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From:

To:

Sent: Saturday, July 10, 2010 2:02 PM

Subject: How Moody got the children in Sunday School

How Moody Won the Children

Dwight L. Moody was passing along the streets of Chicago when he spied two little girls playing out in front of an underground saloon. His heart was instantly moved with compassion for the children, and he walked straightway into the cellar. The barkeeper, thinking that he wanted a drink, said, "What will you have?" "Those children for my Sunday school," replied Moody. "Children for your Sunday school! Do you know where you are? An infidel club meets here every Thursday night." But the tactful soul winner knew it was not a time for retreat, so, resting his elbows on the bar, he looked into the face of this father and pleaded with him earnestly in behalf of the little girls. Finally, the man's heart was touched and he said, "I will tell you what I will do, parson. If you will come down here next Thursday night and meet the boys in a joint discussion, and you win, you shall have the children; but if not, it is all off." "Agreed," exclaimed Moody. "I will be here." Taking his departure, he looked up a little crippled newsboy whom he knew, who could pray effectually and said to him, "Tommy, I want you next Thursday night." When the hour arrived, Tommy and the evangelist entered the saloon. It was full. The men were sitting on whiskey barrels, on beer kegs and on the counter, while others were at the windows in expectation of a debate. Moody opened the meeting by saying: "Gentlemen, it is our custom to open our meetings with prayer. Tommy, jump on that barrel and pray," whereupon Tommy perched himself on the barrel, turned his little face up toward heaven, and how he did pray! As the tears stole down his cheeks, the more tenderhearted beat a retreat; and finally those more rock-like, subdued by the pathos and spiritual power of the occasion, slowly retired, until there were none left except the barkeeper, Moody and the praying boy. "That will do, Tommy," exclaimed the evangelist. "I claim the children," said he, turning to the father. "They are yours according to contract," replied the father, "but it is a queer way to fight." "It is the way I win my battles," said Moody. He had instructed the little boy not to cease praying until he had prayed them all out. It was a piece of strategy full of tactfulness. The reality, the venturesomeness, and the tact of such a man is worth emulating.