

THE SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL

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JOSEPH HOFFMAN COHN, Editor

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A Jewish Peddler Finds A Bargain

By H. Koser

ISIDOR LOEWENTHAL was born in an orthodox home in Posen, Poland. He graduated from the Gymnasium at the age of 17, and even though his heart yearned after more learning, his father willed that he enter business. Isidor regretfully obeyed; but his beloved books occupied all his spare hours. In time his father became convinced that Isidor's "wealth" must be that of knowledge. Plans were under way for his entrance to one of the German Universities. Dreams of liberty and of equality so common in his country in those years, began to influence the fiery mind of young Loewenthal. He set forth the spirit of the times in a satirical poem which, unintentionally on his part, found its way into one of the public journals. The outcome of this mistake could mean imprisonment for life; for in those days, a criticism of the existing government was counted treason. What could he do, but flee. And so with little money in his pocket, he fled to Hamburg and from there to America.

Here in the New World he found himself with a few dollars, a very poor knowledge of English, and no friends. He sought employment in New York, and then in Philadelphia. Failing in these large cities he went into the country to seek work on a farm. But, there too, he failed; for he knew nothing about farming.

IN AMERICA — A PEDDLER

Heavy hearted, he stooped to lift the burden Exile had forced on the Jewish people—he became a peddler. With a bas-

ket stocked with thread, needles, buttons, etc., he began wearily to tramp from door to door. He found little cash, and less encouragement awaiting him. In despair, his heart cried out to the Lord for refuge and strength.

One day in November, the young peddler was nearing Wilmington, Delaware. It was a cold, rainy day, and he stopped at a house not far from town. In broken English he offered his wares. Pity for the poorly clad and wet stranger caused the motherly-faced matron who opened the door to bid him come in. After she made her purchase, Isidor covered his basket to protect it from the rain and prepared to go out once again. Tired and weary, he wondered where he would go in the darkness and storm. His heart cried out, "Why has God forsaken me? Where is He? Doesn't He care that I am alone and friendless?"

HAVE DINNER WITH US

Suddenly he heard footsteps, and down the stairs came a man who said in a kind voice, "Wait; come in and get dry. Stay and have dinner with us. It's a terrible night." Isidor could hardly believe his ears. No one had spoken kindly to him since he had left his home in Poland and had come to this strange land.

During the quiet hours of the evening, Rev. S. M. Gayley, who was the host, became acquainted with his guest. He discovered that the peddler was an educated man—a master of Hebrew and several modern languages, and that he had also studied philosophy and science. "Why should such talent be lost?" the minister

thought, and turning to his wife, said, "We have a spare bed, haven't we, Mother? Isidor shouldn't go out into this storm again. Tomorrow I'll try to find him a position that is more fitting for a man of his talents. Peddling is not for him." Loewenthal could hardly believe his ears. But . . . hadn't he prayed? Hadn't he sought the help of the Lord? A portion of Scripture that had been running through his mind, came forth from his lips, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

The next day, Rev. Mr. Gayley told him that soon there would be a position open in Lafayette College for a teacher of French and German. For six weeks Isidor stayed in the home of his new found friends, and during these weeks he had the opportunity of seeing the home life of real believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. He later wrote,

It was at your house, by your earnest prayers at family worship, to which I first went half from curiosity, half from politeness; by your humble supplications, that I was first awakened to apprehend my danger; to consider that I had an immortal soul. I began to study the New Testament. I waited with eagerness morning and evening for the summons to family worship to hear you pray. I was more and more convinced that you had something which I did not possess.

In Lafayette College, God heard and answered the cry of his heart which was hungering to know the Truth. Isidor made friends with his roommate, and was surprised to find that not only was he a Jew, but that he, too, was a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. His name was Victor Herschell, and he was deeply versed in the Talmud. They passed the midnight hours discussing the claims of Jesus as the Messiah of Israel. One day after a series of discussions, Isidor said, "If you can only show me where in the Jewish Bible it says that the Messiah was to be pierced, I'll accept your Jesus." Herschell pointed him to the Prophet Zechariah,

And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications; and they shall Look Upon Me Whom They Have Pierced, and

Has God a Son?

If so, what is His name? Is there any sure way of finding out? We have the answer. It is contained in a 32-page booklet, entitled, "What Is His Name? And What Is His Son's Name?" It is yours for 5¢ (stamps will do). This does not even cover cost of printing and mailing, but we want to do our share in helping you get the truth.

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SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL

they shall mourn for Him as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for Him, as one that is in bitterness for his first born. Zechariah 12:10.

As the words, "They shall look upon Me whom they have pierced," rang through the ears of Isidor Loewenthal, he said, "I never knew this was in our own Jewish Bible. Jesus must be the long-awaited Messiah." Once again he began to search and compare the Scriptures, and it wasn't long before Loewenthal yielded and accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his Messiah and Saviour. He now felt that through his new found faith in the Messiah, he was not only a Jew by birth, but by belief as well. For he had found Him of whom Moses and the Prophets had written.

He entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J., where he graduated with the highest honors. He was chosen the Essayist of the year, and the subject of his essay was, "India as a Mission Field." He felt that the message of God through the mouth of the Prophet Isaiah, "Ye are my witnesses. . ." was God's call to him to go to the millions of heathen in India, and tell them of the Jewish Bible, the Jewish God, and the Jewish Messiah. His soul was filled with longing to carry this wonderful message of the Lord Jesus Christ to them, so that they, too, might know this truth,

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son (the Lord Jesus Christ, our Messiah), that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.
John 3:16.

IN AFGHANISTAN

Arriving at Rawal Pindi, his first task was to begin to study the necessary language. But which language? He faced three choices: Hindustani, used by officialdom; Persian, spoken by the aristocracy; and Pushtu, the common language of Afghanistan. Loewenthal determined with God's help to master all three; he even added Arabic, for religious discussions with the Mohammedans. Easier by far was it to scale the Suleiman Mountains which barred the way into the interior than to conquer the intricacies of the language of the Afghans; but Loewenthal's indomitable will and his linguistically constructed mind set out to blaze a trail into the hearts of the people who faced him at Peshawar.

"Peshawar," wrote Loewenthal after a short stay in the city, "is the Gibraltar of the East, where Jew and Gentile, exiled Europeans and Refugee Asiatics, Bengalis and cut-throat Afghans meet and jostle one another." How he longed to be almost the first to announce the glad tidings of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ to the remote border of that forbidden land.

HE TRANSLATES THE NEW TESTAMENT

While he waited for a way of entrance to open into India, he visioned that

where his feet might not tread, a translation of the New Testament into the Pushtu language (the language of the common people) would penetrate. Without grammar or dictionary, the man to whom philology was a passion, set to work to ferret out meanings and constructions, root significances and idioms, talking over with the most learned, his conclusions, testing out on the ignorant the clarity of his renderings; polishing, revising, perfecting, "that the Word of God might have free course and be glorified."

He was beloved by natives and Europeans alike. Scarcely 37 years of age, his tenure of service in the East had not extended beyond nine years, yet he has been called one of the most remarkable men India has ever known. His death came suddenly. He had been shot by his own chowkeydar or watchman; whether by accident or with intention, no one knows. The watchman's story was that he saw what he thought was a thief upon the veranda and shot him; not realizing he had killed his master.

Upon his death they found on his desk the almost completed manuscript of his Pushtu dictionary, copies of his other works in that language and superseding all, his crowning gift to the people of the Afghan-land, the New Testament in Pushtu the common language of its millions.

Isidor Loewenthal, a dwarfed Jewish peddler, with raven hair and black eyes, who came out of a rainy night to knock at a door of a minister of the Gospel in Delaware, trying to make a scanty living—the self-same Jew only ten years later knocking at the door of heathen Asia, the messenger of the Lord bringing life to dying millions. What a change! Truly God's judgments are unsearchable and His ways past finding out.

A CHALLENGE TO THE RABBIS

Many a rabbi has dared to make the statement that only the ignorant among our people accept the Lord Jesus Christ. What answer can they offer here? Isidor Loewenthal, a scholar; a man who was able within one year's time to master one of the hardest languages in the world—a language that had to be learned without the help of a textbook or dictionary! Here was a Jew who arose from the ranks of a peddler to be one of the greatest men India has ever known. A man to whom a monument is erected even to this day in India. Was he an ignoramus? Did he "convert" for money? Come, Mr. Rabbi, answer! But, answer truthfully!

"Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord, and my servant whom I have chosen: that ye may know and believe me."

Isaiah 53:10.

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Dear Mr. Jew, and Dear Mr. Scholar, and Dear Mr. Mizrahi, and Dear Mr. Agulist:

You are admitting that there is no hope for the land of Israel until the Messiah will come and deliver it personally and supernaturally into the hands of a reborn Israel.

But, the great question is, how will you know the Messiah when He comes? If you are a Jewish scholar you will have to admit that the Messiah must come from a direct line of David's genealogy. But the genealogy records that were kept in the old Temple in Jerusalem, are all gone. They were destroyed at the time Titus wrecked the city. So, no Jew living can dare to claim that he comes from the family of David!

Many Jews who are also scholars will admit that the Messiah has to be born in Bethlehem (Micah 5:2). But, there hasn't a few lived in Bethlehem for the last 1000 years!

So, we are all left in this inescapable dilemma: If the Lord Jesus Christ, Son of David by rightful succession of genealogy, and born in Bethlehem of Judea according to the prophecies, if this Jesus Christ was not the Messiah, there will never be a Messiah! What are you going to do about that?

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וואָס איז מעהר פאָסענר פאַר אַ מענטשן פון זיינע
פּעהיגקייטן. פּעדלען איז נישט אַ געשעפט פאַר
איהם!"

אַ טאָג שפּעטער האָט איהם מר. געילעי געמאָלדן
אַז באלד וועט זיין אָפּן אַ פּאָזיציע פאַר איהם אין
לאַפּאָיעט פּאלעדזש אלץ לעהרער פון פּראָנציוויש
און דייטש. זעקס וואָכן לאַנג האָט זיך איזידאַר
פאַרוויללט אין היים פון זיינע נייגעפונענע פּרוינדער,
און אין יענער צייט האָט ער געהאַט אַ געלענענהייט
צו בעאַבאַכטן דאָס הייסליכע פון אמת'ע גלויביגע
אין ישוע המשיח. שפּעטער האָט ער אַזוי גע-
שריבן וועגן דעם:

עס איז געווען אין אייער היים, דורך אייערע
ערנסטע תּפילות ביי אייער פּאָפּיליקן-געבעט, צו
וועלכע איך בין צוערשט געקומען האָלב פון ביי-
גירדע, האָלב פון העפּליכקייט, וואָס איך בין ער-
וועקט געוואָרן צו אַנערקענען מייע געפּאָהר, און
צו רענקען, אַז איך האָב אַן אויסשערבליכע נשמה;
דורך זיי האָב איך אָנגעהויבן צו שמוּדורן דעם
נויעם מעסטאַמענט. מיט פּאַרלאַנגען האָב איך דאָן
ערוואַרמעט יעדן מאָרגן און אָונט בייצואוואוינען
אייער פּאָפּיליקן געבעט און צו הערן איך תּפילה
טהון. מעהר און מעהר בין איך איבערצייגט גע-
וואָרן. אַז איהר האָט עפעס וואָס איך האָב נישט
באַזיגט.

אין לאַפּאָיעט פּאלעדזש האָט זיך איזידאַר באַ-
פּריינדעט מיט אַ יונגן מאַן, וואָס האָט געוואוינט
אין זעלבן צימער מיט איהם. ערשטוינט איז ער
געווען צו געפּינען, אַז נישט נאָר איז זיין ניער
פּריינד געווען אַ איד, זאָגנדרין אויך אַ איד, וואָס
האָט געגלויבט אין ישוע המשיח. וויסנאַר הערשעל
האָט ער געהייסן, און איז אויך געווען נוט גע-
לערנט אין תּלמוד.

צוזאַמען האָבן זיי פּאַרבראַכט פילע שטונדן
דיסקוטירענדיג וועגן די טהעמע פון משיח. מיט
אַמאָל האָט זיך איזידאַר אַזוי אויסגעדרוקט: "אויב
איהר וואָלט מיר נאָר ווייזן אין תּנ"ך, אַז עס
שטעהט געשריבן, אַז דער משיח מוז דורכגעבויערט
ווערן, וועל איך גלויבן אין אייערן יעזום. הערשעל
האָט געטייט מיט'ן פינגער אויף זכריה דעם 12טען
קאַפיטל:

"זיי וועלן אויף מיר קוקן וועמען זיי האָבן
צעשטאַכט."

א אידישער פעדלער געפינט א מציאה.

פון הר קאזער.

אַנגעבאַטן זיינע סחורה, די פּרוינדליכע פּרוי, וואָס
האָט אויפגעמאַכט די טהיר האָט געהאַט פּיטליידי
מיט'ן אַרײַנגעקליידעטן דורכגעוואָשן יונגען מאַן
און האָט איהם איינגעלאָרן אין הויז אַרײַן און פון
איהם עפעס געטויפט. נאָך אַ ווילע האָט דער
פּעדלער גאַכאַמאָל צוגעדעקט זיין פעקל, עס זאָל
נישט נאָס ווערן פון רעגן, און זיך געלאָזט ווייטער
געהן.

שטעהנדיג דרויסן און נישט וויסנדיג וואוהין
זיך צו ווענדן, האָט זיין האַרץ אויסגעשריען:
"פאַרוואָס האָט מיר נאָס אַזוי פאַרלאָזן? וואו
איז ער? אַרט עס איהם נישט, וואָס איך בין
אַזוי עלענד אַהן אַ פּריינד?"

קום עס דייער מיט אונז.

פּולצלונג האָט ער געהערט אימיצן צו איהם קוד
מען פון די טרעפן אַראָפּ און איהם זאָגן מיט אַ
פּרוינדליכע שטייט: "וואָרט, קום אַרײַן און טרוקן
זיך אָפּ, גלויב ביי אונז אַביסל און עס מיט אונז."
איזידאַר האָט קוים געקאַנט גלויבן זיינע אייגענע
אויערן. קיינער האָט צו איהם אַזוי פּרוינדליך
גערעדט זייט דעם ער האָט פאַרלאָזן זיין היים אין
פּוילן.

אין פאַרלוף פון יענעם אָווענט איז פּאַסטאָר
ס. מ. געילעי, דער בעל הבית פון יענעם היים,
געוואָרן באַקאַנט מיט זיינעם נאַסט. ער האָט
אויסגעפונען, אַז דער פּעדלער איז געווען אַ גע-
בילדעטער מענטש, נוט געלערנט אין העברעאיש
און אין אנדערע שפּראַכן, און אַז ער האָט אויך
שטודירט פּילאָזאָפיע און וויסנשאַפט.

"אַזאַ טאַלאַנט מוז נישט פאַרלוירן געהן!" האָט
דער פּאַסטאָר ביי זיך געטראַכט, און ווענדנדיג
זיך צו זיינער פּרוי האָט ער איהר געזאָגט: "מיר
האַבן אַן עקסטרא בעט, איזידאַר מוז נישט אַרויס-
געהן אין דערדאָזיגער שטורמדיגער נאַכט. מאַרגן
וועל איך פאַרווכן צו געפּינען אַרבייט פאַר איהם,

איזידאַר לעווענטהאַל האָט אָפּגעשטאַמט פון
אַן אַרטאָדאָקסישן אידישן היים אין פּאָון, פּוילן.
דעם נימנאָזיאום האָט ער געענדיגט ווען ער איז
געווען נאָר 17 יאָהר אַלט; און האָט ער האָט
געוואָלט ווייטער שטודירן האָט איהם זיין פּאַטער
באַשטימט ער זאָל ווערן אַ געשעפטסמאַן. מיט
באַווערן האָט איזידאַר געפּאַלנט, אָבער זיין האַרץ
איז געווען ביי זיין שטודיאום, וואָס ער האָט וויר-
טער געפּיהרט אין זיינע פּרייע שטונדן.
מיט דער צייט איז זיין פּאַטער איבערצייגט
געוואָרן, אַז זיין זוה'ס רייכטהום איז נישט אין
געלט זאָגנדרין אין וויסנשאַפט. האָט ער באלד
פּלענער געמאַכט, אַז זיין זוה'ן זאָל אַריינטרעטן אין
אַ דייטשע אוניווערזיטעט.

פאַר פּאַליטישע אורזאַכן האָט ער געמוזט זיין
היים פאַרלאָזן און עמיגרירן קיין אמעריקאַ.

אַנטקומענדיג אין אמעריקאַ האָט ער פּאַרמאָנט
נאָר אַ פאַר דאָלאַרס, האָט גערעדט אַ זעהר שלעכט
גענליש, און איז געווען עלענד אַהן אַ פּריינד.
געזוכט האָט ער אַרבייט אין ניו יאָרק, און דאָן
אין פּילאָדעלפיע. האָבענדיג קיין ערפּאָלג אין דר
דאָזיגע גרויסע שטעט, איז ער געגאַנגען אויפ'ן
לאַנד צו זוכן באַשעפּטיגונג אויף אַ פאַרם. דאָס
איז איהם אויך נישט געלונגען, איז ער געוואָרן אַ
פּעדלער.

מיט אַ פעקל אויף די פּלייצעס, אָנגעפילט מיט פּאָד
דעם, נאָרדען, סענפּלעך, א.א.וו., האָט ער אָנגעהויבן
קלאַפּן אויף די טהירן. וועניג האָט ער פאַרדינט
פאַר זיינע שווערע אַרבייט, אין פאַרצווייפּלונג האָט
זיין האַרץ געשריען צו נאָס פאַר הילף.

אַזוי איז עס געשעהן, אַז אין אַ קאלטן דעגענערישן
נאָוועמבער טאָג איז דער יונגער פּעדלער געקומען
קיין ווילמינגטאָן, דעלעווער, קומענדיג צו אַ הויז
אין דערדאָזיגער שטאָרט, האָט ער אָנגעקלאַפט אין
דער טהיר. אין אַ צעבראַכענעם עננליש האָט ער