

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE.

APPEARS MID-MONTHLY
EXCEPT SUMMER MONTHS.

LEOPOLD COHN, Editor.
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Devoted to Israel.

Salutation

"We go to Salute the children of the King."
II Kings, 10, 13.

My Dearly Beloved Friends:—

I extend to you my sincere greetings and express my prayers to God for you in the words of Psa. 122:8, "For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee." Amen.

THE WORK PROGRESSING.

With thankfulness to our Heavenly Father I am glad to report that the good hand of God has continued upon my ministry of the Gospel to my Jewish brethren. A few more souls have been saved from darkness to the light of the Lord Jesus Christ, and thus a few more lost sheep of the house of Israel have been brought into the fold of the Great Shepherd as the good work moves forward and onward from victory unto victory. Every week and every month of work among the Jews brings out more clearly the fact that the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ possesses the same power of salvation as in the days of the Apostles when the chief of them said: "It is the power of God unto salvation, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." Statistics from reliable sources in England give the ratio of success of Jewish missionary work when compared with foreign work as seven to two, that is, there are seven Jews converted to every two heathen, when we compare the amount of money invested and the population of each. In the United States alone there are two hundred and fifty converted Jews preaching in Christian pulpits. From our own field here in Brooklyn of the eighty baptized converts some half a dozen have gone out to actual preaching services and have been remarkably blessed in their labors.

THE CALL TO ACTION.

In the light of these facts can we not see the call of God to an aggressive effort on the part of Christians to spread the Gospel among the Jews! Think of it. There are nine hundred thousand Jews in greater New York! Coupling to this the fact that never before have the Jews been so accessible to the Gospel, have we not here the real call to action? Shall we not begin afresh and newly resolve henceforth to give Him no rest until He establish and make Jerusalem a praise in the earth? For has He not so promised saying: "After-

ward shall the children of Israel return and seek the Lord." Hos. 3:5. It is evident from the Scriptures that God is waiting for the prayers and carrying out of His command by the followers of His only begotten Son, "That through your mercy they (the Jews) may obtain mercy." HOPEFUL SIGNS.

One of the hopeful signs that God is going to greatly bless this mission to the Jews is the spirit of our dear friends who have so nobly responded to this unmistakable call. Bravely and with much self-sacrifice have they nursed this work for twelve long years from its infancy, until they now have the joy of seeing what great things the Lord is doing in Israel. Many a time have the dear friends encouraged and cheered the heart of the missionary by their prayers, sympathy and assurances of lasting interest. Read, if you please a few extracts from some of the many letters: "Now that your son has visited us, I have read with so much interest about the work our Father has called you to do. I am doubly interested. Would to God you had more such laborers as yourself among your people; for who is better able to carry the Gospel to earth's remotest bounds than the converted Jew?" Here is another: "I feel constrained to comment on the good things in THE CHOSEN PEOPLE. The Lord is doing a grand work through you and will enlarge the meal and oil you have on hand. If you or your son ever come this way I assure you an Israelite can preach in my pulpit." Still another, "I had thought to give myself the treat of viewing some fine moving pictures, when the thought came to me that the same amount sent to the cause you represent would rebound more to God's glory."

FAITH IS THE VICTORY.

As from the outset, the secret of this Gospel testimony shall ever be, strong faith in the living God of Israel. I know that He will always in His still, small voice speak to the hearts of those who know His voice and obey it gladly. The Lord has implanted in my heart the assurance that He will never fail us, that we shall have all the means the work of the Gospel requires, tracts, assistants, the necessities of the farm and the much needed building. Dear friends, continue in prayer, in sympathy and in activity. The Lord's blessing is sure to follow.

Yours most sincerely,

LEOPOLD COHN.

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE.

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Remittances should be sent by the safest means at your disposal; *cash should be registered*; if stamps are sent, the one cent denomination is preferred.

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THE WORK.

In 1894, in obedience to the call of God, Leopold Cohn opened a mission to the Jews in that part of Brooklyn known as Brownsville. With no friends, no societies, no boards to back him, he placed full reliance on the Lord, taking for his motto, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." The Lord in His great mercy has supplied every need to this day. God's children who know His Word send the necessary funds as they are led of Him. The Lord has richly blessed the efforts in this field, and prospered the preaching of His word among His ancient people, Israel. Nearly eighty Jews have confessed Him publicly, a number of whom are now preaching the Gospel, while hundreds of others must remain silent believers because of the dread of bitter persecution, and because of lack of facilities to care for them.

To-day, there are two mission stations for about 250,000 Jews. Meetings are held for men, women and children. A free medical dispensary is maintained to assist the poor Jews who need such care. The Poor Fund, to which many of the friends feel led to contribute, enables the workers to relieve the distress and poverty of those deserving Jews who are persecuted for His sake, and in this way to give to the Jews a practical demonstration of Christian love, of which they see so little.

The Literature Fund is used to purchase Hebrew Bibles, and New Testaments, and to print Tracts in the Jewish tongue for free distribution. This is a most important part of the work. Mr. Cohn has written seven tracts in Jewish himself, which have been used of God to the conversion of many.

The children's work is another important branch. The little Jewish children are taken into Sewing and Sunday School classes and in this way taught Christian hymns, and told about Jesus.

It is a peculiar work among a "peculiar people." You are earnestly asked to remember it in your prayers. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee."

In Memory

It is with deep regret that we learn of the departure of the Rev. John Wilkinson of London. While yet a young man Mr. Wilkinson, out of the firm conviction that the Scriptural order, "to the Jew first" is still in force, gave up his pulpit and began to preach the Gospel to Jews, establishing one of the best and greatest missions in the world. About twenty years ago he was first to print and widely spread the Hebrew New Testament and it was one of these copies which fell into my hands fourteen years ago in which I read for the first time of the Lord Jesus Christ and through which I was saved. In Mr. Wilkinson's decease Israel has lost one of her best friends.

An Innovation

In this issue we are publishing a story entitled "The Outcasts." This presents such a horribly graphic picture of the condition of many Jews to-day that we have felt constrained to reprint it from the February issue of that excellent magazine, LIPPINCOTT'S, the editors of which kindly gave us the permission to do so. We hope that our readers will be the better able to realize some of the "sufferings of Jacob," and in sympathetic pity cry to our Father in their behalf.

Where Shall I Go?

This is the heart-cry of the poor, friendless, forsaken Jew. He has no place he may call home. The land rightfully his was wrested from him. Wherever he goes, he meets with

taunts, sneers and derision. His is, indeed, the Exile's legacy. From the shores of murderous Russia, he comes to our so-called Christian land. With curses he is received, with indignities he is welcomed, until in his dazed mind he wonders, "what kind of Christianity is this!" And from the inmost depths of his wearied and tortured soul he cries, "My God! My God! where shall I go?"

The story on page 6 is by no means exaggerated—scores of similar instances occur almost daily. Many think the Jew is rich, while just the opposite is true. It is only the exceptional Jew who is rich. Read the story carefully, then consider whether we as Christians do not owe the Jew a little more substantial reward than that given him. If ever we are to win the Jew, it must be by the demonstration of actual and practical Christian love. Suppose that Jew you met on the street were the Jew Christ! It is a serious thought, and one worthy of reflection.

Is it any wonder that we must as Christian missionaries have a fund for poor Jews, or maintain dispensaries? Shall we not make a pleasant Christian home in America for the Jew? It was not in vain that Christ said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, (the Jews, if you please), ye have done it unto me." There is to be a judgment in which we are to be tried wholly as regards our conduct towards His brethren, the Jews. "They that did the king's business, helped the Jews." Esther 9:3, R. V.

Incidents in the Work.

A Couple Give Public Testimony

Sunday evenings in the Williamsburg Mission are often very interesting. After brief addresses by me and my assistant, the meeting is thrown open to such Jewish brethren as have boldness to give a testimony for the Lord Jesus Christ. While this is the hardest thing that a Jew can do, owing to the bitter persecution which will follow if his belief is made known, yet we have had from time to time some converts who gladly speak of their faith in Christ.

The second Sunday of March will be long remembered as the date of the best service since we commenced these special meetings. As soon as I asked for testimonies on that evening up came a Jewess of about twenty-five, stepped on the platform with great courage and began to talk. She said it was the first time she had ever raised her voice in public and she was so glad that on such an occasion she was speaking for the blessed Saviour, Jesus the Messiah, whom she had recently accepted in spite of persecution. She related her experiences in a very striking manner stating the basis of her belief to have been from the 53rd Chap. of Isaiah, and exhorting the Jews present to follow her example.

A Brother's Treatment.

She said further that her brother, who is a rabbi in this city, used to come to her house frequently, but since she told him of her belief in the Lord Jesus he not only had discontinued his visits but sends messages containing curses and anathemas, disowning her as his sister. He told her that as far as he is concerned he has no more brotherly feelings for her, for he considers her dead to him and mourns over her as if she were buried. "Yet," said this woman, "I love my brother for all this and I can see from his blindness that the Word of God is true when it says that blindness in part has happened unto Israel. I would not hesitate to confess the Lord Jesus because of my brother or sister or father or mother."

This sister told me, when I called at her home, to what family she belonged, for she is a native of that part of Hungary which is my home, and I was surprised and glad at the same time that from such fine ancestors some should be gathered into the fold of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is not true, as some Jewish brethren think, that the Jews converted to Christianity are all outcasts, but the reverse is true, that nearly all converted Jews come from

very high class families and as a rule are well educated. It is only the ignorant ones who cannot decide between good and evil and come out for Christ.

Results of Her Words.

As this Jewish sister came down from the platform after her bold confession of Christ, nearly all the Jews present wanted to shake hands with her, expressing their admiration of her testimony. There was a spirit of enthusiasm penetrating the whole audience which seemed to be inspired by the words of the spirit-filled sister. They had never seen a converted Jewess speaking with such zeal and it was a new sensation.

Then her husband, who had been sitting beside her, rose and gave a brief testimony saying that he was not ashamed of the Lord Jesus Christ because he and his wife knew surely that He was the Messiah. They pray to Him daily and live a happy life through faith in Christ, and though their Jewish friends forsake them, yet by the help of God they are determined to suffer all things for Christ's sake.

Some other converts followed with testimonies and at the close of the meeting the people gave vent to their feelings by surrounding the young couple and engaging them in conversation.

Among others there was present an elderly couple who have been attending the meetings for some time and have given silent evidence of their conversion. But the words spoken that night seemed to encourage them, and coming to me, the wife told, with a grave face, of seeing the figure of the Lord Jesus, the preceding evening just before she fell asleep. His beautiful countenance was partly covered with long locks, while His piercing eyes gazed at her with a mild yet appealing look. She could not imagine what the vision meant, and yet during the testimony of the sister she had again been reminded of her dream. "What do you think, Mr. Cohn," she asked, "that Jesus the Messiah wants of me by appearing to me in this vision?" Before I had time to reply, her husband answered, "I'll tell you what He wants of you. He wants us both to follow His command and be baptised."

There were many groups that evening, chatting in every corner of the mission store and on no other subject than that of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ. The time rapidly grew late and we almost had to drive our friends out. This is not the only occasion when they have delayed in leaving the Mission, for they nearly always do so and after being put out of the Hall they stand in groups on the street discussing the subject at even greater length.

A Learned Jew's Prejudice Removed

One day while visiting, I had occasion to talk to a Jew who had never heard the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. All he knew of Christianity was as he saw it in Russia. While I talked to this man, in a store, others who came for business, stayed to listen until quite a number of Jews made up my audience. Standing behind the counter was one of the owners of the store who was doing some business with an aged Jew for whom, I noticed, he had great respect. Though the Jews, as a rule, honor all aged men yet this is done to a still greater extent if they are learned as well, and this man was highly educated in Hebrew and Talmudic literature. When they finished their business talk they, too, stopped to listen.

Our Discussion and Agreement.

When the attention of the aged Jew was called to what I had said of Jesus being our Messiah, he nodded his head, making gestures and raising his hands in abhorrence saying, "Don't listen to that ignorant man, he does not know what he's talking about." Then one of the audience volunteered the information that I had been a rabbi and knew more than some of the Brooklyn rabbis. This in the prejudiced mind of the aged Jew was utterly impossible. He jumped to his feet like a boy, "What, what," he shouted, "have you been a rabbi? Do you know such and such books, (calling the different ones by name)?" He showed such an excitable spirit that the store keeper felt apprehensive and began to quiet the aged brother.

I told him that I was willing to go with him to any rabbi and compare our knowledge. "No," he said, "I wouldn't be such a fool as to go, because I know that any Jew who knows the words of our holy, wise men would never forsake our holy religion and accept idol worship, (called in Hebrew, Avodah Zarah). I am sure as I live that you are an ignorant man, an Amharaz, and you either have fallen in love with a Christian woman or want to eat pork and so you have become one of those bad Goyim." Then I said, "If you don't want to go with me how can you be convinced? Don't you think that it is possible for you to make a mistake in your judgment?" "No; no mistakes," he grumbled, nodding his head and then thinking for a moment continued, "I don't need to open any book with you or go anywhere. I'll convince these people right here in a moment that you are an Amharaz. I'll ask you to explain just one word in the Bible to me which if you can do I'll know that you are a learned man, and moreover I'll believe in your Jesus the Crucified One." I agreed to this, calling the peo-

ple to witness that the man must accept Christ if I explained that word to him.

Question and Explanation.

The old Jew then referred to Judges 14: 5 where it says that Samson and his father and mother went down to Timnath and when they came to the vineyards of Timnath behold a young lion roared against him. "Now the question is," said he, "why did the lion meet Samson and not his father and mother who went out with him?" To this I replied, quoting the law for a Nazarite in Numbers 6: 2-3, that if a man would vow a vow of a Nazarite and came to separate himself unto the Lord, he shall not drink wine, or any liquor of grapes, nor eat moist grapes or dry. Also a Talmudic maxim says that in order to keep oneself out of temptation and to insure oneself against breaking any law of God, one must restrict himself to the utmost. For instance, we tell the Nazarite, "Go round about, round about and do not come nigh to the vineyard." Now as Samson was a Nazarite from his mother's womb, he, of course, when they came to the vineyard, had to go another way, as the Talmud says, and so taking the other path met the lion.

This answer astonished them all and the poor aged brother drooped his head and didn't know what to say. I insisted that he accept Christ according to his promise made in the presence of these witnesses who laughed at him and had a great deal of fun urging him to keep his word. But so called honesty compelled him to keep quiet and not pretend to accept a religion of which he knew nothing. He shook hands with me after he had recovered from the shock and told me that he had never met such a deep and sharp mind and that he had all respect for me and would read all the tracts I could give him and also the New Testament and so would make himself acquainted with this Jesus and learn the truth for himself.

Since then he has been studying the tracts, as, to the average Jew the New Testament is a meaningless book, but if he first reads the tracts his mind is prepared for the claims of the Lord Jesus Christ in His Word.

Bringing Good Tidings to Zion

**By Rev. Paul M. Shaufeld who is assisting
in our Missions.**

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that sayeth unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!" Isa. 52:7.

With these words I will begin my message, gratefully acknowledging the continued grace

of God, and glad to inform you that on my part I am still eager to bring good tidings and to publish salvation to those who are under the bondage of sin, telling them, "Thy God reigneth!"

I like the Mission and I like the Christian spirit that reigns in the mission and I am sure the Lord will bless it and its many friends. I find that missions among the Jews have been neglected, and I praise the Lord that we can, in your mission, teach our Jewish brethren of Christ, the Son of God, and can use the same method with them as was used by our dear Master Himself and the Apostles, to bring them to know Him in whom there is neither Jew nor Greek. Oh, I am indeed glad to see how our brethren listen to us, when we tell them "We have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted the Christ." Many accept our teachings and are happy to come and hear us again.

I am very sorry to see how small the hall of your mission is for we are not able to accommodate many who come to our meetings.

Allow me, before closing, to mention some reasons for prayer and interest in behalf of the Jews.

1st. Because God loves them still, and commands us to love them. Ps. 122: 6; Jer. 31: 1; Rom. 11; Isa. 62: 6-8.

2nd. Because God is displeased with all who are indifferent to the Ancient people's welfare. Romans 11: 28, 29.

3rd. Because they are perishing for lack of knowledge, which you might impart if you would. Isa. 5: 13; John 10: 14-15.

4th. Because thereby you will prepare the way for the Lord's return for the church. Ps. 67; Ezek. 37; Isa. 2: 24.

My prayer is, God speed the day when Judah will indeed be free of tradition, free from prejudices and superstition, free in Christ to worship God in the beauty of holiness and learn that "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.

Among our Girls

On the Tuesday before Easter we had only a small attendance of scholars at our Brownsville School, as the holidays for both Easter and the Passover came at about the same time and the girls were so interested in these unusual occurrences that they readily forgot ordinary events. But the day was a particularly blessed one, as after singing and prayer, we spent most of the afternoon reading alter-

nately and explaining the account in Mark of the Crucifixion and Resurrection. We went so slowly that the smallest tot could understand the story and it was a most inspiring sight to see their interest and their sorrow over the sufferings and trials of Christ. We referred to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah which they are committing to memory and saw how clearly the prophecy was fulfilled by our Lord.

And yet, only a few minutes before one of these girls had told me that as the following Tuesday was in Passover she would not be able to come to school. "Not even if we don't have sewing," I queried? "Oh, no," she replied, "why it would be a sin to even sing about Jesus on such a day." Later, at the close of the hymn, "There's not a Friend like the lowly Jesus" in which all had joined heartily, I reminded them that a person who was such a good Friend was a good One to sing about even in Passover week.

Is it not sad to think of the conflicting teachings which these children hear? No wonder they are confused and puzzled and hardly know what to believe. Let us all pray earnestly that the True Light may illuminate the Word of God to them so that the veil may be taken away from their hearts and they may recognize their Messiah.

We are already thinking of summer plans for our girls. If sufficient money was forthcoming to provide the necessary building and equipment the best arrangement of all would be to have a fresh air home at the farm and take them up in small companies for a week's outing. If any of our friends should be especially interested in this plan we would be glad to receive money for the purpose and even if it cannot be consummated this year yet we may begin it and complete it next. However we shall of course plan for our usual one-day picnic at the beach.

—Ella T. Marston.

Money in Letters

Many times we have warned our dear friends against enclosing money in letters and we feel compelled to refer to this matter again. Either a money order or a registered letter or check is the safest way of making a remittance, for frequently money enclosed in letters is lost. If upon sending a subscription or contribution you do not promptly receive a reply of acknowledgment, kindly let us know and a search will be made at once.

The Outcasts

(BY GEORGE A. ENGLAND).

Rabinowicz crouched down in the filthy steerage bunk, coughed, hid his thin face between his claw-like hands.

"Ruchul, woman," he murmured in corrupt Yiddish, "hear that? The noise, it is the machinery noise. It is that the ship is moving. It is that we are started back again from America, after everything; back to Odessa, to—"

"Hush, Aaron! Speak not so!" The woman crooned over him as though to shelter him with her own thin arms. "Hush! *Dus is' baschirt fin Gott*—the will of God—who can do no wrong; and, beside, if you talk you may wake up little Habakkuk, and then he will cry, and it will be hard times getting him to sleep again, and the steward man will be very angry. There will be curses, maybe blows. They are all angry with us, anyway, for that we are sent back at such a cheap rate; wherefore let us keep still, and not—"

"Keep still? Keep still? Yes, Ruchul, woman, always that, always the same thing: 'Dog, *Hase!* Jew! Christ-seller! Lie down and be kicked, or else get killed!' Just the same as at home in Kherson. We drank that with the mother's-milk—'Keep still!' We grew up to it, ate it, breathed it—'Keep still!' Or else the Black Hundred, the Cossacks, all the other Christians, would gouge out eyes, smash skulls, pitch us out the window. Yes, yes—'Keep still!' Just to get away from that—"

"Hush!"

"No, no, let me say it!" Rabinowicz coughed again, lifting his head. His curly, uncombed beard trembled, and his hollow eyes brightened preternaturally. "To get away from *that*, what did we not leave? The house, the little shop, the friends, even old Father Yoseph, who would not come—all, everything. Have you forgotten that night, that long night of wallowing in the snow; then the river, the leaking boat, the *chinovnyiks* (officials) who robbed us and kept us back so long, the hiding? Have you forgotten the long voyage, the sea-sickness, the blasphemies, the cold, the starving like rats in a cage, eh? But ahead of us always liberty, perhaps a chance to work, to live! So we kept still—"

"Let us be still now, Aaron!"

"I make no noise. Let me speak! Think of the Eden we came to, where people are free; but no, there were angels there—did I say angels? No! Dogs! Devils with flaming swords of the law to keep us out! They let the others in, but they kept us out. 'Ah, presumptive!'" (He mimicked the inspector's voice.) "'Invalid father, scrofulous child? Mmmmm—rejected!' That was our death sentence, that 'rejected' was. Turned back! And so near to Eden! Now, when we get to Odessa, to Kherson, what then, Ruchul, woman? Just imagine as we walk back through those slushy streets! 'Ah *ha!* Fugitive Jews! Runaway curs! Sent back, eh? Well, now, we'll

see to *them!*' Then the Eye will be upon us, everywhere; we can't escape, you or the little Habakkuk or me. No, no, the good Christians will see to that; the *pops* (priests) will see to that. It will be a merry breaking of bones, tearing of flesh, smashing of skulls—but keep still! Don't talk! Don't fight! Kneel! Lie down in the mud! Now bring the knives and pincers! Ho, pull out the dog's beard, cover his face with blood, knock his teeth in! Wait, Ruchul; wait and see! *Oi ... Oi! ... Oi!*"

Rabinowicz wailed into the long mourning-cry which in many tongues is the only heritage of the Chosen People. Little Habakkuk turned and nestled, gave signs of waking.

"Here, you! Shut up!" growled a steward, shuffling along the narrow prison-aisle between the rows of bunks. "Cut that out, now! You sheenies make more trouble 'n all the rest of the cattle put together. What th' devil you yammerin' about? If I hear any more out o' you —!" The steward shook a large fist and slatted along.

Rabinowicz lay silent a long time. He did not understand the steward's words, but the tone and the fist spoke a familiar language. The boy slept uneasily; the woman dozed. Once in a while the man coughed, in spite of smothering efforts to restrain himself. Tears rolled down along his hawk-like nose, buried themselves in his curly beard. Near the centre of his sodden cheeks two pink spots waxed and waned with the fever of his thoughts, his prayers, his tears, which were as tears of blood from the heart.

Toward midnight he shook Ruchul gently by the shoulder.

"Ruchul, woman, wake up! My cough, it is bad, my throat is as the dust; this air stifles my breath."

She sat up, startled.

"What? What?"

"The air, it chokes me; it is very hot."

"Yes, it is hot, Aaron; but what can I do?"

"Let us go up on the lower deck and breathe some fresh air."

"Oh, by such a cold night? And Habakkuk—can we leave him alone? Also, it is forbidden to go on the outside at night, *ai-yo?*"

"Forbidden, yes—of course! Everything is forbidden! Still, let us go. I cannot sleep; I am choking. Come with me, Ruchul, woman, and we will carry the little one; that will be good for us all. Perhaps we shall all sleep better, after that. The night will not be cold; for a few minutes, at least, it will not be cold."

The wife, drowsy, timorous, argued a little, but her husband would not be gainsaid. She yielded finally, and they crawled noiselessly out of the bunk, cramped and dishevelled. Rabinowicz gently lifted the boy in his arms; even that small weight was heavy to him as he held the lad against his hollow chest. The steerage was quiet,

almost empty; here and there a trembling light, turned low, hung swinging in its gimbals. No steward was visible as they dragged up the companionway stairs. They passed down the dark aisle toward the aft door, silent, vague as hunted ghosts.

"You see?" asked Ruchul, with a touch of impatience. "You see? It is locked. No use; we cannot get out. No air for us. They lock us in like—"

"Like the dog-brood we are, yes, yes. It is well; we shall see."

Carefully and without noise he retraced his steps. The roll of the ship made the task hard for him; his strength was very little. The boy still slept; the woman trailed along behind.

They made their way slowly onward till they reached the first lateral gangway, turned down it, and came to another door.

"Ah, *this* is not locked!" said Rabinowicz, sliding it back with an effort, crouching (as he held the boy) to get his hand to the catch. Ruchul passed through; he followed, and the woman, grumbling a little, closed the door.

They found themselves on the lower deck, well aft on the port side, in a narrow run-way between the second cabin and the rail. As they moved toward the rail a gust of roaring sea-wind staggered them, but Rabinowicz turned his back to it, sheltering his wife and the boy. Their thin clothes flapped about them like flails.

"Brr-r-rr!" shivered Ruchul, her teeth already chattering. "Come back in! It is too much, the cold—it cuts like knives! Little Habakkuk will take cold, and it is not good for your cough, the night air!"

But Rabinowicz, staggering with his burden and the roll of the vessel, only pushed her toward the rail. The boy opened dull eyes and began to whimper, half-awake.

"Come back in!" pleaded the woman. He restrained her.

"Look, Ruchul! Look! Freedom, strength! There is no Jew or Christian or inspector or czar—nothing but the sea as it came down out of Jahveh's hands!"

She cowered back, shivering violently. Alongside the speeding ship green-black waves swirled astern; they could hear the slide and hiss of foam that tumbled out, away into darkness. Far, far over the unmeasured dark Atlantic burned pin-points of white flame, the free, calm, beautiful stars of God.

"See, *mein Teure*" said the man again, as Ruchul stood half-stupefied. "Off back there somewhere is the Eden where they turned us out. Somewhere ahead of us is Holy Russia again—off there in the dark—with all its priests and ikons, the Black Hundred, the torn flesh, bleeding faces. There waits dishonor for you; there waits death for Habakkuk and me, in Russia—Holy Russia. See, is not freedom better?"

He strained the little son in both arms; kissed him on the forehead, cheek, and mouth. "Oh, my

son!" said he. "*Geh, und gieb' deine Schumme zu Gott!*" ("Go, give thy soul to God!") The boy, terrified, clutched at him, screaming, "Father! Father!" but Rabinowicz raised his face to the night, said, "God, this soul was mine and is Thine!" and flung the frail body out, down into the creamy rushing slather. The body splashed; there was a glimmer of a white face, of hands that battled; then the surge caught little Habakkuk, and he faded into nothingness, like some forgotten dream.

"*Gott! Gott!*" screamed Ruchul, leaping to the rail, her long hair whipping round her face.

She felt a hand over her mouth, heard a hoarse "*Ade!*" and then was lifted, suddenly—she was whirling down, down—something was icy cold—something tossed and strangled her—gave beneath her, choked, bubbled, annihilated.

Rabinowicz, alone, peered over the rail with bloodshot eyes.

"There, they are free. It is well," said he, without emotion. He carefully took off his coat, folded it neatly, laid it on the deck, and placed his lamb's-wool cap on top.

"Those are good for some one," he said. "Some one may use them. They cost me eight rubles in Kherson—or was it eight and a half. I forget."

He clambered with an effort over the rail and stood outside it, holding on with his left hand.

The ship rolled surgingly to port.

"Now, God, I go, too," he remarked, as to a friend. Then he left go, not jumping at all, just falling outward, downward; and the sea, our primal Mother, took him gladly.

"Where th' devil are them three sheenies, *I'd* like to know!" growled the steward next morning. Later he found the neatly-folded coat, and at some distance the cap, where the wind had rolled it. He pursed his lips into a long thin whistle, scratching his head the while. "So *that's* it, eh? Well, well—forty cents a day saved on rations, anyway—an' transportation all paid in advance, at that!"

Then he carried the things to his locker (for they might prove salable), and went to have the incident recorded in the log-book.—*By courtesy of Lippincott's Magazine.*

Calendar of Mission Activities

You are cordially invited to any of the services.

MISSION STATIONS:

BROWNSVILLE,	WILLIAMSBURG,
397 Rockaway Avenue.	626 Broadway.
Sunday—Sunday School, Williamsburg, 2:30 P. M.	
Testimony Meeting, Williamsburg, 8:00 P. M.	
Monday—Free Medical Dispensary to poor Jews, Williamsburg, 3:00 P. M.	
Tuesday—Girls' Sewing School, Brownsville, 3:30 P. M.	
Free Dispensary to poor Jews, 3:00 P. M.	
Wednesday—Inquirers' Meeting, Williamsburg, 8:00 P. M.	
Thursday—Girls' Sewing School, Williamsburg, 3:30 P. M.	
Meeting for Young Women, W'msburg, 8 P. M.	
Friday—Free Dispensary to poor Jews, 3:00 P. M.	
Gospel Meeting, Williamsburg, 8:00 P. M.	
Saturday—Children's Meeting, Brownsville, 3:00 P. M.	
Gospel Meeting, Williamsburg, 8:00 P. M.	

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