JEM MORRISON, THE FISHER-BOY

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649275984

Jem Morrison, the fisher-boy by Mrs. Ruth Lamb

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MRS. RUTH LAMB

JEM MORRISON, THE FISHER-BOY





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BY MRS. LAMB.



AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, 150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK.





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CHAPTER 1.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

"For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead."

T was no light trouble for little

Jem Morrison when he was com
pelled to look for the last time

upon the pleasant home in which

he had passed his happy childish

years. Not that his troubles began then.

They commenced with his father's illness and
death, and with the knowledge that the strong

arms and willing hands were no longer at

work, but lying in unnatural stillness in the chamber above, and soon to be carried thence to the grave. Poor Jem looked out into that future about which he had never before troubled himself, and though he could not know all that was in store for him, he did know that the past had given him joys which he might hope for no more.

In the past he could picture his father returning in the evening, his mother's smile of
welcome, his own eager shout of joy, the pleasant meal, and the hour before bed-time, spent
so happily in winter by the cheery fireside, in
summer in the garden, where he used to watch
his parent's labors, and strive to imitate them.
And there were solemn hours, too, which he could remember, hours spent in reading God's
holy word, in prayer and praise; and, though
last, not least, the Sabbaths, with their hallowed stillness, when "father" was never absent, but on which they all went to the old
gray church, half-veiled with ivy, which they
could see from the cottage windows.

It was very sad for little Jem Morrison to turn from such memories as these, and recall