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How the Colonel was Converted.

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WE read, "A little child shall lead them" (Isaiah xi. 6), and beautifully are these words illustrated by the following striking story. The little child, around whom the incident circles, grew up, lived a life of earnest service to the Lord and recently passed away within a week of her 95th birthday.

All unconscious to herself at the early age of three she began her career of soul-saving earnestness. The Colonel, a man used to commanding men, mixing with the highest society in the land, the little child of not quite three, formed a remarkable contrast.

We shall give the incident in the Colonel's own words, as he related it to his own grandchild:—

“ I shall never forget the evening I saw my little pet, a blue-eyed darling with bright hair. Some people call it red; golden chestnut I call it. She was in a white frock and blue sash, and she was nestling in the arms of a clergyman, also a visitor at our mutual friend's house. The child was merrily chatting to him about a kitten she was going to give him.

“ By degrees, as we began to talk, the child became silent, and maybe listened as we talked about Divine things, I showing my ignorance and folly by presuming to deny the Divinity of Christ. Suddenly—I shall never forget the scene—Mr. B——raised up the child, stood her on his knee and said, ‘ Tell the gentleman who Jesus is.’ She was not three years old. ‘ Chubby again he said, ‘ tell the gentleman who Jesus is.’

“ ‘ JESUS IS GOD ’! (‘ Desus is

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Dod,' she pronounced it), and folding her hands as if in prayer, 'and we pray to Him,' (pronouncing it 'pay'), she said.

"No, I shall never forget the reverence on that child's face. I was simply thunderstruck. I was struck speechless and convicted, but not converted. The child said no more, but lay back and went to sleep; her lesson had to be completed another day.

"I soon rose to take my departure; but somehow' I felt so drawn to that house that I speedily called again with the full purpose of opening my heart to the mother, who had evidently taught the child the truth.

"Now comes the extraordinary part. The child and not the mother completed the lesson. When I called, instead of being shown into the drawing room, I was ushered into the schoolroom, where the

mother, and at least eight of her family, were occupied at lessons. I enjoyed the scene of domestic happiness, and asked mama what what my little friend and her brother were about.

“ ‘Learning to sit still, and not disturb their elders,’ she replied. ‘Capital, mother,’ thought I, ‘You’ll be the one to help my soul.’ But no, the mother did’nt, but the baby did.

“ I beckoned little Miss Chubby to come over to me, and she gladly climbed on my knees. After a while she slipped off my knee, toddled to her place, and fetching her picture book returned immediately, impelled by the Holy Spirit I say; I am convinced of it.

“ She scrambled back to her place on my knee, opened the book, and made me look at the picture; and these are the words she said. pointing with her first finger, her

little tongue was loosed, as, pointing to the Saviour on the cross that was painted above Dr. Watts' hymn--

*"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed;
And did my Saviour die"--*

she said this little sermon in baby words:-- 'That is the Lord Jesus --God. I prays to Him. They run great nails into His hands and feet, and then He died; but in three days He rose up again, and now He is (pointing up with her finger) gone up into heaven, and soon the trumpet shall sound, and then He will come down again, and I shall go back THERE with Him into heaven.'

" 'And so you shall, my sweet child,' said I, in the height of astonishment, as I clasped her to my heart, and covered her with kisses, while my inner cry was: 'May I become as this little child! Lord, help me! As to gainsay-

ing the truth of Scripture, I could not. The Holy Spirit, who led that pretty babe to believe, opened my eyes to see the truth as it is in a crucified, buried, risen, ascended and returning Saviour!"

And so the little child of less than three was used to the conversion of a Colonel of the British Army. It reminds us of the scenes so long ago, when we read that, when the Jewish chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that the Saviour did, and heard the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David, they were sore displeased, and the Lord said to them, "Have ye never read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?" (Matthew xxi. 16).

Reader, what do you say to this wonderful gospel that is offered to you, a gospel which concerns the death and resurrection of the Son

of God? As you receive it you are blest; as you reject it, you seal your own eternal doom. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36). The issue is plain. It could not be presented in simpler or better language than in the verse we have just quoted. Will you not follow the Colonel's example and bow to the once-crucified, rejected, but now risen and glorified Son of God as your own precious Saviour? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

A. J. POLLOCK.