

Little Jimmy

D.L. Moody:

A friend of mine in Chicago took his Sabbath-school out on the cars [train] once. A little boy was allowed to sit on the platform of the car, when by some mischance he fell, and the whole train passed over him. They had to go on half a mile before they could stop. They went back to him, and found that the poor little fellow had been cut and mangled all to pieces. Two of the teachers went back with the remains to Chicago. Then came the terrible task of telling the parents about it. When they got to the house they dared not go in. They were waiting there for five minutes before any one had the courage to tell the story. But at last they ventured in. They found the family at dinner. The father was called out; they thought they would tell the father first. He came out with the napkin in his hand. My friend said to him, "I have got very bad news to tell you. Your little Jimmy has got run over by the cars." The poor man turned deathly pale, and rushed into the room crying out, "Dead, dead." The mother sprang to her feet and came out of the sitting-room to where the teachers were. When she heard the sad story, she fainted dead away at their feet. "Mr. Moody," said my friend, "I wouldn't be the messenger of such tidings again if you would give me the whole of Chicago. I never suffered so much. I have got a son dearer to me than my life, and yet I would rather have a train a mile long run over him than that he should die without God and without hope." What is the loss of a child to the loss of a soul?