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STORY OF THE SPOILED CHILD.

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STORY OF THE SPOILED CHILD.

An Ayah had a son about three years old, who used to run after her as she went about her work. One morning the Ayah's mistress heard the little boy say bad words to his mother in the verandah.

The lady said to the Ayah, "Why do you allow your child to say wicked words? Do you not know that God hates filthy language? and that such as use it will not be admitted into heaven?"

"What can I do, Ma'am?" said the Ayah.

The lady answered, "Beat him with a rod, and teach him the

following commandment of God—
‘Honour thy father and thy mother.’”

“He is too young, Ma’am,” said the Ayah; “I cannot beat him.”

The Ayah’s son used to play with the little children in the bazaar. When his mother found fault with him, he would either run away, or say bad words to her. After a time the lady again said to the Ayah, “If you do not correct your son and make him obedient to you, he will grow up to be a wicked boy.”

“Ah, poor child!” she answered, “how can I correct him? he is so young!”

When the boy was about seven years old, the lady spoke again very seriously to the Ayah: “That

boy of yours," said the lady, "is growing up in wickedness, and it grieves me to see it. Bring him to me, to-morrow; I will give the munshi orders to teach him."

"Yes, Ma'am," said the Ayah.

When next morning came, she did not bring him. "Where is your son, Ayah?" said the lady.

"Ma'am, his clothes are dirty," she answered; "I will bring him to-morrow."

The next day, however, he did not come. Again the lady said, "Ayah, where is your child?"

"Ma'am," she said, "he has hurt his foot, and can't come."

The next day the Ayah said that his head ached; and thus made excuse for seven or eight days.

At last the lady grew angry and said, "Ayah, if you do not tell me the truth why you do not bring your son to learn to read, I will send you away."

Then the Ayah was frightened, and said, "Ma'am, he won't come."

"Why dont you make him come?" said the lady. "I cannot," answered the Ayah; "he is too strong for me."

Then the lady said, "The last time I spoke to you about your child, you said you could not correct him, because he was too little; and now you cannot manage him because he is too strong for you; and so, with you, the time of correction never comes. I am afraid yours will be a wicked boy."

The lady sent a peon to bring the boy by force ; and the munshi, in order to please the lady, tried to teach him. But the boy had been brought up to disobey his mother, and now he would not obey his teacher ; so he was given up to his mother again. The ayah's son grew more and more headstrong every day, and turned out a very bad young man. The end was that he robbed his poor mother of all her bangles and the rupees she had saved, and went off in a boat with three or four men of his own evil sort, and was drowned.

The lady took what care she could of the poor ayah ; nevertheless she was so grieved, that she died shortly after. One of the last things she said to the lady was,

“Oh Ma'am, if I had corrected my son when he was a child, he would not have broken my heart when he grew up.”

Many mothers behave to their children just like the ayah. A little child wished his mother, who was then busy, to take him up. As she did not do it, he began to beat her with his little hands, and though he could not speak plain, he tried to use bad language to his mother. Such a child ought to be punished. The mother perhaps says, “How can I beat this child? he is so little.” Because he is little is the very reason why he should be corrected. The child cannot resist his mother, or run from her; but when he is bigger he will do both.

Let children be taught obedience when they are young. "Correct thy son and he shall give delight unto thy soul." Spoiled children are always the most ungrateful.

We have all a heavenly Father, the one true God, to whom we have been disobedient, rebellious children. On account of our many sins, we deserve to be shut out for ever from his presence. In his great compassion he gave his only Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to be our Saviour. Jesus Christ willingly suffered death in the room of sinners, and pardon is freely offered to all who seek it in his name. God's gracious call is, "Return, ye backsliding children." Let us go to Him in prayer,

confessing our sins and trusting in Jesus Christ. God will freely pardon us, sanctify us by His Holy Spirit and take us at last to dwell for ever with Him in heaven.

“Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it.”

“Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.”

