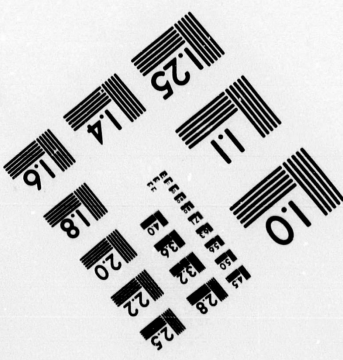
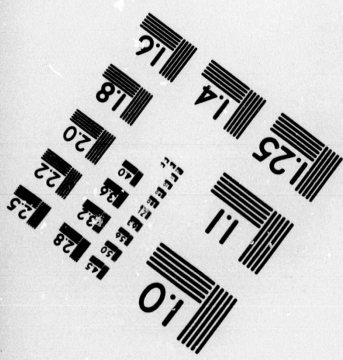
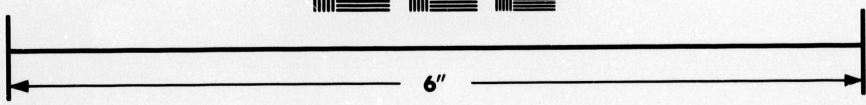
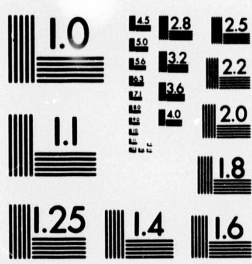


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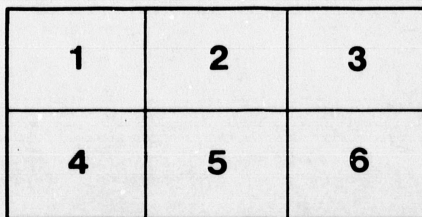
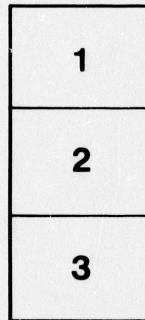
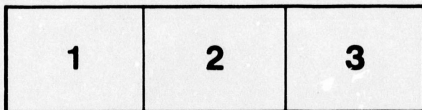
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AN HOUR WITH
RALPH WELLS

AT THE LATE

Sunday-School Convention in Toronto.

HIS BLACK-BOARD EXERCISES
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS,

TOGETHER WITH

A VERBATIM REPORT OF THE EXERCISES OF HIS
MODEL INFANT CLASS, IN

KNOX'S CHURCH, TORONTO,
SEPTEMBER 9, 1867.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION.

TORONTO:
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NOTE.

THE whole of this report is a mere transcription of the notes taken by a member of the press of this city while attending the Convention. Nothing has been added—nothing taken away.

In the afternoon session of the second day of the Convention, September 9th, Mr. Wells occupied an hour in explaining his mode of Sunday school teaching, by means of exercises on the blackboard, which possesses the advantage of, not only retaining the attention of the children but also of calling in the power of sight to aid their memory by the associating of what they heard with what they see. The following is an exact representation of the diagrams sketched by him on the blackboard on this occasion, and the accompanying report will be found to present an accurate idea of what was intended to be conveyed. The exercises of the model infant class at a later period in the day are reported verbatim.

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AN HOUR WITH RALPH WELLS.

BLACKBOARD EXERCISES.

TEACHING BY SIGHT.

Mr. Wells expatiated at some length on the advantages of teaching by sight over mere oral instruction, especially in the case of an infant class, who required things to be remembered, to be placed before them. "On an afternoon like the present," he said, (there was a drizzling rain outside) "with a full attendance of scholars, I said I wanted them to try their hands at poetry. I gave them a line—writing it on the blackboard—"I must not go out; and asked the question—when?" Pretty soon a little fellow called out "when the weather is wet." This also went down. I then asked for another line to rhyme with *wet*, and received for an answer "I must not fret." And so we went through the different phases of the weather till we had something like the following on the blackboard:—

"When the weather is wet, I must not fret,
When the weather is dry, I must not cry,
When the weather is cold, I must not scold,
When the weather is warm, I must do no harm."

This was written down, and repeated till they almost sang it, so well did they recollect it. I then gave them the line (without writing it, however),

"Be happy together
Whatever the weather."

I then rubbed off all I had written on the board, and asked them to repeat it, which they all did in concert, but on coming to the last lines, every voice stopped—*not one could repeat it*. They remembered the first part *because they had seen it*, and forgot the other which they had not seen. Such is the power of the eye.

BLACKBOARD LESSON.

To illustrate this, Mr Wells thought he could not do better than take his last Sabbath afternoon's lesson. The speaker then made the following sketch, and, in the course of his remarks, filled up the lower columns which were left blank at the commencement of the lesson. He purposely wrote the eighth commandment—the subject of the lesson, as represented, to induce the scholars to examine and find the proper wording of it.

EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

Dost thou Steal ?

COMMON WAYS.		CAUSES.	REMEDY.
Milk, Lessons, Errands, God's Time.	B. Books, Fishing, Play, Bargains, &c.	Ignorance, Covetousness.	Thou GOD seest me.

Questioning, he said, is the great point with children ; you must question a lesson first into a class, and then question it out of them. Having got the three headings written, I asked for some of the common ways of stealing, and immediately hands go up here and there showing an answer ready. The first I got was from a little fellow who said he knew a boy that was sent for a pitcher of milk, and on the way home drank half of it, and then went to the pump and *pumped it up full*. That was very wrong, and certainly was stealing I said, and so I wrote down the word *milk* in staring white letters, and noticed, at the same time, certain sly nudges of the elbows and telegraphic winks passing through the room, which seemed to hint it was not an isolated case.

The next answer was "fishing lessons," which, when explained, was understood to mean copying off each other's slates. I wrote down "lessons" and, while doing so, did not fail to observe a renewal of the telegraphic signals.

The third answer was "stealing time." This was explained be looking in the shop windows, or playing on the road when sent on a message. Down went "errands."

The fourth way was "stealing God's time." How was that? "Playing on Sunday, Sir." So I wrote on the black-board, "God's time."

The fifth was "borrowing books and forgetting to send them back." After speaking on this a little while, I said, "is there anything else you borrow and forget to send back—on a day like this, for instance?" "Umbrellas" was the universal answer. I set down "B. Books."

The next way was, "finding things." "What! If I don't know where it is. I can keep it, can't I?" "Yes Sir." Ah, no! my dear children, you should first try all you can to find whose it is. A little girl then left her seat, came up to me, and drawing a ring off her finger, said "*Here is a ring, Sir, I found last week.*"

Another way of stealing was, "in playing." Several instances of cheating in play, were given by the scholars, and I told them of two little boys, one of whom had a beautiful model of a full-rigged ship, with every cord, pulley, and sail complete; the other, a sharp little fellow, had a new coat with some bright brass buttons on it. The boy that owned the ship admired the buttons of the other, while he, in his turn, desired the ship. Accordingly, he offered him the buttons and a penny (all the money he had,) for the ship; which, the owner of the ship, ignorant of its value, eagerly accepted. Now, the ship was worth more than ten times as much as the penny and the buttons, as he well knew. What would God call that? The answer came very low and quietly, "stole." I then wrote down "bargains."

This list might be varied or extended indefinitely. Some steal without knowing it; others, from covetousness, etc., and so we get the second column—the causes of stealing. Then comes the remedy—to remember the text, "Thou God seest me;" and, finally, the lesson drawn,—TO SERVE GOD ALWAYS.

Such is a general sketch of one of these lessons, of course, improved and made as entertaining and instructive as may be in the teachers power.

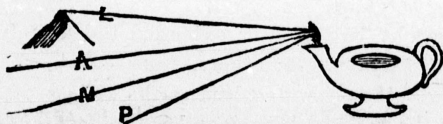
Another very good subject might be "Envy," coupled with the text "For envy they deliver Him."

STANDING TEXTS.

A very powerful influence for good is found in keeping some prominent text, such as, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," written without comment, on the black-board, for, perhaps, six months in the year. Mr. Wells recounted the case of a scholar of his, who attributed her conversion almost entirely to the influence of the above text, as it silently and continuously presented itself to her gaze every time she entered the Sabbath school. Its influence gradually became so powerful that the words seemed to meet her everywhere; and a voice within seemed to say, "Why not?" "Why not?" Why are you not a Christian? And she could obtain no peace until she had given her heart to God; and she now blesses that text and the lesson it taught her.

In his black-board lessons, he did not disdain the use of coloured crayons for his writing and drawing, (he did the latter on the preceeding Saturday evening,) as he believed every innocent allurement should be employed to interest and retain the attention of children, without which, the best lesson (otherwise) would be in vain.

In connection with the text, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path," he drew the outline of a Syrian lamp, shedding abroad its rays, represented by coloured crayons, thus:—



as an introduction to the beautiful hymn,

“How wond’rous is the Book Divine;
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its teachings shine;
And points the soul to heaven.”

The speaker said he had lately turned printer, and wrote down the hymns to be learned and sung, in letters of two or three inches in length, which were visible, at once, to as many as fifteen hundred children. Mr. Wells interspersed numerous anecdotes, with his remarks on this subject, one of which we give:—A little boy and girl, Johnny and Mary, were wondering how the Bible came to them. “Mary,” says Johnny, “how do you suppose the Bible got here?” “Perhaps God throwed it down.” “No he didn’t ’cause the corners would get bent, and see how straight they are,” (showing a new bible he had.) “I guess he spoked it.” No, you couldn’t hear, up where he always is.” At last, Mary said, I’ve got it now; *God put it into men’s thinks.*” And I think they have got the right way of it.

But, to return to the lamp, one time I sprinkled it over with isinglass, (it cost me a whole half hour to make it on the preceding afternoon,) so that the light would glance on it when it struck it. I drew four rays from the light, one of which extended over a hill, to show that it reached a long way; and marked the rays with letters l—a—m—p separately, to show that it was a lighted lamp, always fitted, marvellous, and powerful.

At another time, I drew a figure, thus:—
and asked them what it was; a tombstone,
they answered. Yes, I said, but can you
tell what those letters I. W. stand for?

There was a long pause. It stands for “I
will,” said a little fellow. A very good sentiment, said I,
and when you have something to do say that, act upon it, and
you will succeed; but in this case it stands for something
else. At last, a little girl said that it stood for “Watts.”
That’s it my child; it is the tombstone and those are the



initials, or first letters of the name of Isaac Watts, who wrote so many of the beautiful hymns you sing, and those are the letters you see at the bottom of them. I then told them of his burying place, and of the simple monument that points it out. And this served as an introduction to his beautiful hymn, beginning :—

“My Saviour, my Almighty Friend.”

Mr. Wells then went into some length, on the mode of teaching. He thought it was a very great mistake, to spend so much time and labor in individual teaching, for it is often labor thrown away. While the teacher is engaged with one scholar, the remainder of the class are talking, or thinking on irrelevant subjects. Children should also be questioned and encouraged in their turn to ask questions. Home visitation was another important item in the progress of the Sunday school. He related his adventures, in search of scholars, to form his first Sunday class; how he entered a house where there were five children, and with what diffidence he approached them; finally he noticed one playing with a kitten on the hearth, when he ventured to ask if that was his, and what tricks it could perform, then alluding to a famous tortoise-shell kitten he had at home; he invited the little fellow to visit him and see it. He got into the good graces of the other by fixing the belly-band of his kite, which would not fly properly; and by thus descending to the level of the children, and interesting himself in their little amusements, he finally succeeded in getting the promise of the mother to send the whole five to his class. Much can be done in this way; much more than can be believed until it is tried.

PART II.

THE INFANT CLASS.

In the evening, an experimental infant class was collected for Mr. Wells, consisting of about thirty little boys and girls, apparently from four to ten years of age, and drawn from the different Sabbath schools of the city. He was introduced to them in the basement of the church, and they were committed to his care, for a few minutes, previous to the lesson, for the purpose of getting acquainted with them and inspiring them with confidence in him.

About half-past seven the little class took their seats on the platform, which had been provided for them, in front of the pulpit, and before a house filled to its utmost capacity. After a few kind, genial words to the children, he asked them to repeat a little prayer after him, in short phrases. It was, this :—

“Dear Saviour, how loving thou art to come so far and suffer so much for a little child like me. Oh! can I help loving Thee? Yes, blessed Jesus; my heart is hard; I often sin. Oh help me to love Thee dearly, and show it in my life by trying to keep Thy commandments. Help me in my school; help me in my home; help me with brother and sister; help me toward my dear parents, ever to show myself a little christian child. Bless the poor little children who do not go to Sabbath school—whose fathers and mothers never tell them of Jesus' love. May I love to tell them, and try to show them what a dear Saviour Jesus is. Bless the city where I live. Oh dear Jesus! may all the people love Thee—even those that never heard the story of Jesus when they were young. Now dear Saviour, when we open Thy blessed

Book help us to listen—although a man speaks, wilt thou speak to him, and give him some message for me. Hear me, dear Jesus, and bless me; and when I get to Heaven I will praise Thee for ever. Amen.

The clear silvery tinkle of the infantine voices as they followed their teacher in these simple words which they all understood, their evident interest subdued by his manner produced a powerful and lasting impression on all who heard them.

He then led them in the hymn,

“What are those soul reviving strains?”

After which he made them sing it alone, which they did admirably, every voice engaging with a will, their eyes fixed on their teacher as his kind benevolent smile indicated his pleasure and interest in them. At its conclusion, he asked if they could tell what the word “Hosanna,” which they had sung in the chorus, meant. Receiving no answer he said he would tell them. A poor little Irish girl, he said, came to a missionary meeting many years ago. She wanted to get something for Jesus, and had made a little bookmark. When she came in, he noticed on one side of her bonnet a little piece of pink ribbon, but the other side was gone. I asked, “What did you take it off for?” “For the bookmark Sir; I could not get it anywhere else,” she replied. On the bookmark she had worked the words, “Lord Save.” I asked her why she had chosen these two words; and she said it was her little prayer that she said to Jesus every day many times, “Lord save.” Now that is just what *Hosanna* means. I told it to a gentleman who had a large class of sixteen young ladies, and he said let me take the bookmark, and he went and told the story to them, and said he thought that none of them had ever put up that prayer in their lives. What followed? Nine of those young ladies burst into tears, and professed afterwards to love Jesus, all through the work of this little girl. Oh! how much one little girl may do for Jesus if she only has a heart to love him! And when you

sing "Hosanna," "Hosanna," out in the Park to-morrow, remember that it means this little girl's prayer, "Save now; Save me now."

THE LESSON.

Mr. Wells then read the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd verses of the 12th chapter of Exodus:—"Then Moses called for all the Elders of Israel, and said unto them: 'Draw out and take you a lamb according to your families and kill the passover, and ye shall take a bunch of hyssop and dip it in the blood that is in the basin, and strike the lintel and the two side posts with the blood that is in the basin, and none of you shall go out of the door of the house until the morning. For the Lord will pass through to smite the Egyptians; and when he seeth the blood upon the lintel and upon the two side posts, the Lord will pass over the door, and will not suffer the destroyer to come in unto your houses to smite you.'"

I will take this little passage. There will be three things in it which I will put down on the blackboard:

The Story.
The Meaning.
The Lesson.

The Passover.
Christ our Passover.
He is Sacrificed for us.

The children spelled and read the above as written.

Q. What time did the Lord say He would come?

A. Midnight.

Q. That is the exact middle of the night.

Q. What is that going to be? (Drawing a figure).

A. A Clock.

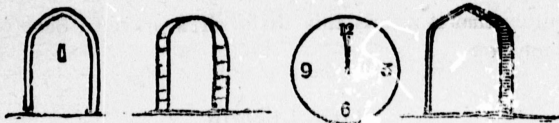
Q. If I want to make it point out 12 o'clock, where will the short hand be?

A. At 12.

Q. What are people doing at midnight?

A. Sleeping, all asleep.

He then drew the figures below



Here are three doors with their handles and knockers, and here a clock with the hand pointing to 12. It is therefore midnight. Now suppose the cross marks on the door posts of the second (called lintels in the story) are red, (as I have no red crayons) they will stand for the blood on the post. And here

is ——— ?



A. A Basin.

Q. What for ?

A. To hold the blood,

Q. What was the blood to be put on with ?

A. A bunch of Hyssop.

Let this stand for it then. as possible like a huckleberry you have all seen.

Q. He was to dip it in the

A. Lamb.

Q. That had been ——— ?

A. Killed.

Q. Where he was to sprinkle it on ——— ?

A. The doorposts.

Q. What time ?

A. At midnight.

Q. Which of these three doors (pointing to the figure), would'n't the Lord go in ?

A. The second one.

Q. Why ?

A. Because they put something on it.

Q. Why did'n't he go in there? (pointing to the second figure).

A. Because there was blood sprinkled on it.

Now for the Story. There was a man had twelve sons, and



That is, as nearly bush, which I suppose

blood of a ——— ?

they had a little brother whose name was——? (Moses). No, think again. (Joseph).

Q. Can you tell me the name of one of Joseph's brothers?

A. Reuben and Benjamin. And they came down away out of the country where they lived to a country that began its name with the letter "E."

Q. Can you tell what that country was?

A. Egypt.

Q. Can you tell me what man was put into a little ark in Egypt when he was a child?

A. Moses.

Q. Who put him there?

A. His mother.

Q. Why?

A. To save him.

Q. Joseph went down there, what for?

A. To get corn.

Q. Why. Had he none at home?

A. No. Because there was a famine.

Q. Who can tell me what a famine is?

A. There was'nt any food left.

Q. There was a King in that land. His name began with "P." Can you tell me what his name was?

A. It was Pharaoh.

Q. Well Pharaoh would not let this people go. God said to him, "let my people go," but he would not. By and by the people got so big—what was their number?

A. Two millions.

Q. Two millions of people. The Lord again said, "Let them go," but Pharaoh said he would not. Then God said "They shall go, I am going to let my people go." Then they left Egypt and started down, came to the Sea which they had to cross over—can you tell me what Sea?

A. The Red Sea.

Q. Were any afraid?

A. No.

Q. Yes they were at first. But when Moses went down to

the shore and held up his rod the waters were divided, and the people went down and the waters stood up and down like a wall there, and God's people went through.

Q. Who came, after them?

A. The Egyptians.

Q. Yes, and their King Pharaoh, and when they got into the water it——?

A. Drowned them.

Q. Now let us go back to the lesson. At night these two millions stood there in front of their houses, every man had his staff in his hand, and before them what was on the dish?

A. A piece of a little lamb.

Q. That had been——?

A. Killed.

Q. But hush! Why don't the people tremble as the clock strikes one, two, three, four, and so on up to twelve?

A. Because God is going to pass them.

Q. Why?

A. Because the Lord saw the blood on the door.

Q. See how quiet they pass over them all, because there was blood on the door. Then hark! There comes a cry, Oh my child, my child! wherever there is not that blood on the door. There is death on that door too—the death of a lamb.

Then they came away from Egypt and wandered in the desert. By and by they came up to this land—Canaan; but oh! how long they were wandering in the desert before they got into the land that God promised them.

Now what do you call this little bush? A.—Hyssop. Do you see that door post. Now suppose I am an Israelite. I dip this into the blood in the dish and commence to sprinkle the sideposts of the door; and there's an Egyptian watching me, and he says, what are you doing there? What are you sprinkling these posts for! Well you are a big fool. But when the angel came at night, *then* he didn't think I was a big fool. Would you? When wicked men and boys laugh

at you and say "you are a little saint!" "dont she think herself very good!" dont you mind them, dont you mind them. When Jesus comes and washes you in His blood, the laugh will be on them.

THE MEANING.

Now, I want to get at the meaning. Suppose I cut my finger and sprinkled my blood on the door post, would'nt that have done?

A. No.

Q. Why?

A. Because God said something different.

Q. Suppose I took the basin of lamb's blood and set it behind the door, would that do?

A. No.

Q. No. Because God said it should be sprinkled. If I sprinkled it on the wall, would that do?

A. No.

Q. Because God said it should be sprinkled on the side posts. Suppose I got a little calf, and sprinkled its blood, would that have done?

A. No.

Q. Because God said it was to be a lamb. Did you ever see a lamb. What color was it? how many legs had it? wasn't he a swift runner? What is it covered with? What did this little lamb have to be?

A. Clean.

Q. Yes, clean and white. If it had a speck on it would it do?

A. No.

Q. Who is called the Lamb of God?

A. Jesus.

Q. Was there ever such a Lamb as He?

A. No.

Q. Is he gentle?

A. Yes.

Q. Does he scold?

A. No.

Q. If he came here to-night would he scold?

A. No.

Now let me tell you a little story. A farmer had three sons, who lived with him on his farm. What have they on a farm?

A. *Corn and Cows.*

Q. How many sons did I say?

A. Three.

Q. Well he went away on a long journey, and he said there are three things my boys, I want you to do. Be very industrious; don't you quarrel; and do all the good you can. Repeat the three things.

A. (Repeated).

Q. Well the father went off, and bye and bye one of the boys got lazy. He wouldn't work. And laziness is very catching; and the others wouldn't work because he didn't. And then they began to quarrel with one another, and from that moment ceased doing good to anybody, but went off gunning and fishing, and spending the day in idle sports and amusements.

One of the neighbours wrote to the father and told him all about it. And so one day there came a letter to the post office for these bad boys. And when they got it one said to the other "Jim you open it," "Bob you open it; I don't want to." Why didn't they want to open the letter? Just because they were afraid, and they were afraid because they were wicked. At length they opened it and it began with "My darling boys, I have heard all about it, but I love you dearly still. You are my boys, and oh, if your father loves you so much try to be good to each other." "Oh," said they when they threw down the letter, "what a good father!" So is it with our Heavenly Father. He sent his dear son Jesus down to us. How came he to go? Did he know he would be killed? Yes. Did he know that he would suffer? Yes. Did he know they would spit on him? Yes. Did he know he would

not have any home to lay his head in? Yes. Did he ever have a home? Yes, in Heaven.

Q. What kind of a home?

A. A nice home.

Q. What made him come to die for sinners?

A. Because he loved us.

Q. Did he love you—each one—dearly?

A. Yes.

Q. Did anybody ever die for you?

A. Yes.

Q. But no one but Jesus.

Let me tell you a little bit of a story. In Germany, a good many years ago, the people all gathered round for a festival, and as they were dancing the door of the room opened, and in rushed a great mastiff dog with his mouth all foaming.

Q. What kind of a dog was that?

A. A mad dog.

Q. Yes, it was a mad dog; and there was a man there who used to work with a great big hammer in his hand, hammering all day, what kind of a man was that?

A. A blacksmith.

Q. He was a good man, and he said he would die for them. And he threw his arms round the dog, taking hold of him. Says he, "all of you go away; remember how I loved you all. I lay down my life for you." If you go into that little town in Germany now, you will find a monument built for him, and these words written on it, "This good man laid down his life for us." Oh Dear Lord Jesus! how he loved us to come here and lay down His life for us.

One word more, and then the lesson to be drawn from the story.

Q. Whereabouts is the blood to be sprinkled?

A. On the doorposts.

Q. If I wanted to have your affection, I would try to gain

your love by entering your heart, which is the love door : then whereabouts must this blood of Jesus be sprinkled ?

A. On our hearts.

Q. Now that is a pretty hard thing for a little child to understand. But when we tell them that *heart* means *love*, then it is plain.

A gentleman, a number of years ago, said to me, " Let me show you what I wrote in my watch—the sweetest four words in the Bible—when I was twenty years younger than I am now. There are four little words written on it, ever so small—can you read it ?" handing it to me. Yes I could read them, " Christ died for me,"—the sweetest that can be put together. When we say, " Jesus shed his blood for me," it means that He died for me. Then if I expect to get to heaven because Jesus died for me, and I take my sins to Him, will He forgive and pardon me ?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you think you are old enough to be a little Christian child ?

A. Yes.

Q. What is it to love Jesus Christ ?

A. To love Him with my whole heart.

Q. Now think, don't answer but you think. If a little girl or boy becomes a christian, will they ever sin any more ?

A. No.

Q: Yes, they will. Do you think I sinned to-day ?

A. No. Dont know.

Q. Then I to have tell you ; I know better than you do. I don't like to tell you right up here (on the platform before a vast audience) but I did sin. Before I came up the devil wormed into my heart and said, " Now if you interest those children very much, wont it be very nice, and the people will say, Oh, my, can't he teach beautifully !" My dear children I sin every day ; and if you begin to-night, you will sin. But I'll tell you what you will do. *You will fight with Jesus on your side ; little by little you will conquer it. I have known little boys and girls who loved Jesus ; and when they sinned or did*

something wrong they began to cry, and say, I know I'll never be a christian, instead of running right back to Jesus and praying him not to let them sin again. I want you to come and ask Christ to be your Saviour, and if He will help you to hate sin and love Him. I don't know whether you can sing that single line which I set to my children at home asking Jesus to help us to love him, and then we will be drawn to him.

"Oh I must be a lover of the Lord
Or I can't get to Heaven when I die."

(They sang after him.) Sing it once more and let your voice rise right up and fill up this high cieling. (They sing again.) They then sing it alone, and finally repeat it in a soft and low tone. If I want to go to Heaven when I die, I must love the Lord. That is better than to be good. When I get the blood of Jesus on my heart, then I can begin to be good; but the first thing I have got to do is to go to Jesus—be a lover of the Lord first and get strength from him.

Before I stop let me tell you what a little girl did that touched my heart. It was a little while ago when I used to be a Sunday school teacher, and they put me over a class. My class is now composed of forty or fifty teachers. I had fourteen childrer. One little boy is now preaching—a minister in the western part of the State of New York. Last year he wrote to me and said, "Won't you come and help me old teacher. I have all I can do." And don't you think I will? Yes. But I was going to tell you about a little girl who used to sit quietly in the corner while the little boys began to show their life by fighting and sin. Her father used to sit on a great high bench, with lawyers all round. What was he?

A. A judge.

Q. Yes, I once saw a judge in England. He had white hair all down to his shoulders; but this man lived in the United States, and was just like any other man. He didn't love God. He never went into a place like this—a Church—never went into a Sunday schoolroom, where sometimes they

would not have Sunday school, but "what is called a prayer meeting." This little girl first came home and said "Father."

Q. How many little daughters do you think he had?

A. One.

Q. Only this one, and she was about ten years old. Any little boys or girls here ten years old? (Four.) "Father," she said, "Well Tott" he says, "what is it?" She put her little arms round his neck and said, "Father may I do something?" "Well," he says, "you can do anything you like." Father do you think I am a little Christian? "Why," says he, "Tott, what a little fool! What in the world are these teachers putting in your head." "Father," she says, "there are some little girls in our class going to join the church." "Join the church! Little girls join the church!" said the father. "Yes, papa, and I thought you would let me join too." "Papa," she said, "If I am a little christian girl for a whole year, will you let me join too!" "Oh, yes," he laughed. Well she studied. She had something on the door posts of the heart. And when her father said anything, how many times do you think he had to speak? Only once. All her words were very kind; and little Tott, when the year comes round runs up to her father, throws the little white arms round his neck and says, "Father do you remember what you promised me sometime ago." "I can't recollect," he says. "Well, you promised me so and so papa. I've tried very hard to please Jesus all this year, but I have not been so good as I might have been. Will you let me, please, join the church!" That great man turned round and never stopped until he got to his house, where he covered his face with his hands and said, "you might have preached to me ten years without effect, but that little girl of mine converted me." He came to the prayer meeting that night, and said, "I want to find Christ; I want to love Him, because my little girl loves Jesus, and she lives for Jesus."

Then follows a child's prayer somewhat similar to the one at the beginning of the lesson.

