

The Lost Kiss

A few years ago, my little girl sometimes got up feeling cross in the mornings. You know how it is when any member of the family does not get up in a good temper; it disturbs the rest of the family. Well, one morning she got up and spoke in a cross way, and I said, "Emma, if you speak in that way again, I shall have to punish you."

Now it was not because I didn't love her, it was for her own good.

Well, that went off all right, but one morning she woke up in a bad mood again. I said nothing, but when she was getting ready to go to school she came up to me and said, "Papa, kiss me."

I said, "Emma, I cannot kiss you this morning."

She said, "Why, Father?"

"Because you have been cross again this morning. I cannot kiss you."

"Why, Papa you've never refused to kiss me before."

"Well, you have been naughty this morning."

"Why don't you kiss me?" she said again.

"Because you've been naughty. You will have to go to school without your kiss."

She went into the other room where her mother was and said, "Mamma, Papa doesn't love me. He won't kiss me. I wish you would go and get him to kiss me."

But her mother said, "You know, Emma, that your father loves you, but you have been naughty."

So she couldn't be kissed, and she went downstairs crying as if her heart would break.

I could not keep down my own tears, and I think I loved her more at that moment than I ever had. When I heard the door close I went to the window and saw her going down the street weeping. I didn't feel good all day. I believe I felt a good deal worse than Emma did, and I was anxious for her to come home.

How long that day seemed, and when she came home at night and asked me to forgive her, how gladly I kissed her, and how happy she went upstairs to her bed.

It is just the same with God. He loves you, and when He chastises you it is for your own good. If you will only come to Him and tell Him how sorry you are, how gladly He will receive you. How happy you will make Him, and oh, how happy you will be yourself.



A Child Legend

There is a beautiful legend about a little girl who was the first-born of a family in Egypt when the destroying angel swept through that land. Consequently, she knew that she might be a victim of the angel of death that night. She asked her father if the blood was sprinkled on the door-posts and he said that he had ordered it to be done. She asked him if he had seen it there and he said no, but he had no doubt that it had been done. He had seen the lamb killed, and had told the servant to attend to it.

The little girl was not satisfied, and urged her father to carry her to the door to see. They found that the servant had neglected to put the blood upon the posts. The child had been exposed to death until they found the blood and sprinkled it on the posts.

See to it that you are safe in Christ.



A Boy's Victory

I remember when holding a meeting in Kansas, I saw a little boy who came up to the window crying. I went to him and said: "My little boy what is your trouble?"

"Why Mr. Moody, my mother's dead, my father drinks, and they don't love me, and the Lord won't have anything to do with me because I am the son of a drunkard."

"You have a wrong idea, my boy," I replied. "Jesus will love you and save you and your father too," and I told him a story of a little boy in an Eastern city.

I told the little boy who was crying about another little boy whose father would never allow hypocritical Christians to come into his house, and would never allow his child to go to Sunday School. But a kind-hearted man spoke to this little boy and brought him to Christ.

One day, when the boy's father had been drinking, he came home and heard his son praying. He went to him and said: "I don't want you to pray any more. You've been along with some of those Christians. If I catch you again I'll flog you."

The boy was filled with God and he couldn't help praying. The door of communication was opened between him and Christ, and his father caught him.

"Didn't I tell you never to pray again?" he said. "If I catch you once more you must leave my house."

Not very long after this when the father had been drinking more than usual, he came in and found the boy offering a prayer.



“Leave this house,” he raged, pushing the boy. “Pack up and go.”

The little fellow hadn’t many things to get together, and he went up to his mother’s room.

“Goodbye, mother.”

“Where are you going?”

“I don’t know where I’ll go, but father says I cannot stay here any longer; I’ve been praying again,” he said.

His mother knew it wouldn’t help to try and keep the boy when her husband had ordered him away, so she drew him to her and kissed him and said good-bye. Then he went to his brothers and sisters and kissed them good-bye. When he came to the door his father was there and the little fellow reached out his hand – “Goodbye father. As long as I live I will pray for you,” and he left the house.

The boy hadn’t been gone many minutes when his father rushed after him.

“Son, if that is religion, if it can drive you away from father and mother and home, I want it.”

Just as I told this story to the little boy who was crying perhaps I am telling it again to some other child who has a drinking father and mother. Lift your voice, and the news will be carried up to heaven.