

THE
WIDOW'S LAMP.

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RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;
56, Paternoster-row; 164, Piccadilly,
LONDON.



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SOME years ago, the widow of a fisherman lived in a lonely cottage on the sea shore. Her husband, it is said, had been drowned

almost in sight of his home. The poor woman often sat and looked over the broad waters, with a heart full of sorrow. She could from her window see the waters tossing in fury, and dashing upon the rocks below. At night the noise of the winds and thunder would often keep her awake till the morning light. She would lie for hours thinking of the poor sailors who were out upon the sea.

One stormy night, she lay in her bed, thinking what the dawn of the day would show to her, when a happy thought came into her mind. It was a plan to save some of the ships from being wrecked on the coast. But what could a poor and weak widow do ?

Her cottage stood on high ground, and the window looked out upon the sea. "Now," thought she, "I will put a lamp in this window; its light may serve to warn the ships to avoid the rocks that lie along the shore." The next night the little lamp was lit, and set in its place; and before she lay down to sleep, she took care to put more oil into the bowl, and trimmed the wick, that it might not go out in the night. All her life after, during the dark and stormy nights of winter, the widow's lamp cast its bright rays across the sea. Many a poor sailor had to thank God for its friendly aid.

If this widow had been rich, she might have spent much money

in building a lighthouse, or she might have paid people to go to ships in distress; but she was poor, and had to deny herself that she might buy the oil for her nightly lamp. It may be said of her, "She hath done what she could," Mark xiv. 8. There are not many people who can do great things, but all may do little things, and these may be blessed of God as well as larger ones. Even young children may learn to be useful, as you may soon hear.

A little girl, in going to her Sunday-school, saw many shops open. The goods were hung out for sale, and there was almost as much noise among the buyers and sellers as if it were the market-

day. She knew it was very wrong for the people thus to break the sabbath, but she thought, "What can I do?" When she got to school, she told her teacher about what she had seen, and asked if she would give her a few tracts. The teacher kindly said she would do so; and at the end of that day she carried home with her a small bundle of these books. Another Sunday came, and the young scholar, as she passed the shops, very meekly and civilly left a tract with each of the tradesmen. She did the same on two or three other Sundays, after which, she was glad to see that a few of the shops were closed. Some time passed away, and then it was found that these little tracts had

been read, and that the people had been led to keep the sabbath, and to go with their children to the house of God, instead of having their shops open on the Lord's day. Her little lamp of usefulness had not been lit in vain.

A little boy went to an infant school at Bath. He was almost helpless; for he was a cripple. But though very poor and afflicted, he became wise and rich in the knowledge of Christ. At home he was kind, gentle, and loving to all. Some boys and girls, if they cannot go out to play with other children, are fretful and cross; but it was not so with the young cripple. In every way he showed his love to God and to good ways. His father

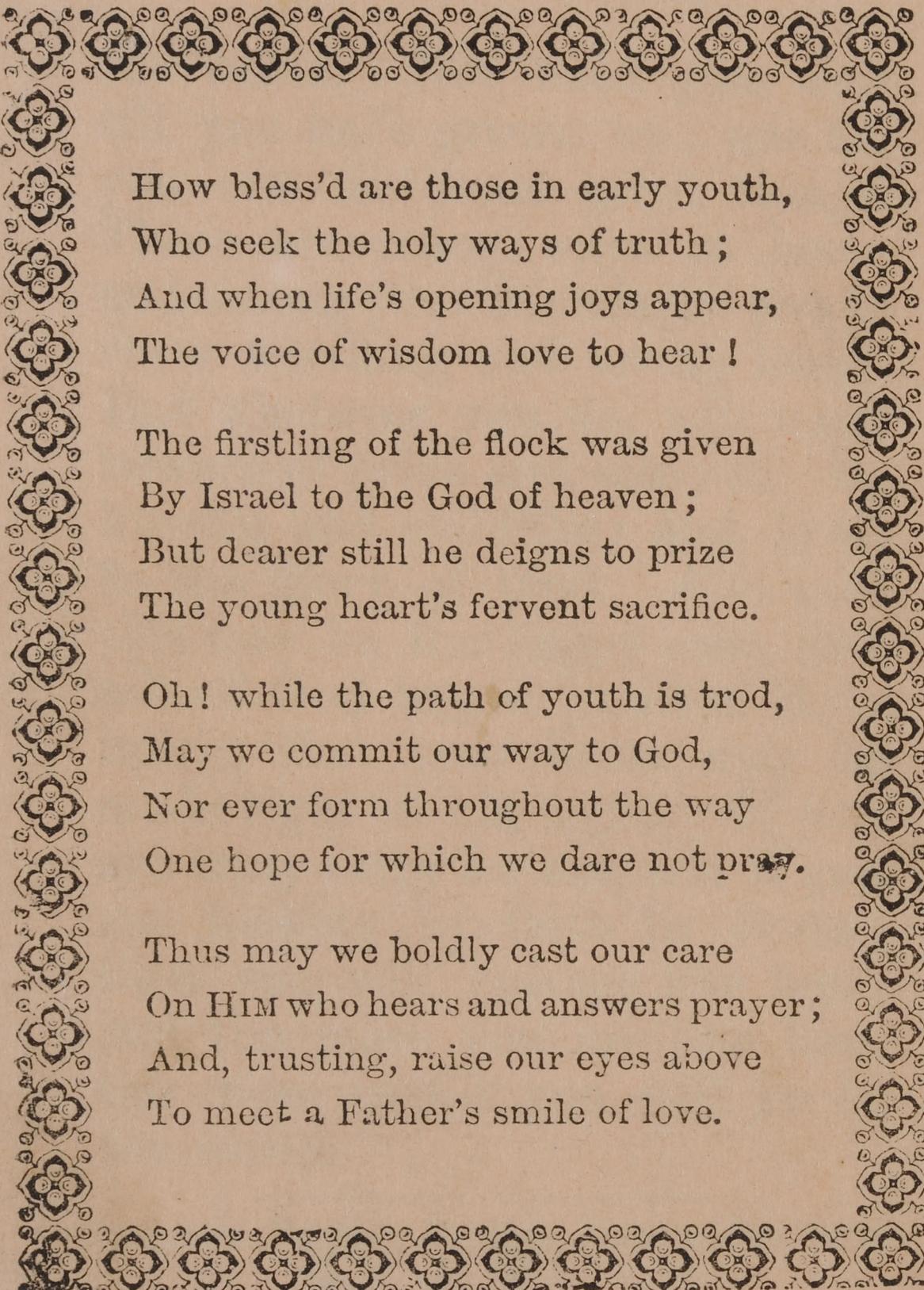
and mother began to ask what it was that made their poor child so meek and happy; and they soon saw that it was because he had given his young heart to Jesus. His kind and pious ways so won upon them, that they also were led to think about their own souls, and to seek unto Christ as their Saviour. Surely this afflicted boy was as a bright light in his father's house; and he did not shine in vain.

Young reader, you have seen how useful were the poor widow with her lamp, the Sunday-school girl with her tracts, and the little boy by his meek and lovely conduct at home; may you not be useful too? You need not be rich, or learned, to do good in

the world. Nor need you wait till you have grown up; nor till you can do some great things. There are many ways at home and among your friends for you to show a willing and loving heart. But whatever you do, you must beware of pride and self-will. Be humble and childlike; and do all to the glory of God. And that this may be the happy case, first ask of God to give you the Holy Spirit, that your heart may be made right in his sight. If you are truly sorry for sin, and if you are looking by faith to Jesus; then you will become like him; and the more you are like him, the more useful you will be in the world.

How dear are these to my soul
Who seek the holy way of truth
And when the opening day is past
The voice of wisdom ever to hear
The language of the book was given
By Jesus to the God of heaven
But dear still be deign to mine
The young heart's ever anxious
Oh! what the path of youth is true
That no count out way is true
For ever true throughout the way
The way for which we live and die
That only we bring back our own
That is the way the way of God
That is the way the way of God
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How bless'd are those in early youth,
Who seek the holy ways of truth ;
And when life's opening joys appear,
The voice of wisdom love to hear !

The firstling of the flock was given
By Israel to the God of heaven ;
But dearer still he deigns to prize
The young heart's fervent sacrifice.

Oh ! while the path of youth is trod,
May we commit our way to God,
Nor ever form throughout the way
One hope for which we dare not pray.

Thus may we boldly cast our care
On HIM who hears and answers prayer ;
And, trusting, raise our eyes above
To meet a Father's smile of love.