

## How Little Moody took the Whippings

### D.L. Moody:

When I was a boy my mother used to send me outdoors to get a birch stick to whip me with; and at first I used to stand off from the rod as far as I could. But I soon found that the whipping hurt me more that way than any other; and so I went as near to my mother as I could, and found the punishment lighter. And so when God chastens us let us kiss the rod and draw as near to Him as we can. Some one has said that God sent one son into the world without sin, but no son without sorrow. We are not able to read the problem now, or to see just why we are affected; but by-and-by we shall know, and all will be made plain. There is one passage of Scripture which has always been a comfort to me. In the eighth chapter of Romans, Paul says, "All things work together for good to them that love God." A few years ago a little child of mine had the scarlet fever; and I went to the druggist's to get the prescription which the doctor had ordered, and told him to be sure and be very careful in making it up. And the druggist took down one bottle after another, in any one of which there might be what would be rank poison for my child; but he stirred them together and mixed them up, and made just the medicine which my child needed; and so God gives us a little adversity here, a little prosperity there, and works all for our good.