

“The Bible: A Remarkable Providence”

My dear mother had been a godly, holy woman, quite often telling me of the Savior, and many times I saw her on bended knee in prayer for my soul's salvation. But nothing had made a deep impression on me. The older I grew, the more wicked I became...

One day a seriously injured man was brought into the hospital. His case seemed hopeless, he seemed to realize his condition for he was fully conscious and asked me how much time he had left to live. I gave him my opinion in as cautious a manner as I could.

"Have you any relatives whom we could notify?" I asked. The patient shook his head. He had only one wish, it was to see his landlady because he owed her a small sum of money and also wished to bid her farewell. He also requested that his landlady send him "The Book..."

I went to see him on my regular visits at least once a day. What struck me most was the quiet, almost happy expression constantly on his face...After the man died, some things about his affairs were to be done in my presence.

"What shall we do with this?" the nurse asked holding a book in her hand."

What kind of book is it?" I asked. "The Bible of the poor man...As long as he was able to read it, he did so, and when he was unable to do so anymore, he kept it under his bed cover."

I took the Bible and-could I trust my eyes? It was my own Bible! The Bible which my mother had given me when I left my parent's home, and which later, when short of money, I sold for a small amount. My name was still in it, written in my mother's hand...

With a deep sense of shame I looked upon the precious Book. It had given comfort and refreshing to the unfortunate man in his last hours. It had been a guide to him into eternal life, so that he had been enabled to die in peace and happiness. And this book, the last gift to me from my mother, I had actually sold for a ridiculous price...

Be it sufficient to say that the regained possession of my Bible was the cause of my conversion