

WE NEED YOUR HELP

If these are the end-days, then Israel must be the focus of attention, and the pivot of action. This is true both as regards God's dealings with them, and as regards the attitude of the child of God to them. So, won't you allow us to invite you and to urge you to do all in your power to help forward in the present crisis-hour of world history, the work of your beloved Mission? Here are some ways to help:—

1st. Pray, and pray with unceasing importunity; this Mission has existed and survived only because of prayer, so let us continue.

2nd. Tell your friends about the work, its vast reaches, its loyalty to the Gospel as the only means of salvation for Jew and Gentile alike, its Gospel ministry of relief to smitten and harassed Jews in all parts of the world.

3rd. Urge these friends to secure a copy of THE CHOSEN PEOPLE, and begin to have fellowship with a work which God has so signally blessed and used; we have no way of making the work known excepting as one friend tells the other.

4th. Bring these matters up where the Lord's people gather, whether in the formal services of the Church, or in the missionary gatherings or the prayer meetings, or in other places where the true followers of our Lord Jesus Christ get together to honor His Name.

5th. Stop Jew-hate and Jew hating propaganda whenever and wherever God gives you the opportunity. Your reward will be sure, and it may also be exceedingly swift, in view of what is now going on in the world.

We will be glad to supply you with whatever literature you will want to help you in carrying out the suggestions above. If you wish sample copies of "The Chosen People", they are yours for the asking, but please tell us how many.

American Board of Missions to the Jews, Inc.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE

"He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."

Ps. 121:4.



JOSEPH HOFFMAN COHN, *Editor*

Station A, Box 10

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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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 Secretaries. The work of evangelizing the Jew is further being accomplished by Field Secretaries 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.

Budget. Under God's leading and blessing, the needs of the Mission have grown to over \$100,000 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 and Annuities. Form of bequest: "I give and bequeath to the American Board of Missions to the Jews, Inc., of Brooklyn, 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." Our Annuity Plan enables you to pay your bequest now and receive an income thereon for life. Write us for rates and full information.

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.

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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 for use in the work.

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.

"A Modern Missionary to An Ancient People," the 64-page autobiography of Leopold Cohn, founder of the Mission; 30¢ a copy. This is easily the most important and illuminating piece of literature we publish. We cannot urge too strongly that every child of God shall read this book. It will open your eyes to the Jewish Mission question as nothing else that we know of.

German Edition. THE CHOSEN PEOPLE is now published each month in the German language. The German title is, "Zions Freund." Our Mr. Herbert Singer, who spent 27 years in Jewish Mission work in Hamburg, Germany, is the Editor. Sample copies, 10 cents each; subscription annually is 50 cents. We will appreciate your help in getting this paper in circulation.

OUR FAR FLUNG BATTLE LINE (I Cor. 14:8)

Branch Stations in important Jewish Centers in the United States. Branches and Missionaries in Poland, France, Austria, Palestine, etc. Gospel Meetings, Bible Classes, Industrial Classes for men, women and children. An extensive Ministry of Christ-love among the Jewish victims of Nazi persecutions, in Germany; also among the refugees in adjacent countries. Street Meetings, distribution of Bibles, New Testaments, Tracts, Visitation. Medical Relief and Assistance. Relief to Poor, gifts in cash, payment of rents, gifts of groceries, clothing and assistance in finding employment. Education of Jewish Christian Students. Itinerary Field Evangelism.

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Associate Editor

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Salutation

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

Dearly beloved friends:—

It is midnight in Paris. In the stillness of my room, I try to compose myself and to piece out the pattern of a day filled with incidents and experiences that have made many tugs on my heart-strings. For I have seen today the fringes of a nation at bay—a people driven into stark madness by hands as brutal as ever lashed the welter backs of Israelitish slaves in the land of the Pharaohs of Mizri 4,000 years ago.

All day long, without let-up, there has passed before me a procession of men and women with hungry, gaunt faces and eyes in their hollow sockets, beseeching eyes, pleading more eloquently than oratorical outbursts for a deliverance that seems hopeless. And still, hoping against hope, those eyes keep asking, "Can you not do something to get me and my beloved ones out of this hell?" It is the dumb plea of the dying, and while in my heart of hearts I realize that humanly speaking there is no hope, yet I try to keep a cheerful face, and a brave smile, and I keep repeating over and over again, "Only in God is our hope—He still lives; He who crushed a Pharaoh, who hanged a Haman, who humbled a Nebuchadnezzar; He is still in His heaven, and He has promised a day of Vengeance!"

All morning we hold consultation in our headquarters in the Eglise Evangelique at 123 Avenue du Maine. Some hundred refugees are in the waiting hall, by appointment. In they come, one at a time, or two, if they be man and wife; more, if they are family groups. To each we give attentive ears as the tale of anguish is unrolled, and then we struggle to find some way to help, even if with only a hundred Francs.

Strong men stand before us, able-bodied men; some have been men of brain as well as brawn, back in their beloved Austria or Germany. Among them are lawyers, physicians, university professors, chemists, manufacturers, bankers, salesmen. All, all find themselves suddenly thrust out of the country they and their ancestors helped for centuries back to build, and here they are, derelicts washed up on the shores of a world suddenly gone mad with demoniacal Jew-hate.

A JEWISH LAWYER OVERWHELMED

A formerly prominent jurist of Berlin is telling us of his plight. Gentle, kindly and cultured, this brother (he is also a brother in Christ, as well as one in the flesh) timidly produces his dismissal papers from a French jail. He had been arrested for being in Paris without legal permission, kept two months in jail, and now released with the ultimatum that within 30 days he must leave France or he will be re-arrested, and this time for a six months' imprisonment! Back in Berlin are his wife and precious brood of little ones, to whom he has sent no support for several months. Shamefaced, he dare not write them of his desolation, this family on whom he had so joyously bestowed every care and

provision in those better days when he was a celebrity in Germany. He takes from his pocket a small photograph and with trembling hands passes it over to us. A beautiful picture of his loved ones as they used to be. And as he himself gazes upon it, he suddenly breaks down in uncontrollable hysteria. Our missionary, Andre Frankl, embraces him, kisses him, French style, and whispers words of comfort and hope. A word of prayer, and the dear brother quiets down. We ask him how much he needs for immediate help, and he tells of two months arrears in rent, of all possessions pawned, of nothing eaten since yesterday. We give him several hundred Francs, and tell him it comes in the Name of the Lord Jesus, in Whom he must trust, as he has trusted hitherto. At the sight of the money he breaks down again, sobs fairly convulse him, while we ourselves, Pastor Vincent, Mr. Frankl, Mme. Frankl, and I find it impossible to refrain from tears. "Never before in my life", he sobs, "have I asked or taken money like this. Who would have thought I should ever come to such an hour?"

"WE SHOULDN'T BE CRYING!"

The S. family comes in. A father, a mother, and a darling little boy of perhaps 6. The light of the truly born-again shines in their eyes. They know the Lord, and have been among the most active participants in the Gospel services and Bible Classes. The little boy recites the Lord's prayer with a beauty and dignity that are hard to describe, in a pure, highly cultured German, and many present at the Gospel meeting are moved to weeping as this little boy prays.

After months of patient waiting and praying and despairing, a letter has come from far-off Paraguay, saying that if Mr. S. can come, there is work for him there, a sure contract. He tells us that if only he could, he would go alone, and then in time make enough money to send for the wife and boy. This is an especially worthy case, for it offers a permanent solution to the problems of a family who come squarely under the provisions and objects of our Resettlement Fund. So I inquire the cost, and learn that the entire family can go for a trifle less than \$500. Knowing that our Directors had agreed some time ago that we could go as high as \$1,000 on any one such resettlement case, I am moved to say, "Tomorrow I shall place in your hands \$500. and you shall all go to Paraguay." Then follows such a scene as I think none of us shall ever forget. At first the father is not sure he has heard correctly, and asks me to say it once more. He looks at me with bewilderment, and asks, with his finger pointing to his wife and child, "You mean we *all* can go?" And I say, "Yes, you will all go!" Grasping finally the full meaning of my words, he runs to the wife, they embrace each other and weep for sheer joy, and then berate themselves for having failed to trust God more fully. Then they both literally fall to the floor and pour out their hearts to God in thanksgiving and praise, with tears flowing down like streams of water. Little Hans, not knowing what it is all about, cries with them, and keeps asking, "Was ist los?" What is the matter? And finally they tell him they are all going to Paraguay together, and he with his mother will not have to remain in Paris for a year or two longer and be separated from his father. He too, is some time in comprehending the full import of this news. "You mean we can go with Papa right away, and not be left alone?" "Yes," they tell him, "and we will all be so happy!" Now the little boy begins to hug and kiss the mother and father, and between kisses to exclaim, "Then we shouldn't be crying—we should be laughing!"

A morning like that, then the afternoon, after a trip downtown for lunch, spent in visitation in unspeakably pitiful tenement rooms. We walk up five, six, and seven floors, to find a family in one room, in squalor and wretchedness of which the less said the better. Sickness, misery, death, stalk in these hiding places of the hunted and haunted Jewish refugees.

THE BETTER DAY AHEAD

Night comes, and there is the Gospel meeting back in the Mission hall. It is still an hour before meeting-time, but already some 50 have come and are hold-

FROM OUR BOOK ROOM

TRACTS FOR JEWS

We have them. They are brief, to the point, and attractively titled. They are written in a background of over forty 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 stumblingblock 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.

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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 unwise distribution.

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19.....

AMERICAN BOARD OF MISSIONS TO THE JEWS, Inc.
27 Throop Avenue, Box 10, Station A, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Friends:

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

Name.....

Address.....

10-39

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

the hill of world prestige in these last five years! Politics does make strange bedfellows! There is a Talmudic saying to the effect that if one desperately needs the thief, he will even tear him down from the gallows, and we suppose the very fact of England's recent efforts to secure a pledge of friendly cooperation from Russia, was a confession of her own weakness against the might of the Central European powers. This new sensation, smashing to pieces Britain's fond hopes, may be the direct rebuke of God for Britain's faithlessness. We do not wish to judge, but these thoughts are worth pondering over.

Secondly, Hitler's hypocrisy is revealed in fiercer light than ever before. Was it not he, and the entire Nazi party of Germany which had so condemned and cursed Russia as being a land filled with "Jewish Communists"? And did not Hitler claim that his one mission in life was to stamp out Communism from the world and to destroy the Jews of the world? But suddenly we find Hitler and Stalin in a peace agreement! Which only proves that the Nazi ballyhoo about Jewish Communism was all trumped up falsehood, and that what Stalin stands for is identical with what Hitler stands for, that there is no such thing as Communism in Russia and no such thing as National Socialism in Germany—both countries are under the most severe and ruthless grip of autocracy, as demoniacal as though it came from the very depth of hell itself.

And thirdly, which is most important of all, the Word of God emerges clear and iridescent as the waters of the Gulf Stream. For many years past, careful Bible students have been pointing to Ezekiel 38 as God's clear foretelling that in the end-days Gog and Gomer shall be found united. And so we have now perhaps the beginning of the union of these two Godless and God-hating powers who will later on play such catastrophic roles in the history of the world. We have ourselves pointed out many times that Russia and Germany have much more in common than any other of the great powers of Europe. They both are anti-God, they both are autocracies, with Hitler and Stalin as men of brutal wills, and finally they both hate the Jews, and have done much in these past years to bring upon the Jews un-

speakable and endless tortures.

* * * *

"Wanderers among the Nations." So Hosea vividly paints the picture of Israel's pitful plight. No less than 18 sailing vessels are now drifting on the high seas in sundry parts of the world, bearing thousands of Jewish refugees seeking with yearning hearts for a place to land. With searching eyes, they scan every mile of foreign shore line in the hope that somehow they may find a stretch which has escaped the close watch of the patrol boats of the government whose land it may happen to be. Some estimates run as high as several hundred ships on the open seas today containing these hapless wanderers. One ship found what the passengers thought was a gap for entrance, and so the captain beached the ship off the coast of Palestine and immediately some of the passengers jumped overboard and waded to shore where they began to bargain with some owners of row boats; they brought out a large number of row boats to the side of the ship and were unloading their women and children passengers when suddenly the British patrol boats spotted the proceeding and arrested some 800 of these helpless refugees, and placed them in a concentration camp, not far from Haifa.

Commenting on these heartbreaking conditions, Rev. Coulson Shepherd of Atlantic City, N. J., who has been carrying on a Gospel broadcast especially to the Jews for the last two or three years, had this to say in one of his recent talks:—"The whole world is turning a deaf ear to their cries for help. If a ship containing criminals of the worst type were on the high seas, and through contact with an iceberg should start to sink, the ship's SOS call would bring help from all directions. But these home-loving, peaceful-living peoples' cry for simply a place to live, goes unheeded."

ing a song service. I never heard such singing. Mostly men, for it is a long way to come, and the women cannot walk so far. If ever you would see the power of a Gospel hymn to cheer and encourage and strengthen the heart, go to this service. No piano, but the strong vibrant voices of men, singing with a vehemence and a conviction that should bring tears to the eyes of even a Hitler. Here are these exiles, homeless, hungry, clothes ragged; and yet their faces shine with the reflection of the Sun of Righteousness as they lustily sing the chorus, in German

Herrlich, herrlich wird es einmal sein,
Wenn wir zieh'n von Sunde frei und rein.
In das gelobte Kanaan ein.
Jesu, sieh Herr Ich komm!

which in English reads,

Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free;
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,
In our eternal home.

It was the Lord Himself who told us, "Man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." And here before my eyes was the living proof of His statement. These men were frankly hungry, weary, discouraged, and even hopeless; but they were being fed with the Bread of heaven, refreshed and strengthened, and given new courage and new hope. I felt so ashamed of my own self as I witnessed these scenes; for, in the Lord's good will, my own trials and testings have in recent months been sometimes beyond my strength, and I had often fallen in the slough of despondency. And here were these men, ruined beyond any possible hope of restoration, but they found joy and peace in these hours of close fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ!

After the evening service, we take a few of the believers, closest to the hearts of our workers, to an eating place, and we all have a bite, in common fellowship and camaraderie. By the time this is finished, we find ourselves loathe to part. When I get back to my room, the midnight hour has struck. I sit and ponder these things in the stillness of the night, and it is several hours before sleep comes to rest the tired body and tense nerves.

WE HEW TO THE LINE

It may be important to stress here once more, that we are not a relief agency, nor a Refugee Society. Ours is a God-commissioned work of presenting the message of Salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ, and this we do in season and out. Refugee relief we use only as a means to a vital end—the salvation of men and women. Frankly, we are not interested in relief work for its own sake—there are many organizations doing that, and they, of course, as our Lord reminded us, have their reward. But our work abroad is saturated with the Gospel, and while we try to help in His Name all who come to us, our more substantial help naturally is extended especially to the Household of Faith, those Jews who have given up their all, even their racial connections, to identify themselves for all time with Him who bought them and gave Himself for them.

And so the Lord sees fit to bless graciously the work of our hands. There was a thrill and a joy, for instance, when I witnessed on the very first Lord's day after reaching Paris, a baptismal service at which five of the recent converts of the work made public confession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. A holy awe seemed to pervade the church as we all grasped the significance of what we were beholding. Jews, all mature adults, in the very fires of persecution and hatred such as they had not known for 2,000 years, and much of it by so-called Christians, were here actually and earnestly accepting the very Christ in Whose Name they were falsely being hated, and surrendering all to Him!

Are these not dividends to our friends who have invested of their possessions, and their hearts and their tears; dividends that have the stamp of Eternity upon them?

* * * * *

I must not fail to mention a visit one afternoon to Ella Frankel, the daughter of that Rabbi Frankel, of whom we wrote so fully last year. It was a radiant experience and a benediction. The aged Rabbi still lives, over 80 years old, but his mind wanders and cannot concentrate long enough to allow any seed of Gospel truth to take root. He still has the marks of the bullet wounds and knife stabs of Nazi brutalities. The daughter, Ella, was given up, over a year ago, to die any day of cancer. But here she was, the sun-golden hair encircling her radiant face, her searchingly happy eyes glued upon my face during my entire visit. As she lay in her bed, the very essence of sunshine and joy, she told me that for a whole year she had been counting the days to my coming; and now her joy knew no bounds. In the midst of her deadly pain, she said, "It is wonderful what God's grace can do! He comes into this room, and lives in my heart, and I am so happy." Then she told me what the Christ-like ministrations of our workers had meant to her. Speaking of death, she said, "I am ready to go to Him at any time. It does not matter when I go, because He is now here with me, and if I go, I go only to be up there with Him!"

And again I went away a wiser and, I hope, a more faithful servant of the Lord.

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To Brussels, Belgium, for only two days. Here I found our own Pastor Otto Samuel, recently escaped from Germany, deeply absorbed and swamped with Refugee work. Some 40,000 Jews have suddenly been thrust into this City of Brussels. Most of them just overran the frontiers, and took shelter anywhere. They are among the more recent victims of Nazi extermination, and are also of the poorer classes. The higher classes escaped during earlier years of Hitler's regime and are to be found more in Paris and in London.

The Belgian Gospel Mission, of which our friends Ralph and Edith Norton were the founders, has graciously given us hospitality through its director, Rev. John Winston. In their beautiful headquarters at 7 Rue de Moniteur, they have set aside for us a hall where Pastor Samuel holds his consultation hours, Bible Classes, children's meetings, Gospel preaching services. They have done the same at their Antwerp Branch; and Mr. Samuel goes there one day a week.

Here again the Gospel message is stressed as being paramount, and here too the Lord is graciously blessing the ministry and the message. A number of families, believers, asked me to take their children to America and to find some Christian families who would adopt them. If our Congress should pass legislation permitting this, perhaps we may pursue the matter further. But at present we can do nothing. One Jewish mother went over to her bureau, and brought out a large Bible, opened it, took from within its pages a copy of our own "The Shepherd of Israel", Paris edition, French-Yiddish, and told me how they used to receive it regularly from a missionary in Berlin, and how much comfort it brought them. Her husband loved to read it over and over again, and so they brought it with them clear from Germany.

Pastor Samuel I found quite changed in appearance. Six weeks in a concentration camp in Germany had left their sorry marks upon him and my heart was made sad.

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No Palestine visit this time, although I had set my heart on going. But in London, several brethren who had been there recently warned me solemnly, "Don't go! All traffic is stopped, no tourists can go through, Arab and Jew difficulties are of the most serious nature." And so I did not go.

JEWISH NOTES

Peculiarly pathetic was the tragedy of the 922 Jewish refugees who set sail the end of May from Germany with fond hopes of finding a new world and a chance for a fresh start in life, far from Nazi persecutions. There were some 400 women and children in the group. Each of the 922 had received proper exit visas from Germany, and each had been given proper entry permits to Cuba, and they had left Germany shorn of every possession in the world.

But when the ship, the Hapag-Lloyd liner St. Louis, docked, or attempted to dock, at Havana, lo and behold the Cuban government refused admission to the entire 922 passengers! Efforts were then undertaken, frantically, by Jewish organizations in America and in other parts of the world, to persuade Cuba to allow these poor desolate creatures to land. For over a week, the ship cruised up and down in Caribbean waters, waiting for some eventuality to develop either in Cuba itself or in some other nearby country, that would allow the passengers to land in a new country. As the St. Louis cruised up and down, sometimes not far from the Florida coast line, a United States coast patrol boat kept close to the ship, circling about and up and down continuously day and night. The object was twofold; first to prevent even the remotest possibility of one of the victims jumping overboard and attempting a life and death struggle to swim ashore; secondly, to prevent these same victims from jumping overboard to commit suicide. The whole world was stirred to its very depths with heartbreaking pity for these poor wretched refugees who had lost their everything in Germany and now were derelicts upon the seas of the world. The newspapers were filled with front headlines describing almost hourly developments of the possibility of some nation taking pity and opening its arms of refuge. Special appeals were made to President Roosevelt to do something, but apparently he was helpless. At long last the ship could not continue idling in the waters, and so turned her prow back to Nazi-land, to unload her unwelcome cargo into a land which already had spued them out. Suddenly, however, while the ship was heading toward Germany, the world was elec-

trified by the announcement that sturdy little Holland, which has always loved and befriended the Jews, had come to the rescue, and agreed to take 194 of the refugees. Apparently the challenge was too much for France, Belgium and England; these nations promptly agreed to absorb the remaining seven hundred or more of the human cargo. There were strings to these agreements however; for every immigrant received by any of these countries, the American Jewish Committee was made to put up \$500 in cash with the respective American Consulates, as a security fund to guarantee that the refugee would not become a public charge, and to guarantee further that his or her stay in each of the countries would be only temporary. The problem still remains to find a permanent place of shelter for them. And so a sad chapter closes, at least in part, with this much joy that these victims do not have to go back to the land that drove them out, to an unimaginable fate.

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The Word of God abideth forever, Or, we might put it in different form by saying, "Let God be true and every man a liar." Because, it was a shocked world which heard the news the other day that Russia and Germany had formed a non-aggression pact. The intimations were also that there had been some undercover agreement as to peaceful relations and friendships, with all that these things might imply. It is too early yet to draw any conclusions, but enough of the sensational has happened to startle the world. Great Britain has suffered one of the most humiliating defeats of diplomacy in all her history, while Hitler accomplished a coup that has had the world gasping because of its sheer audacity and brilliancy. Three observations seem to us pertinent at this time. First, as to Great Britain:—It did always seem rather tawdry and shameful to us that a nation with the rich religious background of Great Britain, and with her claim for over one thousand years to being "the Defender of the Faith", should so humiliate herself as to be found fawning at the feet of blasphemous Russia, a Russia which has raised her clenched fists against Almighty God, and seeks to dethrone Him from the heart of mankind. How swiftly has the British toboggan rolled down

WE BOUGHT THESE THINGS FOR YOU

Gold and frankincense and myrrh. The wise men presented to the young child Jesus gifts; gold and frankincense and myrrh. Thinking our readers would be enchanted with such a novelty, we secured from Palestine several hundred small boxes, each holding a little glassine topped container, shaped like a pill box, in which there is a supply of genuine frankincense; another container has genuine myrrh; and then there is a Palestinian coin, the smallest in the kingdom, one mil, made of copper, but highly polished so as to imitate gold.

If you would like these, either for yourself or for Christmas gifts to Sunday School children, or for any other gift use, they are 50¢ for the three items. But we urge immediate orders, because last year when we brought over some Palestine soap, the supply was gone in just a few days and many were disappointed. If we receive orders quickly now in excess of our supply, there may still be time to cable for additional packages.

Palestine Christmas Cards. A greeting card even more beautiful than the one we had last year. It is a folder, and has the pressed flowers picked last April and May on the hills of Judea; the word Christmas does not appear on the card at all. There are no Christmas greetings; there is instead a blank space in which you may write your own message; this has the advantage of enabling you to use the cards for any occasion, Christmas, Easter or any other time, and it makes the card a little more personal. Opposite the side containing the beautiful pressed flowers, there is a lovely poem which begins "We grew upon the very hills where Jesus used to stand." The back of the card contains the Star of David.

As long as our supply lasts, these cards are yours at \$1.00 for a box of 12, including an envelope for each

card. We cannot sell less than 12 cards, and orders must be in multiples of 12. Also, please bear with us, but we cannot ship these cards on credit. We are not in the book business, nor can we open ledger accounts; we have these only as an accommodation to our friends. Last year we were swamped with orders and could not take care of all requirements.

A Palestine Red Letter New Testament with Olive Wood Covers. Another rare gem from Palestine; a book you will love to possess as well as to give to your dearest friends. A lady bought one of these New Testaments from us, and by return mail came a repeat order for four additional copies, and she wrote, "The book was so much more beautiful than your description of it that you did not begin to do it justice. It is exquisite."

The price is \$2.50 per copy, postage paid.

The Time of Jacob's Trouble. Dr. Louis Bauman's book which made such a sensation last year, now comes to the front with renewed timeliness and force because of the intensified savagery of hate and plunder that is now being undergone by the Jews of the world. The age-old cry, "Where shall we go?" takes on a new terror as the wail of Israel is wafted over the trade winds of a world again gone mad. Dr. Bauman's book answers authoritatively out of God's Word, why the world hates the Jews, and what is to be the outcome of the present world terror and bewilderment. Read the book again, and we beseech every lover of Israel to buy it in quantities, give it wings, and rush it out on a most needed errand of enlightenment in a world where hate is being bred and spawned with the swift multiplicity of flies in summer.

Price 35¢ per copy, \$4.00 a dozen, \$30.00 a hundred.

In London it was ominous and sad to see full-steam-ahead preparations for war. All over the city trenches were being dug, huge mounds of earth were being thrown up, and Air Raid Protection was being provided for. Gas masks, underground passages, airplane maneuvers, told of preparations for a mighty conflict. The Englishman's jaw is set, and on all sides one hears, "We were not ready a year ago; but today, we are ready!" And no one seems to know when the first shot will be fired, but of war they are all sure.

Visits with friends in England were very delightful, even in the midst of a program crowded to the very last hour with conferences with our workers; Mr. and Mrs. Gitlin from Warsaw, en route to America; Pastor Hedenquist and Emanuel Lichtenstein from Vienna; a committee of brethren from Kishineff, in Bessarabia; other brethren who came to consult with us and to pour out their hearts. All these needed a word of cheer and encouragement. The days passed as in a dream.

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And here I am on board ship headed once more for the homeland, the one land in all the world that is still free from oppression and hates and brutalities. May God ever keep her so!

The third class is crowded to the full. Many are refugees who are so fortunate as to be on their way to America, to try to make a new start in life. Their faces are worth studying. I go down to visit with them. A strange combination they present. Agony of soul over the tortures they have been through, and jubilant hopefulness for a better day to come. God grant it may be so.

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"So He bringeth them unto their desired haven." Ps. 107:30. I am back once more in beloved America, thankful to God that in this day of dictatorships and hatreds and persecutions the Lord allows us to live in a land where freedom is still a priceless heritage. Truly, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places." Ps. 16:6. It takes only a few weeks of travel abroad in these days to bring to anyone a realization of the blessings of American citizenship.

For the many and faithful prayers of the Lord's people in our behalf, we can never be sufficiently thankful. These prayers were our sustaining comfort and strength all through the days of labor and weariness. And surely God did answer these prayers, for He did preserve our going out and our coming in, and He did grant us journeying mercies every step of the way.

The work in the home field I found in a state of spiritual prosperity, and every one of our workers, both here in Brooklyn and in our branches across the country, report evidences of God's rich blessings upon the testimony given to us. Your investments, both by prayer and by gift, have been wonderfully guarded by Him Whom we all are seeking faithfully to serve.

But with the joy there is also pain, and it is only fair that we should share this with our precious Chosen People family; for we are truly laborers together with Him:

On my return to the States I find a nationwide propaganda, well-entrenched, liberally financed and extensively popularized, whose purpose is to stir up the flames of bigotry and hate against the Jews. The testimony now being presented before the Dies Congressional Committee in Washington is indeed disturbing, and should be so to every true Christian believer. Here in New York a few days ago they held a demonstration in which thousands participated, with the most vicious attacks upon all Jews. The mobs were goaded into hatred for the Jews, and the slogans "Buy Christian, Employ Christian, Boycott the Jew" were displayed on all sides. The name "Christian" is being used now as a symbol of Jew-hate, and God only knows where such devilry will eventually lead us. In the Washington investigation it has been brought out that there are some six hundred centers in America from which Jew-hating literature is being sent out in uncounted thousands of copies. The material is all prepared

in Berlin, and then sent over here for reprint. The greater pity and shame is that some men who call themselves Fundamentalists have taken up with this movement and have even assumed leadership in this frightful campaign. Our only recourse is to God in believing and importunate prayer, that He shall protect not only the work of this Mission, but that His sheltering arms shall also ward off from Israel the heavy blows now aimed at them here in our own country.

Needless to say, all of this confusion is highly bewildering to the mind of the Jew and is doing much harm to the cause of Jewish Missions. The time is rapidly approaching when the true child of God will have to come out in the open and either take the side for or against the Jew. God forbid that the Jewish mission shall disappear from the American scene, as it is being compelled to disappear in practically every country of Continental Europe. We pray fervently that God may prevent such a catastrophe, but God works through His own children, and so the responsibility rests upon everyone who calls himself by the name Christian.

A letter from a friend of many years in which he laments the terrible spread of Jew hatred in America, contains this rather illuminating paragraph:—

"But the lines are tightening. I cry out with all my power against anti-Semitism and warn people, for I know what God says. Nevertheless there are powers in higher places than I fill, who have more influence than my single voice, who cry out for many things against Israel. God knows, and He will require it, though He bear much from the hatred of His people first. These days permit all believers to take their stand beside God's people or against them."

Nothing more needs to be said to our beloved readers. You will know what needs to be done, and you will stand by us until the last shout of the battle has been heard. To change the metaphor, we ourselves have nailed our flag to the masthead; and if the ship goes down, we will go with it, masthead, flag, and all.

Beloved friends, God has given you true and clear discernment. You well know that this world outburst of Jew-hate is the devil's last fling. We are living in heroic, soul-stirring days of what surely must be the end-time. For such a time as this, and for such an hour as this, the Lord has called you and us to a united and courageous testimony. He will call many more, as the times get darker and the battle waxes fiercer. We stand in the front line of battle, and we depend for the sinews of war upon those in the rear. The promise is, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff; they shall part alike." I Samuel 30:24. You need not envy our workers in the thick of the fighting, neither need you envy their rewards, you, who tarry by the stuff and who through the ministry of faithful daily prayer keep provisioning us at the front battle line. You will share the glory and the reward of His "well done" equally with those of us who go into more direct grips with the enemies of our souls. We are not sure but that most of the wrestling in the last analysis is actually done by the saints themselves at the Throne of Grace, long before the factual experience comes to us. David won his battle with Goliath long before he shot the stone at his head. The Lord Jesus Christ Himself was able to say "It is finished" only after the drops of blood had come from His holy body in those dark hours of Gethsemane, when in the words of "not my will but thine be done" the victory had been accomplished.

And so, beloved friends, pray for us! Give of your means as you have been doing in the days gone by in such generous outpourings of love and sacrifice, that our treasury indeed shall be full and we shall not need to hesitate in our world-wide ministry of Gospel preaching, relief ministrations, and in our clarion testimony to Jew and Gentile alike that the Lord's coming is at hand.

Ever faithfully yours in His service,

JOSEPH HOFFMAN COHN.

The closing day we had an exhibition of handwork and a final program. The Primary department under Miss Shernow was in its glory that day, for then they recited all the verses, and sang several songs they had learned during the summer. We were astonished at all they had taken in and were delighted that even these little tots were able to hide away in their hearts so much of God's Word. Mr. Moses Gitlin was our speaker on this occasion. He had just come from troubled Europe and we all listened to his words with great interest.

The next morning the sun rose and the sky was clear and we were glad. This was the day of our final outing. Two bus loads of women and children who had been faithful all summer, had a pleasant ride through the country. When the buses reached Lake Ronkonkoma, L. I., we unloaded and had a nice time in the water, under the trees or in the playground. As we returned to the city that evening we were tired but our hearts were happy. God had given us a perfect day, and a wonderful school. "Bless the Lord, oh my soul!"

Notabilia

Rev. Moses H. Gitlin and Mrs. Gitlin and their five children have returned to America and have been transferred from our Warsaw Branch to the work in Buffalo, N. Y. Although still retaining his connection with the Buffalo Mission, this arrangement will release Rev. A. B. Machlin for more intensive field evangelism and deputation work. He will apply himself particularly to the task of conducting Bible conferences in various parts of America, calling upon others of our field staff for assistance as needed. The thought is to wage a national campaign of enlightenment, so

that we shall do our part, under God's leading, to stem the tide of Jew-hating propaganda, and to awaken the Lord's people to the most serious dangers that lie ahead in such a Satanic agitation. If you wish to arrange for a Bible Conference of this sort in your city, please communicate with Mr. Machlin, who can be addressed at our headquarters, 27 Throop Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Rev. H. H. Amster has resigned his position as acting dean of the Washington Bible Institute, and has been transferred to Seattle, Washington, there to take charge of our Northwest Branch. His work will consist of evangelizing the Jews of the northwest territory, including the states of Washington and Oregon, and together with this he will engage in a ministry of Bible-teaching and enlightenment among the Christian people concerning the place of Israel in God's program. Please pray for the Seattle work, also for extensions we are planning into Tacoma, Washington, and Portland, Oregon. Pray also for the large Committee of generous-hearted men and women, which has been formed to give local counsel and support. An additional worker will be needed in this territory; will you please pray for that also.

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Warsaw is not abandoned by us. A young convert, Jacob Gorfinkiel by name, was installed by Mr. Gitlin to carry on at least in a somewhat restricted activity, the work so faithfully established through the labors of Mr. Gitlin and his dear wife. Pray much for the young Elisha. Dark days are ahead in Poland, we fear, and Mr. Gorfinkiel will need every help that can come from our united intercession in his behalf.

"In Perfect Peace"**A REPORT OF OUR VACATION
BIBLE SCHOOL**

By MISS JUDITH FUCHS

"Sing unto the Lord, bless His name, show forth His salvation from day to day. Declare His glory among the nations, His marvelous works among all the people. For great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised."

These words that were used to open our school every morning are still ringing in our hearts for our God was indeed good to us. His blessings were new every day and He gave us much reason to praise Him. He sent in to our school the best number that we have had for several years, and in spite of the fact that some of the children had to go to the city camps we rejoice that our enrollment went above 110.

Each morning before school started the teachers met for a meeting, where we received the strength that comes only through prayer; then Mr. Fuchs brought to us a short talk that gave us the encouragement our work required. This was a precious time and we were privileged to see many of our prayers answered one by one as the school progressed.

After the opening march, we had our worship service, which was followed by the music period. We learned to sing many Gospel choruses, but the favorite of all was, "Thou Wilt Keep Him in Perfect Peace". Morning after morning one of the mothers or children requested that we sing this beautiful chorus. I think it was a favorite because of the message of peace it carried, especially to these Jewish hearts when the world about them is in travail with the worst hate it has ever shown to the children of Israel.

Miss Hilda Koser led the Memory Work period which followed. Our minds had to be alert and keen to take in the wealth of knowledge that this period afforded, but under her ex-

cellent leadership we learned many Bible verses and the answers to many questions about the Word of God. Toward the end of the school we were able to display our knowledge in a "Memory Work Bee" which climaxed this extremely helpful and interesting course.

The missionary period this year was called the "Parade of Nations". Throughout the five weeks of school Miss Rose brought us facts about countries in each of the continents. As we studied the different countries a flag for each one was put up until we had a World's Fair of our own, with many nations represented. Many mornings the children or women themselves led the period by telling stories of missions in other countries. Everyone enjoyed these precious minutes daily and many times the school united in prayer for the other nations that are in darkness. We were fortunate in having two interesting speakers to supplement the course. One was Miss Walker, who had just returned from Syria, and who told of her experiences in Palestine and Persia. The other was Pastor Vincent, head of our work in Paris, France. When Pastor Vincent finished telling us the heart-breaking story of a refugee family in Paris, we bowed our heads in prayer, and the cry "How long, oh Lord?" went up from our hearts in unison, as we struggled to keep back the tears.

Then the school separated into individual classes for handwork and Bible study. The World's Fair gave us a splendid background for our theme, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the good news." In connection with this we studied the book of Acts and showed the persistency and diligence of the early church, for "they ceased not to teach and preach" until the good news had spread from "Jerusalem and in all Judea and in Samaria and unto the uttermost parts of the earth".

INCIDENTS IN THE WORK**Our Last Days in Poland**

By MRS. CLARA S. GITLIN

"And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake that they should see his face no more." Acts 20:37, 38.

The last week. The breaking up of our home was like a nightmare to us. Every piece of furniture that folks carried out from the house was breaking our hearts and it seemed as though the



MRS. CLARA GITLIN

corpse of a beloved one was being taken out.

All during the last week folks came and wept over our going. To all of them our house was a Bethel, and to many of them it contained the gates of heaven. It was their house of refuge, and a haven of rest, and they wept as children whose parental nest was broken up.

The last Sunday. At 11 a.m. took place our usual meeting of prayer and Bible Study. Many came. All were sad. Bro. Gorfinkiel read from Acts 20 the farewell of St. Paul with the

elders of Ephesus. This narrative repeated itself among us. We spent much time on our knees, many prayed, and most of the prayers were fervent and in the Spirit. When the service closed and the friends began to leave, there were heartbreaking scenes of parting.

We ate a hurried meal, prepared amidst an upset house, but even now we had three of our spiritual children with us at the table.

We went to the Jewish Hospital to bid farewell to Bro. Jonas Mandelbaum who is a patient there. He is a spiritual child of ours, and of late one of our most faithful voluntary helpers. It was hard for us and still harder for him to part. We provided a bit for him to be taken care of when leaving the hospital. Next we paid our last visit to our Polish Baptist Church. Bro. Gitlin gave his parting message, and the pastor replied fittingly. Then the congregation stood up while we marched through the aisle and waved a general good-bye. Last we went to the German Baptist Church. Mr. N. Sendyk of the Mildmay Mission to the Jews granting the request of his three converts, arranged that my husband baptize them, and also say our parting word to the Hebrew Christians at large. The auditorium was filled with Jews, with a sprinkling also of Slavs and Germans. Bro. Gitlin's message, prayers and baptismal formula were all in Yiddish; it was all so inspiring, impressive and homelike. It made us dizzy to shake hands and receive kisses from the many bidding us farewell.

"THE POWERS THAT BE"

The last day. First of all Mr. Gitlin went to bid farewell to two of the more important governmental officials, under whose jurisdiction we had lived and worked. They were sorry that we were leaving. To show their confidence in us they not only granted us return visas but also kindly gave us formal permission to make arrangements to

continue our work by leaving a successor whose ministry will be independent of any denominational protection. For this we are very thankful to God, for it is a high privilege, especially when remembering that several foreign representatives of other missionary organizations were obliged to leave the country.

All the day long there was a continuous flow of friends who came to bid us farewell. Others came to receive our promised presents of household articles. There were hardly any chairs left, but the friends accommodated themselves on window sills and on the floor. We were occupied with packing, but had to go out now and then to chat with the guests, or bid farewell to the parting ones.

Among these visiting friends was our youngest spiritual child, Mrs. H. N. Her husband is a Pole, and her child, while loving her, is ashamed of her Jewish ancestry. The Lord used us to bring her to a saving knowledge of the Christ. What a change took place in her being and life. Her soul became knit with ours, and her husband and child also learned to love our home. It is so hard, so hard, to be deprived of her friends, and she breaks our hearts.

The last moments have come. We must go to the station. We are forced to ask the friends to leave us so that we can finish up our packing and leave.

But dear Mrs. E. with her two children does not leave us. She is so bound to us. Ever since her husband became a seeker of the truth he has been so changed that their family life has become a very happy one.

OUR SUCCESSORS

Closest of all, however, clings to us our dear spiritual child Leah. She came to us at the beginning of 1937, was converted and till this day worked

in our house as a servant girl. Beside her is Bro. Jacob Gorfinkel who was converted in our home a few months before Leah. He was helped by our Mission Board through the Warsaw Bible School where Mr. Gitlin taught. This couple have just married and are undertaking to carry on the work in our place.

Mrs. E., her two children, the Gorfinkel couple, and then Mr. Gitlin, our Hillel, and I, knelt for prayer. We thanked God for the years of labor for Him in this house and in Poland at large, prayed for our journey, but most of all that our testimony in Warsaw might be continued.

And ere we left the house we glanced for the last time into our meeting room where we were blessed so much, where so many precious souls, Jewish souls, discovered the Messiah in Jesus and received Him and through Him grace upon grace.

We arrive at the Railway Station. What a mass of people throng to us. What a large number of bouquets of flowers and packages of sweets and food are presented to us. The throng keeps growing. An unfriendly railway employee grumbles, as he pushes his way through the crowd, "One person is leaving and twenty come to bid him farewell." I board the train together with Hillel. Mr. Gitlin remains on the platform giving a listening ear to one after another of the friends who have a last word to say, or a request to present.

"YOUR INFLUENCE REMAINS"

I look at the large number of sad faces, and how my heart goes out to them. There is a White-Russian pastor, a student of Mr. Gitlin's monthly Bible Courses in the province of Polesje. There at the edge of the group stands, head bowed, Bro. H., a professor of the Russian high school in Warsaw, an old friend and fellow

laborer of Mr. Gitlin among the Russians. He tells us, "You leave, but the influence of your persons and work will remain here." There is Bro. A. M., the business manager of the Polish Section of the Russian Missionary Society. Way back from 1922 up till now he has been helped by us in his conversion, training and life problems. He is appreciative, grateful, and cries like a child, and kisses also like a child his father. And there is the Countess Potocka who has come to bid farewell and to remind us of her request. There is the young widow, Mrs. T., whose husband was a Hebrew Christian missionary to the Jews. Being German she can't get much help from her people, and she is so grateful for Mr. Gitlin's endeavors on her behalf. And here is our saintly Russian sister M. She was our servant, and of late has been working in a Jewish home. We had the privilege of presenting the Gospel to her employers. In consequence they sent their only son to attend the Evangelical school in England where our boys are. Close to the window appears Bro. M., a divinity student of the Warsaw University, who has come with his wife and mother as representatives of our Polish church.

But, of course, the majority of the throng are our Hebrew Christians and the enquirers, both those connected with our work and other missions. How they weep and cry. There is our former servant girl, Leah, fainting and she is carried aside. There are the brother and sister-in-law of Mr. Aaron Krolenbaum—they have come from a far off outskirts of Warsaw. Here are the dear young men who were baptised last evening by Mr. Gitlin. There is Mr. R., a well to do Jewish manufacturer, who is an enquirer. There comes running the Hebrew Christian organist of the Anglican Church, he pushes his way to whisper his request to us.

Only a minute or two are left. And while some still hold on to Mr. Gitlin, others help him to get into the train. Here we stand now, the three of us, at the window. And as Mr. G. puts out his hand to wave our friends goodbye, someone gets hold of it and begins to cover it with fervent kisses, someone else pulls out his hand and kisses it, and then one after another get hold of his hand and cover it with holy kisses and touching tears. Someone gets hold of my hand and I feel the holy impress of the expression of fellowship.

The train starts and pulls out slowly, and it draws along a stream of running, waving young people. A turning and the crowd disappears. But here on the very terminal of the platform we are met by the waving of hands of three more young people. There is Miss G., an owner of a shop, for whose salvation our precious daughter Fannie is praying and endeavoring. And we are surprised to see "Sister Esther", the Hebrew teacher of our little Hillel. How nice of her to show us so much heart. And the last one to send us off from Poland is Samuel, the brother of our Raphael Hofman.

We sink into stillness and even our little Hillel keeps silent. Then we kneel in our little three seat compartment and pray for journeying mercies, praying still more for God's cause in Poland, pleading with the Lord of the Harvest that our testimony there may go on.

And now we are in England. We enjoy a time of resting at a fine Christian Home, we enjoy the privilege of life and liberty in a democratic land, so greatly influenced by the Gospel of our Lord, but as we think of the more acute spiritual needs in Poland and of the larger opportunities for missionary work among Israel in that country our hearts seem to pull us back there.