

Weep for the Lost

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

—Matthew 5:4

If we weep and mourn on account of poor sinners, we shall laugh through all eternity. Oh, let us work now, and by and by our weeping will be over. We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. We can say, “Here am I, Father, and the children thou hast given me.”

A child was dying. “Father,” said she, “I have come to the river and am waiting for the ferrymen to take me over.”

“Does it seem dark and cold, my child?”

“Oh, no, there is no darkness here. The river is covered with solid silver. The boats, they are solid light. I am not afraid of the ferrymen. Oh, I see over the river! There is a great and beautiful city, all filled with light. The angels are making music. Oh, I see the most beautiful blessed Jesus. He has taken me in His bosom.”

And thus she passes over the river of death, made like a silver stream by the presence of her Redeemer.

Lord, help me to weep
for the lost. Amen.