have not approved all his methods. He himself would be far from claiming infallibility as to these. There may have been errors of taste and of judgment. But such matters are trivial—the mere dust of the balance, when we take account of the untiring labors performed

and the actual and well attested fruits in behalf of all classes, but always the young. Our Sabbath schools have fallen below the mark of a generation ago, we are told, in their strictly religious teaching. If this is so the part borne by Mr. Hammond seems the more providential, supplementing as it has the inherent deficiencies of instruction, so that a vast number of our youth have been powerfully confirmed in the ways of piety, despite the falling away in home and school.

“Blest with vigor of body and mind, Mr. Hammond has labored as an evangelist repeatedly in all our large cities and in many of the smaller ones of the States, of Canada and Great Britain. This has been going on for long and the time must be near when he can lead the attack no longer. His labors began somewhat in advance of those of Mr. Moody. His evangelistic spirit and influence will, however, long be perpetuated, alike by the living voice and the printed page. Among the most useful of his many publications is the one entitled ‘The Conversion of Children.’ It has met with a wide acceptance, and in many parts its salutary counsels are easily traced by the good which has been wrought. We are glad to learn that its author is about publishing a new book, ‘Early Conversion.’ Should it become in some sort a religious manual of the family—especially the mentor and guide of the young to Christ, and the building of Christian character, the large purpose of its author will be realized. Happy those parents and children who shall come under its benign influence.

J. H. D.”

#### MR. BEN HAINS.

This brother was of great assistance to me in meetings held in New Albany. At the first children’s meeting many were impressed and, I believe, led to Christ. Something like twelve churches united in the work. I love to think of men like him, who feel that it is one of the most important things in the world to get children to come to Christ.

“NEW ALBANY, IND., July 10, 1899.

“DEAR BROTHER HAMMOND:

“I believe that one of the weakest places in our system of Christian activity is the lack of systematic evangelistic work among the children. We teach them in the Sunday school, to be sure, yet how sadly large is the proportion of those who pass through it and out into the world, having learned many good things, but yet having failed to come to a personal knowledge of Jesus as their Savior and Friend. In our interest in the sowing we too often let the early harvest time pass by and then, after the children have grown up, make desperate attempts to bring them into the fold, only to find them so hardened that our hearts ache at the failure to move them. I rejoice above everything else in the noble efforts that are being put forth for the evangelization of the children, and I pray they may be increased a thousandfold, and that many more may be raised up to enter upon this great work. BEN HAINS.”

MISS LIETCH.

Miss Margaret W. Lietch, from Ceylon, says, in a note to Mr. Hammond, that the great hope in India, even more than here, lies in winning the children to Christ. The great need is that the workers should come to believe in the conversion of children, its possibility, and be led to pray for, work for and expect it. If the workers could be led to do this, I believe we might see mighty results and great ingatherings the next ten years.

“Your book. ‘The Conversion of Children,’ is one of the publications of the Madras Tract Society, and, as they have regular agents and depots, we trust it is being well circulated.

“The Lord may raise up the right man to go before you and prepare the way. If you go first to Ceylon, which is the great center of work for children, there being 61,000 children in mission schools, some well-known young missionary might arrange for you and precede you in the South. Mr. Louis Heib, Secretary of

the Y. M. C. A., in Ceylon, would surely help plan your tour and arrange in advance for your meetings at important centers, as he did for Mr. Meyers. He would do the same service for you in Madras, Calcutta and Bombay. I believe it might be possible for you to accomplish the greatest work of your life in India and Ceylon the next ten years. May the Lord make his way plain before you. Yours in Him,

“MARGARET W. LIETCH.”

MISS TOBEY'S EXPERIENCE.

Miss Elizabeth S. Tobey has worked in connection with the New England Evangelistic Association, is a strong believer in the conversion of children, and has led many to Christ. The following letter will interest the readers of this book, and I wish that ministers and evangelists everywhere would follow her noble example and do what they can to bring the young to Jesus:

“I am glad to hear that you are preparing a book of your addresses to children, and incidents of their conversion. I fully believe that the gospel is for the little ones, and that they should be brought to a saving faith in Jesus while young. When I was but a little girl, I remember well your meetings in dear Dr. Kirk's church, and the help they were to me as a young Christian. I also recall with pleasure your visit to my father's house, and rejoice in the blessed work which by God's grace you have accomplished during these many years, both for adults and for the children. We can never fully estimate the great and widespread influence of these labors until we reach the other shore.

“Perhaps it may encourage you to know how much I have been helped in my own work by the printed stories of the children who have come to Jesus in your meetings, for I hold services for boys and girls in nearly all the places where I have revival meetings.

“In a far away Vermont town a few, rough, hardened boys and two or three girls came to such a service, and it seemed almost impossible to get their attention to any serious thing, but I began with one of the most thrilling

of your stories, 'The Little Swiss Girl,' who gave her life for her papa's, and then followed with the story of 'The Persecuted Boy,' and all were so touched that they were breathlessly still. The boys dare not look at me, lest they should be seen to cry, and so kept their heads turned, looking intently out of the window, while swallowing the tears which were choking them. From that moment they were softened and interested in all that followed, and I believe they will never forget the impression made upon their young hearts.

"May God spare you yet many years to preach the gospel to the dear children, as well as to others, and surely your reward will be a glorious one as you meet the thousands in heaven who will greet you as the friend who led them to the cross of Jesus. Most sincerely yours,  
ELIZABETH S. TOBEY."

MR. WILLIAM LUFF.

While holding meetings in Rev. Baptist Noel's church, in London, there was a young man who took great interest in them. His poetical abilities were even then apparent. He has continued using his pen to God's glory. I have recently received this letter from him:

"94 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, West C.

"MY DEAR MR. HAMMOND: I often think of those happy meetings in London. I was in the old rooms at John street (Baptist Noel's) only a few weeks back, speaking to the mothers, and your meetings rose up before me. I am sure a work was then begun among the young in this country which will go on to an unlimited extent. I had just been converted myself, so they gave me an impetus.

"I often read of your meetings, reported in *The Christian*, and recall the way in which you used to let me help you after the exertion of preaching. A friend has just told me of a lady, now married, who was converted at ten in one of your London meetings.

"WM. LUFF."

GEO. MÜLLER.

It is a blessing to be acquainted with such a man as the late George Müller, and I have never ceased to be thankful that it was my privilege to be present a few days at his institution in Bristol and to speak to hundreds of children. While holding meetings in England he invited me to spend a few days in labor among the children. The largest audience room was crowded full. Much prayer had been offered for the presence and blessing of the Holy Spirit, and as the crucified Savior was "lifted up," it was soon evident that many were deeply convicted of sin. I think it would be safe to say that at the close of my address nearly all of that great gathering were bathed in tears, although there had been no special appeals to their feelings, only a simple proclamation of the gospel. With a few friends who had come with me we attempted to converse with some of them personally, but there were so many in tears that it seemed impossible to speak with them all. I was a little fearful that Mr. Müller would be somewhat alarmed at the manifestation of so much feeling. There was no doubt in my mind that it was the work of the Spirit, producing "godly sorrow" for sin, yet I had seldom witnessed so many tears.

At length Mr. Müller's heart seemed to be full, and did overflow in sweet words of comfort to the weeping ones. He fully endorsed every word that had been said, and his appeals deepened, if possible, the impression. He urged me to continue the meetings, which I did for two days longer. I have no doubt that many during those three days were "born again" by the Spirit of God.

I can never cease to love dear George Müller. I could but feel that when God was powerfully at work leading those in the springtime of life to Himself such a man must sympathize with the movement.

W. H. STANES, MISSIONARY FROM INDIA.

I have for some time been in correspondence with W. H. Stanes, a missionary from India. He came to this

country with the famous V. D. David, the Tamil evangelist, who spoke in several churches in Hartford, and at one of my open-air meetings at the railroad station. Mr. Stanes has urged me to return to India with him. He has sent the following for this book:

“I find that Mr. Hammond is preparing a book on early conversion. His first book on that subject has been translated into the Tamil language by the Book and Tract Society in Madras. One result of its circulation in India is that many have become acquainted with his work for the young man at one of the annual meetings of the Indian Sunday School Society he was invited to spend a year in that country. As I have lived more than half of my life there, and have become deeply interested in the children of that land, I have been urging him to accept the invitation, and hope he will do so. The need of such work as Mr. Hammond’s in India is pressing, and I believe he would do great good. We were together in Northfield holding children’s meetings and the convention rejoiced in seeing the young led by the spirit of God to trust in Jesus. I shall be delighted to assist in any way in undertaking work among the children in India. Mr. Hammond is so well known that I believe there will be no difficulty in gathering full audiences of all ages.”

#### MR. MOODY’S LETTER.

It was through Mr. Moody’s influence that I conducted a series of meetings in Chicago. He wrote a number of letters, one of which I give below. When I went to Chicago in 1863 he was one of the first to greet me. He attended all the meetings, and I remember well how enthusiastically he worked at the first inquiry meeting in the Rev. Dr. Paton’s church. He was ready with something to say to strengthen the faith of God’s people. One reason why I loved him was because of his interest in children. More than twenty years ago, before any of the buildings at Northfield were erected, I spent three days with him at his home. He then told me of his intention to build a school for indigent girls. Two of my nieces

were among his early teachers. One of them is now a missionary in Mexico, and the other is the wife of General Howard L. Porter, of Concord, N. H.

“CHICAGO, Oct. 28th, 1863.

“DEAR BROTHER HAMMOND: I am erecting a building that will hold one thousand five hundred, and when done I am in hopes I can get you to come out and preach for a few weeks. My dear brother, you do not know how much I have thought of you while laboring to win children to Christ. You do not know how much infidelity there is in the church in regard to children conversions. There are but very few that believe that children can become Christians, but thank God there is a bright day coming.

“I feel as if God had raised you up for this work. I often pray for you, that God may spare your health, and that you may yet live to preach in every city in this country. If you can possibly come out here before you go to Europe, I wish you would, for we can get things ready in a very short time if only you will come. Say you will. Yours in Christ,  
D. L. MOODY.”

## CHAPTER VII.

## CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

"Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."--Mark xi. 24.

*Once I never thought of Jesus,  
Now He's with me day by day;  
Loving words to me He speaketh,  
When I kneel to Him and pray.*

MORE THAN FIVE HUNDRED SEEK JESUS IN LYNN, MASS.

"Rev. E. Payson Hammond has been holding meetings in Lynn, Mass., and a remarkable work, especially among the young, has been accomplished. In the short space of five days five hundred and twenty-four have been examined by those appointed for the purpose and, after a second examination by a minister, have received covenant cards, which read as follows:

"I believe Christ also hath loved us and has given Himself for us and that I can truly say:

*"Jesus take this heart of mine,  
Make it pure and wholly Thine.  
Thou hast bled and died for me,  
I will henceforth live for Thee."*

"At the first meeting over a thousand were present, and since then the churches have been daily well filled. The meetings are under the auspices of the Evangelistic Association of New England, Boston.

"Only those who work in the inquiry meetings can understand them. Those who do this are sometimes aston-

ished at the remarkable results of God's blessing on the simple preaching of the gospel to the young.

“JOHN E. GRAY, Secretary.

“March 11, 1898.”

#### GOD ANSWERS CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

As soon as children are really converted they begin to pray. After I had visited Montreal the children's daily prayer meeting continued in one form and another for ten years. I returned one year after my first visit and dropped into the meeting and was astonished at what I saw and heard. Some of the most delightful meetings I have ever attended have been children's prayer meetings. They take God at His word and know that He will answer prayer. They seem to be taught by the Spirit to know how to comply with the conditions of prevailing prayer. If older Christians are taught to say, “We know not what to pray for as we ought, but the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities,” is not this much more true of children; and surely we should not doubt that the same spirit is as able to help children as older people. I have often noticed that in prayer meetings for adults, though little is said to the children they seem to grasp it all and derive much benefit from it, almost as much as if it was entirely devoted to them.

“MY PRESENCE SHALL GO WITH THEE.”

I related the following at a prayer meeting in Hartford, Connecticut, and the young as well as the old seemed impressed and interested by it:

“David Brainerd in the early days resolved to carry the gospel to a savage tribe of Indians away in the forest. His friends declared that they should never see him alive again. He carried a little tent under which he slept. After weary days of travel he approached the principal village of the tribe, but tarried for a while that he might plead with God for His blessing on his attempt to benefit those savage Indians. He supposed that no eye but God's

rested on him; but some Indians had watched him as he pitched his tent, and then hastening to the village had told the chief of the approaching white man. A council was held and it was decided that *he must die*.

"A party of Indians hid in a sheltered place and waited for the missionary to come out, but Brainerd continued long in prayer. Becoming impatient, they drew nearer, and cautiously peering through the opening they saw him on his knees. Just then a great rattlesnake slowly pushed its ugly head under the tent, and crawling over Brainerd's feet reared itself parallel to the kneeling man's back as if to strike its fangs into his neck. Suddenly it drew back, as if God forbade the murderous attempt, and glided out at the opposite side from which it had entered. The Indians were amazed, and, slowly retreating, they joined their comrades and described what they had witnessed.

"Brainerd was so absorbed in prayer that he knew nothing of the snake's visit, or of the savage warriors who had come to destroy him. He seemed to hear God say, 'My presence shall go with thee.' At length he took his bible and went toward the village. To his surprise it seemed as if the whole tribe came out to greet him. They treated him with the greatest respect, regarding him as under the protection of the Great Spirit, and concluded that instead of being hostile to this man whom God had defended from the poison of the rattlesnake they ought to sue for peace. They listened to his preaching and were ready to heed his entreaties to trust alone in Christ for salvation."

#### A CHILD'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

I desire every child who reads this "Early Conversion" to believe that God answers prayer. Jesus' words are, "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you."

When I was holding meetings in St. Catherines, Canada, Mr. McCollum, with whom I was staying, told me of how God answered the prayer of a child whom he knew.

Some years since, in the city of Buffalo, N. Y., a Sunday school teacher picked up on the street a poor boy, nine years of age, so ignorant that he did not know a let-

ter of the alphabet. She took him in, clothed him, and took him to day and Sunday school. Three months afterward a revival commenced. Through the efforts and prayers of this teacher, the boy was converted.

Attending the meetings were many sceptics, deists and atheists, who were ready to attribute all the power manifested to the work of man.

On the third day after this boy's conversion, although the feeling was deep, and there were many anxious inquirers, the mouths of both ministers and Christians were shut—they could not pray—they knew not why. The reason was soon revealed. In a remote corner of the audience room this little boy was seen crying. The minister, W. W. Gray, went down from the pulpit to him and asked:

"Little boy, what is the matter? Given up your hope?"

"No, sir."

"What then is the matter?"

"I want those girls converted." At the same time pointing to three grown-up girls sitting upon a bench, laughing in great glee. Again he said: "I want those girls converted."

He was asked, "Can you pray for them?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you believe God will hear you?"

"Yes, sir; I believe he will."

Mr. Gray announced to the audience that this boy would pray. He dropped upon his knees and such a prayer as he offered is seldom heard from the lips of mortals. He singled out one of those girls so that the audience knew whom he meant. She instantly uttered a cry, dropped upon her knees, asked for mercy, and immediately gave her heart to God. Then he prayed for the next one. She in like manner fell upon her knees and called aloud for mercy. Then also the third, in the same way. All three, one after the other, within the space of a few minutes, were changed from apparent thoughtlessness and converted to Christ. This boy then rose to his seat perfectly calm and his face radiant. Then the mouths of Christians were opened, they could pray; many were led to Christ.

## CHILDREN'S PRAYERS ANSWERED.

Look at the mother and three children leaving the white house on the hillside and coming down to the church, where they will hear about Jesus and his great love for us in dying on the cross that we might have our sins forgiven.

The singing and all that is said rivets the attention of these three children. The Spirit of God leads them to feel that they are sinners. Their hearts are melted in love to Him. In the inquiry meeting, while Christians are talking and praying with them, their blind eyes are opened, and their hearts go out in love to Christ. They at once feel a great change, and are made happy in the love of Jesus.

All the way up the hill, on their return home, they are talking about the delightful meeting. After they reach their home they cannot help speaking about it, even in the presence of their father.

He did not like it. At last he said to them, "I don't wish you to talk any more about those meetings."

Though he was very fond of his six-year-old Amy, and loved to hold her upon his knee, as he was not a Christian he had no love for Christ, and, hearing her speak of Him as if she knew Him better than he did, it vexed him, and he again told her that she must not speak any more to him about the meetings.

The next day the mother and the three children went to the meeting and were more delighted than ever with what they heard and saw, where so many were coming to Jesus; but they did not venture to say much about the meetings in the presence of their father, yet in a low tone, off in one corner of the room, they could but speak of the things they had "seen and heard."

Presently he heard them talking of how old Mr. Gray had stood up in the meeting, and, with his hand upon the head of his little grandchild, had thanked God that she had been the means of bringing him to a knowledge of Jesus as his Savior.

"What!" he exclaimed, turning from his newspaper to the children. "Is Mr. Gray such a fool as to be car-

ried away with this? I thought he was a man of common sense."

Yes, they told him, Mr. Gray had been converted and was now very happy.

After dinner, as he went out to give salt to the sheep, he remembered how he had seen on the other side of the hedge a bird flying in a circle and drawing nearer to the ground, while it sometimes gave a shriek. At last it gave a shrill cry and dropped into the open jaws of a serpent which lay coiled underneath. The poor bird was charmed to its death.

The thought at once struck him that he was being drawn away by the power of Satan, while his children were being sweetly drawn to Jesus and heaven. He returned to the house and saw his wife reading the bible. He was restless and wandered upstairs. As he was about to enter one of the rooms he heard his little Amy praying, "O God, please make my father a Christian. Help him to love Jesus the same as I do."

He could not enter that room. He turned to the other, and there, through a crack in the door, he heard his ten-year-old daughter saying, "O God, please make father go to the meeting with us that he, too, may learn to love Jesus and be happy as we are."

He could not enter that room. He was ashamed to have his wife see the tears in his eyes, and so he passed out to the barn. And there he heard his son, on the hay-mow, praying most earnestly for his dear father.

"O God," the boy was saying, "we don't want to go to heaven without dear father. Please show him how Jesus has loved him and died for him, so that he, too, may trust in Jesus and be saved, and that we may all have a home in heaven."

The father's heart was broken. He turned and hastened into the house, and falling down on his knees by the side of his wife with the open bible, he said:

"Send for the children. I want them all to pray for me now."

They did so, and he prayed for himself. The charm which the evil one had over him was broken, and he heard Jesus saying unto him: "Look unto me and be ye

saved. I have redeemed thee. I have suffered in thy place. I have been wounded for thy transgressions and bruised by thy iniquities."

His heart went out in love to Him. He fell into His open arms. From that moment he was a changed man.

After that, do you think he forbade his children talking about the precious meetings? No, no. He loved to hear them speak of Jesus, and to gather them around the family altar, and to sing and pray with them.

One of the ministers called me to speak to a man. By his side I found a sweet looking girl whom I had seen among the happy converts in the children's meetings. As soon as I began to speak to this man I noticed she burst into tears. I said, "Why are you weeping, my dear?"

"Oh, I want my dear father to be a Christian. I've been praying for him and I coaxed him here to-night that he might love the precious Savior."

This was too much for the father. He broke down and I trust he saw how Christ had loved him, and suffered on the cross in his place that he might have a bright home in heaven with his daughter by and by.

At the meetings in St. Louis, was an infidel lawyer, who seemed delighted to perplex the Christians who were seeking to lead others to Christ. I was asked to contrive some way to reach him. It seemed worse than useless to argue with him.

One day I found in different parts of the building six converts who had been noted infidels. I asked each of them to gather around this young lawyer, and told them I would be there and ask them to relate their experience.

After a while I approached one of them, and inquired, in the presence of the scoffer, "Are you a Christian?" This question brought out successively the experience of the converted infidels, but, to my astonishment it seemed to have no effect on the unconverted infidel.

A few weeks after, when children's meetings were held in Rev. Dr. Foot's church, the lawyer's daughter, about six years old, was present, and after a day or two was led, as she believed, to trust in Jesus. Returning home from the meeting, she asked:

"Papa, why don't you love Jesus? He was so kind to die for us, how can you help loving Him? He bled and died on the cross for you and me. If you will only come to Him, He will make you happy too."

Thus with great tenderness she pleaded with him to come to Christ. When she was about to retire, she begged her father, who was in the room, to let her kneel down and pray with him. This was too much for his proud heart. His little daughter's words were more potent than all the arguments or sermons he had ever heard.

Not long after he related, in Dr. Burlingham's church, the story of his conversion. Many hearts were melted. He, with about seventy others, went with me to Jefferson City, the capital of the state, and held a meeting in the senate chamber. There he related his experience in a most powerful and touching manner, telling how his little daughter had been used by God in leading him, a sceptical infidel, to Christ. Eyes unused to weeping were filled with tears.

In Lawrence, Kansas, Mr. Noble Prentiss attended the union meetings for the purpose of reporting them for a paper of which he was one of the editors. He listened attentively to the sermons, and wrote excellent reports of the meetings, but was entirely unmoved himself.

One day as he was passing out of the church during the inquiry meeting, a beautiful little crippled child, with large black eyes, lifted up her finger, as she stood exactly in front of him, and said, "Mr. Prentiss, won't you come to Jesus and be a Christian?" He tried to evade her question and pass on. But still she hedged up his way, and with tearful eyes pressed him with questions, still more pointed. At last he was almost forced to promise her that he would be a Christian. That promise was faithfully kept. Mr. Prentiss not only became a Christian but a most active one. He was a man of fine ability, well known in all the region, able at once to command the attention of any audience, but he had been sadly addicted to strong drink. After this great change, he went from town to town and city to city, addressing large numbers.

I have no doubt that many by his earnest words were led to Christ. God grant that the facts related in this chapter may be the means of leading its readers to realize the great influence which converted children may exercise in winning souls to Christ. And may this truth, brought home by the Spirit of God, act as a powerful stimulus to induce our readers to labor more earnestly in the Sabbath school, by the fireside, and everywhere, for the immediate salvation of the children.

Mr. Prentiss has lived since that time a Christian. I had a long talk with him at his home last spring. He is editor of the leading daily paper in Kansas City.

#### CHILDREN'S MEETINGS IN THE N. Y. JUVENILE ASYLUM.

In this asylum were placed about eight hundred boys and two hundred girls, all under the care of E. M. Carpenter, an earnest Christian man, who believes it is of the first importance that children who are to be thoroughly reformed must first be regenerated by the power of the Holy Spirit through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. During the past twenty-five years I have occasionally held meetings in the institutions in Rochester and New York, over which Mr. Carpenter has presided. He has lived long enough to learn something of the permanent results of such—what some would call phenomena—as we saw a few days since. He thoroughly understands what is necessary to make such meetings effective. He knows that they must be preceded by earnest prayer, and that there must be sympathy and co-operation among the Christians.

As soon as I began to speak to that company of one thousand boys and girls, I felt the power of God's Spirit resting upon us. And ere long many were melted to tears as I held up Christ and Him crucified as an atonement for our sins. At the close every head was bowed, and, as they followed me in prayer, suppressed sobs were heard all over the building. The few Christians that were present went from seat to seat and talked and prayed with the anxious.

Before the meeting closed it was astonishing to find

what a great number believed they had for the first time seen Christ with the eye of faith and trusted alone in Him for salvation. While we found a considerable number who had professed Christ before, yet I think it would be no exaggeration to say that between five and eight hundred declared that they had been led, in that meeting, to believe in Christ, and that for his sake their sins had been forgiven.

If I had not seen such meetings before and watched the results, I should have been at a loss to understand it. But I have frequently witnessed similar ingatherings where the large majority, in answer to much prayer, had been led in one or two meetings to see Christ crucified for them and, with saving faith, to believe in Him to the salvation of their souls. After being truly converted, children, properly instructed and encouraged to study the bible and to lead a life of prayer, are more likely to become earnest, steadfast Christians than those brought in at a later period. Parents and teachers should make sure that those under their care are led to trust alone in Christ and that through faith in Him they experience a genuine change of heart. The following letter received from one of the children in the N. Y. Juvenile Asylum shows how children are sometimes led to think themselves Christians before they have experienced a change of heart.

“When I was at home our Sunday school teacher talked to us about loving Jesus and doing good to others; but she did not tell me that I was a sinner, and that Christ had died on the cross in my stead, that I might have my many sins forgiven and have a new heart and be saved; so I soon forgot all she had said to me. When I came up here, I became more interested, and I thought because I said my prayers regularly that I was getting to be a Christian; but after a while I saw I was not a Christian, and I became discouraged and I stopped praying altogether. So I continued till the day last week when you came up here and spoke about how Christ died that dreadful death on the cross for us. I was determined not to listen to you. My heart was very hard.

As you kept on talking I got interested in spite of myself. The tears came from my eyes, and I saw what a sinner I had been not to love the precious Savior when he had done so much for me. The girls all around me were weeping, but I found that 'weeping would not save me, but that faith in Christ would save me.' I remembered the verse you had repeated, 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' So I asked God to forgive me, and I know he did, for I now love to pray and love to read the bible, and love Christians as I never did before. Very many of the other girls have been converted and are happy now."

#### CHILDREN IN AFRICA.

Some time since, through the American Board, I sent copies of my "Conversion of Children" to their missionaries, and have received a letter from Rev. W. C. Wilcox, of Groutville, Natal, South Africa.

After acknowledging the receipt of the book he speaks of a work of grace among the children of that place. The following I copy from his letter: "We know from experience that we have but little hope or encouragement to work in the mission field, if it were not for the children and the young. I could give you some testimonies of children in connection with a recent revival in this mission, which are quite as remarkable as anything related in your book. We have had whole schools of children so wrought upon by the Spirit of God that it was impossible to go on with studies, but the day had to be spent in direct labor for the healing of wounded souls. We have had classes of frolicsome boys leave the playground of their own accord and spend the recreation hour in prayer. The whole of the results have been wonderfully encouraging. Many older people have been reached by the pious words and example of their children, who could not be reached in any other way. This good work is still going on, although it is now more than a year since it started. There is a prayer meeting

in the church every morning, and another at some of the out-stations in the afternoon. This has been going on now, as I have said, for more than a year, and is kept up chiefly by the children and young people. We had started an Endeavor Society before the revival, which was not conspicuous for anything except failure to keep the pledges. But since the revival, without any pledge, they have gone far beyond what the ordinary Endeavor pledge requires."

In acknowledging the books sent out by the American Board, I have received many touching letters, like the above, from the missionaries. Children's hearts are the same the world over. Having had such experience in speaking through interpreters in foreign, and even heathen, lands, I have found that when in an atmosphere of prayer Christ is lifted up children's hearts go out in love for Him, they believe in Him and are saved.

Several years before Sheldon Jackson went to Alaska I preached the gospel to the heathen there, old and young, and I found, where they had never heard of Christ before, that children were ready to yield themselves to Him at once. We found the same state of things as we moved up and down in Palestine, and often held meetings for the young in the open air.

"THE LORD HEARS MY PRAYER."

Here is a letter from a little girl ten years old. I remember her very well. During the children's meetings in the city where she lived, you might have seen her speaking and praying with her little friends, who felt just as she did a few days before, when she could not sing "Jesus is mine."

She wrote a second letter, telling me that she had found Jesus and was full of joy.

Perhaps you have at times felt as this anxious little one did when she spelt out these words:

"When I spoke to you last, I could not say Jesus is mine; and I cannot yet. I attended the inquiry meeting

last Sunday, and three kind ladies talked to me. By-and-by a little girl came and asked me if I had found Jesus. I could not answer her, for I began to weep.

“Oh, Mr. Hammond, I am so unhappy! I have tried to find Jesus, but I cannot. Please pray for me that I may soon be happy, working for Jesus. From your loving little friend,  
ROSA.”

If you, my dear friend, feel now as the writer of this little letter did, then here is one which I hope will help you.

“I THINK I HAVE FOUND JESUS.”

This Sunday school scholar had been trying for two years to find Jesus, but not in the right way. Seeking Jesus will never save you but trusting Jesus will. This scholar sought Jesus a long time, you will see, but did not trust him. The moment you trust Jesus, you are saved. The moment you give yourself into His loving arms He will fold you to His bosom and you will hear His gentle words, “I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.” (Heb. xiii. 5.)

If you should weep all your life it would not make you any better. A good many think if they weep a good while Jesus will be ready to receive them, but this is a great mistake. I have known some children come, without shedding a tear, with simple faith to Him who died to save us.

I saw a Sunday school scholar in Philadelphia, who told me that she had found the Savior that evening, and yet she had not shed a tear. I have since seen her teacher, and he told me that he had no doubt that she did that very evening yield herself to God.

I most earnestly pray that as you read this letter you, too, may come to Jesus.

“I have been trying to become a Christian for the last two years. I felt the need of a Savior, but did not know what to do. I had no one with whom to talk, so I prayed and read my bible, but found no peace.

"When these meetings commenced, I did not think much about them but when all my friends went I thought I would go too, and perhaps find the peace I was seeking. I went three or four times that week, but did not stay to the inquiry meeting. On Saturday I stayed, but my companion would not stay for fear some one would speak to her; I am glad she has since found the Savior.

"On Monday I remained with my teacher, and she talked and prayed with me, and asked me how I felt; and I told her I thought I had to cry and do something before Jesus would take me; but I found I must only come, 'just as I am,' and trust Jesus.

"When I went home I prayed, but it seemed as if Jesus was far off; the next morning He seemed to be right by me, and I felt happier. I felt very sad that I had for so long gone astray. Yet I did nothing but sing all the morning. And now I mean to work for Him, for I read in my bible that 'faith without works is dead.'"

"THE LORD HEARS MY PRAYER."

Here is another letter, which may help you to see the way to come to Jesus. These letters have often done more than any words of mine, to show children and others the way to be saved.

I pray that as you read these words from one who says, "I began to think that I was a sinner," you too may be able to say, "The Lord hears my prayer."

"When I first heard of the meetings, I thought I would go. I went the first Sunday you were here and could not get in. Then I asked some of my schoolmates if they would go on the Monday following; they said they would. It was in Dr. Fish's church, and we sat in the second seat from the door.

"What you said about the tack hammer interested me very much, and when you asked the children why it would not take the large nails up, they said they were old sinners; then I began to think that I was a sinner.

"I did not stay to the inquiry meeting, for I was afraid to have any one speak to me about my soul. I went home,

and that night I could not sleep, for I was thinking what a great sinner I was. After lying awake until nearly midnight, I went to sleep. I thought I would go the next afternoon, and so I went and stayed to the inquiry meeting, and soon afterwards Dr. Parker came and spoke to me and he asked me if I loved Jesus, and I told him I wanted to love Him.

"I went home that night, and prayed that Jesus would take me. I went to all the meetings that week, and on Friday morning I felt so happy that I went about the house singing, and I believe the Lord heard my prayers.

"I love to read the bible now and I love to pray."

"PRAY TO GOD AND HE WILL MAKE YOUR FATHER WILLING."

A wicked man that did not believe in the bible or allow his daughter to go to Sunday school was one day led by this same little Mary to feel that he was a great sinner. She had a playmate about her own age who had given herself to Christ. When she found how happy she was since she began to trust in Jesus, Mary felt that she too was a sinner and that she must come to Jesus and believe in Him and get a new heart or she would never be happy here or hereafter. Her friend found her one day asking how she could become a Christian. The answer was, "Come to Sunday school, and my teacher will tell you how Jesus died on the cross for us."

"Father will not let me. I should like to very much, but he will not let me go to Sabbath school or to meeting. What shall I do?"

"Well, Mary, go home and pray to God that he will make your father willing to let you go to the Sunday school."

She went home into her own room and kneeled down and prayed that her father might be willing. Just at that time the father was passing the door of her room and heard her prayer.

He stopped and listened. The tears began to fall from his eyes. He was so much affected by her prayer that he opened the door and taking her in his arms he said: "Mary, you may go to the Sunday school."

The next Sabbath she went and was there taught how Christ had died in our stead, how He had loved us and given Himself for us. Her heart went out in love to Him. God for Christ's sake forgave her sins. With a light step she hastened home and told her father that she was now very happy in the love of Jesus, that she believed she had found him to be her Savior. The scoffing father's heart was melted. "Mary, what shall I do to be saved? I have been a great sinner. How can I be forgiven?"

"You must just come, as I did papa, and ask God for Christ's sake to forgive you and He will. He has promised to do this and I know He did it for me."

He took his daughter's advice and his wife did the same; they were soon upon their knees, and God answered their prayers.

Are you, my young friend, a Christian? Have you tried to lead any of your playmates to Christ? You may have some who are not Christians, and if you will get them to see how Jesus has loved us and given Himself for us they may come to Jesus and bring an unsaved father with them. Quite a little girl in Syracuse, N. Y., who was so young she could only write in capital letters, wrote me a letter, telling me she had become a Christian. In it she said: "If Jesus had not died for us the bestest of us couldn't have been saved. But now that He has died on the cross for us, the worstest of us can be saved." She might have quoted that verse in Heb. vii. 25: "Wherefore He is able to save unto the uttermost all them that come unto God by Him."

May the Lord by His spirit help you, if you are not a Christian, to come to Him at once, and then to go to work and try to bring others to Him. That is the way and the only way to be really happy here and hereafter.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## RESULTS OF EARLY CONVERSION.

“The Lord gave the word; great was the company that published it.”—Psalms lxviii. 11.

*Our souls are rescued now from death;  
Our eyes are free from tears;  
We'll praise Him with our daily breath  
Till Christ, our Lord, appears.*

I ONCE received two hundred and ten letters in one day from young converts, many of them children in Newark, N. J., and I am going to let you read one a girl sent me from Montreal, where I held three series of meetings. The last time I was there I was delighted to find many who testified that they became Christians in our children's meetings there, more than thirty years before. This thirteen-year-old says in her letter:

“It may give you some encouragement to know that I found Christ in your meetings when you were here before. It was only out of curiosity that I first attended them. I soon felt there was something the world could not give that I needed; my pride was too strong to go to Christ. At first I tried to quiet my conscience, but the sense of my guilt fell upon me, and I could not rest. They sang, ‘I know I am forgiven,’ but I could not join in, for I knew it was not true in my case. I felt I would give worlds to be able to sing it. At the inquiry meeting a girl asked: ‘Are you a Christian?’ I said, ‘No.’ ‘Would you like to be?’ ‘Yes.’

“She spoke kindly to me, and said, ‘Do not rest till you have peace in believing.’ I was in great distress. Satan whispered, ‘You can never be saved; you are too great a sinner.’ Thus for days I was in darkness. The last even-

ing you were here I wept much during the service; I felt it was my own fault I had not been saved before. I saw that Christ had died for me, and that God was ready to forgive me, if I would only confess my sins and believe in Him. I did so, following you in a few words of prayer, and when you came to the verse you wrote in that hymn we sing so often:

*'Jesus take this heart of mine,  
Make it pure and wholly Thine;  
Thou hast bled and died for me,  
I will henceforth live for Thee,'*

the burden rolled away, peace and joy filled my soul, I felt sure my prayer was answered, and that I had a new heart. I began at once to work for Jesus, and I have been doing so ever since.

"I sincerely hope none will reject Christ, as I did, but just come to Him at once, and see how he has loved and died for them; then they will be as happy as I am. I often think what an awful thing it would have been if I had died during those days that I rejected Christ."

His words to such are, 'Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life.' May God help you to come at once that you may never again be found rejecting the dear Savior, who loved you more than mother ever loved her child, and who suffered in your place on that dreadful cross.

*How many lambs are straying,  
Lost from the Savior's fold?  
Upon the lonely mountains  
They shiver with the cold.  
Within the tangled thickets,  
Where poison vines do creep,  
And over rocky ledges,  
Wander the poor lost sheep.*

*Oh, who will go to find them,  
 Who, for the Savior's sake,  
 Will search, with tireless patience,  
 Through briar and through brake?  
 Unheeding thirst and hunger,  
 Who still, from day to day,  
 Will seek, as for a treasure,  
 The lambs that go astray.*

*How sweet 'twould be at evening  
 If you and I could say,  
 Good Shepherd, we've been seeking  
 The lambs that went astray;  
 Heart-sore, and faint with hunger,  
 We heard them making moan,  
 'And lo! we come at nightfall  
 Bearing them safely home.*

—Mrs. E. H. Gates.

Away in Charleston, S. C., and other places in the South this last winter, I have seen hundreds of children come to Jesus, thus getting their sins forgiven and their hearts changed, and made happy in His love.

Will you not follow their example, and make these lines which I have written for you the expression of your own heart? Then you will find your soul filled with "peace and joy" in believing in Jesus.

*When I read of little ones  
 Weeping o'er their sinful ways,  
 Sad to think they left undone  
 That which should begin their days.  
 When I see them in such crowds  
 Flocking to the Savior's arms,  
 Like the little doves in crowds  
 Entering safe from all alarms.*

*When I hear the Savior say,  
 Suffer little ones to come,  
 Oh! how can I stay away,  
 Now at once to Him I'll run.*

*He will make me happy, too,  
He will wipe away my tears;  
Lead me all my journey through,  
Drive away my doubts and fears.*

*He who bled and died for me  
Sure will give me all I need;  
From my sins He'll set me free,  
Every prayer of mine He'll heed.  
Of His wonderous love I'll sing,  
Thus my faith shall grow more strong,  
Till at last heaven's arches ring  
With our glad triumphant song.*

“WON'T YOU LOVE MY JESUS?”

When in Scotland I heard a touching story, showing how the above simple question was used in leading a scoffing sceptic to the feet of Jesus. It is a true story. I was acquainted with the father of the child. I pray that many of our readers may seek to lead some one to the Savior. A simple question like this may cause a proud heart to feel that Jesus has “loved us and given Himself for us,” who in after years may be able to relate an experience like the following:

“As I stepped upon the platform at the railway station, a hand was laid upon my arm, and a voice said, ‘Norman, is this you?’

“I turned and looked at the speaker. It was an old class mate, Richard ——, with whom I had agreed to pass a few weeks and had not seen for years. After we had pushed our way through the noisy crowd and were seated in his carriage I looked at him again, and exclaimed:

“‘Richard, how you have altered! how different now from the wild youth of old.’

“‘Yes, Norman, there have been many changes with me since we parted; but the greatest has been here,’ said he, smiling, and gently touching his breast.

“‘Humph,’ was my ejaculation, which elicited no reply.

"That evening as he, his wife and myself were walking in the conservatory, and I was admiring some jessamines, he said to me, 'Norman, I have yet a little treasure to show you, and although it is small, it is greater than all these, almost the greatest one I have. Can you guess?'

"When we went back to the drawing room he showed to me his beautiful little girl, his only child, his little Bessie. I was not fond of children, at least I thought so, but strangely did the little maiden win her way to my heart. Eight cloudless summers of her sunny life had passed, and had each one as it gently glided by left with her all its charms she could not have been more beautiful.

"That evening, sweet in memory to me, we became firm friends. She loved me, because when she asked papa he said he did. She sat with me a little while and I told her an old fairy story which most strangely came to my remembrance, and then, after we had a frolic, she went to bed.

"The next day we all went out for a drive, which was a delightful one. Little Bessie was bright and beautiful as the day, but sometimes there was a strange thoughtfulness of expression upon her face which troubled me as being beyond her years.

"As I was talking to her father I said something jeeringly about Him who had led the only pure life on earth. Richard said not a word in reply, but motioned me to look at Bessie. She was looking into my face with a look of mingled horror and surprise—an expression such as I never saw before nor since, and which I shall never forget. It was for a moment. No one spoke. Then the little maid burst into a flood of uncontrollable tears, and I felt a certain shame that in the presence of one so pure, I should have spoken what she had never heard before. Then she looked at me in a sort of pitying way, and said, 'I thought you loved my Jesus; oh, how could you have said that of Him?' During the rest of the drive she lay upon her father's bosom in perfect silence. No one spoke.

"The next morning I was alone in my room thinking of all that had occurred, and a strange unaccountable feeling of seriousness was creeping over me, a sort of long-

ing to be like her, when suddenly the little one was at my side. I started as I saw her, and met the tender gaze of love and pity which she bent upon me. Her head was laid upon my arm and for a moment both were silent. Then the silence was broken with the words, 'Won't you love my Jesus?' and she was gone.

"I could not ridicule that lovely spirit, and yet some demon within me tempted me to do so. The next morning, and the next and the next, the little girl came in the same way, said the same words and disappeared. I never answered her, and at no other time did she allude to the subject, but she never failed to come at that morning hour.

"One day I said to her, almost unconsciously, 'Tell me how, Bessie.' She looked at me a moment and the next was seated on my knee, and the words that flowed, those simple, childish words, in which she told the story of Christ's love, never shall I forget. My eyes were far from dry when she went away, but there was less sorrow on her face than usual. Morning after morning she came and never seemed weary of telling the sweet tale. But one morning she did not come and I waited a long time in vain. No little feet came pattering along the hall, no little hand was clasped in mine, no little words of instruction were lispd in my ear. Presently there came a hurried knock at my door. It was opened without waiting for permission and her father was with me.

"'Norman,' he said, 'she has just waked from a long and heavy sleep and is fearfully ill. Will you come? Tell me if you know what it is.'

"I went. There lay the little one with eyes closed, and in a sort of stupor. I knew at a glance it was scarlet fever. How I told those two aching hearts I know not, but they were wonderfully calm in their anguish. The doctor soon confirmed my statement, but there was so painfully little to be done for the dear sufferer that two days passed almost in silence as we watched over her precious form. We knew from the first that she was no longer of the earth, and, indeed, it was a heavy burden for us to bear to think that she no longer would be the light of our hearts. I say we, for though I was perhaps mistaken,

the little one had so taken possession of my heart that it seemed to me that she could not be dearer to those who had the first earthly claim upon her affections. At the end of the second day her life seemed partially to return. She opened her eyes, and, smiling a little, said, 'Dear Uncle Norman, won't you love my Jesus? Mamma loves Him, papa loves Him, and I love Him and am going to Him, and I want to tell Him that you will love Him.'

"'Bessie,' said I, 'tell Him my heart and life are His forever more.'

"'Mamma, papa, I am so happy now. Now I have all I want. Now I come, I come, Lord Jesus!' and the youthful spirit, so pure, so holy, returned whence it came. God's little messenger had turned a soul to righteousness and was called home."

My dear friend, if you are not a Christian I beg of you to resolve, like Norman, to become one at once. May you be influenced by the words of this dear Christian child to give yourself to Him, who bled and died on the cross for us that we might be forgiven and our hearts changed and we thus fitted for the mansion above where we hope to meet many whom we have loved on earth.

**"YOU ARE NOT A CHRISTIAN."**

At a large meeting in Fremont, Neb., I noticed a girl about twelve years of age weeping at the beginning of the meeting. I was surprised at this, as nothing had yet been said to impress her. She continued to weep during the entire service. A lady, who sat beside her, tried to comfort her, but it seemed impossible to stop the tears. In the inquiry meeting I spoke to her, as did also others, and she, at length, trusted in Jesus as her Savior.

I asked what caused her to weep at the commencement of the service. She replied that one of the girls who was converted the day before spoke to her when coming into the church, and said, "You are not a Christian; you do not love Jesus. Why do you not give yourself to Him to-day?" These words impressed her, and made her think how sinful she had been not to love Jesus.

That evening her mother said to me, "When my

daughter came from the meeting this afternoon, she kissed me and said:

“Mother, I have given myself to Jesus. I love Him with all my heart, and am going to live with Him.”

She was sure her daughter had a changed heart and was converted.

Are you, my dear young reader, a Christian? Have you got a new heart, and do you truly love the Savior? Many think because they are what are called “good children” that they are Christians. But this is a mistake. It means a great deal to be a Christian. If you are a Christian, you will have five kinds of love in your heart: A real personal love for Jesus, as the One who bled and died on the cross for you; a love for His people; a love for the bible that will lead you to study it; a love for prayer, so you will feel you cannot live without it, and a love for the salvation of souls.

If you have not this love in your heart, you have as much need to weep as did that girl in Fremont. Will you make this prayer your own? “If I have not loved Thee, dear Savior, I know I have much reason to weep for my sins. O, Lord, forgive my sins for Jesus’ sake, who suffered for us on the cross.

*“Weeping will not save me;  
Jesus wept and died for me;  
Jesus suffered on the tree;  
Jesus waits to make me free;  
He alone can save me.*

“But now I give myself to Thee and thank Thee for Thy great love. I believe God will forgive my sins because He has promised to do it for Jesus’ sake. Amen.”

#### THE TEMPERANCE STORY.

It is very essential that children should be made to feel early the importance of never touching anything that intoxicates. In some parts of New England I know that many boys get a taste for drink by the use of sweet cider. Day by day, as the cider becomes stronger, they continue drinking, until they have a longing for it.

They may have already inherited this longing. Pastors and Sunday school teachers ought to give warning in this matter. The use of root beer is just about as dangerous. After it has been kept a few days and ferments there is a percentage of alcohol in every bottle; children and young people get a taste for it, and then crave something stronger. Young people should be taught that there is no safety in using such drink. The following story may help some minister or teacher while speaking on intemperance to impress these truths.

One evening, and in order to encourage the young in resisting temptation, I narrated the following stirring incident, which appears in the new series of "Floral Leaflets." All those who trust in Jesus should do what they can to lead others from using strong drink.

You may have heard before about a little boy who shipped from Liverpool when he was twelve years old. The sailors one day urged him to "take some grog."

"Excuse me; I would rather not."

"They laughed at him, but they never could get him to drink liquor. The captain said to the boy: 'You must learn to drink grog if you are to be a sailor.'

"Please excuse me, captain, but I would rather not."

"Take that rope,' commanded the captain to a sailor, 'and lay it on; that will teach him to obey orders.'

"The sailor took the rope and beat the boy most cruelly.

"Now drink that grog,' said the captain.

"Please, sir, but I would rather not."

"Then go into the foretop and stay all night."

"The poor boy looked away up to the masthead, trembling at the thought of spending the night there, but he had to obey.

"In the morning the captain, in walking the deck, looked up, and cried: 'Helloa, up there!'

"No answer.

"Come down!"

"Still no answer.

"One of the sailors was sent up, and what do you think he found? The poor boy was nearly frozen. He had

lashed himself to the mast, so that when the ship rolled he might not fall into the sea. He brought him down in his arms, and they worked upon him till he showed signs of life. Then, when he was able to sit up, the Captain poured out some liquor and said:

“Now drink that grog!”

“Please, sir, I would rather not. Let me tell you why, and do not be angry. In our home in the cottage we were so happy, but father took to drink. He had no money to get us bread, and at last we had to sell the little house we had lived in and everything we had, and it broke my poor mother’s heart. In sorrow she pined away—till, at last, before she died, she called me to her bedside, and said: “Jamie, you know what drink has made of your father. I want you to promise your dying mother that you will never taste drink. I want you to be free from that curse that has ruined your father.” ‘Oh, sir,’ continued the little fellow, ‘would you have me break the promise I made to my dying mother? I cannot, and I will not do it.’

“These words touched the heart of the captain. Tears came into his eyes. He stooped down and, folding the boy in his arms, said: ‘No, no, my little hero! Keep your promise, and if any one tries again to make you drink, come to me and I’ll protect you.’

“The captain was true to his word. That boy loved his mother, and was determined to do as she asked him. Why did he love her? Because he knew that she loved him. Yet that mother never died to save him, as Jesus died to save you. Are you not often doing things which displease Jesus? You would not if you truly loved Him. You can never love Him until you have a ‘new heart.’”

“PAPA, HOW OLD ARE YOU?”

In Harrisburg two years ago many children and youths were led to Jesus. Among them was a little boy, son of a gentleman of high literary standing. In his parlor he said to me, “I was sitting here by the fire yesterday afternoon, when my little boy came in from your children’s

meeting. He sat quietly looking at the fire for a while as if something important was upon his mind. He then began to shrug his shoulders, as if he had something difficult to express. Then looking up he said:

“Papa, how old are you?”

“Fifty-six, my son.”

“How old was grandpa when he died?”

“Sixty, I believe.”

“Well, papa, are you a Christian?”

“I don’t think I am, my son.”

“Hadn’t you better become one now, my dear father? You haven’t much time to wait before you will be as old as grandpa was when he died.”

“I gave myself up to Jesus and He made me a happy Christian.”

“The little fellow,” he added, “came close up to me, and begged me to love Jesus. I have heard sermons all my life, but never such a powerful one as from my little boy, sitting here by the fire yesterday afternoon.”

#### CHILD LEADS MOTHER TO JESUS.

During the eight years I have resided in Hartford I have occasionally held meetings in various parts of the city and seen many children come to Jesus. A few weeks ago the superintendent in a Swedish church said he gave his heart to Christ in a meeting I conducted in the north part of the city, and he hoped many more would do the same. Recently I held meetings in one of the churches here and was much interested in a girl nine years of age. The pastor has since told me more about her, and I am sure you will be interested in hearing of her.

The child’s father and mother died some years since and she was adopted by a family who had not attended church till just before this girl’s tragic death, and, then only because she begged them to do so. During the address, Anna Belle’s eyes were filled with tears and suddenly she buried her face in her hands and wept. She remained for the after meeting, and made this prayer her own:

*Jesus, take this heart of mine,  
Make it pure and wholly Thine,  
Thou hast bled and died for me,  
I will henceforth live for Thee.*

Ere long her tears were dried and, with many others, she professed to have found the Savior.

Every week she was present at the young converts' meeting conducted by the pastor. In one of them, she said:

"I never knew that I was a sinner until in that first meeting I heard Mr. Hammond tell how Christ had died for us. I am now very happy and I want everybody to love Jesus."

Some days after she went to the hospital with her pastor to see a sick woman. He wrote me about their visit, saying:

"I went again to the hospital and took Anna Belle with me. After prayer, she took out some of your tracts that you gave us for distribution and said, 'I am a Christian and love Jesus and want others to love Him. If you will read this paper, it will tell you how to become a Christian and how to love Him.'"

On my return I went to the almshouse to see a woman who has been a Christian for over sixty years. Before leaving Anna Belle said: "Here is a paper that will tell of His love to us. I am a Christian and I love Him very much."

She went home and told her mother and this touched her heart and brought tears to her eyes, for she had not before believed that the child was really converted. Now she realized something of the great change that had come over her. Thus the testimony and changed life of this daughter led her mother to realize that she was a sinner and needed to have her heart changed through faith in Christ.

A few days after, she was sent to a grocery store on an errand. While going she stumbled across a live electric wire. Some one heard her crying, "Lord, save me! Lord, save me!" But in a few minutes she ceased to speak. Those who had seen her beautiful life knew that she was

taken where there is no sorrow and no death and where God shall wipe away all tears from all eyes. I was sent for to conduct the funeral services. This sudden death made a deep impression on all present and on the Sunday school and it is known that some have been led to Christ through its influence.

Are you, my dear young reader, a Christian? If not, I beg of you to become one at once. You, like Anna Belle, are a sinner in God's sight. At that first Sunday afternoon meeting, Anna Belle took in her hands a crown of thorns that was given to me in Jerusalem by the bishop's wife. This brought to her mind how Christ had suffered for us. The tears were hardly dry upon her cheeks, but a smile was on her countenance, as she thought of how God had for Christ's sake just forgiven her sins and given her a new heart. Children who early give their hearts to Christ are more likely to live long than those who go on in sin and disobey God. I do not wish you to think that those who give their hearts to Christ when young will die soon, because I do not believe it. Some Sunday school books give this idea. It is for this world that you ought to be a Christian. Do not fail to become one at once. Then you will be fit to live and fit to die.

"I WILL NOT FIGHT."

"But you are afraid to," said Ralph.

"Afraid of what?" said George.

"You are afraid to fight with me."

"It's not because I am afraid of you."

"Who are you afraid of, then? Ah, I know. You are afraid if you try to whip me that your mother, if she finds it out, will surely whip you. It always makes cowards of boys to be tied to their mother's apron strings. Now, just lay down your book, double up your fists as you see me, and come on. I'll risk both of you. I've been mad at you ever since you and your sneaking friend, Jim Hooker, beat me playing ball the other night, and now I want to pay you for it."

"You may," said George, "say as many hateful things as you please; I will not fight. I believe I could easily

whip you. Dogs that bark the loudest are always the soonest to turn and run. It's not you that I am afraid of. But I am afraid to displease my mother. She has often told me never to strike back, even if another boy should provoke and strike me. From this bible you want to throw down I learned a verse last Sabbath which says: 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.' "

"But your mother will not know it," said Ralph.

"Well, some One else would know of it, who has done more for me than even my dear mother has."

"Who is that?" said Ralph.

"Oh, it's some One that I love with all my heart, and if you loved Him as I do you, too, would be afraid to fight."

"Who is that?"

"I will tell you one thing about Him, and then you may know: 'When He was reviled, He reviled not again.' Last week I went to some meetings of Mr. Hammond's for children and young people, and when I heard all about the cruel insults and mockings, and scourging in Pilate's Hall, and about His dreadful sufferings and death on the cross for sinners like me, I could not but love Him. I then asked God to forgive me all my sins, and to give me a new heart, so that I should never want to fight or do any wicked thing again; and I know he heard my prayer, for now I love the things I hated before, and hate the wicked things I loved before. I can forgive my enemies now, but before I was never satisfied till in some way I had paid them for all the injury they had done me. Now I confess I am afraid to fight, for I know it would displease my best friend, Jesus. He says, 'Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you.' "

"Well, George, I begin to think you are right. I wish I could be as good as you. I am glad you would not fight with me. Your words have done me good. I do wish I, too, could become a Christian and love the Savior as I see you do."

Now, dear young reader, would you rather be like Ralph or George? But, if like the latter, you would be able to

say when temptation comes, "I will not fight," you must come to Jesus and get a new heart.

"THOUGHT I WAS LOST."

Here is a nice letter from a young friend whose home is away in Kansas. I remember she told me the reason why she had such a struggle before she gave herself to Christ was that she knew if she did this she would have to forgive one with whom she had been quarreling.

"I am so happy, and everything looks to me so beautiful now, that I would not give up loving Jesus, and have the proud, unforgiving spirit I had a week ago for anything in the world. I always thought I was a happy girl, but I never did know what real happiness was until Jesus forgave me and taught me how to love Him. Oh, Mr. Hammond, I do not see how I ever could get angry with any one again and not wish to forgive them, when Jesus was so very good to me. When I heard you were coming to our city, I determined to go and hear your first sermon *only*, for fear I should be convicted and tempted to forgive those I was angry with; but I could not stay away, and when Christ's people would talk to me the first two days I would tell them I felt very indifferent and did not know as I cared to be a Christian, when I was under strong conviction all the time. The afternoon after you had talked and prayed with me and I had gone home I knew Jesus would receive me if I only asked Him, but I would not. I was even wicked enough to say I would never attend any of their meetings again. But I did come the next afternoon, and when you wished to know how many would meet you in heaven I gave up in despair, for, oh, Mr. Hammond, I thought I was lost and I never felt so wretched in all my life; and I would have left the church, and perhaps never been a Christian, if you had not come and told me Jesus would take me. I know I would have been lost. I am now trying to work for Jesus."

*I have found a precious Savior,  
He has washed my sins away;  
Now rejoicing in His favor,  
I am happy all the day.* ..

*Sweetest joy my heart is swelling—  
Joy the world could never give;  
While in sweetest strains I'm telling  
How He made my spirit live.*

*Lost in sin, I wandered, weary,  
Far from Jesus, far from home;  
Till He came, in love, to cheer me,  
Sweetly calling, "Wanderer, come."*

*Pardon full and free He offered,  
Showed His bleeding hands and side;  
Told me how for me He suffered,  
For my sins was crucified.*

*Then my heart, with thanks o'erflowing,  
Yielded to His gracious call;  
At His feet in sorrow bowing,  
Gave to Him my life, my all.*

*Now I'm His, yes, His forever!  
Safe within His happy fold;  
Jesus' lambs can perish never,  
Love like His can ne'er grow cold.*

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE ASTONISHED INFIDEL—WHAT CHILDREN CAN DO FOR JESUS.

A little child shall lead them.—Isiah xi. 6.

To show how the Lord can use children, I am reminded of an incident that occurred in London. It shows how God can use timid youth to preach the gospel and to touch even hard-hearted infidels.

The facts in the case are as follows: Our Union meetings in the Y. M. C. A. hall brought together large audiences, and the reports in the papers arrested the attention of the Infidel Club. Hundreds were convicted of sin and brought to Christ. The "Club" sent one of its trusted henchmen to find out about the so-called "awakening" and to bring a report to them. They were then determined to expose the whole fallacy of the movement and to show what fools the people were to attend or allow their children to attend such services.

And now let me tell you, in substance, the words of this man, who, a few weeks after, at another meeting in London, gave his testimony as to what he had seen and believed.

"I was appointed from our club of Free Thinkers to visit Finsbury Park Hall during the special mission conducted by Mr. Hammond. The first night I sat in the rear of the hall, with the curl of derision on my lip and the look of scorn on my face. My note-book became full of sarcasm and indignation that so many could be so stupidly fooled. But, determining to find out everything I could, and to gain fresh pointers for myself and allies, I took a seat one night near the front and alongside of a little fellow of ten summers. Mr. Hammond made an earnest appeal to all who would become Christians to pray just

where they were. To my astonishment, the boy by my side dropped on his knees immediately and, with tears sought the help of the Savior. Mr. Hammond then asked all of the adults to help any that needed counsel, and to pray and speak with the anxious.

"In order to further carry out my instructions and to show it was all a farce, I knelt by the side of this weeping boy. Supposing I was a Christian, he said: 'O, sir, won't you pray for me?' This was more than I could stand, and I got up from my knees and fled quickly from the hall. I saw there was something in that meeting new to me, and I at once found myself fighting something within. There seemed a dreadful warfare between two different persons. Then, for the first time, I realized what it was to be in the hands of a just God.

"My agony of soul I can never describe. The conflict between light and darkness was one of terrible fierceness. The natural man struggled against the Spirit, and it seemed as if I should lose my reason. But I gave myself to Christ as so many had done in those meetings.

"But then came a worse fight than that between the natural and spiritual man. For the first time it dawned upon me that I had to make my report to the club. I asked, 'Does my new-found religion demand that I should report accurately what I have seen and felt?' I saw there was no other way. So I resolved to report in person, and gave them substantially this report:

"Gentlemen: At your request, I attended the meetings of E. Payson Hammond, at Finsbury Hall. Three nights were passed in secret exultation, thinking of the exposure and confusion our report would cause when our investigations became known. But there is something in this religion after all.' A pallor like unto death overspread their faces. 'Not only is the work real and the conversions genuine, but I, too, am convinced of the personality of the Lord Jesus Christ and have accepted Him as my Savior. God has not only been working through these meetings so that children are moved, but men and women, young men and maidens, have found that their crying need is to have their hearts changed through faith in the Son of God who came to seek and

to save the lost. I rejoice that I sought forgiveness through faith in His finished work.'

"You may imagine," said the speaker in his closing words, "what a fearful revelation this was to them. If a thunder-bolt had fallen in their midst, there could scarcely have been greater consternation, and then, as the facts loomed before them, after a moment's silence like that of the grave, followed by oaths and bitter denunciations, stigmatizing me as one of the worst of all these canting hypocrites, with force they ejected me into the street; but, with my great joy in having found my Savior, I returned to my home, happy in the love of Christ."

I pray that our readers may have such faith in the power of Christ and Him crucified, and may so present Him to unbelievers and infidels, that they shall feel their hearts drawn out in love to Him, and, like the young scoffer in London, espouse His cause and boldly defend it.

#### WHAT CAN A CHILD DO?

I will tell you what one child did who had learned to trust Jesus. In a back seat at an inquiry meeting I saw a little girl, in Harrisburg, who had found the Savior a few days before, with both her arms around her father's neck. With the tears rolling down her cheeks, she was saying, "Dear father, won't you come to Jesus? Don't you remember when, by an accident, you were almost killed you said you would be good afterward? But you did not come to Jesus. You forgot all about Him after a little. You will be so happy if you will only trust Him. You know how naughty I was; but after I came to Jesus and got a new heart I became a better girl. How can you help loving such a precious Savior? He loves you, father. He died that dreadful death on the cross that your sins might be forgiven, and won't you come to Him?"

I said, "Will you not listen to your child?"

His only answer was, "I am considering the subject."

At this his child wept louder than ever, and said, "Oh,

papa, don't reject such a precious Savior; you will be lost forever if you do."

But he would not yield, and as the meeting closed the dear child seemed broken-hearted.

A few nights after a young lady came to me and said, "My father is up in the men's inquiry room, and my little sister is there pleading with him to come to Jesus. Will you go and speak to him?" She led me to him, and there I found this same little girl, no longer pleading with him to come to Jesus, but thanking God that he was coming. With an arm thrown around his neck, and her right hand uplifted, she said, "O God, I thank Thee that my dear papa is coming to Jesus. Dear, precious Savior, I know Thou wilt receive him. Thou hast said, 'He that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'" His handkerchief was wet with tears. I believe angels were rejoicing at the touching sight.

A few days after, just as I was starting with a company of Christians for Newville, a gentleman came to my room and said, "Would you like my little daughter to go with you to Newville?"

"Who is she?" I asked.

"Why, don't you remember me?"

"No," said I; "I am sure I never saw your face before." And, indeed, I had only seen a portion of it, for it was mostly covered with his handkerchief while his little daughter was pleading with him. "Oh," said I, "is it you; and did Jesus give you that smiling face? Has He answered your child's prayers?"

"Yes, I believe He has. We now have prayer in our family, and I thank God for my praying child."

She went with me to Newville, and told the story of her conversion in such a tender manner to the children that many were melted to tears, and I believe led to seek and find the Savior.

Dr. John Hall, after preaching on the text, "And they brought him to Jesus," said to his little boy, as they were returning home, "Who will you bring to Jesus, my son?" His quick answer was, "I think I'll bring myself first."

Have you, my young friend, trusted in Jesus? He loves

you. He has suffered on the cross that you might be forgiven. Trust in Him with all your heart.

If you are not a Christian, will you not take this prayer upon your lips, and kneel down and pray, and then, like this child in Harrisburg, you may be the means of bringing some one else to Jesus?

PRAYER.

O God, I know I have often sinned against Thee. But Thou hast loved us and given Thy dear Son to die in our place, wounded for our transgressions—bruised for our iniquities. Thou hast said, "Ask, and ye shall receive." So I ask for the pardon of my sins, and I believe Thou wilt give it to me, and give me a new heart, for Jesus' sake. Amen.—*From the "Reaper and the Harvest."*

"I DID NOT WISH TO LEAD MY CHILD ASTRAY."

I received a touching letter from an infidel in Portland, Oregon. It was during a series of meetings there that he became impressed that his infidelity had no comfort for him, and that with the thought of his little girl, nine years old, "following in his footsteps," impressed him and led him to realize the grave results of leading her in the wrong way.

It was twenty-five years ago the man wrote this letter. He has since led a very useful life, and I am told by one who knows him now intimately that he has been the means of doing great good. We are told, "A little child shall lead them." Was it not the thought of his little girl becoming an infidel like himself that God used to awaken him?

"FATHER, I AM FOLLOWING IN YOUR STEPS."

A father walking through the deep snow, looked round and saw his little boy stepping in the newly made tracks, saying, "Father, I am following in your steps." That father was anything but a Christian, and those words

impressed him, and the thought, "I am going the wrong way, and my boy is following in my steps," led him to say, "I will follow in the steps of the Lord Jesus," and he did. God grant that unsaved parents as they read the story of the converted infidel may feel the importance of setting a right example to their children. Another link in the chain of influence which led this sceptic to Christ was the repetition of some lines I wrote in Palestine, in which I compared the river Jordan to the stream of life—Youth, manhood, old age, death, resurrection, endeavoring to show that if we love the Lord our bodies will finally be raised triumphant from the grave. I thank God He can make use of various agencies to lead the unsaved to Christ. Let us, therefore, sow beside all waters, rejoicing that God in His book declares, "My word shall not return unto me void."

"It is now over two weeks since I experienced a change of heart, since I began to love the things which before I hated, and to hate the things which before I loved.

"When I was about fifteen years of age my mother died—died in the triumphs of a Christian faith—praises to her Redeemer. This event produced an effect upon my mind which has been felt ever since.

"At the age of seventeen, I read 'Paine's Age of Reason,' and was carried away by his arguments against the Christian religion. I became an infidel from that time until a little more than two weeks since. I have never been what is usually termed an 'out-breaking sinner,' except as to my unbelief and the habitual use of profane language. I have avoided the use of intoxicating liquors, have never gambled in my life, have lived honestly, but—and God forgive me—have been guilty of quietly doing the devil's own work during all these twenty long years. For I have lost no opportunity to poison the minds of any whom I could influence by arguments flowing from Paine's creed, 'I believe in one God and no more, and in the immortality of the soul.'

"Of late a variety of causes have conspired to awaken reflections in my mind of a more serious nature. My wife became a member of the church about a year and

a half since, and I could not feel that she was sincere. I also observed that my course was having its influence with our child, nine and a half years old, and I did not feel like taking the responsibility of leading her astray, in the event of my being wrong.

"When you came to Portland I went, out of curiosity, to hear you. I continued to attend the meetings, principally to please my wife, becoming more interested in them as I became better acquainted with your manner of conducting them. On Wednesday evening, during your sermon you recited the poem entitled, 'Lines on the Jordan.' That poem, especially the two lines,

*'That joyous lake we now have left;  
We're hastening to the sea of death,'*

had more to do with awakening me to a sense of my true situation than all the sermons you preached while in Portland. I realized that I was an offender in the sight of the God of Heaven, and that the course I was then pursuing would inevitably lead me to the death so forcibly typified by that sea.

"When you called upon 'anxious inquirers' to rise, I stood up, and at once found myself surrounded by Christians who prayed and pointed the way to the Savior. But I was trying to reason myself into a belief in the atoning merits of Christ's blood. This I found impossible—I had reasoned too long on the other side. That night my wife read and prayed and I tried to pray. All day Thursday I prayed mentally every few moments while at my work, and my wife prayed each evening. On Saturday I continued to pray, and during the day appeared more fully able to lay hold, by faith, on the promises of Jesus Christ, and toward evening felt much relief. No sudden and wonderful change, but rather a calm reliance and faith in the saving power of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Since that memorable Wednesday evening not a day has passed that has not witnessed the reading of a chapter from the bible and the offering of prayer in our house. I feel that my prayers have been answered.

"I thank God that my wife can pray. I thank Him

that I had a Christian mother. I thank Him for sending you to this city. But above all I thank Him for sending His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, on earth to save sinners, and that He has pardoned my sins.

"Yours in Christ, W. J. S."

Following are the lines God used to awaken this man:

*I stood before the bubbling spring,  
From which the Jordan has its birth  
And seemed to hear its waters sing,  
As they came sparkling from the earth—  
"We from our prison house are free,  
The beauteous world we now shall see."*

*Like reckless youth they dashed along,  
Coquetting with the flowers so fair,  
And oft I seemed to hear their song,  
As they went laughing everywhere—  
"We o'er the earth may roam at will,  
In every place be merry still."*

*One day as they went singing by,  
Kissing each flower that bowed its head,  
The golden sun from out the sky  
Then to the youthful river said—  
"Would'st thou in very truth be free?  
Then one day thou shalt dwell with me."*

*At length its chafing waters dwelt  
Within the sea of Galilee;  
Restraints of youth no longer felt,  
I seemed to hear it say to me—  
"Here shall my manhood days be passed,  
For hitherto we've run too fast."*

*But one day near the southern shore,  
The wars born at Jordan's spring,  
Within the lake were seen no more,  
And pensively I heard them sing—  
"That joyous lake we now have left,  
We're hastening to the sea of death."*

*The waters, trembling, rolled along,  
Down, down, toward the bitter sea;  
Anon I heard their mournful song,  
When borne away from Galilee—  
“And must we then forgotten be,  
In yonder sea forever die?”*

*Thus filled with many doubts and fears,  
The waters of the Jordan fell  
Into that sea filled with the tears  
Of Sodom sinners lost in hell—  
The glorious sun with kindly power,  
Was with them in their dying hour.*

*The promise which when in their youth  
They from the shining sun had heard,  
Was then vouchsafed in every truth,  
And yet again they heard his words—  
“All pure—you now shall dwell with me,  
Yon beauteous sky your home shall be.”*

*Oh! Jordan, I would ever mind  
The lesson thou hast taught to me,  
And when I near the verge of time,  
From doubts and fears may I be free—  
Oh! Son of Righteousness Divine,  
Then take me to that home of thine.*

*With triumph then I can exclaim,  
Grim death to me it has no sting,  
To all around I will proclaim,  
Thanks be to God, He makes me sing—  
“The sting of death is only sin,  
Through Christ the victory we win.”  
—From “Sketches of Palestine.”*

## CHILD CONVERSION.

At a meeting of the London Sunda School Union, in 1867, Mr. Moody and I were invited to give addresses. I well remember how deeply the audience was touched

as Mr. Moody related the following touching incidents relative to Child Conversion. He shows what children can do.

"I believe there is a great deal of infidelity in the Sabbath school, as well as in our churches, on this point, and that even many parents think their children cannot come to Jesus early in life. I fear many teachers go to the Sunday school and never think of urging upon their dear scholars the importance of immediately surrendering their hearts to Christ. I believe myself that if children are old enough to come to the Sabbath school they are old enough to come to Calvary.

"In a great many places in America there are in our churches twenty-five, fifty, and in some churches seventy-five and one hundred children gathered in as members and, I believe, at heart connected with God.

I believe if the Sunday school teachers of England were only faithful in urging upon children the duty of immediate consecration to Christ you would have a very different report next year; and instead of having to tell of 7,000 added to the Church, you would be able to rejoice over 100,000 gathered in.

"I was urging this a little while ago in Michigan when a missionary endorsed all that I said. His pilgrimage was nearly ended. 'Sixteen years ago,' he said, 'my wife died in this county, and I was left with several motherless children. The next Sunday my little girl, seven years old, came to me and said: "Shall I not take the children into the bed-room, as mother used to do?" I let her go and she took her little brother and her sister, three and a half years old, by the hand, and retired to the chamber to pray beside the bed where they had been accustomed to kneel. When she came back I noticed that she had been weeping, and I said: "Nellie, what are you weeping about? What is the matter?" "Oh, father," she said, "I could not help weeping. After I had prayed, just as mother taught us to do, little Susan began to pray." "Well," I said, "what did she say?" "She closed her eyes, and lifted up her face to heaven, and said: 'Oh, God, how could you take my dear mother, and leave me no

mother to pray for me? I want you to make me good, for Jesus Christ's sake.' Said the missionary, 'God heard that prayer, and that little girl gave evidence of a change of heart before she was four years old.'

"Do you believe that children can thus come early to Christ? If so, carry them to Him; and if you have not believed it hitherto, let me urge you as a friend and a brother to go to your class next Sabbath with your heart burdened with the care of their immediate salvation.

"Said a dying boy to his father: 'Father, shall I die soon?' 'Ah, my child,' said the father, 'you will not live till night.' He smiled and said: 'Then I shall be with Jesus to-night.' The father began to weep. Said the boy, 'Don't weep, father; don't mourn because I am going. When I get to Heaven I will tell Jesus that, ever since I remember, you have tried to lead me to Him.' That is the testimony we want our children to give respecting us after we have gone down to our graves.

"There is a father on the banks of the Mississippi river who would give all the wealth he possesses if he could call up his son from his last resting place, and make one prayer for him. Some time ago the boy lay dying. 'Father,' he said, 'I wish you would pray for me. You have never prayed for me.' The father cried and said he could not pray. For seventeen years that son had been given to him, and yet he had never breathed his name in prayer. Oh, prayerless fathers and mothers—you who never pray with and for your children—do not suppose that is the way the world is going to be converted. And oh, teachers, parents, and children, do not be satisfied with talking in a general way to your scholars, but take them by the hand and lead them to the Savior.

"You do not know but that there may be a Whitefield, a Wesley, a John Knox in some of the dark lanes and alleys of London, and if you should be the means of leading them to the Savior they, in their turn, may be the instruments of the conversion of thousands. I heard, at the Bible Society meeting, an expression made use of by the sainted Martyn when in this country. 'I am willing,' he said, 'to be torn limb from limb, if I could only hear one Hindoo

inquiring for Jesus.' Oh, that we all had that passion for souls which the sainted Martyn had.

"One of the most faithful teachers I ever met with was one who did not wake up to a sense of his responsibility till he was given up to die. He was a teacher in my school, and one morning as he came into my store I noticed that he was very pale. 'Ah,' he said, 'the doctors have given me up to-day. I have had bleeding of the lungs, and I am now going to settle up my business, and go back to die in New York State. I feel that all is right except one thing.' 'What is that?' I inquired. 'It is my Sunday school class,' he said; 'if they were converted, and I thought I should meet them with joy at the judgment day, what would I not give?' 'Let us go and see them,' I said. 'I have lost so much blood,' he replied, 'that I can hardly walk.' 'I will take you in a carriage,' I said. We went together from house to house, for he was a faithful teacher, and knew where all his scholars lived. He was so weak, that when he left the carriage he could hardly cross the sidewalk. He spoke to all the children, and pleaded with them to give themselves to the Savior. After thus urging them affectionately he got down upon his knees and asked Christ to change their hearts. For ten days he so labored, and at the end of that time every one of his scholars had been brought to the Savior. 'My work,' said he, 'is now done, and I shall go home to die.' We all met him on the last night he remained in the city. It was a very sad, and yet a joyful meeting. We sang beautiful hymns together, and then prayed together, and then we bade him 'farewell.' The next evening we thought we would go and see him off by the train. We met him on the platform, just as the sun was sinking into the west. One after another of his class pressed around him, once more bade him farewell, and then we joined in singing:

*'Here we meet to part again,  
But when we meet on Canaan's shore  
There'll be no parting there.'*

"As the car rolled away from the platform he held up his thin hand, and pointing to heaven, said: 'I shall meet

you all there.' He has gone from us, but his influence in Chicago is felt still, and will last as long as Chicago stands. Some of my best teachers were converted through his last dying efforts. Be ye also faithful, and God will give you souls for your hire."

MR. JOHN SANDS.

Another speaker on this occasion was Mr. John Sands; we had much reason to love him, for he entertained us for seventeen weeks during our visit to London. He gave some account of the continuation of the meetings in Baptist Noel's church, after I had left for other parts of the city. He said:

"It is now over two months since Mr. Hammond visited John street, at the request of most of our pastors, for the purpose of holding children's meetings. The building was crowded in every part day after day for two weeks. Mr. Noel threw his whole heart into the work, and urged his people to do the same. The large platform was sometimes filled with two and even three hundred young converts. After Mr. Hammond left the meetings continued and many more conversions occurred. The work rapidly extended to the adults, and in many cases the children were the means of the conversion of fathers and mothers. The pastors and teachers in that locality look back with deep gratitude to God for His providence in sending Mr. Hammond into our midst, and for the new feeling of interest in the great work of bringing children to Christ. I believe that in heaven hundreds if not thousands will thank God for putting it into Mr. Noel's heart to invite Mr. Hammond to London. He was led to do so from having read "The Reaper and the Harvest," published by F. H. Revell, Chicago, and Morgan & Scott, London, (550 pages,) which gives some account of Mr. Hammond's labors.

## PRAYER FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

*Teach us, oh Lord, how weak we are,  
That all our strength is vain,  
That only by the Spirit's power  
Thy work revives again.*

*And teach us, Lord, how willingly  
Thy Spirit Thou dost give,  
And help us now in faith to pray,  
And then the dead shall live.*

*Oh, may the young, and aged too,  
With deep contrition cry,  
I'm lost, oh Lord, what shall I do?  
Oh, whither shall I fly?*

*Then may they think of Him who died  
Upon the cruel tree,  
Who, for their sins was crucified,  
From guilt to set them free.*

*And may they hear the Savior say,  
Look unto Me and live!  
I am the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
I will salvation give.*

## CHAPTER X.

GOSPEL TRUTHS—"MY WORD SHALL NOT RETURN UNTO ME VOID."

"Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us."—Ephes v. 2.

"AS THE rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither but watereth the earth, and maketh it to bring forth and bud that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall My word be, that goeth forth out of My mouth, it shall not return unto Me void."

This is a most comforting text to those who by their voices or pens are doing what they can to preach Christ and Him crucified. While holding meetings in London I had a desire to write a book for the young somewhat like the stories, "Rollo in England." After praying much about it I secured the services of a stenographer and soon "Roger's Travels" was ready for publication. It is published by Morgan & Scott, London, and by the F. H. Revell Company, Chicago.

Last summer Mr. B. W. Miller's son spent part of a day with us. He brought a boy with him. I let them ride my pony, and tried to make them happy. Before they went away I gave each a copy of "Roger's Travels." Last evening I found in a doctor's office, in a neighboring town, a bright looking boy. He soon told me that the book, "Roger's Travels," had shown him that he had a sinful heart, and that he must have a new one or he could never be happy here, or hereafter. He told me just what part of the book led him into this new life. It was quite evident the boy was a Christian through the blessing of God on that book. It cheered my heart to hear such words from the lips of this happy lad, and led me to pray that God might use "Early Conversion" as a messenger to encourage parents, missionaries and Sabbath school teachers

to be more zealous in leading the young to Christ. May God strengthen our faith in the promise, "My Word Shall Not Return Unto Me Void."

Mr. Proctor, author of the following hymn, little knew of the great blessing that would go with these words:

*"Nothing either great or small,  
Nothing, sinner, no;  
Jesus died and paid it all,  
Long, long ago.*

*"When He from His lofty throne  
Stooped to do and die,  
Everything was fully done—  
'Tis finished!" was His cry.*

*"Weary, working, pladding one,  
Wherefor toil you so?  
Cease your doing; all was done  
Long, long ago.*

*"Till to Jesus' work you cling,  
By a simple faith,  
Doing is a deadly thing,  
Doing ends in death.*

*"Cast your deadly doing down,  
Down at Jesus' feet;  
Stand in Him, in Him alone,  
Glorious and complete."*

In case some should misunderstand this hymn, I have written a second part to it. George Whitfield nearly 150 years ago said, "We are saved in three ways: First. Meritoriously by Christ. Second. Instrumentally by faith. Third. Declaratively by works."

It is simply because Christ suffered in our stead that God forgave us our sins, and it is only when by saving faith we believe in Him that God for Christ's sake for-

gives us our sins. Lastly, if truly saved we shall show it by our changed life.

St. James says, "I will show thee my faith by my works."

I wrote the response to "Jesus paid it all" for the children and youth of Rochester, N. Y., with the following note:

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: You all remember that when many of you last spring were anxious to know what you should do to be saved we used to love to sing that sweet hymn, 'Jesus Paid It All.' I rejoice that so many of you still give pleasing evidence to your dear teachers and pastors that you did, by the help of the Holy Spirit, 'cast your deadly doing down, down at Jesus' feet.' Such of you will, I am sure, understand and heartily join in singing the following verses, which I have recently composed for you. May the Lord assist each of you who trust you have your sins forgiven for Jesus' sake to be 'doing something for Him all the way to heaven.'"

*I've cast my deadly doing down,  
Down at Jesus' feet;  
I stand in Him, in Him alone,  
Glorious and complete.*

*Chorus—*

*Jesus died and paid it all,  
All to Him I owe,  
And something either great or small  
From love to Him I'll do.*

*Now to Jesus' work I'll cling,  
By a simple faith;  
Doing was a deadly thing,  
It would have been my death.*

*Legal works I've given o'er,  
Jesus is my all;  
Sins that tasted sweet before  
Upon my senses pall.*

*'Twas for me that Jesus died,  
On the cruel tree;  
There he bowed his thorn-clad head,  
Oh, what agony!*

*'Twas my sins that nailed Him there,  
Mine that shed His blood,  
Mine that pierced the bleeding side  
Of the Son of God.*

*Now my life shall all be given  
To my risen Lord,  
Doing all the way to heaven  
Something in His word.*

While I was in Brooklyn I secured a magnetic tack-hammer and nails of various sizes and shapes. After using words something like the following I allowed them to see the hammer in vain trying to lift up the large nails, and then, with tacks, I showed how easily the small nails were drawn to the magnet. Stories and illustrations naturally followed such an introduction. The whole object was to bring home the truth that Christ loved us, and gave himself for us, and that we ought to love and trust Him. Ministers and Sabbath school workers used it in many places. Though the story originated with me, I ceased to use it, because when I began to relate it some would say, "We have heard that before." Though it has traveled from one part of the country to another it is as suggestive to-day as when the little boy in Brooklyn amused himself by seeing how quickly the small nails flew to the magnet. I wish that others would use it to press home the truth that Christ was "lifted up" as an atoning sacrifice for us that multitudes might thus be drawn to Him and believe in Him, and find their hearts changed, and thus be prepared for heaven.

#### THE TACK-HAMMER.

At one of my meetings in Brooklyn a reporter took down my address. Thinking the readers of this book might like to read it, I give a portion of it below, and

pray that it may lead some one to think of Jesus, who says, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all unto Me."

A little boy was amusing himself with a magnet tack-hammer and needles of different sizes. He was greatly interested to notice how quick the little needles sprang at once toward the hammer whenever it was placed near them.

You have all, children, seen a magnet, haven't you—a small piece of iron that picks up other bits of iron as soon as it touches them, and sometimes sooner? Yes, I know you have. Well, there was a man who thought he would invent a new kind of hammer; so he makes one end of the hammer like a magnet, and when he goes to tack down the carpet, he picks up the tacks with one end of the hammer and drives them in with the other. Have you, children, ever seen this kind of hammer? [Instantly up flew a number of little hands.] Ah, I see many of you have. Well, Jesus' love is something like this hammer. You see, the hammer draws the little tacks, while the big nails won't move. Now, suppose you were to bring near the magnetized end of the hammer a number of fine needles, what would be the effect? [Answer, by several voices, "It would draw them."]

Yes, that's right; it would draw them. They would seem as if they had life. They would spring toward the end of the hammer and cling to it, just as a child springs toward its mother and clings upon her neck. What makes this? [No answer.] Oh, there is a mystery here. We can't explain it; but you can understand the fact, for you see it with your own eyes.

But who are these little tacks? Can you tell? [Up go the hands.] Well, who are they? [By several voices, "They are the little children."] Right. And what is it that draws them? [Again the little hands are up; "It is Jesus."] Yes; how sweetly and strangely He draws them. But they must come or be brought near to Him; for don't you notice that if the little nails are not brought near to the hammer, they don't move toward it? But when you lay them close by, then they move and fasten upon it, as if they couldn't help clinging to it.

Oh, beautiful thought. Parents and Sunday school teachers, think of it. Bring your little ones near. There is a sweet, drawing power in Jesus. Bring them and lay them near, and see if they are not drawn as by cords of love into His arms.

But now, dear children, you observe that the big ones are not so easily drawn. While the little ones are clustering, as if all alive, around the center of attraction, the big ones lie as if dead. They don't move at all; even when the hammer is laid upon them, or strikes a hard blow, they scarcely seem to move. Oh, these big sinners—how hard it is to move them. And now, dear children, if while you are little and can come to Jesus so much more easily, so to speak, you keep at a distance—you keep too far off from Jesus to feel His drawing power—when you get big you will be like the big nails, and, perhaps, will never be drawn to believe in Jesus. How dreadful that will be.

Don't you recall a beautiful passage in the New Testament which speaks of Jesus drawing hearts to Him? Who can quote it? [Silence.] Can none of you repeat it? [Silence still.] Well, repeat it after me, then: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all unto Me." Now fix that text in your minds and connect it in your thoughts with the little hammer and the nails. Yes, Jesus was lifted upon the cross by His enemies, when He died that we might be saved. They meant it for evil, but God meant it for good, that He might draw all unto Him.

The Roman centurion who ordered the soldiers to drive the nails into His feet—that hard-hearted Roman gazed on the cross until he felt his heart melted and moved, and he cried out: "Truly, this was the Son of God!"

And the dying thief who was crucified with Jesus, a very wicked man, turned his eyes upon our Lord, and felt his heart drawn toward Him. "Ah," said he, "this Jesus is righteous; but what a sinner I am." And he looked at the blood oozing from that thorn-clad brow, and streaming from His pierced hands, and he said: "Surely, that blood can wash my sins away." Then he

put up a prayer, "Lord, remember me." See how he was drawn. And Jesus did remember him and took him up to heaven.

And now, children, have you been drawn to Jesus? Has His dying love, like a cord, drawn you to this precious Savior? If so, cling to Him, now and forever. And bring other little ones near to Him. If you have not yet come to Him, Oh, come now, while so many are flocking to Him and clustering around His feet, and nestling, as it were, in His loving arms.

Then you can sing from your heart this hymn, which I have written for you:

*Jesus, I am happy now;  
Happy, Lord, in Thee;  
I have seen Thy bleeding brow,  
And felt it was for me.*

*Jesus, I to Thee would cling,  
Every day and hour;  
Then my heart will always sing  
Of Thy love and power.*

*Lord, forbid that I should part  
Ever from Thy side;  
Thou with joy wilt fill my heart  
If I in Thee abide.*

*Help me to tell to all I know  
The story of Thy love;  
May they quickly go to Thee,  
And dwell with Thee above.*

#### A CHILDREN'S MEETING.

While in San Francisco a full report of our meetings was given in most of the daily papers. I found in a scrap book which my sister kept at that time, a partial report of a meeting held at Alameda, one Saturday afternoon. It contains one or two illustrations, which some of our readers may be glad to use. The story of "little Jimmy" has touched many hearts. It needs to be

told in a tender, prayerful spirit. It is one of those stories which can be told with effect, only with much prayer, that the Holy Ghost may convict of sin and lead sinners to Christ. I pray that God's blessing may go with it. I have always endeavored to lay a foundation for the first meeting in a bible reading before the regular address, depicting as vividly as possible the sufferings and death of Christ. God says: "My word shall not return unto me void, it shall prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it." Words like these have often strengthened my faith as I have stood before crowds of boys, who were apparently hard-hearted; but little by little I have seen the truth making its way into their hearts, and have often seen tears fall from their eyes. The result has been that scores and sometimes hundreds, in a single meeting have rejoiced in the finished work of Christ.

Following is a report of the children's meeting in Alameda, April 14, by Evangelist E. Payson Hammond, who after bible reading and prayer said:

"I want you to repeat these words, 'Christ also hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us.' This is our text. I have been to see the place where he showed so much love for us—where He died that dreadful death. As I drew near the spot I uncovered my head, and, before I knew it, I found the tears trickling down my face and I said, 'There is the spot where Jesus loved me, and died on the cross for me.'

"In New York State was a teacher who had a peculiar way of punishing pupils for whispering—he made them stand on a block in front of the school, until they saw another scholar whisper, when they would speak the name of the new culprit, who would then have to stand on the block. When school closed at four o'clock the one then on the block had to be punished for all the rest. One afternoon there was a bad boy on the block, and it looked as though he would have to take the punishment, but he had his eyes wide open to find somebody whispering. The last class was spelling and a little girl did not speak very loud, so the teacher thought she spelt a word wrong. He put it to the next.

"'That is right,' said the teacher, 'go up.'

"The little girl said in a whisper, 'I spelt it in the same way.'

"'Emma Jones whispered,' said the boy on the block, and Emma Jones had to stand on the block, and the clock struck four. The teacher said he was very sorry to punish her, but he could not help it as it was a rule of the school.

"He was just ready to strike when a big boy jumped up and said, 'Will you please let me be punished for Emma Jones?'

"'Have you whispered?'

"'No, sir; please let me take the punishment for her sake.'

"He took the punishment for Emma Jones, and blow after blow was laid upon his hands, just the same as though he had whispered.

"After school was over, she ran up to him, and burst into tears and said, 'I will thank you just as long as I live.'

"But that was not much compared with what Jesus suffered. He let them drive nails through His hands and through His feet; let them press the crown of thorns down into His brow; and yet some of you have not thanked Him. If you should die to-day you would not go to heaven. You sang:

*Jesus, take this heart of mine,  
Make it pure and wholly thine.*

but you did not mean it; you did sing it with the heart. You are not a Christian and if you died to-day you would not meet your mother in heaven. You have not loved Jesus—that is the greatest sin you have ever committed.

"Come with me to England. Here is a true story: Four horses and a stage coach come up to a hotel and the boys are on the green playing ball. They all lay down the bat and ball to see the people get off the coach. One man gets down very slowly. He looks pale, body all bent over. When he gets down from the stage some crutches are put under his arms and he looks at a house a little

way distant and goes along very slowly. And the boys all stand and look at him; they don't know who he is, and finally one of them, Freddie, cries out, 'Go it, old rattle-bones!' and then all of them called out, 'Go it, old rattle-bones! Go it, old rattle-bones!' This gentleman (for he was a gentleman) turned around and looked at them, as much as to say, 'Boys, if you knew what brought me here you wouldn't call me "old rattle-bones!"' The boys then went to playing ball again and the gentleman went on. When he got to the house Mrs. Williamson came to the door, and said: 'Mr. Johnson, you look ill. 'Yes, the doctor says I can live but a little while, and I thought I must come home and see Freddie before I die. I have been suffering for ten years, since I saved his life when he was a baby.' 'Yes, we know all about it, Mr. Johnson; my dear Freddie would have lost his life if it had not been for you.'

"Where is he?"

"He is playing ball. I will send for him."

"She invited Mr. Johnson in, and did everything she could for him.

"But I want to go back a little. Ten years before a baby carriage started out from that house and Mrs. Williamson said to the servant, 'Take good care of the little boy, Bessie; you know he is our only child.' Away went Bessie along the bank of the river. She accidentally dropped her handkerchief, and as she turned round to pick it up let go of the perambulator, and, it being on a little incline, ran down the bank and the baby was thrown into the water. Bessie gave a shriek, which attracted the attention of Mr. Johnson, who was coming along, and as he was a good swimmer he plunged into the water, and after a great deal of difficulty he brought Freddie to shore. It was a cool day and Mr. Johnson caught a dreadful cold, chronic rheumatism came on and the doctors told him he had better go to the south of France. He did not get any better, and the doctors there told him he would have to die and if he had any matters to attend to he had better do so at once. He said: 'I want to see that boy, Freddie, who caused me all this pain; I want to hear him thank me for all the sufferings I have endured.'

So he came from France across the English Channel to that town and Freddie was the boy who called him 'old rattle-bones.' He was the one, when he got off the stage to call out 'Go it, old rattle-bones!' When he asked for Freddie Mrs. Williamson said, 'I will send for him. Bessie, tell Freddie a gentleman wants to see him; tell him Mr. Johnson has come.'

"Bessie went out and called him, 'Come home, Freddie, Mr. Johnson has come.'

"Freddie began to think, 'It must have been Mr. Johnson that I called old rattle-bones; I don't want to see him.'

"He felt just as Adam did when he disobeyed God. Freddie did not start to run home at all. The servant went into the house.

"'Where is Freddie? Did you tell him to come home?'

"'Yes, mum.'

"'Why didn't he come?'

"'I don't know, mum.'

"'Didn't he start to come home?'

"'No, mum.'

"She didn't know he had called Mr. Johnson 'old rattle-bones.'

"'Go and get him.'

"Bessie went to the door and there was Freddie coming up the steps as though he had leaden boots on. She didn't know what the matter was, he came up the steps so slowly. Bessie said, 'Why don't you hurry? Go and wash your face and hands. There is a gentleman in the parlor wants to see you.'

"Freddie didn't hurry a bit. He was ashamed to see the man who had nearly died to save him, and whom he had insulted. After a long time he went into the parlor and began to cry. His mother said, 'Freddie, what are you crying about? I thought you would be glad to see Mr. Johnson. You have heard us tell how he saved your life when you were a baby, and we thought you would be so glad to see him.'

"But Freddie cried the more.

"'Why, what is the matter, Freddie?'

"Mr. Johnson knew what the matter was. It was Freddie who had called him the name. Freddie said, 'O

mother, it was I who called out, "Go it, old rattle-bones!" when he got off the stage. I am so ashamed. Mr. Johnson, will you forgive me?"

"Children, why have I told you this story? It is to illustrate that verse, 'Jesus loved us and gave Himself for us.'

"Have you gone to Jesus and thanked him? Have you really come to Jesus and given yourself to Him? Will you do it? I want you to do it now. I was in a meeting last night in San Francisco where a good number of children gave themselves to Jesus, and last Sunday in a meeting there were about forty children who came to Jesus, just as Freddie came to Mr. Johnson and told him he was sorry. These children came to Jesus and asked Him to forgive them, and He did. We want you to do it to-day, every one of you.

"I have given you all a present of one of my books; now, I want to give you another present—a wonderful chain that reaches all the way from earth to heaven—a golden chain—that is worth more than all the golden chains there are in Alameda. It has five links. I want to tell you their names: 'Jesus,' 'holiness,' 'usefulness,' 'happiness,' 'heaven.' When you believe in Jesus you have a new heart, then the second link follows, which is holiness; then we have usefulness, and then we are happy, and then, by and by, we get hold of the last link—heaven. May God's holy spirit help you to get hold of the first link to-day!

"There was once a little colored boy who went to a mission Sunday school. He was a bad boy, and the teacher got out of patience with him. She went to the superintendent one day and said: 'I can't do anything with that little Jimmy, and I am going to leave the class. I have tried everything, and I can't do anything with him.' The superintendent believed in prayer, and he believed that God, by his Holy Spirit, was able to change the heart of little Jimmy, and able to make him a Christian. He knew that Jesus loved Jimmy and gave His life for him. And the superintendent said to his teacher, 'Have you tried praying for him?'

"All the way home those words were ringing in her ears, 'Have you tried praying for Jimmy?'

"When she got home she went down on her knees, and said, 'Dear Jesus, I have not loved Jimmy. I wanted him turned out of Sunday school, but Thou hast loved him; Thou hast died for him; Thou hast worn a crown of thorns for him. O Lord, send Thy spirit to touch Jimmy's heart, and let him get hold of the first link, "Jesus;" and the second link, "holiness," and the third link, "usefulness," and the fourth link, "happiness," and then the last link, "heaven."' "

"When the teacher went to Sunday school again she burst into tears. 'O Jimmy, Jimmy, I have been praying for you. I want you to love Jesus. He loved you; He died for you on the cross.'

"The tears ran down her cheeks. It was the first time anybody ever shed a tear for him. Everybody called him a 'little black nigger.' That touched his heart and all the way home he could see that teacher bending over him, could see the tears running down her cheeks, hear her tremulous voice as she said:

"'Oh, Jimmy, I have been praying for you. I want you to love Jesus. He loved you; He died for you on the cross.'

"Little Jimmy began to think:

"'My teacher praying for me. I never prayed for myself. I have been a wicked boy and if I should die now God will not let me go to heaven. Oh, what shall I do?'

"The next Sunday Jimmy ran up to his teacher and said:

"'Oh, teacher, teacher! I'se so wicked! What shall I do to be saved?'

"'Come to Jesus, Jimmy.'

"'I don't know how.'

"'But you must come; you must pray.'

"'I don't know how to pray. I know how to swear.'

"'You must pray, Jimmy, or you will be lost.'

"'Won't you pray for me, teacher?' And then they knelt down, and Jimmy said:

"'Dear Jesus, me is a bad boy; me swears, me tells lies, and me troubles teacher; but, O Jesus! teacher reads out of bible how you love me, how you love poor, wicked,

bad Jimmy; how you wear a crown of thorns for poor Jimmy. O Jesus, you've been so kind to poor black Jimmy; you die for me; I give myself all up to Thee.'

*'Jesus, take this heart of mine,  
Make it pure and wholly Thine;  
Thou hast bled and died for me,  
I will henceforth live for Thee.'*

"And right there he got hold of the first link; and he got hold of all the links in a few days, as you will see when I finish telling you about him. He went home singing, and as happy as a lark:

*'Jesus from His home on high  
Came into this world to die  
That I might from sin be free—  
Bled and died upon the tree.'*

"When he got home his master heard him singing, and said:

"'Where did you learn that song, Jimmy?'

"'In Sunday school, massa.'

"'Don't you go any more; if you do I will give you ten lashes.'

"Jimmy thought how Jesus had suffered for him and he went to Sunday school the next time; he went home happy, singing as he did the Sunday before. His master said:

"'Jimmy, have you been to that Sunday school again?'

"'Yes, must go to Sunday school, massa; must go to hear about Jesus, massa; he loved poor wicked Jimmy; he died on the cross for poor wicked Jimmy.'

"And his master called a strong man, who came and tied little Jimmy's hands and feet, and took a big whip. The master said to him: 'Ten lashes.' And the ten lashes, like so many knives cutting him, were laid on his bare, bleeding back.

"'Now, Jimmy, will you promise me not to go to Sunday school?'

“Oh! Oh! massa, Jesus die on the cross for poor Jimmy; I never, never deny Jesus, massa.’

“That made him very angry, ‘Ten more heavy lashes! Blow after blow, they were laid upon his bleeding back.

“‘Now, Jimmy, will you promise not to go to Sunday school again?’

“Jimmy said, what you boys who are not Christians could not say:

“‘Oh! massa, you may kill this poor body, but you never, never kill this love in my heart for Jesus who loved poor, wicked Jimmy, died for poor Jimmy and wore a crown of thorns for you, massa, and for poor Jimmy.’

“And the master cried in a louder voice, ‘Give him ten more lashes, heavy lashes!’ and the strong man commenced again to lay on the heavy blows. Jimmy had got hold of the fourth link, happiness, and the next he knew was ‘heaven.’

“‘Now, Jimmy, will you go to Sunday school any more?’

“And what do you think Jimmy said? These were his last words:

“‘Oh! massa, massa, I’se no need to go to Sunday school any more, massa, I’se going home to Jesus now.’

“The master looked and little Jimmy had gone; the house little Jimmy had lived in was there, but the windows were shut; little Jimmy had gone up to the throne of God in heaven, where—

*‘Thousands of children stand—  
Children whose sins are all forgiven—  
A holy, happy band.’*

“I am going there, these dear ministers are going there, your mother is going there if she is a Christian, but you are not going there unless you get a new heart. I want you all to shut your eyes and pray out loud a little prayer after me. Lean your heads forward and shut your eyes. Let us all pray. Follow me out loud. ‘O God be merciful to me a sinner—I am sorry for my sins; I have not loved Thee as I should, dear Jesus, but Thou hast loved me, dear Savior, when Thou hast died for me; Thou hast worn

a crown of thorns for me. O Holy Spirit, show me what a sinner I have been, and Thou so kind to suffer so much for me. I have treated Thee worse than Freddie did that man who nearly died to save him. Dear Jesus, I now give myself to Thee.

*Jesus take this heart of mine,  
Make it pure and wholly Thine;  
Thou hast bled and died for me,  
I will henceforth live for Thee.*

Hear me now while I pray to Thee in silence. [Mr. Hammond then prayed]: 'O Lord, we remember that when Peter was speaking to Cornelius and his friends, the Holy Ghost fell upon them; may the Holy Spirit fall upon us now; show these children and young people how Jesus loved them—a million times more than Mr. Johnson loved little Freddie; a million times more than that boy loved the little girl when he took the punishment for her, and as that little girl came and thanked him, and as Freddie wept and thanked Mr. Johnson for his kindness in saving his life so we come and weep for our sins; weep because we have not loved Jesus, who wore the crown of thorns for us, who died that dreadful death for us. O Thou blessed Holy Spirit, come into the hearts of these Christians and help them to speak with these friends; to weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice; and while we sing "Come to Jesus, just now," God help us to bring these souls to Christ. Some of us will never meet them again until at the judgment seat. Shall we meet them on the right hand and hear them say, "You were faithful, and we were saved that afternoon." God help us to be earnest; may no one go away rejecting Christ. We ask it for Jesus' sake.' Keep your heads bowed while we sing, 'Come to Jesus, just now.'

"After singing and many earnest conversations with the children a large number expressed a change of heart. Mr. Hammond requested them to repeat, remember and practice the following:

*'And I will have a time and place to pray,  
And read my Bible every day.'*

“Don’t you forget that, children, I shall often pray for you.”

“FEAST OF THE CHERRIES”—CHRIST’S LOVE.

I frequently receive letters from strangers asking me to send them books or tracts which I have written, in order to enable them to win the young to Christ. Many ministers are in the habit of preaching a sermonette to the young every Sunday morning before their regular sermon. This fact has led me to prepare some of the stories and illustrations in this chapter to help them.

A number of years ago we visited Hamburg on the Elbe, in Germany, where is situated St. Nicholas Cathedral, which has a spire four hundred and seventy-three feet high, with one or two exceptions the highest in the world. While wandering through the streets of the city and reading up its history we thought of the following story which I am sure will interest our young readers:

Hamburg was besieged. Wolff, the merchant, returned slowly to his home one morning. With the other merchants of the city he had been helping to defend the walls against the enemy, and so constant was the fighting that for a whole week he had worn his armor day and night.

As he passed through his garden he noticed that his cherry trees were covered with ripe fruit, so large and juicy that the very sight was refreshing. At that moment a thought struck him. He knew how much the enemy were suffering from thirst. What would they not give for the fruit that hung unheeded on the trees of his orchard? Might he not, by means of his cherries, secure safety for his city?

Without a moment’s delay he put his plan into practice, for he knew there was no time to be lost if the city was to be saved. He gathered together three hundred children of the city, all dressed in white, and loaded them with fruit from his orchard. Then the gates were thrown open and they set out on their strange errand.

When the leader of the army saw the gates of the city open and the band of little white-robed children march-

ing out, many of them nearly hidden by the branches which they carried, he at once thought it was some trick by which the townspeople were trying to deceive him while preparing for an attack on his camp. As the children came nearer he remembered his cruel vow and was on the point of giving orders that they should all be put to death.

But when he saw the little ones so close at hand, so pale and thin from want of food, he thought of his own children at home and could hardly keep back his tears. Then, as his thirsty, wounded soldiers tasted the cool refreshing fruit which the children brought them a cheer went up from the camp and the general knew that he was conquered, not by force of arms, but by the power of kindness and pity.

When the children returned, the general sent along with them wagons laden with food for the starving people of the city and the next day signed a treaty of peace with those whom he had vowed to destroy.

For many years afterward, as the day came around on which this event took place, it was kept as a holiday and called "The Feast of the Cherries." Large numbers of children in white robes marched through the streets, each one bearing a branch with cherries on it.

Let us turn to another scene. That general outside the walls of Hamburg was determined to put to death, if need be, not only the soldiers, but the inhabitants of the city, old and young. This was his "cruel vow," and he was just ready to put to death these children, laden with luscious cherries; but as he thought of his own loved ones at home tears came to his eyes and he was conquered by kindness.

As Jesus stood in Pilate's Hall they shouted, "Away with Him, crucify Him." They crowned Him with thorns, they laid the cruel scourge upon His bleeding back. But, "As a sheep before her shearer is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth."

At last they laid the heavy cross upon His back and led Him away to crucify Him. Then they lifted the cross with Jesus, the Son of God, hanging upon it, and set it into the ground. As the blood trickled from His

spear-pierced side and nail-pierced hands He did not cry for vengeance, but His prayer was, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," and with that prayer He offered something better than cherries to His enemies; with that prayer He offered to every enemy on the face of the earth, young and old, a blood-bought pardon; with that prayer He secured for us not only a pardon, but He offers the bread of life to every man, woman and child.

Shall not our hearts go out in stronger love to Him than did the heart of that besieging general and soldiers to those white-robed children, loaded with cherries?

While standing near the spot where it is believed our Lord was crucified these words came to my mind and I wrote them down. My prayer is that with them upon your lips you may submit to Christ, fight against Him no longer, but give yourself to Him and love and serve Him:

*Here it was the Lord of Glory  
At Golgotha died for me;  
Here I read the wondrous story  
Of His death to set me free.*

*Here His hands and feet all bleeding  
Fast were nailed unto the cross;  
Here His wounds for me were pleading,  
When my gain was all his loss.*

*Here of God He was forsaken,  
When He took the sinner's place;  
For His sake I now am taken  
Into favor under grace.*

*Here the sword of justice slew Him  
That I might be justified;  
Praise the Lord I ever knew Him,  
That for me He bled and died.*

*Blessed Jesus, I will love Thee,  
Love Thee with my latest breath;  
And in heaven I will adore Thee,  
When these eyes are closed in death.*

## HOW THE GUILTY BOY GOT FREE.

One morning Willie, the younger brother, was rather unwell, and for a while it did not seem as if he would be able to attend school that day, but he became better, and it was decided that he might go.

There were certain rules and regulations in the school—things which the pupils were to do and things which they were not to do—and it was known to the boys that the master would not allow an act of disobedience to go unpunished. He had given full directions and stated distinctly what was to be done and what was not to be done, and he would not depart from his word.

The school began, and the boys were all attentively at work. The master looked around; everything was going on well, and he was pleased. But presently a boy did the very thing which he had been told not to do—went quite contrary to the master's known desire and will. How gladly this boy would hide himself. But the master's quick eye was scanning the room, observing all that was going on. His eye rested upon the guilty boy, and he called him up.

Now, while the master and the school were looking upon the offender, Johnnie grew exceedingly thoughtful, for the guilty boy was none other than his brother Willie, whom he loved very much. Johnnie thought of the punishment which Willie's offence must certainly receive. He knew it would be useless to ask the master to let his brother off; besides, the master would only be acting right in punishing little Willie, and Willie would be only receiving that which he had brought upon himself. But Johnnie kept wondering if he could get his brother free.

Presently he thought of a way by which perhaps Willie could escape.

"What, Willie get off!" does my young reader say? "How could the master keep his word, and yet the guilty boy get free?"

Johnnie knew very well that the master could not let the offence go by unpunished and still keep his word; but,

for all that, he had thought of a way by which the master might maintain his position and the act of disobedience also receive the full penalty due to it. So he went up straight to him, acknowledged that his brother was guilty and deserved to suffer, and then said: "My brother deserves the punishment, but, please, sir, allow me to bear it in his stead."

Now, the master was a gracious man, and was quite willing to let the boy go free, if that were possible, so he accepted Johnnie as the punishment-bearer in the stead of his brother.

Willie's freedom now depended entirely upon Johnnie's accomplishing that which he undertook to do. Should Johnnie fail, then Willie must bear the punishment. And if Johnnie would only bear part, then the remainder must come upon Willie. For him to be free, the whole must be borne.

A touching scene ensued. The guilty boy was taken from the place where he stood and the boy who had done nothing deserving of punishment stood in his place. The boys all looked on in wonder while the master took the rod and stroke upon stroke fell upon Johnnie, and when the last stroke was borne then Willie was free. The offence had received its due; it had been borne by one who did not deserve it, but who willingly stood in the place of the guilty. And he was treated as if he were himself the actual offender.

Thus you see how the guilty boy got free. His punishment was borne by another—by his brother who loved him, and who patiently endured it so that he might be saved from it.

I have often thought of this incident. It is an illustration of the way in which God can righteously save the sinner who believes, seeing that Christ has died.

In Christ, the beloved Son of God, we have the only One who could answer to the requirements of God, who could do anything for the sinner. He, according to the Father's will, became man, and on the cross received the full weight of the judgment due to sin, leaving nothing to be done—nothing to be borne. Hear His own words, "It is finished;" and see in God's raising Him

from the dead and taking Him to His own right hand in heaven that which gives assurance that all is accomplished. He who had done "nothing amiss" suffered, the "Just for the unjust." The full amount of stripes came upon Him, for God did not lessen the judgment because His Son was the bearer of it, but dealt with Him according to that which sin deserved.

God is now able, righteously, to save all who, believing Him, put their trust in Christ Jesus.

## CHAPTER XI.

JOINING THE CHURCHES—SHOULD CONVERTED CHILDREN  
BE RECEIVED INTO THE CHURCHES?

This do in remembrance of me.—Luke xxii. 19.

I BELIEVE most strongly that no one, old or young, has any right to join the church unless able to give good evidence of having experienced a change of heart.

In some churches and countries it is quite common for youth of a certain age to be received into the church without having been converted through faith in the Lord Jesus. No minister of the gospel has any authority from God to admit any person to the Lord's table unless they are able to give a "reason for the hope that is in them with meekness and fear."

I believe also just as strongly that it is the privilege and duty of every person, young or old, born again by the Spirit of God, to obey the command of Christ, who says to all such, and only such, "This do in remembrance of me."

If children are properly encouraged and instructed, they will be found ready to come into the church as young as six and seven years of age. I could easily write a book on this subject and give many touching facts in confirmation of it.

On returning to places where children have been encouraged to join the church, I have found nearly all of those who have professed conversion leading consistent Christian lives. When not allowed to do this, I have found some of the dear lambs outside the fold of Christ, saying, "I wanted to join the church, but was not allowed to do so; now, I hardly know whether I am a Christian or not." My heart has often been bitterly

pained by such sad recitals. I have discussed this somewhat at length in my "Conversion of Children." Always before leaving a place I dwell on the importance of looking after the children in this respect.

Dr. Bonar, a minister with convictions the same as my own, believed that the Lord's table was for those only who had accepted Christ and had been regenerated by the power of the Holy Ghost.

At three different periods, the first in 1861, we have held series of meetings in Glasgow. Dr. Andrew Bonar, author of "The Life of Robert McCheyne," was one of the leaders in the work. He told us one night that his eighteen elders were heart and soul in sympathy, and that nearly every one of them had had children converted in the meetings. He rejoiced at that time that two of his own children were among the converts.

Throughout Great Britain the general sentiment with regard to children's meetings has greatly changed within the last thirty-five years. Dr. Bonar wrote a book about our meetings. It was reprinted in this country, and, before going to Cincinnati, I sent a copy to one of the ministers. To my great surprise, it was reprinted and five thousand scattered broadcast in the churches. I heard through carefully obtained statistics that it was known for a fact that, as a result of God's blessing on those meetings in Cincinnati, upwards of five thousand actually joined the different churches. It at once occurred to me that Dr. Bonar's little book with regard to the permanent results of similar meetings in Glasgow had done much to prepare the way for that great work of grace, especially among the young in Cincinnati. About twenty-five years afterward we held another series of meetings there. My heart was continually rejoiced in noting the fruits of those meetings held so long ago. I remember a little blind girl, who joined the church at that time, giving her testimony very sweetly as to her conversion, and I was delighted to find her in the recent meetings an earnest Christian. Very sweetly in one of the churches on Walnut Hill, she told of how in those children's meetings she was led to feel her need of Jesus, and to trust in Him as her Savior. I could easily fill

this book with reminiscences similar to the above. Since 1861 we have occasionally conducted meetings in Boston and immediate vicinity, and generally old friends have been among those who have prepared the way.

We insert an extract from the little book Dr. Bonar wrote of meetings in Glasgow. Dr. Bonar says:

“There is a practical error very common among God’s people. All of them profess to believe that the Holy Spirit may convert souls at any age, and that conversion can not be too soon; while yet they do not look for the conversion of children with the same lively faith that they manifest in expecting the Holy Spirit to change those who are of riper years. The same warm-hearted believers who labor for older souls, and are in the case of such satisfied with nothing but conversion without delay, do not practically so feel and act in dealing with the young. They are satisfied if the young give attention to the truth, and if they seem not unwilling to retain in their thoughts what they learn; they do not press home on children, as they would on grown-up persons, the immediate, present acceptance of Christ. They would go home from any other meeting disappointed, sad, unsatisfied, if, night after night, souls were unawakened and unsaved, though attentive and interested; and yet, in the case of children, they can allow of delay—they can leave their Sabbath class or their family circle without alarm and without anxiety, though there be therein no symptom of real awakening and no evidence of these young souls finding the Savior.

“One reason for the difference thus made in the case of the young is, with many, the misunderstanding of certain texts of scripture—at least so we are strongly inclined to think.

“1. One person quotes Prov. xxii. 6: ‘Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.’ The person with whom this text is a favorite probably applies it thus: ‘Only teach the plan of salvation to a child, and show wisdom’s happy ways to a child, and, though at the time the child be not converted, yet, when he is old, he will no doubt take the way

you have taught him.' But is this the sense of the text? Very far from it. The Holy Spirit means to teach us quite another lesson by these words, viz., 'Only be sure that you get the child in the way while still a child, and you need never fear in regard to that child's after-perseverance.' It is 'Initiate a child in the way' (see the Hebrew), or at the beginning of the way; get the truth introduced into his soul while he is a child, and rest assured that he shall go on as he has begun. It is a blessed text to encourage us to seek the present and immediate conversion of children.

"2. Another person uses a figure, and soothes his conscience under lack of success in his class or in his family by saying, 'Well, at any rate I am filling the water-pots with water (John ii. 7), so that there shall be the greater amount of wine at a future day, when at length the water is turned into wine by the Lord's miraculous power in the hour of conversion.' Now this is only a figurative application of a text and no argument at all. But, even using their own figure, how is it that they do not expect that the turning of the water into wine should be immediate? What is there in the passage to which they allude to warrant their waiting on till a distant time? Was not the water changed into wine in these water-pots in a single hour? Indeed, it seems that the change took place in the very act of filling the vessels.

"3. A third person has much to say, in a doctrinal form, on the text in Phil. i. 6, 'He which hath begun a good work will perform it,' applying the passage to feelings, impressions, interest awakened among the young in the course of common weekly teaching. There is no conversion in such cases, but then it is alleged, 'There is real interest felt, there is impression made, and so the good work is begun, and, if begun, shall go on.' We reply, there is a serious mistake here, for 'the good work is begun' means that conversion has taken place; conversion is the good work that begins the Christian life. Read the context, and see this beyond doubt or dispute. The apostle says, 'He that has converted you; placing you in Christ the foundation, will not forsake you, but will carry on the building to completeness in the day of

Christ's appearing. So that this text is really an argument in favor of our not being content with anything in the form of mere impression, hopeful interest, or convictions. We must see conversion-work, we must see salvation-work, we must see the Christian life really begun; and this applies alike to the case of old and young.

"There is, however, apart from and beside all this, a secret feeling on the part of many Christians that it is not so important for them to be the means of converting children as it is to be the means of converting adults. They have no scripture proof of this view, for 'converting a sinner' means any sinner, young as well as old; and 'turning many to righteousness' includes young and old; and 'winning souls' limits us to no age. But such persons nevertheless feel, without putting their feelings into words, that it is a more palpable and evident gain to win an intelligent adult than to win his child to Christ. Now, this quiet persuasion, appearing in their practice, may arise from the thought that these adults are of present value in society; their conversion will at once affect society, while the conversion of the young is at the time unfelt beyond the circle of the family and a few companions. But they forget that these young souls, brought to Christ in very infancy, will be exercising an influence, year by year, all life long, in all the different stages of their growth, and at length, on reaching manhood, will by God's grace, mightily move for good their circle of society—over and above the consideration of the evils escaped and the ill that was never done.

"There is, however, a more serious misapprehension lying at the root of this undervaluing of early conversion. In reality, many godly people do look upon the conversion of children as a thing to be stood in doubt of.

"(a.) There must be cases of real conversion among children, if the word of God is to be our standard; for surely Psa. viii. 2, is written for all ages, and our Lord has comment upon it thus in Matt. xxi: 16. 'Have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?' If 'old men and children' are called on (Psa. cxlviii. 12), to praise the Lord alike, surely it is implied that they are alike capable of saving

grace. Indeed, for one moment to suppose the matter otherwise would be to assert that the gospel is not suited to the souls of the young.

“(b.) There is a most peculiar fitness in the gospel being blessed to the conversion of children. The same Holy Spirit in all cases uses the gospel for saving souls; but, in applying it to children, he illustrates most notably two of its features, viz., its entire freeness (for what could a child give to God?) and its amazing simplicity, which is so humbling to the pride of self-righteous man. ‘I thank Thee, O Father, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes’ (Luke x. 21), and as Jesus said this, ‘He rejoiced in spirit.’ ‘Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein’ (Luke xviii. 17).

“(c.) The drawing love of the cross of Christ surely appeals as readily and suitably to the hearts of children as to adults.

“(d.) The substitution of Christ for sinners, ‘the just for the unjust,’ ‘the Shepherd for the sheep,’ is the very heart of the gospel. Even a child can be made to comprehend the meaning of substitution—of the one for the many; just as the ‘happy mute’ was made at once to see how the giving of one gold ring for thousands of withered leaves was an over-payment in exchange. Hence it is this grand truth that we press on the very youngest soul. We tell them, ‘You are sinners, and you cannot save yourselves; but God’s own Son can save you by Himself bearing that wrath and curse.’ In some such form as this the Spirit brings in faith to a child’s soul; and, once received, is not this truth the same in its effects on the young as on the old? Is not the text, John i. 12, as true in the case of a child as in the instance of an intelligent adult, ‘As many as received him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God’?

“Children ought to be dealt with about accepting Christ as closely and seriously as older people. The difference, no doubt, is considerable in the method we take with the young and with the older. We find, however, the same need in both cases of being like Nathan in his parable;

we need to look the child in the face, and say, 'You are meant. Will you accept the Savior who has saved so many by taking on Him their sins, and bearing their punishment?' Personal dealing is required; a dealing with them one by one.

"Many Christian people are not sufficiently aware of the importance of a personal question, whether the individual be old or young. I have seen an aged person struck as with an arrow on being solemnly asked, face to face. 'Have you been born again?' and exclaiming, 'Have I myself been born again?' The question was never so put to my soul till now.' I have known a young man brought to a stand at once by the personal question, 'Do you accept Christ now?' And so I have seen a child strongly moved by such a direct appeal, though before listening only playfully. It seems to be the Spirit's way of inserting the point of the wedge that is to split the cedar. Teachers and parents, is not this way worth trying?

"Why do many in our day regard with suspicion cases of very early conversion? The reason seems to be—they fancy it is altogether a matter of feeling, and not of faith, in these children. If it were so they would have some good grounds for their scepticism. But then we assert that the evidence furnished by these young people is that of faith in the Lord Jesus. Another reason alleged for their doubt is, that these children do not manifest holiness in the way in which it is manifested by adults. Well, this is true; but children's play, and children's natural buoyancy, should no more come in the way of our believing their real conversion, than should in older people, engrossing care and anxiety about business.

"Of late, in our country, Mr. Hammond has done much to fix attention on the subject of early conversions. He holds that conversion is the work of the Holy Ghost, but he also believes that the Holy Ghost, in the exercise of gracious sovereignty, is pleased to work by the gospel on very young souls.

"Several things in his dealings with children deserve special notice. One is, his firm persuasion that the gospel is 'the power of God unto salvation' in the case of the youngest that has understanding. He goes to his meetings

never doubting this, and sets to work accordingly. He tells the gospel story, presses it home, and calls for a present acceptance of Christ on the part of the children. He does not feel content with delivering his message, saying, 'Now I have sown the seed, let us hope it may spring up some time after this.' No, he looks for 'God giving the increase' at the time, just as at Pentecost.

"Another feature in his method is, the form in which he preaches the gospel. It is, in the main, that of substitution. Not that he always, or even very often uses that word; but that is his leading idea in setting forth the way of salvation. He perhaps starts with a text that involves that truth; then he brings in stories to illustrate his text, using illustrations which are not always perhaps quite solemn, but which always end in conveying the truth of substitution to the understanding and heart—if not also, at the same time, flashing into the conscience of the youngest the sin of refusing such a substitute as Jesus. The sum of his address is just this, which Mr. Hammond wrote:

*'Jesus, from His throne on high,  
Came into this world to die;  
That I might from sin be free,  
Bled and died upon the tree.*

*'I can see Him even now,  
With His piercèd, thorn-clad brow,  
Agonizing on the tree,  
Oh, what love! and all for me.*

*'Now I feel this heart of stone  
Drawn to love God's holy Son,  
"Lifted up" on Calvary,  
Suffering shame and death for me.*

*'Now I feel this heart of stone  
Make it pure and wholly Thine,  
Thou has bled and died for me;  
I will henceforth live for Thee.'*

"There never is, with him, the possibility of your mistaking or forgetting the grand end in view. To many

a Sabbath school teacher—ay, and to many a minister—there is too much reason to fear that Mr. Cecil's story of himself is only too truly applicable. Mr. Cecil tells how, on one occasion, when laboring under trouble that caused him great suffering, and which baffled all ordinary physicians, he was guided to an illustrious physician, who at once told him, 'There is only one remedy; do try it—it is perfectly simple,' mentioning the medicine. Mr. Cecil was satisfied, and rose to go and get the medicine; but his physician pressed him to stay a little, and entered into conversation in a very fascinating style, till, engrossed with each other's company, the subject of the medicine was entirely set aside. On coming home, Mr. Cecil expressed to his wife his admiration of this medical friend—'Such a fund of anecdote! such a command of language!' 'Well,' exclaimed Mrs. C., 'but did he prescribe for your case?' 'Yes—but I have entirely forgotten the remedy! The charms of his manner and conversation put everything else out of mind.' Now, we say, that in these meetings none are in danger of being thus carried away from the remedy to any secondary matter in the address.

'Yet more. He never dismisses such a gathering hastily. After his gospel address is done he prays, and then asks all to remain for conversation who are anxious to find salvation. He has always with him a goodly number of solid and fervent Christians, who are ready to take part in these after-conversations. And this part of his method has been remarkably blessed; as much, indeed, as anything else in his dealing with the young. It is apparently very much by this conversational meeting, in which you may see, all over the church or hall, lively believers engaged in most solemn inquiries with one or two souls whom the spirit has touched, that very many are brought to decision. It seems to be the Holy Spirit's way to use this Nathan-like application of the truth to lead souls to own that the gospel is for themselves, and to admit, 'I am the sinner to whom the Savior speaks.' The very circumstance, also, that so many at one time are earnestly engaged in the same solemn employment, creates a healthful sympathy of feeling, and, in many cases, helps souls to utter their difficulties and fears.

“Shall we not, then, with all these facts before us, ask the Church of Christ to cherish this expectancy in regard to the conversion of children far more than in times past? Have we not rested upon our oars? Have we not slipped into the custom of showing to our Sabbath schools and families what a salvation has been provided, and what a Savior is ours, without sufficiently urging them to make all this their own? We have dealt with the adults and with the aged pressingly, earnestly, taking no excuse, but insisting on their immediate acceptance of Christ; but we have not been wont, generally, to deal thus with the very youngest who can understand. If the Lord works by instrumentalities, and if it is by suitable instrumentalities, then let us see that we are taking the right way to bring blessing to the young. As a rule, the Lord does not convert souls in the absence of means, and of right means. In heathen lands souls perish because no one there shows the way of life. In our own neighborhood men and women die unconverted, when no one goes among them seeking to win their souls; and in our Sabbath schools and families children grow up unconverted, because they are not more personally dealt with. Are we not letting the souls of the young perish if we do not rouse ourselves to take part in this personal mode of applying the truth?”

Lord, sharpen our sickles when we go to reap Thy harvest among the young, for we have heard our Master say, “Have ye not read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?”

#### A CHILD'S WORK FOR JESUS.

Dr. A. J. Gordon was a believer in the conversion of children. At two different times I held meetings in his church. The first was fifteen years ago. One result of that series has been that a weekly meeting for the young has been kept up and great good has been done. It was a pleasure long after to return and find many ready to testify that they were converted in the meetings I held there years ago. A number of the boys had become ministers and some had gone as missionaries.

At the request of Dr. Gordon I held a two weeks' union meeting in his church.

Each afternoon we had services for children, and many, as they heard the story of Jesus' love, were led to give themselves to Him. Among them was little Winnie Lewis.

Her Sunday school teacher saw the change and told her pastor she believed Winnie had become a Christian. Three years after, when nine years old, she asked to be admitted to the church, but the good deacon thought she was too young, and when they objected she walked over to Dr. Gordon's side and said, "Last Sabbath, sir, you said that the lambs should not be kept out of the fold." "Yes," he replied, "it is not for us to keep them out. I will see your friends and take you into the church."

With a bright and happy countenance, she said "Thank you," and passed out of the room. She was examined, and received by baptism, the next week.

While I was holding a series of meetings in Rev. Kittridge Wheeler's church in Hartford, Dr. Gordon was present, and knowing how much he loved to see children trusting in Jesus, I asked him to tell those present the story of Winnie Lewis. I will tell you a few of his touching words with regard to the work she did in leading those in her neighborhood to Jesus. He said:

"It was on a hot day in June, that I was called to attend her funeral. A crowd was around the house and my eye fell on a crippled lad, crying bitterly as he sat on a low door-step.

"Did you know Winnie Lewis, my lad?" I asked.

"Know her, is it, sir? Never a week passed but she came twice or thrice with a picture or book, mayhap an apple for me, an' it's owin' to her an' no clargy at all that I'll even follow her blessed footsteps to heaven. She'd read me from her own bible whenever she came an' now she's gone there'll be none at all to help me, for mother's gone from Mike's sky intoirly with Winnie, sir."

"I passed on, after promising him a visit very soon, and made my way through the crowd of tear-stained, sorrowful faces. I came to a stop again in the narrow

passage-way of the house. A woman stood beside me trying to dry her fast falling tears, while a wee child wept at her side.

"Was Winnie a relative of yours?" I asked.

"No, sir; but the blessed child was at our house constantly, and when Bob here was sick, she nursed and tended him, and her hymn quieted him when nothing else seemed to do it. It was just the same with all the neighbors. She took tracts to them all, and has prayed with them ever since she was converted, which was three years ago, when she was but six years of age, sir. What she's been to us all no one but the Lord will ever know, and now she lies there.'

"I was led to the room where the child lay, looking almost younger than I had seen her in my study a year ago. An old bent woman was crying aloud by the coffin.

"I never thought she'd go afore I did. She used regular to read and sing to me every evening, an' it was her talk that made a Christian of me. You could almost go to heaven on one of her prayers.'

"Mother, come away,' said a young man, putting his arm around her to lead her back. 'You'll see her again.'

"Yes, she said she'd wait for me at the gate; but I miss her sore now.'

"It's the old lady as Mrs. Lewis lived with, sir,' said a young lad standing next to me, as one and another still pressed up towards the little casket for a last look at the beloved face. 'She was a Unitarian, but she could not hold out against Winnie's prayers and pleadings to love Jesus, and she's been trusting Him now for quite a while.'

"You are right, my lad,' I replied. 'Do you trust Him, too?' 'Winnie taught me, sir,' the lad made answer, and the sudden tears filled his eyes.

"A silence fell on those assembled, and marveling at such testimony, I proceeded with the service, feeling as if there was little more I could say of one whose deeds thus spoke of her. Loving hands had laid flowers all around the child who had led them. One tiny lassie had placed a dandelion in the small waxen fingers, and now stood abandoned to grief beside the still form that bore

the impress of absolute purity. The service over, again and again was the coffin lid lifted by some one longing for another look, and they seemed as if they could not let her go.

"The next day a good-looking man came to my house, and said,

"'I am Winnie's uncle, sir. She never rested till she made me promise to come to Jesus, and I've come.

"'Well, you see, sir, it was this way. Winnie had always been uncommon fond of me, and so was I of her,'—his voice broke a little—'and I'd never felt quite right. Yet I knew her religion was true enough and a half hour before she died she had the whole family with her, telling them she was going to Jesus, and she took my hand between her little ones and said, "Uncle John, you will love Jesus, and meet me in heaven, won't you?" What could I do? It broke me all up, and I have come to ask you, sir, what to do, so's to keep my promise to Winnie, for she was an angel if there ever was one. Why, sir, we were all sitting with her in the dark, and there was a light about that child as though it shone from heaven. We all noticed it, every one of us, and when she drew her last breath and left us, the radiance went too; it was gone, quite gone.'

"Within a month Winnie's uncle was received into the church, thoroughly converted, and a sincere disciple of Christ."

When Dr. Gordon had finished this touching story, all hearts were deeply moved and we offered the prayer that children who had been converted in Mr. Wheeler's church might, like Winnie Lewis and others in Dr. Gordon's church, show by their changed lives that they had for Christ's sake had their sins forgiven, and received an answer to the oft repeated prayer,

*Jesus, take this heart of mine,  
Make it pure and wholly Thine,  
Thou hast bled and died for me,  
I will hence forth live for thee.*

You need a new heart, my dear young reader, as much as Winnie Lewis did. I suppose she had no thought of becoming a Christian when she came into that meeting I conducted in Dr. Gordon's church.

But as she heard me explain how much Christ had to suffer that our sins might be forgiven, her heart melted in love towards Him, and she felt what a dreadful thing it would be to turn away from such a Savior, after He had taken the punishment she deserved. A child in Syracuse, N. Y., too young to write, sent me her printed letter. She didn't know well how to put sentences together and was not as old as Winnie Lewis when she became a Christian. But she was old enough to understand how Christ had loved us and gave Himself for us, and so she wrote:

"If Christ hadn't died for us, the bestest of us couldn't have been saved, but now the worstest of us can be forgiven."

Will you come to Him now, my dear young reader, believe in Him and be saved? Make those four lines above the prayer of your heart, as so many have done, and then we will meet Winnie Lewis in heaven by and by.

#### CHRIST OFFERING PARDON.

Tune: Hold the Fort.

*Lo, the loving Jesus standeth  
Closely now by thee!  
In His pierced hands a pardon—  
He can set thee free!*

*Sue for mercy quickly, sinner,  
Ere He passeth by;  
When He once is out of hearing  
Thou must surely die!*

*Listen to His words of kindness,  
They must win thy love:  
"For thy sins I've brought a pardon  
From the Throne above.*

## Early Conversion

*"All the agony I have suffered  
Thou canst never know,  
That I might afford thee rescue  
From eternal woe.*

*"Though by law thou art most justly  
Doomed to suffer death;  
Yet for thee I asked a pardon  
With my dying breath.*

*"If thou only dost accept it,  
Oh! what joy is thine!  
Joy on earth and bliss in Heaven  
Will be thine and mine!"*

*I accept it, blessed Jesus,  
From thy pierced hand;  
'Tis Thy precious death redeems us  
From the law's demand.*

## CHAPTER XII.

## CHRIST LIFTED UP.

And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.—St. John xii. 32.

*Now I feel this heart of stone  
Drawn to love God's Holy Son;  
Lifted up on Calvary,  
Suffering death and shame for me.*

## JESUS' LOVE.

A FEW weeks ago we held some children's meetings in Lowell, Mass. Children and young people from various parts of the city were present and much prayer was offered for a blessing upon the services. As is usually the case, I gave a Bible reading before the address, showing the great love of Christ in giving Himself to die for us, one of which is here given:

Then Jesus said, "I looked, and there was none to help, and therefore My own arm brought salvation." Yes, the loving Savior said, "I will leave My home in heaven; I will go down to that world where all have broken the laws of my Father; I will bleed and die in their stead."

Thus at the appointed time the Son of God came into this world, and took upon Himself a body like ours, so that He could sympathize with us in all things. By many things He showed that He was far more than a mere man. In Matt. xxi. 14, 15 we read that "The blind and the lame came to Him in the temple and He healed them. And when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that He did, and the children in the temple saying, Hosanna to the son of David, they were sore displeased, and said unto Him, Hearest thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them, Yes; have ye never read, "But

of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?"

I believe that God often uses a vivid account of the sufferings of Christ to lead the young to see what a dreadful thing sin is, and to see what untold agonies He suffered on the cross.

Fifteen years ago I held a series of meetings in Lowell. There had been a Sunday school convention in this city a week previous to my arrival, and I was invited to remain over and to continue the work among the young.

It pleased me very much to find that those who professed conversion then have been kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. I asked the people at my meetings in Northfield yesterday to pray for blessings here to-day. It seems to me you can but love Jesus if you will think of how much He has done for you. To help you understand this love, I will tell you about what a mother in New Hampshire did to save the life of her little child.

One afternoon she started, with him in her arms, to cross the mountain. It soon began to snow, but on and up she toiled. Deeper and deeper came the drifting snow, she clasped her sleeping child in her arms and pressed on.

The cold night came on and she was miles away from any house. Bitterly cold blew the winds, till she began to fear she would never see the light of another day.

At length she could not take another step. She was poorly clad, with only one shawl about herself. "Now," said she, "what shall I do—save my own life or that of my child?" It did not take her long to speak to herself. She resolved to die herself to save his life. She took the shawl from her own shoulders and wrapped it snugly around her little babe and pressed it to her bosom. She then lay down in the snow to rest, trusting that her child would live till morning, and that help would come along and, perhaps, save him.

In the morning a gentleman riding by noticed that his horse stumbled over something in the snow. He got off and there found his friend.

cold in death, but as he unfolded the shawl he saw the sleeping boy alive and warm, who opened his eyes and smiled.

This infant was carried down the mountain, taken care of, and grew up to be a good man.

How do you think he felt when he was old enough to understand that his mother died to save his life? What would we have said of him if, when other boys spoke about his having a poor mother who was frozen to death, he had been ashamed to speak of her? I think I hear you say, "He would have been a very ungrateful boy, with a heart as cold as the snow which caused the death of his mother."

Now I want to tell you that a child's heart is dead also when it is so cold towards the dear Jesus as not to love Him. Only think of it! What that mother suffered for her little baby boy was nothing like what the Savior suffered for you. But have you loved Him for it, or are you ashamed to speak of Him and work for Him, and to try and get others to come and love and trust Him too?

I have spoken of how much Jesus loved us in giving Himself to die for us, but I have not yet read from the bible with you, about it, though I have always found that God uses His holy word more than anything else to lead sinners to Christ.

Now you know, when he had made the world and everything in it, said, "Let us make man in Our own image.

So God created man in His own image." (Gen.

1:27.) Yes, God made man as good and as lovely as an angel,

but he did not stay good. He disobeyed God, and did everything that He had made, and behold, it was all wrong.

And then God, because He was holy and just, took upon evil, had to drive our first parents out of His presence. (Gen. iii. 23, 24.) Since then,

all who have lived in the world, young and old, have been born as Adam and Eve—sinners.

They have all disobeyed God. All have had wicked hearts, and all have loved to do what was right. God told us

in His word that if we disobeyed His good law, we should have to punish us, and yet we have all, like Adam, Eve, Pilate, and Judas, done those very things which God told us not to do.

But we are glad to do what is right, and we are glad to give our hearts to God, and we are glad to set His law before us.

Yes, though Jesus could work such wonderful miracles, could hush the wild, raging sea into a quiet calm, by saying, "Peace, be still" (Mark iv. 39); though he could walk upon it as easily as you can walk upon a floor, and save timid Peter when he cried, as he was sinking, "Lord, save me;" though wicked spirits and death itself knew Him and fled from Him, still His heart was so full of love and tenderness that the children of their own will flocked around Him; and when some good men found fault with them for this Jesus was much displeased and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not . . . . And He took them up in His arms and blessed them." (Mark x. 14-16.) Oh, yes, He loved the children, as He does now, and invited them all to come to Him, that He might fit them for heaven.

Some of the older people here to-day, I fear, do not realize that every one of these children has a sinful heart and needs to have sins forgiven before it can be happy here or hereafter. Fifteen years ago in that fourth pew from the front sat Mrs. Mallory with eight boys. As soon as I had done speaking she at once began to talk with them, one by one. Each one with whom she spoke was deeply impressed, and some with tears in their eyes asked how they could be forgiven. Then she came to the last but one. When she had spoken with him, he replied "No, I do not wish to be a Christian."

"But Jesus has loved you, and died on the cross to save you."

"I don't care if He did; I don't want to be converted."

Again and again she tried to impress him, but it was useless, he would not listen. Finally I took a seat beside his friend at the end of the pew, that I might speak to the little fellow with whom I had noticed he was friendly. I spoke a few words to him and he burst into tears, saying, "I feel I am a great sinner not to have loved the precious Savior." While this conversation was going on, and my back was turned, the obstinate boy—eight years of age—got out of the pew and holding his head down, crept, as he thought, unobserved to the other side of the boy with whom I was talking, and into the other ear of his little friend whispered:

"It is all nonsense; don't listen to it, Joe."

At the dinner table that day Mrs. Mallory told us that after seeing such enmity in the heart of a boy only eight years old she was ready to believe that children of six and eight years were old enough to realize their lost condition and to come to Christ and be saved. That boy, I believe, with all his enmity was finally convinced of his sin and brought to Christ. And I wish that in our second meeting to-day he might stand up and tell us of the wonderful change that has been wrought since he has repented and believed in Jesus.

At last the time came when Jesus had promised God that He would suffer, so that our sins might be forgiven, and our hearts changed, and we be fitted for the bright world above.

The night before He went into a garden to pray. "And began to be sore amazed, and to be very heavy; and saith unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death." (Mark xiv, 34.)

What do you think it was that "amazed" Him? It was the sight of your sins, and my sins, for which He had promised to suffer punishment. "His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

Very soon "Judas, one of the twelve, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests, laid hands on Him, and took Him. . . . And they led Jesus away to the high priest." (Mark xiv. 43, 46, 53.) And when "the high priest asked Him, Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed? Jesus said, I am: and ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." (Mark xiv. 61, 62.) "And they began to spit on Him, and to cover His face, and to buffet Him, and to say unto Him, Prophecy; and the servants did strike Him with the palms of their hands." Only think of it! some buffeted Him, so that his face was marred more than any man.

But these wicked men, though they would have been glad to have killed the Son of God, had not power to do it, and so they bound Him, and carried Him away to Pilate, the Roman governor. This governor was afraid to give orders to have Him crucified, and so he tried to set Him free.

One of the ways he tried was this:—Every year at the Feast of the Passover, the Roman governor used to let some one who had been shut up in prison, because he had broken the laws of the land, and who was condemned to be killed, go free, and thus all his friends rejoiced.

There was that year a wicked murderer, who, everybody knew, ought to be punished with death; and so Pilate thought, that if he should ask them whether to let Jesus, or Barabbas, go without being punished, they would not dare to say, Let Barabbas go. So he asked the question, "Whom will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ? . . . And they said, Barabbas." Then Pilate said, "What, then, shall I do with Him that is called Christ?" They all said unto him, "Let Him be crucified. And the governor said, Why, what evil hath He done? But they cried out the more, saying, Let Him be crucified." (Matt. xxvii. 17, 21-23.)

"And so Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas unto them, and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged Him, to be crucified." (Mark. xi. 15.) You see they hated Jesus so much, that they would rather a murderer should escape from crucifixion than He.

"And the soldiers led Him away into the hall, called Prætorium; and they called together the whole band. And they clothed Him with purple, and platted a crown of thorns, and put it on his head, and they began to salute Him, Hail, King of the Jews! And they smote Him on the head with a reed, and did spit upon Him, and bowing their knees worshipped Him. And when they had mocked Him, they led Him away to crucify Him." (Mark xi. 16.) Only think of it,—the dear Savior bore all this that you and I might be saved.

Do you think that mother, who let the cold freeze her to death, loved her little boy as much as Jesus loved you? He said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."

See them now, as they reach Calvary. These murderers of the Son of God seize upon Him, and stretch His hands first upon the cross, and, with blow after blow, drive the cruel nails through those hands which had so

lovingly been placed upon the heads of little children as He blessed them.

Angels are there waiting to snatch Him away. Why does He not let them? I will tell you. If He had done so, no one could have been saved. It is because the Savior has done all this for us, that "He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him."

We read on in this fifteenth chapter of Mark, and at the 29th verse, that they that passed by railed on Him, wagging their heads, and saying, "Save thyself, and come down from the cross." Likewise, also, the chief priests, mocking, said, "He saved others; Himself He cannot save." They said that to mock Him; but, oh, what a truth they spoke!

If He would save others, He could not save Himself.

From twelve o'clock till three o'clock Jesus hung on the cross, and then He cried, 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?'

I will tell you why He was forsaken; that you and I might not be forsaken if we trusted in Him. He was treated as though He had been a sinner, that you and I might be treated as though we had always been obedient children, and never done anything to displease and offend God; and so "it is written," "He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." (2 Cor. v. 21.)

We remember, that after our Redeemer was dead they took his body and laid it in a tomb, and after three days He arose from the dead; and thus God showed that He accepted the work which Christ had done for us, and now God offers pardon to all who ask for it, forsaking their sins! God's proclamation now is, "I will pardon all their iniquities, whereby they have sinned against Me." (Jer. xxxiii. 8.)

As I have been reading these words from the bible to you, about the wonderful love of Him who sacrificed Himself for us, I have found my own heart going out anew in love to Him. How can any one help saying, "We love Him because He first loved us."

I have heard that when that boy who was saved by his

mother's death on the New Hampshire mountains grew up to be a man, and became a senator, he could not speak of her without the tears coming to his eyes; and yet he had never seen her to remember her.

He had never seen her to know her, and yet he loved her because she first loved him.

Supposing that mother had come back to earth again, don't you think her boy would have found his way to her, and thanked her for dying to save him when he was an infant?

But Jesus is alive, and often comes to your door—yes, to the very door of your heart, my young friend, and knocks. You don't speak to Him, if you are not a Christian, much less do you thank Him for His wonderful love to you. Oh, what a sinner you are! If you had treated any one on earth as badly I don't think you could sleep till you went and asked forgiveness.

And what do you think this Savior thinks of you? Does He not wonder that you have not yet even once thanked Him for enduring so much for you?

I will tell you a story about a gentleman in Detroit who saved the life of a little girl. The gentleman told me the story himself one morning at his breakfast table.

About nine years before he saw one day a horse running away, with only a girl in the wagon. In a way which it would take too long to tell he stopped the horse, and thus saved the child's life; but in doing so was kicked by the horse so badly that they thought him dead.

For days he lay like a dead man, without speaking, hardly breathing. And what do you think were the first words he said? They were these, "Is the little girl safe?"

And then he said, "Bring her to me; I want to see her."

"We don't know where she is."

"What!" he said, "don't know where she is? Hasn't she been here to thank me for saving her life?"

"No. Her father came, and they drove away, and we have never seen them. Perhaps they are afraid you will make them pay."

"Oh no," said Mr. B., "I don't want their money; only I would give anything to see that little girl."

He told me, with a great deal of feeling, that he had the strongest desire to see her. He could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes as he spoke of her. "Oh!" said he, "it seems so strange that she has never, even in all these years, thanked me for what I did for her. It must be she lives somewhere not far from here, and knows where I live."

And what do you suppose I was thinking of when I heard all this? It was about what Jesus has done for us, and how He wonders that the children, and others for whom He died, have not come to Him and thanked Him for his precious love.

Can you not hear Him saying, "Where is that young friend for whom I left my happy home in heaven and died on the cross? Why does he not come and thank Me and love Me for it?"

Though your sins helped to crucify the loving Savior, and though you have rejected Him so many times, still you need not fear to go to Him; you will find Him far more anxious to meet you, than that good gentleman in Detroit was to see the little girl; for his words are, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

Will you not, then, with this prayer thank the dear Savior that He has done so much for you, and ask Him for a heart to love Him? And then you may be pleased to learn the hymn which I have written for you.

#### A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Oh God, I come and ask Thee to forgive me for the sake of Thy dear Son who was so kind as to die on the cruel cross for me. Thou hast been waiting for me to come and thank Thee; but I have been so proud and wicked I would not do it. I am very sorry for it. Please to forgive me now in this very meeting where so many children are coming to Thee, and, with the help of the Holy Spirit, I will love Thee, and cling to Thee, and work for Thee and try to get all my friends to come and trust Thee, and be happy with me in Thy service, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

## THE LOVE OF JESUS.

*'Jesus! now to Thee I fly,  
Thou who on the cross didst die;  
Died that I might be forgiven,  
And that I might dwell in heaven;  
True, I've been a wicked child  
Not to love Thee all the while.*

*If some friend for me had bled—  
Had he saved me from the dead,  
Had he suffered years of pain  
That his loss might be my gain—  
Sure I'd give him all my heart;  
From him I'd be loath to part.*

*More than this Thou did'st for me,  
When bleeding, dying on the tree;  
And Thou hast been waiting long,  
Waiting for my grateful song.  
Now I come with heartfelt praise—  
I will serve Thee all my days.*

F. B. MEYER.

It was my privilege to hold union meetings with F. B. Meyer. He entered into the work most heartily and seemed to comprehend it at once. For several years he has taken an active part in the meetings at Northfield. Last year he held meetings in various parts of India, and it is well known that his work there was greatly owned of God. The Sunday School Union of India has invited me to spend at least a year in that country. The fact that some of my books have been translated into the language of that country led them to believe that my labors there would be blessed. I had a talk with Mr. Meyer last summer, with regard to visiting London, and he encouraged me to believe the way was open for much usefulness. Mr. Meyer is so well known in the Christian world, that I may be excused for inserting his words in the *London Christian*. He is the present pastor of Christ's church

in London, the successor of Dr. Newman Hall. For several years he has assisted Mr. Moody in his annual meetings at Northfield, Mass. His books and writings have been scattered in many lands. Mr. Meyer says:

“When a young clerk in London, in a city counting house, I was attracted to the services which Mr. Hammond was holding in the chapel of the venerated Baptist Noel. I could pick out the seat to-day where I sat and I can never forget the effect produced upon me. It was the first breath of the revival spirit which had ever swept across my heart, and it strangely touched me. The hymns have lingered in my memory, and the scenes of children gathering around that noble form are vivid as I write.

“Since then I have eagerly read every scrap of news of Mr. Hammond’s work, as he has carried the tidings of the gospel to the East and West, stirring with his words vast multitudes of men. I am increasingly enamored of the work among children. They have not to unlearn those habits of doubt and misconception which hinder so many from accepting the gospel. It is natural for them to trust One whom they cannot see, to give Him their choicest treasures, to conform themselves to His sweet life. None but those who have worked among children could credit the readiness with which they receive the gospel. When they have received it they are frank in confessing, and so are eager to win others to Him whom they find so dear. There is everything in our Savior to charm and attract children, and His dear gospel does not present difficulties to their simple faith. The Lord told us to become as little children that we might enter His kingdom. Surely then, little children themselves have not far to go; ‘only a step to Jesus.’

“With these thoughts in my heart, I was thoroughly aroused when I saw that Mr. Hammond was again to visit England. I had become pastor of a church with two thousand young people under its care, and with splendid school premises, and I felt that I would spare no effort to induce him to visit us. I knew how eagerly his services would be caught up, but I never rested till I got a favorable reply. Even though I had but short notice, we were able to give

him large audiences of children, in addition to the general mission services for adults.

“Mr. Hammond has a wonderful influence over children. I have often wondered where the secret lay. His stories are capital, but others could tell them. His hymns are sweet, but others could sing them. His methods are good, but others could employ them. And yet when all this is put together a marvelous effect is produced. I think his principal power consists in the clear presentation of the sufferings of Christ for sinful men, given in direct dependence on the Holy Spirit. It is impossible to judge of the effect of an address during the meeting. Sometimes it would seem as if no special impression had been made, yet seat after seat would be full of children, anxious to know how to give their hearts to Christ.

“One little boy when bidden to go home by a worker, who thought him too young to understand, burst into tears and said he was waiting for some one to speak to him about Jesus Christ. Others who went away under deep conviction came again and again, until some evening their faces would beam with a new found joy. And there were many cases in which they brought their little friends to get the blessing which they had themselves received.

“In my young Christian’s class, which was swollen by large accessions of dear young converts, scores of hands were held up by those who had had the delight of leading their companions to Christ. Testimonies have come in to me from parents and teachers. In some cases nearly the whole of a class has been brought to Jesus. There is hardly one in which there are not cases of deep impression and conversion. The altered lives at home are sweet testimonies to the genuineness of the work done. I am more than satisfied with the results. The teachers urge me to hold an after meeting at the close of our Sunday school each Sunday afternoon, that the fire may not die down and the oil may not stay for want of vessels to store it.

“After a week of these blessed services, Mr. Hammond passed on to the other churches, where similar results have accrued. Between four and five hundred have given in their names, professing to be converted. At the close of one of the services a teacher was found at the end of a

pew bathed in tears, because she feared that her class of young ladies was going away unsaved. Surely tears like these are dear to Him who wept over those whom He would fain have gathered under the wings of His love. Nor were they without effect, for they awakened a deep concern in her scholars' heart, who finally yielded to the love of Christ.

"I know of many Christians whose hearts have been quickened by work among the dear children, and who will never cease to thank God that Mr. Hammond was ever led to visit England.

"From what I have seen of Mr. Hammond and his work I almost grudge him to ordinary evangelistic services. He has great power over a large mixed audience. But this is a field which is trodden by so many stalwart reapers.

"I should like him to go up and down through England and America gathering large multitudes of children and young people for the Savior. Surely the results of such a campaign could never be estimated. Its benefits would be found in thousands of homes and churches for the next generation and might furnish hosts of ministers, evangelists and missionaries for the Church of Christ. It seems to me that no work would bring wider or quicker returns, for it is possible in the same time to win about ten children for every individual adult.

"I would not write thus if Mr. Hammond were constantly working on the feelings or upon the fears of the children. The appeal is made to their love and to their sense of what He deserves from them who bore their sins in His body on the tree."

#### SPEAKING THROUGH INTERPRETERS.

Many ministers and Christian travelers as they pass from one place to another, even in foreign countries, might, if they would, easily find opportunities to preach the gospel either directly or through interpreters. I may add in this connection that I have been in the habit of doing this nearly all of my life. During our six weeks' stay in Palestine, we often gathered the natives around us and told them that we had come five thousand miles

to see the place where Christ was crucified and begged of them to trust and love Him.

Rev. T. Shouldan Henry and Mr. Reginald Radcliff went from London to Paris to hold some meetings for English-speaking people, but the French came to them, and soon there were present more French than English. Then they began to speak through an interpreter. The Spirit of God rested upon their labors and sent the truth into the hearts of the people, and many were convicted and brought to Christ. They went from city to city in France and Switzerland, and the Lord was with them.

Mr. Albert Woodruff, of Brooklyn, with his wife and three children, as they went on a tour through the Continent of Europe, found the country destitute of Sunday schools. They left sight-seeing and began to plant Sunday schools; this they did in the principal cities of several countries. When we were about starting for Palestine Mr. Woodruff suggested that we should make an attempt through an interpreter to do for the children with God's blessing, something like what these two Englishmen did on the Continent for adults. We made the attempt first in Paris, then in various cities in Italy and then in Syria and Palestine. We everywhere found that if we could get an interpreter who was a man of heart as well as brains, and who was a channel through whom the Holy Spirit could send the truth into the hearts of the people, they could be reached as well as by the common method. Therefore, when we arrived in Beirut Dr. Jessup of the American Board and Mrs. Thompson of the English mission invited us to hold meetings with the Syrian children, and we found them susceptible to the truth. They had been well instructed and seemed just ready to step into the kingdom, which we believe many of them did. We were so much encouraged by what we saw there as to the practicability of preaching to those people through interpreters that we embraced every opportunity to hold up Christ wherever we went. In small places only a handful of people could be gathered; and in others larger audiences assembled. In some places they were ready to stone us because we allowed our wives to walk by our side, but generally we were received kind-

ly. When we told the people that we had come all the way from America that we might see the place where Christ had suffered on the cross that we might have our sins forgiven and our hearts changed, and thus fitted to live and be prepared for a better world, they were much impressed.

On arriving in Jerusalem we found that Bishop Gobat was much interested in what he had heard of the work in which we had been engaged among the young in other countries, and he and Dr. Barclay asked us to hold meetings for the children and youth in that city.

It seemed strange to me that there could be any so near the spot where Christ was "wounded for our transgressions," who yet had no love for Him. I found my own heart very tender, having just been in the Garden of Gethsemane. After my address to the children, Bishop Gobat spoke in a most earnest manner. I was pleased to see him so anxious that the children and youth should at once come to Christ. I believe we shall meet some in the "New Jerusalem" who, as the result of God's blessing on those meetings, believed in Jesus and were saved.

It was a privilege to come in contact with such a man as Bishop Gobat. We cannot forget the tender words he uttered there on Mount Zion at the Lord's table, when we received the Bread from his hands. "The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserves thy body and soul unto everlasting life. Take, eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee, and feed on Him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving." The fact that we, that day, were at the table of the Lord on Mount Zion, not far from the spot where many suppose the Lord's Supper was instituted no doubt added to the impression.

One evening, with a few friends who were invited to meet us at the house of the bishop, we were much entertained in listening to many very interesting circumstances connected with the history of Jerusalem which we had not found in our guide books.

Before leaving Mrs. Gobat presented me with a crown of thorns, which must be similar to the one which our

blessed Savior wore, for all about Jerusalem the same kind of thorns grow as in the days of our Lord. She had had "Platted that Crown of Thorns" that I might show the children in distant countries what kind of a crown it was that made the blood trickle down the marred face of our dear Savior.

Many a careless one has by it, been brought to feel how great were the insults and sufferings which Christ endured that He might "bring us to God." The sight of it deeply affected my own heart and brought to my mind most vividly the scenes that took place in Pilate's Hall. God grant that many others, who shall look upon it, may be led to think of the sufferings of Christ in a way that they have never done before, and to trust fully in Him for salvation, and led by God's spirit to labor for the early conversion of children.

#### THE PAINTER AND THE GYPSY GIRL.

Come with me, young friends, and look at these two paintings: one of a wild gypsy girl and another of the Lord Jesus, who gave Himself for us. The gypsy girl lived the wild life of her tribe, and had been called in by Sternberg, a German painter, that he might paint her pretty face. She had never been in an artist's studio before, and did not fail to notice on the other side of the room an unfinished painting of the crucifixion of our Lord. One day, she asked, "Master, who is that?"

"That is Jesus Christ, the son of Mary," replied the painter carelessly.

"But was He a bad man, that they treated Him so cruelly?"

"Oh, no, He was the best man that ever lived."

"Tell me more about Him," and so he did, though half unwilling to do so.

Day by day, as this little gypsy girl came into the studio to have her picture painted, her face was fixed upon this painting of Christ. As the last sitting was over, and as she was turning to leave the room, she whispered, "Master, how can you help loving Him who you say has died for you? If anybody had loved me like that, oh, I'd

like to die for him." And then, with a sad heart, she went back to her people.

And the painter? He was struck as with an arrow. God's Spirit sent the words home to his heart. He fell on his knees, and, covering his face with his hands, confessed before God's blessed Son how for twenty-seven years he had neglected Him and sinned against Him; and, looking for pardon to that cross of Jesus, he gave his life to Him. His heart was filled with a new joy and he then became a worker for Christ. He put aside the half-finished picture, in which he had only thought of depicting the sufferings of Christ and began a fresh one, with his heart full of love toward that Savior who had died for him. He felt the Lord helped him as never before.

When the painting was finished, it was placed in the gallery at Dusseldorf. Crowds came to gaze upon it. To one heart, as least, that story went home; for beneath the picture the painter had placed the words:

*"I did all this for Thee—  
What hast thou done for me?"*

"Is it so," said the young Count Zinzendorf; "then henceforward my life shall all be given to Him who has done all this for me." Though I believe Zinzendorf became a Christian when he was a child, yet the sight of this painting led him to live for the Lord as he had not done before. As the founder of the United Brethren in Moravia we know how well he kept his promise.

The gypsy girl came to see the picture, too, and Sternberg, happening to be there, found her weeping before it.

"Oh, master," she cried, "He died for you, I know; but, oh, I wish he had died for me, a poor gypsy girl, too."

Ah, he then knew something about the love of Jesus, and, out of a full heart, and with a deep interest in that dying Savior he told her, as he could not have done before, the story of His sufferings and death in our stead.

Some time after a stranger came to him with a message from a gypsy who was dying; and would the master come to her, as she wished to see him. He went, following the

guide to the forest, and there in a poor hut, no longer in her dark beauty, but pale and wan, lay his gypsy friend. Her eyes were closed, but when she heard his voice she opened them and, with a smile, she slowly said, "Oh—master—I—know—He—died—for—me—and—I—am—going—to—live—with—Him." Then she passed away. She had gone, a poor gypsy girl, to be with Jesus.

Who do not need Sternberg's picture of the Crucifixion. The simple Bible story of Christ's death for us is enough to melt our hearts. Only let us, each one, be sure that we can say of the Lord Jesus, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me, and now I love Him." If we do, the next thing will be that we shall hear him saying to us, as He did to Sternberg,

*"I did all this for thee—  
What has thou done for Me?"*

Thus, if we are Christians, will our love for Christ grow stronger day by day, and we shall find something to do for Him who has done so much for us.

But what shall I say to those who have never loved Jesus? You see this gypsy girl had never heard of Christ; but you have heard of Him all your life, and yet have turned away from Him and rejected Him many times. She could not believe that He really loved her, and had taken the punishment she deserved on account of her sins. But when she stood weeping before the Crucifixion of Christ in that picture gallery and Sternberg explained to her how it was, that because He was wounded for our transgressions God could forgive us our sins, then it was, I believe, she trusted in Christ and found peace in believing in Him.

Will not you, young friend, do the same? And then you will be fitted to live and get the most enjoyment out of a Christian life, and when death comes sooner or later you, too, can say with this dear gypsy girl, "I—know—He—died—for—me—and—I'm—going—to—live—with—Him?"

May I repeat to you the question of this gypsy girl to the German painter, "How can you help loving Him who died for you?"

As I stood near the spot in Jerusalem where many believe Christ bore the punishment we deserved for our sins, these lines came to my mind and I wrote them down. I pray you may find them expressing the feelings of your heart.

*Here it was the Lord of glory  
At Golgotha died for me.  
Here I read the wondrous story  
Of His death to set me free.*

*Here His hands and feet all bleeding,  
Fast were nailed unto the cross;  
Here His wounds for me were pleading  
When my gain was all His loss.*

*Here of God he was forsaken,  
When He took the sinner's place;  
For His sake I now am taken  
Into favor under grace.*

*Here the sword of justice slew Him,  
That I might be justified;  
Praise the Lord I ever knew Him—  
That for me He bled and died!*

*Blessed Jesus, I will love Thee—  
Love Thee till my latest breath;  
And in heaven I will adore Thee,  
When these eyes are closed in death.*

A YOUNG MARTYR IN HOLLAND.

It is several years since we spent some time in Holland. While there we heard and read of many touching facts that moved our hearts and made us thankful to God for His grace, that is ever sufficient for those who fully trust in Him.

One of these is an impressive story about a youth by the name of Dirk Willemzoon. It was in the days of the Spanish inquisition, when many gave up their lives rather than deny Christ.

Dirk Willemzoon was one of those who suffered for conscience' sake. Although he was innocent of any offense beyond the reading of this bible and attending religious meetings, he was taken prisoner, tried, and condemned to death.

Dirk felt it hard to submit to this cruel injustice. He was young and life was sweet—even life such as it then was in Holland. He set his wits to work out a plan of escape.

His plan succeeded. Once more he was free. Free, but not safe. He must still hide from his enemies. In this, alas! he was not so fortunate; his retreat was discovered by a Spanish soldier and he was pursued across the country. At no great distance was a lake, now a broad sheet of frozen water. Here was a chance for Dirk. He knew that upon ice he could soon outstrip his pursuer.

He was right. The Spaniard was a bold runner, but upon that slippery surface he was no match for the young Dutchman. Moreover, at this season the lake was not to be traversed without danger. Winter was nearly over; already there had been mild spring days, and the ice was unsafe. It trembled and shook beneath the flying footsteps of the hunter.

Dirk was no stranger to the lake. He knew well what parts to avoid. The soldier lacked this useful bit of knowledge. Suddenly there was a loud crack, a cry, a splash! The fugitive turned to look, and behold! his enemy was gone. A large hole in the ice surrounded by many a deep crack—that was all now visible.

But as he looked the head of the drowning man reappeared above the water. He stretched out his hands and grasped the edge of the ice, which bent beneath his weight. Dirk saw that he could not get out unaided. He was caught as securely as any rat in a trap. In a few minutes he must sink.

Dirk was safe now. Intense gratitude for his escape filled his heart to overflowing. "The Lord hath delivered me!" he cried. "It is not my work. Truly God hath fought for me; He hath overthrown my enemy like the Egyptians in the Red Sea."

But this thought was rapidly succeeded by another. "I say unto you, love your enemies; do good to them that despitefully use you and persecute you."

Would he not be disobeying his Savior's command if he left this man to perish? It was a terrible moment for poor Dirk. He covered his face and fell upon his knees, a fierce battle raged within his soul, the powers of good and evil striving for mastery. God give us all grace to fight such battles on our knees.

It was soon over. The Spaniard was presently amazed to see the young Dutchman returning across the ice, but the sight brought him no comfort.

"He comes to slay me with his dagger," thought he. "Well, 'tis more a soldier's death than drowning like a kitten in a tub." So he resigned himself to his fate. To his astonishment, however, young Dirk showed no desire to kill him, but seemed, on the contrary, anxious to save him. He advanced cautiously along the quivering ice, then lay down, and, creeping toward the hole, stretched forth his hands and drew the soldier out of the water.

There is but one way in which such a story should end. If the Spaniard had no reward to offer, he must at least grant freedom to the man who had risked his life to save him. Did he do this? He did not. The man was in his power yet—the man he had followed through so many dangers. Should he let him go, and so lose the reward of his valor? No! The young Dutchman was his lawful captive, and back to prison he must go.

Motley tells us that the Spaniard was subsequently stricken by remorse and would have released his prisoner, but was prevented by the burgomaster of Aspern.

Dirk's noble action met with no reward in this world. After languishing in prison for some weeks he was led out into the market-place, tied to a stake and burnt to death. Even then we may be sure that brave Dirk Willemzoon never for a moment regretted his generous self-sacrifice. He had followed his Master, for, like Him, he had laid down his life for his enemy; and perchance to him also was granted grace to say with that

dying Master, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Who can hear this touching story without thinking of the words in Romans v. 7-8: "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die, but God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners," or, as it says below, "enemies, Christ died for us."

The compassion which young Dirk showed to this wicked Spanish soldier should have won his heart and led him to love him. "Should not the far greater love of the Lord Jesus, to each of us, lead us to love and live for Him?" This hymn, "Gems of Praise," which I have written, has helped many to come to Christ.

*Jesus, from His throne on high,  
Came into this world to die;  
That I might from sin be free  
Bled and died upon the tree.*

*I can see Him, even now,  
With his pierced thorn-clad brow,  
Agonizing on the tree;  
Oh, what love, and all for me!*

*Now I feel this heart of stone  
Drawn to love God's holy Son,  
"Lifted up" on Calvary,  
Suffering death and shame for me.*

*Jesus, take this heart of mine,  
Make it pure and wholly Thine,  
Thou hast bled and died for me,  
I will henceforth live for Thee.*

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE COVENANT.

I will make an everlasting covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them to do them good; but put My fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me.—Jer. xxxii. 40.

SOME years ago I became acquainted in Brooklyn with Miss M. E. Winslow, at that time a teacher in the Packer Institute. Her own soul was greatly blessed in our meetings for children which she then attended. Later she wrote me the following concerning a covenant she presented for the children who professed to have been converted, to sign. In the next place in which I labored I read this account to the ministers and found that they approved of allowing both children and adults who gave scriptural evidence of having experienced a change of heart to sign this covenant.

When a person young or old, after being examined by judicious ministers, is found to be able to give a "reason of the hope that is in them with meekness and fear," it seems to me proper that he should "subscribe with his hand unto the Lord," and thus enter into a covenant with Him.

"I will make an everlasting covenant with them that I will not turn away from them to do them good.

## ELLA'S VICTORY.

"There had been quite a revival in the Packer Institute, in connection with the labors of Rev. E. P. Hammond. Many hoped they had found Jesus, and were very happy. They loved to come to the prayer meetings which we held after school, and they loved to join in the sweet hymns and listen to the stories of His wonderful love; and they loved to tell their companions and friends of their new-found Savior.

"One day the teacher who presided at the meeting

brought a little blue book in her hand, in which she asked them to sign their names, after reading what she had written on the first page. It was as follows:

“We, the undersigned, hope that we have found Jesus to be our precious Savior; and we promise, by His help, to live as His loving children and faithful servants all our lives.’

“Many of the children signed their names; but when it came to Ella’s turn she said: ‘I am afraid to sign that. It would be so dreadfully wicked to do anything wrong afterward, or to forget. And, besides, I am not sure that I am a Christian, and I do not dare tell a lie.’

“The teacher explained that this was a covenant which only expressed a hope and a trust in the power of Jesus to enable us to keep our promises; that it would indeed be a dreadful thing to forget or turn back again, but that Jesus would not let her do so if she trusted in Him. So at length, with many misgivings, Ella signed her name in the book, and soon after meeting closed and the school broke up for the vacation. The scholars were all scattered abroad.

“When the next term began, she came at once to her teacher and said: ‘I’m so glad I signed that covenant! All summer, when I felt like doing wrong, something seemed to whisper in my ears, “remember the covenant,” and I couldn’t do it. When I was in a hurry and likely to forget my prayers and my bible, I would suddenly think, “There is my promise to be a faithful servant of Jesus; I can’t be unfaithful to Him.” When others would laugh at me and try to make me forget all about last winter, and give up trying to be a Christian, I couldn’t forget that my name was down among the others, and I did not dare to turn back from following Jesus.’

“Don’t you see how it was? She had entered into a covenant with the Lord, and He was keeping His part of the covenant by not letting her forget, or fall into sin.”

I have since usually presented the above covenant in all the places in which I have labored.

In Chicago one thousand and seventy-five, in three different localities, signed a similar covenant in May, 1899.

In many places only about half the number sign it who afterwards are examined and join the churches.

This shows that some are deterred from signing it, who afterwards come to the conclusion that they had been at that time regenerated.

One advantage of the covenant is that some who for one reason or another are discouraged from connecting themselves with the church are, by signing it, led to feel that they are committed, so that they must not go back.

I have received many letters from those, young and old who, with little Ella, have rejoiced in the step, they took.

“MAMMA, ARE YOU NOT GLAD?”

The following about a little boy whom we knew in Hamilton, Canada, has interested me very much:

“MY DEAR MR. HAMMOND: I met with an incident yesterday which I thought would have interest for you. I called, in returning from morning service, at a home where a little boy lay in his coffin, covered with beautiful floral tributes. I had known the father for some time as a member of the King street church, and head clerk in our largest dry goods establishment, but had never known or met the mother, though they live near us. I was taken into the room where lay the dead boy, and the mother came in and expressed much pleasure at my visit.

“The little fellow had been hurt in November last by a blow from a bat on the back of his head while he was looking at some larger boys playing baseball. He had suffered since that time, but his friends thought it might pass over. Lately he became much worse, and died last week in convulsions. He was only in his eighth year.

“As I stood looking at his little face the mother said, ‘He was a good boy. He never grieved me, but always tried to please me.’ She then said that he had attended your meetings, and brought home a covenant card, showing it to her with a look of joy upon his face, saying, ‘Mamma, we are all converted—I am converted too, and Mr. Hammond has given me a card.’ He looked up expecting

to see pleasure in the mother's face but was disappointed. He said again, 'Mamma, are you not glad?' She said nothing. He repeated his question in wonder, having evidently expected sympathy from her. She said, 'I will be better able to tell you that when I have seen how you get on.' Nothing daunted, willing to stand by this severe test, the darling said, 'Ah, yes, mamma, I know what you mean, I will always do as you tell me, and be kind to my brothers and sisters,' and he was.

"A day or two after this he said to his elder brother. 'Please print some words to me in very large letters, so that I may be able to read them as I lie on my bed, and hang them at the foot of my bed.' His brother asked him what words he should print. He said, 'I remember Mr. Hammond's card.' His mother also said that one evening before he died, he had just recovered from a convulsion and, when she went out of the room leaving him in charge of his brother, he knelt at the foot of the bed to say his little prayer, holding on to the foot-board. This was his usual place of prayer when retiring at night.

*Dear Jesus, didst Thou die for me?  
Can this indeed be true?  
"Ah, yes! upon the blood-stained tree  
I tasted death for you!"*

*Can all my sins now be forgiven,  
And I from guilt be free?  
"Ah, yes! you now can sing in heaven,  
Because I died for thee."*

*Dear Lord, I make no other claim,  
Save Jesus died for me.  
"Yes, ask for pardon in My name,  
Make that thine only plea."*

YOU HAD NO BUSINESS TO SIGN THAT COVENANT.

I received two letters from children who think they have lately become Christians. One of these children writes:

"Sunday I heard you talk about Christ and how it

was that because He had suffered on the cross for us God could now forgive us our sins and change our hearts. While you were talking I cried to think how wicked I had been not to love the Savior. When the inquiry meeting began my Sunday school teacher talked and prayed with me. She told me that weeping would not save me, that Jesus had suffered on the cross in my stead, and if I would believe on Him my sins could all be forgiven; and I did believe on him and I prayed God to forgive me and to help me to love Him and never to be ashamed of Him, and I know He answered my prayer. I feel very different now. I have signed the covenant, which says, 'I believe I have found Jesus to be my precious Savior, and I promise with His help to live as His loving child and faithful servant all my life.' I intend to keep the covenant card which you gave me and read it often. If I am tempted to do wrong I think it will strengthen me to resist temptation. Our pastor, Rev. W. E. Brooks, told us that over four hundred had signed the covenant card, and that he thought most of them had really been converted during the last ten days in your meetings. I know of many boys and girls who appear very different from what they ever did before. They are kinder in school to their playmates, and I know some boys who swore dreadfully, but I don't hear them swearing now. I know some girls who never recited their lessons as if they had studied them much, but now they are getting along with their studies a great deal better than before. I hope that more will sign the covenant after they are truly converted. The first day or two after I signed it, I felt afraid that I had made a mistake. When I did something wrong my brother said, 'You are no Christian, you had no business to sign that covenant,' and I ran right away to my room and I said, 'O Lord, if I am not a Christian help me now to come to Jesus and put my trust in Him and live so that my brother shall see that I am a Christian.' And I believe God answered my prayer. Now when the evil one tells me I am not a Christian I am going to do as you told us and say to the dear Savior that if I am not one to help me to become one

YOUR LITTLE FRIEND."

You see this dear little girl speaks about the covenant. I will tell you about a boy who lived nearly two hundred ago, by the name of Zinzendorf. He became one of the founders of the Moravian Missionary Society. When I was coming from England in 1886, I found on board the steamer, a missionary of that society. He was on his way to Alaska to preach to the heathen up in that country. I was greatly interested that he was going there, because in 1875 General O. O. Howard induced us to go there to preach to those people. We held meetings in Fort Wrangle and Sitka and in different places, and talked to many who never had heard the name of Jesus. When we came back to this country we did all we could to induce Christians and missionary societies to send missionaries there. Some time after Dr. Sheldon Jackson and others went up there, and now there are hundreds of children in school there and many of them have become true Christians. Had that little boy Zinzendorf, of whom I have told you, not written a covenant and become a Christian some of those heathen children away up in Alaska might never have heard the sweet story of Jesus. Zinzendorf was the son of rich and noble parents. When he was only five years old he began to love to talk with God. He was only a little fellow when he made this covenant with Jesus: "Be Thou mine, dear Savior, and I will be Thine."

One day, when he was only six years old, he was praying aloud in his room. A party of soldiers, belonging to an invading army, forced their way into the castle and entered the little count's room. When they saw how earnestly he was praying, they stood quietly aside and watched him, and then went away without touching him.

As Zinzendorf grew older he was noted at school for his earnest piety. He was not content to know that his own soul was saved, but he worked hard amongst his school-fellows to make them, too, feel their need of a Savior. He was a hard working boy; at sixteen he was far ahead of those of his own age in Latin and Greek. When he became a man he was a poet preacher, and a missionary.

We cannot all be Zinzendorfs, but we can all make a

covenant with Jesus. His words to you are, "Son, give Me thy heart."

## MARTYRDOM OF MARIUS.

Those children, who at the time of their conversion are led to feel the importance of the words of the psalmist, "Let the Redeemed of the Lord say so!" and are encouraged to sign some simple covenant and unite with a church and thus associate with God's people, are strengthened to remain steadfast. It is from such material that martyrs are made.

It has been a great privilege while travelling through foreign countries to occasionally stand where God's servants have been faithful unto death, willing to die as martyrs rather than deny their love for the Lord Jesus. I have spent hours in the Colosseum at Rome, where Ignatius when urged to deny his faith in Christ and when told that the lions were waiting to tear him in pieces, unless he then recanted, exclaimed: "Let them come; for me to live has been Christ, and to die is gain. They can but break the bars that will let my imprisoned soul fly away,

*'Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'*

I found a book in London filled with instances of child martyrdom. These words by Mrs. Crewdson, though not written for children, I think the young will enjoy hearing some Sunday school teachers read:

*"Give the Christians to the lion!"*

*Wildly cry the Roman throng.*

*"Fling him, fling him to the lion!"*

*Shout the warriors bold and strong.*

*"Let the hungry lion tear him!"*

*Echoes glad the laughing crowd.*

*"Fling him, fling him to the lion!"*

*Shriek the noble matrons loud.*

*"Do not spare him! Let him tear him!"*

*Cry the fair patrician girls,*

*With their dark hair softly braided*

*Underneath a band of pearls.*

*With their small feet purple-sandalled,  
And their arms with bracelets dight,  
And their robes of Indian tissue,  
And their black eyes flashing light.*

*"Date illum ad leonem!"  
Spake in accents soft and low  
From their curule seats of honor,  
Senators in goodly row.*

*Then from flight to flight redoubled,  
Shout and cheer and laughter peal,  
Till the giant Colosseum  
'Neath the tumult seems to reel.*

*And the clamours of the people,  
Through the arch of Titus roll,  
All adown the Roman forum  
To the towering Capitol.*

*Then a pause. Hush! hush! and listen,  
Whence that wild and savage yell?  
'Tis the lion of Sahara  
Raging in his grated cell.*

*Fierce with famine and with fetter,  
Shaketh he his tawny mane;  
For a living prey impatient  
Struggles he 'gainst bar and chain.*

*But a voice is stealing faintly  
From the next cell chill and dim,  
'Tis the death-doomed Christian, chanting  
Soft and low his dying hymn.*

*With uplifted hands he prayeth  
For the men that ask his blood,  
With the holy faith he pleadeth  
For that shouting multitude.*

*Lift the grating, they are waiting,  
Comes he forth serene to die,  
With a radiance round his forehead  
And a lustre in his eye.*

*Never when 'midst Roman's legions,  
With the helmet on his brow,  
Pressed he forth to front of battle  
With a firmer step than now.*

*Lift the grating, he is waiting,  
Let the savage lion come;  
He can only read a passage  
For the soul to reach its home.*

*"Brother, thou art gone before us!"  
Sings the martyr funeral band,  
Pacing lowly, pacing slowly,  
With the torchlight in their hand.*

*Little knew they, as they whispered,  
Sad and low, the burial psalm,  
And as Christ's dear name was graven  
On a little branch of palm.*

*That this tombstone, rude and rugged,  
Should be deemed a precious gem  
Ages hence, when crushed and shivered  
Is the Cæsars' diadems*

*When the wild vine weaves her tendrils  
Over palace, fane, and hall,  
O'er the golden house of Nero,  
And the Colosseum's wall.*

These words are very suggestive while so many of us are receiving sad news of missionaries who have died the death of martyrs in China.

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Dear reader, may I ask what shall be the result of your having read this book? My desire has been to stimulate you to do something more than you ever have before in leading children to Christ. Perhaps, you say, I am not adapted to this work, but these chapters were written that you might become adapted to it.

Again and again, as you have seen in this book, Chris-

tians who have had little experience among children—after attending a few of the services we have conducted—have, with the help of God's Spirit, been initiated into the work and kept at it ever since.

A lady at Tunbridge Wells, England, reading my other book on the conversion of children was led by it to dedicate her life in leading the young to Christ. She came into our meetings in Cardiff, Wales, and related her experience in a manner which touched every heart. To say that she has led thousands to Jesus would be no exaggeration.

Why cannot you, dear reader, be moved, at least in some humble way, to seek to obey the commands of Jesus, who says to his servants "Feed my Lambs."

You remember in one of these chapters that I referred to a professor of Mr. Spurgeon's college who was quite accustomed to talk to children, but had never led any to Jesus. One of the twenty books I have written fell into his hands, and as he saw how the doctrine of substitution could be preached so that the young could understand it, he was led to adopt a somewhat similar method, and soon in the place where he labored over a hundred were converted.

I have received letters from missionaries to whom I have sent my books in which they have said that they enabled them to so conduct meetings for the young that many had been led to repent of their sins and to believe in Christ.

If you are a Sunday school teacher why not suggest to your fellow-workers that they call a meeting especially to pray for the conversion of your scholars and then appoint a "decision day" for Sunday school, and after one or two earnest gospel addresses, merge the service into an inquiry meeting and have a Christian in every seat to talk and pray with those present? I believe that in this way, many in our Sunday schools and Christian Endeavor societies would find the practicability of laboring for early conversion, and with God's blessing secure results that would cause joy in the presence of the angels in Heaven.

Again and again ministers and Sunday school workers

have come to places where I have been holding meetings with an invitation to assist them. I have said to them, "Remain here for a few days. Get your heart filled with the Holy Spirit and a love for souls and when you return call your people together, tell them what you have seen of God's work among children, adopt these methods and follow out the plan of work which you have seen here. Remember that the work is all of God. 'Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord.'"

Listen to Jesus' words, "Without Me, ye can do nothing." At the same time, publicly and privately, in meeting and out of meeting, press home the soul-saving truths of God's word, remembering that He has said, "My word shall not return unto Me void," and "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all unto Me."

In the days of C. G. Finney, two women attended his meetings and saw remarkable answers to prayer. On returning home they held a daily prayer meeting, and went from house to house telling of what they had seen and urging the Christians to pray for a like blessing on their town. They had no pastor, but on the next Sunday, when one of their members read an ordinary sermon, a large number were convicted of sin and soon led to Christ.

During the great meetings which we held in St. Louis four ministers came over an hundred miles to attend the services, and as a committee to invite me to their city. I told them that it was impossible, that I was to go with twenty-one workers over eight hundred miles to Galveston. I said, "If you stay here for a few days and get a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit, then return, take some of these books with you, conduct the meetings yourself, and get all the Christians to pray and to labor for the salvation of the young and old, you will have blessed results."

Weeks after, on our way back from Galveston, these same ministers met us at a station where we had stopped to dine, and told us that they had followed my suggestions and that over four hundred had been brought to Christ.

Now I believe that the prayerful reading of this book

will by the help of God's spirit, enable many to do something like what those four ministers did. I know that this has been the case with a number of my other books.

One of the best ways to promote a work of grace among the young and old is to tell and read about the work done by God's spirit in other places. In the twelfth chapter of Isaiah we read, "Declare His doings unto the people, make mention that His name is exalted."

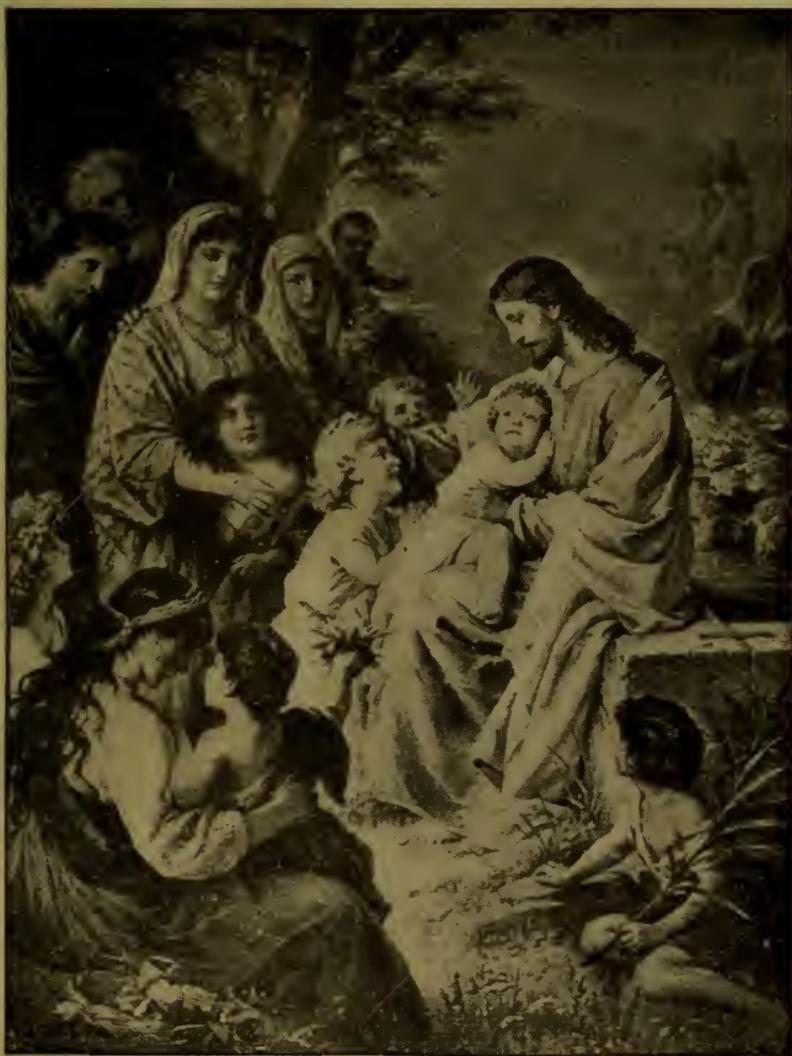
May I ask in closing that you who have received a blessing from these pages will call the attention of others to them?

THE END.

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# EARLY CONVERSION.

By REV. E. PAYSON HAMMOND.

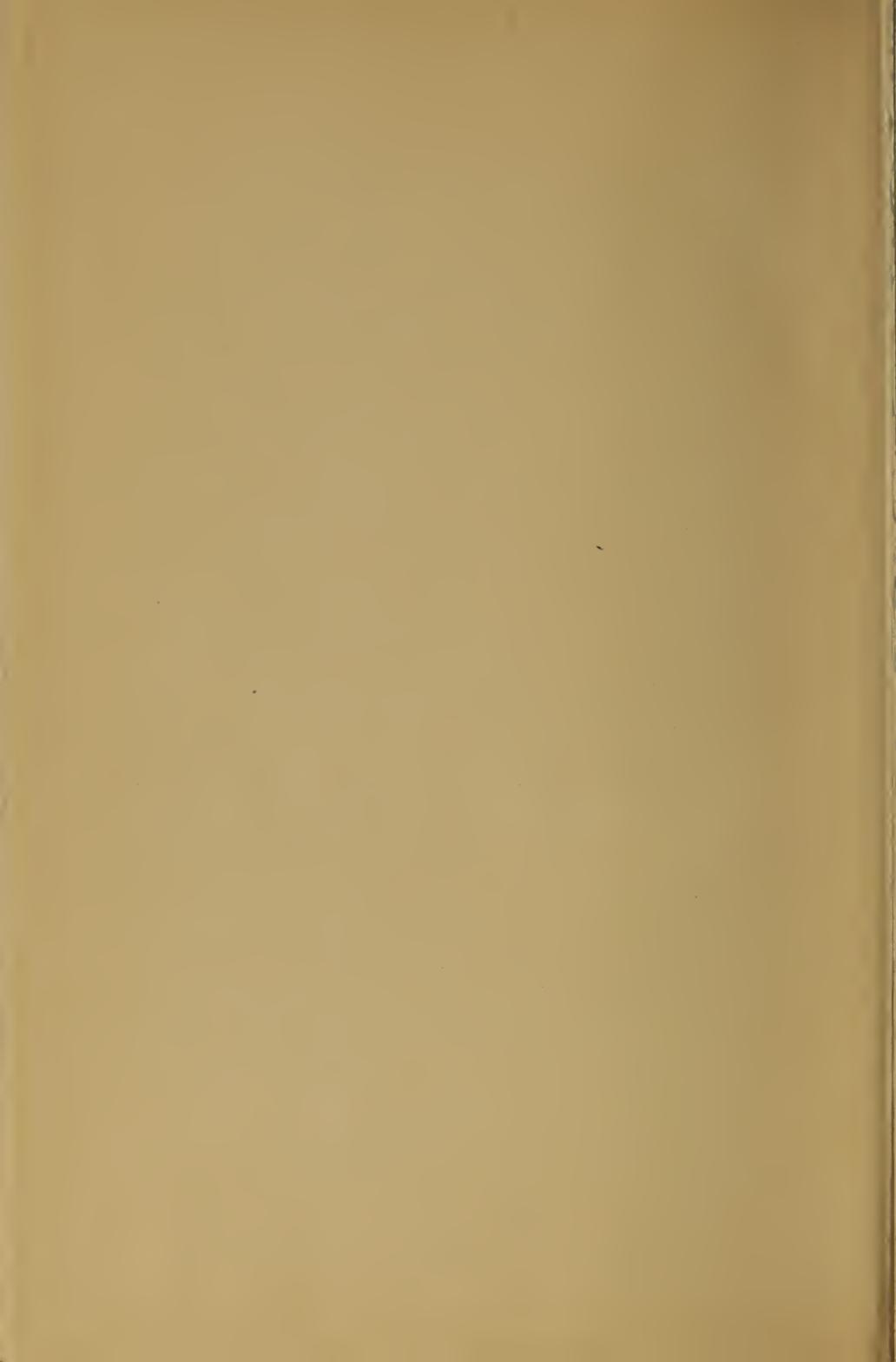


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