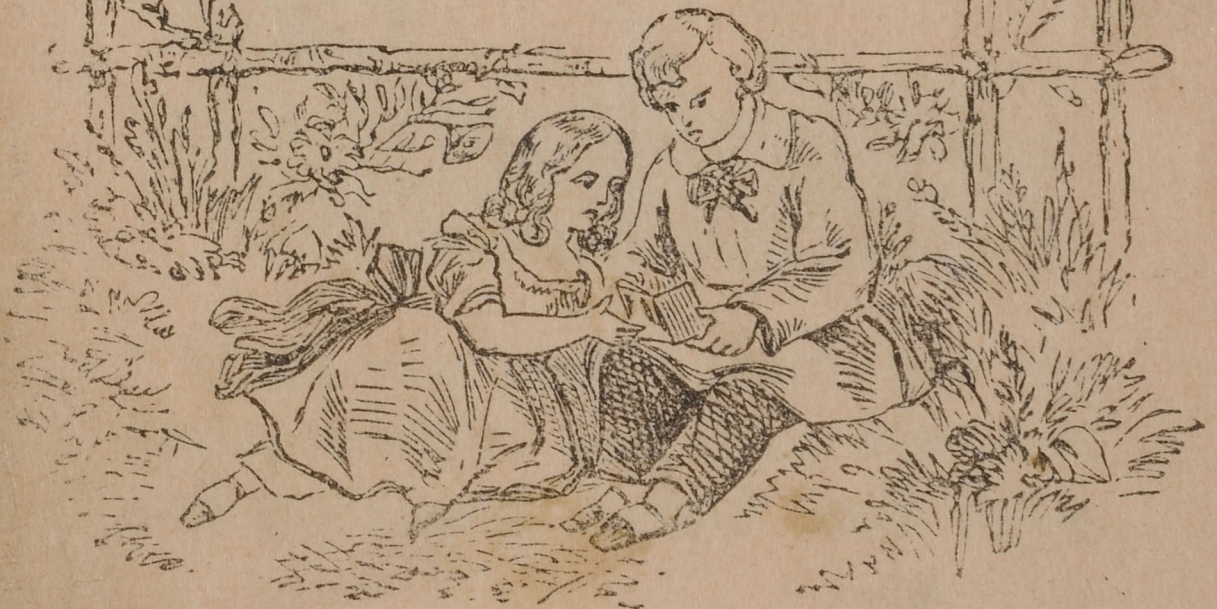


THE
MOTHER'S
LAST LESSON.

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



THE
MOTHER'S LAST LESSON



“WILL you please teach me my
verse, mother, and then kiss me,
and say Good night,” said little

2 THE MOTHER'S LAST LESSON.

Robert, as he gently opened the door of the room in which lay his sick mother. "I am so sleepy, but no one has heard me say my prayers."

The mother of little Robert was very ill indeed. She was raised in her bed with some pillows at her back. Her breath was slow and painful; her lips were white; her eyes were now dull, and her poor thin hands were cold and helpless. She still wore a widow's cap, and Robert was her only, her darling child. Every night he had been in the habit of going into her room, and kneeling on the bed, while she repeated some sweet texts from God's holy word, or told him stories of the wise and good men spoken of in its pages.

THE MOTHER'S LAST LESSON. 3

For two or three years she had been ill, but never too ill to hear her dear child say his verse, a little hymn, and his prayers

“Hush! hush!” said a kind lady who was watching beside the bed. “Your dear mother is too bad to hear you to-night.” As she said this, she gently took his hand to lead him out of the room, lest he should disturb his dying mother. Robert began to sob as if his little heart would break.

“I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers—no, I cannot.”

The ear of the loving mother caught the sound. Although she knew little of what was passing around, the sobs of her fatherless

4 THE MOTHER'S LAST LESSON.

boy roused her, and she faintly said, "Bring my darling, and lay him in my bosom." Her request was soon granted, and the child's rosy cheek nestled beside the cold, pale face of his mother. Poor boy, how little did he then know what would soon happen, and that he would be without a father or a mother in the world.

"Robert, my son, my darling child," said the sinking mother, "repeat this verse after me, and never, *never* forget it: 'When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'" The child said it twice or three times; then kneeling on the bed he lisped his little hymn and evening prayer. He now fondly kissed his mother, and oh what a loving

THE MOTHER'S LAST LESSON. 5

kiss did she impress on his lips in return! The mother soon became faint, and sank back on her pillow, while Robert quietly walked to his little bed in another room.

This was her *last lesson*. Robert never forgot it. He grew up a pious youth; he was known as a Christian man, and lived to be very useful in life. The faith of the dying mother was not in vain; for the Lord took care of her darling boy, gave him his rich grace, and was to him a Father and a Guide.

Is the young reader of this little book an orphan child? Is your father, or your mother, or are both your parents, laid in the silent grave? Is your heart sad

6 THE MOTHER'S LAST LESSON.

and lonely? Well, think that you may look to God, and say to him, "My Father, thou art the guide of my youth." Father and mother may forsake you at death, and the world may appear like a wilderness, full of thorns and pitfalls; yet if you put your trust in God he will never leave nor forsake you; he will guide you with his counsel, and bring you to his glory.

No earthly parent can do for you what your heavenly Father can do. The great and gracious God can make you happy with his love; he can enrich you by his Holy Spirit, with all grace; he can make you his child. There is a text which declares, "Ye are the children of God by faith in

THE MOTHER'S LAST LESSON. 7

Christ Jesus." Gal. iii. 26. Observe it is only those who believe in Jesus—who hear his voice in the gospel, and who look for the pardon of their sins through his death on the cross, that truly belong to the family of God—who are his sons and daughters. How happy is their state, for God has a Father's heart, to love them; a Father's hand, to protect them; a Father's eye, to watch over them; a Father's ear, to listen to their prayers; and a Father's home, to receive them at last, where they will be for ever with him.

But, perhaps, you are not an orphan. Be thankful then that your parents still live: obey them, love them, and do all you can to please them. Do they,

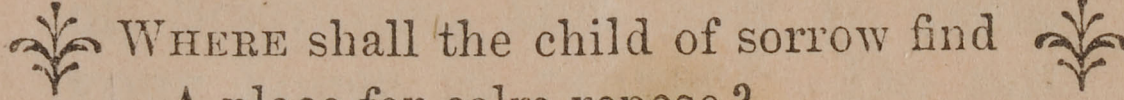
8 THE MOTHER'S LAST LESSON.

like little Robert's mother, teach you verses of hymns, and texts of Scripture, and how to bend your knees in prayer? Do not forget that it is from love to your soul they thus teach you. They know that as a sinner you need mercy; they would have you choose Christ for your Lord, and take him for your Saviour. Will you not make them happy by now giving your heart to God?

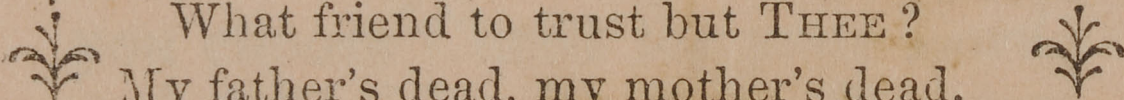
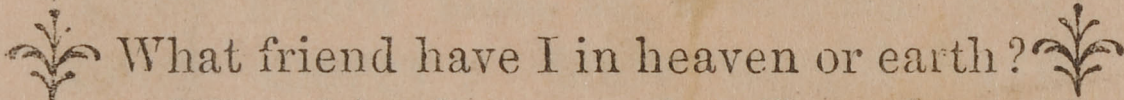
With all the love a father feels,
He pities and forgives;
And, though your earthly parents die,
Your heavenly Father lives.

Then love this gracious God,
And early seek his face;
Oh seek to spread his praise abroad,
And live upon his grace.

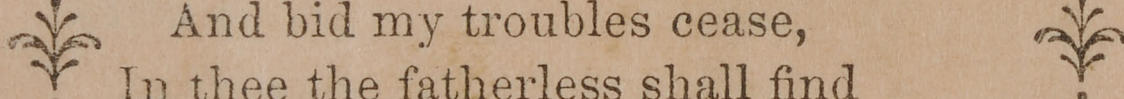
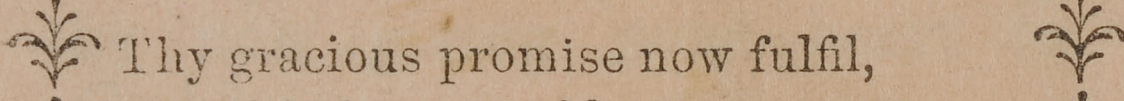
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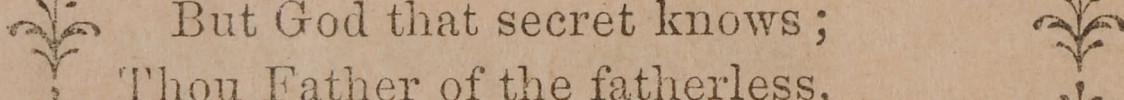
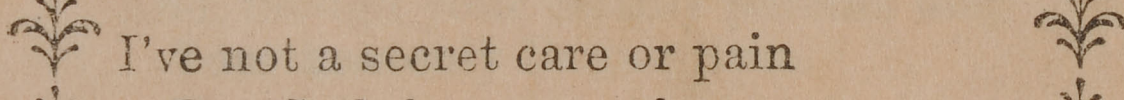
WHERE shall the child of sorrow find
A place for calm repose?
Thou Father of the fatherless,
Pity the orphan's woes.



What friend have I in heaven or earth?
What friend to trust but THEE?
My father's dead, my mother's dead,
My God, remember me.



Thy gracious promise now fulfil,
And bid my troubles cease,
In thee the fatherless shall find
Rich mercy, grace and peace.



I've not a secret care or pain
But God that secret knows;
Thou Father of the fatherless,
Pity an orphan's woes.

