

Leaves from the Book of My Life

I MY CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

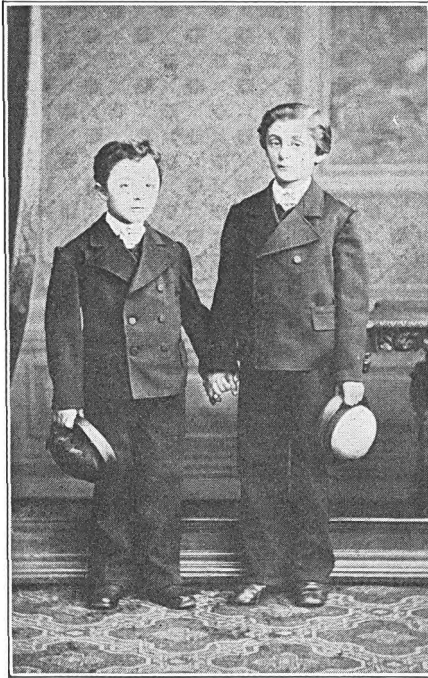
BY DR. MAX I. REICH

(Copyright by THE HEBREW LUTHERAN)

I WAS born of Jewish parents in the city of Berlin, Germany, on the 17th day of March, 1867. My family name originally was Tugendreich. I received besides a name by which I was to be known in the synagogue, according to Jewish custom, that of my nearest deceased relative, who happened to have been my grandfather. And so I was named Isaac ben Abraham. My father's antecedents had been domiciled in England for some generations. My mother's family bore the name of Wolff, and was closely related to the Landsbergs; both families being well-known in Berlin society. They have produced many distinguished names: barristers of note, leading physicians, literati of fame, merchant princes internationally known. The English branch of my ancestors, on my father's side, is also well known in that country. An uncle of mine was for many years rabbi in Liverpool. He was considered one of the five authorities on Oriental languages in his generation; the University of Koenigsberg bestowing the "professor" title upon him as a mark of their appreciation of his learning. A cousin of mine by marriage was knighted by Queen Victoria because of his many benefactions to both Jews and Gentiles, several public institutions in Manchester having been endowed by him. Another cousin, the present head of the family in England, was for years president of the *Chovevi Zion*, a society which promoted Palestine colonization

before the Herzlian movement. He was also one of the representatives of the Jewish community chosen to watch over Jewish interests during the Versailles peace negotiations in 1919, along with Lord Swaythling, Claude Montefiore and Mr. Henriques.

After the early death of my mother and of my uncle Gottlieb, my father's business partner, my father married again and settled with his relations in England, his family having died out in Germany. My dear step-mother was born in the province of Hanover, while it was still an independent kingdom. I well remember her pious father. He was a *sopher*, that is, a scribe of the Holy Scriptures, which office called for scrupulosity of life and appearance. From him my dear step-mother inherited her reverence for divine things and her carefulness to do nothing that would conflict with her duty toward God or man. She maintained a strictly Jewish household on



MYSELF AND MY YOUNGER BROTHER

traditional orthodox lines. The *Mezzusas* were attached to every door to guard the house from evil influences. The approach of the Sabbath was hailed by the lighting of the sacred candles and the blessing pronounced by her. It seems so long ago, but the memory of it still brings a solemnity over my spirit. What the Sabbath has meant for our exiled and suffering people no tongue can tell! As the seasons came around they brought with them the holy days and the solemn fasts of the Jewish calendar: the Pass-

over, the feast of Weeks or Pentecost, in the autumn, the New Year or the Feast of the blowing of the *Shophar*, the Day of Atonement, the joyful Feast of Tabernacles, with its additional eighth day, called *Simchath Thora*, that is, the day for rejoicing in the Law, when the holy scrolls are taken out of their receptacle behind the curtain, and carried with singing and dancing through the synagogue. And then there was the black day of remembrance, the ninth of *Ab*, when the holy city and the Temple were twice destroyed, first by the Chaldeans and then again by the Romans. Though nearly nineteen centuries have passed since the last destruction, to the devout Jew it is as if it happened only yesterday! "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, then let my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!"

When I had reached thirteen years of age I became *Bar Mitsvah*, that is, "a son of duty," one responsible for his own actions. I was called up to read the portion of the Law for that particular Sabbath, and the Rabbi preached a special sermon for my benefit, exhorting me to become a good Jew. That included for me the laying on of the *T'phillin*, the so-called Phylacteries, every morning except on the Sabbath before breaking my fast. My pious step-mother carefully watched over my religious life as far as the externalia of Judaism were concerned, of which the above mentioned are only a few samples. The whole of my young life was filled up in its spare hours, when not studying with such exercises. I well remember how I used to follow with longing eyes the Gentile boys, when after school hours they went off to their games and pleasures. I was obliged to spend my free time largely in attending a Jewish school for religion, besides submitting to the instructions of a private tutor. This made my early youth a dull and drab time. I have often wondered whether other Jewish children of Orthodox homes get much joy out of their childhood, except it be the periodical feasts, which always mean good eating and drinking, and the feast of *Purim*, with its boisterous merry-making.

With all the care taken to instruct me in my outward religious duties, I was left severely to myself as far as my inner life was concerned. The true nature of the spiritual life was not explained to me. Religion consisted for me in mechanical exercises, the repetition of the prescribed Hebrew prayers, the due observance of the dietary laws, the attendance at synagogue, so as to help to make up the requisite *minyan*, i. e. the quorum of ten men for public worship. The way of true prayer and communion with God was hidden from me.

But He who is the Father of our spirits did not forsake me. Early in life I became aware of His tender visitation, even while still deep in Judaism. That there is a mystic life with God possible in the depths of the human soul, where deep calleth unto deep, where in the cool of the evening when our hearts are hushed, we can hear the still small voice of love divine, which gives us first-hand acquaintance with the Origin of our being, I learned not from books or human teachers, but from my Heavenly Father direct.

I remember distinctly my first experience of the fact that God hears prayer, that He is a personal God, revealing Himself personally to the individual human spirit. It was in Berlin, in my early school days. I felt I was making no progress and was a problem to my teachers, and a vexation of spirit to my parents. I was thoroughly unhappy. But in the deep loneliness in which I found myself I became aware of a Godwards drawing in my heart. It was an unspoken cry to One who knew and understood and sympathized. And lo, I felt as if the burden was no longer on me. From that hour everything was changed. In less than two weeks I, who had been at the bottom of my class, was at the top!

I never lost the impression that experience left behind. I saw clearly that true religion was direct intercourse with God. To learn about this religion drew me early to the Bible, which for me meant the Old Testament. I possessed a Jewish translation in German, by Dr.

(Continued on Page Nine)

Leaves from the Book of My Life

II. HOW I BECAME A DISCIPLE OF THE MESSIAH

By DR. MAX I. REICH

(Copyright by THE HEBREW LUTHERAN)

IT was in the days of my opening young manhood that I became aware of the reality of another world besides this visible creation, and of the rights of God over my life. I saw clearly that only by a life lived in communion with God could a man fulfil his destiny. This naturally drew me to the Holy Scriptures, which I searched continually. But the first effect was to create in my heart a deep sense of my creature-unworthiness, yea, of positive heart-sinfulness in the sight of Infinite Purity. I well remember how I was searched and condemned by such a statement as this: "All our righteousness is as filthy rags." I understood something of the words of the young Isaiah: "Woe is me, for I am undone, for I am a man of unclean lips;" and of Job: "Behold! I am vile, what shall I answer Thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth."

I was employed at that time in an office in London, England, in the firm of Wertheimer, Lea and Company. They were the printers for the United Synagogues of England. There were many Jews employed by that firm, as well as non-Jews. Amongst the latter there were various kinds. The majority were a godless lot, arguing, shouting each other down, using filthy language, and openly boasting of the evil deeds which they had committed. The Jews, I must admit, lived far better lives. However, there were several non-Jews who showed a different spirit. Of one I will now speak. He is still living, though advanced in years, and I know he would not like me to say too much about him. May I say he was a Christian, a Gentile by birth, but a genuine child of Abraham, because like Abraham "he believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness." I was greatly drawn to him. His sweetness of temper under provocation; his quietness of spirit amidst the hubbub of opposing voices;

his high sense of duty, faithful in that which was least, and his nobility of bearing, impressed me much. We had many talks together on our walk home after office hours. And when one evening I timidly asked him to tell me the secret of his life, he answered in one word: "Jesus".

This created a great revolt in my Jewish heart. I was at the time studying a book which I had found among the works printed at the printing office, *Chizuk Emuna* (The Strengthening of the Faith), a sixteenth century polemic against the claims of Jesus of Nazareth, written by a Karaite rabbi of Lithuania, Isaac ben Abraham of Troki. The Jews claim that it has never been answered. However, that it is far from the case. Nevertheless that book did seem unanswerable to me at the time. I do not know how many times I read it. And thus fortified I did my best to rebut the statements of my Christian friend.

He, on his side, never argued, and never made the slightest attempt to proselyte me. Our differences did not create a ripple of disturbance in our mutual friendship. But I was impressed by the atmosphere of a world I longed after in which he evidently lived, a world of serene peace and love, into which Judaism could not somehow bring me. To Him Jesus was an open door into a radiant world, where God was seen without a veil.

Thus I was brought into great conflict, all the more painful because there was no one to whom I could confide the secret of my inward struggles. My mind was arguing against Jesus, my heart felt drawn to Him. Isaac of Troki's book pulled in one direction, the drawings of the divine Spirit in the opposite.

About that time London was mightily stirred by the visit of that man of God,

D. L. Moody, the world-famed evangelist. My Jewish prejudices did not allow me to go to his meetings, but there was a new atmosphere of spiritual awakening in London, which entered the houses of business, the banks, offices, workshops, markets, and educational centers of London. Everybody talked about the gracious visitation that had come, quickening God's people, and turning sinners to righteousness. I could not altogether escape the revival atmosphere. London streets rang with the singing of Gospel hymns and echoed Gospel invitations from earnest converts in their first love. One of my Jewish acquaintances was brought to a decision for Christ at one of the Moody meetings. He afterwards became a clergyman of the Church of England and was curate to the Bishop of Stepney, in the east of London where many Jews reside. The first Christian gathering I ever attended was that of the Salvation Army, then much opposed. I admit curiosity had a great deal to do with my going there. However, I got more than I bargained for. One of the daughters of General Booth,* the founder of the Army, spoke on the raising of Lazarus. It was very solemn; the hush of God was on the vast assembly. It was more than I could stand. I left before the meeting was over, but not without the witness of my conscience that I had been in that awful Presence before Whom all sin and evil is naked and open, and with Whom no one dare trifle.

It was on a beautiful Sabbath evening, on Midsummer's day, 1884, that I first bowed my knees believingly in the Name of Jesus and with my lips, before God, devils and angels—not yet openly to men—confessed Him as Savior and Lord. Immediately upon that confession it seemed as if a weight had been lifted off my heart and mind, and I felt as if the Father Himself had come forth and kissed me. I found peace with God. The heavens opened over me, and I became absolutely sure of Christ, sure of His being in the highest glory. I saw clearly that He had put away my

sins and had secured for me a place of acceptance with God in the light. That assurance has never left me through all the phases of my life since, these forty-five years.

Strangely enough I did not imagine that I had left my religion. I had found it; discovered its true meaning, and saw it transfigured and elevated in Christ. I do not think I could have put all this in words at that time. But that is how I felt. I felt perfectly at home in my discovery, Jesus the completion and fulfilment of all that was best and holiest and highest in the faith of my beloved people.

But now the trouble began. I had somehow to confess what I had found, or rather, what had sought and found me, and, beginning as a gentle touch, had become a pressure, a grasp and grip that would not let me go. My readers will spare me the recording in detail of what happened. Suffice it that I became a stranger to my brethren and an alien to my mother's children. Yet was the pain swallowed up in joy. Great was my gain, greater than my loss. But I was young and inexperienced, and found myself deserted and cast out upon the dark waves of uncertainty, as far as this world was concerned. News reached the then acting chief-rabbi, Dr. Herman Adler, of what had happened. I had to appear before his tribunal. He could not shake me off the foundation of Christ's revelation to my soul. The Jewish press also took notice of my conversion. But just at that time the aged father of the rabbi, a famous leader in Israel, died, and my case was forgotten.

Now I had to begin life over again. How to do that, was a problem. I obtained employment as a compositor, on terms, which, to use an old Jewish witicism, were "too generous to starve on, and too stingy to live on." I certainly would not beg, neither could I cringe before the wealthy, to curry favor with them. I had no acquaintances among my new friends who could do anything for me. But I had the God of my father Abraham, who left family and

*General Booth's mother was a Hebrew Christian; her maiden name was Moss.

country in obedience to the gleam. And He did not forsake me.

My first relations with the organized society of God's people were with those Christian people known as "Brethren". I attended the meetings held at Clapton Hall, where men like J. Denham Smith and John G. M'Vicar were among those who ministered the Word. As I look back on my first impressions of the organized church I feel that "there were giants in those days." The church had many noble leaders. Dale, Spurgeon, Liddon, Farrar and Parkèr were then in their prime, all men of renown. Pennefather was at Mildmay. The saintly Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission, was the means of winning "the Cambridge Eleven" to go out with him to a life of self-denial in inland China. Among the "Brethren" there were George Mueller of Bristol, who cared for 5000 orphans, without advertising for funds, by prayer and faith alone; his godly son-in-law, James Wright; Robert C. Chapman, of Barnstaple, who got to be nearly 100 years old, with his mental and spiritual faculties still fresh, one of the saintliest and wisest of men I ever met with; Henry Dyer, a remarkable teacher of the Scriptures; Thos. Newbery, editor of the "Englishman's Hebrew and Greek Bible," and a host of others. I must say that they were a remarkable group of men. Eternity will be too short for me to utter all the gratitude I feel in my heart for having been privileged to have such nursing fathers when I was a beginner in the ways of the Lord.

The Jewish Christians I was brought into contact with in those days were David Baron, still a young man with flowing locks and blond beard, and mystic light in his eyes; Adler, a ripe Hebrew scholar; Henry Barnett, one of the most successful soul-winners I have ever known—he is still among us in California; Haendler, a scholar, a saint, "a workman who needed not to be ashamed," living a life of holy and happy poverty for the Master's sake, and others too numerous to mention.

It was John G. M'Vicar, once a Covenantant minister in the North of Ireland (the great Revival of '59 broke out in his parish)* who counselled me to be sure and make myself thoroughly acquainted with the pen-portrait of my Lord as it stands out on the pages of the Gospels. I certainly lost no time in carrying out his advice. And not only the Gospels, but the rest of the New Testament became my constant study. I came to it with my mind like a *tabula rasa*. And what powerful impressions I then received! The great truths which it is my joy to teach and preach today, I then learned. I was still unacquainted with the rich literature sanctified scholarship has produced for the better understanding of the Scriptures. But the Holy Spirit illuminated my understanding, the Person of Christ, Human and Divine, shone out from the sacred page with celestial radiance. The great fundamental facts of sacred history which started the Christian movement as a religion of redemption; the doctrinal significance of those historic facts, which faith turns into saving and sanctifying factors, as unfolded in the epistles of St. Paul and the other writers—remain a part of my life, of my thought-world and my deepest convictions today, after nearly half a century, in all the freshness and sweetness in which they were first opened up to me.

I can testify that the evangelical faith, rightly understood, the faith of the Universal Church, the faith of her saints and martyrs, as well of her lowly and hidden children, can lift life up out of the ordinary and humdrum into the heavenly and the eternal. By it Jesus still takes human life, like ordinary water, and charges it with a new significance, so that it becomes wine, an extraordinary experience, and a foretaste of that which awaits the children of light in their own Country, where they will be no aliens but at Home forever.

*The Life and Letters of J. G. M'Vicar, prepared by me, may be had at the "Echoes of Service" Office, Bath, England. It is a book of some 275 pages.

Leaves from the Book of My Life

III. I COME TO AMERICA

BY DR. MAX I. REICH

(Copyright by THE HEBREW LUTHERAN)

IT was in Midsummer of 1886 that I crossed the Atlantic to the American continent. Castle Garden was at that time the New York gate of entrance for immigrants to the United States. However, I merely passed through that city, as my objective was Orillia, Ontario, a city in a lumber district near Lake Simcoe. I had heard of the spiritual awakenings at that time in the backwoods districts of Canada and longed to serve Christ there, for soon after my conversion in London I was led out into public testimony, both in the open air and in various Halls set apart for evangelistic purposes. The responsible leaders of the Christian Church with which I was affiliated believed that the Lord had indeed called me to preach the Gospel. And so I left

England for the New World, not to make gain, or to better my circumstances, but to spend and be spent for Him whose sovereign claims upon my life I now recognized.

The warm-hearted Christian people of Orillia received me with sincere affection. I found many open doors of service there and in the new settlements round about. I might mention Barry, Warminster, Hamilton, Guelph, Allandale, etc. as places where I sought to make known the virtues of the precious Name of the

Lord Jesus. When in 1913 I was back once more in Ontario, I went also to Orillia and had the joy of meeting my old friends again.

From Ontario I crossed over to Detroit and labored among lumber men in various parts of the state of Michigan, particularly in the North, in Alpena and Saginaw and one whole summer under canvas, in a large Gospel Tent in Ypsilanti near Detroit, and in country school houses in the autumn. From here the way led to Chicago, where I had much service, and then received a call to Kansas City to help in starting a new work there.

I Meet My Future Wife

In Kansas a godly and zealous business man rented a large store and placed seats in it, that it might serve as a center for evangelistic services. During the day I went from house to house with tracts and printed invitations to the meetings, and in the evening I preached the Gospel. In that way I made the acquaintance of the young woman who afterward became my wife. She was born in Denmark, near the German frontier. Her ancestors had been sea-going folk and farmers for generations. But though so diverse in our background and ways, the guiding hand of God brought us to-



THE REICHS, LONDON, 1920

gether. We never doubted the rightness of the step. My dear wife has been a true wife and a good mother. What I owe to her, eternity alone will reveal. She has been, next to the "unspeakable gift" of the Savior, the greatest treasure that has fallen to my lot. Our marriage has been blessed with nine healthy children. At this date of writing (1929) they are grown up and much scattered—all the way from England to California.

We first pitched our tent in Olathe, Kansas, and then in Topeka. Then the guiding cloud moved to Arkansas. Those were interesting days. I labored as a pioneer among the half-breeds on both sides of the border of Arkansas and Indian Territory, besides paying several visits to Texas. I seldom met any Jews in those days. In the late eighties of the nineteenth century life on the frontiers of the Indian Territory, before Oklahoma was opened for settlement, was very primitive and rough. We shared in the privations and limitations our calling carried with it without complaining. Sometimes we abounded and sometimes we suffered lack. But we were always sure of the smile of God.

Life was full of thrilling adventures in the work of the Lord. I remember feeling a concern for the many farmers who daily came into Topeka in the summer season, and I secured the use of a farmer's cart outside the Post Office where there was an open space to hold daily noon meetings, using the cart as platform and pulpit. Hundreds gathered around to hear the Word, but we saw no evidence of any results at the time. A few years passed and I was far away in Texas, feeling somewhat dejected, and in poor health through malaria, when a fine young man approached me and asked me if I did not recognize him. Telling him that I did not, he told me that he had heard me preach in Topeka, Kansas, years before, as he was passing by the open air meeting just in time to hear the words:

"I take the guilty sinner's name,
The guilty sinner's Savior claim."

He said: "There and then, I took the guilty sinner's name, bowing before God in repentance, and looked up in faith to

the Savior of guilty sinners, and He saved me there and then. And," he added: "I am now on my way to a meeting to preach His saving Name."

I might multiply instances of the blessing God gave in connection with the preaching of the Cross. I seldom saw results at the time. I never felt it was required of me to unduly press people to make a decision. I felt more satisfied to leave tender, seeking souls in the hands of the Lord who would in due time reveal Himself to them in glory and power, as they came to feel their spiritual need and believed in His fulness of grace. But I have had abundant evidences that the Gospel of Christ is indeed the power of God unto salvation, and that to the uttermost, today as in the days of long ago, whether a man be a Jew or a Greek.

My health was seriously affected through the hardships and the malarious swamps in those pioneer days. We decided to sell our little home and return to Britain. I went East first, via Detroit, my wife joined me in Philadelphia with our two little daughters, and we went on to New York. After a stay of several weeks there, full of happy service for Christ, we booked passage on the S. S. "State of Nebraska" for Glasgow, Scotland.

In New York I looked up my uncle Herman Wolff. He lived on Fifth Avenue in a wealthy district. He recognized me kindly and offered me his assistance, if necessary. I declined his kindness, for though outwardly very poor, my trust was in Him who had called me into His service. This refusal had a good effect I afterwards learned, as it was reported to my relatives in Berlin, and assured me of a welcome when I visited them a few years after. They saw that my heart was not set on earthly gain.

We had a stormy journey across. Well do I remember the sensation of first seeing land again after being tossed about on an angry sea under leaden skies for some two weeks. How beautiful did the Mull of Kintyre look! We landed at Greenock and entrained for Glasgow. The first news we got as we looked out from the ship to the pier, was the announcement on the placards of the death

of the Prince of Clarence and Avondale, the eldest son of the then Prince of Wales; and the funeral of that mighty man of God, Charles Haddon Spurgeon. Both the country and the Church in England were plunged into mourning by this twofold visitation.

It was soon apparent that we were rightly led back to Britain. Abundant and profitable service awaited us in the West of Scotland. We experienced a stream of blessing in the ministry. Many centres in Glasgow, Greenock, Hamilton, Motherwell, and round about witnessed the quickening power of God in the conversion of souls. It was some time before we were able to take the train to London.

In London Again

London is a principality by itself. Whatever success may have attended one's labors in the provinces, London folk are very conservative, and you have to build your own reputation there from the bottom upward—at least so we found. My labors in London began in an obscure place called "the Ferry," by the banks of the river Lee. They had never known conversions in the little Mission Hall maintained for the benefit of the lowly people living near there. But the news of such having actually taken place in a Mother's Meeting, as the result of a sermon on the conversion of the Philippian Jailor, got about, and invitations to conduct evangelistic services in various districts soon poured in. And so I might speak of the gracious work in Battersea, in Walworth, in Beresford Chapel, in Balham, Chelsea, Fulham, Kensington, Wimbledon, and in numerous other centres in the larger London outside the city limits.

I Visit the Continent

My health havng been re-established, doors for service also opening in other countries beside the British Isles, I crossed the North Sea and the English Channel many a time to visit Germany, Holland, France, Switzerland, Denmark and Norway. I could write a book of the

great things the Lord did in those days. In London also, precious opportunities opened up for reaching the Jewish people with the Gospel. I was frequently in Whitechapel among my people. It is there where so many of the Jewish immigrants from "the Pale of Settlement" in Poland are found, and where not a few find the Messiah of Israel.

It was on one of my continental tours that I met in Stuttgart with that remarkable man, George Steinberger. I visited him many times after that in his home at Remismuehle, in Switzerland. He also visited me in England, and he went to stay with that other remarkable man of God, Robert Chapman of Barnstaple. Of all my many friends, these two stand out as the most Christlike men I have met. For them to live, as well as to preach, was Christ. They demonstrated His beauty and moral glory. They made Him real to others. And now they both have been with Him over twenty-five years, Robert Chapman passing in on his hundredth year, and George Steinberger at the early age of thirty-eight, after being purified in a crucible of pain.

Another man of God with whom I was associated in those days was Otto Stockmayer. There was probably never another man who made it his business to keep so continuously close to his Lord as Otto Stockmayer. His life was hid with Christ in God. If he seemed severe on others, he was first of all severe on himself. The world was not worthy to have in it this servant of Christ. He was gathered Home in 1914. Another fellow-worker the Lord gave us in those days was Elizabeth Baxter. She was born and brought up in "The Society of Friends," but her sympathies were universal. We will never forget her. Her spirit was ever in the sanctuary; her lips dropped wisdom; her footsteps dropped fatness; her hands dropped blessings on rich and poor alike. Made perfect through suffering, she radiated Christ by her silent presence as well as by her words and actions.

(To be concluded)

Leaves from the Book of My Life

IV. MY STORY UP TO 1929

BY DR. MAX I. REICH

(Copyright by THE HEBREW LUTHERAN)

THE year 1914 will always remain in my memory as one of the fateful years of my life. I was in Copenhagen, Denmark, and the city was beflagged for the reception of the French President who had been on a political visit to Russia and was on his way home again. A very solemn feeling overspread my heart that that visit boded no good for the peace of the world. And sure enough, he had barely reached Paris when the terrible world-war broke out. The impetuous German Kaiser could no longer look on quietly and see his country encircled with a hostile ring.

A few days after I was in a peaceful retreat in the extreme north of Sjælland, in a Home of Rest, in company with a group of pastors, evangelists, missionaries and Christian workers for a season of prayer and conference. The troubled state of the world lay

as a heavy burden on our hearts and was the matter which specially drove us to our knees. We were sitting at table for our simple midday meal, when the telephone rang from Copenhagen. News came that England also had entered the vortex of international strife. Every face was pale. I sat and wept silently, for my heart was breaking.

It was weeks before I could get a steamer home. The North Sea was full of floating mines; we had to make a long detour and so reached Leith in Scotland in safety, avoiding Harwich in England, the usual port. I found at once that I had become an object of suspicion.

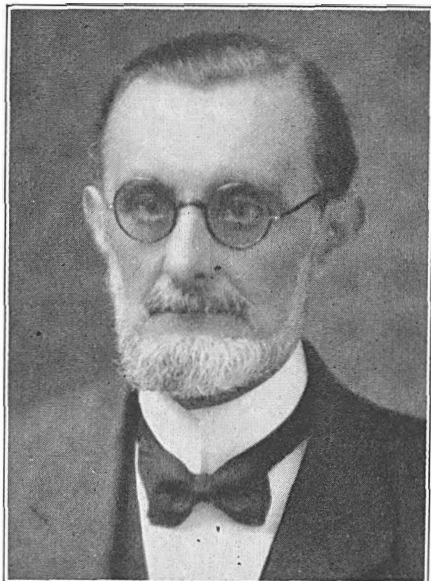
Though a British subject, my name and appearance told against me. It was with difficulty the authorities allowed me to land. I produced however, my certificates from "the Society of Friends" in whose behalf I had worked in Denmark, otherwise I would have been arrested.

London, I found, was in a state of panic. Every one born outside England,

even though a life-long resident, and legally naturalized, as I had been, was regarded as a potential spy. And I, who had such strong convictions on the peaceable character of Christianity! My little farm in the country was boycotted, no one would do any work for me. I had to sell out my stock by auction at a great loss; I was urged to change my name. This I considered an act of cowardice. My home became the asylum of Belgian refugees, who then swarmed the country, and I fear, frequently

abused British hospitality. What was to become of us? It seemed as if my services in England had come to an end.

After no little trouble with the officials I obtained a passport for the United States, still neutral at that time. This was in January of 1915. I arrived safely in Philadelphia, and my friends there made me truly welcome, my family came over in the fall of the same year. Their ship was afterwards sunk by a torpedo. Our reunion was a great joy, terror and anxiety lay behind us; one son at the front, sorely wounded, Zeppelins raining bombs round our old home, destroying whole streets. Our property gone



DR. REICH TODAY

to the wall; our hardly-won home to be sold. It was necessary to learn more deeply that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." And so we began afresh, at the bottom of the ladder, in this land.

Fourteen wonderful years have passed since then. Our son, discharged as incurable from the army, went, despite the sentence, to Oxford and passed through college with honors. He is now rector of a parish in England; his health fully restored; my other eight sons and daughters are grown and educated, though scattered from England to California. And the work which has opened up in the new world has fully demonstrated once again: "He leadeth the blind by a way that they know not."

I have been four times across the Atlantic since the war, visiting the British Isles, Holland, Germany, Switzerland and France with the message of the redeeming and regenerating Christ. Doors for service have also opened in many parts of this continent. It is not easy to say much about it, at least at the present. It is often easier to do the work than to talk of it afterwards.

However, I may be pardoned if I refer to the work among my own brethren. I have lived to see a tremendous change pass over the whole aspect of the work. Jews to-day want to learn about Jesus. Their ancient prejudice, largely fostered by a false Christianity, is melting away. More Jews are to-day reading the New Testament sympathetically than ever before. One finds an openness, a response, an intelligent grasp of the truth that proves clearly that a new work of grace is going on in Jewish hearts in our day. To tell my readers of my experiences along this line of service would fill a volume.

I have passed the 62nd milestone of my life and I am having my best days now. Christ is still growing more real, more precious, more satisfying. What have I left if He were blotted out of my sky? Nothing but an inward void; an unplanned and unguided life; a heart like the troubled sea; a bark that cannot find anchorage. But as I travel onward, without being a misanthrope respecting earth, the *future* becomes more and more attrac-

tive. It carries with it *the vision of His Face!*

There remains, perhaps, much service yet for me to render before I go hence. Calls come from the ends of the earth, the land of my fathers also beckons me across intervening space. Or, it may be, the time is near when the earthly tabernacle is to be broken up, to be exchanged for the unbreakable house not made with hands! But I am not tired of my work for the dear Master. It is full of unspeakable delight. Nor am I conscious of any weakening of mental or physical ability, assets to be laid as a tribute at His feet.

I have now come to the close of my fragmentary narrative. Deeply conscious of my personal demerit, I exclaim with one of our own people, a Hebrew of the Hebrews: "By the Grace of God I am what I am!"

That Grace comes at first as a gentle touch. The touch becomes a pressure. The pressure becomes a grasp. The grasp, a possession. But it is Grace every step, for God is the Potter of our lives. Pardon the following lines:

THE POTTER'S DREAM

A potter dreamt he saw a cup

More fair than all beside;

It graced a royal wedding feast,

The king's gift to his bride.

'Twas but a dream; but when he woke

He took a lump of earth,

Mere common clay, and in his hands

That vessel came to birth.

His vision entered into clay,

It was a joy to see

His concept through ignoble means

Become a verity.

Potter Divine, display in me

Thy wonder-working art!

What am I but unshapen clay

Till Thou Thy Grace impart?

Passive and silent on the wheel

And plastic to Thy will,

The meanest life may demonstrate

Thy all-transforming skill.

Not Law unbending, nor caprice,

Nor Karma's stern decree;—

Unfettered Love bends o'er our lives,

To make them truly free.

Among Episcopalians

ON the 30th of December last we enjoyed the rare privilege of being one of the speakers at a Seminar held in the College of Preachers of the Washington Cathedral, Mt. St. Alban's. The audience consisted of a select group of seminary professors representing practically every Theological Seminary of that communion.

It was our pleasure to unexpectedly run into the Rev. Canon Bridgeman who showed us much kindness during our visit to the Holy Land some three years ago.

Among the other pleasurable experiences was meeting with Col. Peter Zuboff, a Russian nobleman whose father was a member of the personal bodyguard of the Czar, and with others of his family was slain by the Bolsheviks. Col. Zuboff had also been condemned to the firing squad but aided by faithful peasants, made his escape. In this country he is the secretary of the Russian Aid

Society and the treasurer of the Russian Orthodox Cathedral of New York.

Another interesting personality was the Rev. Leonitus Leonitou, a Greek priest from Cyprus, and an exchange student at Columbia from the University of Athens. He told us this remarkable story. Not far from his home there is a village called Maranasta, from the Greek word *Maranatha*. According to the current tradition the inhabitants are descendants of Jews who persecuted Paul and Barnabas when they preached in Cyprus, but who later became Christians. The ardor of this community for the cross is so great that some of the most outstanding Metropolitans and Archimandrites of the Greek Catholic Church have come from them. The Rev. Mr. Leonitou told us that amongst the Cyprian Christians there is this tradition: if ever the world is converted to Christ, it will come as the result of the Jewish acceptance of Him.

The Impact of The Mediator

THREE or four years before Mrs. Katherine Shearer Cronk passed to her reward she arranged for us a lecture tour in the South. Somewhere between South Carolina and Georgia we showed her the manuscript of *Jewish Confessors of the Faith*. She was all elation over its contents and predicted for it a wide circulation. A few days later after hearing our address in the Lutheran Church of St. Petersburg, Florida, she remonstrated with us on our modesty and suggested that at our lecture before the School of Missions on the following evening we tell of the notable contribution Jewish Christians had made to the enrichment of the Church. We did so. Whereupon we afterward learned that someone charged us with being a braggart!

For some time we have refrained from saying anything regarding *The Mediator*. We prefer to do the work rather than talk about it. Personally we feel that there is too much talk, too much theorizing about Jewish Missions anyway.

Our readers, we hope, will not mis-

understand our purpose in filling up the opposite page with that which at first glance may give the impression that we have gone into the advertising business. Our reason for reproducing the page is to give an idea of the extent of the influence of *THE MEDIATOR*, our publication for Jews, in which *The God of Albert Einstein*, a plea for the reclamation of the Messiahship of Jesus, originally appeared. In reproducing it the *Baltimore Jewish Times* gave proper credit to the Mediator but, to our bewilderment, carried no comment either editorially or otherwise as to their object.

It was not until two weeks later and after they had received numerous inquiries as to why they gave publicity to a missionary article that the Editor placidly transferred the blame to the printer's devil, an easy enough way of getting out of an uncomfortable situation.

The Mediator, now in its third year and with a circulation of over fifteen thousand, has proven itself a factor for good in our work for Christ amongst Israel.