

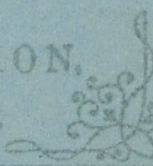
MIND YOUR MOTHER.

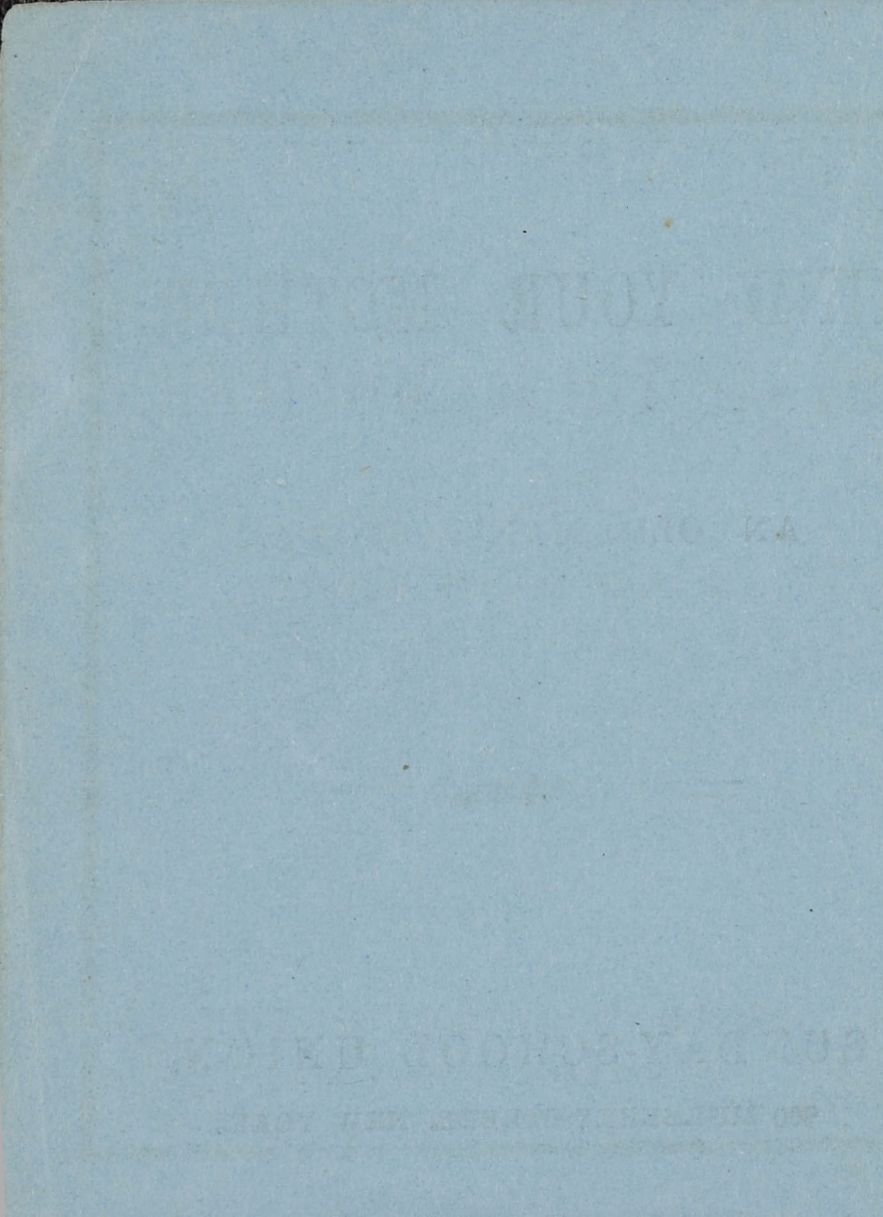
AN OLD MAN'S STORY.



SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.

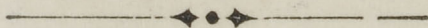
200 MULBERRY-STREET, N. Y.





MIND YOUR MOTHER.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.



SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,

200 MULBERRY-STREET, NEW YORK.



MIND YOUR MOTHER.



COME, boys, here is a story for you. I want you all to come close to me and hear every word I say, for it may be of great use to you. I was a boy once, and I know very well how boys feel. I am a man now, but I have had as much to do

with boys as I have with men, and I always like to see boys try to do right, and I love to help them do so.

God has been very kind to spare your mother alive to watch over and care for you. What I want to tell you is how to treat her. Now don't turn up your nose, as much as to say, "O that is not worth hearing, it don't concern me." Let me tell you it does concern you very much. It has to do with what kind of a man

you will make in the world. When I was a boy no larger than you are, my mother used to tell me that she never knew any one to do well in the world that did not treat his mother well. She said that when she was young she had known many boys that did not treat their mothers well, and they all came to some bad end.

I know three boys that did not treat their mothers well, and I made up my mind to watch and see

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how they turned out in the world. That was a good many years ago, for you see I am old and gray now. I will call them Bill, and Dick, and Sam. It is all just as fresh in my mind as if it was only two days ago. They were all in the same class with me at school. I knew their mothers too very well, for I often went home with them to play.

Bill was a nice boy when he was among us. He was always gay and full of life, and very often at the

head of his class. One day I was at his house. We were, it may be, as many as ten of us playing a fine game of ball on the green in front of the house. By and by Bill's mother came to the door and called him.

At first Bill did not seem to hear it, we were all so busy at play. "Bill," said I, "your mother calls you."

Just then he ran close by her, and so he stopped to hear what she

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had to say. "Here, my son, I want you to take this box down to the shop to your father. He wants it before night."

"But I don't want to go, mother."

"Well, you must go."

"But I'm at play and I can't go. I'm in the game."

"I tell you, you must go at once, and that is all there is about it."

Just then the other party who were in the game beat, and set up a loud huzza; and Bill, half vexed that

the game had gone against him, picked up a stick and threw it at his mother, saying, "Well, I won't go, there! you may go yourself for what I care," and off he ran. I turned just in time to see the stick fall from her dress, and to see how sad she looked when she went into the house.

I never before had seen a boy strike his mother, or throw anything at her, and it made me feel so badly that I could play no more. I told

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the boys that I did not feel well and I must go home. Indeed, it made me quite heart-sick. I thought of all my mother had told me about boys that did not mind their mother, and I thought I would see how it went with Bill. But I loved Bill, and it made me sad to think that he was the one that would have such bad things come upon him.

Perhaps he would have done better if his mother had spoken more kindly to him, but that was no ex-

cuse for his bad actions. I used to talk to him about it, and tell him what I feared for him; but he would only laugh at me, or if he tried to do better it was only for a little while.

Before he grew up to be a man he was taken sick. His mother was very kind to him, and he learned to love her better then. But he never got well. Year after year he lay on his sick bed, or sat in his easy chair, and I often went to see him and talk with him, and at last he died.

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The next boy was Dick. His mother used to let him do just as he chose in all things. If he wanted anything she was sure to do it for him; but if she wanted anything of him, he was sure *not* to do it for her.

I never saw a boy so willful as he was about that. If she even asked him to do a thing that was for his own good, he was very likely not to do it. I think he had much more regard for George Pell, who was the leader of our sports, than he

had for his mother. Why, she might as well have talked to the bricks in the walk as to have asked him to do an errand. He always acted as if he felt, "I don't care for my mother." When I saw just what kind of a boy he was I gave up going with him. I could not bear to play with him, or sit beside him in class.

Well, Dick is dead too. As he grew up he would go out at nights with bad boys, and he soon learned

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to drink and swear, and before he was twenty-one he was found dead in the gutter.

Sam was worse, if anything, than the other two boys. He not only cared nothing for what his mother said, but he used to make sport of her before the other boys. And what do you think became of him? His end was worse than that of Dick or Bill. He was sent to State-prison for a very bad crime and died there. I can't bear to think

of it. I can't bear to speak of it. I do not like to tell such bad stories. I have only told these to show how it goes with wicked boys, and to warn you not to do as they have done.

I have seen one thing about all such boys. They seldom live long. But those who obey and honor their parents, have the promise that their days shall be long in the land. I do not suppose this is always so, for some very good boys and girls die

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young, and go home to that better land where they are much more happy than they can be here.”

I was thinking of one little boy the other day that used to be so good to his mother. His name was Fred. I do believe he loved his mother better than anything or anybody else in the world. She was sick a great part of the time, and Fred liked, to stay by her, watch over and care for her. It was not much of the time that she

was so sick as to keep her bed. She was up and about the house, and did much of the work. She was not able to keep a girl, and her little Tot, Fred's sister, was only six years old when they came to live in our place. Then there was the baby. Tot was just the right size to rock him to sleep, or to play with him.

But when the baby was cross Fred took care of her. He would take her out of doors and draw her in his cart; he would call

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the big dog Ned to play with her ; he would show her the sheep, and the calves, and the hens, and when she was tired he would rock her to sleep in the big arm-chair. Then he would go and bring in wood and water for his mother ; if it was meal-time he would set the table, and after the meal he would clear it away, and wash up and put away the dishes. We boys all thought that very odd. I don't think there was one in ten of us that would

have done it at our homes. And the first day he came to school some of the boys got round him at noon-time and called him *gal-boy*, and asked him if he could play ball as well as he could wash dishes.

You should have seen him pick up the ball-club then. "Yes," said he, "I can play ball with the best of you." We did not tease him any more then. We saw that he had a high spirit, and we began to think well of him. After a few days we

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found that he was as smart as any of us in play, or in study, or anything that was good. He never would take any part in our bad tricks; and when some of the boys tried to shame him, and told him he was afraid, he said yes, he was afraid to do anything that was wrong, and they rarely tried him again.

When his sisters grew up he did not have so much to do in the house, but he was just as kind to his

mother as ever. I know one night, when he was as much as sixteen, he would not go to skate with us because his father was away from home, and he would not leave his mother alone. Dick Holt and I went over to ask her if he could not go, and she said, "O yes," and tried to get him to go, but he would not stir a step. He came to the door with us, and the air was so clear and the moon so bright that I could not help asking him once again,

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and I told over some of the boys that were to be there.

“Jim,” said he, “I care more for my mother than for all the boys in town, and I’d give more for one such look from her eyes as she gave me to-night, when I said I’d stay by her, than I would for a whole day on the skates.”

When he got to be a man his father died, and he had his mother live with him, and he taught his children to love her just as he had

loved her, and to love their own mother too.

And I thought of it all the other day when I met Mr. Post, for that is his name, with a grandchild on each side of him. He is an old man now, and his hair is white; but it is like a crown of glory to him. Mr. Post? Yes, Mr. Post, the dear old man that you love so much. He is the very Fred of my story. All who know him love him. The rich respect him. The poor bless him.

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Children run to meet him, and the very birds of the air seem to sing a sweeter song when he passes by.

A long, a happy, and useful life he has led, and now he stands close by the gate of heaven, waiting till till the angel of death shall call him away to meet his mother in that bright world to which she has gone before him.

THE END.

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