

You Must Hurry, For These Treasures From The Holy Land

You will rejoice to know that Dr. Cohn, while in Palestine this past summer, was able to secure some trophies of unique value:

1. Mount of Olives Edition of the Red Letter New Testament, with covers of genuine Olive Wood, English Text, beautiful illustrations, many of them in color, packaged in individual boxes, each.....\$5.00
 2. Napkin Rings, made of Olive Wood, each stamped "Jerusalem"; set of three\$1.00
 3. Camel Caravan consisting of three small camels led by an Arab on a donkey, corded together, carved out of Olive Wood, per set\$3.00
 4. Candlesticks, set of two bowls, folding into each other, of Olive Wood, unique\$5.00
 5. "Gift of the Magi", two small packages of Frankincense and Myrrh with imitation Gold coin. Splendid to give to Sunday School scholars..... .50
 6. Palestine Pressed Flower Cards, still on hand. Set of ten cards and ten plain envelopes, suitable as greeting cards for Christmas and Easter, in mailing carton, per set\$1.00
- All six items as listed above, packed securely in mailing carton, prepaid\$14.00

Your guarantee:—If anything you ever buy from us does not satisfy you in every way, your money goes back immediately, and no questions asked.



AMERICAN BOARD OF MISSIONS TO THE JEWS, Inc.
236 West 72nd Street New York 23, N. Y.

Fifty-fourth Year

VOL. LIII

NOVEMBER, 1947

No. 2

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE

"He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."
Psalm 121:4.



JOSEPH HOFFMAN COHN, Editor

Published monthly, October to May only, as a
medium of information concerning Israel, and the Work of the

AMERICAN BOARD OF MISSIONS TO THE JEWS, Inc.

Headquarters, 236 West 72d St., New York 23, N. Y.

10 cents a copy

50 cents a year

Entered as Second Class Matter November 14, 1945, at the Post
Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879

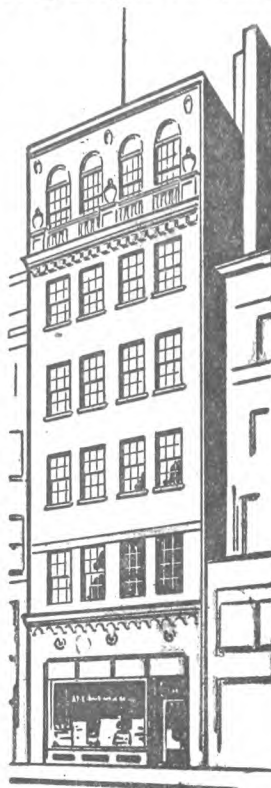
PRINTED
IN
U.S.A.

American Board of Missions to the Jews, Inc.

Founded in 1894 by Leopold Cohn, D. D., (1862-1937)

Headquarters:
236 West 72nd Street
New York 23, N. Y.

HOME BRANCHES
Brooklyn, N. Y.: 27 Throop Ave. **Coney Island:** 3116 Neptune Ave. **Des Moines, Ia.:** MRS. HERMAN JUROE. **Denver, Colo.:** MRS. OSCAR WAGO. **Columbus, Ohio:** REV. S. C. MILLS, 134 Clinton Heights Ave. **Miami, Fla.:** REV. AND MRS. SAM BERK, 244 S.W. 17th Court, Miami, Fla. **Philadelphia:** 717 Walnut St. **Pittsburgh:** 5843 Forbes St. **Los Angeles:** Second and St. Louis, in Calvary Baptist Church.



LEOPOLD COHN MEMORIAL BUILDING

In Canada:
39 King William St.
Hamilton, Ont.

FOREIGN BRANCHES
Canada: **Hamilton,** Mr. W. JONES in charge. **Montreal,** REV. S. STOCK, Director. **Paris:** REV. HENRI VINCENT, Honorary Director, 123 Avenue du Maine. **Oslo, Norway:** REV. MEYER WAINER (Honorary Representative). **Argentina:** REV. E. LICHTENSTEIN, Buenos Aires. **Great Britain:** MISS ANNE RAYNER, London. **Cuba:** REV. PAUL H. WILSON, Havana. Other Missionaries as our agents for Refugee Relief.

Publishing

"The Chosen People." For circulation among Christians.
"The Shepherd of Israel." A monthly paper for international circulation among Jews.
Leaflets. Expounding scripturally Israel's place in God's program.
Gospel Tracts. In Yiddish-English parallel editions for Jews.

American Translation of the Yiddish New Testament

Produced in the emergency hour of destruction of all Yiddish New Testaments in Europe by Nazi burning and bombing

World Fellowship of Christian Jews

European Headquarters, 24, Rue Biancourt, Paris
American Headquarters, 236 West 72nd Street, New York 23, N. Y.

Jewish Missionary Institute

A Training School for Christian workers interested in Jewish Evangelization.
Classes every Tuesday and Thursday Evenings, 7:30 and 8:30.
Leopold Cohn Memorial Building, New York City.

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE

Subscription Price
50c per annum

JOSEPH HOFFMAN COHN
Editor

Appears monthly
October to May inclusive

Vol. LIII

NOVEMBER, 1947

No. 2

Salutation

"We go down to salute the children of the king"—II Kings 10:13

Dearly beloved friends:—

"The glory of the Lord filled the house of the Lord." I Kings 8:11. This is the best and most concise report we can give you concerning the most blessed, most inspiring, and most heavily attended Conference that we ever have held in our new Headquarters Building. We refer of course to the SUMMER'S END BIBLE CONFERENCE which began with the Lord's Day of August 24th and finished one week later, August 31, with an attendance that literally flowed out into the street, with many being turned away, and a crowd of some fifty standing outside on the sidewalk hoping to hear something of what was going on inside.

Because of our limited space in these columns, it will not be possible for us to print the addresses which were given. And so I will give you here a brief summary by way of a general report of what went on. Dr. L. Sale-Harrison, who originally expected not to be with us because of previous engagements out west, suddenly seemed to have contracted a sort of nostalgia; and on he came to New York together with his good wife, and just plainly spoke his mind that he could not bear the thought of not being with us at such a time as this. The reason we mention this is that it was he who said to us something as follows:—

"There is not a place in all America where I go, where I feel the Presence of the Holy Spirit as I do in this Beth Sar Shalom auditorium. There seems to be a perpetual manifestation here of the Holy Spirit brooding over the place, which I find nowhere else."

And as I was preparing to make up this report, a letter came to my desk from a dear child of God who had come to the Conference from Pennsylvania, some 125 miles away. The letter expresses so succinctly the motivating spirit of the Conference, and it sums up so tersely the outstanding points which make the SUMMER'S END CONFERENCE different from other conferences, that we must share the letter with you:—

"I want to thank you for the happy Sunday to Sunday I spent at the Bible Conference at 236 West 72nd Street, New York City. Mr. Ortlip, also Dr. L. Sale-Harrison, had conducted services a few years back at the Chester Church. These were the only two people who were not complete strangers to me. Nevertheless, praise the Lord, I was happy and at home and rejoicing in the messages, and conduct, and contacts day by day throughout the week. We hear so much oratory, that it was refreshing to feast ourselves on simple Bible studies.

"The 'cello solos were good to treasure in one's heart. I was delighted with the Headquarters and thrilled as I learned the details of how God had bestowed it upon you at a time of testing. It was a delight too, to give as to the Lord and not take up collections. How very unusual in these days! I liked immensely too, that no books were sold on the first floor. Praise the Lord we love, it was a joy to attend."

When this dear friend speaks of the teaching of the Bible in contrast with studied attempts at so-called "oratory," she means that we did not choose our speakers because of any worldly wisdom, nor because of any so-called pulpit talents. Paul speaks of this sort of thing when he says in I Cor. 2:1:

"And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom...for I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified...and my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power."

And so the brethren who came to us for these meetings were sent of God, and they gave themselves faithfully to the ministry of His Word. The spirit of unity and brotherly affection was something to warm the hearts of all of us; from all sides the people who came kept on expressing in wonder and in almost awed respect, "Why don't we get this sort of teaching in our churches?"

Dr. Charles L. Feinberg, Professor of Old Testament and Semitic Languages at Dallas Theological Seminary, together with Dr. Charles H. Stevens, pastor of the Salem Baptist Church at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, carried the major burden of the program. In our Midsummer Letter we printed the subject matter of the various addresses so that you can refer to those subjects and you will see how deep and helpful were the expositions of the Word of God. What our brethren did was to open up the Book and teach simply, earnestly and thoroughly, out of its pages.

To our other brethren we are also deeply indebted; for every one, like Gideon's three hundred, stood in his place; and when the week was finished, the blessings poured out upon our people were such that they could hardly contain them. We should mention especially our beloved brethren, Rev. Hall Dautel, pastor of the Bethel Baptist Church, Erie, Pa.; Rev. Thomas G. Lawrence, formerly pastor of the Nepperhan Avenue Baptist Church of Yonkers, N. Y., now Dean of the National Bible Institute of New York City; Rev. Stanley S. Stock, pastor of the Madison Baptist Church of Montreal, and Honorary Director of our Montreal Branch; and Rev. Elias Newman, who travelled from Minneapolis to be with us for a week of fellowship. Mr. Newman is the director of the Lutheran Zion Society for Israel in Minneapolis. In addition to these brethren we had of course messages from our own staff, which included Rev. Daniel Fuchs, Rev. Emil D. Gruen, Rev. Alexander Marks, Miss Augusta Sussdorff, Miss Hilda Koser, Miss Eleanor Bullock, Miss Eva Zipper, Rev. Josef Herschkowitz, and others.

To our own Rev. Harry M. Fargo we are also indebted for conducting the musical services of the week; and to our dear friend, Miss Amelia Slater, who helped us from time to time with her singing.

One of the most modest of the brethren who helped us from the very first day we opened the Headquarters Building, but who somehow manages to keep in the background, is none other than the Vice-President of our Board of Directors, Mr. Frank E. Davis. Not only is he as an attorney busily

engaged in serving many religious societies at personal sacrifice, and not only is he active in numerous evangelical activities in the New York metropolitan area, but in the midst of all that he finds time to come here every Sunday afternoon to play the piano for the meetings.

"HIS FEET SHALL STAND"

The letter quoted on page 3 mentions Mr. Ortlip, which brings up something which our friends will read with joyful interest. Mr. Ortlip is the well-known artist who has done paintings for such magazines as *The Christian Herald*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and others. He is a devout follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. Last winter we approached him with the thought of his painting a mural across the entire wall on the platform of our Mission auditorium. The design was to show the City of Jerusalem, on a hill, or rather, on the Temple site where now stands the Mosque of Omar. Jerusalem was to occupy the right half of the mural; then the mountain would slope down to the Valley of the Kidron, to rise again on the left side to the top of the Mount of Olives. On this mountain top was to be painted a dark cloud through which a brilliant light was to pierce, and the light was to reveal hosts of angelic figures, acting as forerunners to herald the coming of the King in accordance with the prophecy of Zech. 14:4, "And His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives."

And so it came to pass that before the summer was finished, and upon my return from Europe, Mr. Ortlip had the work done and came down with it and placed it on the wall. His wife, just as consecrated a follower of our Lord as Mr. Ortlip, is a Jewish Christian, of which fact both he and she are quite proud. The painting is nothing less than a masterpiece, and already hundreds have come in to admire and to study and to meditate. And so it was that on the opening day of our Summer's End Conference, we had the joy of an unveiling ceremony; Mr. Ortlip came and told how much blessing he had received in the painting of this beautiful mural.

"ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME"

With this majestic coronation overture, the Summer's End Conference opened on Sunday morning, August 24th. The auditorium was filled. It is hard to describe what it means to see a gathering composed of both Jewish believers and Gentile believers, worshiping side by side and giving irrefutable testimony to the blessed Gospel fact that now the middle wall of partition has been broken down once for all, and we both, Jew and Gentile, through the precious blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, have access to the Throne of Grace. It was a preview of what Heaven will be like when we shall be transported to become partakers of His glory forever and ever.

Then followed another unique part of the opening service, the dedication of some five infants of our Jewish believers, to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. The parents had come to us asking if we would not hold a Dedication Service of this sort, and of course we did. The stillness of the meeting testified to its solemn character and to the sure fact of the presence of the Holy Spirit among us.

The main purpose, however, of the morning gathering was that we should assemble together around the Lord's table, and do memory to Him, "till He come." Once more the glory of God seemed to hover over our little celebration. Any number of friends said to us that this had been the

most blessed experience of all of their lives. Then followed a short session of testimonies; believers from all parts of the room jumped to their feet and sometimes there were as many as four or five standing at one time waiting for their turn. We had to limit each speaker to just two minutes, otherwise we might have been there the whole morning and afternoon!

The Book tells us that "after they had sung a hymn, they went out." And so we arose and sang "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love," and we too went out.

GIVEN FROM THE HEART

Again we refer to the letter quoted on page 4; you will notice our sister says, "It was a delight to give as to the Lord, and not to take up collections." And then she adds, "How very unusual in these days!" And we feel we ought to explain to our friends that here in this Mission auditorium no collections are ever taken; we have special boxes in the back of the room so that if any child of God feels definitely led of Him to share in the vast undertakings of this Mission, he or she can put the gifts in these boxes. We just cannot bring ourselves to the practice of passing around collection plates; our audiences are made up in substantial percentages of Jewish unbelievers, and of course there are Jewish believers, and there are Gentile unbelievers and Gentile believers. To pass a collection plate under such circumstances, and to solicit openly from unbelievers to help in the Lord's work, is a policy which to us would be dishonoring to Him. It would also show to the unbelieving Jews — and this is where it would hit us the hardest as a Jewish Mission — that we have to beg for money with which to do the Lord's work. The true followers of the Lord Jesus Christ know that we have need of money, and God also knows that. So we are far happier if we leave these matters in His hands, and let Him do the moving upon the hearts of His children to give so that this work shall have no lack but shall be able to go on unhindered into a larger and ever larger sphere of service for Him. And it might not be amiss here to record our testimony that in all the years of our existence, He has never failed us and we have had no lack. Which to us signifies that the work is being carried on in a manner that pleases Him and brings honor to His Name.

MANY TURNED AWAY

When it came to the closing night, the Mission Hall was just too small to hold the crowds that were trying to get in. If we had only anticipated such a development, we would have arranged for the use of a nearby church for the Sunday meetings. This we intend to do for next year, the Lord tarrying. And so our second Summer's End Bible Conference went into history, and many told us that they were already looking forward to the Conference next year. We know that much prayer went up to the Throne for these meetings, and the Lord answered these prayers in abundance.

These Summer's End Conference meetings gave us our start for the fall and winter work, and we began at once with the following Sunday, September, 7th, with the usual Sunday afternoon meeting at four o'clock. Dr. L. Sale-Harrison was the speaker, and again our auditorium was filled to capacity. We want our friends to remember that there is a meeting here every Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, and when you are in town you will be welcome to spend the hour with us.

WAITING UNTIL MIDNIGHT

Since we are on the subject of the Mission's many blessed activities, may we mention that the radio testimony goes on in full strength; indeed we are expanding continually, the letters keep coming to us all the time telling of great blessings received from these radio broadcasts. One brother wrote us only a day or two ago, and we quote from his letter:—

"I sit up each Sunday night until 11:15 for your broadcast. I would to God some wealthy Jew or Gentile would make it possible for Dr. Cohn to have a full hour on the air. May God abundantly bless you in your timely work."

It is difficult to tell you how much such encouragement means to us; always in radio broadcasting one works in the dark, because he does not know to whom he is speaking, and on what kind of soil the seed is falling. And so when these testimonies come, they cheer our hearts and we realize that we are accomplishing far more than we dream of. And it is thus that we go on further with our task, and take courage and know that we are doing His will.

"THE MOVING FINGER WRITES"

Perhaps something should be said to our friends by way of comment on the passing scene. We are in a strange world, and events move with the swiftness of a cataract. The tragic tossing about of 4,500 refugees of the historic ship, "Exodus 1947," held the focus of world attention for several weeks. Is not this a striking picture of Israel, tossed about upon the seas of the world nations, over a tragic two thousand years which began on that saddest of all days when they cried out, "Away with Him!" Our poor, misguided "Terrorists" need to be reminded of the eternal words of our Lord: "They that take the sword, shall perish with the sword." Matt. 26:52. Certainly there is no blinking the fact that the Zionists are storing up for themselves a day of reckoning which must bring disaster to all Israel. This is true, regardless of what Britain does or does not do. The unrest, the hunger, the imminent threat of new wars, the fierce hatreds that seem to be blazing out with new flame, all these horrors are pictured to us in vivid blackness in Matthew 24, as marking the swift onrush of the Armageddon. The forces of evil are gathering strength and accumulating a momentum that can only presage such a disaster and catastrophe to come upon this world, as never was before, and never will be again.

The recent bold and intemperate eruptions of Vishinsky and Gromyko at the opening sessions of the United Nations Assembly, sent chills of consternation down the spines of every delegate who was not of the Muscovite enslavement. Certainly many Polyanna eyes were opened to the stark, terror-striking truth. And yet, our political leaders continue a policy of appeasement. Did we not go through one war of anguish because of the blunders of appeasement? Shall we allow precious time to elapse, until these fomentors of world revolution shall gain strength and skill for the next annihilation? Is it not known, only too well, that those who now rule Russia are former gangsters who gained their despotic power by murder? How can our leaders go on shaking their blood-soaked hands and negotiating with them, as though they were gentlemen of honor?

It is now realized by those who are willing to look the facts in the face and not to lull themselves to sleep with a false cry of "peace, peace," that the United Nations so called, is already headed for the cemetery. Some

wit made the remark recently that the United Nations is not any of the lofty things it proposed to be, but more nearly resembles a dog fight in striped pants. It was Herbert Hoover who only a few weeks ago gave out the pronouncement that it would have been far better if we had kept out of this frightful world war. But, we are in a web, a sort of weave, we are plunged into a whirlpool, a maelstrom, that just drives us with a force that we cannot resist, down into the swiftly whirling eddies which eventually will toss us into the wild waves of world catastrophe. We seem to be driven by a force that must be of none other origin than the devil himself. It is he who sits in the saddle. And all of this is exactly in accord with what the Word of God has predicted. The Word of God tells us that in these last days there will be a united world, but united for the purpose of blaspheming God's name, denying Him as ruler over this earth. And at the bottom of all of these troubles there is none other than God-hating Russia. It is Russia that has reached out and with brutal hands taken control and enslaved Finland, Latvia, Estonia, Korea, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Poland, Roumania, Bulgaria, Austria; and she now reaches out with her greedy claws for Palestine. She waits with sardonic and diabolical glee for the explosion to come yonder in the land of the Arab and the Turk and the Jew, which will enable her to slide in and "rescue" the poor Jews from the clutches of the Arabs! As we suggested in our salutation last month, the United Nations Committee has come out with the recommendation for partition. The Jews have accepted this as the best that can be gotten under the circumstances; but the Arabs have given notice that if the United Nations supports the report of the Fact Finding Committee, there will be an explosion that will rock the world. And Russia waits in the shadows, for the cue that will bring her on to the scene of world drama.

If Stalin today had the secret of the atomic bomb, we in America would be taking to the tall woods as fast as rubber tires could roll us there; and the next war would be a matter of a few seconds! Perhaps you will think us crass and brutal, and you may say that it is not the Christian spirit to refuse to help those who need. But there are greater laws that we must recognize; the eternal truth is that, "If any work not, neither shall he eat." 2 Thess. 3:10. And it is time that we should demand of these idlers of Europe that they shall go to work. It is not any ultimate good that we can do them by feeding them when they refuse to work. The wise virgins refused to give of their oil to the foolish ones; and our Lord did not rebuke them for that.

Prophetically, the picture is even more startling. It was we, America, that elevated Russia to her present world status. Our money, our jeeps, our planes, our lend-lease, these implemented the brute forces of that semi-savage land. And now it will be our money, our "democracy" that will gird the nations for the next titanic struggle for world supremacy, from which may well emerge the Anti-Christ! We are the victims of our own generosity.

Then there is another important law, and that is what we owe to our own children. We are told bluntly that if one does not care for his own, he is worse than an infidel. And the outreach of this truth is far more incisive than some of us even dare to think. It is this, that we are actually feeding a generation across the water that will, just as surely as the sun shines, arise within the next five or ten years to kill by brutal massacre the children that

now grace our homes, the children we are raising in Christian nurture. It has been admitted sheepishly, but at least honestly, that all of our control of the German people and all of our so-called "education" in what we credulously call "democracy," has landed us exactly nowhere, and has not changed by one iota the stubborn ingrown savagery of the young Nazi mind. They are still Nazis, and the demoniacal hate of Hitler still festers in their souls, and only the right opportunity awaits the hour when the terror of the Hitler days will be let loose with a fury even exceeding, if that were possible, the orgies of the Goerings, the Goebels, the Himmlers, and the Hitlers. Is it not strange that nothing is said or done by way of presenting the Gospel to these savages, the only possible hope of transforming their wicked hearts?

AMERICA HATED

It may surprise our friends, but we may as well speak the whole truth. We find ourselves regretting many times to note how the politicians coming back from Europe hide the situation from us. The truth is that America today is the most hated country in the world. Wherever I travelled this last summer, that seemed to be the main topic of conversation. Everywhere I went, the slogan was, "Hate America, Hate America!" Someone, or it may be a good many ones is engaged industriously in fomenting a thoroughly organized propaganda of hate against us. We are pictured as the greatest brutes of all history; people are told that America seeks to dominate the world. It was in vain that I would protest; in vain that I explained that we in America asked and received nothing by way of reward from the World War. In vain I showed that we had gone into debt to the staggering amount of almost three hundred billion dollars to rescue Europe from the enslavement of Hitler savagery. All these facts meant nothing to those poor deluded people; they only knew that we were fabulously rich, that we have all the gold in the world, and that they are the ones who kept Hitler from coming to our shores! Therefore, they argued, they owe us nothing, and they have no intention of ever paying their "debts of oppression."

THE RIFT IN THE CLOUDS

Yes, the outlook is dismal indeed, but, the uplook has a splendor and a glory that only He Who is soon to come can accomplish. And we have the assurance that the darker the hour, the blacker the day, the surer are the signs of the appearance of Him Who will bring deliverance, peace, joy and millennial glory. God, in speaking to His people Israel, gives forth a heart-touching cry of despair, when He says in Ezek. 22:30, "I sought for a man among them, that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me for the land." And surely never has there been a time in the sad history of this world when there was more need for a man to stand in the gap. But no such man seems to be on the horizon. In vain our political parties are seeking a man. And this age will keep on in its downward career until there shall indeed arise a Man, the Man foretold in Isa. 32:2,

"And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

For that Man and for that Rock our weary world groans desperately. And we who are His, to whom has been given the keeping of the keys, we can afford to wait, because we know that our redemption is close at hand.

And we can afford to labor together for the greatest task that God has committed to His Church, the task the Church has calamitously neglected, the task of gathering out from among the people of Israel those that are to be His in that day when He makes up His jewels, and the further task of so impregnating the Jews with the knowledge of the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, that when that day is come, when He shall stand upon the Mount of Olives, they shall know enough to acclaim Him as the Messiah, long looked for, but tragically rejected. And so to this task we are committed, and to this task the Lord has joined your hands with ours, that we shall carry on until the dawning of that blessed day. Then all these things which today bewilder us and stagger our imaginations will be made plain, and we shall know as we are known.

The Mission of course goes on, more brilliantly, and more wide-spread in its achievements and outreach than ever before in our history. The shout of a King is with us, and we go forward in His name, ever to win new battles for Him, ever to reach new Jewish souls that will form jewels in His crown. You have been upholding our hands, heroically, unselfishly, and we are heartened to go on with ever new and larger plans; only because we know we have your prayers and your unstinted support in every enterprise that we have undertaken.

It is now the time of Thanksgiving, and we shall hope again to distribute generous sums of money to our unfortunate people, many unable to work because of sickness and other disabilities, especially in the Brooklyn Branch. We also shall continue to send food packages abroad to the Jewish families whose names we have. We now are sending some 150 packages each month, and so far as we know every one of these food packages goes into the home of a believing Jewish family. We are actually spending some \$1,000 to \$1,500 a month just for food packages. From Hamilton, our Canadian Headquarters, our Brother, W. Jones, is shipping twenty additional parcels, these to the British Empire, each month.

And now the Lord bless you, each one. In spite of the alarming jump in every item that gives rise to our cost of living, in spite of the thousand things that might harass you and drive you into all sorts of despair, may you find much to be thankful for as you gather about the table on this Thanksgiving Day; and may your own heart find joy and peace and contentment in the sure knowledge that He watches over you and will let nothing come to you that would be for your ultimate harm.

Ever faithfully yours in His service,

Joseph Hoffman Cohn

P. S. Something special for you to pray about, with us: radical leaps in living costs make urgent that we vote extra salary allowances to our large family of missionaries. They have struggled on, without murmur, but there comes eventually a limit. We have found by experience that just to mention a matter of this kind is enough. Our Father knows, and our friends. His children, now also know.

Incidents In The Work

THAT MY CHILDREN MAY REMEMBER

Foreword by Joseph Hoffman Cohn

THE Stephens are not all dead.

Here is proof. The martyr in this case is with the Lord, but the widow carries on. To her six children, Mrs. Lydia Spoerri Feinstein leaves a legacy priceless, a writing down of those memory-seared days when, in the crucible of the Jew extermination orgies of 1941, in Roumania, Isaac Feinstein in his 38th year of life, gave bold testimony for the Lord Jesus Christ, and then cried out, "Lord Jesus, receive my Spirit!" And we have an idea that the gates of heaven opened wide, that Jesus bent over the ramparts, and that all the heavenly trumpets sounded.

We print this story because we know it will be a blessing to our friends; it was to us. Then, too, because this is one of the families we have been supporting month by month, for now over six years, with your money. And sometimes it is a welcome dividend to our precious friends to behold in vivid image how the Lord honors and uses your treasure and sacrifice. Weep, you may. But they will be tears of gratitude for such a testimony as this. Is not this easily and properly one of the illustrious imperishables of World War II?

In Budapest, in 1938, I begged Mr. Feinstein to leave Roumania and come to New York. But he said he would be a coward to run away from his duty in the face of danger. So, this epic of Christian martyrdom finds its setting in Jassy, Roumania, with its closing scene in Switzerland, where the good wife, with the six children, escaped by miracle. I saw them on my European trip, and I prevailed upon the mother to write

this memorial for the children, before it would be too late. So, read on!

* * *

The Horror Days of 1941 in Jassy

(Translated from the German)

TO MY CHILDREN:

But now I do want to write down some things out of that dark, sad time in Roumania when the war with Russia began and our dear father was taken from us. Probably you have nearly forgotten it, because it was granted us, since October 1942, to exercise laughter and singing once again here in Switserland, far from those terrible happenings; but just the same, you, my dear children, must know what happened to us and how our family happiness was so suddenly destroyed one day.

OMINOUS CLOUDS GATHER

A few days before the outbreak of war, in the middle of June 1941, I returned from a vacation visit to Galati (our Benni was still there at that time) and Brasvo. Only with extreme difficulty was I enabled to return home from Bucarest. The trains were overcrowded, even the cars' roofs were densely packed. It was hardly possible to get in and out of the compartments. The air vibrated with war rumors, everyone was talking about the soon-coming outbreak of war, and many had seen all kinds of symptoms of it. I also had noticed unending trains, loaded with soldiers and ammunition; and all through the nights cars rattled over the rough pavements. I realized what a miracle it was that I could return to you; it was actually the last train that reached Jassy.

A HAPPY PARTY

On Wednesday I arrived home; we celebrated a thankful reunion. You had received your report cards from school and showed them to me with pride and joy. To reward you for the good marks Daddy took you to a nearby restaurant, Daniel, Miriam and Ruthy, to eat something good. I was too tired out from the long, irksome travel and stayed home. What you did not all tell when you returned home! A higher Roumanian officer had noticed you, and attracted by your cheerful behaviour and looks, came over to you with a plate full of sweets and had congratulated your Dad upon his "cop-pasa de dragalasi" (so cute children). I am merely recounting this, because even three days later the hard reality became so different; those same Roumanians were then our enemies.

THE TERRORS BEGIN

During the night from Saturday to Sunday it started; cannon-thunder was heard from the Pruth, at a distance of about 20 km. Right afterwards we were bombarded. On June 22nd, Sunday evening, Daddy conducted his last meeting in our auditorium. There were few people present and the dreadful racket and thunder were an awful accompaniment. With a quiet and firm voice Dad encouraged his congregation. He spoke as though he knew that this was the very last time and put his whole heart into his words, "Who knows what is awaiting us in the next days and *where* we shall be over a week from now, but:

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." Psalm 46, 1-2.

The following days and especially nights were spent in our air-raid

shelter. The harmless exercises had changed to gruesome reality. As soon as we would reach the kitchen upstairs to get us something to eat, again and again we have to get right back to the cellar. The pounding and exploding was terrific. Every time it would seem that our house also was hit. The windows rattled, and blast followed blast. Our smallest children, a three-year old girl and a two-year old boy, who knew nothing of danger, remained cheerful and quiet and made only surprised eyes over the unaccustomed noise. But you older ones cried and trembled and we in our fear cried to God for help. I shall never forget the attitude of our Ruthy-child, who prayed with a loud voice, commending every one of us, and all our friends, to God, and showing utmost confidence in that hour of terror. Many of our acquaintances had found refuge with us, and in our cellar. How they were comforted and quieted through our faith! Your Daddy was to all of us an example of calm and self-control. Whenever a storm had passed by, he always wanted to get outside with pick and shovel to save others and to help where help was needed. Our pleadings could not keep him back, and he simply said, "Just think, maybe a debris-covered tot is crying for his mama; I must help, God will doubtless bring me back."

THE STORM BREAKS

It was to be a very sad week. Eventually we had to stay in the shelter altogether for it got worse all the time. Our Petru, the faithful Mission-janitor of long standing, ran home, filled with fear, far outside the town; and he never returned. Daddy had committed to his trust a large sum of money in the event that anything should happen to him, our Papa, we would not remain with-

out financial means. We never saw the money, nor our Petru again; I found out later that he had used everything for himself. Our dear father also had malaria in that first, bitter week of war. He remained almost entirely upstairs in his study and only descended once in a while to look after us. But the night from Saturday to Sunday, June 29th, 1941, he was yet downstairs, beside me on a mattress on the floor. It was the most fearful night of all. Soon after 10 p. m. a dreadful shooting commenced. Fortunately, you children had fallen asleep previous to that and even the continuous cracking and thundering in the closest surroundings did not awaken you. Did the little angels keep your ears closed? You were resting quiet and peaceful in spite of this hell-disaster. We others lay for hours with all our senses stirred, in the darkness, and asked ourselves once and again, "What could that be? It has never before sounded like this. It must be the city itself. Perhaps parachutists?" At 4 a. m. Daddy went up to his office, also Sister Olga, our diakoness, who could not stand it any longer. She had special forebodings and had to put all sorts of things in order. Still under the protection of the fleeing night, Papa and Sister Olga dismounted our large sign at the building front, "Missiunea Norvegiana pentru Israel" (Norwegian Mission for Israel). They had recognized the danger. A friend came to your father during the early morning hours and pled with him to hide. It had been plotted to arrest or kill all Jews. This also was only told me afterwards, for had I known it, I could have asked him to find shelter with Christian (Gentile) friends. But just *that* was what he did not want to do in order not to expose us and others to danger.

Slowly morning dawned, the saddest morning in your short life. The shooting and thundering faded out a little, but bombs came over the city again. Papa came down in the morning and told us to stay downstairs all day. I was to keep the children quiet, comforted, occupied. While your lives were filled with little, insignificant things, something most terrible was occurring in the streets outside, in that cruel city. All Jews were driven together, every house searched for them; and from everywhere one could see long trails of these poor people, even sick ones and children; they were led through the streets, toward the Police Headquarters. Everyone had to walk with uplifted arms; when someone would lower them from exhaustion or could not rightly move forward anymore, he was beaten by the accompanying soldiers with their guns, or struck with the bayonet. Old women who could not continue were simply mowed down and left lying in the gutter. A Roumanian priest for whom this slaughter had grown too much and who tried to intervene, was shot down by his own people. German soldiers and officers stood along the way, derided and photographed with satisfaction that miserable march. I was not able to look at it long—it was almost at the last after your Dad had been led away with one of these sad columns and I followed to notify Sister Olga. We had been without any suspicion, all morning down in our cellar. Though I had well looked once after Daddy in his study and had asked him why he was so pale and whether he did not want to eat something. He only smiled sadly at me and said: "You will know it hereafter." He still came down to us in the cellar to lead the Sunday devotion. With a calm voice he read the 90th Psalm:

"Lord, thou has been our dwelling place in all generations."

How he must have felt when he read the verse:

"So teach us to number our days."

Then he also read from the Gospel that story where it is told us that Jesus had compassion over the multitude and he added simply: "Jesus is with us now too and has compassion over us." We prayed also, Daddy kissed you then the way he often did it in those days, but this time it was the farewell forever, he knew it.

THE MARCH OF DEATH

About 11 a.m. I was upstairs again to fetch something. Then I heard terrific rattling at the door and loud men's voices. As I quickly ran there, I saw my husband encircled by rough types who held pistols in his face and yelled at him. Daddy looked back at me and said to those hangmen, "That is my wife, but she is a foreigner." Those words stunned them somewhat and they lowered their guns. One of them said, slightly disturbed, "We are not going to do anything to your husband, he just has to come to the Police with us, but he will be back soon." I foolishly believed those words at the time. Then two men searched the apartment, my husband was not allowed to move from the spot nor to take anything along. They also watched carefully what we still said to each other. He asked permission to see the children once more, but it was not granted. With great clatter and triumph the two men who had gone to search our rooms, came noisily down the stairs. "Here you see, he too is one of them!" For proof he waved a red flag he had found in Sister Olga's room; a Norwegian flag. Papa tried to explain that this was not the flag of the Red Army, but they wanted to

hear nothing. With brutal kicking they drove my husband outside and forced him to carry the flag high above his head. I kissed my dear husband and wanted to hold him, but was brushed aside roughly, and out they went with him. I followed, of course. Outside the door a long column was waiting, he was placed at the head of them all; he walked calmly with uplifted head and turned around a last time, waving good-bye to me. That was the last I saw of him, he has never come back that way.

"WHERE IS DADDY?"

The hours that followed now grew terrible and without end. The children kept asking about the father, and were wondering why he did not come down into the cellar to us when the shooting was too bad and seemed incessant. They had an inkling that something had transpired and wanted to know what it was. Finally I told them Daddy was in town, but he would be back before evening. In my anxiety for him I ran to the hospital to beg Sister Olga to look for him at the Police Station. In her nurse's uniform it would have been easier for her to get through; but she had so much work and could not be spared. At the same time the bombarding started all over. The children could not be left alone. On my way back I saw some more of the endless columns of those poor people, herded together, whose guilt was that they had been born Jews, and who once again were made to serve as scapegoats. With indescribable heaviness of heart I returned home again. Nobody was thinking of food. The children were silent and looked at me with questions and wonder in their eyes.

But in the afternoon it got active in our shelter; several people came

(Continued on Page 16)



"We were a happy family." Large picture shows Missionary Isaac Feinstein and Mrs. Feinstein with their 4 oldest children in Galatz, Roumania. The smaller picture shows Mrs. Feinstein with her 6 children in Lausanne, Switzerland.

(Continued from Page 14)

with fear filled faces and asked to be allowed to hide in our place. An elderly lady had a dear little girl of about six at the hand and told us that the entire family of that child had been shot. Naturally, I could not refuse these destitute people. We gave them food and put up emergency cots in the cellar alleys. Sister Olga came eventually, too, and helped to calm and supply this strangely collected society. You children had your minds rather pre-occupied due to all that commotion, but when evening came and Dad did not arrive back, a weeping and wailing began where exhorting and comforting seemed vain. Did I, myself, not actually feel the same way? But tiredness got the best over the tears and the dear sleep took you into his faithful arms and chased away all misery for a few hours.

About morning it got a little more quiet in the town. It was June 30th, 1941, a fateful day. Our guests, who had already slept, left us early in order to look after their loved ones and homes. Sister Olga also had to get back to her care of the wounded and promised me to inquire about my husband at the Police Headquarters. How good it was that they had all gone; for during the course of the day there was a strict house searching in our place; and had the strangers, refugee-Jews, been found with us, we would have all been shot without mercy, small and big ones. This is how they raged in those frightful days. But God sheltered us with His good hand and did not let the enemies in where we were until the danger had passed. In the evening Sister Olga returned weary and knocked out. Under extreme danger she had managed to get into the Police Station and had asked for a Commissary of our acquaintance. This one granted her

request to search for Mr. Feinstein. He went about everywhere, calling his name out loud, but without success. At the Police Station they regretted very much that Feinstein had been arrested too; they admitted it had been a mistake, but in the midst of the general confusion they had not been master of the situation any more. Shooting continued in the courts and streets around the Police Station. Sister Olga related to me dreadful things she had witnessed. But where had our dear father gotten to? We moved everything immediately to find out. From the highest quarters the assurance was repeatedly received that missionary Feinstein would be set at liberty at once, when found in some camp. So we had another spark of hope, and we wrote to every source from where we hoped we might get information. It was also soon shown how many friends, even among the Orthodox, your father had had. Many attempted to help and deplored wholeheartedly what had happened. But the weeks passed by and we were still without definite news. Though certain persons showed up from time to time who supposedly knew something.

THE GHOULS OF WAR

One told cold-bloodedly that he had seen how Feinstein, together with many others, had been shot! You can imagine how such stories shook us up! There also came a farmer from the nearby district and told in detail that he had seen our father in a camp near Jassy and had been sent to us by him in order to get all sorts of necessities: Money, underwear, and foodstuff. He gave us such certain signs that we trusted him, and full of joy we handed him all the desired articles. Soon we had to learn that he had been a faker. In those days there were

many of that kind who made use of the misfortune of others to enrich themselves. How sorrowfully those summer months dragged by! The children ceased to ask where Daddy had gone. The bigger ones bore their share of care and continued hoping with me. We were forced to take in German soldiers for lodging. Our auditorium was cleared out and covered with sawdust for the troops. For the officers I had to put two further rooms at their disposal. With it all, the presence of these soldiers furnished us with a certain amount of protection; for in those days there was much plunder and theft, even murder; and I often felt insecure, so alone with the children. We were still being bombarded and had our nightquarters for well two months constantly in the air-raid shelter. Yea, what did we not go through in that terror-stricken war summer of 1941? You children too, had to wear the yellow star of David on your clothing and with that you were freely exposed to the scoffing and unpredictable moods of the Roumanians. The main street and beautiful parks of the city were not to be used by Jews or half-Jews anymore. On the market and in the grocery stores Jews were not permitted to shop before 10 a. m. and by then all the food was practically sold out. What chicaneries and humiliations were not thought of at that time to torture the left-over Jews! Sometimes it occurred to me that my dear husband might have hardly been able to bear that.

Jewish physicians and lawyers who had hid themselves during the pogrom were made to clean the streets, and later in the winter they had to shovel the snow from them.

"NOT HERE ANYMORE!"

Again and again folks on their march to Russia, predominantly

soldiers, passed through Jassy and wished to visit the missionary Feinstein. They had read his writings and were looking forward to meeting and greeting him. How confounded they were at the message I had to convey to them! I shall never forget how one of them was so shocked by the news that he cried, disconcerted, like a baby and said, "How long have I anticipated this hour with joy, and now this beloved brother is not here anymore!" Many a time we even received help from unexpected parties. Persons whom we did not even know brought us nourishment, sometimes just when we had nothing left. Our Mission-Board could not look after us any further, but God knew of our distress and He took the care upon Himself. We were allowed to experience miraculous assistance. I gave music lessons, as much as I was able to do, and thus we got by in spite of dearth and the taxes we were compelled to pay. There would be many incidents to tell out of those days, but you doubtless want to know first what became of our Daddy. The worry about him accompanied me step by step. We searched in all directions, but in vain.

A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE

One day, a nice gentleman came to me, introduced himself as a mathematics teacher, Dr. X. He told me that he, together with my husband and several hundred Jews, had been locked in the cellar of the Police Station on that fatal Sunday. Mr. Feinstein had preached with a loud voice and appealed to the hearts and consciences of his fellow prisoners. They were not to have illusions about a soon deliverance, but rather should they prepare themselves "to meet your God." His words made a deep impression, many talked individually to him. In the afternoon German soldiers came down the cellar and

wanted to shoot down all Jews. Feinstein stepped in front of them, addressed them in German and pleaded for his comrades. They went out again and all were amazed at the effect his words had had. This story was later confirmed to me by others who had also been present.

THE BENUMBING SHOCK

Toward the end of September 1941, hence 3 months after the abduction of our father, it was reported in the city that a number of Jews had been freed from concentration camps to be used here, in town, for "Räumungsarbeiten" (clear-away rubble jobs). The same evening two men reported to me. They had much to tell me. I recognized them as former attendants of our meetings and knew I could believe their words. What they told me left me nearly benumbed with shock. They related the following:—

"We were with your husband that very Sunday. In the cellar already he was a help to all. In the evening they led us out into the yards of the Police Station. There were so many of us that we lay on top of each other like sardines. Our tormentors were doubtless hoping we would be hit by bombs. But regardless of the blasting around us, we were spared, alas! During the early morning hours we were led in long lines to the railway station. It was said that we were to be brought to Concentration Camps. Feinstein was in the same car as I. We were penned in until we could not catch a breath and no one could move, about 140 men in one cattlecar in which there would have been normally room for only forty men. Then doors, windows, all holes and cracks were sealed tightly and steam was introduced from below. It was a horrible holocaust; many went insane, and the screaming of the tortured was harrowing and heartbreaking. From time to time the freight-car was left standing for hours in the boiling heat of the sun. Terrifying scenes occurred and those of us who got away from it are haunted daily with the memory.

"Perhaps your husband did not have to suffer very long. He soon started to

recite Psalms with a loud voice and his face was like that of an angel. He begged the other victims to make their peace with God, and to seek Salvation through the blood of Christ before it was too late. And some did so. Then he dropped to the floor, and fell asleep never to wake up again. During the night, at a small station in the Moldau, the cars were opened and the bodies fell out. It was supposed that all had been suffocated on this mortal journey. But six of us men who had only been unconscious were injured when our bodies fell out, and recovered consciousness. We were revived with hypodermics and some nourishment was given us; then we were forced to bury our dead comrades in a mass grave. At that occasion we found our beloved Mr. Feinstein. We dug a special grave for him. Previously to that, we searched his pocket to send you, if possible, his papers or anything else; but he had nothing left, not even his watch. Everything had been taken from him before. After that we had to do hard labor in a camp with many others, and endured a pitiful existence. Many times we regretted that life had been restored to us. Now we have been brought back into this city, but no good is awaiting us."

So far the awful tale of those friends. A few days later they did me the favor of witnessing in court of what they knew about my husband; so I was enabled to receive the death certificate. Without that paper we would have never been granted a passport and would not have been able to leave the country. In that way the death of your beloved father made possible your salvation, my dear children. It had always been his wish to bring you to Switzerland, to safety; only for that expensive price it was made possible. Oh, that you might never forget that precious life and sacrifice!

After all we must understand that God's ways, which seemed so inconceivable and cruel, mean love and mercy in the end. Only eternity will tell how much fruit and blessing have resulted from that tearful sowing.

Studies in Amos

By CHARLES L. FEINBERG, Th. D., Ph. D., Professor of Semitics and Old Testament, Dallas Theological Seminary, Dallas, Texas

INSTALMENT III

Chapter 3. God's Choice of Israel



DR. FEINBERG

AMOS directs his prophecies primarily, but not exclusively, to Israel, the northern kingdom, as did the prophet Hosea. The third chapter begins with the call, "Hear this word." For the same expression see 4:1; 5:1; also note 3:13. All Israel, the whole family that God brought up from Egypt, is addressed, though Ephraim is especially in view. What is the message of surpassing importance that both parts of the nation must hear? God says that of all the families of the earth (note the contrast with "family" of verse 1) He has known only His people Israel. To know them in the sense of this passage is to choose them, to set them apart for His own purposes. God took them to be His people and accorded them special privileges for testimony. Read carefully such passages as Psalm 1:6; 144:3; and John 10:14 for this meaning of "know." For the special choice of Israel see such passages as Exodus 19:5; Deuteronomy 4:20; 7:6; Psalm 147: 19, 20. We may have expected the prophet to declare that, because God has chosen Israel, He will overlook their failures and sins. The unknowing and the unbelieving often accuse God of such partial dealings with His people Israel, as though He could deny His holy character no matter who is involved. The Word of God states the opposite of man's infer-

ences: because God has taken Israel into a place of intimacy with Himself, He will all the more assuredly visit upon their heads all their iniquities. Nowhere in the Bible is a more vital and basic principle enunciated. The prophet is saying that punishment is commensurate with privilege. Of the one to whom much is given, much is expected. Judgment must begin at the house of God (I Peter 4:17). The nearer we are to the Lord in relationship, the more is faithfulness required of us. We cannot and dare not plead that, because the world about us cares not for the missionary passion of the Lord Jesus for Jew and Gentile the world over, we need not arouse ourselves to carry the Gospel to them. Even the laxness of other believers can never be our standard. The prophet thunders against his people that the choice of God was never meant as a cloak for wickedness. Because God had chosen the Church in New Testament times to be His channel of blessing through this age of grace, did not preclude His visiting wickedness with judgment when it manifested itself. See the case of Ananias and Sapphira in Acts 5:1-11. The angels of heaven who sinned against the greatest light have no redemption provided for them at all. II Peter 2:4 and Jude 6. Great is the blessing of nearness to God, but great also is the responsibility of living in conformity with such light.

JUDGMENT FOLLOWS SIN

In verses 3 to 8 the prophet establishes his right to announce the judgment of God on his contempo-

varies. The aim of this series of seven questions is to show the people the relation between the prophet's utterances and the events of the day. In the natural world, the realm of nature, nothing happens by accident or chance; so in the sphere of God's dealings there is always a cause for every effect. The first question is: Can two people walk together except they appoint a specified time and place, agreeable to both? When we see two walking together, it is taken for granted that they have had a previous arrangement and are of like mind. The former fact is the effect, while the latter is the cause. Transferred into the realm of Israel's spiritual condition, God asks how He can walk with Israel and look in favor upon them when they are walking in sin. At one time God walked with them (Jeremiah 3:14) because they were agreed, but now the ways of Israel and the way of the Lord are so diverse that there can be no fellowship between them. Compare II Corinthians 6:16, 17; James 4:4. If the Lord seems afar off, dear reader, may it not be that you have left off walking with Him? Do the things He puts first loom largest in your life? After personal holiness and purity of life do you desire earnestly that the Gospel shall be given to the lost? And what of Israel in the plan of God to reach the unsaved? When we walk close by the side of the Lord Jesus, we shall find ourselves oft praying for Israel and visiting the lost sheep of the house of Israel. The second question is: Does a lion roar in the forest when he has caught nothing? Amos knew well the habits of the lion and understood the lion's roar to mean that the prey had been caught. In like manner God only threatens (Joel 3:16; Amos 1:2) when He is preparing to punish. The same thought is expressed by a different figure in

Matthew 24:28. A related question is: Will the young lion (who remains in his lair) cry out of his den, if the old lion has taken nothing? As a matter of fact, when the old lion approaches with the prey, the young lion is aroused. The underlying truth is that, if Israel's sins did not merit and call forth judgment, the prophet would not be crying out against them. The threatening predictions of the prophet are the effect, while the cause is the sinful state of the nation. The next question is just as pointed: Will a snare spring up from the ground where it has been placed without something having been caught in it? So the instruments of God's judgment will find their object, because they have gone in the way of their sin. The first clause in verse 5 states the same question as the latter part but from a slightly different viewpoint. The answer is exactly the same in both instances, and in both cases the prophet still has sinning Israel in mind. A hint that the trumpet of war will yet be blown in the land is given in the following question: Will the trumpet be blown in a city and the people not be afraid? The nation was well acquainted with the trumpet for festal gatherings (Numbers 10:2, 7; Joel 2:15) as well as that for warfare (Numbers 10:9; Joel 2:1). And who was it that would not be filled with fear and forebodings when the alarm for war was sounded? Who among Israel should not fear now when Amos is sounding the alarm of the approach of God's swift instruments of visitation? The last question in the series has suffered much from misinterpretations. It has been made to teach that God is the cause of evil, that is, moral evil. Such a position runs counter to all the teachings of the Scriptures. Note James 1:13, 17. The query is: Does evil befall a city without the hand

of the Lord being in it? The difficulty has arisen (as in so many other cases) because of a failure to recognize that the word "evil" has more than one meaning depending upon its use. Here it does not mean moral evil, but calamity. Study carefully Genesis 19:19; 44:34; Exodus 32:14; Isaiah 45:7; and Ezekiel 7:5. In short, God is the One who brings your trials and calamities upon you for your sins.

OPPRESSIONS OF SAMARIA

The Lord now addresses Himself to His prophets that they may spread this word upon the palaces of Ashdod and of Egypt. It was not only customary in the East to assemble on the flat roofs of the houses, but from that vantage point, especially the highest roofs of the palaces, the invitation could go out broadcast through all the land. The nations are bidden to come together upon the mountains of Samaria to behold what tumults and oppressions are to be found in that city. Ashdod stands here as representative for all of Philistia. Samaria was built on one mountain (I Kings 16:24), but there were other mountains surrounding the city. From these mountains surrounding Samaria, men could see what was transpiring within the city. If these pagan nations steeped in idolatry condemn Israel, then how much more the righteous God? The great tumults were occasioned by the oppression of the poor. See Isaiah 5:7 for the same truth. The sad part of it all is that the people no longer know to do right; sin has blinded their ability to discern. Jeremiah 4:22. It was so long since they had done good, that they were out of practice. Sin's blinding power is only too real, as all know who have been enlightened by the Spirit of God. The palaces of Samaria were full of those things gained by violence and robbery.

Note Proverbs 10:2. The punishment is now stated in abrupt and vivid language: "An enemy, round about the land." The abruptness of the text brings out the idea of suddenness and presents the threat in bolder relief. Those very palaces which stored up plunder (see verse 10) will in turn be plundered. Men's sins carry with them their own dire punishments. The fulfillment of all this warning is found in II Kings 17:5. Yet in wrath God remembers mercy, so He rescues from the destruction a small remnant—likened here to two legs or a piece of an ear—of all that are living in ease in Samaria. The picture is that of a shepherd trying to save from the devouring lion even the most insignificant parts of the sheep, because of the shepherd's love for his own sheep. Only such a small part will remain of those who are living in extravagance and luxury (note also 6:1, 4) in the capital city. The corner of the couch or the divan is the most comfortable and is the place of honor. The mention of silken cushions, made of costly stuffs, adds to the picture of careless self-indulgence. (There is the possibility of reading the last part of verse 12 as "and in Damascus on a bed." The reason is that the same letters are employed in the original to spell "damask" or the material, or the city of Damascus. The name of the city would then be parallel in thought to Samaria. But how did the people of the northern tribes get to Damascus? It is suggested that at the time of the Assyrian invasion the city was in the power of the Israelites, already conquered by Jeroboam II, as stated in II Kings 14:28. After the city had been taken by the northern kingdom, probably many residents of the northern tribes went there to live. The people of Israel were ever wanderers.)

WHAT ABOUT THE REMNANT?

In the midst of this sad recital of privilege abused and of light rejected there is sounded the glorious note of God's love which must have a remnant, no matter how small, though all the rest be destroyed. And the Scriptures are clear that now God has in mind a remnant

from among His people Israel. Romans 11:5. This remnant can only be called out of Israel through the preaching to them of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, their Messiah and Savior. Will we make it possible? The King's business requireth haste, and may God give us all diligence in the task.



Our Radio Ministry

"THE CHOSEN PEOPLE BROADCAST"

WADC	Akron, Ohio	Friday	8:45 a.m.	1350 K. C.
WTNB	Birmingham, Ala.	Sunday	12:00 noon	1490 K. C.
WDEF	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Sunday	9:15 a.m.	1450 K. C.
WBTM	Danville, Va.	Sunday	10:30 a.m.	1400 K. C.
WHIO	Dayton, Ohio	Sunday	11:15 p.m.	1290 K. C.
WTIK	Durham, N. C.	Sunday	10:30 a.m.	730 K. C.
WEAU	Eau Claire, Wisc.	Sunday	9:00 a.m.	790 K. C.
WERC	Erie, Pa.	Sunday	9:30 a.m.	1230 K. C.
WGBR	Goldsboro, N. C.	Sunday	10:30 a.m.	1400 K. C.
WBIG	Greensboro, N. C.	Sunday	10:30 a.m.	1470 K. C.
WGTC	Greenville, N. C.	Sunday	9:30 a.m.	1490 K. C.
KWFC	Hot Springs, Ark.	Sunday	9:30 a.m.	1340 K. C.
KATL	Houston, Texas	Sunday	8:45 a.m.	1590 K. C.
WMBR	Jacksonville, Fla.	Sunday	9:45 a.m.	1400 K. C.
WJNC	Jacksonville, N. C.	Sunday	10:30 a.m.	1240 K. C.
KARK	Little Rock, Ark.	Sunday	10:15 a.m.	920 K. C.
KGLO	Mason City, Iowa	Sunday	8:15 a.m.	1300 K. C.
WKAT	Miami, Fla.	Sunday	7:45 a.m.	1360 K. C.
WHIT	New Bern, N. C.	Sunday	10:45 a.m.	1450 K. C.
WKST	Newcastle, Pa.	Sunday	9:30 a.m.	1280 K. C.
WINS	New York, N. Y.	Sunday	6:15 p.m.	1010 K. C.
KOCY	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Sunday	7:30 a.m.	1340 K. C.
WORZ	Orlando, Fla.	Sunday	9:30 a.m.	740 K. C.
WBEC	Pittsfield, Mass.	Sunday	10:15 a.m.	1490 K. C.
WRAL	Raleigh, N. C.	Sunday	10:30 a.m.	1240 K. C.
WFOY	St. Augustine, Fla.	Sunday	9:45 a.m.	1240 K. C.
WTOL	Toledo, Ohio	Sunday	10:00 a.m.	1230 K. C.
KFBI	Wichita, Kans.	Sunday	7:15 a.m.	1070 K. C.
WGTM	Wilson, N. C.	Sunday	7:30 a.m.	1340 K. C.
CKPC	Brantford, Canada	Sunday	8:45 a.m.	1380 K. C.
CKTB	St. Catharines, Ont., Canada	Saturday	8:30 a.m.	1550 K. C.

"MESSAGE OF THE CHRISTIAN JEW"

CMCQ	Havana, Cuba, "Voice of Cuba"	Sunday	9:00 p.m.	1460 K. C.
COBQ	Havana, Cuba	Sunday	9:00 p.m.	9235 K. C.
HCJB	Quito, Ecuador—"Voice of the Andes." Short Wave	Saturday	2:30 p.m.	12,455 K. C. and 9,958 K. C.

FROM OUR BOOK ROOM

TRACTS FOR JEWS

We have them. They are brief, to the point, and attractively titled. They are written from a background of fifty years of experience in reaching the Jew with the gospel. The subjects grip the Jew with curiosity. For the most part they are written by Jews for Jews, and with a God-given native understanding of the Jewish mind. They treat with the difficulties the Jew finds by way of the stumbling blocks mentioned in 1st Cor. 1:23, such as the Trinity, The Virgin Birth, the Atonement. Here is the list:

By REV. LEOPOLD COHN, D. D.	
A Dialogue Between a Jew and a Christian, Yiddish-English	\$0.05
What is His Son's Name? Yiddish-English parallel05
The Voice of Him That Crieth, Yiddish-English parallel05
Cain and Abel, Yiddish-English parallel05

WHAT EVERY JEW SHOULD KNOW:

1. What is a Christian? By J. H. Cohn, English or Yiddish02
2. Was Abraham a Jew? By J. H. Cohn, English or Yiddish02
3. Don't Go to Jerusalem. By J. H. Cohn, English only02
4. Son, Remember, By J. H. Cohn, Yiddish or English02
5. How Many Times Have You Been Born? By Rev. Coulson Shepherd, English or Yiddish02
6. "The Rabbi Told Me So." A challenge to "Traditions of Men." English only05
7. Doctoring a Doctor, By J. H. Cohn, English only05
8. An Open Letter to a Rabbi, By Rev. L. Abramowitch, English only05
9. Thirty-three Prophecies Fulfilled in One Day, By Rev. Charles Bauer, English only05
10. An Astonishing Yom Kippur Prayer, English only05
11. Do Christians Worship Three Gods? English only05
12. Let's Hang the Hamans! By J. H. Cohn, English only05
13. The Meaning of the Jewish Holy Days, English or Yiddish10
14. Behold, the Virgin. By Leopold Cohn, English or Yiddish05
15. Daniel's Seventy Weeks—What Do They Mean? English or Yiddish05
16. The Broken Matzo, English....	.05
17. The Wonderful God of Israel English only05

These tracts are available to friends of Israel at prices close to or even below, printing costs. We would gladly, as the Lord would enable us, send unlimited supplies free of all charge, were it not that we wish to avoid waste in unwisely distribution.

AMERICAN BOARD OF MISSIONS
TO THE JEWS, Inc.
236 West 72d Street, New York 23, N. Y.

194—

AMERICAN BOARD OF MISSIONS TO THE JEWS, Inc.
236 West 72d Street, New York 23, N. Y.

Dear Friends:

I enclose \$_____ as my free will offering for the Lord's work among the scattered, yet beloved, people, Israel. I prefer that the gift be used especially for

Name _____

Address _____

1147

If you can not personally use this blank will you not ask the Lord to guide you in passing it on to some friend?

FROM OUR BOOK ROOM

FOR CHRISTIANS

NEW PUBLICATIONS

"Light For the World's Darkness." Addresses delivered at the Second New York Congress on Prophecy, held in Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, December 5-12, 1943, under the auspices of The American Board of Missions to the Jews. A companion volume to "The Sure Word of Prophecy." 246 pages, cloth\$2.00

"The Sure Word of Prophecy." Addresses delivered at the New York Congress on Prophecy, 1942. This Congress, held under the auspices of the American Board of Missions to the Jews, surpassed all expectations. 318 pages..\$2.00

"How to Reach the Jew for Christ," by Daniel Fuchs. A correspondence course in Jewish Missions. 116 pages..\$1.00

"The Chosen People Question Box." A second edition brought up to date and reissued in response to steadily growing demand. Over 600 questions on Scriptural subjects answered from the Jewish Talmudic background. 342 pages, cloth\$2.00

Palestine Guidebook, by G. Olaf Matson\$5.00

When Jews Face Christ. The life stories of 12 world famous Jewish believers in the Lord Jesus Christ 1.25

The Morning Cometh, by Harry M. Brown. Historic events which guarantee the fulfillment of prophecy for the days ahead 1.00

The Shame of Christendom, by Rev. W. N. Carter, M.A. The shocking story of the treatment of the Jews by nominal Christians50

God's Plan for the Jew, by John Wilkinson, founder of the Mildmay Mission to the Jews, a condensed edition of "Israel My Glory," paper, 124 pages 1.50

Hosea, God's Love for Israel, by Chas. L. Feinberg, Th. D., Ph. D. An important exposition of this neglected Prophet 1.00

The Lengthened Shadow of Leopold Cohn, the story of the American Board of Missions to the Jews, 16 pages05

A Modern Missionary to an Ancient People, by Leopold Cohn, D.D. The thrilling autobiography of the founder of the American Board of Missions to the Jews35

Israel's Inalienable Possessions, by the late David Baron; American Edition. 55 pages50

The Time of Jacob's Trouble. The heart-gripping story of Israel's travail and the darkness ahead..... .40

The Judgment Seat of Christ, an Incentive and a Warning, by Dr. L. Sale-Harrison. Sound and helpful teaching on the judgment by a devout student of the Word of God. 100 pages; regular price 50 cents. To our readers 3 for \$1. or single copies35

"Storehouse Tithing"—Is it of the Lord or of Man? by Joseph Hoffman Cohn. One of the "Better Things" of the New Covenant10

By Joseph Hoffman Cohn:—

Will the Church Escape the Tribulation?35

A Passover Trilogy35

To the Wild Olive Tree05

A Tomorrow for the Jews05

It Was Necessary05

To the Jew First05

Contrary to Nature05

Pleroma, the Times and the Fulness05

Three Days and Three Nights05

Do Jews Control America?05

Responsibility of the Church, by Rev. E. B. Sutcliffe, D.D.05

Three Men, by Rev. W. B. Hinson, D.D.05

How to Destroy the Jews, by Rev. H. O. Van Gilder05

Are the Jews God's Chosen People? by Wm. H. A. Pritchard50

Errors of British-Israelism, by Rev. W. H. Rogers, D.D.05

The Jew, God's Great Timepiece, by Rev. Otto J. Klink05

Was Jesus Born a Jew? A devastating answer to the errors of the new "blood chemistry" fantasies... .05

The Missionary Value of the Jew, by Rev. George Mackenzie, D.D.05

Who Owns Palestine? by Rev. A. W. Wright. A clear answer from the Word of God05

Jewish Missionary Program, Collection Taken At Meeting, or 1.00

Jewish Mission Mite Box05

Send orders to

AMERICAN BOARD OF MISSIONS TO THE JEWS, INC.

236 West 72d Street, New York 23, N. Y.

Among Ourselves

BEWARE OF THE COUNTERFEITER

PLAYING upon the name of our General Secretary, some charlatans have recently taken to the field and have begun to use the name Cohn, with the expectation that Christians will be misled into thinking that they are connected with the American Board of Missions to the Jews.

We caution our people to be on the watch. The outstanding blessing of God on our humble labors has resulted in an army of "me, too!" exploiters. These unprincipled adventurers seem eager for the "loaves and fishes," but are not willing to pay the price of hard work, honest administration, and an undeviating devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ. In too many cases money is appealed for, but no work is done.

The best thing for the pastor to do, if such a faker comes along, is to insist that the offerings shall be forwarded by the church treasurer, to the American Board of Missions to the Jews in New York. If this simple precaution is taken, these peripatetic wayfarers will find it useless to ply their trade.

IN THE BETTER LAND

AFTER almost a year of physical suffering and confinement to his home our beloved brother Herman E. O. Dembke was called home to be with the Lord Whom he had served so faithfully over a span of fifty years of Christian service. For over forty years he was our faithful friend, and for more than twenty of these years he served on the Board of Directors of the American Board of Missions to the Jews, in addition to having served before that with our

predecessor corporation, the Williamsburgh Mission to the Jews. At a meeting of our Board of Directors held shortly after Mr. Dembke's home-going, the following memorial tribute was moved and unanimously voted upon, and now forms a part of the permanent records of our corporation:—

"We record with deep sorrow the home-going of our fellow director of over twenty years' service, Mr. Herman E. O. Dembke. We give thanks to God for his memory and for his faithful and devoted service to the Mission through all the experiences of this Mission's long history. He was a faithful believer in the claims of the people of Israel to the Gospel privileges at the hands of the Christian Church. Wherever he went he gave bold testimony to his devotion along these lines."

TO OUR FRIENDS IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

YOU can continue to help your beloved American Board of Missions to the Jews. Send your gifts to our missionary in London, as follows:

MISS ANNE RAYNOR
4 Petherton Road
Canonbury, London, N5.

Miss Rayner will then acknowledge to you the contribution, and send you also a numbered receipt. All gifts that you will send in this way to Miss Rayner will be spent in Great Britain, and will not leave the British Isles. This plan will enable you to continue your fellowship with us, and receive THE CHOSEN PEOPLE regularly each month from New York.

Miss Rayner is our fully accredited missionary, and you may write to her freely and fully. When you are in London you will always be welcome to visit Miss Rayner and see the work she is doing.

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE

Published Monthly, October to May, as a medium of information concerning the work of the American Board of Missions to the Jews, Inc. Subscription price, 50¢ yearly. Remittances should be sent by check or money order; cash should be registered. Address, 236 W. 72nd St., New York 23, N.Y. Agency in Great Britain: Pickering and Inglis, 14 Paternoster Row, London, E.C. Canadian Agency: 39 King William St., Hamilton, Ontario. Northwest Pacific Agency: Mr. J. R. Hemminger, 740 Broadway, Tacoma, Washington.

General Information

The American Board of Missions to the Jews is a missionary society incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, to promulgate the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ among the Jews. It had its inception in 1894 when Leopold Cohn, then recently converted from rabbinical Judaism, in obedience to the call of God, and in full dependence upon Him for support, established the beginnings of the present work.

Object—To reach the entire field of world Jewry. Mission stations are being established in such important Jewish centers as may be in greatest need of a Gospel testimony, consistent with the Lord's will, as evidenced through His provision of workers and funds.

Field Missionaries. The work of evangelizing the Jew is further being accomplished by Field Missionaries who come into personal contact with Jews.

Evangelization by Mail. A work of growing importance and one in which we have been the pioneers for many years past, is the use of letters, tracts, Gospels and Testaments mailed to selected lists of Jews in practically every city and many towns of the United States. *The Shepherd of Israel*, published monthly in Yiddish and English, has a circulation among Jews in all parts of the world.

The Gospel by Radio. Broadcasts are now maintained in the United States ("The Chosen People Broadcast") and in Cuba ("The Message of the Christian Jew") with South America in prospect. Stations are being added as funds permit. List sent on request. Pray for this far-reaching ministry. Gifts for this department should be specified "For Radio Fund."

Budget. Under God's leading and blessing, the needs of the Mission have grown to over \$250,000 annually. The Lord has never failed us. We have no guaranteed support from any human source; nor are worldly methods of raising funds resorted to. The Mission exists as a testimony to the God of Israel Who has never failed to move the hearts of His children to come to our help.

We covet your prayers and your sympathy. We invite fellow believers to cast in their lot with us, taking fellowship in the great task He has committed to our charge.

Bequests. Form of Bequest: "I give and bequeath to the American Board of Missions to the Jews, Inc., of New York, N.Y., incorporated in the State of New York in 1924, the sum of \$....., to be used for the purpose of said corporation, as defined in its charter."

Contributions are acknowledged promptly. Donors' names are not published. Gifts may be specified for any department of the work, and will be used only as the giver may designate.

Students in Training. Continually we have Jewish-Christian students who have given evidence, first of the new birth; secondly, of a definite call for service in the Lord's work; and thirdly of outstanding talents and leadership for the work. These we are supporting in various Bible schools throughout the country, and these form the reserves behind the lines to whom we may look for reinforcements for the days to come.

Programs for Meetings. We have prepared Jewish Missionary programs for services devoted to prayer and interest in behalf of God's covenant people—hymns, Scripture reading, inspirational papers, all complete. Offering of meeting may be sent to us.

The Jews in Your Town. Send us 50¢ with each name and address. We will mail them monthly *The Shepherd of Israel* for a year. When a Jew shows a spirit of inquiry, we will inform you.

Machpelah. A cemetery plot for Jewish Christians, located in Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Maspeth, Long Island. This removes the worry from the older Jewish people who have accepted Christ, and have thereby forfeited their right to burial in a Jewish cemetery.

Articles of wearing apparel should be sent to 27 Throop Avenue, Brooklyn 6, N.Y.

(Continued from page 2)

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

IRWIN H. LINTON, *President*; FRANK E. DAVIS, *Vice-President and Secretary*; PAUL H. GRAEF, *Treasurer*; MISS ELSIE L. OLSEN; JOSEPH HOFFMAN COHN; GAYLORD A. BARCLEY; WILLIAM JONES; LEWIS H. FISHER; HAROLD B. PRETLOVE.

ADVISORY COUNCIL

REV. OTHO F. BARTHOLOW, D.D., Urbana, Ill.; REV. KEITH L. BROOKS, D.D., Los Angeles, Calif.; DR. ARTHUR I. BROWN, F.R.C.S. of Ed.; REV. C. GORDON BROWN-VILLE, D.D., Boston, Mass.; REV. R. PAUL MILLER, Berne, Indiana; REV. W. E. PIETSCH, D.D., Waterloo, Iowa; REV. W. H. ROGERS, D.D., El Paso, Texas; L. SALE-HARRISON, D.D., New York 23, N.Y.; REV. JOHN BUNYAN SMITH, D.D., San Diego, Calif.; REV. CHARLES H. STEVENS, D.D., Winston-Salem, N.C.; PROF. CHAS. L. FEINBERG, Ph.D., Dallas Theological Seminary, Dallas; REV. FRANK H. THROOP, D.D., Columbus, Ohio.

OUR CLOUD OF WITNESSES

(See Hebrews 12:1)

LEOPOLD COHN, D.D.	MISS ELLA T. MARSTON	OLIVER W. VAN OSDELL, D.D.
FRANK H. MARSTON	JAMES BLACK	W. B. HINSON, D.D.
JOHN T. PIRIE	THOMAS J. WHITAKER	CHARLES H. IRVING, D.D.
W. C. P. RHOADES, D.D.	RALPH L. CUTTER	JOHN DONALDSON
JAMES O. BUSWELL, D.D.	MISS FRANCES J. HUNTLEY	CORTLAND MYERS, D.D.

"These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off." Heb. 11:13.

HONORARY TREASURER FOR PACIFIC COAST

REV. KEITH L. BROOKS, D.D., *Editor of Prophecy*
Box BB, Eagle Rock Sta., Los Angeles 41, California

CANADIAN OFFICE

Gifts in Canada should be made payable to American Board of Missions to the Jews, c/o Bible House, 39 King William Street, Hamilton, Ont.

FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Gifts should be sent to our missionary, Miss Anne Rayner, 4 Petherton Road, Canonbury, London, N5.

GENERAL MISSIONARY STAFF

REV. AND MRS. SAMUEL BERK, Miami	REV. SAMUEL NEEDLEMAN
MRS. THELMA BLAIR, Erie, Pa. (Honorary)	MRS. J. L. MAYO, (Honorary)
MISS ELEANOR L. BULLOCK	MISS GLADYS MIDGLY, Montreal
HARRY J. BURGEN, Philadelphia	REV. S. C. MILLS, Columbus, Ohio
PHILIP J. COGAN	MISS ANNE RAYNER, London
J. HOFFMAN COHN, General Secretary	Mlle. MARIE SALOMON, Paris, France
REV. E. S. DAVIDSON, Field Evangelist	REV. BERNHARD SCHATKIN
REV. HARRY M. FARGO	JOSEPH SERAFIN
MR. AND MRS. ANDRE FRANKL, Paris	REV. JOHN SOLOMON, Pittsburgh
REV. DANIEL FUCHS	REV. HERBERT SINGER, Refugee Work
REV. E. D. GRUEN	MISS ISABEL SMITH, Hamilton
MISS BONNIE C. HAYES	MISS A. E. SUSSDORFF
REV. JOSEF I. HERSCHKOWITZ, Itinerant	REV. G. VANDERLIP, Montreal
MRS. HERMAN JUROE, Des Moines, Iowa	PASTOR HENRI VINCENT, Paris
MISS HILDA KOSER	MRS. OSCAR WAGO, Denver, Colo.
REV. E. LICHTENSTEIN, Buenos Aires, S. A.	MISS RUTH M. WARDELL
DR. HARRY A. MARKO, Texas	REV. PAUL H. WILSON, Cuba
REV. ALEXANDER MARKS	REV. E. ZIMMERMAN, Los Angeles