

*** A Distributed Proofreaders Canada eBook ***

This eBook is made available at no cost and with very few restrictions. These restrictions apply only if (1) you make a change in the eBook (other than alteration for different display devices), or (2) you are making commercial use of the eBook. If either of these conditions applies, please check with an FP administrator before proceeding.

This work is in the Canadian public domain, but may be under copyright in some countries. If you live outside Canada, check your country's copyright laws. **If the book is under copyright in your country, do not download or redistribute this file.**

Title: The Widow and Her Son

Date of first publication: 1848

Author: Favell Lee Mortimer (1802-1878)

Date first posted: June 19 2012

Date last updated: June 19 2012

Faded Page eBook #20120627

This eBook was produced by: Larry Harrison & the online Distributed Proofreaders Canada team at <http://www.pgdpCanada.net>

The images used in the production of this eBook were provided courtesy of Special Collections, University Libraries, Ball State University

No. 20.

THE
WIDOW AND HER SON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEEP OF DAY."

LONDON:
JOHN HATCHARD AND SON.

1848.

No. 20.

THE

WIDOW AND HER SON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEEP OF DAY."

LONDON:

JOHN HATCHARD AND SON.

1848.



THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

When a child dies, who is it sheds the most tears? Is it not the child's mother? If it be an only child who has died, how very unhappy the mother is! And if that mother be a widow, she is the more to be pitied, because she has no husband to weep with her. A long long while ago a widow lost her only son. He was a young man. I do not know whether he was a good son or not, but this I know, his mother loved him. Soon after he died, he was put in a coffin and carried by some men to be buried. The coffin had no lid—it was not like the coffins in this country, for they are screwed down.

The men were taking him out of the town where he had died into the country to be buried, and his mother walked near him crying very much, and a great many people followed. They met on the road another crowd, who were going towards the town. There was no dead person in that crowd, but there was a very wonderful man called the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God. He had come down from heaven, and was living in the world, and he did such wonderful things that people followed him about from place to place. He saw the poor widow weeping. He knew all about her trouble without being told; he knew she had lost her only son, and he felt very sorry for her. He came up to her and said, "Weep not." But how could the poor mother help weeping? Jesus could make her happy. He went up to the coffin where the young man was and touched it. Immediately the men who carried it stood still. Then he said, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise." The young man was dead. How could he get up out of his coffin? But the dead hear the voice of Jesus, because he is God. The young man sat up and began to speak. I wonder what he said. Did he praise God, or did he ask to see his mother?

Do you think the widow left off weeping now? If she shed tears now, they must have been tears of joy. Jesus himself gave the young man back to his mother. How happily the widow and her son must have walked home together!

Every one who saw this wonder was very much surprised, and felt afraid. Many people said, "A great prophet has risen up amongst us." They thought that God had sent him. And so he had; the Father in heaven had sent his Son down into this world: and why? To die. Jesus came to die for sinners. Why did he give life to the young man? To show people that all he said was true. He could make all dead people alive now, but he lets them lie in their graves till the day when he will come again. Then all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth. What a day that will be! We often see a churchyard filled with graves; there are stones over some graves, but the green grass grows over many a coffin. The ground is full of dead people, one lying above the other. What a sight it will be when all these dead people come up out of their graves!

Jesus will be there, seated upon a throne of glory with all his bright angels round him. Then Jesus will judge the dead. He will say whether they shall go to heaven or hell. Whom will he take to heaven? Those who believe that he died upon the cross to save them; those who love him, and serve him, and wish to see his face. Whom will he cast into hell? Those who forget him, and do not care for him.

Pray to Jesus to take you to heaven when you die. Some persons will be alive when Jesus comes again. He will judge them as well as the dead. If they love him, they shall have bright and glorious bodies like the body of Jesus. And the dead people, too, shall have new bodies. The young man whom Jesus made alive again had his old body still, and at last he died again; but those who are made alive at the last day shall never die any more. The wicked shall be unhappy for ever, and that is the worst sort of dying. It is called the second death. May you, my dear child, never feel what it is!

You may read the history of the widow's son in Luke vii. 11–16.

Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again;
In heaven we part no more.
 Oh, that will be joyful!
 Joyful, joyful, joyful!
 Oh, that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more!

All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.

Oh, that will be joyful!

Joyful, joyful, joyful!

Oh, that will be joyful!

When we meet to part no more.

Holy children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sunday school.

Oh, that will be joyful!

Joyful, joyful, joyful!

Oh, that will be joyful!

When we meet to part no more.

Teachers, too, shall meet above,
And our pastors, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.

Oh, that will be joyful!

Joyful, joyful, joyful!

Oh, that will be joyful!

When we meet to part no more.

Oh, how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on his throne!

Oh, that will be joyful!

Joyful, joyful, joyful!

Oh, that will be joyful!

When we meet to part no more.

There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ,
In praising Christ the Lord.

Oh, that will be joyful!

Joyful, joyful, joyful!

Oh, that will be joyful!

When we meet to part no more.

THE END.

Macintosh, Printer, Great New-street, London.

PRAYER.

O Father in Heaven,
Thou hast made all things;
The sun, moon, and stars, the land and sea.
Thou hast made me.
Thou hast taken care of me.
I thank Thee for all thy kindness.

Great God, Thou art in every place;
Thou seest in the dark,
As well as in the light;
Thou knowest all the naughty things
That I have done, and said, and thought.

O Merciful Lord, pardon my sins,
Because Jesus Christ, thy dear Son,
Died upon the cross for sinners.
Give me thy Holy Spirit,
That I may love Thee, and obey thy laws.
Keep me from minding Satan,
And save me from going to hell:
And whenever I die,
O take my soul to Heaven.

When Jesus comes with clouds,
And with the holy angels,
May I be glad to see Him.
May my dear parents, and brothers, and sisters,
Be happy with Thee for ever and ever.
May all people love Thee,
And speak of thy goodness.
Hear me for Christ's sake. Amen.

[The end of *The Widow and Her So* by Favell Lee Mortimer]