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No. 44.

THE WOMAN WEEPING  
AT THE TOMB.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEEP OF DAY."

LONDON:  
JOHN HATCHARD AND SON.  
1848.

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## THE WOMAN WEeping AT THE TOMB.

Who has not lost a friend? It may be that a child is reading this little book,—but have you never lost a friend? Have you never seen a little brother or sister laid in its coffin? You loved that babe, so I call it your friend. Do you remember a kind old man who used to let you sit upon his knee? Perhaps you loved your grandfather, and were sorry when he died. Some poor little children have lost their father, and some have lost their mother. There is no friend in the world like a father or a mother. God is the best friend of all, and he can never die.

When the Son of God came down to be a man, he was killed by wicked men; his friends cried very much when he died. He had one friend called Mary Magdalene; he had been very kind to her. Once seven devils had tormented her; Jesus delivered her out of her trouble, and sent the devils away. Ever afterwards Mary loved the Lord, and she listened to his sweet words, and she believed that he was the Son of God. When she saw him nailed to the cross, she was very unhappy. At last she saw the kind men come, and take down his body from the cross, and lay it in a beautiful grave in a garden. This grave was dug out of the side of a rock, and a very great stone was put before it. She went home to make sweet ointment, that she might bring it, and put it on her dear Lord's body.

One morning she came very early to the grave with her ointment, and some other women were walking with her. But when she came within sight of the tomb, she saw that the great stone was rolled away, then she thought, "Some wicked people have rolled away the stone, and have stolen the dead body of my dear Lord." So she did not go any further, but ran back to the town to ask some good men to come and see what was the matter. She went to two men who loved Jesus very much; they were called Peter and John. As soon as they heard what Mary said, they set off running as fast as they could. John ran the fastest, and got first to the grave and looked in; Peter soon came there too, and went into it; then John went in too. They saw the linen in which Jesus had been wrapped neatly folded up, and they saw the cloth which had been bound round his head lying in a place by itself. If wicked men had stolen the body, would they have left the clothes? or, if in a hurry they had left the clothes, would they have folded them up so neatly? John now felt sure that Jesus was alive again. I do not know what Peter thought.

Both Peter and John went back to their own home. But Mary did not go home; she stayed by the tomb all alone, and crying very much. Soon she stooped down and looked in. And what did she see? The linen clothes? She saw two angels dressed in white; they were sitting on the ground, one was sitting where the bleeding head of Jesus had lain, and the other where his wounded feet had been. Was Mary frightened when she saw the angels? I think she did not know they were angels, for she was crying very much, and people cannot see clearly when they are crying.

The angels spoke to Mary. Angels speak kindly to every one who loves Jesus. The angels said, "Woman, why weepest thou?" Mary answered, "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." Then Mary turned round and saw some one else standing near her, but she did not know who it was; she thought it was the gardener. This man said to her, "Woman, why weepest thou?" She answered, "Sir, if thou hast carried him away, tell me where thou hast laid him, that I may take him away." The stranger then spoke one word—"Mary." She knew that voice; it was the Lord who called her by her name. She answered him by one word—"Master."

Who can tell what joy she felt at that moment! She wanted to keep him, and not to let him ever go away. But he said he must soon go up to his Father in heaven. Then he sent a message to all his dear friends, and he called them his brothers. This was the message: "I go up to my Father and to your Father, and to my God, and to your God." Then Mary went to tell the friends of Jesus that she had seen the Lord, and she told them all he had said to her. Mary was the very first person who saw the Lord after he rose from the grave.

Jesus has been gone into heaven a long while. He is there now. Should you like to see him in his glory? He will come again. He knows your name. Should you like to hear his voice calling out Mary, or John, or whatever your name may be? Speak to him now; say, "Lord Jesus, save me." Are you afraid that he will not save you, and do you cry when you think of your sins? Jesus sees your tears; he says, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me."

The history of Mary Magdalene is to be found in Luke viii. 2; John xx. 1–18.

# HYMN FOR TWO CHILDREN,

*(Each to say one line by turns.)*

Who came from heaven to ransom me?  
Jesus, who died upon the tree.  
Why did he come from heaven above?  
He came because his name was "Love."  
And did he die—the Son of God?  
Yes, on the cross he shed his blood.  
Why did my Lord and Saviour bleed?  
That we from evil might be freed.  
When he had died, what happened then?  
On the third day he rose again.  
Where did he go when he had risen?  
He went to God's right hand in heaven.  
Where is he now? Is he still there?  
Yes, and he pleads with God in prayer.  
What does he pray for, and for whom?  
He prays that we to him might come.  
Should we not come? Should we not come?  
Oh, yes, Christ is the sinner's home;  
Christ is the weary sinner's home,—  
Oh, let us come! oh, let us come!

*Extract in the "Twin Brothers."*

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Macintosh, Printer, Great New-street, London.

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## 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 Woman Weeping at the Tomb* by Favell Lee Mortimer]