

ficial French figures admit that at least thirty men and women died each day.

"WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE,
SALUTE YOU"

The mere thought that our train must pass by Gurs sends chills up my back. Many of our children have previously been interned there, and still have parents and relatives in the camp. Through the intercession of OSE, these refugees will be brought to the station at Oloron to bid their little ones farewell. The children know this, and although it is only Saturday afternoon and we shall not arrive before Sunday, they are already beginning to show signs of impatience. Even those whose parents are long dead are inquisitive: "Will they come?" My wife and I however, are as uncertain as the youngsters. On Sunday the officials may not wish to be disturbed.

Toward evening, the two of us distribute the apportioned supply of bread. It is barely enough to keep the body alive, but the youngsters do not complain. They never complain. Silently, they go to sleep.

At dawn, even before the sky begins to turn bluish-gray, the children are wide-awake. An almost festive spirit seems to pervade the car. All around me there is a flourish of activity. Shoes are being rubbed; small, untidy hands are splashing about in the basins. Jacques, an undersized, thirteen-year-old orphan, takes me aside to inform me that it is his companion's birthday.

"Then we ought to give him a present."

"He already has one," he exclaims ecstatically, his face aglow. "He has the nicest present. He is going to see his mother today."

His childish simplicity overwhelms me and, taking the orphan in my arms, I press him to my bosom. When I release him, I notice that his deep, pale blue eyes are moist.

Another boy, Klaus, who comes from Germany, draws a photograph of his father from his unkempt jacket. Tall and stately, bedecked with many decorations, a German officer's stiff, military mien looks out from the photograph. Today, this veteran of the World War, driven from the fath-

erland he once defended, is held in Gurs.

As if to vie with the German lad, another youngster timidly displays a photograph of a sweet, comely, young woman. "Minna, he explains, "my sister. She took care of me." The snapshot was taken only a year ago. Today, she too is in Gurs.

The train is approaching the station at Oloron. All the children rush to the window in anticipation. "They are here!" they shout as they bend forward. With a screeching of brakes, the train comes to an abrupt halt.

A loud cry, more piercing than any mechanical noise, suddenly rends the air. From the train comes the answering call of over a hundred shrill voices. Mothers, fathers, and kin, with the last few ounces of strength in their frail bodies, suddenly tear through the cordon of gendarmes and dash to the doors of the train. Their scrawny hands, quivering with excitement, are raised to greet the young ones. As the children pour out of the train, their parents and relatives hug them tightly, forgetting for this moment that their own clothes are indescribably dirty and shabby. They haven't the time to take such matters into consideration. The train leaves in three minutes. These moments will never again return.

Klaus' father, formerly the embodiment of elegance and dignity, looks like a tramp. Bearded, unkempt, rags now replacing his once immaculate uniform, he stands, looking longingly at his son. The boy, who has not seen his father for nearly two years, stares at him as at a stranger and is afraid to draw near.

"Klaus, my son, don't you recognize me?" the father finally asks in embarrassment.

The boy recoils for a moment, then, as though he had suddenly come to life, he lunges forward blindly and buries his head in his father's tattered coat. "Papa, papa," he sobs as he lifts himself up to the unshaven face, kisses the pinched forehead, and throws his small hands about his father's neck. "Papa, papa, papa," he shouts.

Minna, comely Minna, is now a living corpse. Thin as a lath, sallow-faced, she has no strength for words. Instead, she immediately falls upon her little brother's neck and smothers him with kisses. Her long, bony fingers—withered branches of a dead

tree—busy themselves fondling the orphan. Her eyes are aglow with a strange unearthly light.

As these and similar scenes are taking place, an extraordinary incident occurs. As if from nowhere, the children draw forth slices of bread and offer them to the internees. "Father, take this—take this, mama—please take." Bewildered, the parents look at the bread and then at the children. Their eyes seem to ask many questions. They also tell a tale of hunger. But they refuse to take the bread. "My child, you'll have nothing left," one mother after another declares. The children are persistent. Again and again they cry, "Please take . . . please take."

THE LAST STINT— THE PRICELESS OFFERING

One little girl attempts to force a slice between her mother's teeth. It is evident that the mother can hardly control her hunger. But she dares not eat the bread.

My wife and I are confused. Where could the children have obtained the bread? Their portions are so pitifully small and inadequate. Slowly, the answer begins to dawn upon us. Without our knowledge, the youngsters must have hidden last night's ration. We can scarcely believe our eyes. Children of eight and ten, themselves terribly hungry, are giving their own precious bits of bread to strange fathers and mothers.

My wife and I join the children in pleading with the parents to take the bread. They stare at us, and almost automatically, their hands grope for it. They tear off little pieces, bringing them swiftly to their quivering lips. But the bread will go no further. It remains stuck in their teeth. As the realization of the children's sacrifice begins to dawn upon them, a heart-rending wail bursts from their throats. The hardened gendarmes lose control of themselves and begin to weep. The cry of the internees is long and pitiful, a cry of mingled shame and despair.

The French officer commanding the gendarmes draws me aside questioningly. I explain briefly what the children have done, and before I am through the eyes of this hard-bitten soldier are moist. One touching phrase escapes his lips: "Quelle misère—what misery!" Taking advantage of his aroused sympathies, I beg him to grant the children a few more minutes with their parents. With unexpected cour-

tesy, he leads me to the station-agent and, to my great surprise, pleads my case " . . . We are also fathers," he beseeches. The station-agent yields. The train remains a few moments longer.

"FAREWELL, FOREVER"

Five minutes, ten minutes. The train begins to move, the clatter of the wheels drowning out the cries of farewell. Through the doors and windows, the children wave their hands to the group of living dead. The shriveled faces slowly grow less distinct, become distant specks, and then are seen no more. Perhaps forever.

In the corridor of the train stands little Klaus holding a letter. With German deliberateness, his father, fearful that three minutes would not be sufficient for him to bid his son farewell, had written this note beforehand and had given it to the boy upon parting. Klaus now reads: "My dear son, my beloved Klaus, do not forget your father."

A little girl is weeping. Her mother, also at Gurs, had not come to the station at Oloron to see her. Evidently, permission to release her had not come in time. The girl continues to weep . . .

We draw closer to the Spanish border. The train pulls strongly, as though in sympathy with the desire of its passengers to get away. Inside, the children are growing more cheerful. Some are showing off the presents their parents gave them. This one proudly displays an old, moth-eaten shawl; that one, a small coin. Only we, the grown-ups, are still depressed. Is it because of the scene we have just left behind, or the childish forgetfulness about us? Whatever it is, it has left a dreadful impression upon our souls. It will continue to darken our days and haunt our nights.

Our arrival in Lisbon and the adventurous voyage to America aboard the "Mouzinho" form a story which may be told another day. Little Jacques, sturdy Klaus and all the other courageous youngsters are today safe in American homes. They are free from the terror of persecution and starvation. Some day, perhaps, even the scars which the last two years of war have inflicted upon their souls may be healed. But for the millions of children left behind there is no hope. Only a handful can be rescued—how many depends upon help American men and women will give.

It's Not Too Late

We mean your Christmas orders. But hurry you must, and we'll do our best, what with our crowded days and the great jam of Christmas mail at the Post Office.

1. **SOMETHING NEW FROM AFRICA.** A little book by William H. Auret Pritchard, a noted Bible scholar of Johannesburg. It is entitled "Are the Jews God's Chosen People?" and it is chockfull of golden nuggets that you will be quoting over and over again. Customs duties, heavy shipping costs from Africa, insurance, these make necessary a charge of 50¢ for a booklet we could ordinarily sell for 25¢. But it's worth many times the 50¢.

2. **A MODERN MISSIONARY TO AN ANCIENT PEOPLE,** by the late Dr. Leopold Cohn. Dr. Cohn tells the thrilling story of his life. Price 30¢ a copy; buy them by the dozen, \$3.00 a dozen, and give them wide distribution. This booklet will make a welcome and beautiful Christmas present to many a true child of God.

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In all transactions with us, the buyer must be satisfied, or your money will be refunded promptly and cheerfully, and no questions asked.

American Board of Missions to the Jews, Inc.

27 THROOP AVENUE

Station A, Box 10

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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(Continued from page 2)

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

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THE CHOSEN PEOPLE

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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. 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."

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.

Gifts of Clothing, new or used, (but in good condition) etc., should be sent by express, prepaid, and marked plainly, 27 Throop Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Associate Editor

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No. 3

Salutation

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

Dearly beloved friends:—

The angels must weep, who sang the glory song over the Judean hills, as they now look down upon this frenzied world of ours, in this year of our Lord 1941. For once more the world goes through the motions of a mockery which it calls Christmas, once more the stores are jammed to overflowing, once more the mob is incited to "Buy, buy, buy!" Once more the jingle bells echo through the streets and once more is sounded the shrill cry, "A Merry Christmas, a Merry Christmas!" Once more there is the urge to buy someone a gift, in the secret hope that he will give in return something just a bit better. And all this in utter oblivion of the fact that Christmas is supposed to be the birthday of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that it is the usual custom, in every other avenue of social usages to give presents to *the one whose birthday it is*, and not to the various guests at the birthday party!

The angels must weep, who sang those beautiful cadences over the trembling shepherds on that starry night nineteen hundred years ago, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." For in all truth there is no peace on this old world of ours today. A hell of such carnage as never the world has known before, has been loosed upon us with the fury of a million demons. And no one living can tell us what will be the end. Brutes and beasts of unbridled passions have drawn the sword, and while these swords are drenched in blood up to the hilt, still onward goes the march of mass massacre, of mowing down of millions of innocent and helpless men, women and children. God is being ruled out of His universe, peoples by the millions are lifting clenched fists to the heavens and cursing God to His face. Battle fields are drenched with blood, while contending armies of millions of men, helpless pawns of a relentless and ruthless thirst for power, surge back and forth, capturing and recapturing disputed fields of battle, challenged areas of possession. God is out, and the devil reigns! The biting lines of Kipling's famous reminder that in the last analysis it will be God's battalions that will win the day, are forgotten by these who now strut with insolent pomp and boast across the arena of God's world:—

Far-called our navies melt away —
On dune and headline sinks the fire —
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

But we, who can look upon these things with quiet appraising eye because we have learned the truth from Him, we have known that these things must be and that they are the sure harbingers of the speedy appearance of Him who alone is the hope of the world. With patience and with thanksgiving, feeble

folk though we be, "we see Jesus," and we see Him "Crowned with glory and honor." It is this Jesus, tabernacled in our hearts, Who has made life understandable to us, and through Whom alone we can safely sail the seven seas of world confusion and adversity, even going to sleep in the very hold of our little ship, because we know that the Master Skipper is at the helm. We can say with Paul of old, "None of these things move me!" We need only to look back into the unimpeachable record of the promises that have been kept by God in the days gone by, to reinforce our faith that He Who has kept His Word "hitherto" will keep it "henceforth."

We are thinking especially now of that mysterious prophecy to us in Isa. 53:2, "He shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground."

A root out of a dry ground. Consider the historic background out of which suddenly appeared the Son of David. Israel was well on the way to extermination. The heroic epochs of the Maccabean era, the astounding achievements of Judas the Hammer, these things were already folded away in the forgotten pages of Israel's desperate struggle against the powers of the pagans. Greedy and tyrannical Rome had swept in from the west and had conquered Judea, and now Judea was being slowly but surely pulverized under the iron heel of Roman tyranny until eventually Judea must be annihilated or fused into the very brawn of Roman nationalism. For long centuries the hope of the Messiah had been built into the nation as the very warp and woof of their souls; and the one dream of their sages, prophets, poets and even political leaders, was that soon, soon, the golden age of the Messiah was to appear. But alas and alack, no Messiah came. Instead, Antiochus Epiphanes had with the suddenness of a tornado shot into the arena of Judean life and in his daring madness had forbidden their religion, had attempted to destroy their sacred books, and with unsparing ferocity had forced on them conformity to heathen rites. The climactic of these indecencies was reached when he desecrated the Temple by dedicating it to Zeus Olympus and reared a heathen altar upon that of the burnt offering. He then installed a sow in the very Temple itself, and compelled the Jews to worship that! Such was the nadir of Israel's decadence.

THE HARPS OF SORROW

And so it was that not only in Babylon, but also even in the land of their fathers, Israelitish captives hung the harps of Zion by the rivers of their own beautiful cities, and whichever way they turned they saw only desolation, only hopeless despair, only a future that had no future.

A root out of a dry ground. The final crushing insult that Rome heaped upon her conquered victim was to remove from the people of Judea all processes of the administration of civil and criminal justice. At long last the actual sceptre spoken of by Jacob in Gen. 49:10 had now departed from Judah, and no more was there a law-giver to promulgate encyclicals from the Temple at Jerusalem. Everything was subject to Roman power. Herod, the unclean, Herod the Idumean, blasphemed and desecrated every vestige of Mosaic sanctities, and insolently sneered at the aroused and infuriated Jews, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" All was desecrated, the cry of despair filled the hearts of multitudes as they began to reason within themselves, and as these reasonings began to take audible form, "No Messiah! No Messiah! No prophecies fulfilled! No deliverance for Israel! No more return to the glories of our forefathers! *There is no God!*"

A root out of a dry ground. So desolate, so barren, so hopeless had now become the nation's morale, that all they expected to do was to live out their lives in whatever fashion they could, and then go to an endless sleep into an oblivion from which they never again would rise. Even the Priesthood had lost its reverence for the sanctity of God's House; and the service of Priests and Levites became just so many motions to go through, so much to be done, only because there was a living in it. It was in this soil that the despairing theology of the Sadducees was spawned. What else could these Sadducees be-

INCIDENTS IN THE WORK (Continued from Page 9)

come out—yet. We hope and pray they shall be the preachers of the last days in Palestine when the time comes.

"There is that Withholdeth More than is Meet."

A striking and heartening testimony comes to us from a beloved pastor in whose church we were privileged to hold some meetings this past winter. We want our readers to see at least a few sentences:—

We look back to your and Brother Centz's visit with us with pleasure. You were truly a blessing to our Church. You may quote me in this if you care to do so. It always pays to take God at His Word in all things. Certainly He meant what He said when He said, "I will bless them that bless thee". The day you were here our people gave to your mission the largest offering made in a single day. This is a mighty good offering for a group of working people. But some will say, "What about a group of poor working people doing that for an outside

object? Will it not hurt the local offering?" My answer is that if it is in obedience to God, it will not. On this day our local offering was the largest it had ever been in the short history of our Church.

I felt like giving you this testimony and again reminding you the door of our Church and home is always open to you and any of your workers.

The above is only a sample of the many experiences that we have along the very same line. That sainted man of God, Dr. O. W. Van Osdel, who honored us with his friendship and love for so many years, and whose successor, Dr. Fuller, continues with the same affection and devotion, used to say, "Wealthy Street Church will never get poor from helping the Jews." So many pastors seem to be afraid to present the Jewish Mission need to their people because it might take away money from their own storehouse. But such a brother is too often shortsighted and he has not yet ventured out into the full depth of God's grace with regard to Israel. It is an eternal truth that can be demonstrated over and over again, which is given to us at the very onset of the dawn of history, "I will bless them that bless thee."

SUMMARY OF CONTRIBUTIONS FROM OCTOBER 1st to OCTOBER 31st, 1941

Covering Receipt Numbers A66518-A67795; B68567-B70230

General Fund	\$12,423.16
"The Chosen People" (Subscriptions)	419.71
For "The Shepherd of Israel"	124.85
For Work Among the Children	50.50
Dispensary Income Account	31.25
For Relief to the Poor	554.60
For Philadelphia Branch	147.83
For Pittsburgh Branch	204.05
For Columbus Branch	46.95
For Buffalo Branch	14.50
For Los Angeles Branch	512.15
For Seattle Branch	142.20
For Washington, D. C., Branch	233.75
For Canadian Branch	296.85
Hewes Street Account	37.00
For Work Overseas, including Relief Funds	1,834.76
Literature Fund (Bibles and Tracts)	65.95
For Students' Education Fund	23.25
For Amer. Trans. of Yid. N. T. Fund	584.31

Total for all Purposes\$17,747.62

OUR FAR FLUNG BATTLE LINE

(I Cor. 14:8)

Branch Stations in important Jewish Centers in the United States.
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lieve but that death ends all? This was the breeding ground from which philosophers and historians would have told us nothing good can come. From such a background we have only to expect suicides, mass rioting, a deterioration of the moral fiber, a general giving up of all self-respect, a complete resignation to a fate beyond human control. And yet from this dry ground, the Word of God had said that the mighty Saviour of the world was to spring. Is it any wonder that Isaiah also asks the question, "Who hath believed our report?"

ROME NO BETTER

A root out of a dry ground. The pagan world offered no better a background than the one we have just portrayed with regard to Israel. These pagan peoples were even more dissolute, more vile, in their daily practices, than the Jews ever had dared to be. After all, the Roman or the Greek, could move from city to city, and no matter where he went he would bring his gods with him, for he had moveable gods, and these gods were dedicated, in many cases, to vile licentiousness. But the Jew at least knew that the God of Israel had established His Shekinah Glory in one place only, and that place was the holy temple in the holy city on the holy mountain, called Zion. And to this holy place the Jew had to come year after year to do homage to the God of all creation. This God was not movable, he could not be picked up and put into pockets and carried off to a new place. And this very fact kept the Jewish nation in cohesion and gave them at least a desperate, though ever weakening, grip on the verities of God's prophecies.

A root out of a dry ground. At least the Jew did have the moral code of Moses to hold him to some form of ethical conduct; but the heathen had nothing, and so he lapsed into the most revolting practices. Some of these are hinted at in Paul's letters to the Corinthians and to the Romans; but it remains for Gibbon to portray adequately the debauchery and obscenities of those days. But with all of this, there also was inherent the cruelty of the tyrant. A Hadrian, an Antiochus, whom already we have mentioned, a dozen other of those early Roman emperors and sub-rulers, gave powerful evidence of the lengths to which savagery can go. It was truly the iron heel of Rome. What we are today witnessing in the rattling of the sabres across the water as between a Hitler, a Goebbels, a Goering, a Stalin, a Mussolini, these are almost shadows as compared to a Nero and a Pompey or a Hyrcanus, or a Herod Antipater.

From such an environment what do we expect? There is only one answer, from such soil, we look for brutes, fiends, men crazed with the lust for blood.

A root out of a dry ground. And here is the miracle of the ages, that when the world was at its lowest ebb of moral declension, when there seemed to be no hope of its ever coming back to self-respect and decency, when it seemed as though every moment the race would revert to savagery, to cannibalism, to abandoned brute life, suddenly out of such a dry ground came He who is destined in God's eternal program to rule the world!

And what is the application to us in the present hour? For we too crave and desperately need the word of comfort that will enable us to hold steady while the world about us is crashing, and the foundations are melting as the sand against the tidal wave. And in the innermost recesses of our soul we cry out, "O God, if only I can hold on!"

Well, the analogy is startling. We are just as surely on the brink of the greatest cyclone that this world has ever seen, as were those startled and simple-minded shepherds on the hills of Judea on that wonder night of the announcement of the angelic hosts, when the heavens were filled with such music as human ear had never heard before, when the stars must have sung together again as they did of olden times, when even our old earth must have shaken with tremors of joy and excitement.

A root out of a dry ground. Take again the Jewish nation; once more these people are pried out of their nesting places, but this time with the crowbars of Hitler hate; set at loose and adrift in the world, not knowing where to go,

not having a place to call their own, driven, hunted and haunted, as the very wild beasts of the forests. Slowly but surely has come once more the old cry of Israel, "Our hope is gone! There is no deliverance. *There is no God!*" Unless help comes from a supernatural extra-terrestrial source, the nation indeed is doomed to extinction. *There is no hope.* This situation is becoming more and more understood by the clearest thinkers in the Jewish nation; perhaps when this realization becomes acute, God may see fit to bring about a powerful revival within the heart of the people itself. But in the meantime we must diagnose the condition as "a dry ground." The question comes back once more of old "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

A root out of a dry ground. Take the modern pagan world; here is a Stalin, determined with a fiendishness that only demon possession can produce, to destroy religion from the face of the earth. "Religion" he cries in the words of Lenin of old, "is the opium of the people!" And a people numbering two hundred millions are crushed beneath the millstone of a tyranny such as the Czar in his palmiest days never dared to exercise. And this millstone which crushes, ever and anon, also shrieks to the nation, "There is no God, there is no God!" And out of such a negation naturally have sprung the vile immoralities of the Russian leadership.

SATAN HAS A CHOSEN PEOPLE

A root out of a dry ground. Hitler, with his savage hordes of Huns, has played his game a bit more shrewdly than Stalin, for he has recognized that it is not easy to shake loose the human soul from its urge to worship. And so he has undertaken to match his wits against God, by representing to his dupes and victims a counterfeit religion. He himself is God! The poor German soldier who dies on the field of battle today, if the survivors have enough decency to take the time to do it, will have written over his little grave marker, the words "He died in the faith of Hitler." Mein Kampf, the spawnings of a mad man's brains is to be the new Bible! And then, if you please, to make the counterfeit complete, there is to be a chosen people. And who else can it be but the Hitlerian Aryans! These are to sit in places of power, because forsooth they have in their blood something so far superior to anything any other nation ever thought of having, that they will have no dealing with the lesser breeds—they are the people chosen to dominate the world! So you see the cleavage coming as between God's purposes and the purposes of Satan, the prince of this world; the rock of offense, the storm center of the whirlpool of this earth's rotation, these things will find their crushing vortex in the Jewish problem. For God has declared He will establish Israel a praise in the earth. Hitler defies God and shouts, "No! it shall be Aryans!"

A root out of a dry ground. Look for a moment into the field of the professing Church of Christ. Is it not also disintegration? And is not also the storm center the Jewish question? Think of the depth to which certain sectors of our Christian profession have sunk when in sober vein men who call themselves Christians dare to publish and preach the newest bit of Nazi nonsense, certainly an invention of Satan if ever there was one, that the Lord Jesus Christ was not a Jew! Are such men any less guilty in God's sight than a Hitler who challenges the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob by an insolent assumption that he is God and that so-called Aryans are the chosen people? The more shame it is for these Christian leaders, because they have had the light of the Gospel and therefore are without excuse. Our Mr. Centz was so disturbed with these new trends on the part of some who would mislead God's people, that he prepared a rather exhaustive thesis on the general subject "Is God a Jew?" From that document I want to quote a few sentences, because they reveal just what kind of a one way street you and I would be walking on if we should give hearing to such falsehoods:

The Word of God declares our Saviour to be not only the seed of Abraham, but also the seed of David. "Christ cometh of the seed of David" (John 7:42). "Of this man's seed (David's) hath God according to His promise raised unto Israel a Saviour, Jesus" (Acts 13:23). "Concerning His Son Jesus Christ our Lord, who was made of the seed of

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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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said "I will bless them that bless thee and curse him that curseth thee," in spite of all the Jew would ever be guilty of.

Of course today, I am sorry to say, many Jews have repudiated the faith of their own fathers. They have rejected not only Jesus, but their own religion, and many of them do not even believe in a personal God; but Paul was speaking of the nation as such, and the great bulk of the nation can still be included in these words.

Now, with these words before us, we want to consider God's thoughts concerning the Jew, his future blessing, and the way God is going to deal with the nations who have a part in persecuting the Jew during these Gentile times. Let us look at the 43d chapter of Isaiah, from verse 40 to 48. God has the Jew before Him always, and it is here that He tells us twice over, concerning the Jews, that they are His witnesses, verse 10. These are remarkable words. Here you have the real Jehovah's witnesses. Did you ever hear Jehovah's witnesses? Well, there they are. God says to Israel, "You are my witnesses." In other words, the nation of Israel is the witness to the sovereignty of the Godhead, and the truth of those Scriptures because Israel's history shows that everything has moved along in exact accordance with the prophetic word. Still they are Jehovah's witnesses. They are the witnesses to His faithfulness, but are they His people? Well look at verse 21.

"This people have I formed for myself; they shall shew forth my praise."

I have heard the statement made so many times that it is a mistake to speak of the Jew as he is today as God's chosen people. Now here in this verse, in one sentence, God charges them with that sin of which they have been guilty as a people, down through the centuries. Nevertheless, "I formed this people for myself, that they should show forth my praise," and God recognizes them as His.

Then, turn over to Amos 3:1, 2 where you get a remarkable statement. God is addressing Israel. He is going to point out how terribly they have sinned against Him.

(Reads verse 1). Therefore, will I let you go off "scot-free" no matter what you do? (Reads verse 2). No, because of the intimate relationship that exists, God has to punish Israel as His people.

"IT'S GOING TO HURT ME MORE THAN YOU"

I remember so well when I was a little fellow, and I had been playing outdoors, and there would be a fuss. My mother would appear at the door and she would call me to come in, but I would say "Can't we finish the game?" She said she had heard us quarreling and I was to come in, but then she would relent and let me stay. In a little while, there would be something wrong again. This time I would have to come in, and she would punish me. She said, "This is going to hurt me more than it does you" and I never could understand why she wanted to hurt herself so much. The answer is that she did not want me to grow up a roughneck. I used to say to her, "Why don't you go after the boy next door? He is the one that ought to be thrashed." She answered me, "I have nothing to do with the boy next door. You are my son, and I am not going to let you disgrace me." That is the way God speaks to Israel. "You are mine. You are the nation I took into covenant relationship with myself."

"Though I make a full end of all nations whither I have scattered thee, yet will I not make a full end of thee." He is going to punish them and yet preserve them for coming glory. Jeremiah 30:11. That has never been fulfilled. Therefore, these words do not refer to any partial restoration. Even those who have recently returned have not proven these words to be true of them, but according to this Scripture, the day is coming when there will be an altogether different restoration and when that takes place, Jesus shall return. God foretold that the nations of the world would persecute the Jew for the Jew's correction, but some day He is going to deal with the nations that have persecuted the Jew.

(To be concluded in our next issue)

David according to the flesh" (Rom. 1:3). "Remember that Jesus Christ of the seed of David was raised from the dead according to my gospel" (II Tim. 2:8). It is worthy of special notice that in the passages quoted from the Old Testament, the Hebrew word for seed is "Zera", and in those taken from the New Testament the corresponding word is "sperma", both descriptive of the propagation of life.

To follow still further the reasoning of this new and strange falsehood, we have this challenge in Mr. Centz' arguments:—

"If Jesus was an Aryan, then he was, as claimed by His vilest enemies, the illegitimate son of an immoral woman, the offspring of a chance liaison between a Jewish maiden and a Roman, or, now, a German soldier. These are the conclusions to which the modern pagans would lead us, using as their halter the appeal to a spurious fundamentalism. Even modernism, in its wildest and most daring moments, never contemplated so complete a victory over the conscious-troubling Person of the Man of Galilee."

But as we close our greeting, may we remind ourselves that while the picture may be gloomy, yet remember that it is out of such dry ground that the Deliverer came two thousand years ago, and that out of similarly dry ground He will come suddenly, as lightning from the heavens. The first thing He will do will be to take up to be with Him forever those of us who have been patiently serving Him and waiting for Him to come; then He will deliver His little handful of the godly in Jacob, after an outpouring of such fury upon the nations as never they have seen before. For this hour this old world of ours travaileth. But we who are His now, can and do have His glory within our hearts, a glory which leads us day by day on a path that grows ever brighter as we approach the blessed hour of His epiphany, when He will literally rend the heavens, and shine forth with the brilliancy of a Sun whose rays shall indeed give new illumination and new life to a world writhing in its hour of darkness and death. That the Gospel has such a power within it now in the hearts of mankind was poignantly admitted by a prominent reformed Jewish Rabbi not long ago; he wrote a book called "Stormers of Heaven" and in that book appears this paragraph:—

"It is not merely that legends have been woven around his name. Every great religious genius has been enshrouded with loving legend. The significant fact is that time has not faded the vividness of his image. Poetry still sings his praise. He is still the living comrade of countless lives. No Moslem even sings, 'Mohammed, lover of my soul', nor does any Jew say of Moses, the teacher, 'I need thee every hour.'"

What an admission! And think of that day when all Israel shall be saved and the Redeemer shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob. Then indeed every Israelite will sing, "My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine." Then indeed the world will be full of the knowledge of God as the waters cover the seas, and a Jew, the Lord Jesus Christ, will occupy the Throne of David forever and ever.

And now beloved friends, we cannot say to you, "A Merry Christmas." It is too hollow. But we do pray from the depth of our hearts, that the joy which was given by the angels of old to those simple, believing folk on the hills of Judea, may be yours at this season when we at least profess to remember His birth and His work of bringing deliverance to a world imprisoned in its own blackness of despair and ignorance. Your Christmas will be all the brighter because you understand these basic facts that have to do with the salvation worked out for us two thousand years ago. May this Christmas joy continue in your hearts until that day shall dawn when the shadows shall flee away, and time shall be no more.

Ever faithfully yours for Israel's Salvation,

Isaiah Nathan Cohen

INCIDENTS IN THE WORK

Terror and Agony in Bucharest

From our workers in Bucharest we receive heartbreaking reports. The suffering there, and the new loosing of savage hate for the Jew, are beyond the imagination of those of us who live in our land of freedom. We quote a few paragraphs, and with our hearts torn and bleeding, we are grateful to report that in the midst of the greatest difficulties, we have at last been able to get \$500.00 through to these brethren in Romania. Our own United States Treasury Department has been obliged to freeze all funds destined for the belligerent areas. But we continue in every effort to get money across, we keep storming every door, and we will not admit defeat until every possible avenue for getting relief to these brethren has been explored to the full. Here are these paragraphs, and here certainly is opportunity for earnest and agonizing prayer on the part of the Lord's people, that God somehow in His great mercy will bring relief to these innocent victims of the devil's fury: we have retained the English as the brother wrote it, because we think you will like it better that way:—

Dear brethren,

At this moment I am still waiting for the telegraphical answer to my August letter. I am awaiting this answer—as you can imagin—with great anxiety and hope positively to receive it the next days.

We need money more than ever, because the rule about forced labours has been generalized. All Jews—inclusive Hebrew-Christian—aged between 18 and 50 are taken. Most of our brethren have gone already, the others will go the next days. I myself am not sure yet if I will have to go.

Work, But No Eating

Now the fact is that those taken to these labours receive absolutely no food and no payment. They have to work the whole day at railways, cleansing of streets, in different factories, etc., but have to live on their own. As on the other hand, all fields and houses belonging to Jews have been confiscated long ago, as a law obliges all commercial and industrial institutions to dismiss all the Jews latest on 31st December this year (but the greatest part have been dismissed already) so that the female members of the families can earn neither, we simply don't know how

these things will end. For the moment, the Jews who have reserves of money are helping the poorer one (although they are not always disposed to include in this help a poor Hebrew-Christian). But this too will not last long. The Jewry of Roumania has been imposed to pay a ransom of 4,000,000,000 Lei (under the pretext of a subscription to the newly emitted loan) This will exhaust nearly everything which still remained to Jews. And what afterwards?

The problem of feeding the poor Hebrew-Christians taken to labours and their families, which are sometimes very numerous is depressing. And I am tied at hands and feet.

Our brethren have different experiences in these camps of labours. Sometimes they have to suffer especially great persecutions from the side of the authorities, which cannot understand why a "dirty Jew" should believe in Jesus, this faith being a monopoly of the Aryans. In other camps on the contrary, our brethren have full liberty to witness for Christ and are even protected.

Nazi Deceptions

About our congregation there is not much to say. It has been transformed into a congregation of believing Jewesses, the Jews being mostly gone. New souls are added continually to the number of believers (three this month), we are witnessing in house visits. But a normal Church-activity is impossible. So many Jews fear to come to any religious service forseeing a danger to be arrested. On the other hand the spiritual food in most Protestant Churches of Bucharest is so insufficient and sometimes even bad (so many preach morals instead of Christ), that there is not always great use in determining people to come there. Our believers suffer much. With a few of them I am having a regular Bible-study. But our forced scattering had a bad influence. I fear that we are drawing back instead of progressing. New souls are added, but the older Hebrew-Christians have so little opportunity of getting what is necessary for their spiritual progress. Having to visit regularly about 200 people, the turn of each one comes very rarely. So I myself don't see them all as often as necessary. Only God can keep them and make them grow.

The opportunity to collaborate at the great orthodox Church-magazine has been given me again. But it is so difficult to write now under censorship about what you have on your heart. I will give you an example.

If, for example, I want to write about one of the forbidden texts of the Bible, that "there is neither Jew nor Greek . . . for ye are all one in Christ," then the title of the article will be a very agreeable one to the censor "The Contribution of

on one occasion, "I am the least of the apostles, because I persecuted the church of God." This Hebrew Christian never forgot the people to whom he belonged after the flesh, and to the end of his days he never ceased to love them. Often they were his bitterest opponents. We Gentile Christians repudiate with all our hearts the attitude that many have taken towards the Jew throughout the centuries, but as I have often had to point out to Jews themselves, their worst persecutors are from their own ranks. What pain Hebrew Christians have had to suffer from their own brethren after the flesh! They have often found that their bitterest enemies were their own closest relatives.

THE FLESH WAS WEAK

I remember so well in the city of San Francisco one night an experience I had with a young Jewish man. I used to go over once a month to talk to the Jews who gathered there, and many were saved in that place, and brought to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. One night at the close of the meeting a fine, bright, business man came up to me and said, "Sir, your address tonight has stirred me, and there are lots of things, I would like to talk about. Would you be willing to give me a little time?" I said I would be glad to give him a little time. He said, "Shall we go for a little walk?" We went out and we walked miles and miles that night until at about two o'clock in the morning we stood at the foot of the old Spreckels building, and this young man said to me, "I want to thank you for your patience with me tonight. You have answered all my questions satisfactorily and right from the Scriptures. I appreciate this and I want to say to you that I am absolutely convinced tonight that Jesus Christ is the Messiah, and that our people in rejecting Him, made a terrible mistake and committed a great sin. I think that explains the suffering which we have had to endure through the centuries since." I said, "I am glad to hear this and hope you will make a public confession and be baptized and thus take your stand openly." He looked at me and said, "I cannot do it. It would cost me too much. If I were baptized and confessed myself a Christian, my aged, orthodox father

would disown me. He would have a funeral service for me and consider me dead from that time on. I would break my dear, old Jewish mother's heart, and I would feel responsible for her death. My business associates would boycott me, and I would be ruined financially. I do not dare take a stand openly for Jesus Christ." I pleaded with him and I reminded him what Jesus said, "He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me." I talked with that young man but I could not get him to take a stand. I left him a little after two, and before I could again attend that mission, the great earthquake of 1906 took place and we never had another gathering of that little group. I often wondered if he lived through it and if he made a public confession.

"BLOT ME OUT, I PRAY"

Romans 9:1-5. "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren." This was the attitude of heart that Paul the apostle, once Saul of Tarsus, had toward his own kinsmen after the flesh. You remember when God was about to destroy Israel at the foot of Mt. Sinai, Moses went up and said "If somebody has to die, let it be me, if this people may live." In other words, "I am willing to die if only they may come into blessing." And I think there were times in the life of Paul when he foresaw Israel, suffering, distressed, and desolate, and he looked down through the ages and he said "I would be willing, if it would save them, to be accursed from Christ myself, if only they could come into blessing." Did ever man love his people more than that? He does not speak of his Israel as if everything were finished, as if God now has nothing more to say to them, as if there is nothing more in store. Some people think the only blessing they can have is that of individuals. Of course, that is true so far as the question of salvation is concerned in this dispensation of Grace. There is no difference now between the Jew and the Greek. That is true. But on the other hand, Scripture clearly shows that there are certain inalienable blessings that belong to the Jew. When God makes a covenant, He never goes back on it, and He knew all that would transpire down through the ages, when He

GOD'S ANSWER TO JEW HATERS

Address by Dr. Harry Ironside at the Buffalo Conference of the American Board of Missions to the Jews. Just as we finished editing this article Mr. Graef, our Treasurer, called our attention to Dr. Ironside's new book "The Continual Burnt Offering." This is a daily reading, a slice cut from the loaf each day through the year, and Mr. Graef has gotten so much blessing from its pages already, that he could think of no better kindness to our readers than to urge them to send \$1.00 for a copy to Messrs. Loizeaux Brothers, 19 West 21st Street, New York City.

We hear a great deal today about anti-Semitism. Really the term is a misnomer, for after all the prejudice is not exactly against Semites. The prejudice is against the Jew, and the Jew is only one of different Semitic nations. Take, for instance, in Palestine, at the present time, there has been a great deal of antagonism against the Jew, and the Arabs have been chief in this; and yet the Arabs themselves are Semites, so it is not a question of anti-Semitism; after all, it is a question of anti-Jewism. For some reason or other through the centuries, there has been, on the part of many people, intense hatred against the Jew. God's word anticipated this and has something to say to us about it, and about the nations who have been responsible for it.

The Jews are the direct descendents of Isaac; but Isaac had a half brother, Ishmael, and that half-brother was the father of a great nation, too. There were 12 tribes that proceeded from Ishmael, as there were 12 tribes that proceeded from Isaac through Jacob. But today you only see an Ishmaelite very occasionally. Perhaps you have one or two in your city, who sell Oriental rugs, or something like that. Maybe occasionally you see an Ishmaelite in a circus parade with a turban wound around his head, but it could never be said that the Ishmaelites were scattered around the world.

The Jews are scattered everywhere, but the Ishmaelites remain in their own land.

THE EDMITES ARE GONE

Now just as Jacob was the father of a great nation, the nation of the Jews, the Edomites were certainly just as much a nation as the Jews have ever been. Their religion was a horrible mixture of human sacrifice and immorality, against which God was constantly warning His people, and yet Moses did not say that because of the sins of Edom, they would be scattered all over the world. If he had said that, our history would have proven false. You have never seen an Edomite. I have never seen an Edomite. God said that because of their sins, He would blot them out from under heaven, and there is not a man, woman or child in the world that can trace his ancestry back to Isaac and say he is an Edomite. There is no such person as an Edomite living in the world today, but yet God said in His Word that the cities of the Edomites should remain without inhabitants. Today you can cross over Allenby's bridge, and actually enter into the cities of the Edomites, and go into their magnificent buildings, palaces and homes, and you can see upon the walls frescoes just as fresh today as when they were first painted there 2,500 years ago; but if you will call to some Edomite to answer, the only reply will be the echo of your own voice. So God's Word has been perfectly fulfilled, just as it has been fulfilled in scattering the Jews over the face of the earth.

Now, by way of really introducing the subject, I want to read what one of the greatest Hebrew Christians of all time had to say of his own people. He was a Jew, a Hebrew of the Hebrews. He hated the very name of Jesus, because he sincerely believed that Jesus was a deceiver. He said

Germans to the missionary enterprise in the world." Then I will tell the story of David Zeisberger, a German missionary among the Red-Skins in USA, some two hundred years ago and how he had to suffer hardships from the side of the "white" Christians, who did not understand why he brings Red-Skins to Christ. These poor, retrograde Americans of 200 years ago, did not understand the Bible-verse which a German certainly knows that in Christ there is no Jew or Greek and so on.

I have also connections with a greater group of orthodox priests who sympathize with us and are always willing to hear the Gospel.

This work among Gentiles is not without effect. Again and again we discover some Roumanian and even former promotists (one who massacres Jews) who confess that they have been brought to Christ through a sermon or the witnessing of some Hebrew-Christian, or that they have been at least greatly helped.

The greatest joy we have from the bolshevik spy, converted to Christianity in prison, about whom I told you in my July-letter. She was visited by a Roumanian sister—we were not able to do it ourselves—who told us that she is now a child of God and that God cares specially for her. Contrary to our expectations, she has been condemned only to 10 years prison.

The news from the Hebrew-Christians in other towns of Roumania, are as follows: In Galati, all Hebrew-Christians are in concentration-camps together with the other Jews. The Norwegian pastor is allowed to visit them there. The need is great. A beautiful spiritual work is going on in these camps. Some of our brethren are full of zeal and courage. We expect soon 3-4 new baptisms there.

Our Kishineff Brethren Dead?

About Chisinau we don't know much yet. It seems pretty sure that some of the Hebrew-Christians have been massacred in the general slaughter of some 80,000 Bessarabian Jews. Others are alive in the ghetto, in undescribly bad conditions and under continual threat for their lives. They are literally starving and ask us to send them at least some bread. We sent them some money but it is not easy to arrive to them. It seems that one of the preachers, Trachtmann, and also Tahan are alive. Busila, the Baptist preacher and Tarlev, the P. E. preacher have been deported by the Bolsheviks to Siberia.

About Iasi, Feinstein must be definitely considered as dead. He died the death of a good pastor. Knowing the great danger, he did not want to leave Iasi, feeling it as his duty to stay and dye with his flock. Among his last words to me, when I made him attentive to

the dangers which he endures staying there, were: "The second death has no power over me. And for one single death I will not leave my flock." We know now that two other brethren of this town were killed too during the pogrom. (massacre) I am awaiting your telegraphical answer—try to give it through the foreign Department, because otherwise it will probably not reach us. But if it should be impossible, then cable on the normal way, regarding the problem L. — explained in my last letter.

Yours sincerely

Secret Believers in Jerusalem

Extracts from a letter sent us by Mr. Sigurd Bjorness, our missionary in Jerusalem

Since I last wrote, the Jews have had their holy and perhaps holi-days. With the "Simchas-Tora" (Rejoicing of the Law) day next Monday it is over for this time. The "black fast" and Rosh-ha-shona (New Year) have been if anything more solemn this year than any time before, the fact being that the people in diaspora—galuth—are in such a desperate situation. Reports are too horrible to describe coming from Roumania and other Baltic states. But a good many have escaped and are f. t. b. happy in the land of their fathers. During the holidays many visitors have come to the Holy City and for two months extra buses went to Rachel's Tomb full loaded many times a day. A good many of these visitors are young people from the colonies and we have come in contact with them in the Bible Shop. They come and want both Bibles in English and Hebrew; so we have had many interesting talks with these people. They are not so hostile and bigoted as the "holy men of the Holy City" with their pei-es (curls on the sides of the face), and long frocks. I think you know how they look like. Last Saturday a Czechoslovak Jew came to our shop and told he was a Jew, but believed in Christ as the Messiah. "There are many in the colonies like me," he said, "they believe but have no chance to get out as they will lose their jobs." This has been my conviction also that there are more believers in Palestine than we know about, only they cannot

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CHILDREN IN EXILE

By DR. ISAAC CHOMSKI

This article appeared in the Contemporary Jewish Record, October 1941. It contains such a vivid picture of what it means to be a Jew under Nazi savageries, that we want our readers to get this first-hand portrayal, especially at the Christmas season. Not only will your heart ache when you read, but you will give thanks that God in His mercy, has spared us in America from such tortures.

There are occurrences in a person's life—often brief, lightning-like occurrences—which leave an eternal impression upon his soul. There are times when one feels that he has fathomed the greatest depths of human misery, that he has become one with the most desperate of his fellow-creatures. And, though many years may go by, these experiences continue to be a part of oneself, so much so, that they stand out above the memory of all personal hardships.

My wife and I lived through one such experience in the spring of 1941. We were taking a group of 111 child refugees, all but five of whom were Jewish, by train from Marseille to Lisbon. Most of them had been assembled from homes and camps in unoccupied France, where they had been cared for largely by the OSE (Jewish Health Protection Society) and the Secours Suisse (Swiss Aid). Direct victims of Hitlerism, some of them had already been driven from three or four lands, their parents imprisoned in German concentration camps. Many had themselves experienced the horrors of internment. Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, France—every country scourged by the Nazi terror was represented by at least one child in the group.

Our first encounter with the children was at Marseille, several hours before train time. The impression they created was a painful one. The scene was the local Quaker office, where they had been herded into two rooms. On their thin, tired faces was written a heart-rending tale of suffering and privation. Ragged and disheveled, each child carried a small untidy bundle and a battered valise.

The white numbered cards which hung from their necks made them look like so much live baggage.

NO MEDICAL SUPPLIES

Knowing that children—and especially such weakened children—would be apt to take sick from the effects of prolonged trips, I sought, as physician to the group, to get some necessary medical supplies. My search, however, was fruitless, for France today suffers from an acute shortage of all such articles. That is the price of war. Consequently, we were obliged to set out without so much as a thermometer in our kit, not one being obtainable in the entire city of over one million people.

Since the buses in Marseille no longer operate, the group of youthful wanderers had to walk to the railway station. Save for a representative of the American Embassy, who kindly agreed to take the luggage in his private car, no officials came to see us off. We departed in silence.

It is evening. The long straggling line of weary children passes through the darkened streets of Marseille at a snail's pace. Not a soul is on the streets. The only sound of life is the monotonous clatter of oversized wooden shoes. No laughter, no whispers. Not even a childish squabble. The children trudge on into the night, silently, painfully.

From time to time a cry is heard. A child cannot walk. The hard, wooden shoes—the only kind available in Marseille—are torturing his blistered feet. Patiently, the others wait. Then the slow march on into the night begins again.

The address of the evening concerned "The World Rulers of this Darkness." This address was delivered by special request, for it had originally been given at the Winona Lake Bible Conference during the past summer and had there created a profound impression.

This day being Dr. Ironside's birthday, the evening was enriched by an episode of fellowship that at least partly compensated Dr. Ironside for being absent from home. As a large basket of beautiful roses was brought forward, the congregation rose and sang, "Happy birthday to you." On the following day, a birthday luncheon was held in honor of the revered Bible teacher. A most happy fellowship was evident throughout this event. Thirty guests, comprised of Buffalo and visiting pastors, Bible teachers, and Christian business men, attended. Dr. Muntz attended to the introductions in a choice manner. Among the guests were Dr. Cohn; Dr. W. H. Rogers; and William Jones, of the Bible House, Hamilton, Ontario. A birthday cake was placed before Dr. Ironside while the guests sang, "Happy birthday to you." Following luncheon, Dr. Ironside gave an informal, heart-warming message of encouragement from Colossians 3:12-17.

JEW-HATE EXPOSED

Wednesday night again found Cazenovia Park's beautiful new auditorium filled to capacity to hear Dr. Ironside speak on "God's Word to Anti-Semites," or, as Dr. Ironside later qualified his subject, "God's Word to Those Who Hate the Jews." He pointed out that the term anti-Semitism is a misnomer, there being others, notably the Arab, who are of Semitic origin and yet are not subjected to the blind and unreasoning hatred manifested against the Jews. Jew hatred, explained Dr. Ironside, is a far more sinister thing than merely human animosity against a peculiar race.

On Thursday night, Rev. Donald J. MacKay, of Hamilton, Ontario, delivered a clear-cut exposition of the Scriptures concerning "God's War Aims and His Zeal for Israel," in which he dealt with God's purposes in Israel's creation, history, present condition, and future exaltation.

On Friday evening, the meeting consisted of a symposium, the theme of which turned out to be "Why I Love the Jew," rather than the announced subject, "The Jewish Question." While "The Jewish Question" of necessity appeared, the messages given by the participating pastors were so characterized by love and a sympathetic understanding toward the Jew and his problems that no more fitting title could be applied than "Why I Love the Jew." The first speaker, Rev. Glenn E. Wilson, of Hedstrom Memorial Church, Buffalo, was followed by Rev. Milton D. Arnold, pastor of Grace Church, Buffalo. Another speaker was Rev. Kenneth Muck, of Hamburg, N. Y. The addresses were closed by Rev. A. B. Machlin, superintendent of the Buffalo Hebrew Mission, who gave to the Conference a stirring message of some personal experiences in Jewish evangelism.

The closing Sunday was marked by three dynamic addresses by Dr. John W. Bradbury, editor of *The Watchman-Examiner*, New York City. The morning message concerned "The Issues We Must All Face." The speaker showed from the Scriptures that God had planted death and judgment in the center of life, and that the grace of God, as revealed in his dealings with the Israelites, as well as with the Christian church, was evidence of His consistent efforts to the lost, whether Jew or Gentile. Dr. Bradbury's afternoon subject was "Is the World Preparing for Armageddon?" He presented to the Conference some startling present-day events and conditions, showing their trends in relation to the imminency of the coming of Christ. Large and appreciative audiences attended both these services. The evening service was one of intense interest as Dr. Bradbury discussed the subject "Is There a Solution for the World's Crisis?" His exaltation of Christ as the solution of all earth's troubles will not soon be forgotten by those who were privileged to hear this message.

The Conference was a new high-water mark in spiritual achievement and in zeal for the winning of the lost of Israel to their Messiah. It should lead to an awakening interest on the part of God's people in the redemption of the Jew.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE HEBREW MISSION OF BUFFALO, NEW YORK

A Remarkable Eight Days of Meetings

SPECIALLY REPORTED AND ABRIDGED



Dr. H. A. Ironside

Sunday, October 12, through October 19 were memorable days in Buffalo. People gathered daily, with the exception of Saturday, to hear the Word of God expounded by nationally known Bible teachers. The meetings were held in Cazenovia Park Baptist Church; Dr. J. Palmer Muntz, the pastor, was the delightful host to the conference. The meetings were under the auspices of the Buffalo Branch of the American Board of Missions to the Jews, Inc.

All of the speakers were brethren who served at considerable personal sacrifice. Dr. H. A. Ironside, whose widespread ministry keeps him constantly engaged, had reserved October 14 and 15 to be at home with his family on his birthday, but he surrendered this long anticipated joy in order to serve the cause so dear to his heart. Rev. Donald J. MacKay, pastor of the Philpott Tabernacle, Hamilton, Ontario, also put aside his engagements for these meetings. Dr. J. W. Bradbury, editor of *The Watchman-Examiner*, the national Baptist weekly, likewise gave up an important engagement to be the speaker for Sunday, October, 19.

Evidence that the blessing of God is resting upon those who show mercy toward the Jews by carrying them the gospel of God's grace was present in every session. The Holy Spirit definitely used the speakers and blessed the hearers. The prophetic teachings of the Bible were received with inspired attention.

FROM COVER TO COVER

The American Board of Missions to the Jews and its wide-flung ministries were extolled by all the speakers. Dr. Ironside made special mention of

The Chosen People, the monthly organ of the Board, edited by Dr. J. Hoffman Cohn. He said that he receives over forty monthlies in the office of the Moody Church, Chicago, of which he is pastor, among which is *The Chosen People*. When he has scanned the papers, they all go down to the library of the church, but he retains *The Chosen People* to read from cover to cover. It always rings true to the Word of God.

The Conference was opened with two addresses by Dr. Cohn. The first dealt with "The Remnant." The speaker called afresh to the hearts of the hearers the fact that in this present age, apart from Israel's coming day of glory and exaltation, there is a remnant according to the election of grace; that is, there is a group of saved, believing, and witnessing Jews to which God is adding and will add through the process of conversion until the day of Christ's appearing. The important fact is that Christians of this day have a responsibility to bring the word of life to those who may yet be added to the body of Christ from among the Jews. Dr. Cohn's second address was "It's Five Minutes to Twelve," which had to do with the imminency of the return of Christ and the brevity of Christian's opportunity to evangelize the Jews. A large congregation sat in intense interest throughout the address.

Monday is not usually a successful day for religious meetings, but a fine audience assembled and heard Rev. H. B. Centz deliver a message on "The Road to Damascus." An analogy was drawn between the life of the Apostle Paul and that of the nation of Israel. It was a message of profound power and beautiful simplicity.

A BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

When on Tuesday night Dr. Ironside entered the pulpit, the auditorium and gallery of the Cazenovia Park Church were filled to capacity.

It is biting cold, and everyone is hungry. Supper was very meager—only what the ration card allowed. But this is not the time to worry about one's stomach. The children realize that fact and make no complaint. Orphans are familiar with hunger, and all of these children are orphans, even those whose parents are among the living dead entombed in concentration camps.

At last we reach the railroad station, but the train is late. In no time at all the benches on the platform are packed. Those for whom there is no room stretch themselves out over their tattered bundles on the bare, stone floor. When the train finally does arrive, they board it in orderly fashion.

Morning brings us to the ancient French university town of Montpellier, where a number of refugees are being maintained by OSE. Our train stops for a few minutes, and the men and women hurry down to greet the more fortunate youngsters on their way out of the hell that is France. "Remember us to our friends," they cry, and in their voices there is a desperate urgency. "Tell them the hour is growing late. They must save us."

LABELS OF TRAGEDY

As the train begins to get underway, I consult my list of names and begin to acquaint myself with the boys and girls. On each child's white identification card are several descriptive phrases, words which tell a pitiful story. On one card, I read: "Father died in concentration camp at Buchenwald." Another declares: "Mother died in French internment camp at Gurs." A third adds: "Parents sent to Lublin." Only two words appear on a fourth: "Parents unknown." I suddenly find myself choking and gasping for air. Ashamed to let the children see my tears, I hurry out of the car.

My wife and I ration the supply of food—three thin slices of bread per day for each one. There is no more than that. The children, however, do not complain. They have long since become inured to the pangs of hunger. Only their eyes reveal their thoughts; their lips remain closed. The dignity—almost indifference—with which they meet each new twist of fate is heart-rending.

A wan little girl, no more than ten years old, who has been peering through one of the car windows, suddenly bursts into tears.

"What is the matter?"

Her lips remain shut tight. The only indication she gives of having heard by question is a slight lowering of her head.

"Well, say something," I insist.

She turns toward the window, toward the fields of the country to which she escaped from Germany. I try a new approach.

"Your parents—where are they?"

"Father is dead . . . and . . . only mother . . ." the girl begins to reply falteringly.

"Lives in France?" I encourage her.

"Yes, in a concentration camp."

"Do you have any relatives in New York?" I ask.

"No." That is as far as I can get with her. Tears once again begin to roll from her blue eyes. "I have no one in America," she manages to add between sobs.

Our train takes us through a seemingly endless chain of towns and villages, drawing closer with each moment to the Spanish border. But our trip is not destined to be a cheerful one. Not far from the border, in the lower Pyrenees, there is a small railway station called Oloron.

The train normally stops there for about three minutes. Gurs, the notorious French concentration camp where thousands of Jewish refugees are living under the most primitive conditions, is close by. The camp was originally built several years ago for refugee Spanish Loyalists, but a few months after the war their place was taken by thousands of interned French and German Jewish families.

Gurs is even worse than a Nazi concentration camp, although the French officials are not as inhuman as German wardens. Last winter, for instance, hundreds of old and young people were compelled to sleep on the cold, frozen ground. Hunger and disease are rampant. When several Swiss Red Cross doctors first visited this Gehenna, the aged Jews refused to accept any medical help. Instead, they begged to be allowed to die. And many did before long. Even of-