

A Bad Boy

D.L. Moody:

I once heard of a father who had a prodigal boy, and the boy had sent his mother down to the grave with a broken heart. One evening the boy started out as usual to spend the night in drinking and gambling, and his old father, as he was leaving, said, "My son, I want to ask a favor of you to-night. You have not spent an evening with me since your mother died. Now, won't you gratify your old father by staying at home with him?" "No," said the young man, "it is lonely here, and there is nothing to interest me, and I am going out." And the old man prayed and wept, and at last said, "My boy, you are just killing me as you have killed your mother. These hairs are growing white, and you are sending me, too, to the grave." Still the boy would not stay, and the old man said, "If you are determined to go to ruin, you must go over this old body to-night. I cannot resist you. You are stronger than I, but if you go out, you must go over this body." And he laid himself down before the door, and that son walked over the form of his father; trampled the love of his father under foot, and went out.