

## Jumping into Father's Arms

**D.L. Moody:**

I remember, while in Mobile attending meetings, a little incident occurred which I will relate. It was a beautiful evening, and just before the meeting some neighbors and myself were sitting on the front piazza enjoying the evening. One of the neighbors put one of his children upon a ledge eight feet high, and put out his hands and told him to jump. Without the slightest hesitation he sprang into his father's arms. Another child was lifted up, and he, too, readily sprang into the arms of his father. He picked up another boy, larger than the others, and held out his arms, but he wouldn't jump. He cried and screamed to be taken down. The man begged the boy to jump, but it was of no use; he couldn't be induced to jump. The incident made me curious, and I stepped up to him, and asked, "How was it that those two little fellows jumped so readily into your arms, and the other boy wouldn't?" "Why," said the man, "those two boys are my children, and the other boy isn't; he don't know me."