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**A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM**  
Compiled by Duane V. Maxey

"A little child shall lead them" (Isa. 11:6).

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## INTRODUCTION

While reading in the "Drew Sermons, First Series," I came across the following in a sermon by Stanley O. Royal, who was then an M. E. pastor in Madisonville, Ohio: "Even childhood weakness may be strong enough to overcome giants of evil which seek to destroy them. Little voices can make up in innocent sweetness for the lack of vehement strength; little soft hands can have a marvelous power to persuade and to lead. Here is an instance:

"It was but a little colored child on one of our streets who was struggling to get her wagon, which was loaded with a heavy bundle of laundry, from the gutter to the sidewalk. A man of kindly heart, but not a Christian, came along and helped her with it. In telling of it, he said: "I expected her to say 'Thank you,' with ordinary politeness, but was surprised when she said : 'Thank you, and God bless you.' And those words 'God bless you' from the lips of a child started a train of serious thought within me, and were the means of my conviction, and finally of my conversion."

After reading this, I was inspired to compile the stories in this file -- all of them from the HDM DVD Library, and all of them found while searching for the text: "a little child shall lead them." There are no doubt many other such stories in our Library, but I decided to limit this compilation to those found using that search text. I am sure that many who read these stories will be touched, as I have been, while compiling them. -- Duane V. Maxey, Surprise, Arizona, July 5, 2008.

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## 01 -- HOW A LITTLE GIRL GOT HER MOTHER TO THE ALTAR From hdm0095 -- "Pentecostal Possibilities" by M. L. Haney

After dismissing one night, I was standing on the platform when a lady with a white feather in her hat, whirled suddenly out of the second seat into the aisle with a toss of her head, and in a loud angry tone said, "You will not get me to that altar!" I was much amused at her procedure, and had a hearty quiet laugh to myself. She had but one child, a little girl only three years and a half old, who was a natural singer. I had been singing the chorus:

**"Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus now;  
He will save you, He will save you,  
He will save you now."**

**and the little thing had learned it. The next day while her mamma was sewing she was in her little rocking chair singing this chorus, and rocking with all her might. Stopping suddenly, with her face radiant with glory, she looked into mother's face, saying, "Mamma, ain't you coming to Jesus?" Her mother responded, "Yes, darling, mamma is coming to Jesus sometime," but the child answered, "Sometime! O, mamma, that won't do, you must come now!" That night the woman who tossed her head so proudly the night before, was glad to get to the altar of prayer, and after her conversion gave this recital to the congregation. I went to see the little preacher the day following, who had won a star for her crown before she was four years old. "A little child shall lead them."**

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**02 -- A LITTLE GIRL AND THE GREAT REVIVAL AT ADALINE, ILLINOIS  
From hdm0095 -- "Pentecostal Possibilities" by M. L. Haney**

**Hunger for souls is something which does not die in the breast of a bloodwashed minister. After the first revival meeting had closed, I had a longing for another of a kindred character, and found my heart drawn toward Adaline, a little town nine miles away. Year after year efforts had been put forth at Adaline, which all seemed an utter failure. There was no church building, nor society, there, and I think there was not one professor of religion in the place, so the people were abandoned to their fate. My brethren failing me, I went to God, and promised Him I would go to Adaline on a certain Friday and preach Friday night, Saturday night, and Sabbath, in the little school house, and if by Sabbath night no one had yielded, I would consider my mission at Adaline as ended. I took a few of my church to help me sing and pray, and opened the battle. That Sabbath night came, and I preached as though I was in sight of heaven and hell, and to a crowded house. I can never forget it. Having finished my appeal, I pressed any who were willing to seek God, to come to the "mourners' bench," and nobody came. I sat down and wept, while my brethren were singing, and suddenly the impression came to my heart, "There might be a child who would hear you."**

**I sprang to my feet with these words: "If there is a child here who wants religion, and will come to this 'mourners' bench,' I will agree to stay with you till sunrise, if need be, in order that you may be saved." And a little girl arose near the centre of the house, and came and knelt at the altar. The Holy Spirit had broken her little heart, and its door was open to receive the truth. I knelt before her with a deeper joy than Alexander had when he had conquered the world! I told! her if she would give up all sin, and give herself to God to be His child forever, that Jesus**

would come right there and save her. And that if she would give up every sin she would then be able to trust Jesus so easy, and as soon as she trusted Him, He would forgive her all she had ever done and fill her heart with His peace and love. And as we prayed she sprang to her feet and faced that wicked crowd, and told them what God had done for her soul. This she did without anybody suggesting it to her, and to my surprise.

How she beat me preaching! I think there was not a dry eye in that house. Sinners broke down and came and came, till my little "mourners' bench" could not hold them. Forty-eight years are gone, and I think I have never known a whole community so nearly all saved as was the community at Adaline, when those meetings closed. "A little child shall lead them."

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### 03 -- THE LITTLE BASKET AND THE LITTLE DAUGHTER

From hdm0015 -- "Remarkable Incidents" By G. C. Bevington

While I was in mission work in Cincinnati, there was a kindergarten, then under the charge of Rev. Gilson. A man who had a veneering plant just below us passed there quite often, and saw the little jewels there, and took quite a liking to them. Soon he began inquiring as to what we were doing with them. Well, I invited him in once to see them in their room. He had a little tot of three years, a dear sweet little one, with curly hair, and she was often with her papa.

One time I was walking up Sixth Street, and saw some small red, white, and blue, splint baskets. I stopped and looked at them, and said, "Oh, how nice those would be for our kindergarten children." I went in and asked the price of them by the dozen. He told me. Then I went and saw Mr. Gamble, the soap man, and told him about them. I wanted them to draw in those children, as I knew every child would want one. So he gave me the money to get five dozen, with the understanding that they were not to be sold nor given only to those attending the kindergarten. So I took them down, and gave one to each child.

Soon this man with his little curly-headed girl came along, just as the tots were going along with their tiny pretty baskets. "Oh, papa," said the little girl, "I want one of those pretty baskets." So he saw me in a day or two, and told me what the child wanted. He said, "I presume you have seen my little girl." "Yes," I said, "I have noticed her frequently; a very bright sweet little child. "Well, now she says she just will have to have one." I said, "Mr. Gamble gave us the money to buy them with the understanding that they were only for the kindergarten tots." "Well, I will give you a dollar for one," he said. "Oh, Mister, I daren't sell them," I answered, and then said no more, but earnestly prayed that God would bring the child in with us. We had learned that they were Catholics, and a very fine family.

So, children, I just kept praying, and the next morning, here she came with her big sister for one of those pretty baskets, and they both coaxed very hard. It seemed that the little tot got about everything she asked for. The man told his wife about them, and the tot went to mamma, coaxing her to let her come to the kindergarten, so she could get a basket. I prayed that the Lord would not let him see where I got them, as they were wealthy people, and scarcely ever went up this street where I got them. So the papa was willing that the tot should go, but mamma said, "Oh, no, not by any means shall my child go to such a filthy place as that none but the offscouring go there." "Well," he said, "I never saw much dirt there. It always looks clean and nice." "Well, I have heard about the place, I have heard that it is a disgrace to Cincinnati, as all the bums and drunkards and bad women go there." Well, the man thought he would investigate for himself; so that night in he walked, and sat down about midway in the hall. Well, of course, I went down, and gave him a hearty handshake. He remained all through the meeting, and heard some brilliant testimonies, something they didn't have in his church. I saw that he was quite well pleased with it all, so invited him back. He went home, and next morning said, "Wife, I would like for you to go down to that mission. It is not as we have heard. They are plainly but well dressed, and they are surely a happy people." "What, me go down there? Never!" This older daughter of fourteen summers had noticed the children going in and out of the mission, so one day she stopped and inquired as to what they were doing. She was informed by one of the teachers, and was invited in. She remained all through the session, went home, told her mamma where she had been, and said, "It is a fine place. Oh, how they work with the little tots, and they are nice and clean." Well, the mother was not favorably impressed with the idea of their daughter being mixed up with that crowd, for as it was vacation, she was a frequent caller there and learned their songs and would play them for them. She would bring her lunch and eat with the little tots.

I saw that God was answering prayer, and that we were destined to have that little child, and even then saw the whole family in there by faith. Well, the daughter gets the mother to come down, as the little child just coaxed and cried for one of those baskets. So the mother came down to investigate, which resulted in her readily giving her consent to let the child come. She was a bright child, well brought up, and her sweet refined ways were a great blessing to those who were not so well brought up. She learned those songs and the blessings asked at the table. We would compose a blessing each month for them. She would learn these and, like the other little girls, she just would have the blessing asked at the table. Well, it amused the parents, and the older brother and sister as she would go around, and say, "Now, papa, you must fold your hands." She would go all around and each one would have to fold hands, and then the blessing was asked. Often the brother would unfold his hands, and down she would get from the high chair, "Now you fold u hans, taus I'se doin' ter ast de blessing." This was kept up, and we were praying for God to use these songs and the blessings.

In less than a year that daughter was down at the altar and prayed through; she just went wild over the new-found joy. Her brother was there, too. He just wept

all the time she was rejoicing; then she led him up to the altar. Well, we were so late the father came; and, as he entered, the daughter ran to meet him, threw her arms round him, saying, "Oh, Papa! Oh, I have something I never heard." She was such a sweet child anyway that she just looked like an angel, so innocent and pure. Then he was melted up, as he saw his only son there. So, children, we want you to see how God can work through a little child. He has said in His Word: "A little child shall lead them." Lots of us big folks can't do that, but it is given for the child.

So the father went back, leaving the son at the altar and the daughter there. He wanted to satisfy the mother that the children were safe. Well, the mother was thunderstruck; she raged quite a bit. But in two hours the son and daughter went home. The son was about sixteen, and just fell on his mamma's lap, threw his arms around her, and wept for joy. Well, there was something about the two that their mother had never seen nor felt; and the next thing was that the mother was weeping, and both the son and the daughter were on her lap, hugging her and showering her with kisses. It just broke her all up. So the next night the whole family came, and all were at the altar. They did not get through, but the following week they did, and then they went to their church and all gave in their testimony at prayer meeting, much against the custom. They were finally given their letters. They all got sanctified, and it all came about because of that little basket in the hands of that little child.

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#### 04 -- WON'T GOD SAY "YES"?

From hdm2270 -- "Solitary Places Made Glad" by Henry Turner Davis

A wife had long been praying for her unconverted husband. At times her distress of spirit was so great that, when about her household duties, her troubled countenance was sad to behold. One day her little girl of seven summers, seeing her arise from her knees with the same weary, anxious face, ran up to her and said: "Mamma, won't God say yes?" and receiving no answer, she asked again: "Mamma, why won't God say yes?" A light flashed upon the woman's troubled soul. Had she prayed in faith and humble trust in the Redeemer? Then she said: "Lord, increase my faith;" and then she offered the prayer of faith, and then her glad soul rejoiced in the salvation of her husband. Her little child had taught her how to offer the prayer of faith. From the children we learn many lessons. How true, "A little child shall lead them!"

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#### 05 -- EVA'S POWERFUL INFLUENCE UPON HER PARENTS

From hdm0104 -- "Selected Sermon Illustrations" by A. B. Earle

A tender incident; one that illustrates the truth of Christ's word, "A little child shall lead them."

A saloon-keeper of considerable note had an only daughter, named Eva. The father almost idolized this child. She was very lovely. He would often take her into his saloon, to show her to his company. His life seemed bound up in this child. He would gratify, as far as possible, every wish of his Eva, of whom he was becoming very proud.

When she was about six years old, a Christian temperance woman came into that place and formed a Children's Temperance Society. Eva was invited to attend the meeting, and became a member. Her father, proud of having her noticed, gave his consent, thinking she was too young to be influenced by what might be said about his business.

The lady conducting the services asked the children to bow their heads while she asked God to bless them. Eva had never heard a prayer before. It seemed very strange to her, and made a lasting impression on her mind.

After returning home, she at once began her lifework, which was to terminate in a few weeks. She went at once to her father, and said:

"Papa, it is wrong to sell rum; it makes people bad."

He was pleased to see that she remembered so much that she had heard in the meeting, and so did not keep her from attending them. Eva, though so young, had evidently given her heart to the Saviour.

A few weeks after giving herself to Christ, she was taken very sick Her father watched over her day and night with the tenderest care. How could he have the pride and idol of his heart taken away She would often look up in his face so earnestly, and say:

"Papa, don't sell any more rum, because it is wrong."

Still his saloon was open.

She was fast fading away. Death was about to liberate the soul of little Eva. Just then, with her face almost angelic, she looked up in her father's face, and said:

"Papa, dear papa, won't you promise me that you won't sell any more rum?"

The father, almost overcome with emotion, replied:

"Yes, Eva dear, I will promise you anything if you will only get well. How can I live without you!"

She asked him to go and shut up his saloon right away, that she could "tell Jesus what he had done."

He was too much affected to speak, but left the room. In a short time he returned, and said:

"My darling, I have shut up my saloon, so that no one can come in."

He then promised his child he would never sell another drop of liquor, and would throw away all there was in his saloon.

Eva was very happy about her father's decision, and for some time was very quiet. After a while she opened her eyes, and looking about the room, on them all, with her face beaming with the love of Christ, said:

"I am going to live with Jesus very soon, and I do want my papa and mamma there too. Papa, will you promise to give your heart to him and do all he wants you to, and then come and live with him?"

The father was silent. He did not like to promise anything he was not sure he could fulfill. His weeping wife said:

"Oh, George, do grant your dying child's request. I have promised to meet her in heaven, and I want you should."

At last, in broken accents, he said:

"I promise what you wish, my darling child. I will seek your Saviour with all my heart, and serve him the rest of my life, and hope to meet you in heaven."

Eva had accomplished her mission. Her work was ended, and she fell asleep. She went away with the angels to her happy home above, to welcome her father and mother when they come to meet her there.

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## 06 -- THE ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD ALTAR-WORKER

From hdm0432 -- "Running From God" by S. P. Hawley

I clearly remember a very striking incident that occurred in one of his meetings in a near-by town. There was a little girl not over eleven years old whom I had noticed doing personal work in the audience for several nights. This little girl brought her mother and her grown brother to the altar, and both were gloriously saved. And on the last night of the meeting I saw her stand and plead with her old gray-haired father to come to Christ. He was a locomotive engineer and had never been a Christian. With all the earnestness of her little soul she took his big rough



hand in hers and begged him to surrender to God. At last his hard heart was melted, and she came leading him down the aisle to the altar. She knelt down by his side, and with a child's faith poured out a prayer to the Great Physician to save her dear papa. In a little while, in answer to a child-like faith that knows no denial, the old engineer arose with his face beaming with the love-light of heaven, and shouted the praises of a God who saves to the uttermost all who come to Him aright. And I thought of the words of Isaiah, "And a little child shall lead them."

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#### **07 -- DETERMINED TO BE CHRISTAINS ANYWAY**

From hdm0412 -- "Revival Kindlings" by Martin Wells Knapp

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them" -- A father said to his girls, "You may go to the meetings, but you cannot go to the altar. I will horsewhip you if you go." One said, "Papa, you can keep me from the altar, but you cannot keep me from being a Christian." They knelt where they were sitting that night in church, and God blessed them. Each rose and said, "Jesus blesses me." The father was touched and said, "God helping me, I will be a Christian." -- Gospel Call.

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#### **08 -- IT'S TOO LATE NOW, PA**

From hdm0412 -- "Revival Kindlings" by Martin Wells Knapp

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them" -- During a series of religious meetings, held in the schoolhouse of a small village, a very little girl became much interested for the salvation of her soul. Her father, a hater of Jesus, who lived next door to the place of the meeting, finding that his little daughter was much interested in the meetings, and had been prayed for, strictly forbade her again entering the house. The little girl was much distressed, and knew not what to do, but obeyed her father until the next meeting was nearly half through; then, slipping out without his knowledge, and getting through a hole in the backyard fence, she hastily ran to the meeting. It was some time before her father missed her; but when he found her gone, he went immediately to the meeting where she was on her knees with others whom the people of God were praying for. So enraged was he, that he went directly forward, and took her in his arms to carry her from the place. As he raised her from her knees, she looked up with a heavenly smile, and said, "It is too late now, pa; I have given my heart to the Saviour." This was too much for the hardened sinner; he, too, sank on his knees, while he was prayed for; and very soon he found the Saviour he had tried in vain to shut out from his daughter's heart. -- Sel.

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#### **09 -- SHE LOVED GOD MORE THAN HER INFIDEL FATHER**

From -- hdm1880 "2700-plus Illustrations (P-Topics)" by Duane V. Maxey

**"When My father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." A year ago, when I was in Michigan, Dr, E\_\_ said that twenty-five years ago, in the State of New York, a minister gave him this incident:**

**There was, in his church, a very pious and wealthy lady. Her husband was an infidel. They lived in a large mansion with everything at their command that wealth could give. They had an only daughter, a beautiful little girl. This mother had a Bible that she used to always carry to meetings with her. Soon she took sick and died. Before she died she called her little daughter to her bed and said: "My child, I am going to leave you. "You will be alone now, with only Jesus to help you, and I want to give you this Bible with my dying blessing. It has been such a comfort and blessing to me all through my life."**

**Some time after, she carried her Bible to meeting. The Spirit of God arrested her attention, and she was brought to the light and the happiness of the Gospel. Her father heard her singing at home. His ire was aroused. He, in his heart, hated God, and ministers, and Jesus, and the Bible, and religion. That night he said, "My daughter, I heard you singing, perhaps you think you have become a Christian." "Yes, papa; I am so happy; I think I have been converted." I don't suppose he would have spoken an unkind word to that child for anything but religion. "My child, " said he, "I hate God, and I hate the Bible, and I will provide your needs, and money to give you as good a home as your heart can wish; but, if you are going to have religion you must leave your home. You can take your choice. Let me know tomorrow morning whether you will give up religion or your home; one or the other you must do."**

**She went up into her chamber and knelt down and opened her Bible, and her eye rested on the passage: "When your father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." In a moment, it seemed as if God helped her to a decision. She said, "I will go with my Lord." She came down in the morning. "Well, my daughter, what is the decision?" "Papa, I love you, and I love my home, but I love Jesus more, and I have concluded to go." He opened the door angrily. "There is the way." The darling child dropped her head and went out, not knowing whither she was going.**

**She walked down the street some distance, and by and by inadvertently, turned in toward the bushes. In a little space she found a log, and there she bowed in prayer to God for that hardhearted infidel father. By and by seeing what he had done, his heart began to relent. I have no doubt God was in it, for in His Word He says, "...a little child shall lead them;" and He has a great many ways for little children to lead them. He soon followed her. As he passed down by the wood he heard the sweet voice of his daughter. He followed it, and found her praying. He stepped over the log, got down by her side put his arm around her neck and kissed her in the midst of her prayer. That was her Gethsemane. -- Albert P. Graves**

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**10 -- LESTER, THE THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD SLUM MISSION WORKER**  
From hdm0547 -- "Miracles In The Slums" by Seth Cook Rees

A Child Missionary. -- Lester is thirteen years of age, and is a faithful slum mission worker in the jails and among the fallen. When he was only eight years old, he was the instrument in the hands of God in rescuing his drunken father from a life of sin and shame. Now his father is a Christian worker, and the child accompanies him almost every Sabbath through the jails and among the lost, preaching the gospel of Christ to the hopeless. "And a little child shall lead them."

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**11 -- ROBBIE GOODMAN'S PRAYER**  
From hdm0304 "Touching Incidents And Remarkable Answers To Prayer" by Solomon Benjamin Shaw

"What can be the matter with Walter," thought Mamma Ellis as she sat sewing in her pleasant sitting-room. "He came in so very quietly, closed the door gently and I think I even heard him go to the closet to hang up his books. Oh! dear. I hope he isn't going to have another attack of 'Grippe,' "and Mrs. Ellis shivered as she glanced out at the snow-covered landscape. As her eyes turned once more to the warm, luxurious room in which she was seated, the portiers were pushed aside and a little boy of ten years of age entered. Little Walter was all that remained of four beautiful children, who, only a year ago, romped gaily through the large halls. That dread disease, diphtheria, had stolen the older brother and laughing little sisters in one short week's time, so that now, as the sad anniversary came near to hand, Mrs. Ellis' heart ached for her lost birdlings and yearned more jealously than ever over her remaining little one. Today his usually merry face was very grave and he looked very thoughtful as he gave his mother her kiss and allowed himself to be drawn upon her lap. "What ails mother's Pet? Is he sick?" she asked anxiously.

"No, Mother dear, I'm not sick, but I feel so sad at heart. You see," he continued in answer to her questioning look, "Robbie Goodman and I always walk together going and coming from school, and I have noticed that he has never worn any overcoat this winter, but you know its been unusually warm and I thought perhaps his mother did not make him wrap up like you did me, but this morning it was so cold and he was just shivering, but he never had on any overcoat -- just his mittens and muffler and cap were his wraps. Of course I noticed it, for nearly everyone else was all bundled up; but I didn't say anything as I did not want to be impolite. After awhile he said, 'My, I am so cold,' and I said: 'Where's your overcoat?' Then he told me it was too small and his papa can't buy him any this winter so he is afraid he will have to stop school. His mamma says she would cut his papa's up for him, only then he would not have any; and of course he must have one to wear when he goes to the chapel and to see sick people. Even that one is

thin and patched. He says he and his little sisters have been praying so hard for an overcoat for him and shoes for them, but they did not come at Christmas like they thought they would, and they are real discouraged. Tonight, Mother," continued Walter, "he had an awful cold and coughed just like our Harry did last year," and the long pent up tears flowed from the child's eyes. As mother and son dried their tears, the child looked up with perfect confidence as he said, "The Lord will answer Robbie's prayer, won't he, Mamma?"

"Yes darling," said Mrs. Ellis; and sent the child off to the play room.

"By the way, my dear," remarked Mrs. Ellis as they sat chatting at the tea-table after Walter had retired, "what has become of that preacher Goodman who preached for us once on trial?"

"Oh, he has a mission down on the other side of the city, but he lives on this side as Moore gives him the house rent free. I met him the other day. He looked very needy. The man had wonderful talents and might have a rich congregation and improve himself; but he is persistent in his ideas concerning this holiness movement, and of course a large church like ours wants something to attract and interest instead of such egotistical discourses. I, for one, go to sleep under them." And Mr. Ellis drew himself up with a pompous air as he went into the library, whither his wife presently followed. He had picked up a newspaper and was apparently absorbed, but Mrs. Ellis had not had her say, so she continued "Walter was telling me about the little boy. He-" "Oh, yes," interrupted her husband, "he met me in the hall and poured out the whole story. The child's nerves were all wrought up, too. He should not be allowed to worry over such things. He wants me to give up buying him the fur-trimmed overcoat and get a coat and shoes for Goodman's children, as they were praying so hard for them, but I have enough to do without clothing other people's children. If Goodman would quit his cranky notions and use his talents for people who could understand him, instead of preaching to those ragamuffins he might now be receiving a magnificent salary and clothing himself and family decently." "But Paul," said Mrs. Ellis, "Surely you would not have Mr. Goodman sacrifice his convictions simply for money and praise, when you yourself, are convinced that his doctrines are sound? Besides he must be doing a good work down among the poor classes of the city as it appears the rich don't want him." "Then let the poor give enough to keep him." "They do give far beyond their means but the Lord calls on such as us to give. I know it has been an unusually hard year but the Lord has blessed us and he will hold us to an account. I feel very sad as the anniversary of our darlings' departure draws near and I dread to think of any little ones suffering while we could so easily help them." "I don't see how you can feel that we have been so blessed. When the house is so quiet and I think of those white graves in the cemetery I confess I feel very bitter." "Paul, my dear husband, don't feel that way. Just think of our three treasures in heaven, an added claim to that glorious realm, away from this cold and suffering. Remember also that we have one left, to live for, to train. And, Paul, let us train him for the Master and in such a way that we may never have the feeling that it were better if

he, too, had departed when he was pure and innocent. Let us encourage benevolence and gentleness and if he wishes to go without the fur-trimmed coat, why not do as he asks?" Mrs. Ellis kissed her husband and quietly left the room. Long and late, Paul Ellis sat there and many things, ghosts of the past, rose before him. As the midnight chimes rang out he knelt and prayed. "Oh, Lord, forgive me. I have gone astray and turned to my own way. I have been prejudiced. It was my influence which turned the tide against Robert Goodman. Thou knowest. Now, if thou wilt only forgive and help me I will walk in the light as thou sendest it even consenting to be called a 'holiness crank.' "

A few days afterward Robert Goodman received a large package from an unknown friend containing a warm overcoat and three pairs of shoes. His father also received a present. It came through the mail and was an honest confession of a wrong done him, also a check for one hundred dollars. One year later this church gave a unanimous call to Bro. Goodman and the revival which broke out that winter was unprecedented in the annals of that church. Verily, "A little child shall lead them." -- Luella Watson Kinder, in Christian Witness.

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## 12 -- LITTLE IDA AND A WONDERFUL CHILDREN'S MEETING

From hdm0304 "Touching Incidents And Remarkable Answers To Prayer" by Solomon Benjamin Shaw

Several years ago, when residing at G\_\_\_\_\_, we became acquainted with Sister W\_\_\_\_\_ who was especially fond of children. Her own were grown, and desiring to make a home for some homeless child, she went to the county farm, where there were several, in search of one. Among the children there she found a beautiful little bright-eyed girl, about nine years old, named Ida. Her heart went out to her at once and she expressed to the lady in charge her desire to take Ida, and her willingness to care for her as she would if she were her own child.

But the matron said "Oh, you have no idea what a terrible child she is! We can do nothing with her, she is stubborn and has an awful temper and it is impossible to control her. We are intending to send her to the Girl's Reform School." Sister W\_\_\_\_\_ who was an earnest Christian, was surprised but not discouraged. She could not bear the thought of such a little child being sent to such a place and so she said to the matron: "Well, I'd like to take her with me and see if I cannot help her to be good." "Well," said the matron, "you can try her if you want to, but you will be glad to bring her back again." Acting upon this permission, Sister W\_\_\_\_\_ talked with Ida and easily gained her consent to go with her. Not many days had passed before she found that there was considerable reason for what the matron had said. Ida was hard to control and at times became terribly angry without cause; but Sister W\_\_\_\_\_ prayed for her and dealt patiently and tenderly with her and told her how Jesus loved her, and would help her to be good if she would only give him her heart. Her prayers and loving labor were not in vain and it was not very

long until little Ida was converted. The change was so great that all who were with her could plainly see that Jesus had indeed given her a new heart.

Soon after this we had charge of a children's meeting held in a mission hall in C \_\_\_\_\_. Among the children gathered there were many of the worst boys in town. Little Ida was present. We knew how much Jesus had done for her and felt led of the Spirit to ask her to lead the meeting. She looked up at us much surprised but her little heart was full of the love of God and she consented to do the best she could. Words cannot describe what followed. In tears, Ida told, in her own touching way, how Jesus had saved her -- just what a naughty girl she had been before she was converted but how Jesus had "taken the angry all away" and given her a new heart so that she loved everybody and loved to do what was right. Then she pled with them to give their hearts to God and told them how Jesus died on the cross for them and how He loved them and wanted to save them. She had not talked long until nearly every child in the room was in tears and how shall we describe that touching scene? We had an altar service. Ida knelt with those who were seeking and prayed for them and told them how to find Jesus; and right there many were converted and gave bright clear testimonies that their sins were forgiven and Jesus had given them new hearts. Thus did God that day honor a little girl's testimony and exhortation and fulfill his own work, "A little child shall lead them." Very often do we call to mind that scene, and we find it one of the sweetest of the memories of years of evangelistic work. -- Editor.

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### 13 -- WHY MAY'S MOTHER WAS SAVED

From hdm0304 "Touching Incidents And Remarkable Answers To Prayer" by Solomon Benjamin Shaw

Mrs. William Barnes' conversion was brought about shortly after the death of her little girl. She lives in Buffalo, N. Y. Before her daughter died she was not a Christian, but since the death of her little girl, four years ago, she has been leading a godly life and traveling in the way to heaven.

The following is recorded as related by Mrs. Barnes: My little daughter May, when but eight years old, was taken ill with scarlet fever, and died four days later. During her short sickness she was such a patient little sufferer, and when asked if she was suffering, she would say there didn't anything hurt her, but she did not want to stay with us any longer -- she wanted to go to heaven, and kept repeating this all through the long night. Not long after this she repeated the Lord's prayer, and then thanked us for all that we had done for her, and told us not to worry about her. Then she looked up and said, "I thank Thee, dear Jesus. Dear Jesus, I thank Thee," and then sang some beautiful songs.

Just before she died she raised her eyes toward heaven and said, "O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer." Then, with a peaceful look on her face, she raised

herself, and with a glad expression she said "Oh," and saw something which our eyes could not see, and thus passed away.

She had a Bible and three other books given her for constant attendance at her Sunday-school, where she had been a scholar for four years.

Dear reader, I think this message is for you just as much as it is for me. The Bible says, "A little child shall lead them." -- Written for this work by Kate H. Booth, of Buffalo, .N. Y.

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#### 14 -- THE INFLUENCE OF WILLIAM HARDY'S LITTLE BOY From hdm0463 -- "Thrilling Stories" by Julia A. Shelhamer

My husband and I recently held a revival in St. Helens, Lancashire, England, for pastor and Mrs. William Hardy. He was converted through the efforts of his son. I will give you Mr. Hardy's story in his own words:--

I got married in 1920, and soon proved how unhappy married life can be when Christ is not the Head of the house. My evil conduct made home life impossible. In drink I was very quarrelsome, and would even go to the extent of striking my wife. My affection for her was stifled; at times I just wanted to get rid of her, and on two or three occasions I deserted her. The pleadings of the police court authorities had no effect; we would come together again, though it was only to be miserable once more.

#### "A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

A little boy was given to us, and when he was just two-and-a-half years old his mother sent him to Sunday School. That afternoon, sitting in an old armchair, sleeping off the effects of drink, I felt a tug at my arm. Opening my eyes, I saw little John, who said: "Daddy, I have been to Sunday School."

"What did they teach you there?" I asked none too kindly, and he replied, "They told me about Jesus." The devil in me made me say, "Well, don't go there any more." That evening, as I was going out for more drink, John followed me to the door and tugged at my coat and said, "Are you going to Sunday School, daddy?" I said, "Yes," just to satisfy him; but that just gripped me and, instead of going with my pals to the public house, I crept into a little chapel near our home. An old miner was preaching, and thank God he was no Modernist. He told us about Jesus. I was really glad to get out, for I thought someone must have told him about me. and all the next week as I was drinking as usual, I was very miserable; for the words of my baby kept striking me: "They told me about Jesus."

I had heard that a prayer meeting was to be held at the chapel the following Sunday morning at eight o'clock and, as I could not sleep that Saturday night, I got up and went, not having any idea what a prayer meeting was like. The meeting was in the vestry, but I knelt in a pew in the chapel outside the vestry door, listening. A man, a saved miner, came in late and, seeing me kneeling there, put his arm around me and said, "Come in here, while we pray for thee." The miner who had preached the Sunday before saw me and prayed, "Lord, drop down your two hands and put them under this lad and lift him out of the gutter." At night I went again, and another miner was preaching. The place was full and I sat right at the back. I cannot remember what was said, except that Christ was able to lift me out of the gutter. After the sermon a girl got up and sang Miss Havergal's wonderful hymn: "Take my life, and let it be consecrated, Lord, to Thee." As she sang the very first verse, I got up and walked to the front. No appeal had been made; I do not know what made me do it; all I know is that I knelt down and that miner came and knelt by my side, and I said to him, "If this Christ can do for me what you say He can do, then I am ready to give Him a chance." Strangely enough, he did not pray with me, nor did I pray: I did not know how. But I am sure that from my heart there went up a great, unuttered prayer to this Christ to save me.

I went home and went up to my wife, put my arms around her and said, "You and I are going to live a different life from now on." She replied, "Oh, you will never stick to it; it's only a story." Thank God, she is now saved and sticking to it, too. That night as I went to bed, I prayed. Thank God, He has made me a man who loves prayer!

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## 15 -- WHY HE BECAME A PRAYING MAN

From hdm0463 -- "Thrilling Stories" by Julia A. Shelhamer

Some years ago a farmer lived near the main traveled road opposite a little running brook. In one corner of the fence near by, his little eight-year-old daughter had built a playhouse with broken plates and dishes, where she spent many happy hours by the side of the brook. Her father was not a praying man, but he dearly loved his little daughter.

She was taken sick and when, near the close of her life, she felt a strong desire to see her playhouse again, she asked her father to take her there. He remonstrated with her, saying, "My dear, you are too sick to go there." She insisted, and he finally took her carefully in his arms, and carried her to her playhouse and sat down with her.

She gazed a long time at the place she had so often visited, and then, turning to her father, said, "Father, I wish you would pray." He answered, "Why do you want me to pray, my dear?" She replied, "I want to tell Jesus my father prays."



He turned his face away to hide the tears, then carried the little one back to her bed.

It was not long until her gentle spirit had gone to be with God, but her last words were, "I want to tell Jesus my father prays."

These words kept ringing in his ears until he fell on his knees and became a praying man. "A little child shall lead them."

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## 16 -- THE GODLY INFLUENCE OF A CHILD

From hdm1873 -- "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (I-Topics)" by Duane V. Maxey

A number of years ago a young man was coming from California to visit the East. In the Pullman car with him were three or four racetrack gamblers. They were rough, hardened, godless, but somewhat interesting men, and this young man, who himself had been wandering from the training of his youth, became familiar with them. At a town on the way east a little boy was put on the car and given into the custody of the Pullman conductor. When night came the porter made up the berth for the boy. The gamblers and the young man were sitting across the aisle from the boy's berth. Presently the boy came out in his nightdress and, first looking timidly up and down the aisle, knelt to say his prayers. At once the gamblers ceased from their loud conversation and removed their hats in reverential pose. The young man felt a lump in his throat as he looked at the praying child. What had happened? The prayer of a child had carried them all back to their Bethel. The young man afterward entered the ministry and became a well-known preacher of the gospel. Thus was fulfilled the saying of the Bible, "And a little child shall lead them." Isa. 11:6

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## 17 -- LITTLE NANNIE WILLCOX

From "Highlights Of My Life And Ministry" by Thomas P. Roberts

This being Sunday morning and in the day-light, we discovered the church building very much dilapidated, glass out of the windows, weeds higher than the first sash of the windows. A small group had gathered for the service, and though the crowd was small, God was there and our hearts were very much encouraged.

After the service, the same sweet little girl, who met us and welcomed us the first afternoon, came up to us and said, "Mother said for us to bring you home with us for dinner." After dinner we had a season of prayer and God blessed. As we started to service that evening, this family insisted on our coming back and spending the night. The services were well attended that night. We were so enthused that we announced services for Monday morning, to begin at 10:00 o'clock. We had one person in the audience on that Monday morning, the same

sweet little girl, Nannie Willcox. We continued to have good crowds at the night services. On Tuesday morning our crowd increased by two. Little Nannie Willcox had brought two of her little sisters with her. After we had talked on a passage of Scripture, I said to Nannie, "Don't you want to be a Christian?"

She replied, "Yes."

I instructed her to get on her knees and I said to her, "Nannie, you pray while I pray."

While we prayed, Nannie was gloriously saved.

That day, we dined again with Uncle Ben and Aunt Hudley. That night, Aunt Lydia Willcox, mother of little Nannie, was in the service. After the first song and the evening prayer, Aunt Lydia arose to her feet and asked if she might speak. We said, "gladly." We could sense that something had happened. She said, with tears of joy running down her cheeks:

"I have felt for sometime that I was not where I ought to be spiritually. I have lost some of the joy I once knew, but kept trying to make myself believe I was alright. But this morning, when Nannie was coming up the path, I heard her singing. I looked through the glass in the front door, she was leading her little sisters one on each hand, and she had such a shine on her face that I knew she had been saved. I turned from the door and went into the kitchen. I closed and fastened the door, got down on my knees and told my dear Lord I would never leave the room and meet my dear children until He gave me the assurance that I was back in the Fold. I hardly got the words out of my mouth when there came to me such a peace and joy. I ran, unfastened the door, found Nannie standing in the hall with her face shining. I folded her in my arms and said, 'Nannie, we will live for God and go to Heaven if none of the rest go.

By the time Aunt Lydia had finished her testimony there was hardly a dry eye in the house. I thought of that verse of Scripture, "And a little child shall lead them." From that hour the revival progressed with leaps and bounds.

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**THE END**