

gained consciousness. We drove on a sledge to an inn, where my mother had already engaged a room. There the samovar the Russian teaturn was steaming upon the table, and ample refreshment prepared.

We had not spent many minutes speaking of the journey, and sundry other things, when my mother, with a sigh, began: "But, my child, the most important thing! You see and know I have grown old, and what will become of me if I die? Where shall I go?" We both wept, and I knew not how to find words. It would have been so much easier to write than to instruct her by word of mouth. After a while, I said, "Mother, I believe you know it all."

She looked at me imploringly, and said: "But you know I have blasphemed the name of Jesus so much and showed such great opposition to you. Can there be forgiveness even for me?"

I comforted her, and said that her deep sorrow and repentance were surely a work of God's Spirit, a proof of His grace that brings salvation. These words evidently gave her comfort. They were as rain upon the thirsty ground, reviving her wounded heart. We sat and conversed together for a long time. If I broke off and began a new subject, my mother immediately returned to our subject, and asked fresh questions concerning God's salvation. At last it was time to retire to rest.

"Shall I read something?" I asked. Upon which she begged me to read the parable of the prodigal son. Truly in no other chapter could she, as a Jewess, see the wonderful grace of God so beautifully

unfolded as in this touching history.

The following morning I awoke before five o'clock, and as I opened my eyes, I saw my mother, fully dressed, sitting by my bed. I then got up, and soon our conversation of yesterday was in full flow. At last she exclaimed: "Yes, why do I still doubt? The same God who has announced the judgment and the condemnation of sin has also said that perfect grace is to be found in His Son. Why should I not believe it? This is all true, even for me. Yes, I believe."

My heart rejoiced. I said, "Mother, we will pray." I knelt down, my mother followed my example, and without my expecting it, she prayed. She said,

"Lord Jesus, I thank Thee for Thy great deliverance, and for the faith in Thee which Thou hast given me; but Thou knowest it is still so weak in me. Strengthen it. Amen!"

After I had thanked the Lord and prayed, we read another chapter. This time it was about Stephen and his stoning, Acts vii. My mother herself chose the chapter.

"Alas!" said she, "how sad it is that our people are so blind, and so full of hatred against Christ. But how glorious is the portion of the believer! Such a death as Stephen had I would wish also for myself. Yes, I regret now we did not meet together in M. our native place. If they stoned us they could only have killed our bodies. We could also cry, 'Lord Jesus, receive our spirit.'"

The Spirit of God had removed the veil of Moses from the eyes of my dear mother, and now her heart was