

TO CREATE A SENSATION, AND SO I TELEGRAPHED TO MY WIFE NOT TO MEET ME AT THE STATION, FOR I WOULD TAKE A CAB ON MY ARRIVAL AT WASHINGTON, AND DRIVE QUIETLY HOME. WHEN I GOT TO THE FRONT OF MY HOME I SAW MY WIFE STANDING AT THE OPEN DOOR EXPECTING ME. HER FACE BEAMED WITH JOY. SHE RAN TO MEET ME AS I STEPPED OUT OF THE CAB, AND THREW HER ARMS ROUND MY NECK AND KISSED ME. HER FATHER AND MOTHER WERE ALSO STANDING AT THEIR OPEN DOOR ACROSS THE STREET, AND WHEN THEY SAW US IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS THEY BEGAN TO CURSE BOTH ME AND MY WIFE. TEN DAYS AFTER MY WIFE HAD ACCEPTED THE LORD JESUS CHRIST AS HER SAVIOUR, MY DAUGHTER WAS CONVERTED.

A YEAR AND NINE MONTHS AFTER HER CONVERSION MY WIFE ~~DIED~~ DIED. THE DESIRE OF HER HEART PREVIOUS TO HER DEATH WAS TO SEE HER SON, WHO RESIDED ABOUT SEVEN MINUTES WALK FROM OUR HOUSE. I SENT AGAIN AND AGAIN TO HIM, BEGGING OF HIM TO COME AND SEE HIS DYING MOTHER. ONE OF THE MINISTERS OF THE CITY, ALONG WITH HIS WIFE, PERSONALLY SAW MY SON, AND TRIED TO PERSUADE HIM TO GRANT HIS DYING MOTHER'S REQUEST, BUT HIS ONLY REPLY WAS, "CURSE HER, LET HER DIE; SHE IS NO MOTHER OF MINE."

ON THURSDAY MORNING (THE DAY OF HER DEATH) MY WIFE ASKED ME TO SEND FOR AS MANY MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION WHERE SHE WORSHIPPED AS COULD COME, TO BE WITH HER IN HER DYING HOUR, AND AT HER REQUEST WE FORMED A CIRCLE, ABOUT THIRTY-EIGHT OF US, AND THEN WE SANG SOFTLY, "THOU, O CHRIST, ART ALL I WANT, MORE THAN ALL IN THEE I FIND."

MY WIFE IN A FEEBLE, THOUGH CLEAR, VOICE SAID: "YES, IT IS ALL I WANT; IT IS ALL I HAVE. COME, LORD JESUS, TAKE ME HOME," AND SHE FELL ASLEEP.

I WROTE TO MY MOTHER, WHO RESIDED IN GERMANY, IMMEDIATELY AFTER MY CONVERSION, RECOUNTING TO HER HOW I HAD FOUND THE TRUE MESSIAH. I COULD NOT KEEP THE GOOD NEWS FROM HER, AND ON MY HEART THOUGHT SHE WOULD BELIEVE ME, THE ELDEST OF HER FOURTEEN CHILDREN. INDEED, I MAY SAY THAT THE FIRST DESIRE OF MY HEART AFTER MY CONVERSION WAS THAT ALL OF MY FRIENDS, JEW AS WELL AS GENTILE, SHOULD SHARE WITH ME IN MY NEW FOUND JOY. I FELT LIKE THE PSALMIST WHEN HE WROTE: "COME AND HEAR, ALL YE THAT FEAR GOD, AND I WILL DECLARE WHAT HE HATH DONE FOR MY SOUL" (PSA. 66:16). THIS HOPE, SO FAR AS MY MOTHER WAS CONCERNED, WAS DESTINED TO BE BITTERLY DISAPPOINTED, FOR SHE WROTE ME BUT ONE LETTER (IF A CURSE CAN BE CALLED A LETTER). PROLONGED SILENCE AT LAST AWAKENING WITHIN ME A SUSPICION THAT IF SHE DID WRITE AT ALL IT WOULD BE TO SEND ME THAT CURSE WHICH EVERY JEW MUST EXPECT FROM HIS NEAREST RELATIONS WHEN HE EMBRACES CHRISTIANITY. THIS SUSPICION WAS ONLY TOO FULLY CONFIRMED AFTER A LAPSE OF FIVE MONTHS AND A HALF, DURING WHICH TIME I WAS IN SUSPENSE, FOR PREVIOUS TO MY ~~CONVERSION~~ CONVERSION MY MOTHER HAD WRITTEN TO ME ONCE A MONTH.

ONE MORNING WHEN THE POSTMAN BROUGHT ME MY LETTERS I SAW AMONGST THEM ONE BEARING THE GERMAN POSTMARK, AND IN THE OLD, FAMILIAR ~~HANDWRITING~~ HANDWRITING OF MY DEAR MOTHER. AS SOON AS I SAW IT I SAID TO MY WIFE, WHO WAS IN THE ROOM: "WIFE, IT HAS COME AT LAST. NEEDLESS TO SAY I OPENED THAT LETTER FIRST. THERE WAS NO HEADING TO IT, NO DATE, NO "MY DEAR SON," AS ALL HER FORMER LETTERS TO ME BEGAN, BUT IT READ AS FOLLOWS:

"MAX—YOU ARE NO LONGER MY SON; WE HAVE BURIED YOU IN EFFIGY; WE MOURN YOU AS ONE DEAD. AND NOW MAY THE GOD OF ABRAHAM, AND ISAAC, AND JACOB STRIKE YOU BLIND, DEAF AND DUMB, AND DAMN YOUR SOUL FOREVER. YOU HAVE LEFT YOUR FATHER'S RELIGION AND THE SYNAGOGUE FOR THAT JESUS, 'THE IMPOSTER' AND NOW TAKE YOUR MOTHER'S CURSE.—CLARA."

ALTHOUGH SHE NEVER WROTE TO ME AFTERWARDS, I WAS TOLD THE LAST WORD SHE UTTERED WHEN LIFE WAS EBBING AWAY WAS MY OWN NAME, "MAX." AND WHO CAN TELL BUT IN THE LAST MOMENTS THE SAD MEMORY OF HER CURSE, AND THE DEEP SOUL CRAVING, UNSATISFIABLE BY JUDAISM, MAY HAVE LED HER TO FIND THE GOD-PROVIDED LAMB IN THE TRUE MESSIAH—JESUS (JOHN 4:25, 26; 6:37).

ABOUT EIGHTEEN MONTHS AFTER MY CONVERSION, I ATTENDED AN INFORMAL MEETING WHERE CHRISTIANS TESTIFY TO THE LOVING-KINDNESS OF THEIR SAVIOUR. AFTER SEVERAL OF THEM HAD SPOKEN, AN ELDERLY LADY AROSE AND SAID, "DEAR FRIENDS, THIS MAY BE THE LAST TIME IT IS MY PRIVILEGE TO TESTIFY FOR CHRIST. MY FAMILY PHYSICIAN TOLD ME YESTERDAY THAT MY RIGHT LUNG IS VERY NEARLY GONE AND MY LEFT LUNG IS VERY MUCH AFFECTED, SO AT THE BEST I HAVE BUT A SHORT TIME TO BE WITH YOU, BUT WHAT IS LEFT OF ME BELONGS TO JESUS. OH! IT IS A GREAT JOY TO KNOW THAT I SHALL MEET MY BOY WITH JESUS IN HEAVEN. MY SON WAS NOT ONLY A SOLDIER FOR HIS COUNTRY, BUT A SOLDIER FOR CHRIST. HE WAS WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, AND FELL INTO THE HANDS OF A JEWISH DOCTOR, WHO AMPUTATED HIS ARM AND LEG, BUT HE DIED FIVE DAYS AFTER THE OPERATION. THE CHAPLAIN OF THE REGIMENT WROTE ME A LETTER AND SENT MY BOY'S BIBLE. IN THAT LETTER I WAS INFORMED THAT MY CHARLIE IN HIS DYING HOUR SENT FOR THAT JEWISH DOCTOR AND SAID TO HIM, "DOCTOR, BEFORE I DIE, I WISH TO TELL YOU THAT FIVE DAYS AGO, WHILE YOU AMPUTATED MY ARM AND LEG, I PRAYED TO THE LORD JESUS CHRIST TO SAVE YOUR SOUL."

WHEN I HEARD THIS LADY'S TESTIMONY I COULD SIT NO LONGER. I LEFT MY SEAT