

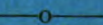
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THE PECULIAR PEOPLE,

A CHRISTIAN MONTHLY,

DEVOTED TO JEWISH INTERESTS.

Founded by the late Rev. H. Friedländer and the Rev. Ch. Th. Lueky.



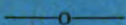
EDITOR,

THE REV. WILLIAM C. DALAND,

(Pastor at Westerly, R. I.)



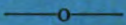
"The Lord hath chosen thee to be a peculiar people unto himself."
Deut. 14:2.



Vol. V.

DECEMBER, 1892.

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THE PECULIAR PEOPLE.

"The Lord hath chosen thee to be a peculiar people unto himself."—Deut. 14: 2

*A Christian Monthly devoted to Jewish Interests, Political, Social,
Literary, and Religious.*

הביטו אל-צור חצבתם
ואל-מקבת בור נקרתם
Isa. 51: 1.

"For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee. Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good."—Psa. 122: 8, 9.

Vol. v. ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y., DEC., 1892. No. 9.

JUDÆUS SUM; JUDAICI NIHIL A ME ALIENUM PUTO.

DER BLUTABERGLAUBE.

RABBI I. B. LEWINSOHN.

Seufzen hoer' ich manches Jakob's Kind :

"Wohl geduldig wollt' ich gern mich fassen,
Wenn die Ruege derer, die mich hassen,
Nicht gegriffen waer' aus leerem Wind."

Ich im Gegentheile sag' : "Ich find'

Unsern Trost hierin, den uns sie lassen,
Dass, was sie auch zu tadeln sich ermassen,
Wir darin doch voellig schuldlos sind!"

Und so lehren uns verehrte Vaeter :

"Heil dem, den des Argwohns Stachel trafen,
Und die Folgetag' erst spaet und spaeter
Frecher Luege die Verleumder strafen!" 1

Jener Weis' auch sprach : "Wie, waer's dir werther,
Wenn mit Recht die Klagen jetzt mich trafen?" 2

1) *Tractat Sabbat*: Heil dem, auf den man ungegruendeten Argwohn hat.

2) *Phaedon*: Apollodorus, der als ein sehr gutherziger Mensch, aber etwas schwacher Kopf beschrieben wird, konnte sich gar nicht zufrieden geben, dass sein Lehrer und Freund so unschuldig sterben musste. "Guter Apollodorus, sprach Socrates laechelnd, wuerdest du es dieber sehen, wenn ich schuldig sterben muesste."

אפס דמים.

(מאת רבי'ל. נעתק עברית ע"י נ' ו' סור.)

הגה והי מבית יעקב אזני שומעת?
 „לבי עלי לא יפול רוחי לא תשוח
 אשא חרפת צוררי, לו אך נפשי-יודעת,
 כי אמת יהגה חכם, לא הכל ורעות רוח.“

אך אני רב שרעפי ושעופי ישיבוני,
 עת ימיטו און על בני עמי העניים,
 בדבת שונאי תנחומים אלה ישעשעוני,
 כי אין עול בבני עמי, ואחי נקיים.

וכן יאמרו חכמינו¹ ודבריהם מה עמקו,
 „אשרי הגבר עלילות שוא עליו שמו.“
 ימים יוצרו ומלשינים לא ינקו,
 אור צדיקים ישמח ורשעים ידמו.

גם אלה דברי חכם²,

הכי ינעם לנפשך אם יסור יסרוני,
 בתוחכות עלי עון, ובצדק שפטוני.

(1) שבת (דף קי"ח:) אשרי מי שחושדין אותו ואין בו.
 (2) אפאלאדורוס היה איש טוב לב מאד, אך בית-פילוסופיא רחקה ממנו,
 על כן לא מצא מרגוע לנפשו, והתאונן על מורו ואוהבו סאקראטעס אשר יומת
 על לא חטס בכפיו; ועל זה עננו סאקראטעס בצחוק: מה לך כי נפל'ו סניך
 אפאלאדורוס ידירי, האם מצאת מרגוע לנפשך לו בצדק חרצו עלי משפט
 מות ומצאני עוני? (פֶּדְאָן)

THE CHARGE OF BLOOD.

(English verses by the Editor of THE PECULIAR PEOPLE.)

Oft to my listening ear a sigh there came
 From Israel's sons when slander war their lot :
 "So sad of heart and mournfu' were we not
 If of the charge we *justly* bore the blame."

"Not so," my soul bid answer quick and strong :
 "For comfort and not sorrow fills my breast
 That, though calumniated and oppressed
 Yet guiltless were we ever of the wrong."

And true our ancient sages teach us so,
 That "blest is he who bears an unjust blame ;" 1
 For age on age gives honor to his name,
 While silence is the portion of his foe.

E'en thus spake Socrates unto his friend :
 "Would'st thou that *guilty* I my life should end ?" 2

It is the characteristic of the noblest souls to bear unjust blame with meekness. The noble philosopher of the Greeks, and, more than all, our blessed Saviour Himself, are sufficient examples of this.

PERHAPS one of the most unjust accusations in all history is that oft-repeated one against Jewish people, an accusation born of ignorance, superstition, and reasonless hatred, that they use Christian blood for ceremonial purposes. It would seem that in this year of grace 1892, the four-hundredth year of the new world's history, such superstitions could find no place. And yet many times in

1) Talmud, Tract *Shabbath*.

2 This story concerning Socrates is not to be found in any of Plato's writings, and therefore certainly not in the *Phaedo*, as the German writer and his Hebrew translator say in their footnotes. In Pseudo-Xenophon, *Apology of Socrates*, sec. 28, is the following: *παρων δε τις Απολλοδωρος, επιθυμητης μεν ων ισχυρωσ αυτου, αλλως δ' ευηθησ, ειπεν τρα Αλλα τουτο εγωγε, ω Σωκρατες, χαλεπωκατα φερω, οτι ορω σε αδικως αποθνησκοντα. τον δε λεγεται καταψηθαντα αυτου την κεφ ιλην ειπειν. Συ δε, ω φιλτατε Απολλοδωρε, μαλλον αν εβουλου με οραν δικαιως η αδικως αποθνησκοντα; και αμα επιγελασαι.* "Now a certain Apollodorus being present, who was very fond of him and a little simple-minded besides, said : 'But I cannot bear this, O Socrates, that I see thee suffer death unjustly.' He then, it is related, stroked his head, and, at the same time smiling, said : 'Dear Apollodorus, would'st thou rather see me suffer death justly than unjustly?'" There is a story of a similar reply made by Socrates to his wife, Xanthippe. EDITOR.

the year just closing we have heard of fanatical outbreaks against Jews, proceeding from this baseless charge. Again and again refuted by eminent scholars, both Jews and Gentiles, by none more conclusively than by the late Prof. Delitzsch of blessed memory, this groundless idea holds in possession the minds even of otherwise sensible people.

BUT suffering for righteousness' sake is blessed, so says our Saviour, and the sages of the Talmud say that he is blessed against whom there is unjust hatred. Let us learn to be kind even to those who hate us and without reason despise us. Yes, suffering friend of Israel's house, know that He who suffered for us all, the Lord Jesus Himself, prayed for those that did Him the wrong, and taught us so to do. Let us seek justice and be bold in speaking against wrong, but let us rejoice and be glad if unjustly persecuted; for were not the prophets so abused? Read Matt. 5: 1-12.

JUDAISM A HELP TO CHRISTIANITY.

A WORD OF PERSONAL TESTIMONY.

I.

During the present year has occurred the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. That was a great event, but I believe that the Gentile Christian world will sooner or later make a greater discovery, that of the world of truth at present latent in Judaism. I use the term Judaism as it is popularly accepted in Gentile circles. Strictly speaking, any true conception of Judaism is Christianity, and Christianity properly defined is Judaism. But as conditions now exist there lies outside the knowledge of the larger part of Christian peoples a world of truth chiefly limited to the Jewish race. The writer has made the discovery for himself, and in that wondrous world of truth he dwells, and would not exchange his position in all that it implies for the wealth of the Indies, desire for which impelled

Columbus onward, and led to the discovery of America. The kingdom of truth, in its simplicity and splendor, is, after all, the same, whether apprehended by Gentile or Jew; but there are certain means for the apprehension of truth possessed by the Jewish race, which at present lie outside the experience of a large part of the Christian world. These methods for the apprehension of truth will in time enrich the whole human race.

A large proportion of the Christian world at present live with their faces turned towards Rome. This is true to a limited extent even among evangelical communions who protest against Rome. Strong currents of thought springing out of the Greek and Roman civilization set in that direction, and many are borne as surely on their tides as were Newman and his associates, the leaders of the Tractarian movement in England, although they may never secede to Rome and have but little sympathy for such leaders. Jerusalem and not Rome is the legitimate religious center of the world, as it is written, "The Law shall go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem."¹ Although Jerusalem at present is far from fulfilling the conditions, and is very far destitute of the glories of the world's religious center, nevertheless the truths that issued forth from Jerusalem exist in all their purity in the Scriptures, both Hebrew and Greek, and are scattered in richest profusion also as the possession at the present day peculiarly of the Jewish people.

The first essential necessary to any adequate knowledge of the world of thought inherent in Judaism is the acquisition of the Hebrew language. At once a most ancient and at the same time a highly developed language, Hebrew has never ceased to be a living language, a medium of communication among thousands of the Jewish race. Evidently Hebrew was a cultivated language before Abraham was born, the vernacular of the various Canaanite races, and perhaps brought with them in early prehistoric times from the shores of the Persian Gulf, the

1) Micah 4:2.

locality that Herodotus indicates as the home of the Phœnicians prior to their migration to Palestine. Palestine, so far back as we can trace its history, has ever presented a highly developed civilization; and under the influence of the commercial cities, first of Zidon, then of Tyre, this Canaanite civilization overspread a large part of the earth's surface. Indeed, we may conjecture the belief that at some very early period Hebrew was as wide-spread and necessary in the Levant and adjacent regions, as well as in North-western Africa, as in later times Aramaic, Greek, and Arabic, successively, have come to be in Western Asia.

This highly developed and marvelously flexible language came to be the peculiar possession of the chosen people. The language of Moses continued to be the language of his people for nearly a thousand years, spoken in city and in country, by the cultured as well as by the *עמי הארץ*¹, in palaces, in the army, in merchandise, and in the worship of God's house. A long succession of holy prophets necessarily employed it as the medium of their instruction, and many of them wrote books which are preserved in the same sacred tongue of Moses. So, too, a large part of the liturgical worship of the temple in Jerusalem re-appears in the prayers and hymns preserved in our present collection of the Psalter. Even after Aramaic came to be the ordinary language of speech among the Jews, Hebrew was peculiarly the Jewish tongue, and has ever continued so. It was still their sacred language and was employed in synagogue and school, and we may well believe was used everywhere as the medium of written communication.

About six hundred years after Malachi had spoken, Hebrew re-appears as a written language, considerably developed and changed from the elder speech in the strong and copious language of the Mishna; and throughout all the period of the dispersion Hebrew has continued to be the language of philosophers, grammarians, historians and poets; and to-day it is the medium of inter-communi-

1) Common people.

caution by many of the chosen race, scattered as they are over the face of the whole world. Newspapers are printed in it, as *Hammagid* and *Eduth le Israel* in Europe, and *Happisgoh* and *Haibri* in America, and letters are everywhere exchanged back and forth in the sacred tongue of Moses and of Isaiah.

This is the language in which is deposited the development of Jewish thought, and this is the language that one must learn if he would stand upon the threshold of that fair realm. It will not suffice if he attempt to extract this wisdom from translations, if such he may be so fortunate as to find. He must himself enter into the hospitable and ever abundant fields of Hebrew thought, expressed in their native Hebrew speech. Any language is itself a philosophy, how much more the language employed in its earlier stages as the medium of divine inspiration! Words are thought-fountains, and their varied idiomatic arrangements are suggestive of profound philosophical conceptions. He therefore who would familiarize himself with the Hebrew culture must first be able freely to move among Hebrew words that are themselves the fountains of all Jewish thought.

But there is one other consideration that ought to be very strong in persuading Christians to learn Hebrew. Hebrew is the language of their religion. Our sacred books are all in the Hebrew language, or else conceived in the Hebrew thought. Is it not therefore amazing that Christians can be content to read their Bible in a translation? The religion of Islam is inseparably connected with its native Arabic. Wherever the Koran is carried, whether among the Persians in India or in the wilds of Africa, there the Arabic language is learned, and mufti and African chief equally delight in the musical and elegant flow of the pure Arabic surahs. Ought we to do any less in studying the Bible, the pure and unapproachable expression of the truth of God? Ought we not ourselves to be able to appreciate the elegance of Moses, the majesty of Job, the eloquence of Isaiah, and the sweetness and the passion and the heart-rest of the book of Psalms, as expressed in all their purity

and force in their native Hebrew? The truth is that the Hebrew language ought to be co-extensive with Christianity, and the children of Christian parents ought no more to grow up in ignorance of Hebrew than of the grammar of their vernacular, or of the first principles of mathematics. Hebrew is not a difficult language to learn, and all children easily learn any language under the right conditions. Indeed, any older person may easily acquire Hebrew provided he comes to love it, and is willing unwearyingly to devote sufficient attention to it. After a time the labor of acquisition is passed, and all Hebrew study becomes a ceaseless joy. Command is readily secured over a large vocabulary and of Hebrew idiomatic constructions, and facility easily follows in the writing of Hebrew sentences. Any one, if he so determines to do, may easily write Hebrew so fluently that he can carry on a large and varied correspondence in it. But some knowledge of Hebrew ought to be possessed wherever the Christian faith prevails. Every reader of the Bible ought to be able to read it in the holy language of the ancient days.

The writer adds his personal testimony as to the utility of the Hebrew language in all his Christian thinking and the performance of his work as a ¹ מַדְבֵּר in a Christian congregation.

S. S. POWELL.

COVINGTON, N. Y.

THE SUFFERINGS OF A JEWISH RABBI.

A THRILLING STORY OF PAPAL TORTURE.

Below the vaults of the *Official* of Sarragossa one nightfall long ago the venerable Pedro Arbuez d'Espila, sixth Prior of the Dominicans of Segovia, third Grand Inquisitor of Spain—followed by a *fra redemptor* (master torturer), and preceded by two familiars of the Holy Office holding lanterns—descended towards a secret dungeon. The lock of a massive door creaked; they entered a stifling *in pace*, where the little light that came from above re-

¹ Preacher.

vealed an instrument of torture blackened with blood, a chafing-dish, and a pitcher. Fastened to the wall by heavy iron rings, on a mass of filthy straw, secured by fetters, an iron circlet about his neck, sat a man in rags; it was impossible to guess at his age. This prisoner was no other than Rabbi Aser Abarbanel, a Jew of Aragon, who, on an accusation of usury and pitiless contempt of the poor, had for more than a year undergone daily torture. In spite of all, "his blind obstinacy being as tough as his skin," he had refused to abjure. Proud of his descent and his ancestors—for all Jews worthy of the name are jealous of their race—he was descended, according to the Talmud, from Othoniel, and consequently from Ipsiboe, wife of this last Judge of Israel, a circumstance which had sustained his courage under the severest of the incessant tortures. It was, then, with tears in his eyes at the thought that so steadfast a soul was excluded from salvation that the venerable Pedro Arbuez d'Espila, approaching the quivering Rabbi, pronounced the following words: "My son, be of good cheer; your trials here below are about to cease. If, in presence of such obstinacy, I have had to permit, though with sighs, the employment of severe measures, my task of paternal correction has its limits. You are the barren fig-tree, that, found so oft without fruit, incurs the danger of being dried up by the roots; . . . but it is for God alone to decree concerning your soul. Perhaps the Infinite Mercy will shine upon you at the last moment! Let us hope so. There *are* instances. May it be so! Sleep, then, this evening in peace. To-morrow you will take part in the *auto da fe*, that is to say, you will be exposed to the *quemadero*, the brazier premonitor of the eternal flame. It burns, you are aware, at a certain distance, my son; and death takes, in coming, two hours at least, often three, thanks to the moistened and frozen clothes with which we take care to preserve the forehead and the heart of the holocausts. You will be only forty-three. Consider, then, that placed in the last rank you will have the time needful to invoke God, to offer unto him that baptism of fire which is of the

Holy Spirit. Hope, then, in the Light and sleep." As he ended this discourse Dom Arbuez—who had motioned the wretched man's fetters to be removed—embraced him tenderly. Then came the turn of the *fra redemptor*, who in a low voice prayed the Jew to pardon what he had made him endure in the effort to redeem him; then the two familiars clasped him in their arms; their kiss, through their cowls, was unheard. The ceremony at an end, the captive was left alone in the darkness.

Rabbi Aser Abarbanel, his lips parched, his face stupefied by suffering, stared, without any particular attention, at the closed door. Closed? The word, half unknown to himself, awoke a strange delusion in his confused thoughts. He fancied he had seen, for one second, the light of the lanterns through the fissure between the sides of this door. A morbid idea of hope, due to the enfeeblement of his brain, took hold on him. He dragged himself towards this strange thing he had seen, and slowly inserting a finger, with infinite precautions, into the crack, he pulled the door towards him. Wonder of wonders! By some extraordinary chance the familiar who had closed it had turned the great key a little before it had closed upon its jambs of stone. So, the rusty bolt not having entered its socket, the door rolled back into the cell. The Rabbi ventured to look out. By means of a sort of livid obscurity he distinguished, first of all, a half circle of earthy walls, pierced by spiral stairways, and, opposite to him, five or six stone steps, dominated by a sort of black porch, giving access to a vast corridor, of which he could only see, from below, the nearest arches. Stretching himself along, he crawled to the level of this threshold. Yes, it was indeed a corridor, but of boundless length. A faint light, a sort of dream light, was cast over it; lamps suspended to the arched roof turned, by intervals, the wan air blue; the far distance was lost in shadow. Not a door visible along all this length! On one side only, to the left, small holes covered with a network of bars, let a feeble twilight through the depths of the wall—the light of sunset apparently, for red gleams fell at long intervals on the flag-stones. And

how fearful a silence! . . . Yet there—there in the depths of the dim distance—the way might lead to liberty! The wavering hope of the Jew was dogged, for it was the last. Without hesitation he ventured forth, keeping close to the side of the light-holes, hoping to render himself indistinguishable from the darksome color of the long walls. He advanced slowly, dragging himself along the ground, forcing himself not to cry out when one of his wounds, recently opened, sent a sharp pang through him. All of a sudden the beat of a sandal coming in his direction echoed along the stone passage. A trembling fit seized him; he choked with anguish; his sight grew dim. So this, no doubt, was to be the end! He squeezed himself, doubled upon his hands and knees, into a recess, and half dead with terror waited. It was a familiar hurrying along. He passed rapidly, carrying an instrument for tearing out the muscles, his cowl lowered; he disappeared. The violent shock which the Rabbi had received had half suspended the functions of life; he remained for nearly an hour unable to make a single movement. In the fear of an increase of torments if he were caught, the idea came to him of returning to his cell. But the old hope chirped in his soul—the divine “perhaps,” the comforter in the worst of distresses. A miracle had taken place! There was no more room for doubt. He began to crawl towards the possible escape. Worn out with suffering and with hunger, trembling with anguish, he advanced. The sepulchral corridor seemed to lengthen out mysteriously. And he, never ceasing his slow advance, gazed forward through the darkness, on, on, where there *must* be an outlet that should save him.

But oh! steps sounding again; steps, this time slower, more sombre. The forms of two Inquisitors, robed in black and white, and wearing their large hats with rounded brims, emerged into the faint light. They talked in low voices and seemed to be in controversy on some important point, for their hands gesticulated. At this sight Rabbi Aser Abarbanel closed his eyes, his heart beat as if it would kill him, his rags were drenched with the cold sweat of agony; motionless, gasping, he lay stretched along

the wall under the light of one of the lamps—motionless, imploring the God of David. As they came opposite to him the two Inquisitors stopped under the light of the lamp, through a mere chance, no doubt, in their discussion. One of them, listening to his interlocutor, looked straight at the Rabbi. Under this gaze, of which he did not at first notice the vacant expression, the wretched man seemed to feel the hot pincers biting into his poor flesh; so he was again to become a living wound, a living woe! Fainting, scarce able to breathe, his eyelids quivering, he shuddered as the robe grazed him. But, strange at once and natural, the eyes of the Inquisitor were evidently the eyes of a man profoundly pre-occupied with what he was going to say in reply, absorbed by what he was listening to; they were fixed and seemed to look at the Jew *without seeing him*. And indeed, in a few minutes the two sinister talkers went on their way slowly, still speaking in low voices, in the direction from which the prisoner had come. They had not seen him! And it was so that in the horrible disarray of his sensations his brain was traversed by this thought: "Am I already dead, so that no one sees me?" A hideous impression drew him from his lethargy. On gazing at the wall exactly opposite to his face, he fancied he saw over against his two ferocious eyes observing him. He flung back his head in a blind and sudden terror; the hair started upright upon his head. But no, no. He put out his hand and felt along the stones. What he saw was the *reflection* of the eyes of the Inquisitor still left upon his pupils, and which he had referred to two spots of the wall.

Forward! He must hasten towards that end that he imagined (fondly, no doubt,) to mean deliverance, towards those shadows from which he was no more than thirty paces, or so, distant. He started once more, crawling on hands and knees and stomach, upon his dolorous way, and he was soon within the dark part of the fearful corridor. All at once the wretched man felt the sensation of cold upon his hands that he placed on the flag-stones; it was a strong current which came from under a little door at the end of the passage. O God, if this door opened on the

outer world! The whole being of the poor prisoner was overcome by a sort of vertigo of hope. He examined the door from top to bottom without being able to distinguish it completely on account of the dimness around him. He felt over it. No lock, not a bolt! A latch! He rose to his feet; the latch yielded beneath his finger; the silent door opened before him. "Hallelujah!" murmured the Rabbi in an immense sigh as he gazed at what stood revealed to him from the threshold. The door opened upon gardens, under a night of stars,—upon spring, liberty, life. The gardens gave access to the neighboring country that stretched away to the *sierras*, whose sinuous white lines stood out in profile on the horizon. There lay liberty! Oh to fly! He would run all night under those woods of citrons, whose perfume intoxicated him. Once among the mountains he would be saved. He breathed the dear, holy air; the wind reanimated him; his lungs found free play. He heard in his expanding heart the "Lazarus, come forth?" And to give thanks to God who had granted him this mercy he stretched forth his arms before him, lifting his eyes to the firmament in an ecstasy. And then he seemed to see the shadow of his arms returning upon himself; he seemed to feel those shadow arms surround, embrace him, and himself pressed tenderly against some breast. A tall figure, indeed, was opposite to him. Confidently he lowered his eyes upon this figure and remained gasping, stupefied, with staring eyes and mouth, driveling with fright. Horror! He was in the arms of the Grand Inquisitor himself, the venerable Pedro Arbuez d'Espila, who gazed at him with eyes full of tears, like a good shepherd who has found the lost sheep. The sombre priest clasped the wretched Jew against his heart with so fervent a transport of charity that the points of the monachal hair-cloth rasped against the chest of the Dominican. And while the Rabbi Aser Abarbanel, his eyes convulsed beneath his eyelids, choked with anguish between the arms of the ascetic Dom Arbuez, realizing confusedly that *all the phases of the fatal evening had been only a calculated torture, that of hope!* the Grand Inquisitor with a look of distress, an

accent of poignant reproach, murmured in his ear, with the burning breath of much fasting: "What! my child! on the eve, perhaps, of salvation . . . you would then leave us?"—*Strand Magazine*.

THE FIRST CHANUCCA NIGHT.

A holy light, a joyful light,
None other dare, nor may,
Save Judah, on this blessed night,
Rekindle Hope's dead ray.
Here once again before the Lord
Her sacred symbol glows;
Why through the dark its rays are poured
The child of Israel knows.

"Who standeth for the Lord of Hosts
Against a countless throng,
Who answereth back the Conqueror's boasts
With Judah's battle song,—
Who will not on his altar see
A pagan's offering laid,—
With faith in Him sublime to see
Shall charge, of naught afraid!"

Oh, weary years of wasteful strife!—
Blood poured in crimson seas;
Then the great shout of conquering life,
"Heaven bless the Maccabees!"
Upon the ever blessed hill
They seek the Temple's door;
One cruse (left unpolluted still)
To feed the lamp they pour.

Oh, who like Israel's chosen sons
The Law can hold and keep?
Light for the whole world's darkened ones
Shall from their altar leap!
Then kindle on this holy night,
That all the world may see,
The lamp of blessing pure and bright,
The lamp of memory.

M. E. H. EVERETT.

THE Japanese government has arranged to send to this country 2,000 Japanese of the middle class, who are to be here during the World's Fair, and afterward make a tour of the principal cities of the United States. Instruction and information as to the industries and customs of the American people constitute the object desired to be attained.

THE Moscow Chamber of Commerce has resolved to exclude all Hebrews from the list of city merchants unless they become converted to the Orthodox Greek faith. Even then they are to be placed on probation for three years, and to dwell in the village of Tcherkijova, five miles distant from the city. The measure, which has not yet gone into force, is approved by the whole press.

A SOMEWHAT singular case is occupying the minds of officials in Finland. Every paper entering the country has to pass official censors, and it deemed dangerous for the peace of the land it is confiscated. A gentleman at Helsingfors subscribed some time since to a very peaceful periodical in the Hebrew language. The first copy reached the censors the other day, and these gentlemen, not being able to make out a word of what was said, simply confiscated the print as being "unfit for reading." The addressee, however, was not content with this, and has brought the matter before the higher officials and before the Finnish public.—*Jewish Messenger*.

A VERY important question is raised by a vigorous thinker when he says: "Can he be said to see truly who, in examining the sun-spots, misses the sun?" No, indeed! Yet there are many people who claim that they are seeing the sun when the fact is they see only the sun's spots. Translated into different speech, this means that many people train their eyes to look at the defects of others, and miss seeing their brightest and best qualities. It requires but precious little talent to discover spots in the characters and lives of the most of people, even the best of saints. If one be bent on looking for spots he will be very sure to find them. There is nothing acute nor even sweet about this. It shows a very narrow range of vision. It also shows how very easily satisfied some people are. And the reward obtained by gazing after sun-spots is paltry indeed. When a man looks only for the sun-spots in a Christian's character, he misses the real brightness and true beauty and excellency of the Christian. And this principle holds true in relation to the Bible. If one be intent on looking for sun-spots in it he will doubtless find them; at the same time he misses all of its fire and light and generous spirit. There have been those who, through their life-time, have been looking at the defects of some of the Bible characters and missed seeing the great, warm Sun, the very one whom most of all, they should have seen and believed.—*C. H. Wetherbe*.

The Peculiar People.

חדשות הנעשות—NEWS—במחנה ישראל.

THE three Jewish colonies in New Jersey,—Alliance, Carmel, and Rosenhayn, are in a more prosperous condition than ever before.

It is said that of the physicians of Vienna who obeyed the summons of the government to assist in combating the cholera ninety per cent were Jews.

MANY Russian Jews have settled in Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, and other cities in India. They seem to be doing well, and bid fair to form thriving Jewish communities.

CHIEF Rabbi Weiner and Mr. A. Schneider, the senior warden of the Moscow synagogue, have been expelled,—the former for life, and the latter for two years. They each received but twenty-four hours' notice. Mr. Schneider, who is much respected as a veteran, having served in the ranks under Nicholas, is now seventy-five years of age. The reason given for their expulsion is that they permitted a marriage to be solemnized in the new synagogue, which has never yet been opened for public worship, before receiving the government sanction. An important feature in these expulsions is that the chief rabbi and warden appealed to the Senate, but the answer they received was that they were expelled by order of the emperor.

THE WORKINGS OF AN ENGLISH JEWISH CHRISTIAN HEART.*

Under the foregoing title, our old friend, Mr. Mark Levy, now President of the "Christian Jews' Patriotic Alliance," has published more in detail various incidents

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of his life, his thoughts on religious and social subjects pertaining to Judaism and Christianity, and his poems, many of which are striking in their thought, and some tenderly pathetic. May God give this little volume a wide circulation among those to whom it may do good! With the author's permission we reprint portions selected here and there :

THERE is an almost universal opinion, honestly entertained by the Jews, that no one of the seed of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, truly believes in Jesus as the Son of God, the promised Messiah. In my boyhood, youth, and early manhood, this idea was firmly fixed in my mind; and, whilst possessing a kindly feeling for almost every one, a very tidal wave of loathing would surge through my heart toward a Jewish convert to Christianity, submerging in its overflow of repulsion the noble feeling of tolerance, the only beacon in the passion-tossed sea of human nature to warn us where to steer clear of the cruel rocks of bigotry, off the sullen coast of religious fanaticism, upon which so many of God's children have been wrecked, but whereon the love-light of mercy never shines.

Ought it to be a matter of wonderment that many Hebrews, knowing nothing of the sweet teachings of Jesus, and being entirely ignorant of the fact that the writers of the New Testament were Jews, should regard with aversion one of their own race who becomes a Christian, when we remember how cruelly so-called Christians have treated God's ancient people during many centuries? It truly seems that he has gone over to the ranks of the enemy and has become, in the vilest possible sense, an apostate and a renegade.

I recall the time when as a child, all my inner nature responded to the lullaby the nurses at home sang to my baby brothers and sisters :

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child.

But I came to almost hate His name when, on going to school, the boys, who, I was told, were His followers,

taunted me with being a Jew. This happened less than thirty years ago in our own dear native land.

In the following pages I have endeavored to give an absolutely true statement of my reasons for now believing the Lord Jesus to be the promised Messiah, and in so doing have laid bare the inmost workings of my heart. Thank God, the gain I expected to make in becoming a Christian has been fully realized, *viz.*, to be at peace with Him, and to lead a better, purer, and holier life. I will briefly sum up my experience by saying: Whilst moving in Jewish circles my social pleasures were great, but my spiritual joy was small; in Christian circles my social pleasures have been small, but my spiritual joy has been great.

May the central thought of these pages be found to breathe the pure harmony of "Peace on earth, good will to men," as an echo of those sweet tones that resounded through the world on that glad morning nearly two thousand years ago, when Jesus was born in the far-off favored village of Bethlehem.

Kind faces in a vision rise,
The Christian and the Jew I see,
Who meet in love and fraternize,
Beneath the spreading Olive Tree.

In peace, the Christian and the Jew
Are mingling in one happy throng,
Their faces beam with friendship true,
And good-will is the only song.

And as they sing the joyous lay,
Time-worn barriers tumble down,
As prejudices die away,
That blotted our dear Lord's renown.

And sweetest buds of purest love
Bloom forth upon the face of all,
Whilst from their lips and eyes above,
The fragrant leaves of kindness fall.

I ask a prayer of all who read the words within this book;
And if in future we should meet, I ask a kindly look.
I ask forgiveness for the wrongs I have in past times wrought;
I ask attention to the truths I have myself been taught.
I ask your love for Israel's God, and for your neighbor too;
I ask you to your own best self to venture to be true.
I ask you to bewail the wrongs that war against us all;
I ask you to rely on Christ whatever may befall.
I ask you earnestly to seek the Holy Spirit's grace,
I ask your love for Palestine and Israel's ancient race.

MAY I not confidently ask an interest in the prayers of every sincere worshiper of the Lord God of Israel, as a fellow-pilgrim wending his way, sometimes rejoicing, sometimes sorrowing, toward the eternal realms of righteousness? Prayer is the precious key that unlocks the pearly gates of heaven, whence flows the sweet light of forgiving love from the mercy seat of God upon the sin-darkened consciences of the children of men. The contrite transgressor's cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner" (Luke 18: 13), is heard above, and nature's deep gloom is dispelled by love's bright orb of joy, and faith, and hope, and charity, the fragrant buds of righteousness, burst into blossom beneath its ripening ray. Dear reader, will you not help me to unbar these pearly gates, so that the sweet light may beam more brightly on you and me?

A SHADOW rested over the whole of my early days in the knowledge that I was a member of a despised race. Although generally well-liked by my school-fellows, and always welcomed in the play-ground as one able to take his part in the pastimes of the average English boy, my mind was hardly ever free from the thought that I was one with my companions, but not one of them. It may perhaps be difficult for those who have never stood alone in any experience of life to quite realize the burden of the position. Sometimes taunted, occasionally favored because of my birth; never remaining long enough at one school to form any enduring friendships; debarred from attending prayers in consequence of the prohibition of my parents; proud of my race, and always willing to strike a blow in defense of its honor, yet often ashamed of my Jewish birth's being known; desiring the intimacy of the noblest boys, yet afraid to make advances for fear of a repulse; always loving what was true and good, yet often doing what was ignoble and mean; believing in God and desirous of serving Him, yet never feeling at peace in consequence of conscious transgressions—my boyhood was overshadowed by many a dark cloud of unhappiness and

remorse. Oh, how I longed in those days to breathe the pure bracing atmosphere of perfect equality, enabling me to mingle with the best and bravest where none would have dared say me "nay." Did I envy my free-hearted school-companions? If so it was with an envy devoid of guile, for I admired and would have loved them had my position been as favored as theirs.

School-days over, at an early age I was placed in business. Years passed by. Surrounded by kind and loving relations and friends, well received in the Jewish social circles of the neighborhood where my parents resided, fond of gaiety, desirous of pleasing, and with business prospects good—nearly every circumstance appeared to point to a present devoid of struggle and a future bright with hope. Yet inwardly a mighty conflict was incessantly raging, where evil appeared to be ever victorious. Whilst continuing to love the good and true, sin had complete dominion over my mind. Often and often in the anguish of remorse I sent up a cry for deliverance to Almighty God. (May it not have been these prayers of contrition that eventually brought me to a knowledge of salvation as it is in Jesus Christ? "Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." Jer. 29: 13.) At times I would endeavor to atone for an evil deed by a good act, arguing that in the final settlement of accounts one would balance the other in the scale of punishments and rewards. Occasionally, by exercising an extraordinary effort of the will, for weeks I would hold my sinful passions in check, and my inner life would be passed in comparative peace and happiness. But unfortunately these periods of inward purity never lasted very long. Finally I endeavored, by a constant attendance at synagogue, by a more or less strict observance of the Mosaic Law, and by engaging zealously in good works, to escape the burden that rested upon my whole nature. . . . From the very first I did not find the peace and joy I expected in my new life. That a link was required to bring my nature into communication with our Heavenly Father was evident; otherwise I would not have been conscious

of this failure, as it was not occasioned by any lack of desire to do my duty. The feeling of disappointment not only applied to myself, but also to many whom I had always looked up to as being strictly religious men, but whom I found on a more intimate acquaintanceship to be guilty of acts altogether unworthy of those professing religious feeling.

HAVING found no help in the synagogue, at last in my despair I commenced attending Church, and from the very first the service had a most soothing influence upon my mind, especially the singing. But if the sweet hymns first attracted me, I soon found the prayers and sermons were appealing to my heart and conscience with the full force of truth, and after much hesitation I commenced reading the New Testament. Its sublime teaching impressed me most powerfully, and I found many questions I had been asking myself all my life answered therein. The verses that impressed me most forcibly are those of St. Paul, in Rom. 7: 19-25 (R. V.): "For the good which I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I practice. But if what I would not, that I do, it is no more I that do it, but sin which dwelleth in me. I find then the law, that, to me who would do good, evil is present. For I delight in the law of God after the inward man; but I see a different law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity under the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me out of the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then I myself with the mind serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin."

I had been asking myself, Why should man be held responsible for sin, considering he is born in sin? At the present day the Jews make no sin-offering to God as a propitiation for transgression. It is true they fast one day in the year as an atonement, but the feeling with me was one of continued suspense during the greater part of the year. It was, therefore, like a revelation to

me to read in Rom. 5: 18-21 (R. V.): "So then as through one trespass the judgment came unto all men to condemnation; even so through one act of righteousness the free gift came unto all men to justification of life. For as through the one man's disobedience the many were made sinners, even so through the obedience of the one shall the many be made righteous. And the law came in beside, that the trespass might abound; but where sin abounded grace did abound more exceedingly; that, as sin reigned in death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Finding my nature was in perfect sympathy with the teaching of the Christian religion, and finding also a peace and joy during the services in the churches never before known, I finally determined to embrace Christianity; but, wishing to spare the feelings of my relations, I decided to leave England before making a public proclamation of my faith, and with this thought uppermost in my mind started for Australia.

WE had on board as passengers several ministers of different denominations, and at table I was seated next to the family of a clergyman belonging to the Church of England. I soon became very friendly and made a confidant of him, and he was generally most sympathetic. Every Sunday we had two, and sometimes three, services, when most of the passengers attended. I will be brief and simply say that on my arrival in Australia, after six weeks' intercourse with so-called Christian people, and careful summing up of their actions and sayings, I came to the conclusion that the Jewish character, with all its faults, was superior to that of the Christian, and thereupon determined to make another effort to lead a pure and holy life as a Jew. Many considerations led me to this decision. In the first place, I made the mistake of judging the religion of Christ by its so-called professors, and of thinking every Gentile was a Christian. In the second place, after a long sea-voyage I was in a perfect

condition of bodily health, and my mind had received exhilaration from a thorough change of life and scene; and beyond this, I thought of the excessive sorrow it would cause my beloved mother and sisters if they knew I had really embraced Christianity. They had said, when informed that such was my intention, that they did not believe I would ever do so. But the most powerful consideration that influenced me was this: Although I found great peace and joy in attending the services, and admired the pure teachings of Christ, I was not at this period thoroughly convinced of His divinity; and I also thought that possibly the reason of my failure to find peace in the Jewish religion was because I had neglected my duty in following out all its precepts and teachings. In all this I was endeavoring to be perfectly honest with God and myself.

SOON after my arrival in Sydney I became acquainted with many of the best Jewish families there, including that of the Chief Rabbi, whose home I visited. It would be impossible for me to forget the excessive kindness and hospitality extended by almost every one to whom I was introduced. This stands out in bold relief when contrasted with the reception subsequently met with from Christian people. I became a constant attendant at the synagogue, and at first felt contented, but after a time the old doubts and consequent distress of mind revived; and, despite my efforts to lead a pure and holy life, the result was a repetition of that led in England. I occasionally attended church and always found a calm pleasure in the service, but still I could not truly say I believed in the divinity of Christ; and failing of this, had no desire to sever myself from my Jewish brethren. In the light of subsequent experience I am convinced I had not at this period thoroughly surrendered my heart to do the will of God.

ON a voyage to America I had the pleasure and good fortune of meeting the Rev. G. O. Barnes and family. They had been on an evangelical tour round the world

and were returning to their native country. We soon became very friendly; and although never breathing a word as to the struggle that was going on in my mind, I took every opportunity of leading the conversation to religious subjects. Mr. Barnes, being very interested in the Jewish race, rendered this an easy matter, and we had many long and interesting talks as to their past and future. This was the first real opportunity I had of studying pure Christianity, as represented in every-day life. The hope and faith in our Saviour displayed by every member of the family, coupled with the evident happiness and perfect peace of their inner lives, had a very important influence on my subsequent proceedings. On my arrival in San Francisco I delivered letters of introduction to Jewish people there and received similar hospitable treatment to that accorded by every one in Australia. I dwell on this fact, desiring that my Jewish brethren should know I do not forget their loving-kindness to me, a stranger; and that, remembering it, my affection for them grows stronger than ever. But simple human kindness could not give me the peace of mind for which I was searching.

At last, after a continuous inward warfare of several years, having been convinced of the Messiahship of Jesus, and recognizing that my only hope of happiness was involved in publicly acknowledging my faith, I determined to do so.

LORD Jesus, would I know Thee
If I saw Thy gentle face,
And recognize the purity
Of its exquisite grace?

Lord Jesus, didst Thou walk the earth,
Would I Thy follower be?
Would I be willing to forego
All else for love of Thee?

Lord Jesus, would I flee away
If danger neared Thy side?
Would I look on without remorse,
If Thou wert crucified?

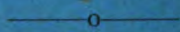
Lord Jesus, would my heart be thrilled
If Thou from death arose?
And, then, would I go forth in joy
All evil to oppose?

Lord Jesus, would I willingly
Proclaim Thee Lord of all?
Confessing Thee before the world,
Whatever might befall?

Lord Jesus, Thou art not on earth,
And canst not answer me,
But I will give my love and life
All loyally to Thee.

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