

A Good Mother

D.L. Moody:

A young man went home from one of our meetings some time ago. He had been converted. He had previously been a dissipated young man. His mother had made it a rule, she told me, that she "would not retire till he came home." That was her rule, she said, "never to go to bed till my boy was at home. If he did not come home till five o'clock in the morning, I sat up, and when he was out all night I got no sleep; but when he came home I always met him with a kiss. I threw my arms around his neck. I treated him just as if he was kind, attentive and good. Sometimes he would be out all night. Those nights I would not go to bed. He used to know it. One night he came home. I looked to see if he was under the influence of liquor. He came up to me, and he said, 'Mother, I have been converted,' and then I fell on his neck and embraced him, and wept over him tears of joy. Why," said she, "Mr. Moody, you don't know what joy it gave me. I cannot tell you. You don't know what a load it took off my heart. You don't know how I praised God that my prayers had been answered."