This message is on testimonies of Hebrew Christians by Dr. Charles Lee Feinberg, Dean of Talbot Theological Seminary in La Mirada, California.

There will be several testimonies. The first one is that of my beloved wife Mrs. Anne Priscilla Feinberg. I'm going to give it in her own words, it's entitled "Blindness to Sight". "For I'm not ashamed of the gospel of Christ for it is the power of God and the salvation to everyone that believeth, to the Jew first and also to the Greek", Romans 1:16. She says, "I was born in Russia and reared in an Orthodox Jewish home. My mother tried to train us as best she knew in the Jewish religion and customs. I say my mother because at that time my father had left for America to prepare for the coming of the whole family. Soon after he reached the United States, the First World War broke out. Thus it was that we had no communication with him for seven years. So mother had to the mother, father, provider, and teacher. It was during this time that we had to undergo the many hardships of war, famine, persecutions, and pogroms. I can well remember the occasions when there were religious parades and processions by certain Gentile religious groups. They marched through the streets with their crosses and banners. If there happened to be a Jew on the street who refused to kiss the cross or bow the knee or tip the hat, He was spit upon, Beaten, And even driven out of town. I could not understand why there should be this enmity between Gentiles and Jews. So I would go to my mother and ask her why we were so mistreated and persecuted. She would tell me that it was all because the Gentiles claim that we
Jews had killed their Christ. Of course I grew up with hate in my heart toward the Gentiles and their Christ because I did not think he was fair, loving one people and permitting another to suffer so. The thing that used to comfort me was when mother would tell me not to worry, Someday our messiah would come and gather all Israel to Jerusalem. There he would reign as our king and we would experience no more wars or persecutions. I just longed for that time to come.

Seven years passed and we finally came to the United States. After living here for several years, I came in contact with a lovely Hebrew Christian woman who invited me to a Jewish mission in Chicago where our family had settled. Visiting the mission over a period of time, I learned that the Jesus whom I had so hated and despised was the one about whom my mother had been telling me through those past years. I also learned that this same Jesus that I so hated was the one who loved me enough to die for me. I was faithfully shown that by believing in him I could have eternal life. On December 9, 1928. The light of the glorious gospel of God's love shone into my heart and it has been joy ever since. I thank God that I'm a child of the king. Poor? No of course not. How can I be when Christ the king is taking care of me? Lonely? Ah well, I know the aching blight but then I have Jesus with me, Day and Night. Tired? Yes sometimes more than tired. But then I know a place where I can rest again. Burdens? I have them. And off they press me sore. And then I lean the harder, trust the more. Worthy all know. The marvel of it all is that I should know such boundless love as his. And so I'm rich. With Christ, I'm joined heir since he once stooped, my poverty to share.

And now my own testimony, "Darkness to Light". In Galatians 2:20. We read these wonderful words, "I have been crucified with Christ and it is no longer i that live, but Christ liveth in me. And that life which I now live in the flesh, I live in faith, the faith which is the son
of God who loved me and gave himself up for me". This incorporates not only the testimony of the Apostle Paul but my testimony to the grace of God in Christ and the testimony of all believers. I was born and reared in a most Orthodox Jewish home in the city of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. All of the 613 laws of the books of Moses were the accumulated conditions and requirements of the rabbis through the centuries, were diligently and minutely kept. The Sabbath, with its prohibitions and laws, was duly honored and kept. The festivals such as the Passover, the Feast of Weeks, or Pentecost, and the Feast of Tabernacles were one and all observed to the very last letter. Some of the regulations might not appear to an outsider to have religious significance. But nothing in a truly Orthodox Jewish home is without religious significance. There's even a prayer to be uttered when one drinks a glass of water. In this atmosphere I grew up surrounded always with the worship, and the praise, and the training to be obtained from the synagogue services.

At the age of six I was sent to the English Elementary School and the Hebrew school as well. I was always made to understand that as one in Israel, I had to know God's word in the way he gave it in order to be able when grown to keep all the parts of the law. Before I reached the age of 13 I began to pray with phylacteries. That's the sign upon the hand and the frontlets between the eyes spoken of in Exodus the thirteenth chapter. When I had fully reached the age of confirmation which was thirteen years of age, I stood in the synagogue to the reading of the law and read a corresponding portion already outlined beforehand by custom and tradition from the prophets as my part of the service. This service was vital to me. Because before that time, according to the theological view of our Jewish people, before that time my father had carried my sins. But now that I attained my spiritual maturity, I was henceforth to be responsible for my own sins. About that time, I was graduated from the elementary grades in the English and
Hebrew school. I went to high school in an altogether different section of the city than I had gone to grammar school. In the grammar school most of the pupils were gentile. In the high school, I found most of the pupils were from Jewish homes. I noticed also that they didn't keep the religious laws as I had been taught to keep them. The matter of not doing certain practices, not carrying on certain business, not even carrying money on the Sabbath, I noticed they didn't bother with these laws as I had been taught to keep them and I saw no judgment of God upon them. So I follow their steps, only school however and not at home. At home all was as strictly Orthodox as ever. For instance, I never knew what it was to sit at home to a meal without my hat until about the time I finished my course at the University. I would not have dared to do so before that time in the presence of my father and at a Jewish table. The law was supposed to have forbidden it. Leviticus 10 says, "Uncover not your heads". But of course that was stated with reference to Aaron and the death of his two sons, Nadab and Abihu. But the Jews, feeling and realizing they are a priestly people, have taken that Admonition, that prohibition to themselves. So it is forbidden to be without a hat.

In this state of drifting away from the old customs, I continued until I went to the university. At the same time I was continuing in my Hebrew studies at a Hebrew teacher's training school. I was teaching Hebrew in the city. At the University, The University of Pittsburgh, I found very little encouragement for any kind of faith at all and soon was lost in a maze of doubt and unbelief as to the existence of God himself. The order of the day he was to read all that one could of Tom Paine, Bob Ingersoll, and the like. As graduation from the University neared, I was much troubled with my spiritual state because I had been looking forward and studying toward the [inaudible]. In fact, my three brothers also expected in due time to be rabbis in different areas of this country. Now I thought I could not go on to this high calling
and still disbelieve the vital teachings of the Hebrew faith. But you see God had foreseen my plight. In fact, the rabbis have a saying that before the straw failed in Egypt, God had already sent a Moses; God had foreseen my plight.

Some years before, he had sent into my life a living witness for himself in the person of a consecrated, Evangelistic, Warm witnessing, Christian woman. She had dealt long and faithfully with me over God's word as a neighbor of ours. She asked many questions that I couldn't answer, such questions as, "Why do your people have no more prophets? Why don't your people have any more prophets? Why do they have no more sacrifices? Why have they been dispersed and scattered, persecuted these so many years? Now if the Babylonian captivity was a punishment for idolatry, the worst of all sins, what greater sin had been committed to bring about an exile of so many hundreds of years? And why, too, since God designated Jerusalem as the only place for his name, and worship, and service, why has God allowed the temple to be destroyed?" I say these and many other questions were upon her lips often. She told me my only hope for eternal life and the only hope of Israel is in the Messiah. I said, true it is. But then she answered, "Jesus of Nazareth is the Hebrew Messiah". I treated her courteously but laughed inwardly at any such belief. I felt now that I was a university graduate, I could see that she might believe as she wished and my parents believed as they wished and I didn't need to believe anything if I wished. But I did not count on the power of the Gospel, the power of God unto salvation. When I came to her, then, with my spiritual plight after the space of years, for some years had passed since she first came into my life. She told me all the things she had witnessed to me as a lad. I was still far from convinced. She recommended that I meet a dear, Hebrew Christian gentleman. I told her that the thought was preposterous. There could mean no such person. Not a Hebrew and a Christian. if he were one, he could not be the other. But she insisted I could find out. Arguments
were not fitted to allay the turmoil in my heart so I met him in the Kearney library in Pittsburgh. We talked together for a while and from that place we went to a more private place to speak.

There he showed me that God's way of taking away sin has always been by blood. Whether it had been the case of Adam and Eve, in the time of the tabernacle, in the time of the temple, and so throughout the word of God. It was written, and I saw it as never before, that the life of the flesh is in the blood and that God has given it upon the altar to make an atonement for the soul. For the blood maketh an atonement for the soul. Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission, he showed me in Hebrews chapter 9. In the Messiah of Israel, Jesus the messiah, were fulfilled all the sacrifices of all the ages. He really took away the sin of the world. He's the hope of Israel. Well I must confess, I was not prepared to commit myself to all this at once. The more I thought these things over, the more the spirit of God strove with my heart and I was under deep conviction of sin. So one night, After much struggle in my room, in my bed, at home I said frankly to God in earnest, 'oh God, if this Jesus is the messiah of Israel, the hope of my people, and my personal savior from my sins, give me the conviction of it now And I will accept him'. Right then and there friends, God filled my heart to overflowing with the unshakeable conviction that Jesus is my savior and redeemer. How great were the joy and peace in that hour. I looked at my watch, it was five o'clock in the morning. I had struggled with this great problem all night. No one in the blessedness of that moment needed to explain to me the truth of being justified by faith. "We have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ", Romans 5:1 I knew it. I rested in it. I rejoiced in it. The peace given to me then has never left my heart. That assurance is real to my soul now. Then and only then, I thank God ever since, I came to realize that the promise of the seed of the woman to Eve that would bruise the serpent's head, the promise of Shiloh from the tribe of Judah, the star from Jacob, the prophet from among the Israelite Moses, the promise
to David of a son to sit on his throne forever, the pledge of Isaiah that a child would be born to us, and a son would be given, whose name would be wonderful, counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting father, the Prince of Peace. The hope of Jeremiah that a true shepherd would shepherd the people of God's choice. And the picture of Isaiah, of the suffering and dying messiah in the 53rd chapter of his book. It was only then, I say, that I fully realized all of these completely fulfilled in the Lord Jesus Christ, blessed be God forevermore for such a savior. Thrice blessed be he that he has kept his promise to my people, Israel, that they should have a savior and redeemer in his son and also a king to reign over them in peace and security when none shall make them afraid.

The message is to both Hebrew and Gentile alike. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life". If you don't know Christ as personal savior, friend, only believe and receive his salvation. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved". Acquaint thyself with him and be at peace thereby good, eternal good, shall come unto thee. If you do know Christ as Savior be alert, be vigilant, the witnessing both to Jew and Gentile, that hope and hope alone resides in Christ Jesus the blessed Lord.

Another testimony is that which we entitle a remarkable Jewish trophy of grace. The door to the great land of China was opened in 1858 through treaties with the Western nations. This permitted missionaries to enter the empire and tolerated their religion. Twenty seven years before these treaties, on May 6, 1831, there was born to Jewish parents in Tarogan [sp] Russian Lithuania a boy, Samuel Isaac Joseph Shereshchewski, called later the apostle of China. This is the testimony of Bishop Shereshchewski, Hebrew believer. His native town boasted some 5,000 inhabitants. This one called apostle of China had both his parents died while he was a small boy.
He was cared for by an older brother who was a timber merchant. Since he was an apt pupil, he was given a good rabbinical training in view of future rabbinical service. Though he later mastered many languages, he always knew Hebrew best. He studied in Germany while supporting himself at the University of Breslau. Shereshchewski's first contact with the Gospel came while he was still a student in Lithuania. A fellow student who was uninterested in the matter gave him a Hebrew New Testament that he had received from the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews. Shereshchewski was convinced from reading that Jesus was the messiah of the Old Testament prophecy. He then came under the influence of Dr. S. Newman, a Jewish Christian missionary, of the London Society and lecturer in Hebrew from 1834 to 1859 at the University of Breslau.

It was in 1854 when he came to Hamburg, Germany to embark for America, that he met a Jewish believer who gave him a letter of introduction to the Reverend Mr. John Neander, A Jewish Christian pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, New York and a missionary to the Jews in New York City. Goes Shereshchewski, accompanied with a number of Jewish believers, He was only intellectually convinced of the messianic faith of the truth in Christ Jesus the Lord. In the spring of 1855, a group of Christian Jews, Jewish believers with whom he associated asked him to celebrate the feast of Passover with them. The Passover meal was eaten with the usual Jewish ceremonies but at the end, each once stood And told what faith in Jesus the messiah and then to him. Shereshchewski was deeply, visibly moved. His lips moved in silent prayer. When he rose, His voice was choked and full of emotion as he said these words, "I can no longer deny my lord. I will follow him without the camp". He was baptized shortly after that and within a year he went to study for the Ministry of the world at the Western Theological Seminary in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania in 1855. After 2 years at the seminary, He did complete his theological
training at the General Theological Seminary at the Episcopal Seminary in New York. In 1859, He applied to the board of Foreign Missions of the Episcopal Church to go to China. And on May 3rd, 1859 He was accepted. He said his aim was to go to China, to translate the Bible into Chinese.

He sailed on July 13, 1859 with a company of missionaries for China on a ship called golden rule. On that ship the candidates began their study, their laborious study, of the Chinese language. In those days, the trip took almost six months. And it is said when Shereshchewski landed, he amazed Chinese teachers by his ability to write good, classical Chinese. In Shanghai he gave himself to language study with such industry an application that once he did not leave the same building for a week. He learned three Chinese languages: the Shanghai colloquial, Mandarin, and the literary language of the Wen Li. By January 1861, he was translating the Book of Psalms into the Shanghai colloquial. By 1861, He had reached the western borders of China in his missionary travels. He was the first Protestant missionary in history to do that.

From 1861-1865 our own country was in the throes of the civil war and funds from America to China ceased for some three years. During this time Shereshchewski Acted partly as Chinese Secretary to the United States Legation in Peking and partly in learning the Peking dialect. He also saw to it that he preached regularly. While there, he wrote in 1864, "I am engaged in translating the whole Old Testament into Mandarin, a language spoken by more human beings than any other language in the world". In 1867, he heard that a Miss Susan Waring was arriving at Shanghai as a missionary. He set out at once from Peking stating openly that he was going to marry her. Because the waterways were frozen most of the way between Peking and Shanghai, he walked seven hundred of the almost nine hundred miles to Shanghai. When he arrived at the home where Miss Waring was staying He asked, "Where is she?" He was asked,
"Who is it you want?" He answered, "Miss waring, the woman who is to be my wife". In two weeks, they were engaged. In less than three months, they were married. She was a remarkably gifted person, amiable in disposition and a priceless help to her husband. By 1868, he was giving himself except for Sunday preaching, to translation work almost entirely using two Chinese copyists. One left at 5 p.m. and the other at 10 p.m. or later. Shereschewski's wife often went looking for him in his study at two in the morning.

Besides the Old Testament, Shereschewski translated certain books of the New Testament into Mandarin. The rest was in the hands of other members of the translation committee. It was all finished in September 1872. It marked an epoch in the history of the Bible in China. The American and British Bible Societies published editions of this Bible. Sixteen years after the translation was completed, a prominent missionary to China wrote," the translation of the Old Testament into Mandarin was made by a master hand, seemingly raised up by God for this purpose". No man in his day could equal him in idiomatic use of spoken Mandarin. In 1903, the representative of the American Bible Society in China wrote, "No one, not a missionary to China, can understand what this work meant and will mean through all time to the Church of Christ in that land". It gave a new impetus to all forms of missionary work and enabled the churches of all denominations in Mandarin speaking China, So recently opened to them, to train an efficient, native ministry and raise up an intelligent church.

Now as early as June 1871, the degree of Doctor of Divinity in absentia was conferred on him by the theological seminary, Episcopal seminary in Gambier Ohio. Missionaries in China were suggesting in 1874 that he translate the Bible, all of it, into Mongolian. In 1870, after ten years in China without rest, his health had begun to fail. But he didn't want to leave China until the translation work was finished. A son was born to him On March 6th 1873, who became Dr.
Joseph Williams Shereshchewski of the United States Public Health Service and Harvard Medical School. A daughter came to brighten their home on June 27, 1874 who was Miss Caroline Shereshchewski, a missionary teacher in Japan. On April 20, 1875. The family left Peking for furlough and arrived in San Francisco, California July 1st of that same year, 1875. On July 19th 1875, Shereshchewski was admitted to American citizenship in Pittsburgh Though he had been absent for 15 years prior to naturalization. At home he was lauded as the one who made the Bible speak to nearly half a hemisphere. October 1875 he was elected bishop of Shanghai. He declined the honor and stated very simply he was utterly unqualified. That was his statement, He was utterly unqualified. On October 1876 he was elected again as bishop and friends persuaded him this time to accept the honor.

In December of that year he announced his desire to open a Christian college in China. A project never started before as far as the land of China was concerned. By the fall of 1879, he had founded St. John's University a missionary College in Shanghai. In 1878. On April 20th, the Shereshchewski family left for China, Going by way of London to attend the Lambeth Conference. That is a conference of all Episcopal groups. There, the Archbishop of Canterbury was reported to have said, the Bishop of Shanghai is one of six truly, really learned men in the world. Max Miller, the great linguist of our country said in 1888, that Shereshchewski was one of the six most learned orientalists in the world. You remember, friends, he began as an orphaned boy and as a glazier too, putting windowpanes in Homes for that's the meaning of his curious name, Shereshchewski.

By October 1878 he was back in Shanghai. While laboring in his duties as Bishop at Wu Chang, trying to establish a mission station there on a firm footing, The Shereshchewski family experienced an unusual spell of hot weather. On August the 12th, this was 1881, He suffered
sunstroke. At one time, he lost almost entirely the use of his limbs. From the beginning, his speech was much affected. But on his lips were often the words, "I must live to revise my translation of the Old Testament". Two weeks after his stroke, he said he felt as if he were buried already. All the medical authorities consulted agreed that he had sustained a serious lesion at the base of his brain and said they, "he will never be able to do much work again". He was taken to a famous doctor, Dr. Shercoult [sp], in Paris who recommended a water cure which he took in Geneva. He did improve a little, but he was never able to walk again. He had to be carried up and down stairs for the rest of his life. His speech remained so blurred that it was hard to understand him. Muscles of his body began to shrink. Only his mind came back untouched, unimpaired.

He remained at Geneva for about four years and in 1886 planned to return to America to settle in California and to continue his translation work with the help of a Chinese scribe. When he found no suitable Chinese scribe available in California, he asked his church authorities to be sent back to China. Well the American Bible Society was not encouraging and his church board certainly was not sure. They said they were not certain about sending him back to China at all, a man in his condition.

[End part 1]