My very dear sister, It is a long time, a very long time, since I wrote you. It is not that I had forgotten you or your dear family. On the contrary, there is scarcely a day when I do not remember you and commend you to God, with all my other loved one, in our family worship. So if I have not written for so long, it is from neglect, from laziness if you wish, and not for any other reason. I shall not therefore seek to justify myself; I recognise my guilt and ask your pardon; and now that as I like to believe kkxx you have pardoned me I can let my pen run over the paper and give you all the news which I think might be of interest to you.

My last letter, unless I am mistaken, told you of the death of our dear father, which took place, as you know, on 29th November 1874. Since then, a year, a year and a half, has passed, flown by. I find it hard to believe it was so long ago, so quickly have these eighteen or twenty months gone by. We have often spoken of Dad since, often blessed the Land for viving up the accurrence that he had received him in the received him to be accurrence that he had received him in the received him to be accurrence that he had received him to be accurrence that he had received him to be accurrence that he had received him to be a received him to be a contracted to the contracted him to be a contracted Lord for giving us the assurance that he has received him in His Heaven by the effect of His grace. Oh! in the presence of a grave which opens to receive the mortal remains of a dear one, there is no true consolation but when, knowing that he has died believing in the Saviour, we can

repeat with one of our hymns:

They are not lost, they have gone ahead of us! Now, this is what we can say, by the grace of our great God, of Loth our dear mother and our dear father. Yes, the Lord in His mercy has taken them to Him, and, if we walk in faith, we can be sure that for the love of His name Exec He will take us to Him also. And so let us believe, theLord Jesus as our Saviour, asour life; then illness may come, death may come, we shall not be afraid; for, with the apostle St. Paul, we can say: Christ is my life and death is my gain.

It will doubtless be of interest to you to know xxxxxx that Anna, Albertine and I have had a little monument erected on Dad's grave with

the epitaph :

Here lies David Louis Jung, born 4th November 1805, Died 29th November 1874 -

After talking to you of our dear father, I must now come to our brother Fritz. Our poor brother is still ill. For a long time now he has been quable to work. We had him with us, last winter, for about four months. A few days after New Year's Day he returned to St. Imier. Since then, I have seen him twice, the last time about a month ago. He and his wife and children needs us to pray a lot for them, so that the Lord may bless them. His children are fairly well. The eldest, aged almost 20, has been a postman at St. Imier since the beginning of May. Although tiring, it is a good job, particularly for a young man who, like him, has no aptitude for watchmaking; xxx the salary is about 1400 francs a year. This is good, especially now that watchmaking is in a bad way. Without this job it would be hard to say how Fritz's family would manage,

although Namette is an energetic and enterprising woman. If we pass from Fritz to Marie, I have joy in announcing that she, her husband and their four children are well. I say four children; they

would have seven, if the eldest had not died, a few years ago, and the two last-born at birth, one three years ago and theother a few months ago. The little house that Dad ham built near the cemetary is now owned by them. Philippe Felalime (Marie's husband) has renovated it; he has bought land next to it so that he now has a rather pleasant dwelling, a little enclosure along which the railway line runs, in the south-west north-east direction. Philippe repairs a few watches; Marie still, or rather again, does sewing; their children are growing up. It is with

them that I stay whenever I spend a few days at St. Imier, which happens

less and less often. As for Hermann, we have had no word from him since Dad's death. This poor brother, I am very much afraid I offended him, unintentionally, when he came to St. Imier, a few years ago, by reading chap. III of the Epistle to the Philippians at our family worship. Let us ask the Lord to open his eyes and make him realise that for him, as for all other human creatures, happiness is found nowhere else than in Jesus Christ. Knowing nothing of him, I can write you nothing about him. However I have reason to suppose, from very indirect news of him which we sometimes get from Swiss people who go to London, that his business is prospering and that he is happy in his family, as much as ode can be when one does

not make the Lord one's own.

I have also had the pleasure of seeing lately Oscar and his large family; for, not to mention the children he already has in Heaven, he still has six. Thanks be to God, they are now all well. By this I mean that there was a time when they were not all well. One of them, a charming lad, as indeed all Oscar's children are, was for long so weak on his legs that we wondered whether he would ever be able to stand up and walk/ Fortunately, God took pity, and now this dear lad walks fairly well. His wife was also xinkxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxix ill, indeed gravely ill; but she has now recovered, for which we cannot sufficiently bless the Lord; for what would Oscar do without his excellent wife, a real model of order and tidiness? Oscar is still a skilled workman. He has been for two years or more with a firm, with a salary of about 3000 francs a year. Nay the Lord bless him, by filling his heart with faith, and then he will have all that is needed to be happy.

We had the privilege of having with us lately, for a few days, our dear sister Anna. She is still at Wabern, near Bern, in charge of her great responsibilities there, and would be unable to fulfil her task if the Lord were not the light and strength of her life. I have no need to speak to you of her devotion. For, although overburdened with work, with eyes which only allow her to write as little as possible, it is she amongst us all who is most regular in giving you news of us. May the Lord continue to zurkilyx give her strength and bless her kwukilukkyx

bountifully for the glory of His Holy Name!

This is also the wish I make for Albertine. I have seen her lately, when I went through Neuveville, as well as her four children. I was only able to stop an hour, which was too short for my heart, but nevertheless long enough to hear and see that, by the grace of God, they are all well. Her husband is still very busy; he has many tessons to give; but he loves it and so is not to be pitied. They are now all on holidays, at

lier, in the Montier Valley, where Germiquet was born. Whom else shall I speak of? Of Louis Nestely who is one of my dear friends, nawxkhakxwexhakkxwex since we both found the Lord. He now lives in Renan. Although married for the third time, he has no children and probably will never have any. You doubtless know that he is a clock manufacturer, that God blesses him in his work and sustains him in his health which is not of the best. In particular, last winter he suffered greatly with the one eye he stillhas; he almost lost it; but now he is again well, thanks be to God. We must not forget cousin Fritz, either. Since he has been married, he has settled down and now never goes out but works hard xxxx to bring up his little family. It is a long time since I saw him; therefor I cannot give you precise details concerning him or his family