

what it tells you of yourself? The testimony of God is plain and clear. He says you are a sinner, guilty, lost and ruined. It also tells that Jesus came to seek and save you, and to all that believe on Him salvation is sure. This is the testimony of "that Old Book," as the sceptic called it, and happy is he who can say like the old fisherman, "I'm going to stick to the Old Book."—Young Watchman.

PEACE UPON ISRAEL.

GOD'S WAYS WITH THE JEW, S. S.,
RELATED BY HIMSELF.

(CONCLUDED.)

A year had already passed since my dear mother's last letter. She considered me dead; I therefore expected to receive no further news from her. She kept her word, though I continued to write to her every week, but I did not know if she read my letters. Courage to pray for her conversion often failed me.

One day, in the autumn of 1880, a card came from my mother, written in Hebrew, as follows: "Dear child, I have been ill, and am in great distress of soul. I ask for two things—that you will forgive me, and that you will send me another New Testament, as I have burnt all the previous ones you sent. Pray for me!—Your mother, Sarah."

How my heart rejoiced! That very day I sent my mother a New Testament, and wrote a long letter to her. A few days after I received a reply. In it my mother besought me to visit her in Russia, not knowing my circumstances, concerning

which I had never written to her. She therefore believed me to be still a teacher. But I could not go. I had worked in the summer as a locksmith's assistant, but with the money I saved I went, in the winter, for further technical instruction. Besides this, having heard that my friend, B. O., in Bessarabia, who, through a New Testament which I had sent him, had believed and acknowledged that Jesus Christ is the Messiah, the Son of God, the Saviour, had lost his situation as a teacher, and was now in need, with a wife and four children, I was led to assist him also. Scarcely had I done this, when a letter came from a Christian near Stuttgart, who had heard of me, and now invited me to live with him during the winter, without payment, so that thence I might go to the technical school. This was a great help, and from the Lord; but even this would not have enabled me to travel to Russia, had not a Christian lady, who heard of my mother's wish. We did not meet in our native town, but about thirty miles distant, in L.

When I arrived, my mother had already been there for two hours. She recognised me, cried, "My child! my child" and fainted in my arms. With the help of others, I carried her to a sofa in the waiting-room, and after a time she revived, but only to faint again. She continued so long unconscious that I feared she was dead. I did not know what to do, and wept aloud. All present showed great sympathy, especially when they heard we had not seen each other for more than six years. At last my mother re-