The Henry at meeting - Adelle's conviction. The father's first prayers.

Stories for children

Original manuscript

Otis Henry lived at L—. As the church was situated several miles from his father's house, the evening meetings of the Sabbath School in his neighborhood were usually held at a private house.

One of these evenings when Otis was nine years old, he attended at the house of his father's cousin, Mrs. Women Dong. It appeared to him to be a very remarkable occasion, but with little conscious effect.

He had heard the neighbors talk before some of the men told how cold hearts they had been. Others talked much about their ailments and thought it would mitigate their pain very much if they had clean teeth and did better living. Some of the women sang with clear shrill voices, the seven old never to be forgotten hymns.
Many more stood and said a few words, much the same as usual. But few women spoke without tears. Generally it seemed a sorrowful lament over restless faults and short earnings. But somehow upon the little boy this evening the reading, the singing, the short speaking & the little prayer produced a strange effect. It may have been partly in consequence of the constantly remembered fact that his father was ill, very ill, and as he had heard the neighbors say, in subdued tones & uncertain words, "not expected to live." And it was due partly to his childlike adoration of these most solemn declarations. Which the good people were making, as for example that of Mrs Greenwood when she turned his eyes to the corner where Otis sat and apparently looking straight at him said: "God says, 'My Son give me thine heart!'" or that of the good deacon who declared: "How is this accepted time?"
“those who seek me early shall find me.”

His favorite aunt Aunt Rhoda, with her
peaceful voice and tender looks had
said: “it is not strange that young folk
should prefer the leggery elements of this
world to the pure hopes of a crown of
glory that cannot fade.”

“Is Kenny keen to ask himself, ‘What can
a little boy like me do?’

He finally thought of some words about
children in the New Testament. He took
up a Bible that lay upon a little table
near him and began to turn over the
leaves till he came to the words,
“Children obey your parents in all
things.” He thought he would get up and
read them aloud. Oh, here the very thought
made his heart beat and came up
toward his throat. His legs shook and trembled
making his knees knock together, and
he felt as if he were fastened to his chair
so that he could not get up. But this Kenny
was a resolute little fellow and had made
up his mind to rise to his feet in that meeting.
and read more words. He had swallowed
down the choking and was about half on
his feet when the typhus had suddenly
arose and began to speak. Then delay was
bad for the boy, and his heart was full
of misgivings. He had made the attempt,
it was in his heart that he had failed to
make his beginning. But when Mrs.
fell down then was quite a pause,
silence prevailed the assembly. Suddenly
Otis Henry bounded to his feet and began
to recite the words in his child's
voice. When he had read a few short
verses gaining a little in confidence as
he proceeded he suddenly stopped
as he had risen and dropped down
with his hand almost over whether
as a consequence of his nervousness.
The meeting, after singing a hymn,
broke up, and to Otis Henry's surprise
nobody spoken to him concerning that
effort of his which had caused much
embarrassment and also
him to much courage.
His face burned as he crossed the fields to his home. He did not walk along & run as was his custom over the intervening cradle-knolls, but walked on slowly while the breeze made the rattle of his first speaking in meeting, and as to whether or not he had better tell his father. He made up his mind slowly before he climbed over the orchard wall, situated not far from the house.

In the front room he found his father, pale & sick, with a hectic flush in his cheeks. He was just resting after a severe attack of everything, bolted up in high-back rocking chair. This came to Mr. Henry & stood quietly by his knees.

"What is it, my son?"

"I have been to Uncle Warren's to meeting."

"Did you have a good meeting?"

"Oh, yes. Things very good."

Then, he finally told his father what he had done in his Brooklyn boyish way.
"Well, my son, do you want to be a Christian?"
"Yes, Father, I do." After a little pause he asked,
"Father, do you ever pray?"
"Why, my son, do you wish me to pray?"
"Oh, I wish you would, Sir." Down they knelt beside that
high-backed chair, the father and the son, while the father earnestly earnestly earnestly earnestly
blessing upon his child. Soon the father was carried to his burial, but the
great work was done for the child.
The picture of humble submission and
genuine petition to the great throne of
divine love was daubed upon the
battled of his memory for ever, and though
he lived to be an old man, he never wholly
lost the impressions and holy influences
of the twilight hours of that blessed
sabbath day.
Unfortunately, the handwriting on this page is not legible. It appears to be a handwritten letter or note, but the content is not discernible.