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ANGLO-JEWISH MEMORIES
AND OTHER SERMONS

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AND OTHER SERMONS

BY

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CHIEF RABBI OF THE UNITED HEBREW CONGREGATIONS OF
THE BRITISH EMPIRE

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TO MY WIFE

PREFACE

DURING the present month I shall, by Divine mercy, complete the threescore years and ten ordinarily allotted to man. Half a century will also shortly have elapsed since I preached my first sermon at the Consecration of the Swansea Synagogue on behalf of my revered father לְרַב , who was prevented by illness from undertaking this duty. These anniversaries have prompted me to publish a selection of Sermons preached during a ministry extending over forty-five years—a task which has been oft-times urged upon me, but which the burden of official duties has prevented me from accomplishing.

In selecting a few of these discourses I have deemed it right to give prominence to those delivered on occasions which moved our hearts both as Englishmen and as Jews. The subject which most deeply stirred the sympathies of the house of Israel during this period was the unhappy persecution of our Russian brethren, a sore recrudescence of which was witnessed only a few years ago. The Anglo-Jewish Memories, therefore, begin with the cry of our Russian brethren in 1882, and conclude with

the address delivered at a service in memory of the martyrs who perished during the massacres of 1905. Happily the series is brightened by the record of joyous anniversaries, when we joined our fellow-countrymen in celebrating days of thanksgiving for national mercies.

This series also recalls the lives of men and women who have shed lustre upon Anglo-Jewry. Exigencies of space prevented me from including addresses spoken in memory of others who helped to build up the community, and who enriched its life—words spoken in affectionate remembrance of that gifted preacher and indefatigable worker, Aaron Levy Green; the never-to-be-forgotten founder of the United Synagogue, the most valued leader, the most trusted counsellor with whom a community was ever blessed, Lionel Louis Cohen; and my gifted pupil and colleague, Simeon Singer, whose premature death the community still mourns. I would also have been glad to include discourses delivered on the occasion of events which affected our communal welfare: the passing of the Oaths Amendment Act, by which our political emancipation was definitely established in this country; the constitution of the United Synagogue; and sermons in refutation of the various charges now and again levelled against Jews and Judaism.

In the further series of Festival and Miscellaneous

Sermons I have expounded various ordinances of our faith, and have endeavoured to indicate their high spiritual purpose. In connection with this theme it may not be out of place to indicate my ideas and ideals as regards the function of the Jewish preacher.

Although nearly seventy years have elapsed since the publication of Zunz's *Gottesdienstliche Vorträge der Juden*, the assertion is still often made that pulpit instruction is a comparatively modern institution, that it is not a practice indigenous to Judaism, but that it has been borrowed from our Christian neighbours. Such a supposition betokens a strange ignorance of our history. We possess indisputable testimony to prove that the exposition of Scripture and religious instruction were constituent portions of public worship from the most ancient times. The sublime communications made by Moses to the people by Divine command were sermons in the highest and grandest sense of the word. The utterances of the prophets were passionate pleadings for a higher life of righteousness and purity; their fierce denunciations of idolatry and irreligion have remained to this day inimitable models of sacred eloquence. We possess the very sermons that were preached in subsequent ages in the various Midrashic works which have come down to our own days. In later times the custom of regular synagogal instruction may have somewhat fallen into abeyance, yet there were always דרשנים מגידים ומכריזים

preachers, lecturers, and instructors, who, although they may have lacked some of the outward graces of oratory, yet had a strange power of influencing and riveting their hearers by a native gift of introducing apt and striking מִשְׁלֵי—moral tales—of which a few illustrations will be found in the following pages. And, however great the difference and variety may be in the style and manner of the discourses which have come down to our day, they have all but one aim and object—to enkindle in the hearts of their hearers the fire of faith, devotion, and reverence; to comfort, to warn, and to recall the backslider to the paths of virtue and righteousness.

And such is still the vocation of the present-day preacher. The minister should regard himself as the lineal successor of the greatest of all preachers—the prophets of old. It is true that he can never hope to utter burning messages like unto those spoken by him, whose lips the seraph had purged with the live coal from off the altar. He cannot lay claim to any revelation of the Divine Will vouchsafed exclusively to him. But Heaven's message lies open and clear before him in the inspired volume. This he must study and make his own, and by pondering on its words and by striving to absorb its spirit he may hope to become like the prophet of old—one who announces and pours forth the Divine message. Whenever the preacher's voice is heard in the

Sanctuary, it must be to teach the doctrines of Judaism in all their purity and integrity. He must seek to unfold some of the beauties enshrined in the Bible, and show how, even as the manna was palatable to every taste, so Holy Writ is adapted to every sort and condition of man. It nourishes the untutored child ; it contains hidden depths for the soul that has experienced the joys and woes of life ; it holds within itself the concentrated essence of the philosophy of life. He must show, by the help of the authorised interpreters of Scripture, with the aid of the *Talmud*, *Midrash*, and post-Biblical literature, that Judaism is in harmony with all the best and healthiest aspirations of the age. He must seek to fill the hearts of his hearers with an enthusiastic love of their faith, with a joyous and intelligent allegiance to the ordinances of Judaism, so that their observance may never degenerate into a perfunctory and mechanical act.

For the instruction of the intellect is not the only nor the main end of preaching. Its supreme object must ever be to lead souls unto God ; to wean men and women from the pursuit of low and earthly aims to all that is good, pure, and true ; to build up within them the grace of patience, the power of self-discipline, and the instinct of loving helpfulness, the spirit of sacrifice and of service. The preacher must feel deep sympathy with every single individual whom he ad-

dresses, regarding every upturned face, and none the less the faces turned away from him, as the countenances of never-dying souls whom he has to help on their earthly pilgrimage, so as to train them for heaven.

No one can be more conscious than I am of the imperfections of my pulpit utterances. All that I can claim for them is, that I have endeavoured to make every sermon an influence—infinitesimal, perhaps, yet real—against the power of evil, a force puny but sincere on the side of God against unbelief, a pleading for Judaism and the lofty morality it inculcates against materialism and disloyalty. I therefore echo with all humility the Psalmist's aspiration,¹ 'I have preached righteousness in the great congregation : lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, Thou knowest. I have not hid Thy righteousness within my heart ; I have declared Thy faithfulness and Thy salvation : I have not concealed Thy loving kindness nor Thy truth from the great congregation. Withhold not Thou Thy tender mercies from me, O Lord : let Thy loving kindness and Thy truth continually preserve me.'

H. A.

May 5669-1909.

¹ Psalm 40 : 9-11.

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ANGLO-JEWISH MEMORIES

THE CRY OF OUR RUSSIAN BRETHREN

BAYSWATER SYNAGOGUE, שבת שקלים הרמ"ב,
Sabbath, February 18, 1882.

IN olden times, when any supreme national crisis arose, it was the practice of our fathers to consult the Sacred Volume, so that they might learn from its pages the duty incumbent upon them. And we are told¹ that it was their custom to address a lad coming forth from school with the words : פסוק לי פסוקך 'Repeat to me thy text, the text thou hast learnt to-day at school.' Now, think not, my brethren, that this was a superstitious practice, or a kind of divination. Our Synagogue fathers knew full well that, in a time of national stress, the wise schoolmaster would teach his young charges such Bible texts as would afford some comfort, guidance, and wise practical counsel how to meet the crisis. Such a text from sacred Scripture has been continually in my thoughts ever since the terrible tidings reached us from Russia—a passage which tells us our duty with a pathos

¹ *Gittin*, p. 56.

and an impressiveness such as only inspiration can stamp upon an utterance.

The words are to be found in the Book of Proverbs 24 : 10-12.

הַתְּרַפִּיתָ בְּיוֹם צָרָה צָרָה צָרָה כְּחֶקֶה : הַצֵּל לְקַחִים לַמָּוֶת וּמָטִים לְהָרֵג אִם-תִּחְשָׁדָה ;
כִּי תֹאמְרֶיהֶן לֹא יִדְעֶנּוּ זֶה הֲלֹא תִכְנֶן לְבֹת הוּא יִבִּין וְנִצֵּר נַפְשָׁךְ הוּא יִדַע
וְהִשִּׁיב לְאָדָם כְּפָעֻלוֹ :

‘If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small. Deliver them that are carried away into death. And forbear thou not to save those that are ready to be slain. If thou sayest, Behold, we know not this, doth not He that weigheth the hearts consider it? And He that keepeth thy soul doth not He know it? And shall not He render to every man according to his work?’

What incisive words! When the tidings of some grave calamity reach us, what more natural than that our spirit altogether fails us? We despair of doing aught to cope with the disaster. But Solomon censures such inaction as unworthy of true manhood. ‘If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.’ The catastrophe is to stimulate us to show forth all our strength, to brace our energies, to nerve our arms—‘Deliver those that are drawn to death, and forbear thou not from those that are tottering to the slaughter.’ We dare not close our ears to the plaint of misery and woe; we dare not plead ignorance, or lack of ability to help. ‘If thou sayest, Behold we knew it not, doth not He that weigheth

the heart consider it? And He that keepeth thy soul doth not He know it? And shall not He render to every one according to his work?'

Surely, no one here present, no son or daughter of Israel, no member of the great brotherhood of nations, will deny that this is a day of adversity: **עַתַּ צָרָה הִיא לְיִשְׂרָאֵל**. 'It is a time of trouble unto Jacob.'¹ I do not intend this day to dwell upon the terrible series of persecutions that have pressed upon the Jews of Russia since April last. That is now a matter of history. I will only advert to one feature of this lamentable tragedy. The tidings which reached us in the first instance were of a most meagre description. They consisted chiefly of telegrams, announcing that anti-Jewish riots had occurred in certain towns. It was only when we read the letters which were sent by the Special Correspondent of *The Jewish World*, that we began to realise the nature and extent of these outrages. And even then we remained incredulous. We could understand the plunder and the destruction of property. We could understand that a vindictive mob had set fire to the district inhabited by Jews. But we thought that surely there must be much exaggeration as to the darkest offences there detailed—the murders, the cruelties and barbarities, of which I dare not here speak. But, day after day, the confirmation comes—not, indeed, direct from Russia, for the authorities

¹ Jeremiah 30:7.

understand but too well the method of closing the mouths of the victims by their system of terrorism, but from sources to which implicit confidence must be given. And, despite official and semi-official contradictions, despite the cynical sneers of irresponsible writers, I make the following assertion. In the Report originally published in *The Times*, and subsequently reprinted in pamphlet form, there occur here and there some inaccuracies and errors. How can it be otherwise, when it is well known that the central Government does everything in its power to prevent the publication of information concerning the anti-Jewish riots? Yet in the face of all these obstacles sufficient information has now reached us from trustworthy sources, more especially from the statements deposed by eye-witnesses, that the Reports originally published in *The Times* underrate, instead of exaggerating, the ferocity and brutality of the rioters.

These facts now belong to the past. But how with respect to the present? Alas! the conviction forces itself upon us more and more, that the central Government is bent upon making Russia impossible as a place of residence for our brethren. Restrictive laws, instead of being repealed, are intensified in rigour. A new Emperor has arisen who 'knows not Joseph,' who, unlike his illustrious father, is no friend of the Israelites. Do you think that I am exaggerating the gravity of the crisis? I will read to you the translation of a portion of a

Hebrew document that reached me by a circuitous route a few days ago. 'It is a time of sore distress unto the remnant of Israel dwelling in Russia and Poland, a time of affliction the like of which has not befallen us since the Agagite rose against us. For we are given over to pillage, dishonour, and destruction. The hand of our foe is stretched forth against us to publish terrible decrees. The words of Scripture have come to pass with respect to us: "And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear night and day, and shalt have none assurance of thy life."' And my correspondent informs me that, in accordance with the pious usage of olden days, Thursday last was appointed by the Rabbis as a day of fasting and prayer to Almighty God, that He may have mercy upon His sorely distressed people, that He may turn the hearts of the sovereign and his counsellors to deal with them with mercy and justice, and break the yoke of oppression. And they call upon the whole House of Israel to be united with them in their prayer, and to pour forth their supplication on their behalf. For 'Israel is like unto a flock of sheep. When one lamb is struck by the shepherd the whole flock seems to feel the stroke, and utters piteous cries.'

We have this day joined our petition with that of our afflicted brethren. He must indeed be strangely cold whom the thought of all this misery does not stir to whole-hearted fervour. But surely

we are not so foolish as to imagine that in such a crisis our sole obligation is to offer up prayer. The Jews of Russia, indeed, have no other resource open to them. Fettered as they are, they cannot set themselves free; אין חבוש מתיר את עצמו מבית האסורים, 'The chained captive cannot himself break down the walls of his prison-house.'¹ The ruler of that land would even deprive them of the solace afforded by a solemn assembly and deter them from sanctifying a fast, alleging that these meetings are mere pretexts for political agitation. Deliverance must come to them from without. Thanks be to God, some steps in that direction have already been taken. I have been informed that, when our Russian brethren heard that free England was espousing their cause, they felt as did the beleaguered garrison in Lucknow when the flourish of trumpets announced that Sir Colin Campbell's soldiers were coming to their rescue. And, indeed, there is reason to hope that the noble words of indignation which have been pronounced in this country may stay outrage and riot.

But what is the actual position of the Russian Jews at present? The great majority of them lead at the best of times but a hand-to-mouth existence. They earn a bare sufficiency to keep themselves and their families from starvation. How wretched is their plight now that pillage and the wanton lust of destruction have done their fell work! Direct communica-

¹ *Berachoth*, p. 56.

tions from Russia are not allowed to reach us. We have, unfortunately, proofs more convincing and tangible, that the subjects of the Tsar no longer deem their country a safe resting-place for themselves. The Exodus has commenced, and Heaven only knows when and how it will end! I am well aware that much is spoken about the difficulties attending emigration. It is asked, Where will you place all these thousands of fugitives? How will they gain their subsistence in new places of abode? Whence will the necessary funds be obtained? The problem, in sooth, is one of life and death. But you may be assured that the members of the Mansion House Committee fully recognize the gravity of the question. They give their best energies to grapple with the difficulty. And we gratefully record with how much devotion and wisdom Cardinal Manning presides over our deliberations, despite his venerable age and the labours of his exalted office.

Yes, brethren, in the face of all the perplexities with which this work is fraught, the warning comes home to us with all its native force, 'If thou faint in the day of adversity,' if thou art daunted by the difficulties which confront thee, 'thy strength is small.' Our afflicted brothers and sisters, hunted and hounded as they are, face to face, as they have been, with death, aye, with worse than death, have fled from the land of oppression. Shall we send them back to be baited and trampled upon again? In Brody

there are twelve hundred refugees, who, according to a letter just received, are in a state of direst destitution. Each adult receives two shillings, each child one shilling a week for its maintenance. You will readily understand that they are obliged to sell the little they possess, even their raiment, in order to have bread to eat. There is much reason to fear that cases of death from starvation and exposure may occur. Is it not our most sacred duty to deliver those that are drawn into death, to rescue those that are ready to be slain?

You may be assured that they who have taken upon themselves the responsibility of action in this crisis will proceed with the utmost caution, and that they will carefully weigh every step they take. But you must help us with the necessary means. Emigration is a most costly undertaking. The expense of shipping the three hundred and forty-nine fugitives who left Liverpool last week, and of finding them a home in the United States, does not amount to less than £6000. You will, I feel sure, acknowledge that our contributions to the fund to be raised at the Mansion House must be on a scale entirely different from that of donations to ordinary charities. A terrible calamity has fallen upon the House of Israel. Our Heavenly Father has some wise purpose in everything He permits on earth. It will, no doubt, be a wondrous relief to those who have been so long imprisoned in an iron furnace, who have

been stifled by the fetid atmosphere of despotism, to breathe freely in a land of liberty. It will be a great boon for our fellow-religionists in America to be brought into contact with men and women who are ardently attached to their faith.

But the one fact must now be pressed home to you. Gigantic evils require gigantic efforts. The Chief Rabbi in the Pastoral he has issued, and which I shall proceed to read to you, calls upon you to bring your offerings with a generous heart and an unstinting hand.

This is not the occasion when the rich only are called upon to bring their thousands, and the prosperous to contribute their hundreds. This is a cause from which no one dare stand aloof. I call upon every member of the community to give. Aye, even the working man must spare a portion of his hard-earned savings for the help of the sufferers. Our children must bring their shillings and their pence. This must be a cause especially dear to the women of Israel. I was deeply touched when I received yesterday a bank-note with the simple words, 'Saved by economy in dress by a Jewish lady.' An example worthy to be followed! Aye, my sisters, can you enjoy your home comfort without bestowing some loving thought upon the hapless fugitives who have to brave the fatigues of a long and weary pilgrimage, ill-clad and half-starved? Who so hard-hearted that he can quit the house of

God this day without having given according to his means to relieve suffering? Who can partake of his Sabbath meal in peace without thinking of the exiles? Would not the stone cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber testify against him? Listen to the words which our venerated Chief Rabbi has addressed to his flock :—

‘BELOVED BRETHREN,—A persecution great and terrible has come upon the members of the House of Israel in Russia, and their tribulation is great. In many places they have lost all their substance; in others their lives have become the prey of their enemies; deeds of violence have been committed on defenceless women and children. The laws of their country, from which they expected protection, have been powerless to save them from the fury of the populace, and thus our brethren in that land are not only overwhelmed with past misfortunes, but tremble for the calamities that may yet come upon them. Many have taken to flight, escaping with nought but their lives. This piteous tale of woe has reached these shores, and has moved the hearts of our Christian fellow-countrymen to lift up their voice in solemn protest against such outrage and oppression. They have also given utterance to their sympathy in words aglow with brotherly love and tender pity. And with the fruits of their lips they have brought the gift of their hands for the relief of suffering. Verily the

memory of their words and actions in the season of our affliction will not pass away from us and our children for ever. For the hope is kindled within us that these words will take wings and will reach the heart of the ruler of Russia and his counsellors, so that they will have compassion upon the oppressed, and that the evil will be stayed. But upon us, brethren of the House of Israel, the duty is incumbent to prove, by our willingness to make sacrifices, that we recognise our brotherhood towards those who suffer. Great and urgent is their need. The victims are numbered by myriads; already many thousands have fled from the land of sorrow, and tens of thousands will follow them. We must help them to migrate to distant and happier lands. We must aid them to gain subsistence there for themselves and their children by the labour of their hands. To effect this object enormous sums are required; and I call upon you, with all earnestness, to bring your offerings in bounty and in plenty, with a generous heart and an unstinting hand. How can we, who live in safety and happiness in this dear England, endure to see the tribulation of our brethren without trying to help them? How can we, whose lines have fallen in pleasant places, bear to hear of the sufferings of those who are without home and shelter, without raiment and bread, and forbear to open wide our hand to assist them? Surely you are still, as ever, Sons of Mercy. In mercy, then, hearken to the

cry of suffering, and hasten to answer it. Say not, "The evil is distant: we will shut our ears, because the cry cometh from afar off;" but, thanking God that such evil is far away from you and from your homes, prove the greatness of your help. And may the Lord vouchsafe to you His blessing and establish the work of your hands!'

THE RIGHTEOUS JUDGE

IN MEMORY OF SIR GEORGE JESSEL, MASTER OF THE ROLLS

CENTRAL SYNAGOGUE, י"ט פ'צו תרמ"ג, *Sabbath, March 24, 1883*

וְאֶצְוֶה אֶת־שׁוֹפְטֵיכֶם בְּעֵת הַהוּא לֵאמֹר שְׁמַע בְּיִוְדְאֵיכֶם וּשְׁפֹטֵתֶם צָדִק
בְּיִוְדְאֵיט וּבְיִוְדְאֵחֵיו וּבֵין גֵּרוֹ: לֹא־תִפְרֹו פָּנִים בַּמִּשְׁפָּט פִּקְטָן כְּגֹדֵל תִּשְׁמָעוּן לֹא
תִּגְדֹּו מִפְּנֵי־אֵיט בִּי הַמִּשְׁפָּט לְאֱלֹהִים הוּא וְהִדְבֵּר אֲשֶׁר יִקְשֶׁה מִכֶּם תִּקְרְבוּ
אֵלַי וּשְׁמָעֵתִיו:

“And I charged your judges at that time, saying, Hear the causes between your brethren, and judge righteously between every man and his brother, and the stranger that is with him. Ye shall not respect persons in judgment, but ye shall hear the small as well as the great; ye shall not be afraid of the face of man, for the judgment is God's; and the cause that is too hard for you, bring it unto me and I will hear it.”—
DEUTERONOMY 1: 16, 17.

THE administration of justice among the ancient Hebrews is a subject of profound historic interest. The fact is obvious, that the wisest laws are but of little avail, if they are imperfectly executed. Hence legislators do not confine themselves to the framing of sensible enactments, but also endeavour to provide for their being practically acted upon and duly obeyed. In the earliest ages of the Hebrew people the administration of justice was vested in the heads of tribes or the patriarchs of a family. In the Book of Job the patriarchal magnate is represented as going forth to the gate of the city amid the respectful

silence of the elders, princes, and nobles. When our ancestors emerged from Egyptian slavery into national existence, the want of judicial machinery began to make itself felt. Moses at first took the whole burden of judging the people upon himself, but it soon became evident that his strength would succumb beneath the weight of this responsible charge, and that the administration of justice would be slow and tedious, and impair the interests of the people. Jethro therefore proposed the division of the nation into sections, and the appointment of a magistrate or judge over each of those divisions. And there is a tradition,¹ preserved by William of Malmesbury, to the effect that Alfred the Great, after the conclusion of the Danish wars, was guided by the Biblical arrangement to reintroduce the divisions into tithings and hundreds.

Our text contains the exhortation which Moses addressed to these newly appointed judges, that they were not to respect persons, but to hear the small as well as the great, and that they were to do their duty fearlessly. These words contain the pith and quintessence of the duties of a judge. They form the basis of every system of jurisprudence worthy of the name; they should be inscribed in golden letters on every Court of Law. They ordain that neither

¹ Nathaniel Bacon, *A History of the Laws of the English Government* (1760). See also Stubbs, *Constitutional History of England*, i. p. 114.

birth nor rank, but worth and knowledge, are to be the qualifications of a judge. Whilst in Egypt none but members of the privileged caste of priests could be invested with the interpretation and application of the laws; whilst in Rome the patricians for a considerable time retained this prerogative for their order with an iron grasp; in Israel the exercise of judicial functions was the birthright of every citizen. The point insisted upon was that the judges should be men of unimpeachable integrity. In pronouncing judgment they were not to follow the multitude, blind and lacking discrimination, to the perversion of justice, nor dared they favour the poor from a misplaced sense of pity. Seven qualities were regarded as the indispensable requisites of a judge: fear of God, wisdom, modesty, hatred of gain, love of truth, the love of his fellow-creatures, and a name free from stain. The vice most sternly denounced was venality, corruption. And we are told in the Talmud how judges of later days guarded themselves against even the appearance of accepting bribes with a scrupulousness which many may deem excessive. We read that Rabbi Samuel¹ was passing over a plank laid across a stream when a stranger drew nigh and offered his hand to conduct him with safety over the frail bridge. The Rabbi, on inquiring who this person was, learned that he was a suitor who desired him to adjudicate upon his cause. On

¹ *Kethuboth*, p. 105.

hearing this he said: 'Friend, thou hast disqualified me by thy eager courtesy. I am no longer able to judge thy cause with impartiality.'

Our text is also worthy of note for its inclusion of the principle, which is justly regarded as a main bulwark of justice—the privilege of appeal. 'And the cause that is too hard for you, bring it unto me, and I will hear it.' All complex legal questions were to be referred to the leader of the people. Accordingly, we read in the Pentateuch that the questions of the punishment of the blasphemer and of the Sabbath-breaker and the case of the inheritance of the daughters of Zelophehad were brought before Moses. At a later period the tribunal of the seventy elders was appointed, whose primary function it was to solve complex points of law that were beyond the power of the tribal or local courts. It would appear that from this tribunal sprang the Sanhedrin, which constituted the Supreme Court of Judicature in the nation.

We do not know with certainty whether in the more ancient times advocates to defend the accused were allowed. A professional class of advocates certainly did not exist. But Scripture texts abound, in which the pleading of the cause of those who are unable to defend themselves, the poor and the needy, is described as one of the noblest acts of charity, and the highest exercise of mercy. Thus Job¹ says:

¹ Job 16 : 21.

'Oh that one might plead for a man with God, as a man pleadeth for his neighbour.'

But the most noteworthy point in this connection is the high veneration manifested in the Bible for the office of judge. He is regarded as a sacred person; seeking a decision at law is called inquiring of God,¹ for wise laws and righteous judgments are an inspiration from Him who combines within Himself the highest truth and most perfect holiness: כִּי הַמִּשְׁפֵּט לַאלֹהִים הוּא, 'For the judgment is God's.'

My dear brethren, you all know why I have turned your thoughts into this channel. On Sabbath last we dwelt lovingly upon the memory of your departed minister, the Rev. A. L. Green, and to-day, again, we have to bewail the death of an honoured member of this Synagogue, whose passing is no mere communal grief, but a great and irreparable national loss. Ten years have gone by since George Jessel was promoted to his exalted judicial office. How many centuries lie between the age in which the words of our text were spoken and the present day! What a contrast between the simplicity of legal procedure in Mosaic times and our English jurisprudence with its threefold accumulations of Common, Equity, and Statute Law, necessitated by the complexities of modern society. Yet the same characteristics which qualified the contemporaries of Moses to judge the people at all seasons raised Sir

¹ Exodus 18: 15.

George Jessel to his proud position on the Bench of England. He owed his elevation to no adventitious aid—neither to birth nor wealth, neither to Court favour nor political influence. He became Master of the Rolls because he was an able man, an אִישׁ חֵיל, 'A man of strength,' in the full sense of the term, 'fearing God'; a man of truth, 'hating covetousness.' His triumph was the victory of intellect combined with inflexible integrity and untiring industry. It is not for me to speak of the manner in which he justified the confidence which the advisers of the Queen reposed in him. Words have been uttered of greater weight and authority than any that I could command, declaring that he was one of the greatest, one of the ablest and most vigorous of English judges, possessed of a very genius for the work of the Bench, gifted with qualities which made him a tower of strength among his legal brethren, which caused him to be regarded by suitors as the ideal of a judge. He is acknowledged to have been one of the greatest Equity lawyers whom England has produced. He endeavoured fully to realize the precept of our text, 'to judge righteously between every man and his brother.' For it is the great purpose of Equity law not blindly to follow precedent, but to redress injustice wherever found. He was gifted with so marvellous a quickness of apprehension, so matchless a power of despatch, that no one could complain in his Court of 'the Law's delay.'

Dear brethren, whilst not merely the Bench and the Bar, but all classes of the community deplore a death so sudden, so premature, so unexpected, the loss falls with peculiar heaviness upon us. For we gratefully acknowledge that the position he had achieved shed lustre upon ourselves, Jews of the British Empire. He was the first Jew who, in his capacity of Solicitor-General, became a member of the Executive Government, the first Jew who was sworn a Member of the Privy Council, the first Jew who took a seat upon the judicial bench of Great Britain. And, while appreciating the position he had attained by his own unaided exertions, it was his highest pride to be a member of the race and to profess the religion through which mankind was first taught the great principles of justice and equity. He shewed by his action and his words, that whilst, like Mordecai, of whom we read yesterday, he faithfully served his sovereign, he rejoiced in the privilege of being 'great among the Jews and accepted of the multitude of his brethren.'¹ His full and hearty sympathies were with us and our endeavours. In the earlier stage of his forensic career, when some leisure was yet at his disposal, he aided in the establishment of Jews' College. In later years he gave valuable counsel in elaborating the constitution of the United Synagogue. By a strange coincidence it was on this very day, the 24th of March, eight years ago, that he attended the anni-

¹ Book of Esther 10: 3.

versary festival of the Jews' Hospital. I vividly remember with what fervour he spoke the following words when responding to the toast of Her Majesty's Judges: 'There is nothing I look upon with more gratification than the fact, that my humble efforts have not only been of service to myself and to the community to which I belong, but also to those to whom we are bound by the common ties of brotherhood and religion.' Oh, that all our brethren, and especially those who loved him best, those who desire to honour his memory, would take these words to heart!

Few, if any, can hope to possess that force of intellect with which he was endowed, but all can imitate his splendid devotion to duty. How full of pathos is it to hear that, even when the grasp of death was upon him, he would not grant himself any respite from his arduous labours. And I have been told by one to whom he was very dear, that he never felt so happy as when sitting on the bench, and that, while exercising his judicial functions, all bodily pain and physical lassitude were forgotten. My friends, it is in your power to emulate this faithfulness to duty, whatever may be the position you occupy. It is in your power to evince your attachment to your ancestral faith by exalting the name of Jew, by striving to free it from false and vulgar prejudice, by loyally working for the happiness of our country and labouring for the amelioration of mankind, so that when you are called hence, the regard of the entire community may follow

you, and that the words which are so truly applicable to our brother who has passed, may be applied to you: וְנִפְקְדָתָּ בִּי יִפְקֹד מִיִּשְׁבָּר, 'And thou shalt be missed, for thy place will be empty.'¹

May our Heavenly Father grant unto his soul life and bliss everlasting! May He soothe the mourners with His Divine comfort. Amen.

¹ Samuel 20 : 18.

‘REMEMBER THE POOR’

IN MEMORY OF THE BARONESS DE ROTHSCHILD

CENTRAL SYNAGOGUE, שבת החדש תרמ"ד

Sabbath, March 22, 1884

עֲשִׂיר וָרֵשׁ נִפְגְּשׁוּ עִשָּׂה בְּלֶמֶס יי :

‘The rich and the poor meet together ; the Lord is the Maker of them all.’—PROVERBS 22 : 2.

THE last words of the good and great who have lived on earth are fraught with a deep and abiding interest. It would seem as though in their last moments they gather up all the rich experience of their past life, and thus their dying words become in truth undying. This is exemplified in respect to the characters brought before us in the pages of Bible story. We hear Jacob on his deathbed speaking words of weighty wisdom to his children—words inspired with prophetic foresight and animated with paternal tenderness. And can aught be conceived more sublime than the farewell benediction of Moses, in which all the grandest features of his character are reflected—his all-absorbing love for his people, and at the same time that undeviating adherence to truth and righteousness, which bids him rebuke their faults and recognize their excellences, until he

ends with his swan song of triumph: ‘Happy art thou, O Israel; who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord?’¹

And thus, in studying biographies generally, few things are of deeper interest than to note how the last words and actions of great men and worthy women are characteristic of their whole past life. What can be more thrilling than when we read of William Pitt exclaiming with his last breath, ‘My country, my country!’ or of Lord Palmerston, one of the most devoted ministers who ever guided our foreign affairs, asking, ‘Where are those Belgian despatches?’ At the time of Humboldt’s death the sun was shining brilliantly in the room in which he lay, and the last words addressed by him to his niece were, ‘How grand these rays of the sun! They seem to beckon earth to heaven!’ When Schiller was on his deathbed he took a tranquil leave of his friends, saying, ‘Calmer and calmer.’ Once for a moment he looked up, as from a deep sleep, and said, ‘Many things are growing clearer and plainer to me.’ John Locke, the pious philosopher, exclaimed with his last breath, ‘Oh! the depth of the goodness and knowledge of God!’

It is indeed touching to read of the dying hours of the noble and pure who have been on earth; we hear of no murmuring, no regret, no fretfulness, no pain. Ambition and its aching cares have all

¹ Deuteronomy 33 : 29.

been stilled; the strife and struggle are over and gone.

I would ask you to dwell with me on the last words which, I have been told by one of her kinsfolk, were addressed by the late Baroness de Rothschild to her sons—the words, ‘Remember the Poor.’ How simple and unpretending is this utterance! I can conceive none more characteristic. It proves the truth of Pope’s statement, how often men and women

To the latest breath
Will feel their ruling passion strong in death.

These words—‘Remember the Poor’—shall be the key-note of my discourse.

My dear brethren, it is announced that I am to preach this morning on the lamented death of the Baroness de Rothschild. I shall not do so. It is not meet to deliver a *הספד*—a funeral discourse—on the Sabbath day. I shall not speak of her lamented passing; my theme shall be of her beautiful life. I shall not ask you to grieve with me over her death; I shall bid you rejoice with me that her soul and her memory alike are deathless.

It is but natural that, as the bereaved mourners enter the House of God to seek comfort for their great blow, they should think of all that she for whom they grieve has been to them as a mother. Into the sanctity of this domestic relation it beseems us not to enter. Who can gauge the depth, who

can estimate the intensity, of a mother's affection for her children? I need but quote the words of the Bible in order to portray the place she occupied in her home: ‘The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. . . . She girdeth her loins with power, and strengtheneth her arms. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. . . . Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. Strength and honour are her clothing. . . . She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her.’¹ Do we not see before us the perfect portrait of a true gentlewoman, who by sweet order and method sheds the benignant atmosphere of harmonious comfort over her household, ruling it with mingled gentleness and firmness; who does not trust her children to a stranger's hands, but who herself guides and instructs them by precept and by example; who is faithful in the discharge of every social duty, so that her children idolize her, so that she becomes supremely precious to all who are drawn within the charmed sphere of her influence.

I have deemed it right to advert to her position as house-mother. For there are some women ever

¹ Proverbs 31 : 11-28.

ready to excuse their inertness and selfishness by saying, 'I cannot manage my household properly and look after my children, and at the same time visit the poor, and go to our schools and attend committees.' And much scorn is lavished by such drones upon the women whom they stamp as sham philanthropists of the Mrs. Jellyby type, who engage in charitable work for those who are far off and neglect their own homes.

Not of such character was the benevolence of this mother in Israel. Hers were emphatically the 'virtues of the hearth,' as she termed them. It was her life's joy to minister to the happiness of her loved ones. She shed over her household the full sunshine of her love and goodness. But it was a light too powerful and penetrating to be restricted to her own home.

If we are desirous of gaining an accurate knowledge of the inner workings of those we admire, we must turn to their writings. I do not intend entering here into a eulogium of the literary ability of Charlotte de Rothschild, but I may mention how tenderly all her thoughts and aspirations were enshrined in her *Addresses* and in her *Prayers and Meditations*: her love for Judaism, her veneration for its teachings, her appreciation of all that was good, and noble, and true. And the one master passion we see reflected throughout was her remembrance of the poor. She lingers with fondness on all those texts of Scripture

which tell us, that those who suffer and stand in need of assistance should be near to us and our sympathy, that they claim our best endeavours, our most patient labours. To cheer the poverty-stricken, to bid the needy be glad once more, to dry the tears of the anxious mother, to appease the pangs of the clamouring child—these are the duties to which she returns again and again. And with what emphasis does she dwell upon the great lesson enunciated in our text, that the rich must meet the poor by ‘giving, not only gold, but time, which is life; care, which is thought; the gentlest, clearest advice and the brightest example; words of solace, which are like drops of balm to the bruised and wounded spirit; words of comfort to renew courage; and sympathy, which is tender fellow-feeling, warm and deep.’¹ And even in that pleasant book, *From January to December*, intended to interest and to amuse rather than to instruct, the same sacred lesson is inculcated. We are introduced to a Princess² devoid of all outward attraction, who yet, ill-favoured though she be, gains the love and admiration of all around her, for her fairy godmother has dowered her with a precious jewel, which surpasses all other treasures and yields more real happiness than any. Need I tell you that this precious jewel is the Princess’ own good heart?

¹ *Addresses to Young Children*. Second Series, ‘The Rich and the Poor.’

² *From January to December: A Book for Children*. ‘The Precious Jewel.’

It was the Baroness's goodness of heart which taught her to feel and to understand what is, alas! so rarely felt and understood, that wealth has its high duties, its solemn responsibilities, as well as its privileges. Whilst she was yet in the bloom of youth, the venerated Hannah de Rothschild, her husband's mother, died. And now the earnest resolve stirred her heart to fill the void which that death had created in the community. And although surrounded by all that could tempt to a life of luxurious ease, she did not lift up her soul to vanity. Henceforth it seemed as if no personal effort, no strain, physical or mental, could be too great when borne for the sake of her beloved poor. Week after week, on every Tuesday, in fair weather or in foul, 'mid the snows of winter or in the heat of summer, she was to be seen at the Free School, testing the progress made by each scholar. She knew thoroughly the character and abilities of each teacher, down to the youngest monitor. She rejoiced to speak words of commendation, ah, how highly prized! And even when she blamed, the law of kindness was on her tongue. I remember meeting her at the Free School on one of the warmest days we ever experienced. I felt almost prostrated by the heat. The Baroness, heedless of fatigue, had a genial smile for all, and spoke gracious words of encouragement and praise to many a pupil. How the children loved their good Baroness! How they cheered to the echo when her dear name

was mentioned! What a loving benefactress, what a wise counsellor, have the teachers lost in her! We all deeply sympathized with their grief at last Thursday's Memorial Service.

At a time when it had not yet become fashionable to speak of personal intercourse between the rich and the needy, she inclined her ear with throbbing heart and glistening eye to the bitter cry of the outcast poor. As one of the members of the Ladies' Benevolent Society, she chose the most inclement months of the year, when the wants of the poor were most instant, to visit them in their homes. And I have heard from those who accompanied her with what simplicity and earnestness she performed her arduous task; how she rejoiced when her husband's generosity enabled her to dispense an additional bank-note to relieve distress; how she always strove to impress the great duty of cleanliness. I have been told that on one occasion she pointed out to a poor woman the thick coat of dust that lay on the scanty furniture. 'Ah,' said the inmate, 'I am too *bekoved* to do any cleaning myself.' 'I hope I am *bekoved* too,' rejoined the Baroness with a smile, 'yet I always dust some of my things myself.'

Much yet remains to be told of her. It was her greatest joy to encourage genius which struggled in obscurity, and to foster talent, which would otherwise have wrestled in vain with poverty and neglect. Her eye kindled when she was consulted with respect to

the well-being of any of our institutions. In all her counsels respecting their administration she was eminently practical and business-like. She took the deepest interest in the welfare of our synagogues. When I last saw her, a few months ago, she inquired of me as to the fair and devotional ordering of the divine services here. Her last acts, no less than her last words, betoken to the full how true was her loyalty to her faith, and her attachment to its institutions, how profound her estimate of the worth of education, how deep her sense of the necessity of maintaining our denominational schools, how intense her sympathy with the sick and suffering, how womanly her considerate tenderness for privation of every kind in every walk of life.

I can conceive naught more affecting, naught more solemn, than the admonition which her dying words and acts convey to those who were supremely dear to her in life. They seem to say, 'Great are the virtues which our family device inculcates: Integrity, Industry, and Concord. Henceforth, as in the past, may Beneficence be indissolubly bound up with them. May my passing from earth stir in you, who bear my name, the holy, burning desire to fill the place which has now been left empty. But do not think it sufficient to be dispensers of the bounty of which God has made you the stewards. *Remember the poor.* Give them loving heart-service, think *of* them and *for* them. Visit them in their homes, watch over

their children in the schools. Remember the poor.’

Aye, unto you all, my sisters, her work and her words address the loving admonition: Not wealth but the will is needed, to render your life beneficent. It is essential that your heart should stir you, that your spirit stimulate you to remove some portion of the wretchedness and ignorance that still enshroud the earth. So live, devoted to your religion and faithful to its teachings, that, in your dying hour, when you pronounce the *amen* with your last breath, it may be the expression of your life-work, your faith in God, your service to your fellow-men; so that when you are removed from earth, you also may be painfully missed, and that your memory may be lovingly cherished.

May the Lord, in His mercy, hearken to all the blessings of those ready to perish which our dear sister has evoked. May He incline His ear to the prayers of those to whom she was even as a mother. May He grant her His recompense on high. May her soul be bound up in the bond of everlasting life, united with the dear ones who have gone before her to their eternal rest. Amen.

THE CENTENARY OF
SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, BARONET

SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE SYNAGOGUE, *Sunday, October 26, 1884*

וְהָיָה כִּבְאֲשֶׁר יָרִים מֹשֶׁה יָדוֹ וְנָכַר יִשְׂרָאֵל :

‘And it came to pass when Moses held up his hand that Israel prevailed.’—EXODUS 17: *part of 11th verse.*

THERE is one noteworthy circumstance which invests the Service of Thanksgiving held this evening with a great, I might almost term it an historic, significance. Divine worship has beforetime been held to celebrate the jubilee of men who have deserved well of Israel. It is, therefore, in full accord with precedent that we should assemble in this hallowed structure to give thanks unto the Lord for the length of days he has vouchsafed unto the oldest and most honoured member of this congregation, whom our Queen has graciously congratulated on a ‘century of loyalty and patriotism.’ Nor is it a matter for wonder that your sister communities, both here and in the provinces, should unite in the religious celebration of the centenary of one whom we all know, whom we all admire. But I claim it as an event without parallel in the annals of Judaism that this same festival service is being held simultaneously,

the same psalms being sung, the same prayers being offered up, not merely in cities far off which own the sway of our gracious Queen, but in the greater number of Hebrew congregations throughout the world. The order of service held here has been reproduced in almost every one of the ninety Jewish newspapers published on the globe. Information has reached me from obscure towns in Germany, Galicia, and Russia, the names of which are not to be found in the Gazetteer, that the 8th of Heshvan is not there forgotten. In free America the celebration will be held in gorgeous temples and in the humblest shrines, at which civic officials and prominent clergy of all denominations will attend. And we know, indeed, how this centenary has been welcomed, not only in our own circles, but by vast sections of our fellow-men of other creeds and other nationalities.

Let us inquire into the motives that have prompted such a unanimity of congratulation, that have commanded such a concurrence of sympathy. There is, of course, something striking in the thought that a brother-man should have realized in its fulness the wish implied in our quaint Hebraic greeting, ער מאה שנים, 'Mayest thou live to a hundred years'; that, although not spared the infirmities incident to extreme old age, his vital force has been such that the words spoken of his great namesake may be fitly applied to him: לֹא כָהָתָה עֵינָיו, 'His eye is not dim.' I saw him a few weeks ago, and it was a joy to hear his voice still

sonorous, to note his sallies of playful wit and flashes of genial wisdom, aye, and gleams of the old enthusiasm. But the vigour with which he bears the burden of a century does not suffice to account for the deep and widespread interest which was aroused last year when he entered upon, and which is renewed this year when he completes, the hundredth year of his life. The love and veneration which centre in the name of Sir Moses Montefiore are due, it seems to me, to the fact that he realizes within himself some of the best and noblest traits of the true Israelite; that without derogating from the reverence due to him of whom the words were first spoken, we may apply to him our text: 'And it came to pass when Moses held up his hand that Israel prevailed.'

The context of these words is familiar to you all. When Israel was journeying through the desert, Amalek attacked the weak and inoffensive wanderers—Amalek, that has from that time forth been viewed as a type of intolerance, religious hatred, and racial antipathy. Joshua is sent forth to fight the foemen. Moses ascends the hill, and from early morn to sundown he stands there with uplifted hands. And our teachers of the Mishnah make the pregnant comment:—

וכי ידיו של משה עושות מלחמה או שוברות מלחמה אלא לומר ל שכל
 זמן שהיו ישראל מסתכלין כלפי מעלה ומשעברין את לבם לאביהם שבשמים
 היו מתנברין ואם לאו היו נופלין:

‘Was it in the power of Moses, as he stood there, far off from the conflict, to cause victory and stay defeat? Yes. For, as he pointed his hand upwards, he taught Israel that if they would look up to their sure Defence, if they would humble their hearts before their Father who is in heaven, they would prevail; if not, they would fall ignominiously before their enemies.’¹

The career of our centenarian is a worthy realization of the lofty thought enshrined in these words. Men have proverbially short memories. Events that happened but forty-four years ago seem relegated into the limbo of the remote past. It is one of the advantages of commemorations such as these that they conjure up bygone events and make them live again. We seem to feel anew the thrill of horror which vibrated through Western Europe when the tidings came of the outrages committed upon the Jews of Damascus, against whom a foul charge had been flung. How irresistible the pathos with which the wan faces of the sufferers pleaded, who had been tortured with every refinement of cruelty, who sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, bound in affliction and iron! And the question was pressed forth from every sympathizing heart: *אח מי אשלח ומי ילך לנו*, ‘Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?’ And the answer came with no uncertain sound: *הנני שלחני*, ‘Here am I; send me!’

¹ *Rosh Hashana*, c. iii. § 8.

And thus, whatever was the evil that had befallen his brethren, when the famine-stricken indwellers of the Holy Land cried, 'Give us bread, for the money faileth'; and when the Jews of Russia were sorely perplexed, because the word of the ruler had gone forth that they should be driven from their homesteads; and when the heartbroken citizen of Bologna wept in his presence because of the child that had been stolen from his mother's lap; and again, when the plaint came from Morocco, 'Thy brethren are stricken unto death for no violence in their hands'—then and many a time did he go forth to plead, with that earnestness which is the truest eloquence, with that conviction of the righteousness of his cause which is the surest warranty of success.

We have heard it asked, Whence came it that one not dowered with the gift of tongues, nor trained in any school of diplomacy, could hold his own against the ablest statesmen, that he could plead, with a voice that never faltered, before the mightiest potentates of earth? He has revealed the secret to his intimate friends. He has ofttimes said: 'I never approached these audiences without ejaculating the prayer from the depth of my heart, "O God, be Thou with my lips!"' And having breathed forth this passionate supplication to the King of kings, he stood fearlessly before the rulers of earth. He delivered his message to them, and was not ashamed. The centenarian is essentially a prayerful man. I read as

a lad, with deep emotion, the pathetic meditations inscribed in his prayer-book, composed by him on the eve and during the progress of some eventful mission. And thus it came to pass that, as he lifted his hand heavenwards, Israel prevailed, and that, at each journey he undertook, some cruel law was abolished in deference to him, and that, as he went forth, with no protection save the dignity of his silver hairs, half-savage countries submitted themselves to his spirit of compassion, and learned justice and mercy from his lips. And even when, despite his most strenuous efforts, he did not attain all that was desired, he yet succeeded in wiping out some grievous prejudice, silenced some cruel slander, taught the ignorant multitude a better conception of his religion and his race, so that 'Amalek was discomfited' and 'Israel prevailed.'

But this wealth of compassion for his kindred does not suffice to account for the enthusiasm with which the name of Sir Moses Montefiore is greeted. From the time of Tacitus downwards the charge has been levelled at us: '*Misericordia in promptu; sed adversus omnes alios hostile odium,*' 'Whilst ready enough to pity their own kind, towards all others they cherish bitter hatred.'¹ Who that has heard his name dare repeat this venomous calumny? And yet if he alone of all our number were free from such narrow exclusiveness, we should have but poor cause for rejoicing

¹ *Histories*, book v., ch. 2.

and congratulation. But we are all proud of him because he has been simply one of the noblest and best embodiments of the feelings which actuate us all. I do not claim it as a merit on the part of the patriarchal baronet that he is 'steeped to the very lips' in loyalty; that he is filled with chivalrous devotion to the Throne; that the prosperity of our country is dear to his heart; for this is the characteristic of every English Jew. I do not regard it as worthy of special commendation that he shows a tender care for the poor who dwell around him, for so does every British squire. But *his* sympathies are not confined to the claims of his country, nor are his affections determined by his race and faith. From whatever quarter the cry of distress arises, he is ready to help and advise. When he heard that the Syrian Christians were sore bested by the Druses of the Lebanon he was the first to devise prompt measures for their relief. Nor did he evince less sympathy for the stricken Moslem soldiery during the Russo-Turkish war. Aye, throughout his career his benevolence has been like the cruse of oil in the widow's hand, which has flowed forth unceasingly and without stint as long as there have been vessels to be filled. Hence it is that the name of Sir Moses Montefiore has become a household word—a name wherewith to charm away prejudices, old and new. It is not our poor only who love to hang his picture on their walls; not merely in the Kentish port where he loves to dwell is his name

blest by the humblest fisherman ; not merely in gilded drawing-rooms is that stately figure, with the high bearing of the true English gentleman, with the courtliness of an antique world, known and honoured ; not merely in the Harât el Yahoud, the quarter in Jerusalem where our brethren dwell ; not in remote Russian villages, in squalid Moroccan Mellahs, is his name revered, but even the Bedouin of the desert, the camel-driver in Egypt, the water-carrier who fills his goat-skin at the pool of Gihon—they have all heard, they all mention with reverence, the good, the great-hearted Jew of *Frangistan*. It is this universality of respect, this concurrence of regard, which invests this evening's celebration with its significance and solemnity.

Shall this commemoration be allowed to pass without any endeavour to perpetuate the remembrance of him in whose honour it has taken place? We hear much concerning testimonials which are established, and modes of celebration that have been proposed in other countries. A great conclave of earnest men will meet to-morrow on the confines of Russia to deliberate upon the best means of furthering the colonization of Palestine in his honour. In the United States a Montefiore Home for Incurables will be inaugurated, a Montefiore Hospital Ward opened, a Montefiore Professorship endowed. A specimen of the water-melons, grapes, and peaches grown on the Montefiore Colony has been sent him

as a birthday gift. Shall the day be allowed to pass away here in England, unremembered, unrecorded? It is true that the centenarian has, with characteristic modesty, deprecated the foundation of any outward memorial. But this I may assert with confidence, that the token of regard most precious in his eyes will be the testimony that he has not lived in vain, the assurance that the lessons of his life will inspire his contemporaries and inform generations yet unborn. We look around us, and note with alarm that there are but too many of our young men who hold themselves aloof from the needs of the community, its charitable and educational work; who have no heart for the sufferings of their brethren in other lands, and who deem it a mark of enlightenment to put aside, with supercilious disdain, every rite and precept which distinguishes the Jew from his fellow-countrymen in the social walks of life. If we were to speak to them of the example of Abraham, Daniel, and Judas the Maccabee, our monitions would but fall upon heedless ears. But we may point to the life-lesson drawn from a man of the time. Is not a Montefiore esteemed the more because he is not ashamed to declare and manifest before the world his allegiance to his faith? He gladly declares that for the last seventy-two years since he entered upon the holy estate of matrimony his Sabbath lamp has ever been kindled; whether tossing on the wave of the ocean, or encamped in the Syrian desert—during

her lifetime by his faithful wife, and when she was taken from him kindled by himself—a type of the flame of enthusiasm which ever burnt brightly in the hearts of the heroic couple. Wherever they moved, in the courts of kings, or in the festal assemblage of nobles, or in civic banqueting-halls, they proclaimed themselves Hebrews, they feared not to be seen abstaining from food which our law has forbidden. And we know that they were only esteemed the more for this consistency. Oh, that we all, men and women, young and old, would grasp the best and noblest characteristics of the life we honour this day, that, in the apt words of the leading journal of this land, we may determine to show by our life, that ‘fervent Judaism and patriotic citizenship are absolutely consistent with one another!’ This is the aim and purpose of the prayer we are about to offer up. That we may learn the true purpose of life:—

Life’s but a means unto an end, that end—
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.¹

We thank the Lord for all the mercy and goodness He has dealt unto His servant during the century, that now has ended, of a happy and useful life. We supplicate Him to fill our hearts with a steadfast desire to tread in the footsteps of those who were chosen of Him, that we may labour in His cause, quickened by the love of Him and the

¹ Bailey, *Festus*.

love of our fellow-men. If we lift up our hearts to our Father in Heaven with this earnest and devout resolve, then we may hope that He will seal our supplication with His own almighty, His own omnific Amen!

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE

SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE SYNAGOGUE, *August 5, 1885*

וַיְהִי יָדָיו אֶמְוָנָה עַד בֹּא הַשָּׁמֶשׁ :

‘His hands were steady until the going down of the sun.’—EXODUS
17 : *part of 12th verse.*

ON Tuesday last I was about to address the word of God to a congregation in the North, when the tidings reached me of the death of him, whose memory we honour this day. And all that I was then enabled to say to the worshippers was contained in the words of King David, הלוא תרעו כִּי־שָׂר, ונדול נפל היום הזה בישראל, ‘Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?’¹ A prince and a great man! Not merely in the sense we ordinarily attach to these words, but one raised above his fellows, by the services he rendered his community and mankind at large; great in his perfervid and single-hearted love of humanity, great in his devotion to his ancestral faith. A career, memorable alike by its patriarchal length and its intrinsic value, has ended. A link which united us with the close of the last century has

¹ 2 Samuel 3 : 38.

been snapped asunder. That stately figure, that chivalrous courtesy, that grand form and fashion, as of the antique world, will no more be seen among us. Think not, that because he died so richly satisfied with years his loss will be the less keenly felt. For by the very length of his life he had rooted himself more and more deeply in our affections, so that now the wrench has become all the greater, so that now there is left a void in many a heart, a blank in many a life. Aye, we are all touched as with a pang of personal bereavement. His native modesty would not permit a word of eulogy to be spoken by the open grave. The crowds which gathered on Friday last in respectful homage on the Kentish cliffs, and the sympathetic message sent by his sovereign are more eloquent than any words of panegyric. And yet it is meet that in this Synagogue, where he worshipped from his earliest years, where he so often prayed to the Lord for the success of his missions, where he lifted up his voice with praise and thanksgiving to Him who had prospered the way he had gone—it is meet, I say, that we should assemble here, to mourn for the prince and the great man who has fallen in Israel.

At a service like this it is customary to dwell upon the career of him, to whose memory it is consecrated. Such a retrospect is superfluous in the present instance, for the public journals through-

out the length and breadth of the land have published the biography of Moses Montefiore. I need, therefore, now only dwell upon the leading traits of his character, and sum up the lesson of his life. When, nine months ago, we joyously celebrated here the historic centenary, I recalled to you the words of Scripture, 'And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed,' as illustrative of the zeal with which he championed the cause of his persecuted brethren and pleaded the quality of mercy before the great ones of the earth. Now that his life has terminated we may fitly dwell upon the words that follow :

וַיְהִי יָדָיו אֲמוֹנָה עַד בֹּא הַשָּׁמֶשׁ

'AND HIS HANDS WERE STEADY UNTIL THE
GOING DOWN OF THE SUN.'

To reproduce the Hebrew more closely, the text should be rendered, 'His hands WERE FAITHFUL until the going down of the sun.'

If I were asked to indicate the keynote of his life, the characteristic which gained for him the affection and reverence of all classes and creeds, I would say, that it was his tenacity of purpose, his unshaken consistency, the dignified firmness with which he persevered in the line of conduct he had struck out for himself, the endurance with which he laboured for the good of mankind even unto the end, the persistence with which the obligations

of loyalty, piety, and benevolence engaged his thoughts to the last. Him whom he felt to be his friend he grappled to his heart, aye, to his heart of hearts. To that which he recognized as true, he clung with undeviating loyalty. How touching was his life-long devotion to the memory of his wife! On every object precious to him he had the words inscribed, לָמָרוֹם שָׁבָה, 'She has returned on high,' the chronogram of the year of the world 5623, when she was taken from him. And as he lay on his bed, many a time and oft as he gazed on the beloved features, he said, 'It seems to me as though my dear Judith were looking reproachfully at me, as if she asked, Why dost thou allow so long a time to elapse before joining me?' He was equally steadfast in his love of Zion. To him the exclamation of the Psalmist was not mere idle verbiage: 'Let my tongue cleave to my palate, if I remember thee not, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.' It was a very pain and agony to him to hear a word of reproach breathed against the indwellers of the Holy Land. His eyes glistened with joy when he heard of their welfare. I had the privilege of conversing with our revered friend sixteen days before his death. I recounted to him how much good was being wrought in the Holy City by the erection of streets and quarters of well-built and well-kept houses that bore his name—the new Jerusalem that was springing up outside the

Jaffa Gate. It was evident that the olden and golden enthusiasm was still aglow in his heart. And when I told him that my recent journey had kindled the wish to revisit one day those holy fields, he observed, 'It is said that whosoever has once tasted the waters of the Nile will not rest until he has quaffed them a second time. Even thus it is with the Holy Land.' I need not stay to give you any instance of the strength of his ruling passion—loyalty to his Queen—even on his death-bed. You have all read the pathetic marriage blessing he invoked upon the royal bride. The last commission he gave me was to cheer the heart of a widow, whose husband had been taken from her by a tragic circumstance. But above all we perceive this steadiness of purpose in his observance of our religious precepts. He did not allow himself to become a waif and stray, driven hither and thither by every wind of doctrine, but having grasped that which he felt to be the truth, he adhered to it and practised it. Imbued with the vivid belief in the eternally binding force of the precepts of Judaism, he did not turn from them to the right or to the left. They were the joy of his life. God's statutes were his songs in the house of his pilgrimage. When weakness chained him to his couch, he was sustained by hearing the Psalms of the sweet singer of Israel. His motto, 'Think and Thank,' was then ever on his lips. As his end

approached he devoutly repeated the solemn declaration of the Unity of God, and when he could no longer articulate, he strengthened himself and held up his hand in silent prayer until his spirit passed away without a struggle, his lips sealed by a kiss from on high. And thus—

Death has moulded into calm completeness
The stature of his life.

My brethren, as I remember this end, Milton's noble words¹ come before my mind which the authoress of *Daniel Deronda* quotes when describing the death of one of her characters, who was suggested to her, it is believed, by the career of Moses Montefiore—

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast : no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame ; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

And yet, dear congregants, does the departure of Moses Montefiore from earth afford no cause for grief and sorrow? It is narrated in *Massecheth Semachoth* that when the sage, Samuel the younger, had died, his key and his tablet, symbols of his authority, were placed in his coffin, for he had left no child to succeed him in his dignity. And Rabbi Gamaliel, the elder, and Rabbi Eleazar, the son of Azariah, were charged to deliver the funeral dis-

¹ *Samson Agonistes*.

course. And they lifted up their voice and said, על זה נאה לבכות על זה נאה להתאבל. 'It behoves us to weep for this one. For this one it is meet that we should mourn. Kings depart this earthly scene, the sceptre they wielded passes to their son. Men of wealth die and bequeath their substance to their children. Samuel is gone, and all his excellency is buried with him in the grave.' Yes, my brethren, it is a source of sorrow and grief that he has left no children behind him to continue his work and to complete it. And yet we also know that there have been children unworthy of their sires, who have besmirched their father's fame. It is the purpose of this memorial service to enkindle in the hearts of those who were dear to him in life, of those who bear his name, aye, to enkindle in the hearts of all of us, the holy and fervent will to regard ourselves as his spiritual children, the inheritors of his life's work. In accordance with Scripture parlance, I have likened his demise to the going down of the sun. When the sun sinks beneath the horizon the glow and warmth of life seem to depart; yet for a while the brightness lingers on, and a mellowed lustre still irradiates the horizon. Even thus does the radiance of a man's influence survive long after his earthly course has been run. Oh, how needful is it that the constancy and consistency of Moses Montefiore should inspire us—us whose great failing it is that we are fickle, lame, and impotent of purpose. We begin life with

good intentions, but when we have attained a certain position we deem it fashionable to put aside with supercilious disdain many a religious observance that distinguishes the Israelite. For a time we may be enthusiastic about some benevolent project, yet one trivial disappointment, one petty, fancied offence, induces us to abandon it, and the warmth of yesterday is changed into cold and chilling indifference. Aye, and there are recreant weaklings who imagine that they can gain the goodwill of their countrymen by discarding their faith as though it were a disused robe. Oh, that we may seek to resemble him, who has now gone to his rest, in the unceasing ardour he displayed in life, so that our hands may be steady, our hearts full of faith, until the going down of our sun. His purified spirit says unto you, 'If indeed you would venerate my name and cherish my memory, forget not Zion, turn not away apathetically from your brethren in the Orient. Great is the work before you. Teach them wisely, that יד—the hand, the energy and self-help of the West, must be combined with אמונה—the child-like faith of the East. Every one of you can make our religion better understood and more highly esteemed. Every one of you must do his duty in this respect, for it is with Jewdom now as it is with a beleaguered city, every sentinel of which knows that on his single fidelity may depend the fate of all the inhabitants.' Who will stand aloof, idle, careless, callous and unmoved,

when the appeal comes with all its solemnity, with all its impressiveness, from the grave to which on the eve of Sabbath last we consigned what was mortal of Moses Montefiore?

Father in Heaven! In Thy Hand is the soul of every living thing and the spirit of all flesh. We beseech Thee, take into Thy heavenly keeping the soul of Thy faithful servant Moses Montefiore, who has departed this life. Thou, who art a God of mercy and loving-kindness, wilt remember all the meritorious deeds of his life and grant him his recompense. Thou wilt accomplish the promise Thou hast given in respect of those who wilt choose the things that please Thee and will cling to Thy covenant. 'Even unto them will I give in Mine house and in My walls a place and a name better than of sons and daughters; I will give them an everlasting name that shall not be cut off.' Even as when he lived, Thou, O God, hast been the strength of his heart and his portion, so grant that he may now behold Thy countenance in righteousness. Show him the path of life; fulness of joy in Thy presence; pleasures for evermore at Thy right hand.

We thank Thee, O Lord, and bless Thy holy name, that Thou didst set before us this exemplar of faith and piety. Vouchsafe Thy grace unto us that, inspired by his life, we may labour in Thy cause with unwearied zeal. We beseech Thee, O

Lord, prosper Thou our efforts for our brethren who are still oppressed in the land of Roumania. We crave Thy blessing upon the members of this congregation. Grant unto them Thy spirit, a spirit of wisdom, of intelligence and peace, that they may work unitedly for Thy glory. We pray unto Thee for our sovereign, her royal house, her ministers and counsellors assembled in Parliament. We pray unto Thee for all who mourn. Thou who healest the broken in heart, and bindest up their wounds, sustain them in their affliction. Accomplish Thy gracious promise: 'As one whom his mother comforteth, thus will I comfort you; yea, in Jerusalem ye shall be comforted.' Amen. Amen.

THE ANGLO-JEWISH HISTORICAL EXHIBITION

BAYSWATER SYNAGOGUE, שביעי של פסח תרמ"ז, *April 15, 1887*

חִשְׁבֹתַי יָמִים מִקֶּדֶם שְׁנוֹת עוֹלָמִים:

'I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times.'—
PSALM 77 : 6.

IT has been wisely said, that history makes us some amends for the shortness of life. For how can we gain sufficient experience, within the limited span of our existence upon earth, to quit ourselves worthily amid every trial and in every difficulty? We turn to history, and in

Her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time,

we learn the great things that God has wrought for Israel, and for the entire race of man in former ages. We read of the successes and failures of nations as well as of individuals; we see monuments of glory and beacons of danger set along the shores of the past to direct us through the trackless ocean of the future. Happy, thrice happy, he who has the ears to hear those voices of the dead which others cannot hear, who has eyes to see those visions of the ancient times which to others are dim and dark! Thus does

the young man become like one threescore and ten years old without either wrinkles or grey hairs ; thus he is endowed with the experience of old age, without its infirmities, its fears and tears.

It is no doubt in virtue of its didactic, its teaching power, that history forms such a prominent element in our Sacred Scriptures, for doctrine, precept, warning, exhortation—all are invested with a novel charm when clothed in the flesh and blood of historic facts. And be it remembered, that even those portions of Holy Writ, which are not narrative, are yet in the main historical ; for what is prophecy but anticipated history ? Many of its sublimest flights of poetry are based upon events in our national annals. And the purpose of all these historical references is to point a moral, and to emphasise some sublime lesson. Thus in the hymn from which I have quoted a verse, the Psalmist is in sore distress, because of an imminent danger which threatens his people. He almost despairs of Divine succour, but he considers the days of old, the years of ancient times ; he remembers the miraculous deliverance vouchsafed at the Red Sea, and in the recollection of the marvellous past he finds the ground of hope for the future : ‘Thou art the God that doest wonders : Thou hast declared Thy strength among the peoples.’

These meditations on the purpose and value of history have been suggested to me by the Anglo-Jewish Historical Exhibition, which was opened a

few days before the commencement of this historic festival. Amid the acclaim of welcome with which this event has been greeted, a few dissonant voices have been heard. The question has been raised, Is it wise for our community thus to thrust itself upon public notice? Do not our strength and our wisdom lie in a dignified reserve, and in the absence of all ostentation? Now, I may aver on behalf of the zealous originator of the project, and indeed on behalf of all those who laboured with him, that they view with aversion anything that savours of flaunting and obtrusiveness. Our purpose has not been to put in evidence proofs of the Hebrew's wealth, evidences of his superior skill and intelligence. The main object of the collection gathered in the Albert Hall is educational and instructive; to diffuse by means of object lessons some knowledge of Hebrew antiquities generally, and more particularly of the history of our race in the British Empire.

George Eliot is not guilty of any exaggeration in speaking of the 'abysmal ignorance' which prevails concerning all Judaic matters. The Latin adage runs, '*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*,' 'Everything of which we are ignorant is taken for something magnificent.' Judging from our experience the proverb should run, '*Omne ignotum pro malefico*,' 'Everything that is unknown is judged to be harmful.' Had there been less mystery about our religious observances, there would, perhaps, have been less prejudice, certainly

less foul aspersion. It is the object of one section of this Exhibition to remove something of the mysteriousness which, in the mind of the outer world, seems to encompass everything relating to our religious observances; and it may perhaps be deemed advisable to deliver lectures explanatory of every object in the collection of Jewish ecclesiastical art.

In this department we certainly meet with some display—precious metals, sparkling gems, costly stuffs, and rich embroidery. But who dare say that they are made to subserve the purpose of luxury and ostentation? They prove the love and veneration which the Jew has at all times entertained for the law of his God; they indicate our laudable zeal to comply with the prescription of our ancient fathers, *זה אלי ואנוהו התנאה לפניו בטעות*, to render every object used in our Synagogue and in home worship a thing of beauty and therefore of joy.¹

But the main purpose of the collection is historic. As we see before us a carefully constructed model of the Temple, we can gain some conception of the splendour of the sacred edifice, which flashed on its beholder from one of the most commanding sites in the world. Close to the model is a somewhat unsightly slab of rock, yet one of the most precious objects in the Exhibition. It is one of the few relics from Bible times that are in existence. It has been courteously lent us by the Palestine Exploration

¹ *Shabbath*, p. 133.

Fund. It contains the inscription **תחם נור**, and there is no reason to doubt that it served to indicate the 2000 cubits' boundary of Gezer, one of the Levitic cities. Not far from it is the sculptured head of the Emperor Hadrian, perhaps the head of that self-same statue which was erected on the site of the Holy of Holies, and caused the revolt under Bar Cochba. We have been enabled to obtain casts of the famous Moabite Stone, which takes us back to the time of King Ahab, and of the inscription in the Pool of Siloam, which probably dates from the reign of King Hezekiah. But the collection of Jewish coins is, I believe, the completest that has ever been brought together. What a flood of light do these insignificant silver and copper tokens shed upon the history of those days! We see indisputable evidence of the independence which Israel had achieved by means of the triumphs of Judah the Maccabee. Down to the period of their victories the Israelites had to use the coinage of the nations to which they had been subject, the Persians and Syrians. Now we meet with shekels and half shekels with the inscriptions **שקל ישראל**, 'the shekel of Israel,' **ירושלם הקדושה**, 'Jerusalem the holy.' The years are reckoned from **נאלה ציון**, the Redemption of Zion. The devices are the rod of Aaron, a chalice containing the manna, the palm-tree, and the Ethrog. The period is vividly brought before us when no thought of personal aggrandisement marred the sense of the nation's profound gratitude

to God. But some years later, during the reign of John Hyrcanus, the coins bear the inscription יהוהן הכהן הגדול within a wreath of laurel, thus savouring of conceit. Later on we meet with the Hebrew name of King Jannæus, יהונתן המלך, on the obverse; his Greek name is on the reverse. Herod, falsely named the Great, curries favour with the Romans; the coins struck during his reign bear only Greek inscriptions, and the effigy of the Roman Emperor. Soon there follow the medals which depict the captive maid of Judah seated under a palm-tree, bowed down by grief, the proud conqueror Vespasian in military dress brandishing his spear.

But our interest deepens as we turn to the records and relics which illustrate our chequered history in 'this island of the corner of the sea,' as it is termed by Ibn Ezra, who visited England in the course of his many travels. A study of these memorials will, it is to be hoped, remove an error of long standing. We have been accustomed to date our settlement in this country from the days of the Lord Protector, and altogether ignore our residence here during the era of the Norman and Angevin kings. Whoever will study the invaluable collection of *Shtaroth*, the documents and rolls now for the first time brought together, or who will glance at the map indicating the towns which were inhabited by Jews prior to the expulsion, will discover that six hundred years and more ere our Sephardic brethren leased their burial-

ground in Stepney, and erected their Synagogue in King Street, Aldgate, there was hardly a town of importance in England which did not number Jews of position and influence, who were engaged in active mercantile intercourse with the general population, who possessed places of worship and schools, and who stood under the spiritual jurisdiction of a *Presbyter Judæorum*, the High Priest, or Chief Rabbi of the Jews, who in the patents granted to them were styled by the monarch '*Dilectus et familiaris noster*,' 'Our well-beloved and our friend.' Those documents, partly in Latin, partly in Hebrew, deal for the most part with the sale or transfer of houses and property, the release of debts, agreements as to partnerships, and marriage settlements. But even amid these matter-of-fact deeds and covenants we light upon certain expressions which are fraught with woe and pathos. Moses ben Samuel disposes of a moiety of his debt to Elias, בן הקדוש ד' עוריאל, son of the *martyred* Rabbi Isriel. The famous bronze bowl, one of the treasures of the Exhibition, was devoted to its purpose, probably the reception of alms, by the son of the *martyred* R. Jechiel, and there start before us pitiful scenes of plunder and massacre, the tragedy at York, when 500 Jews perished on the Sabbath before Passover.

Evidence is also afforded that men of learning flourished in our midst. A sort of tradition has been handed down concerning חכמי נארוויש, wise men who are believed to have dwelt in the city of Norwich,

and the Exhibition contains a poem composed by a certain Meir ben Elias of Norwich, copied from a manuscript in the Vatican. And commentators on the Bible and Talmud quote a goodly number of Rabbis and writers who lived in London, Bristol, Canterbury, Lincoln, and York.

But we have undoubted proof of the existence of many scholars of those days—R. Benjamin of Canterbury, a disciple of R. Jacob Tam, the famous chief of the School of Rameru; R. Jacob of London, of whom it is recorded that he introduced the custom of translating the Passover Hagada into the vernacular; Rabbi Yomtob, who died a martyr's death at York; and Rabbi Moses Hanakdan of London, who wrote a valuable work on Hebrew grammar, entitled ספר השו"ם, a portion of which has been printed, and may be consulted at the Exhibition.

The rest of the collection tells its own tale. The documents and books, the portraits on the walls contain the record of the workers, by whose efforts our communal fabric was built up and our political emancipation achieved, by whose honourable careers many prejudices were combated and calumnies lived down. With what impressiveness do their lives appeal to us! What enthusiastic encouragement and solemn warning seem to fall from their mute lips, admonishing us, that by our every word and deed we still help to make or mar the record of the Jews of England!

And here I may perhaps be permitted to interpose a brief contribution to our Anglo-Jewish annals. By the courtesy of the Prime Minister and the kind offices of our brother-in-faith who holds a post in the Government, the Chief Rabbi has this morning received a gracious intimation from the Queen, to the effect that her Majesty fully approves of a Public Service of Thanksgiving being held by members of all religious denominations in celebration of the forthcoming Jubilee. This constitutes, I believe, the first occasion on which an official notification has been made to our community with respect to the religious celebration of a national festival.

To return to our Exhibition. As we gaze at the many attractive and thought-stimulating objects contained in this admirable collection, we note two serious gaps. Whilst almost every country on the Continent, whilst every German town of any note, possesses a carefully drawn up record of the annals of its Jewish community, the history of the Jews in England yet remains to be written. This, however, is a want which can be supplied. It is, indeed, one of the objects of this Exhibition to stimulate such a publication.¹

The other void is of a more serious character, as it is irreparable. Some of the most valuable materials of history are to be found in a cemetery ;

¹ This desideratum has now been met by the publication in 1908 of *The History of the Jews in England*, by Mr. Albert M. Hyamson.

many an important date has been fixed, many an event of grave moment has been rescued from oblivion, by an epitaph. We had hoped to include in our collection photographs and copies of many inscriptions in our burial-grounds. Unhappily it was found that the tombstones had been so grievously neglected that the inscriptions had become illegible. The failure, the remissness of the past cannot now be rectified. But it should be an incentive to exercise a more loving and tender care towards our communal records in the future. There are burial-grounds in towns in which Hebrew congregations no longer exist. A Board should be formed to watch over their preservation.

We have read in our festival lesson that Moses, our master, devoted himself to carry out the last dying wish to which Joseph had given utterance some hundred years before. This fidelity to the dead should prompt due reverence for the hallowed soil where the remains of our dear kinsfolk repose in peace. It should inspire us with an anxious desire to remember their struggles and achievements, so that, while considering the days of old, the years of many generations, we may be fired with the loving and living desire to emulate their faithful service of God and their diligent service of man.

THE PASSING OF THE LATE CHIEF RABBI, NATHAN ADLER זצ"ל

BAYSWATER SYNAGOGUE, ש"ק פ" בשלח תר"ן

February 1, 1890

וְאֲנִי תָמִיד עִמּוֹד אַחֲזֶנְתָּ בְיַד יְמִינִי: בְּעֶצְתְּךָ תִּנְהַנֶּנִּי וְאַחַר כְּבוֹד תִּקְחֶנִּי: מִי־לִי
בְּשָׁמַיִם וְעַמּוּד לֹא חִפְצָתִי בְּאָרֶץ: כָּלֵה וְשָׂאֲרֵי וּלְבָבִי צוּר לְבָבִי וְחֻלְקֵי אֱלֹהִים
לְעוֹלָם:

‘But I am continually with Thee: Thou hast holden my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but Thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.’—PSALM 73: 23-26.

WHAT are the thoughts and comforts that sustain us at the passing of one who has been the joy and pride of our life, our guide and teacher, our wise counsellor and loving monitor, who was knitted to us with every fibre of our heart? These thoughts and comforts are contained in the sentences which were read at Thursday’s impressive Memorial Service—sentences which were the watchword and motto of him whose loss I and all of you mourn. And here, whilst tendering you the assurance of my gratitude for the sympathy which you and all members of the community have manifested to me, I must ask you yet further to show your kindness by bearing with

me, if my words to-day are but feeble and halting, unworthy of the theme I have chosen.

What are the thoughts which are fraught with comfort in the sad season of bereavement? 'My flesh and my heart faileth : but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.'

It is, in sooth, a solemn crisis when that which has been so often in our thoughts, that which we have so often tried to conceive, at last arrives ; when we feel the dimming of the eye, the gathering darkness, the prospect of being severed from all that has bound us to life ; when we prepare to enter upon the journey into the silent and strange land. It must be an ineffable solace to realise the force of the sentiment, 'My flesh and my heart faileth : but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.' What a comforting thought to look up to Him, not as a God far off, a God unknown and distant, but One who has been our Guide, Companion and Friend throughout life ; Whom we have known, in Whom we have trusted, and Whom we have loved with all our heart and soul and might.

'God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.' This is no mystical metaphor, no mere poetic symbolism. It is a glorious reality. Those who have stood by the deathbed of a righteous man can testify that there has been the sublime consciousness of a Divine Presence about him¹ שכינה למעלה

¹ *Shabbath*, p. 12.

מראשותיו של חולה, as though the weary pilgrim rested upon a living arm. And the valley of the shadow of death became a Peniel, where the soul, like the patriarch, having wrestled through the night, was rescued from the thralldom of the body, and saw God face to face. Then come peace and rest. Rest for the weary, peace for the labourer. Only those who through life have been bowed to the earth by the weight of toil and ceaseless pressure, which often seemed too heavy to be borne; only those who have felt the inward struggle, can form a conception of that perfect paradise which is comprised in those words, Rest with God. To feel the burden roll from off the shoulder, to know that the race is ended, the haven reached, that the strained nerves may at length be relaxed, that the unsleeping vigilance, which so sorely taxed our strength, is needed no more, that the ear will no longer be vexed by the strife of tongues, nor the head caused to ache by murmurings of discontent—surely, of all the thoughts of God that are borne unto our hearts by the Psalmist's solemn music, none comes so comfortingly and so soothingly as these, 'Thus He giveth His beloved sleep.' But not the sleep of inaction, the rest of indolence, the peace of the sluggard. We have here on earth felt a sweet sense of contentment stealing over us when, after a day of harassing care and unrest, we have returned to our fireside and been absorbed by a volume containing the life-thoughts

of the great and good who have lived upon earth. But what is the knowledge thus gained compared with the wealth of wisdom, the light of unravelling, which will flash upon us hereafter? May we not believe that they who have used with untiring zeal the faculties which God has given them to decipher and to understand the wonders manifested in His book of Nature and of Revelation, will discern in the full illumination of Divine Light all that here on earth was seen by them but darkly and dimly? They who during long years of meditation have sought the solution of the dark enigmas of existence, those sad and solemn mysteries which cast a gloom upon every thoughtful mind; they who have seen great efforts baffled and high hopes discomfited, who have with aching hearts seen vice, irreligion, and brutality triumph, and justice, piety, and innocence trampled in the dust; they who have seen Israel maligned and besmirched, and God's purposes with His people seemingly defeated; they who have stood perplexed and aghast at so many grievous and incomprehensible dispensations of Providence, have now entered the world of solved problems, the world of illumination. Then with eyes purged from the mists of mortality, with faculties braced by strength divine, we may approach these problems which were too intricate, too profound, for earthly intellects to grasp.

We are told in the Talmud: ¹ חלמדי חכמים אין להם

¹ *Berachoth*, p. 64.

מנוחה אפילו לעוֹהֵב שנאמר ילכו מחיל אל חיל יראה אל אלהים בציון.
 'The disciples of the wise have no rest even in the world to come, as it is written: "They go from strength to strength, until they appear before God in Zion."' As the Psalmist phrases it: 'I shall behold Thy face in righteousness.'

But if you ask as to the nature of the vision by which finite and created beings will be enabled to behold the infinite and eternal Spirit of the universe; if you inquire in what manner His Presence will be made manifest to the souls of the just, I answer that we can but guess and surmise. May it not be that we shall know, as we never can in this world, the essence and attributes of the Most High, and trace the footsteps of the Eternal through the infinities of Time and Space? הדברים שמכוסים מכם, בעוה"ז עתידים הם להיות צפים לכם כהדין בולוס, 'Problems that have been hidden from you in this world will hereafter be clear unto you even as crystal.'¹ And surely this is the most precious guerdon vouchsafed to the souls of the righteous, that they find in heaven a Temple, a Haven, and a Home.

And there is yet another immortality which is accorded to those who have lived worthily upon earth—deathlessness even in this world, amid the scenes of their strivings and their struggles. They who have preached righteousness in the great congregation, who have declared God's faithfulness and

¹ *Yalkut Chukkath*, § 959.

salvation, have not spoken in vain. Their words have not gone forth without sowing some seeds of virtue and piety in fruitful hearts. They who have laboured for the cause of God may be assured that their example, their influence, and their deeds do not perish with them. It is not fitting for a son to deliver a eulogy on his father. But bear with me while I dwell a few moments upon the most prominent trait in his character. If I were asked to indicate the keynote of my father's career, the characteristic which has gained for him so many touching marks of reverence and affection, I would say that it was his tenacity of purpose, the consistency and firmness with which he persevered in the line of conduct he had struck out for himself. From the time when, in the prime of manhood, he set foot on these shores down to the end, he strove for the maintenance of traditional Judaism. He was not moved from what he conscientiously believed made for the welfare of his faith by taunts or reproaches. He loved work with passionate devotion. His last words were, '*Nur thun,*' 'Only be doing.' He clung to the performance of the duties of his office as long as declining years and the infirmities of age permitted him. But he never allowed even bodily weakness to interrupt his sacred studies and his literary occupations. Almost to the day of his death he was engaged in writing a commentary on the Targum on the Prophets. And

now, to adopt the metaphor used by Bar Kappara¹ in announcing the death of R. Jehuda the saint: אַרְאִלִּים וּמִצּוּקִים אָחֳזוּ בְּאֶרֶן הַקֶּדֶשׁ נִצְחוּ אַרְאִלִּים: אַחַת הַמִּצּוּקִים וְנִשְׁבָּה אֶרֶן הַקֶּדֶשׁ. 'Angels and men have wrestled for the ark of the covenant: the angels have prevailed, and the ark of the covenant has been removed from our midst.'

When this same saintly Rabbi lay upon his deathbed he summoned his children, and said: גַּר יִהְיֶה דְלוֹס בְּמִקְוֹמוֹ שׁוֹלְחָן יִהְיֶה עֵרוֹךְ בְּמִקְוֹמוֹ מִטָּה תְּהֵא מוּצַעַת בְּמִקְוֹמָה. 'Let my candle ever burn in its place; may my table ever be decked and my couch not be moved.'² It is not difficult to discover the meaning of these seemingly enigmatic words. The dying Rabbi was penetrated by the anxious wish that the light of faith which illumined his life should burn in the hearts of his disciples; that the institutions that were so dear to him should be preserved and maintained after his death; that his house of learning might be crowded with eager students. Even thus does the example of him we mourn admonish his children and all the loved members of his flock ever to venerate what was sacred in his eyes, to cherish and maintain every organization that makes for the welfare of Anglo-Jewry, and to imitate the faithfulness with which he discharged his duty on earth, the forbearance and gentleness he manifested towards his fellow-men, the piety and humility with which he walked before God.

¹ *Kethuboth*, p. 104.

² *Ibid.*, p. 103.

CENTENARY OF THE GREAT SYNAGOGUE

GREAT SYNAGOGUE, שבת הנדול תרן, *March 29, 1890*

דַּמְיֵנוּ אֱלֹהִים הַסֵּדֶד בְּקֶרֶב הַיְקָלָה :

‘We have thought of Thy loving kindness, O God, in the midst of Thy temple.’—PSALM 48 : 10.

ONE of the highest prerogatives of man is the capacity of thought—thought wisely controlled, and seriously sustained. And of all subjects which are embraced by human meditation none is grander, none worthier of man, than the thought of the Almighty and Infinite God to whom we owe our being and preservation, every breath we draw, every pulsation of our heart, every idea that flashes through our brain. And of every meditation upon the attributes and dealings of our God, none is more fitting, none more fruitful, than the thought of the loving kindness which He has manifested in the history of our people, and which He evinces in our little lives daily, hourly, momentarily. Not merely those loving kindnesses which are patent and obvious to all, when His light shines upon our head, when we bask in the sunshine of prosperity, but those trials and tribulations, the purpose of which is not so readily perceived, where some deeper

spiritual insight is needed in order to detect the mercy that lies hidden, where the Psalmist's monition steps in: 'Whoso is wise shall give heed to these things, and they shall consider the mercies of the Lord.'¹

And what place more appropriate to such thoughts than the house of God, where we meet in clustering throngs to pour out our hearts before our Father in heaven, so that we may be braced for the burden and toil of life, so that the bond of brotherhood which unites us with our fellow-Israelite may be strengthened?

My brethren, to-day we may fitly repeat and justly act upon the Psalmist's words: 'We think of Thy loving kindness, O God, in the midst of Thy temple.' For this day marks a significant anniversary in the annals of the Great Synagogue. Exactly one hundred years have elapsed since the Synagogue in which we are now assembled was consecrated to the worship of the God of Israel. It would seem as if the recurrence of a date, marked by the interval of a century, evokes the spirit of the past to revisit the earth, so that we recall the very scenes in which our forefathers played an active and conspicuous part.

As many of you are aware, a Synagogue was erected on this spot as far back as 5489 A.M. (1722) by the munificence of Moses Hart of Breslau, the brother of Rabbi Uri Pheibush, the first Chief Rabbi appointed after our return to this country (known as Aaron Hart). This building was subsequently

¹ Psalm 107 : 43.

rebuilt and enlarged in 1767. But within the short period of twenty-three years the community had increased so rapidly, that the building was found quite inadequate. The entire structure was demolished, and the present noble and imposing edifice, twice its size, was erected on its site. It was consecrated by the then Chief Rabbi, David Tebele Schiff (my great-grand-uncle), on the eve of *שבת הנדול*, the 11th of Nisan, 5550, March 26, 1790. The service of song and praise used on that occasion, which must have been very impressive, is still extant. It contains a *Mi-sheberach* for that 'noble, munificent, and virtuous lady,' as she is termed, *הנבירה המפורסמת*, *יטא בה משה*, Judy, the daughter of Moses Hart, for having liberally offered the sum of £4000 for the building of this Synagogue. This Mrs. Judith Levy, an exceedingly warm-hearted and generous lady, was the daughter of Moses Hart, the founder of the Synagogue, and the widow of Elias Levy, a prosperous member of the community.

Many of us would no doubt have wished that the hundredth anniversary of this historic event should have been commemorated by a special Thanksgiving Service. But in view of the bereavement which has fallen on the community—a wound yet so fresh—such joyous celebration would not have been entirely appropriate. We may, however, fitly consecrate our minds this day to thoughts of fervent thankfulness. It is well that now and again we should cast our

mental eyes backward. It is שנת הנדול—exactly seven hundred years ago. I see before me many hundreds of my brothers and sisters who have sought refuge in York Castle to escape the fury of the mob. For six days they have manfully repelled the attacks of their enemies; their slender stock of provisions can hold out no longer. Think you that they will surrender? Ah no! they are made of sterner stuff! A glorious death is dearer to them than a life of apostasy. They set fire to the citadel, and then plunge the dagger into the hearts of those they love, and then into their own hearts, their heroic Rabbi—Rabbenu Yom Tob, of Joigny—הקרוש; the saint, as he is termed—at their head. This terrible tragedy was enacted on this שנת הנדול in the year 1190.¹ A century later, in the year 1290, all the Jews resident in this island were banished by the first Edward, tearfully lamenting—

But we must wander witheringly,
 In other lands to die,
 And where our fathers' ashes be
 Our own must never lie.

But we need not cast our retrospect back so far in order to scan the dark record of persecution and intolerance. Remember, that but a century ago our fathers were denied almost all the rights and privileges of English subjects. They were regarded not as fellow-citizens, but as aliens. Their trade was

¹ See the authorities quoted by Graetz, *Geschichte der Juden*, vol. vi. note 9.

fettered by restrictions ; university education was barred to them ; they were excluded from many professions ; municipal and state service was impossible to them. When we consider this day, and note how one barrier after another has fallen ; when we reflect that several of our brethren sit in the Senate-house of the nation, and that the greatest city in the world has chosen a fellow-worshipper as its chief magistrate, our hearts must be stirred by fervent thankfulness, and we must exclaim, דמינו אלהים חסוך בקרב היכלך, ' We think of Thy loving kindness, O God, in the midst of Thy temple.'

Now we concede, of course, that this bright contrast is due in a great measure to that love of justice and fair play inherent in the heart of Englishmen, which has at last triumphed over intolerance and injustice. But I maintain that a portion of the triumph that has been achieved is due to the influence exercised by this Synagogue and its rulers. How many a soul-stirring service has been witnessed within these venerable walls ! Whatever the event that moved the hearts of England's sons—when a great victory evoked national rejoicing, when a sovereign had been stricken down by illness, and when it pleased the Lord to send him healing, when a joyous national Jubilee was kept, and when death had entered our palaces—every event was commemorated here with the voice of prayer and supplication, of praise and thanksgiving, proving that the Israelite, then as

always, was 'steeped to the very lips' in loyalty. And how fair and fervent have been the services performed within these walls! A noted clergyman of those days records a visit paid to this shrine in the words: 'The place itself is so solemn that it might strike an awe upon those who have any thought of God.'

But as you know full well, Divine Service is but the means to an end. Its purpose is to inspire us with a more vivid desire to keep rigorously and with a gladsome spirit the ordinances of our faith, to fill us with enthusiasm for the great work which Judaism has still to perform on earth, to imbue us with a willing spirit to labour in the cause of Education and Charity. And with this view גמילות חסדים, the practice of charity, is named first, and השבמת בהמדר, timely attendance at the house of learning and prayer morning and evening, in the second place in the catalogue of meritorious deeds enumerated in the Talmud.¹ Persuaded as they were of this truth, how strenuously did the managers of the Synagogue labour for the welfare of the needy! With what earnestness did they handle the problem of dealing with the foreign poor!—a problem gigantic now, but not devoid of difficulty even then. Nor were they unmindful of the needs of their fellow-men, though of another land and creed. Whether the appeal came to relieve a famine in Sweden, or to diminish the sufferings of English prisoners in France, or whether a plaint reached these

¹ *Mishnah*, Treatise *Peah*, c. i., and *Shabbath*, p. 127a.

shores from the hunger-stricken children of Ireland, wherever fire or earthquake had committed its sad ravages, the authorities of the Great Synagogue were ever ready and willing to aid. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to assert that in every important work that pressed itself upon the Jews of London, whether in co-operating with their Sephardic brethren in the endeavour to avert some instant danger that menaced the Jews of other lands, or when some new institution had to be founded for the promotion of charity and education, the men of the Great Synagogue were ever to the fore. Verily as we recollect all this, we cannot but think of Thy loving kindness, O God, in the midst of Thy temple.

But an anniversary such as this should induce not merely retrospect, but should also urge us to look forward to the future. The Rabbis have taught *צריך לסמוך נאולה לתפלה*,¹ that when our hearts have been imbued with a due sense of gratitude to God for all the mercies vouchsafed in the past, only then are we in a fit mood to pray, and to make worthy resolves for the future. We know how conspicuous a place in our community the Great Synagogue has occupied in the past. Several, alas! of those who worshipped here even within this generation have passed away to the silent land. Of their survivors many have migrated to other districts of this huge city. Yet who would dare to apply to this sanctuary

¹ *Berachoth*, p. 9.

the sad words, אֵי קְבוּר, 'The glory is departed'?¹ Is it not still within the power of the congregants to maintain the proud title בית הכנסת הגדול by the largeness of the numbers with which they assemble at the services, by the devotion and fervour with which they offer up their prayers, by the steadfast attachment they evince for our venerated and hallowed ordinances? וְלֹא נַעֲזֹב אֶת בַּיִת אֱלֹהֵינוּ, 'We will not forsake this house of our Lord,'² should be the watchword not merely of the present members, but of all those who worshipped here in their childhood and youth, to whom this house must be endeared by so many sacred memories, whose souls have been soothed and elevated by the pure and solemn melodies that here have fallen upon their ears, whose minds have been stirred by the exhortations that fell from lips now sealed in silence.

And not to the men only, but to the women of the Great Synagogue I address my plea. Remember, it was primarily to the pious zeal of a sister in faith that this sanctuary owes its existence. Do not permit these galleries she built to be void of worshippers. Ever remain mindful of the fact that the keeping of the small sanctuary—the home—is confided to your care. Even as it depends upon your vigilance and your activity whether we are enabled to solemnise the coming festival with all faithfulness, so it rests with you, with your

¹ 1 Samuel 4: 21.

² Nehemiah 10: 40.

earnestness, your zeal, your enthusiasm, that Judaism shall not become—Heaven forbid!—a cult of the past, but that it may abide for ever a living reality, elevating, sanctifying, blessing myriads of generations yet unborn.

All-merciful Father! We meditate this day upon Thy loving kindness in the midst of Thy temple. We thank Thee for the mercies Thou didst vouchsafe to us during the century that is past. While the blind fury of angry passions swept over us, while the cold winds of contempt and scorn have numbed and frozen us with their chilling blast, while the withering breath of intolerance laid us low, Thou hast preserved and watched over us and delivered us. We thank Thee for this fair house of prayer, where we and those whose memories are dear and holy to us have worshipped Thee in sincerity and truth. Let Thy blessings not fall on dry and thankless hearts. May the spirit of piety and loyalty inspire the hearts of the present worshippers, that they may labour with unflagging zeal for the welfare of Thy house. May peace and concord ever prevail within these walls. To this end vouchsafe Thy spirit, a spirit of wisdom and intelligence, of strength and godly fear, to the Ministers and Wardens of this house, and unto all who work in its cause. We implore Thy blessing upon Thy servant, the chief magistrate of this great city. Endow him with health and vigour so that he

may discharge without faltering the manifold tasks of his high office. Accept in mercy the prayers and thanksgiving that have this day ascended unto Thee from our unworthy lips. Speed the time of Thy salvation, so that we may think of Thy loving kindness in Thy temple in Zion. Amen.

THE IDEAL JEWISH PASTOR

AN INSTALLATION SERMON

GREAT SYNAGOGUE, י"ז סיון תרנ"א, *June 23, 1891*

MY dear brethren, it is just forty-six years ago since I sat in yonder gallery, nestling close to my dear mother, gazing with childish wonder on the strange ceremonial that was being enacted below—the installation of a new Chief Rabbi. I then comprehended but little of the discourse that was preached on that occasion; but since that time I have often read and re-read the words that were spoken by my beloved father and revered predecessor, וצל"ה. He dilated on the feelings of diffidence and trepidation with which he entered upon his office, being a stranger in a strange land, the language of which he, as yet, but imperfectly understood, and amid surroundings that were altogether novel to him. There are, I believe, several here to-day who can recall the fervour with which he implored Divine help and blessing—a help and a blessing which were indeed so signally manifested to him from the moment that he set foot on these shores to the time when his soul returned to its heavenly home, בקדשה ובטהרה, sacred and pure.

My position is of an essentially different character. I have grown up in your midst. I have endeavoured to draw my mental nurture from the rich stores of our dear England's thought and learning. In my paternal home, as a disciple and student, and subsequently, during a period of gradually increasing responsibilities, every detail has become familiar to me of the exalted office which I have been called upon, by the Providence of God and the voice of the community, to occupy. I am standing in the presence of friends. Many of you are knitted to my soul. We take sweet counsel together. Your loyal friendship has proved a stay, a solace, and a delight. And yet I must aver that I am inspired by sentiments of anxiety and misgiving no less keen and poignant than those which thrilled the heart of our late Chief Rabbi. And you can all appreciate, even as I hope you will fully sympathize with, the motives and causes which prompt those anxieties and suggest those misgivings.

May I not well stand appalled at the responsibility cast upon me, to direct the religious government of the many English communities scattered over every part of the globe, extending even beyond the British Empire? How greatly has the Hebrew population of the United Kingdom expanded within the last half-century! It has been trebled, if not quadrupled. Take only the metropolis. It is no longer a city, but a province, with its synagogues

from Hampstead, in the north, to Lewisham, in the south; from Hammersmith, in the west, to Stepney—and soon, I trust, to Poplar—in the east. And how great an increase has there been in the number of our institutions, both educational and benevolent, each of them needing some supervision, and making some rightful claim on the Chief Rabbi's time and thought! And how heterogeneous are the elements of this population, widely differing in their culture, ranging between the two extremes of the religious thermometer, each section needing a different kind of handling! Verily, as I think of the multitudinous duties and responsibilities that await me; as I reflect on the grave problems by which I am confronted; aye, and as I hear of all that I am expected to achieve, I ask, with Job,¹ אִם כֹּחַ אֲבָנִים בְּחַי אִם בְּשָׂרִי נְחוּשׁ, 'Is my strength the strength of stones, or is my flesh of brass?'

Dear friends, if I were to depend on my own unassisted powers I should indeed be tempted to despair. But I rely with trustful confidence upon the help and guidance of my God and the God of my fathers—God, my exceeding joy, who has brought me thus far, and whose blessing you have this day invoked on my behalf; and my soul is no longer cast down nor disquieted within me. And I crave the affectionate forbearance of the members of my flock, that they may not expect

¹ Job 6 : 12.

more of me than can be planned by one poor human brain; that they may not demand of me more than can be wrought by two weak human hands. But I also feel upheld—I say it with deep humility—by the all-absorbing desire which God has implanted in me since my earliest years, and which my parents fostered within me since ever I drew conscious breath, the aspiration to become a worthy teacher in Israel, the yearning to spend myself for the glory of Judaism, the welfare of its professors, and the good of my fellow-creatures.

It has been truly said that the worth of a man in relation to his fellows depends upon the ideals which he cherishes. Let me then point out to you what I have conceived to be the ideal of a Jewish pastor, which I shall strive to follow, though I can never hope to attain it. This ideal, it seems to me, is set forth in a few words written in Exodus, chapter 28, verse 30:

וְנָשָׂא אֶהָרֶן אֶת־מִשְׁפָּט בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל עַל לְבָבוֹ לִפְנֵי יְיָ תָמִיד :

‘AND AARON SHALL BEAR THE CAUSE OF THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL UPON HIS HEART BEFORE THE LORD CONTINUALLY.’

These words, in their literal sense, refer to the Urim and Thummim which the High Priest was to bear on his breast, and which, according to

traditional interpretation,¹ would seem to have been none other than the precious gems on which the names of the twelve tribes of Israel were engraven. These he should bear on his heart, which, in Scripture parlance, denotes the centre and source of all intellectual and emotional life. 'He shall bear the names of the children of Israel upon his heart for a memorial before the Lord continually,' ever mindful that the interests, not of any one powerful and influential section, but of the whole House of Israel, have been entrusted to his keeping. And if his brain and heart would thus be entirely engrossed by solicitude for the well-being of his people, if all disturbing elements—selfishness, prejudice, and the fear of man—had been banished from his soul, then God would vouchsafe to him His clear and perfect guidance,² and he would be worthy to lead and to counsel Israel in every season of difficulty and perplexity.

Dear brethren, there are many essential differences between the functions of the High Priest of old and the duties incumbent upon the Jewish pastor of our time. But it appears to me that the obligation is as imperative on the present-day religious guide as it ever was on the כהן הגדול, the High Priest, that '*he shall bear the cause of the children of Israel upon his heart before the Lord continually.*' He must ever

¹ *Joma*, p. 73b, כיצד נעשית ר"י אמר בולטות ר"ל אומר מצטרפות

² *Ibid.* אורים שמאירין את דבריהם תומים שמשלימים את דבריהן

meditate on the needs of his community, sensitive to all that will redound to Israel's honour or besmirch his fair name. He must not judge of events and decide upon his course of action with the assumption of sacerdotal infallibility. He must humbly bring the cause before God. Before Him who is the fountain of wisdom ; so that, striving for the divine light, he will not be wise in his own conceit. Before Him who is the Sun of righteousness ; so that, despising the soft flatteries of an easy popularity, he will consider not what will be the easiest and pleasantest policy, but what line of action will stand the scrutiny of Heaven. Before Him who is the God of mercy and loving-kindness, so that the poor and the oppressed will confidently look to him for help and for defence. Before Him who worketh great things, so that he will not fold his hands in idleness, but will be for ever striving and toiling, acknowledging no master above him, save the Lord his God.¹ שאין על נביו אלא ה' אלהיו
 'Before the Lord continually.' He must be ready to sacrifice his ease without murmuring and to surrender his leisure without questioning, impressed with the force of the words spoken by an ancient sage :²
 נתמנה אדם בראש ונטל טלית לא יאמר לטובתי אני נוקק לא איכפת לי
 בצבור אלא כל טורח הצבור עליו. 'When once a man has been placed at the head of affairs, and has been vested with the robe of office, he dare never more say, "Let me now have a care for my comfort ; why

¹ *Horajoth*, p. 11a, b.

² *Shemoth Rabbah*, c. 27.

need I concern myself for the affairs of others?" Ah no; all the needs of the community henceforth devolve upon him.'

Momentous and paramount as are the spiritual interests of his flock, he will not confine his activity to these, but devote much anxious thought to their temporal condition. His sympathies and his energies will not be pent up within the narrow limits of his own pastorate, but will extend far beyond to the lot of his brethren in countries afar off—sympathies and energies never more urgently needed than in these troublous times, when the hydra of intolerance and persecution, alas! again lifts up its hateful head. Imbued as he is with a fervent love for his country, he will work with gladsome energy in every cause that can tend to add to his country's welfare, and alleviate the miseries of his fellow-men. And thus he will prove himself the rightful successor, not merely of those pious men who guided our community from the days of Menasseh ben Israel, but likewise of those who lived before the expulsion; of men like Rabbenu Yom Tob, the martyr hero of York Castle,¹ of Jacob, Presbyter of the Jews of all England, whom King

¹ Named הקדוּשׁ in *Tosafoth Joma*, p. 48a, ד"ה מי יליף, and in all probability the author of the penitential hymn, אַמְנָם כֵּן, sung on the eve of the Day of Atonement, as appears from the introductory line which is preserved in several manuscripts, יום ידרושון לך טוב למעוז יחי. עוז מלולך סלחתי: See Zunz, *Literaturgeschichte der Synagogalen Poesie*, pp. 286, 287; Graetz, *Geschichte der Juden*, vol. vi., note 9, and Joseph Jacobs' *Jews of England under the Norman and Angevin Kings*, pp. 109-111.

John termed *dilectus et familiaris noster*, 'our well-beloved and intimate friend';¹ of R. Elias, named Elyas le Evesk by the chroniclers, who lifted up his voice in solemn protest against the spoliation of the third Henry.

But it is to the spiritual claims of his flock that the ideal pastor will devote his chief solicitude. He will watch over God's house, imbued with the anxious desire that the Divine Service held within its walls shall enable the worshipper to realise the lofty ends to which his communion with his Father in heaven shall serve—to purify, to consecrate, and to elevate to a higher plane his life outside the Synagogue. He will therefore strive that every Service be characterised by dignity and reverence, by fervour and devotion. His voice will be heard when he has entered the Sanctuary, awakening the careless, and stirring up the slothful, seeking to kindle in his hearers' hearts the enthusiasm that stirs and quickens his own soul. He will unfold to them the high significance and spiritual purpose of the statutes and ordinances of his faith, the observance of which he has been appointed vigilantly to safeguard and jealously to defend, as heirlooms to be faithfully transmitted from generation to generation. And he will teach that a mere blind and mechanical fulfilment of these ordinances will not be acceptable in the eyes of the Supreme, unless they serve as a

¹ Prynne's *Demurrer*, Part II., p. 5.

stimulus to the higher life—a life of self-control and abstinence, a life of uprightness and of integrity.

It is the cause of the *children* of Israel which he will most earnestly bear in his heart, eagerly solicitous that *they* may be won for God and His Law. To attain this end he will watch over the schools, that they may ever remain nurseries of genuine piety and sterling virtue. Nor in his care for the children of the poor will he be unmindful of the sons and daughters of the leisured classes, who stand in need not less, but more urgently, of the wise and wholesome restraints of religion. His care will not be confined to the young during the brief period of schooling. He will watch over the pupils at that critical period when they are launched upon the world with all its lures and enticements, endeavouring still to instruct, to guide, and to mould. Not by vague exhortations, but by seeking to influence each individual that comes under his ken. For the counsel of the wise king will powerfully come home to him: ¹ יִרְעַ תִּרְעַ פְּנֵי צֹאֲנֶךָ שִׁית לְךָ לְעֵדָרִים, 'Be thou diligent to know the faces of thy lambs: set thy heart to the flocks.'

He will rally around him the poor and uncultured, sympathising with them in their struggles, mitigating their troubles, and advising them in their perplexities. Nor will he hold aloof from those who are accounted the spoilt children of fortune, but seek to shame them

¹ Proverbs 27 : 23.

out of their wasteful luxury and hard selfishness. He will essay to win back to the fold those on whom their Judaism sits but lightly, by holding up our faith in its real garb, and showing how its teachings are in harmony with all that is good and noble and true in modern thought.

And thus, in accordance with the Scripture texts we heard just now, he will be at one and the same time a shepherd and a watchman. A shepherd who *goes out before* his flock; a leader, not one who allows himself to be swayed by every passing wind of doctrine, but a man of tender heart, who guides his sheep to green pastures and cooling streams, carrying the young, the weary, and the footsore in his arms. And a watchman, a sentinel standing on the lofty tower, patrolling the battlements, ever alert with eye and ear, a vigilant guardian of the citadel of religion and morality against the surprise of every foe; a doughty champion of the mission Israel has still to accomplish on earth—to spread the knowledge of the unity of God, the supremacy of virtue, and the brotherhood of man.

This, in the fewest possible words, is the ideal of the true Jewish pastor which I have set before me. In how far shall I be able to realize it? I answer in the prophet's words: ¹ וַיֹּאמְרוּ אֱלֹהִים אַתָּה יְדַעַתָּה, 'O

¹ Ezekiel 37 : 3.

Lord God, Thou knowest.' It is not in the power of poor humanity to realize its high ideals.

On the earth the broken arcs ;
In the heaven a perfect round.

But of this I am assured, that if I but aspire to the highest, God in His mercy will account the pure intent as though it had been fully achieved :¹

מחשבה טובה הקב"ה מצרפה למעשה.

Who would deny the fact that the task which awaits me is, in sooth, gigantic? I speak not as one who is ignorant of the work that confronts me. During the last twelve years I have learnt what the English Rabbinate means, what it entails, and what it requires. How fully applicable to it are the words of R. Gamaliel :² כמדומין אתם ששררה אני נותן לכם עבדות אני, 'Think you that I commit governance unto you? Ah, no! I give servitude unto you.' Not that I dread work. From my earliest years I have bowed my shoulder to bear. To the community I have given the vigour of my youth and the strength of my manhood. For the community I will live; for the community I will die. But do not exact too much from me. Do not entirely deprive me of a few interspaces consecrated to those studies which are the rejoicing of my heart. Do not expect me to be continually in evidence. The Chief Rabbi's office is not the stage of a theatre; the sphere of a pastor's work is not the arena of a circus.

¹ *Kiddushin*, p. 40a.

² *Horajoth*, p. 10a, b.

I can but re-echo the words spoken by him who will ever remain the highest ideal of a nation's guide :
 לֹא אוּכַל אֲנֹכִי לְבַדִּי לְשַׂאת אֶת כָּל הָעָם הַזֶּה בִּי כְבֵד מִמְּנִי , ' I am not able to bear all this people alone, because it is too heavy for me.'¹ And, therefore, I am fully confident that I shall not succeed in accomplishing aught of sterling value, unless you will all extend to me your right loyal aid. Dear ministers and fellow-workers! Second me in all these various labours, which I have imperfectly sketched, with your deliberate counsel and your willing help. Let me feel that I have in every one of you a zealous coadjutor, who will devote heart and soul to the work demanded of him! I ask every individual member of the community to extend his loyal help to me. Let me feel that every hand I grasp is that of a true friend! Give me your loyal help, members of my flock in the provinces, whose representatives I rejoice to welcome here to-day, and whom I hope soon to visit in your homes! Give me your loyal help, brethren across the seas! Though my voice cannot reach you, yet will my written word, my counsel, and my guidance, ever be freely given to you. And oh! that a dear wish of my heart may be fulfilled to me ere I pass away, to behold with my eyes the various colonial communities that are so often in my thoughts, so constantly in my prayers.

Give me your confidence, I ask of the various

¹ Numbers 11 : 14.

sections of the community, with their many divergent opinions. That such diversities exist it would be but foolish and ostrich-like to deny. But I would entreat them to deal with a forbearing spirit toward each other, devoid of suspicion, devoid of distrust. To my brethren in the West I say, Do not stigmatize the denizens of the East as bigoted fanatics, lost in the slough of mediæval superstition. Granted that some of them may be inferior in refinement and culture to their wealthier brethren, they certainly teach many a precious lesson of staunch, manly religious allegiance and of glad willingness to make heavy sacrifices for the sake of their faith. To my brethren in the East, I say (though, happily, the East cannot claim a monopoly in the possession of strictly observant Israelites), Do not look upon those who are not in entire agreement with you as though they were outside the pale of Judaism. Give them credit for being as solicitous as you are yourselves for the welfare of our common faith. And to both East and West I appeal, Let not your divergence of opinion lead to schisms and divisions, to discord and disruption. May the union of hearts continue and strengthen! At no crisis in the annals of our race was it more necessary than it is now to present a united front to the world. And confide in me that my most earnest strivings will be directed to secure this end. **הַאֱמֶת וְהַשְׁלוֹם**, 'Truth and peace,' are the aims for which I will toil. For gratitude I ask not. From the noble

it comes spontaneously; from the ignoble it never comes at all. But for this I do ask and entreat you all, Give me your loyal trust! Give me your prayers! Let me feel that your supplications are joined to mine in this most solemn hour!

Almighty Father! The first prayer that ascends unto Thee from this pulpit, which we consecrate this day to Thy holy service, is for our beloved Queen, her royal house, and our dear land. Even as Thou hast been with our Sovereign throughout her life, so do Thou still protect and shield her. As her years advance may health and strength not fail her. Grant prosperity to her Empire. Vouchsafe insight and faithfulness to her legislators and counsellors.

We pray unto Thee on behalf of Israel. Spare, we beseech Thee, the remnant of Thy people that dwell in the land of the North, that is so sadly spoiled and trodden down. Incline Thou the heart of its ruler to deal with our brethren in mercy and justice.

And I raise my eyes to Thee and supplicate Thee for my poor self. Thou hast promised,¹ וְנִתְּתִי לָכֶם רְעִים כְּלִבִּי וְרָעוּ אֶתְכֶם דָּעָה וְהִשְׁבִּיל Thy people pastors according to Thine heart. Help Thou me to become such a pastor according to Thy heart, who will feed his flock with knowledge and with understanding. Thou knowest my innermost

¹ Jeremiah 3 : 15.

thoughts. Thou knowest how ardently there burns within me the desire to sanctify Thy name and to glorify the faith Thou didst reveal unto us. Send me Thy light and Thy truth, that I may worthily accomplish this mission. Fortify me, I beseech Thee, so that I may be able to bear the heavy burden committed to my charge. Strengthen the tottering knees ; uphold the weak hands.

Pour out the riches of Thy heavenly grace upon our ministers and teachers, and upon all who maintain our synagogues, our schools, and our charities. Do Thou fulfil the blessing which I invoke this day not only on Thy children who stand here before Thee, but upon all, near and far, for whose spiritual welfare I am from this day forth responsible.

THE LORD BLESS YOU AND KEEP YOU. THE LORD MAKE HIS FACE TO SHINE UPON YOU AND BE GRACIOUS UNTO YOU. THE LORD TURN HIS FACE UNTO YOU, AND GIVE YOU PEACE. AMEN. AMEN.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE

GREAT SYNAGOGUE, *Hospital Sunday, June 20, 1897*

רבות בנות עשו חיל ואת עליה על-בִּלְגָּה :

'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.'
—PROVERBS 31 : 29.

ON Tuesday next a unique and memorable pageant will be seen in the streets of London—unique and memorable, not on account of its splendour, but by reason of the remarkable character of its composition. There will be marshalled representatives of the armed forces by land and by sea, which have helped to build up and to preserve inviolate the great British Empire. For the first time there will be gathered together the foremost men of every colony and possession that own allegiance to the Crown. Envoys will attend from every recognised state on the globe. And amid all this pomp and circumstance, amid the blare of trumpets, the prancing of steeds, and the flashing of steel, all eyes will be turned to *one* venerable figure; all hearts will be beating for *one* gracious personage; all minds will be thinking of her who, having borne the splendid burthen of sovereignty for threescore years, goes

forth to receive a unanimity of homage, an enthusiastic tribute of reverential affection, such as has never before been offered to a ruler of this land. And the dominant thought that will occupy the minds not merely of the myriads that greet the royal progress, but of the millions beneath her sway in these isles and in the realms beyond the seas, is voiced in the words of our text: 'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.'

According to their context these words are spoken by the husband to his ideal wife. They may be fitly put in the mouth of a grateful people as addressed to their ideal Queen. There have been reigns closely approximating the present one in their length—the reigns of the third Henry and of the third George. But these were full of wars and kindred troubles. Sovereigns of other countries have ruled even for a longer period of years. But we solemnize this Day of Thanksgiving not so much because the reign of our Empress-Queen has been prolonged, but because, being long, it has been so prosperous, so beneficent, and therefore so glorious throughout its duration. When Victoria ascended the throne of England—a gentle maiden of eighteen—many a grave danger threatened the Empire. Serious misgivings were expressed because of the fact that the sceptre of these isles was entrusted to a weak, inexperienced female hand. How strikingly have all those apprehensions been falsified! Nothing in the history of

the world has been more remarkable than the growth and expansion, by leaps and by bounds, of the prosperity of this Empire, of its population and of its wealth, its commerce and its industry. And simultaneously there has been as wonderful a progress in the intellectual and moral welfare of the people. There has been a constant growth in civic freedom. There has been a marvellous development of scientific knowledge and general culture, a marked purification and refinement of manners. But as the most signal distinction of this reign we may regard the fact that there has been so notable an improvement in the life, the education, the comforts, and the enjoyments of the great mass of the people; that there has been roused a heightened sense of the duties of the wealthy and leisured to the less favoured classes of the body politic, a more vivid sense of brotherhood among all the indwellers of this Empire.

Now it is beyond dispute that much of this solid progress is due to the character of the British nation and to the genius and devotion of the statesmen who have acted as the trusted advisers of the Queen. But her Majesty's ministers have at all times frankly acknowledged how deeply they and the entire nation have been indebted to the tact and discretion, the prudence and circumspection of their sovereign, and in a higher degree to her moral qualities, her warm sympathies, the absorbing love she bears her people. Can we form an adequate conception of the multi-

plicity of anxieties entailed by the responsibilities of rule? Since that memorable early morn—this day sixty years ago—when the young Princess was roused from her sleep by the announcement of her accession to the throne, how often must her repose have been broken by the weighty cares of State? During the Crimean War Lord Raglan came over to England for a short stay. As he was about to depart one of the youthful Princesses cried out to him, ‘Dear Lord Raglan, go and take Sebastopol as quickly as ever you can, or Mamma will die of anxiety.’ In a seagirt industrial centre like this kingdom it is inevitable that some disaster should now and again happen—a terrible explosion in a mine, a railway collision, a wreck. What can be more touching than the tender and graceful words of pity and sympathy which she, the veritable Mother of her people, on those sad occasions has addressed to the sufferers? Aye, she knows what it means to endure heart-searing grief, and therefore she has learnt how to comfort. And thus, in the process of years, she has won not merely the respect of her people, but their affection, their trust, their whole-hearted devotion. The purity of her Court cleansed and hallowed the domestic life of her subjects; and, stimulated by her example, they learnt and put into practice the golden lesson that ‘a home of love doth ever make a love of home.’

And who can adequately gauge the greatness of

the debt we Jews owe to our Queen? One of the earliest acts of the youthful sovereign was to bestow the honour of knighthood upon Sir Moses Montefiore. The House of Commons, the ancient seats of learning, the Judicial Bench, the House of Peers, the Government—all alike were jealously closed against the Jew when the Queen ascended the throne. They have in turn eagerly welcomed him. Nothing could therefore be more apposite than that an honoured brother-in-faith¹ should be the first to welcome her Majesty as she enters her most loyal city on Tuesday next. No section of her subjects will greet her royal progress with greater enthusiasm, with deeper thankfulness, than we, pronouncing the significant benediction, ברוך שנתן מכבודו לבשר ודם, 'Blessed be He who hath imparted of His glory to flesh and blood,' saying and feeling, 'Many daughters have done worthily, but thou excellest them all.'

How may we best and most appropriately show forth this profound gratitude? Our hearts must be lifted up to God. We must beseech Him that, even as He has guided and shielded our ruler from her youth, so He may guide, shield, protect, and defend her in old age. We must deem it our highest joy and choicest privilege to cultivate those virtues which have helped to build up this Empire—the fear of God, reverence for the Bible, an earnest sense of righteousness and justice, love of truth, indomitable

¹ Lord Mayor Sir George Faudel Phillips.

energy, sturdy independence, hatred of tyrant wrong, and sympathy with the oppressed—so that generation after generation may repeat the impassioned eulogy :

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This other Eden, demi-paradise ;
This happy breed of men, this little world ;
This precious stone set in the silver sea ;
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land.

But there is one especial duty which you are called upon to fulfil this day. In some quarters it was deemed inexpedient to fix the Hospital Collection for to-day, on the ground that the sentiments evoked by the Diamond Jubilee and Hospital Sunday respectively were of an irrelevant and incongruous character. From this view I entirely dissent. It seems to me that nothing could be more appropriate than to celebrate the Silver Jubilee of the Fund (for twenty-five years have elapsed since its establishment) on the Diamond Jubilee of our Queen. Of the manifold marvels which signalize her Majesty's prolonged reign, none is more striking and more benignant than the progress wrought in remedial surgery and medicine—a fascinating theme, on which I would fain dilate, were it not for the exigencies of time. Who can gauge the benefits conferred upon mankind by the discovery of anæsthetics? Time was when even the most experienced physician passed sleepless nights before performing a critical operation ; now it may be said that pain, great pain, has been well-

nigh abolished, for the surgeon, following the example of his Divine Master, before severing a limb, causes a deep sleep to fall upon his patient. Then, again, the whole system of surgery has been revolutionized by Lord Lister's antiseptic treatment of wounds. What wonderful advances have been made in the knowledge of the nature and causes of the various maladies which afflict mankind! The so-called germ theory of disease is no longer a theory, but a complex of well-established truths. What triumphs have been achieved during the Victorian Age in the prevention of disease, the maintenance of a higher standard of public health, and the nursing of the sick! At the beginning of the reign, waiting on an invalid was considered an occupation for which the most uncultured person was fitted. Any one could sit beside a bed, and sleep in a chair, and administer a dose of medicine. It is only since the Crimean War, owing to the inspiring example of Florence Nightingale, that the discovery was made that nursing, like every other profession, requires apprenticeship, methodical training, both theoretical and practical—that it needs the devotion of heart, soul, and mind.

There is still another reason why we should bring our offerings this day with open heart and hand. We know it on the high authority of the Prince of Wales, that of the various objects by which it is proposed to commemorate this Jubilee, none are nearer and dearer to the Queen than plans calculated to mitigate the

sufferings of her sick poor. How, then, could we more fitly honour this Anniversary than by collecting an amount which shall reach as closely as possible the sum of £100,000 annually needed to meet the deficits of the hospitals of London? I will not weary you with statistics as to the work accomplished by our medical charities. But to you who know what sickness is, I appeal by the sad fellowship of pain. To you who happily know it not, I appeal by your gratitude to God for the priceless boon of health. This is the first time in the history of the Fund that an actual collection will follow close upon the appeal made in our Synagogues. I therefore hope that none who are here assembled will withhold the gift of their hands. I would especially remind my young friends of a touching incident in the life of our Queen. When the little Princess Victoria was seven years old she had set her heart on buying a doll which she had seen in a shop window. She was about to enter the shop when she noticed a poor miserable starveling. She could not resist the appeal of his sunken cheeks and emaciated frame, and placed the six bright shillings, that were to have purchased the coveted doll, in the hands of the hungry beggar, who exclaimed, 'If the Almighty made you a queen, it would not be more than your goodness deserves!' Your gifts to-day, dear brothers and sisters, will not make you kings or queens, but they will give you the consciousness of having obeyed one of the noblest instincts of

humanity, of having worthily commemorated this Day of Thanksgiving. On Tuesday next, during the royal progress, the word of command will ring out again and again, 'Present Arms!' To-day I entreat and beseech you, 'Present Alms! Present Alms!' with no grudging hand, to the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund, in honour of our Sovereign Lady, the Queen. And now, my brethren, let our prayers and praise devoutly ascend to Heaven for the mercies vouchsafed to the Throne and the Realm during the past threescore years!

Almighty God and everlasting King! By Thee sovereigns rule, and by Thy hand the sceptre of sway is given unto them. Thou establishest their throne, so that they are exalted. Unto Thee, O God, we give thanks for the wondrous kindness which Thou hast shown to Victoria, our beloved Queen.

For sixty years Thine arm hath strengthened her to bear the burthen of sovereignty. Many peoples from sea to sea, even unto the uttermost corners of the earth, hast Thou set beneath her sceptre, the sceptre of righteousness, of might, and majesty. Unto them all she is even as a mother that loveth her children. The law of kindness is on her tongue, her eyes are upon those who are bruised in spirit and broken in heart, and in all the afflictions of her people she is afflicted.

We think this day, O Lord, in the midst of Thy temple, of the loving kindness which Thou hast continued to her and unto us from the time that the royal crown was set upon her head. Thou hast increased the nation. Thou hast shielded the realm by Thy peace, and it became fair in its greatness. Goodly and righteous statutes hath the Queen decreed, by the advice of her counsellors and the chosen of the land, whereby the foundations have been strengthened on which the welfare of its indwellers is set.

And now we pour out our hearts before Thee, and spread out our hands towards heaven. We beseech Thee, bless our Queen. Even as Thou hast been with her heretofore from the days of her youth, so be Thou still her Guide and Stay. Keep her in health and strength. In the time of old age forsake her not. Send Thy light and Thy truth to lead her. Satisfy her with happiness, honour, and length of days.

Source of all blessings! Bless the Heir Apparent and his beloved Consort, who seek the welfare of their people with a perfect heart and a willing mind. Pour out the riches of Thy goodness upon their offspring, and upon all the members of the Royal House.

Withdraw not, we beseech Thee, Thy grace from our country. Shield the inhabitants thereof. Remove from them sickness, the sword, famine, and

sorrow. May they ever abide together in quietness and confidence. Speed the days when the abundance of peace will flourish upon the face of the earth, when the world will be filled with the spirit of brotherly love. Be merciful unto us, O God, and bless us. Cause Thy face to shine upon us, so that Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations. Amen. Amen.

JUDAISM AND WAR

NORTH LONDON SYNAGOGUE, ש"ק פ' תולדות תר"ם,

November 4, 1899

A Prayer for Her Majesty's Forces in South Africa

LORD God of Hosts! Thou art our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. We draw nigh unto Thee this day to supplicate Thee on behalf of the brave men, who pass through seas, armed for war in a far-off land, in obedience to the command of our beloved and venerated Queen and the bidding of her counsellors. Unto Thee, O Lord, we give thanks, for already hath Thy right hand helped our troops. Even as Thou hast been with them hitherto so be with them still: do not leave them nor forsake them. Shield them in the day of battle. May their lives be precious in Thy sight. Gird them with victory, so that the war be speedily ended. And may the effect of peace be quietness and confidence for ever.

Merciful Father! Bless those that are good and upright in their hearts, who deal kindly and tenderly with the wounded, the faint, and the perishing on the battlefield. Cheer with gladsome tidings the hearts of those who tremble for the welfare of their absent kinsfolk. May Thy comforts soothe the souls of those who weep for the loss of a life dear unto them. Pour forth a spirit of warm compassion upon all the indwellers of this Empire, so that they may hasten to the help of the homeless and of all who suffer from the miseries of war.

Speed the days, we beseech Thee, when nation will no more lift up a sword against nation, when they will not hurt nor destroy, when they will all work together for righteousness and justice, for mercy and peace upon earth. AMEN.

Your minister has no doubt already discoursed to you upon the war in which our country is at present

engaged. And when I recur to this theme to-day it is because our hearts have been deeply stirred by the reverse which our troops have unhappily sustained during this week. Our minds are absorbed, even as it becomes loyal Englishmen and Englishwomen, by the critical position of a portion of her Majesty's forces, on whose behalf our prayers have just ascended to our Heavenly Father. We are eagerly awaiting tidings of reassuring significance, to be flashed along the electric wire. For even now the far-off veldt may be enveloped in smoke, and there may be thundering the roar of artillery and the shock of battle. At such a time it behoves us to turn to the Divine fount of wisdom, so as to draw from thence spiritual comfort and sustenance. With this view, I will read to you the 46th Psalm.

'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea: though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah. There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early. The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted. The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Selah. Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth. He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth ; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder ; he burneth the chariot in the fire. Be still, and know that I am God : I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth. The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.'

It is generally accepted, that this Psalm was sung by the sons of Korah at a season of great national peril, when the proud hosts of the Assyrian king had swept through the land. City after city had fallen into the power of the conqueror, and the victorious army stood under the very walls of Jerusalem. The strife and commotion of the political world are described by images borrowed from nature—the earthquake which makes the mountains to tremble, and the billows which threaten to overwhelm the frail bark. But while all is uproar and confusion without, peace and tranquillity prevail in the holy city. 'God is in the midst of her ; she shall not be moved. He is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. The Lord of hosts is with us ; the God of Jacob is our refuge.' You will recognize the force of the lesson which this Psalm teaches us, though for the arrow we should substitute the magazine rifle, the machine gun for the bow, the bayonet for the spear, and the armoured train for the chariot. For the kernel of this hymn applies to all times and to all

ages. God is the sure defence of those who uphold the cause of justice and righteousness. If we place our trust in Him and walk in His ways, we shall not be moved, whatever be the perils that threaten us.

What should be our attitude as Jews in respect to the war? With the exception of the belief in the Unity of God, there is probably no sentiment which entered more thoroughly and persistently into the Jewish national life of old than the aspiration for peace. 'And I will give peace unto the land,'¹ was declared by Divine beneficence to be the climax of earthly prosperity, whilst war was held to be the greatest national chastisement. The most significant sign of the advent of the golden age of the Messiah will be the fact, that 'nations will beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks,' that 'nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'² King David proposed to crown the achievements of his career by building a temple 'to the glory of the Most High. For this pious design he had reserved the rich spoils acquired in his various campaigns. But the word of the Lord came to him, saying, 'Thou hast shed blood abundantly and hast made great wars. Thou shalt not build a house unto my name: Solomon shall build it, for I will give peace and quietness unto Israel in his days.'³

¹ Leviticus 26 : 6.

² Isaiah 2 : 4 ; Micah 4 : 3.

³ 1 Chronicles 22 : 8, 9.

Yet at the same time it was fully recognized that certain wars were absolutely inevitable—wars to extirpate idol worship and to destroy moral corruption, wars undertaken in self-defence, and to repel invasion. Hence it is that the clang of the sword and shield resound in some books of the Bible, and that there are entire chapters in which is depicted the battle of the warrior, with its confused noise and garments rolled in blood.¹ But before entering on any campaign the ancient Hebrews sought for the Divine sanction by consulting a recognized prophet. They took the Ark of the Covenant with them into the field, and either the commander-in-chief or a priest appointed for that purpose delivered an inspiring address bidding the people be of good cheer, ‘for the Lord your God is He that goeth with you to fight for you against your enemies to save you.’²

Sentiments such as these, reliance upon Divine help, and the conviction that we have ‘our quarrel just,’ animate the great bulk of the British nation at the present time. It is universally acknowledged that the highest of British interests is peace. The policy of England is a policy of conciliation and forbearance. We acknowledge with gratitude that a potent spirit of peace holds sway upon the throne of England. I may aver, without fear of contradiction, that there is no word in the vocabulary more distasteful to our august sovereign than the word—

¹ Isaiah 9: 5.

² Deuteronomy 20: 4.

enemy. Penetrated by this knowledge, our statesmen have anxiously striven for the maintenance of peace. But they also recognized the fact, that of all policies none is more dangerous, none more calculated to sap a nation's greatness, than the advocacy of peace at any price. There are dangers even worse than war with all its horrors. If we would permit the Continental powers to entertain the idea, that England only cares for the counter and the till; that, absorbed in her race for wealth and lapped in smooth prosperity, she is indifferent to the interests of her sons in distant lands, and that she could accept insults with equanimity, then the end of her greatness would be in sight. Hence it was that the Government of our Queen had no alternative but to resort to the fierce arbitrament of war, with the view of restoring just and righteous government to the Transvaal, and to vindicate the honour of England. And the entire nation has been stirred to a grand passion, not of hatred, not of lust of conquest, but of warm, whole-hearted patriotism and loyalty—a patriotism as firm and unshaken as are the rocks and cliffs which gird this narrow island in the northern sea, and a loyalty which has knitted together all parties and sections in the fixed determination to uphold our country's fame and honour. And the temporary check which our arms have unhappily sustained has only served to stir still more deeply the hearts of the population of the United Kingdom, and the hearts of our fellow-

subjects across the seas, to enkindle their devotion, and to strengthen their resolve. As we note this wondrous outburst of enthusiasm, the great words of Milton are recalled to us: 'Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unsealing her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about amazed at what she means.'¹

Now what is our duty at the present crisis? It behoves us to demonstrate our belief in the righteousness of our cause and our reliance on Divine help by offering up our prayers for the brave men who are in peril, for the sick and wounded in the hospitals, both friend and foe, and for all who suffer from the miseries of war. And our fervent supplication must go up to the throne of mercy, that wisdom and insight be vouchsafed to the leaders of the hosts of our Queen, that our arms may be crowned with success, that a speedy and decisive victory be granted, and an honourable peace be established. I am well aware that there are individuals who are inclined to view such prayers as superfluous, and who would criticize such utterances with the cynical sneer, 'Pro-

¹ *Areopagitica.*

vidence is ever on the side of the biggest battalions.' I do not hesitate to stigmatize such an assertion as false, for it has been proved to be false on a hundred battlefields. Was God on the side of the biggest battalions on the day that Judas the Maccabee defeated the drilled legionaries of Antiochus, when, in the words of our liturgy, 'He delivered the strong into the hands of the weak, and the many into the hands of the few'? God on the side of the biggest battalions! When the Spartans repulsed the Persian hosts at Thermopylæ, or, coming down to English history, on the days when Scarlett's Dragoons rode through the Russians at Balaklava, and a handful of Havelock's heroes saved our Indian Empire? Our troops and their commanders have already shown by their splendid courage that they worthily uphold the traditions of British valour and British chivalry. And our hearts must be filled with mingled sadness and satisfaction, knowing, as we do, that, among the brave men who have fought gallantly, and among those who have fallen in the battle, dying a soldier's honourable death, there have been a goodly number of our brethren in faith who have cheerfully sacrificed their lives in the service of their Queen and of their flag, feeling that it is sweet and glorious to die for one's country.

A further duty of supreme moment is imposed upon us by this war. Alas! a campaign cannot be entered upon without inflicting grievous physical and

mental pain. But this suffering should be assuaged as far as lies in the power of poor mortal hands. An instructive lesson on this head is taught in the second Book of Chronicles, where it is narrated that, when the children of Israel had taken captive those whom we should call non-combatants, the prophet of the Lord indignantly rebuked them. And in deference to his injunctions delegates were appointed to succour the captives. 'And the men who were expressed by name rose up, and took the captives, and with the spoil clothed all those that were naked among them, and arrayed them, and shod them, and gave them to eat and drink, and anointed them and carried all the feeble of them upon asses, and brought them to their brethren.'¹ Unwearied efforts have been made, and are being made by those in authority, to mitigate the horrors of war. Words fail us adequately to voice our admiration for the tender women who go forth to South Africa as nursing mothers and nursing sisters. This loving provision for the sick and wounded, I may say in passing, is not of such recent origin as is generally believed. We read in the *Mishnah*, that at periods of grave national emergency in Israel, when war had been declared—'All had to go forth, even the bridegroom and his bride, from beneath the nuptial canopy,'² and the latter surely for no other purpose than to tend and to soothe.

¹ 2 Chronicles 28 : 15.

² *Sotah*, ch. viii. 7.

We have all to go forth on such mission of compassion and succour. The war has already been the harbinger of much woe. There are tens of thousands who have been forced to flee from the Transvaal and who have been left homeless and destitute. There are the sick and the wounded—both British and Boer. There are the soldiers who may be permanently disabled. There are the widows and orphans of those who are shedding their blood for their country. There are the wives and children who have been severed by the call of duty from their husbands and fathers. It behoves us to care for all these with loving pity and unwearying generosity. I know full well that a great number of our brethren have already contributed to these various objects with characteristic benevolence. But not merely the rich are called upon to send their gifts to the various funds that have been organized at the Mansion House. All of you are summoned to testify your sympathy practically and without delay in this hour of need.

But the present struggle is also of serious spiritual import to us all. The battles that have to be fought in life are not merely between armed men, nor is it only in warfare that true heroism can be manifested. A great struggle is continually proceeding in the heart of man—aye, and in the world outside—the battle of truth against falsehood, of right against wrong, of vice against virtue, of pro-

fanity against reverence; and this conflict is and must be perpetual.

‘Man must for ever cause his good inclination to wrestle with the evil passion within.’¹ And how much valour and strength of purpose are needed in this conflict! To you, my younger friends, I would repeat the exhortation, *התחזקו והיו לאנשים*, ‘Be strong and quit yourselves like men.’² The story is told of Nelson that, when he was quite a child, he had strayed from home, and was at length discovered a long way off quite alone. And when he had returned, his parents said to him, ‘I wonder that fear did not drive you home.’ ‘Fear,’ he replied, ‘I never saw fear. What is it?’ Yes, be fearless in the fight against sin and wickedness. The only fear you should know is the fear of God, the fear to offend and dishonour Him, and you will know no other fear. May our Heavenly Father strengthen you in such resolve, so that you may grow up honourable and pure, truthful and diligent, worthy citizens of England and true sons of Israel. ‘And God Almighty bless you and give you the blessing of Abraham. The Lord bless you and keep you. May the Lord cause His face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. May the Lord turn His face unto you and give you peace.’ Amen.

¹ *Berachoth*, p. 5.

² 1 Samuel 4 : 9.

THE LATE QUEEN

GREAT SYNAGOGUE, מוצאי ש"ק פ' בשלח תרס"א, *February 2, 1901*

קמו בניה ויאשריה

'Her children arise up and call her blessed.'—PROVERBS 31:
part of verse 28.

TO-DAY a ceremony has been enacted—a ceremony ineffably sad and solemn—upon which have been focussed the eyes of a mourning Empire, which has evoked a thrill of sympathy throughout the world. The mortal remains of our Queen, who had ruled over her realm for threescore years and three, were borne through the streets of the great metropolis on their way to their last resting-place, with signs of such genuine grief as have been but rarely manifested. And now that the Sabbath is ended, we assemble in our places of worship, to pour out our hearts before the Lord, to offer up our supplications for the dead and the living, and to voice the meditations prompted by this turning-point in English history.

Authoritative voices that have been lifted up in temples of prayer, in the senate house of the nation, and in halls of justice have borne eloquent witness to the loss which the Empire, and indeed mankind

at large, have sustained. The newspaper press throughout the world with rare unanimity has echoed, and not in rare instances surpassed, the force of these utterances. I would now essay to rehearse a few of the lessons taught by the life and work of Queen Victoria. For rarely, indeed, has there been a career richer in golden lessons that should and can be treasured by us all.

When we welcome the Sabbath in our homes we recite the praise of the good woman recorded in the concluding words of the Book of Proverbs—the praise of the good woman, who is the joy and pride of her household. This evening, as the Sabbath closes, our thoughts lovingly and reverently dwell upon her, who was the glory and majesty of this realm. And our grief and our gratitude alike find vent in the inspired words, ‘Her children arise up and call her blessed.’

In the leaves from the journal written by her late Majesty, which permit us to have a glimpse of her innermost feelings, there is one specially touching passage. She relates how deeply she was moved when she heard a minister in her beloved Highlands praying, not for the royal family, nor the princes and princesses, but for *her children*. For beyond and above all outward grandeur and splendour was to her the sacred relationship of Mother and Child. And indeed rarely, if ever, has mother evinced deeper affection and truer sympathy

for her children—an affection which was deepened, and a sympathy that grew the keener, when the hearts of her offspring were gloomed by sorrow and bereavement. And right nobly did her kindred repay this affection and this sympathy. Germany's ruler has cast aside for many precious days the most urgent affairs of state, and hastened to the deathbed of his revered kinswoman. And round her bier there is assembled a bodyguard of sovereigns, and of exalted representatives of every State.

But the words of our text are fraught with a still more comprehensive and inspiring significance. 'Her children arise up and call her blessed.' May we not all regard ourselves as children of our departed sovereign? Was she not to us all a mother, benefactress, friend? On Sabbath last I dwelt upon the debt which we Jews owed to Queen Victoria, and to her reign. This evening I am addressing you as Englishmen and Englishwomen. We are proud, and justly proud, of accounting ourselves citizens of this great Empire. Future historians will describe in glowing and stately periods all that she accomplished in furthering the welfare of her realm. During the reign of her immediate predecessors on the throne there had prevailed much discontent. Affection and reverence for the throne had alike grown faint and flaccid. It was a time not dissimilar from that portrayed in to-day's lesson from the prophets. 'The princes ceased, they ceased

in Israel.’¹ The moral power of the monarchy had become enfeebled. ‘Until that thou, Deborah, didst arise, that thou didst arise a mother in Israel.’

By a rare combination of sweetness and strength, by a harmonious blending of the best qualities of head and heart, by gentle sagacity and unassailable rectitude, by her choice of wise statesmen and by her firm reliance on their wisdom and loyalty, she succeeded in removing causes of discontent, in mitigating the bitterness of party conflicts, and averting political crises of menacing gravity; she succeeded, with Heaven’s blessing, in effecting that happy state of her kingdom so graphically pictured in our Sabbath-night psalm — ‘that our garners are full, affording all manner of store, that there is no breaking in, nor going out, nor complaining in our streets.’² Through her personal influence with the sovereigns of Europe, by her prudent cementing of friendships, she was again and again able to avert the horrors of war. And all this was accomplished not by super-subtle diplomacy and Machiavellian *finesse*, but simply by the irresistible power of straightforwardness. It was thus that she strove and thus that she triumphed, so that the record of her reign appears as a realization of the Psalmist’s ideal, ‘And in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth and meekness and righteousness.’³

¹ Judges 5 : 7.

² Psalm 144 : 13.

³ Psalm 45 : 4.

'Her children arise up, and call her blessed.' For there is no home in England on which she did not exert a direct influence for good, making for purity, simplicity, and virtue. The Victorian Era marks a decided moral improvement, an unmistakable abatement in coarseness of manners and speech, of riotous living and immoderate drinking. It will especially be noted for a gradual drawing nearer of 'the two nations'—the rich and the poor. Again and again we read of the royal lady visiting the cottages of her poorest neighbours, gladdening the dim eyes of the aged by reading the Bible to them, and praying with and for them. Even when suffering from infirmities, she was wheeled to the bedside of her sick soldiers, causing them to forget awhile their wounds and pain by the bright smile of her queenly gratitude. Who would hesitate to follow where the sovereign points the way?

Vigorous efforts are being made at present by women to take a more active share than heretofore in public life, in administrative work, in coping with vice and destitution, and in remedying some of the evils that infest great cities. There are those who view this movement with distrust, as being unwise if not directly mischievous. They apprehend that the participation of women in public work may unfit them for their special vocation and privilege—the fair ordering of their homes. Can such an argument be justly advanced by a denizen of this Empire, who

must count the well-nigh sixty-four years during which a woman has sat upon the throne as the longest and fullest reign in English history?

Must we not admit that Queen Victoria, while bearing the crushing burden of government, built up a home that has elicited the admiration and the reverence of civilized mankind; and, whilst ruling over three hundred million subjects, never failed in a single duty of wifely tenderness and of motherly forethought?

How was she enabled to accomplish this twofold task? Simply by unflinching and unflinching devotion to duty. Rarely has woman endured so many strokes of sorrow, such sad bereavements. Through what seasons of anguish and dark despair must she have passed! But trusting in the help of God, and in the love of her people, she never abated a jot of hope, and steered right onward. And we may, without irreverence, apply to her the praise accorded to our great teacher, 'Her hands were steady until the setting of the sun.'¹ Until at last, her eyes became dim, and the pen fell from her trembling hands, and like a tired child she turned to the wall and fell asleep.

And when we speak and write of her late Majesty Queen Victoria of blessed memory, it is not a mere repetition of a courtly phrase, but because she was, in sooth, blessed in her life, blessed in the time of

¹ Exodus 17 : 12.

her death, spared as she was the pang of decaying powers, blessed in the example she bequeaths to her successor, her family, and her people, אַיִן מְנַשִּׁים בְּאֹהֶל תְּבָרָךְ, 'Blessed above women in the tent.'¹

Just before the close of the play of 'Hamlet,' when the Prince of Denmark has met his tragic death, a triumphant march is heard, and Fortinbras enters, hailed as the future ruler of the land. Certain shallow critics regard this scene as an anti-climax, and as superfluous. It is not so. The dramatist would dispel the depressing thought, that the future of the country was veiled in darkness. Our sorrow, my dear brethren, is soothed, and our grief is mitigated, by the gladsome conviction that under Divine Providence the future of the British Empire is assured. For the throne of a thousand years stands firmer now than in the far back days of any of the kings or queens, Norman or Plantagenet, Tudor or Stuart. The splendid heritage of England has fallen into the hands of a worthy heir. King Edward the Seventh, aided by the gracious Consort that standeth upon his right hand, will work as devotedly for the glory and welfare of his people as did his mother of blessed and glorious memory. Even I, in my humble sphere of duty, have had opportunities vouchsafed to me of learning to know his kindness of heart, and to admire his unflinching tact. We all recognize the sweet sympathy with suffering, the

¹ Judges 5 : 24.

loving thought for the needy, evinced by Queen Alexandra in the past. Let us lift up our full hearts to God, the God of the living and of the dead!

Lord God of the spirits of all flesh! Our soul fainteth within us, and every eye is dimmed with tears, for the crown of our heads and the delight of our eyes has been taken from us, VICTORIA, our QUEEN, under whose sway we have lived for three-score years and three. Verily, she has been even as a mother unto us all. We are distressed for her loss, for she was exceeding precious unto us. Grace was poured upon her lips. She opened her mouth with wisdom, and the law of kindness was on her tongue. All her desire and the yearning of her heart was to seek the welfare of her realm in the cause of truth, meekness, righteousness, and purity of heart. This was her glory and this was her majesty.

We beseech Thee, O Lord! recompense her work, and may a full reward be given her of Thee, under whose wings she has come to trust. May her soul be bound in the bond of life everlasting with the soul of the husband of her youth, and with the souls of her beloved kinsfolk, who have gone to their eternal rest.

Source of all comfort! May Thy consolations soothe the heart of our august Sovereign Lord, KING EDWARD VII., and of his gracious Consort, QUEEN ALEXANDRA. Even as Thou hast been with the

mother, so be Thou with the son who sitteth upon her throne. May Thine arm strengthen him to bear the heavy burden of governance. Prepare loving kindness and truth which may preserve him. Send Thy heavenly solace to all the members of the Royal House, and make them rejoice according to the days wherein they have been afflicted.

Shield our country. Vouchsafe, we beseech Thee, the blessing of peace, so that there be heard no more the voice of complaining and lamentation. Deliver our souls from death, our eyes from tears, our feet from falling. Turn us again, O God, and cause Thy face to shine, and we shall be saved. Amen.

THE NATION'S PRAYER

ש"ק פ' שלח לך תרם"ב
ST. JOHN'S WOOD SYNAGOGUE,

Sabbath, June 28, 1902

*Prayer for the Recovery of HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD, and also
on behalf of the QUEEN and of all the ROYAL FAMILY*

O LORD, Healer of all flesh! We beseech Thee, have mercy upon Thy servant, King Edward, and in Thy grace support him upon the bed of sickness. Assuage his pain. Vouchsafe wisdom unto his physicians, that they may cure his wound, and that his health spring forth speedily. Renew his strength as the eagle's. Prolong his days, that he may rule this realm in righteousness and with majesty.

Thou, O Lord, art our refuge in times of trouble. Sustain our gracious Queen Alexandra and all the members of the Royal House in this season of sore distress. Turn their sorrow into rejoicing. Gird them with gladness, so that though weeping may endure for a night, joy may come in the morning.

Withdraw not, we beseech Thee, Thy loving kindness from our country. Shield the indwellers thereof. Deliver our souls from death, our eyes from tears, and our feet from falling. Be merciful unto us, O God, and bless us: and cause Thy face to shine upon us. AMEN.

יְהִי הַמֶּלֶךְ

'God save the king!'—2 KINGS 11:12.

I had fixed upon these words as the text of the Coronation sermon I had hoped to preach this morning. They form the keynote of the discourse I now propose delivering. And it is in full accord with the teachings of our faith, that they are the first words

pronounced on this pulpit, which I herewith dedicate to the sacred purpose that it will henceforth serve.

But these words, which were intended to be the jubilant expression of our homage and rejoicing become to-day the passionate cry of the nation's o'erfraught heart. *God save the King! May the King live! May the King live, and not die! Heal him, O Lord, and he will be healed. Save him and he will be saved, for Thou art our praise.*

We have always loved our King. Some of you here present remember those dark winter days, a score and ten years ago, when the then Prince of Wales had been stricken down by an insidious malady, when it seemed as though the whole nation gathered by the sick-bed in Sandringham. You remember how a sigh of profound relief went forth from the people when his flickering life had been plucked 'from half way down the shadow of the grave.' There are those among you who remember vividly the enthusiastic acclaim of welcome which greeted him on the Day of Thanksgiving, when it is related that the Queen placed her hand lovingly on that of the Prince and exclaimed, 'All this is for you.' It may be averred that, since then, day by day he rooted himself more and more deeply in the affections of the Empire. It was recognized that he sincerely desired the welfare of his people, and laboured unceasingly on their behalf. His gracious courtesy and unvarying tact won him golden opinions, while his

tender sympathy for sickness and suffering, his sleepless solicitude for the cause of our hospitals, grappled the nation's heart to his with hooks of steel. To us Jews he became the representative of the Cyrus of old, because of his noble hate of hate, his scorn of scorn, and his absolute freedom from racial and sectarian prejudices, for we believe that at critical moments he has pleaded for justice to the persecuted and mercy to the oppressed.

In common with our fellow-subjects we looked forward with gladsome hearts to join in celebrating the stateliest and most solemn of our national ceremonies. Every circumstance was making for joy and happiness. The dark cloud of war had lifted; the radiant light of peace was shining upon us. Never before had the Empire stood so great and proud in the eyes of the world. The days of solemn festivity and of majestic pageants worthy of a great nation were drawing nigh. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the cup which was well-nigh at our lips was dashed to the ground. In lieu of the delight that was anticipated, there was profoundest fear; for overflowing joy there was heart-wringing anxiety. 'We had hoped for light but behold clouds, for brightness but we walked in darkness.' Almost in the very hour in which the crown of the greatest of modern Empires was to have been placed upon the head of the King, he was stricken down by a grave malady. Those days which were to have been the most joyous in our

national annals became some of the saddest. Rarely in history was there a more sudden and more pathetic change from joy to sorrow, from sunshine to shadow. Our hearts were deeply affected, as we thought of our King bowed down by pain and grieved by his nation's disappointment, as we thought of our Queen and the members of our Royal House bruised by sorrow and anxiety—

Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent ;
Hearts are not stone, and stone is rent.

Fitly we may ask, Why should the nation be visited by so tragic a change? Why are we not permitted to tread our path in life smoothly and peacefully? Why are we called upon to endure such a strain, fret, and disappointment? Why should our entrance into the Land of Promise be so oftentimes barred by foemen, that are like unto giants that cannot be overcome, before whom we are as grasshoppers, puny and impotent?

My brethren, the heartening words that Joshua spoke to the children of Israel at that crisis in our history, of which our Sabbath lesson speaks, are also addressed to us: 'The Lord is with us; fear them not.'¹ This, dear congregants, is the thought that should sustain us amid all the troubles and difficulties we have to endure upon earth. This is the one sure prop amid all the changes and chances of our mortal life. That, ignorant, weak, and helpless as

¹ Numbers 14 : 9.

we are, ignorant of what may at any moment befall us, there is an all-loving Father, who guides and directs our destinies all the days of our life. He, the essence of infinite wisdom, has a beneficent purpose in the trials and afflictions that assail us, in the cares and frets that bow us low. He, the God of infinite compassion, knows our suffering and hears our cry. He has an all-wise end in all the dispensations He brings upon the children of earth. We, with our purblind eyes, cannot always and forthwith discern this purpose. We are like Hagar, who, in her despair, did not perceive the well of water that was close at hand. We are like the ignorant servant of Elisha, to whom the fiery horses and chariots remained invisible, which the Lord had sent to encompass and protect his master in the valley of Dothan. Oh, that our eyes may be unsealed, and that the conviction of a God-ordered, a God-guided, and God-disciplined life may flash upon us! Then shall we learn that we cannot hope to enjoy untroubled tranquillity upon earth.

Calm's not life's crown, though calm is sweet.

Our life here on earth is a school, a period of probation. We need trials to discipline us, afflictions to school us. Even as it is only through the obstruction of the prism that the wondrous colours of the sunbeam are discerned, so it is only through the difficulties and adversities, the struggles and conflicts

of life, that the higher and nobler qualities of our nature are developed. Nations, as well as individuals, need trials, those unwelcome but salutary teachers. And, recognizing this truth, we must look up to God, assured that—

He hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bow our low contents.

May we then not believe that the trial which has befallen our nation is a portion of God's great scheme of training? Was there not reason to apprehend that the very enthusiasm and magnificence with which we were about to celebrate the national rejoicing might prove a snare, inducing the boastful, overweening pride, that never had there been so wise and understanding a nation, never so mighty and vast an Empire? And can we not even now discern the purifying and refining influence which the present trial is exercising? It might have been supposed that the sentiment uppermost in the minds of the people would have been bitter disappointment at having been deprived of one of the grandest pageants in history and its attendant rejoicing, or impatience at the serious monetary loss which so many had sustained. But no such petty and sordid sentiments have been voiced. The one commanding thought has been, and is still, grief that he who should have been the pivot and centre of all this pomp and circumstance has been thrown on the

bed of sickness, sympathy for the gracious Lady who is again tending the husband of her youth with devoted solicitude. The crisis has elicited in a striking degree the genuine goodness of heart of the British people, the warmth of feeling that lies stored beneath the seemingly calm and imperturbable exterior, their steadfast and imperishable affection for their sovereign.

Nothing could have been more impressive than the demeanour of all classes of the population during that saddest of Bank Holidays that has just ended. The crowds were silent ; no signs of merriment were to be seen or heard. All blameworthy accompaniments of cessation from labour were wanting. If an attempt at singing or whistling was made, a few snatches of the National Anthem were heard. But no complaining, no murmuring was uttered in our streets about the postponed Coronation.

And, in sooth, was the Coronation postponed? The material diadem was not placed on King Edward's head, but in its stead the triple diadem of a nation's renewed homage, redoubled affection, and enhanced admiration. Profound admiration for that resolute will which had prompted him to be ready to endure anguish sooner than disappoint his people. Admiration for the pluck and courage evinced in the hour of sorest peril. He is crowned with the prayers of his people. For again they lift up their voice to God, to Him who has once

before redeemed his life from destruction, that He may crown their sovereign with loving kindness and tender mercies, with renewed health and robust strength. The hopes and aspirations of a united people are concentrated in the one prayerful cry: יְהִי הַמֶּלֶךְ God save the King! May the King live! May the King live to rule in the fear of God, in righteousness and in justice, with the hatred of tyrant wrong, with tender sympathy for the oppressed, delivering the needy when he crieth, the poor and sick, and him that hath no helper. God save the King! Amen. Amen.

FREDERIC DAVID MOCATTA

IN MEMORIAM

GREAT SYNAGOGUE, *January 24, 1905*

וַיְהִי דָוִד לְכָל-דַּרְכָּיו מִשְׁבִּיל וַיְי עָמוֹ : וְכָל-יִשְׂרָאֵל וַיְהוּדָה אָהָב אֶת-דָּוִד
כִּי-הוּא יוֹצֵא וְבָא לִפְנֵיהֶם :

‘And David behaved himself wisely in all his ways; and the Lord was with him. . . . And all Israel and Judah loved David, because he went out and came in before them.’—1 SAMUEL 18: 14, 16.

WITH what a master hand does the sacred historian bring before us the leading features of the man after God's own heart, and the influence his life wrought upon his brethren, so that *all Israel and Judah*, though not always at one with each other, were united in their regard and affection for their untiring champion! Dear friends, you will have felt as I read out to you the words of our text, that they crystallize the striking traits of the character and life-work of the David whom we mourn this day, and shall continue to mourn, while memory holds a seat within our brain.

‘And David behaved himself wisely in all his ways.’ This is but a poor rendering of the original, so full of meaning. שָׁבִיל does not merely denote wisdom of the intellect, prudence and circumspection,

but wisdom of the heart. And this wisdom, springing as it also did with the David whom we have now lost, from a profound faith in God, from a passionate devotion to the faith of his fathers, showed itself in the dedication of his life to well-doing, and was manifested in keenest sensibility for the sufferings and struggles of the poor, and in deepest sympathy for the afflicted.

The most noteworthy characteristic of his life was its fulness. Our teachers have justly said, נחמנה אדם בראש כל טורה הצבור עליו. 'When a man has been placed at the head of affairs, all the needs of the community devolve upon him.'¹ Frederic David Mocatta was not a minister of religion, he was not a *Rosh Hakahal*, but, albeit modest and retiring in his disposition, he acted as though he were himself directly responsible for the well-being of Anglo-Judaism. He bowed his shoulders to bear the burden of Jewry throughout the globe. He loved to travel. Imbued, as he was, with ardent literary and artistic tastes, he esteemed it a high privilege to seek out, and to hold converse with, men of letters in every land. But his master passion was to go out unto his brethren and look upon their burdens. He visited their synagogues, colleges, and schools, consulted their leaders as to how their condition might be ameliorated, and established intimate relations with these various communities. The result of this sympathy was that whenever any trouble

¹ *Shemoth Rabbah*, c. 27.

arose in their midst, he was one of the first to be approached and consulted. And his sympathies were not confined to the members of his race and faith. Wherever succour, help, and advice were needed, it mattered not whether by Jew or Gentile, he was ready to give. There was hardly one institution doing beneficent work with which he was not associated as subscriber or donor.

His was not the charity of the cheque-book alone. He did not bestow his bounties upon the necessitous as though they were his inferiors, but as his absolute equals and friends. One of his finest traits was his exquisite courtesy. Mr. Lecky, in a not unsympathetic article on the Jewish race, charges us with a certain lack of manners. I will not now stay to consider whether the reproach be well founded. But who could fail to admire the perfect charm of manner which marked our brother's intercourse with *all* his fellow-men? It was delightful to note, at the Home for Aged Jews, how he would shake every inmate by the hand, inquire after his or her ailments, and address some cheery words to each. And he delighted to sit by the bedside of the sick, heartening them by his kindly sympathy. Seeing him, we felt that—

Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of noble nature and a loyal mind.

Philanthropic efforts, however, did not absorb all his energies. Possessed as he was of wide and

rich culture, he had a genuine love for learning and historic research. One of the last acts of his life was to publish a catalogue of the valuable library he had collected. And even that dry list of titles reveals to us some of his finest characteristics, the helping hand he offered to needy scholars, and the desire to rescue from oblivion monuments of past days. It was due to him that the Hebrew poesies of Meier ben Elijah of Norwich, discovered in the Vatican by Dr. Berliner, were given to the world. The last hours of his life were occupied with his scheme to establish a Museum of Jewish Art and Antiquities in the metropolis.¹

His was indeed a crowded life. It was said by an eminent critic that he who would be a great poet must first make his life a poem. His life was indeed a poem, informed, as it was, by the loftiest ideals. His selflessness is proved by a remarkable instruction he gave his physician. He directed that, in the event of his dying of an obscure disease, an after-death examination should be made, the cost being borne by his estate, for the advancement of medical science and for the benefit of those who might suffer hereafter from a similar ailment. Verily, to have known and loved him was a liberal education.

Our text tells us that 'all Israel and Judah loved David, because he went out and came in before

¹ This Mocatta Museum and Library has since been established at University College.

them.' *Israel and Judah*—tribes that did not always dwell peaceably together. And knowing as we do how throughout his career our friend strove and pleaded for union, and how he understood to weld together discordant elements and to mould them into one harmonious whole, we realize why it was that all the different sections of Jewry loved and esteemed him. Native and foreign, the East End and the West End, Ashkenazi and Sephardi, the strictly observant and the eager reformer, aye, Jew and Christian alike, all loved and esteemed him. חבל על דאבדון ולא משתכחין, 'Alas for him who is gone and cannot be replaced!'¹

'We mourn for him as one mourneth for his only son, and we are in bitterness for him as one who is in bitterness for his first born.'² When shall we see the like of him? The righteous, says the *Midrash*, are compared to the palm-tree and the cedar. When an ordinary tree of the forest has been cut down, another may be easily planted, and springs up speedily. But when the majestic cedar or the stately palm has been felled, decades, aye, and many scores of years may pass away before another takes its place. We can but hope that his example and his teaching may serve as an inspiration to us all, may rouse and stir the gilded and self-indulgent youths of our age to understand that a selfish life is a worthless, aye a brutal life.

¹ *Shemoth Rabbah*, c. 26.

² Zechariah 12 : 10.

There was one subject on which he especially felt very deeply, and on which he spoke to me, and no doubt to many others, again and again. It is summed up in his contribution to the Jubilee Supplement to the *Jewish Chronicle*, with the heading 'The Duty of Self-respect.' In that paper, which may almost be described as his Ethical Will, he lays it down that the lack of respect for ourselves is the main reason of the prejudice felt against the Jews in many quarters, as it was one of the principal causes of the recent spread of Anti-Semitism in Germany and elsewhere. He deploras the circumstance that the upper and middle classes do not as a rule submit to the sacrifices entailed by the observance of their religion. He grieves that boys and girls, in their early and impressionable years, are surrounded by companions and teachers professing another creed. He points to the dangers of marriages outside the pale, and pleads forcibly for the keeping of Sabbaths and Festivals, for obedience to the dietary precepts, which cannot be ignored by those who profess to be governed by the Law of Moses. He also urges the retention and study of Hebrew, the language of our Liturgy, and pleads for more devotion in educating the young in the religion of their fathers.

My friends, not by merely mourning and idly lamenting our bereavement do we honour the memory of the dead, but by hearkening to their voices that

speak from their graves, and by manfully determining to fill, however feebly and inadequately, the aching void that has been created.

God give us men! A time like this demands
Great hearts, strong minds, true faiths, and willing hands,
Men whom the lust of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honour, men who will not lie.

Aye, men who behave themselves wisely in all their ways, inspired, as was our departed brother, by the fear of God and imbued with devotion to their faith. And may our All-merciful Father take into His heavenly keeping the soul of our brother, Frederic David Mocatta, who has been gathered unto his people. May He enkindle within us all the loving, living will to toil for His glory and the good of our fellow-men. Amen.

ADDRESS AT THE UNVEILING OF THE
MEMORIAL TO THE JEWISH SOLDIERS
WHO FELL IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN
WAR

CENTRAL SYNAGOGUE, *March* 19, 1905

וַיֹּאמֶר לְלִמֹּד בְּנֵי־יְהוּדָה קִשָּׁת׃

'Also he bade them teach the children of Judah the use of the bow.'
—2 SAMUEL I: 18.

OUR illustrious Commander-in-Chief in the late campaign has unveiled the Memorial which has been dedicated to the glory of God, in loyal and patriotic memory of the soldiers of the Jewish race and faith, who lost their lives in the service of their country during the South African War, from the year 1898 to 1902. The names of those who gave their lives for their sovereign and their country have been read out to you. Their number is 114; one moiety of them were killed in action, the other died of disease contracted during the campaign. They comprise every branch of the Imperial Forces. There were among them members of the Regular Army and of the Royal Navy. But the majority of them were volunteers.

Brethren, we still vividly remember the dark and dreary days of December 1899, when tidings reached us of grave reverses and distressing checks, when

it was recognized that the strength of our adversary had been underrated, and that our army was too small in numbers for the giant task it had undertaken. The tidings appalled, but did not dismay us. Never, perhaps, in the history of this realm, was the entire nation stirred to so grand a passion—a passion not of revenge, not of lust for conquest, but of whole-hearted patriotism and devoted loyalty, of absorbing determination to vindicate the honour of England. Even as it was in Israel in the days of old, at a season of grave national peril, so it was then, ‘the nation willingly offered itself,’ the princes and the lowly born, the indwellers of these isles, and our fellow-subjects beyond the seas, they all offered themselves willingly; they all ‘jeoparded their lives unto the death . . . in the high places of the veldt.’¹ Hence it is that the roll of honour read out to you comprises members of the City Imperial Volunteers, the Imperial Yeomanry, the Militia, and members of the different Colonial Volunteer Corps, including representatives of the different South African contingents, men from Canada, men from the Australian Commonwealth, and from New Zealand. It is computed that altogether there were not less than 2000 Jews who served at the front.

Is it a matter of surprise that so goodly a number of our brethren offered themselves willingly among the people? One of the masterpieces of eloquence

¹ Judges 5 : 18.

bequeathed to us by classic antiquity is the funeral oration delivered by Pericles on those who had fallen in the Peloponnesian War.¹ He dilates upon the sources of Athens' greatness. He portrays in glowing colours how justice is there equally meted out to all the citizens, from the highest to the lowest, how all are under the ægis of freedom, and all equally inspired by obedience to law. And he continues: 'Such a country well deserves that her children should die for her.' The members of the House of Israel have always faithfully served the country of their birth or their adoption. But surely England deserves that we, her Jewish children, should gladly live and die for her: since here, as in no other country, the teachings of Holy Writ are venerated and obeyed. Here, as in no other Empire in the world, there breathes a passionate love of freedom, a burning hatred of tyrant wrong. Here we are spared that most distressful sight, the revival of odious religious prejudices and pernicious racial antipathies.

A gifted sister in faith has voiced this sentiment in her stirring poem, 'The Jewish Soldier,'² penned during the late war. Let me read a few stanzas—

Thou hast given us home and freedom, Mother England!
 Thou hast let us live again,
 Free and fearless midst thy free and fearless children,
 Sharing with them, as one people, grief and gladness,
 Joy and pain.

¹ Thucydides, *History of the Peloponnesian War*, Book ii. c. 41.

² *Talmudic Legends, Hymns, and Paraphrases*, by Mrs. Alice Lucas.

Now we Jews, we English Jews, O Mother England,
 Ask another boon of thee!
 Let us share with them the danger and the glory;
 Where thy best and bravest lead, there let us follow
 O'er the sea!

For the Jew has heart and hand, our Mother England,
 And they both are thine to-day,
 Thine for life and thine for death, yea, thine for ever!
 Wilt thou take them as we give them, freely, gladly,
 England, say!

A number of those that went forth to South Africa were slain upon the high places—verily an honourable and glorious death. Their names are enshrined in the hearts of their sorrowing kinsfolk. They have been inscribed in the Memorial Roll that will henceforth abide in the court of the house of our God—not to minister to a foolish spirit of boasting, not to stir a love of war, not to pander to despicable chauvinism, not to rouse a martial spirit, but to impress upon our youths the imperative obligation of qualifying themselves for military service.

Our text tells us, that when David had honoured the memory of his faithful friend ויאמר ללמד בני יהודה קשת 'he bade them teach the children of Judah the use of the bow.' Jonathan had been distinguished among the warriors of Israel as a mighty archer. By his bow and sling he had achieved his first great victory. He was famed for the valiant use of this weapon to the close of his life. David therefore did not content himself with inditing his immortal elegy in memory

of his heroic comrade. He poured forth his pathetic plaint, 'How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!' But he rightly judged that he would most worthily perpetuate the memory of the princely archer, and serve his country right royally, if he were to teach his own tribe the skilful use of this weapon, so that they might all become brave and expert defenders of their country, even as they had been who had fallen in the battle, and who were slain in the high places.

And this is the primary purpose which this Memorial is to serve. A terrible struggle is raging in the far East. Even at this moment there may be thundering the roar of artillery and the shock of strife. Happily our realm dwells in peace. For us, thank Heaven! there is now neither the dangerous flush of victory nor the burning anguish of defeat. But one stern lesson has been taught us by the late war, that we must not rely exclusively upon our regular army. Conscription has happily not yet come within the pale of practical politics; but we need a host of thoroughly drilled volunteers, who have been duly trained in habits of discipline, of obedience, and manly exercise. We need a host of expert marksmen, who are skilled in the use of the rifle—the modern representative of the bow—not for *offence* but *defence*, not for purposes of aggression and aggrandisement, not for war but for peace, so that in the hour of stress and peril we may be enabled to stand before the

world with the calm and fearless attitude of a strong man armed, trusting in the Lord.

For it is not merely against outward enemies that we are called upon to fight. There are foes more deadly than any external aggressors or invaders—foes that lurk in the heart, luxury and greed, falsehood and impurity. In this perpetual silent struggle against besetting temptations we are all enlisted as soldiers, and enrolled as volunteers. And if you will be strong and show yourselves men, then will your 'bow abide in strength, and the arms of your hands will be made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob, the Shepherd, the Rock of Israel.'¹

Almighty God, in whose hands are the souls of the living and the dead, we remember this day our brethren who gave their lives for their sovereign and their country. Do Thou shelter their souls in the shadow of Thy wings, and grant them Thy recompense. Soothe the hearts of their kinsfolk with the blissful knowledge that, even as the souls of their loved and lost live in heaven, so the memory of their heroism will not perish from earth. May the remembrance of this devotion and patriotism stimulate us all to do our duty in every sphere of life, always mindful of the responsibilities cast upon us as citizens of this great Empire, and as members of the House of Israel.

¹ Genesis 49 : 24.

Thou, O Lord, in whose hands are the destinies of nations, we lament before Thee the sore evil which befalls the world when people rises against people, and Thy children suffer the horrors of war. May it please Thee to make wars cease unto the ends of the earth and to cause the light of peace to shine again. And may we all unitedly strive for the advent of the time when nation shall no more lift up the sword against nation, when they will not hurt nor destroy, when they will work together for righteousness and justice, for mercy and truth. Amen.

THE RUSSO-JEWISH MARTYRS

ADDRESS AT A SERVICE IN MEMORY OF THE
MARTYRS WHO PERISHED DURING THE
RUSSIAN MASSACRES

GREAT SYNAGOGUE, *November 19, 1905*

על נֶכְרַר בַּת עַמִּי הַשְּׁבִרְתִּי קִרְרְתִּי שָׁמָּה הַחֻזְקָתִי :

‘For the hurt of the daughter of my people am I hurt ; I go mourning ; astonishment hath taken hold of me.’—JEREMIAH 8 : 21.

‘If there be an ascending scale of suffering, Israel has reached its highest rung. If the duration of afflictions and the patience with which they are borne confer nobility upon man, the Jews may vie with the aristocracy of any country. If a literature is accounted rich for owning a few classic tragedies, what place shall be assigned to a tragedy which extends over fifteen centuries, and which has been composed and acted by the heroes themselves?’

Thus wrote Dr. Zunz in the famous essay entitled *Leiden*, ‘Sufferings,’ in his *Synagogale Poesie des Mittelalters*. And he proceeds to give an historical survey, in terse and picturesque language, of the chain of troubles which befel the House of Israel from the destruction of the Temple to the seventeenth century, and which have left their indelible traces upon our liturgy. In *Kinna* and *Selicha*, in

elegies and supplications, we hear the dying wail of myriads of murdered human beings. The cry of the martyrs goes up to heaven.

Thy faithful sons, whom Thou in love hast owned,
Behold! are strangled, burnt and racked, and stoned;
Are broken on the wheel; like felons hung;
Or, living, into noisome charnels flung.
I see them yonder of their eyes bereft,
And there their mangled limbs in twain are cleft.¹

My dear brethren, I wish that we were now gathered at a meeting of one of our historical or literary societies, and that we were remembering the days of old, and reciting the deeds of the remote past, with sympathy indeed, yet with the comforting conviction that all such horrors had been relegated for ever to the limbo of the dark ages. But, woe unto us! we are dealing with the agonizing present, with events that are well-nigh passing before our own eyes. We are accustomed to open the newspaper at early morn with joyful eagerness to ascertain the latest phase of party politics, or to read of the most recent conquest achieved by science. But at present we scan its pages with fear and trembling, lest we be harrowed by some new tale of slaughter and rapine. And even the poor consolation that the descriptions are overwrought is denied us. There is absolute agreement in the reports furnished by the English

¹ Elegy of R. Elasar of Worms, translated by Dr. Löwy (*Miscellany of Hebrew Literature*, vol. i. p. 175).

and the foreign press. Not a word of contradiction, not one complaint of exaggeration, has reached us from Russian official sources. In Odessa, in Kieff and Kischineff, in close upon threescore centres, our brothers and sisters have been butchered, mutilated, and outraged, on a scale equalling the massacres of Bartholomew's Day. I fear that the victims of fiendish savagery number nearly 20,000 murdered, and over 100,000 wounded. Their houses have been pillaged and then burnt down; in many districts the population has been entirely wiped out; and the men appointed to be guardians of life and property have stood by conniving at—aye, and participating in—these atrocities. And authorities who should have repressed the disorders with stern resolution have shamefully instigated them. They have done nothing to bring to justice the governors who were implicated in the outrages; they have done nothing to punish the criminals or to give compensation to the sufferers. I must forbear from describing in detail these Russian horrors. They are not meet for a public assembly such as this. But as we think of the carnage and the torture, the ruin and destruction that have befallen so many communities, the plaint of Jeremiah, which we read on the Fast of Ab, comes before us with all its tragic emphasis. 'For the hurt of the daughter of my people am I hurt; I go mourning; astonishment hath taken hold of me'; or, as the words should be rendered literally, 'because of

the breaking of the daughter of my people I am broken; I am black; horror hath taken hold of me.'

Our text, alas! is too fully appropriate: 'The hurt of the *daughter* of my people.' One of the saddest features of this tragedy is the torture to which chaste women and pure maidens and innocent children were subjected.

In past days, when atrocities were committed, the Muscovite pleaded that the Jew had incurred these penalties because of his misdeeds. We certainly have heard the charge made that the Jews had defiled the portrait of the Tsar, and insulted the national flag, sacked a cathedral and slain its monks. But, of course, the whole world knows that every one of these charges is a gross falsehood. They were put to death for no other reason but because they were Jews. Had they declared themselves Christians, had they but made the sign of the cross, their lives would have been saved. They have fallen like unto those slain during the Crusades and other dark periods in the history of mankind, like martyrs—witnesses to the Unity of God. קהלות הקדש שמסרו נפשם על קדש השם, 'Holy congregations that laid down their lives for the sanctification of the Divine name.' And therefore Zion weepeth bitterly and Jerusalem giveth forth her voice. לבי לבי על חלליהם. 'Oh, my heart, my heart, how it grieveth for the slain! my soul, my soul,

how it yearneth with tender compassion for the slain!'¹

And the most sorrowful feature of the tragedy is that the outlook in hapless, distraught Russia is still so gloomy. I have just received a missive from one who writes on behalf of the entire Hebrew population, and who begins thus:—

‘By the blood of 20,000 who have been murdered, and of 100,000 wounded, who are hovering between life and death, and by the cry of a million of Israelites who have been left helpless, homeless, and in peril of perishing from hunger, and by our bitter tears for our holy faith that has been profaned, we call unto you, Chiefs of the House of Israel, whose hearts are filled with pity, for it is in your power to rescue the remnant of the children of Israel from destruction and utter ruin, and to shield us that the trouble may not break forth again. Heaven forbid!’

And the writer entreats us to use every endeavour, with the view that equal rights be at last granted the Jews of Russia, ‘for the sword of Damocles is hanging over them.’

What can be done to prevent effectually a recurrence of these horrors? We gratefully acknowledge the intercession of his Majesty’s Ministers, who have made earnest representations to the Russian Government to stay these outrages. Our English press has lifted up its voice with noble unanimity. The Primate

¹ The Liturgy of the Fast of Ab.

has addressed an appeal in the name of humanity and of true religion to the Metropolitan of the Greek Church. But, alas! it seems as if this eloquent plea has fallen upon deaf ears. Of what avail is it for the Russian ecclesiastic to speak of the Christian commandment enjoining love and goodwill towards our neighbours when, in the same breath, he denounces us as 'the disbelieving Jews'? Are we disbelievers, we who for well-nigh 2000 years have shed our life-blood for our belief in God, the Father of mankind? The barbarities recently perpetrated in Russia have inflicted a deep injury upon Jewry. But surely this dark tale of murder, lust, and rapine has affixed a deeper stain and a more far-reaching insult upon Christendom. Does it not, then, behove the leaders of Christian thought and action in this country—aye, throughout the civilized world—to arise and offer their solemn protest against atrocities committed and left unrebuked in a Christian country? Has the time not arrived when, as has been well said, 'civilized Europe must stamp out as a pestiferous germ all that makes for religious and racial hatred'?

But there is a peremptory duty incumbent upon the whole House of Israel. As in olden time so now, tearful supplications ascend to Heaven. 'Spare Thy people, O Lord, and give not Thine heritage to reproach.'¹ The agonized wail is pressed forth from united Jewry, as phrased in the *Pismon* we

¹ Joel 2 : 17.

recite to-morrow: 'Oh, have pity! show mercy to Thy sorely tried people!' But prayer without work is but a sham and a mockery. Despatch upon despatch reaches us descriptive of the appalling misery to which our brethren have been reduced. Entire communities have been ruined. It is hardly yet time to speak of the Synagogues that have been destroyed and the school-houses that have been laid in ashes. Needs even more instant than these press upon us. It is computed, as I have said, that there are 100,000 suffering from injuries received at the hands of the 'black gangs,' only a small proportion of whom are being tended in hospitals. There are many, many thousands whose homes have been wrecked, whose substance has been pillaged, who have been deprived of the means of livelihood, who are without shelter, without raiment, without bread. There are thousands of widows and orphans who have lost their bread-winners, their protectors. There are now, even as there were after the destruction of the Temple, tender children who 'faint for hunger in the top of every street.'¹ Verily, if we were to give a faithful picture of the desolation and misery wrought in the Pale of Settlement, we should be called upon to read out almost word for word the entire Book of Lamentations.

You are aware that vigorous measures are being taken to cope with this misery. Israel has been

¹ Lamentations 2 : 19.

compared to a flock of sheep. 'When one lamb has been struck the stroke is felt by the entire flock.'¹ Scarce had the tidings of this misery reached these shores when the London community, true to its aspiration to be *עיר ואם בישראל*, 'a mother city in Israel,' forthwith sent a considerable sum to afford immediate relief. Since then contributions are flowing in from all parts of the world, and measures have been adopted for the judicious distribution of these funds. And our grateful thanks are due to the emissaries, who are travelling to Russia to visit the various towns that have been affected by the outrages, with the object of giving speedy and discriminate relief. May Heaven protect these delegates engaged in this sacred mission!

But there is work incumbent upon us all. We can hardly form any conception of the hardships entailed by the rigorous Russian winter, which has just set in. Huge funds will be needed to mitigate only in some degree the sufferings of those who have been left homeless and helpless. Great and urgent is their need. Even though you have already given, I call upon you, my friends, to bring your offerings again with a generous heart and an unstinting hand. How can you who live in safety and happiness in this dear England, how can you endure to see the tribulation of your brethren without trying effectually to help them? How can you, whose lives have

¹ Yalkut on Jeremiah 50 : 17.

fallen in pleasant places, bear to hear of the sufferings of those who are without home and shelter, without raiment and bread, and forbear to open wide your hand to assist them? Surely you are still, as ever, רהמנים בני רהמנים, 'merciful sons of merciful sires.' In mercy, then, hearken to the cry of suffering, and hasten to answer it.

Brethren, the time has come to address ourselves to the solemn purpose for which we are assembled—to commend to the mercy of God the souls of the martyrs who perished during the recent disorders.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

For we are called upon to adopt the same formula that was used during the Middle Ages. We invoke our Heavenly Father, who is full of compassion, to grant perfect rest beneath the shelter of His Divine Presence to the souls of the men and women and children who have been slain and burnt and strangled for the holiness of the Divine name.

FESTIVAL SERMONS

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

BAYSWATER SYNAGOGUE, ר"ה תרמ"ט, *New Year Festival*,

September 6, 1888

רבים אמרים מִי־יִרְאֶנּוּ טוֹב נִסֶּה עָלֵינוּ אֹר פְּנֵיךָ יי :

‘Many there be that say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us.’—PSALM 4 : 6.

‘IN Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night : and God said, Ask what I shall give thee.’¹

If such a question were addressed to us from on high, if we were allowed to make whatever request we pleased, with the certainty that it would be granted us, for what should we ask? Some of us, perhaps, for a store of wealth without any effort on our part in earning it ; others, perchance, for a title and a commanding position ; some for beauty ; others, again, for perpetual youth. How few are there who would ask as did the young king, for wisdom—‘for an understanding heart to discern between good and evil’?

But this morning I apprehend there is absolute unanimity as to the prayer we offer up. We have all implored the Lord to grant us and our dear

¹ 1 Kings 3 : 5.

ones a *happy new year*. Again and again have we prayed, 'Our Father, our King, let a happy year begin for us.' 'Inscribe us in the book of happy life.' 'Remember us for a happy life.' And we have all fervently and sincerely prayed for, we have all affectionately wished each other, לשנה טובה — A Happy New Year.

Now, I would beg you to search and examine yourselves as to what you understand by a 'happy year.' The first condition of such happiness for us all is no doubt the health of ourselves and our dear ones. But to most of us a happy year is synonymous with prosperity and worldly success. In praying for a happy year you no doubt express the ardent hope that your commercial ventures may turn out profitably; that your business may expand, and that your bank balance may grow. Do not think for a moment that I regard such wishes as altogether blameworthy. It is meet and proper that we should implore the Almighty to prosper the efforts of our hands and brains. In praying for a year of happiness we regard the provision of our material wants as one of its main conditions. But are we happy and contented if we have succeeded in obtaining food, shelter, and raiment for ourselves and our family? Are we not perpetually engaged in the pursuit of greater wealth and higher position? Are there not those who identify happiness with a perpetual hurrying after amusement, and the gratification

of sense? The story is told of a young man who exclaimed, 'If I were lucky enough to call this estate my own, I should then indeed be a happy fellow.' 'And then?' said his friend. 'Why, then, I would pull down the old place, and build a grand mansion in its stead; I would keep the best-stocked cellar of wine, the finest horses and dogs in the country.' 'And then?' 'Then I would hunt, and ride, and smoke, and drink, and dance, and keep open house, and enjoy life to the full.' 'And then?' 'Why, then, I suppose, like other people, I should grow old, and not care so much for these things.' 'And then?' 'Why, then, I suppose I should leave all these pleasant things, and well—yes, I should die.' 'AND THEN?' 'Oh, have done with your "*and thens.*" Good-bye.' Some years after he met his acquaintance again, and said, 'God bless you. I owe my happiness to you.' 'How is that?' 'To the two words in season you addressed to me some years ago—"and then." They opened my eyes as to the folly of my low ambition, as to the emptiness and vanity of all mean and selfish pleasures and earthly aims which entirely leave out of sight God and eternity.'

Yes, brethren, I would lay to your hearts the precious truth which the Psalmist enshrines in a few pithy words. 'Many there be that say, Who will show us any good?' How can happiness be secured in life? The answer is contained in the prayer: 'Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy Countenance

upon us.' What do we understand by God lifting upon us the light of His Countenance? It means endowing us with wisdom and understanding, so that we may grasp the truths revealed in the Torah, that its teachings of piety and purity may become assimilated with our nature, and pervade our life.

The thought that should engage us this day is that the happiness for which we pray is not fleeting but stable. It is not unattainable, but within our reach; it depends upon our own effort. It is to be obtained by our obedience to the Divine Law, our trust in God, by our seeking to win and to retain a pure heart and a calm conscience.

When we pray for a happy year, we justly think of health and strength as its primary blessing. Now are not health and vigour in a great measure within our reach by the steadfast cultivation of temperance and self-control, by resolute resistance to our passions, by making labour and occupation the great law of our life, by strenuous work duly punctuated with days and seasons of welcome rest, and by the hallowing of Sabbaths and festivals even as the Lord has commanded? A happy year is identified in our minds with the gaining of an honourable competence. Does not God in His mercy bless the efforts of those who work with all their might? Surely he can be accounted happy of whom it can be said, as of the high priest of old,¹ עבודתו מחנכתו, that 'his service, his daily

¹ *Joma*, p. 12.

work consecrates him'; who is able to declare, 'This crust of bread is the fruit of my exertions; no stain of dishonesty clings to it, no robbery of the hireling of his wages, no grinding of the face of the poor, no sweating, no compulsion of workers to toil in unhealthy workshops. My actions and my ledgers will stand the closest scrutiny.'

When we pray for a happy New Year, our thoughts revert involuntarily to our homes and their beloved inmates. Is it not within our power to render our homes the abodes of happiness, if we resolve that the fear of God, the love of our kindred, the old Jewish virtues of simplicity and piety, shall pervade them; if we determine to banish from them all self-assertion, self-will, selfishness, strife and discord; if we determine to possess our souls in patience, however sorely our tempers may be tried, remembering that patience is the truest love? Will not then sweet and tender tranquillity, more delightful, more enduring than all the joys of earth, enter our home, so that our dwelling will become a quiet resting-place, an ark of refuge, a haven of peace amid the storms and stress of life?

Professor Tyndall delivered recently a lecture on the origin of the blue colour of the sky, and he showed his admiring hearers the azure of the over-arching firmament enclosed in a tube of common glass. Is it not more wonderful still that we should have it in our power to irradiate our dull lives, our narrow

homes, with a like spiritual blue, so as to live the days of 'heaven upon earth,'¹ to realize the blessing of the sage : עלמך תראה בחייוך, 'Mayest thou in thy life on earth enjoy a foretaste of the bliss of the world to come!'²

But we know full well that there must always be some flaw in the jewel of earthly happiness. Do what we will, we cannot shut out care, sorrow, misfortune, aye, even calamity from our homes. Unhappily we magnify our distresses and brood over them; we assign to them huge dimensions, and an undue importance. There is nothing that so mars the even, placid tenor of our lives as these puny frets, these petty distresses. How are we to cope with such troubles? It is related that a friend of King Solomon once said to him, 'Give me, O wise king, a watchword that will stand me in good stead amid all the caprices of fortune.' Solomon, having reflected a moment, gave him a maxim for life: '*This too shall pass away.*' The courtier at first felt disappointed, for the password seemed trite and commonplace. But as time wore on he perceived the profound meaning hidden beneath the transparent simplicity of these words. Are you prosperous? Be not elated and boastful. *This too shall pass away.* When affliction visits you, when your hopes have been foiled, do not be cast down. *This too shall pass away.* How much fret and grief should we be spared if we were to view each day's anxiety in its proper perspective!

¹ Deuteronomy 11 : 21.

² *Berachoth*, p. 17a.

You may ask, 'Are there not sorrows that are lifelong? Must we not all in turn face our forlorn hours of bereavement?' Aye, *this too shall pass away*. The wounds which God deals He also heals. All that He sends, if borne submissively, becomes rich in mercy. The wounds which death inflicts death also soothes.

But this day we pray for life, the life that be- seems reflecting, earnest, high-souled men and women, who have grasped the end and purpose of existence upon earth, who are governed by high principles and noble motives, whose energies are devoted to the education of self and the good of humanity, who have realized that, though the body be destined to dissolution, the soul is of God and returns unto God. Yes, the truth we must carry with us in the year that has just begun is that—

Life's more than breath and the quick flow of blood!

Life is more than a mere mechanical round of pleasure and business—*living is giving*, giving ourselves to the welfare of our fellow-creatures, seeking to lessen somewhat the glaring contrast between fierce poverty and the selfish luxury of wealth. *Living is giving* what we hold dearest to the service of our God and our faith. If you determine to lead such a life, then rest assured that God will lift upon you the light of His Countenance, and where His light is there is wisdom

and safety—a peace which the world does not even attempt to give, which neither its malice nor its wickedness, nor its misfortunes can take away. Then yours will be a happy New Year, for it will be a year blessed by God.

Father in Heaven! We earnestly beseech Thee, vouchsafe unto us a year of happiness; a year of health, in which we may duly perform the task allotted us; a year of sustenance and contentment, in which we may honestly gain our daily bread; a year of peace, in which we may be spared from cankering cares and desolating griefs. Help us, O Lord, in the coming year to lead a more Jewish life, in which we may not seek to flaunt our intelligence and sharpness in the face of the world, nor seek to dazzle by vain show, but in which we may prove our consistency, our self-sacrifice, our probity and integrity, our desire to work for the welfare of our brethren. As the Shofar's sounds fall upon our ear, may they stir us out of our apathy and urge us to remain loyal to the law Thou didst reveal on Sinai, that we may perform its behests in love and with sincerity. May the prayers we have offered this day purify our hearts and give peace to our minds. Be with those who suffer from sickness. Send them, O Lord, relief and healing. Sustain those whose hearts are bruised by sorrow. Be with the aged.

When their strength faileth, forsake them not. Be with those who are in the fulness of their manhood. Prosper them in their undertakings. Be with the young, that they may find the chief joy of life in work and self-restraint. Pour the riches of Thy heavenly grace upon our children, that they may become and remain our joy and our solace. Unto us all grant Thy blessing; unto us all vouchsafe Thy help. Amen.

THE SINNERS IN ZION

יום כפור תרנ"ה, GREAT SYNAGOGUE,

Day of Atonement, October 10, 1894

IT has been said that one of the dangers which beset a preacher on this day is that he deals too much with generalities ; that he vigorously denounces sin, transgression, and trespass, but that he does not define them, and therefore does not drive his exhortations home to his hearers. How different were the prophets of old ! They did not content themselves with well-turned phrases and smooth utterances. They spoke with a plain bluntness that could not be mistaken, aye, with a grand passion of scorn and hate for all that was evil and corrupt. It is this plain speaking, this direct practical application, which invests their admonitions with such undying sublimity. O God, kindle a spark of their spirit in the heart of Thy unworthy servant this day—a spark of that burning eloquence, that intense love of righteousness, that intense hate of wrong which inspired the prophet, whose lips were touched by the live coal off the altar ! All that I can do this day is to select some of the words spoken by Isaiah, and endeavour to bring home

their meaning to your hearts and minds. I would ask you to turn to the 33rd chapter of Isaiah, verses 14-17.

פָּחְדוּ בְּצִיּוֹן חַטָּאִים אַחֲזוּהָ רָעָה חֲנֻפִּים מִי יָגוּר לָנוּ אִישׁ אוֹכֵלָה מִי יָגוּר
 לָנוּ מוֹקְרֵי עוֹלָם : הֵלֶךְ צְדָקוֹת וְדָבַר מִיִּשְׁרָיִם מֵאֵם בְּבָצַע מַעֲשֵׂקוֹת נֶעַר בְּפִי
 מִתְמַד בְּשִׁחַד אִטָּם אָזְנוֹ מִשְׁמַע דְּמִים וְעֵצִם עֵינָיו מִרְאוֹת בָּרַע : הוּא מְרוֹמִים
 יִשְׁבֵּן מְצֻדוֹת סְלָעִים מִשְׁנֵבּוֹ לְחֻמוֹ נִתָּן מִיָּמָיו נְאֻמָּנִים : מֶלֶךְ בְּיָפִי תִּחְזֹקֶנָּה
 עֵינֶיהָ תִּרְאֶינָה אֶרֶץ מִרְחֻקִּים :

‘The sinners in Zion are afraid: fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites. Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings? He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil. He shall dwell on high: his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given him: his waters shall be sure. Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off.’

As these sublime words strike my ear, the fear that oppresses me is that my exposition may weaken their effect, that I may ‘darken counsel by many words.’ For there are portions of the text which need a few words of explanation.

‘Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?’ As you hear these words, you look up surprised, and ask yourselves, ‘Are we in a conventicle, where the preacher would stir us to repentance by alarming us with the terrors of hell-fire, purgatory, and eternal Divine wrath? Does

the Jewish faith call upon us to believe in endless torment? Is our religion also to be described as a "premium paid for insurance against fire"?' Let us understand these words aright. Isaiah addresses a stern rebuke to his hearers. He reminds them that God described Himself of old as a consuming fire.¹ For flaming brightness is the loftiest symbol of Divine holiness; purification by fire is the most perfect emblem of the total destruction of wickedness, impurity, and impiety. The seer asks his contemporaries, 'Who among us is fit to enter into communion with God? Who is worthy to stand the test of His perfect holiness? Who is able to endure His searching scrutiny?' And the answer is given—'*He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly: he that despiseth the gains of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil.*' This is the character of the truly pious man; it is he who acts with honesty and uprightness, whose words are sincere and faithful, whom no lures will induce to listen to plans of violence, who keeps strict guard upon his senses, who watches against all occasions of sin, so that he may preserve the purity of his soul. To such a man God's favour and fostering care will be vouchsafed. He will find a shelter in God's promises more secure than that of a rocky fortress. 'Bread

¹ Deuteronomy 4 : 24.

shall be given him : his waters shall be sure.' His needs even in this life shall be satisfied. But higher than all will be his guerdon in the life hereafter. 'Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.' He will grasp hereafter the essence and the attributes of the Deity. 'Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off'—the heavenly Land of Promise. Even as the Psalmist sings, 'As for me I will behold Thy face in righteousness ; I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness.'¹

Now, it will perhaps seem to you as though all that is required by the prophet is but simple morality. But if we enter into the meaning of the words we must be filled with dismay, as we reflect how far we have fallen short of the standard here set up. 'He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly.' Who is there that can lay his hand upon his heart, and say, 'I have never wilfully deceived my neighbour by word or deed, I have never led him astray. My yea has been yea ; my no has been no' ? Who can say, 'I have faithfully kept every promise. I have never entered upon an engagement which I knew I could not keep. I have never broken a contract or a bargain, because I thought it harmful to my interests. I have never used unjust weights or measures. I have never lived beyond my means. I have never deceived my creditors' ? Who can say that he has always faithfully served his employers,

¹ Psalm 17 : 15.

safeguarded their interests, and done his work honestly without shirking or scamping it? Who can aver that he has never taken advantage of the ignorance of a customer by means of trade tricks recognized, condoned, or defended by a so-called standard of commercial morality? 'When men stop killing each other,' says a cynical writer, 'they take to cheating one another.' We have not yet stopped killing each other, but of cheating there is unhappily no end. Is it possible to apply the cautery too strongly to all the mean and underhand practices which, like a cancerous growth, sap the nobler life of this city?

We come to the second clause of the verse, 'He that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes.' You probably say to yourselves with glad complacency, 'This is all very well for Eastern countries, where judges and those in power are notorious for taking bribes. We are neither venal Kadis nor corrupt Pashas, who grind down their subjects by oppression.' But let me translate these expressions into the language of civilized Europe. In business and in professions it is not termed bribery, it is called giving commission. Has it not been said by men entitled to speak with authority, that this abuse has become so widespread and general, as to threaten the extinction of plain and honest dealing? If a clerk of the works receives *douceurs* from the contractors and builders whom he is bound vigilantly to overlook, to induce him to close his eyes to the fact

of their furnishing bad materials, is that not bribery? If the solicitor combines with a third party to divide fees to which he has no just claim, and thus betrays the interests of his client, is that not bribery? If tradesmen allow discounts, or by whatever name the gifts may be called, to clerks or servants, so as to palm off bad and worthless goods on their masters, is that not bribery?—the bribery which God's law denounces in the words: 'And thou shalt take no gift, for the gift blindeth them that have sight, and perverteth the words of the righteous.'¹

I return to this second clause of the verse, and ask, Can they persuade themselves that they despise the gains of oppression, who try to exact the utmost toil out of their labourers and employees in return for the scantiest wage, the barest pittance that can keep body and soul together—not a *living* but a *dying* wage? Or they who take advantage of the necessities of their workmen and women, compelling them to labour on the Sabbath? Or they who are money-lenders, and who claim usurious rates of interest from the victims whom they have entrapped, who corrupt youths by advancing money and pandering to their vices and follies? Or they who defraud unsuspecting creditors who have trusted to their debtors' honesty? Or they who remove goods before bankruptcy, and thus flagrantly defraud and rob?

Brethren, I am not a man of business: I know but

¹ Exodus 23: 8.

little of the intricacies of finance and speculation. But I do know that there are unhappily Jews who are guilty of these practices, which are denounced in the public press and universally condemned. I should be shamefully remiss in my duty were I to forbear from severely castigating such practices. It does not admit of doubt that these are troublous and critical times for the Jew. There is a silent undercurrent of hostility in certain quarters against him, roused in the first instance by reason of his superior success. But the one thing which gives the slightest show of reason for anti-Semitism is participation of Jews in the worse forms of usury, and in fraudulent or crooked ways of trade. If Isaiah were in our midst, how would he thunder forth his denunciations! ‘Sinners *in Zion*, be afraid; tremble in fearfulness, ye hypocrites!’ You who are members of the people chosen of God, you who enjoy Zion’s privileges and join in Zion’s services, you to whom God’s law of righteousness has been revealed! Do not screen yourselves behind the hollow plea that non-Jews are also guilty of such practices. You, as Hebrews, ought to be pre-eminent by the integrity and uprightness of your lives. You must be filled with direst alarm this day. Think you, that outward conformity, that attendance at the House of God, will atone for your delinquencies? Are you not terrified, as you hear Isaiah’s words of thunder hurled against you, חַיִּים, hypocrites? Fear and tremble! for the outward show of your prosperity is

even as rottenness, and the blossom of your strength even as the dust. Fear and tremble! as you remember that the day will come, when you will have to stand before the Judgment throne of God. How will you abide the devouring fire of His wrath?

And the day of recompense will come, maybe in this world, but assuredly in the world hereafter. We do not believe in the endless bodily torture of a Gehenna. But there are pangs worse than bodily sufferings. In the grand painting of the Last Judgment by Michael Angelo in Rome there are depicted millions of human souls hurled down into the deep abyss, and among them is one lost spirit who is being dragged down by a horrible fiend. This fiend has driven his fangs into the flesh of the doomed victim. But the poor wretch is altogether unconscious of his agony. He is looking up in mortal anguish, thinking only of the heaven he has lost. Even thus bodily pains are as nothing compared with the anguish of the soul. To be doomed to look back with sharp, unending remorse upon a life that has been dishonoured, a goodly name that has been besmirched, and to reflect upon the shame and disgrace that have been cast upon the whole House of Israel. If there be an impenitent, hardened sinner here present, let him fear! For death may be nigh, and after death there come judgment and eternity.

But you will not continue impenitent and hardened. For the Atonement day has been given that you may

repent and turn from your evil ways, that you may be 'at one' again with your Maker. It has been rightly said, that it is not sufficient for the preacher to tell his hearers to repent. He must tell them *how* to repent. An evil act is the outcome of an evil thought. You have heard that there are certain diseases peculiar to different kinds of handicrafts. Painters suffer from lead colic; printers become consumptive from breathing in exhalations of ink and type metal. The disease from which many of us suffer is covetousness—the desire to become rich with the least possible amount of work. It is this which causes disease of the heart, consumption of the soul, palsy of the conscience. You must determine to exorcise this evil spirit. You must learn the lesson—that no earthly gain, no worldly possession will compensate you for loss of character and for the forfeiture of your good name.

Ah, brethren, we must all fear and tremble as we think how we have fallen short of the high ideal set by our God-given faith. We all earnestly pray this day for life—life for ourselves, our parents, our children. But what is the value of life, if it be lived in sin and selfishness—a life of vice and evil example? How wisely does the German poet say:

Das Leben ist der Güter grösstes nicht,
Der Uebel grösstes aber ist die Schuld.

Life is not the greatest earthly blessing,
But of all human ills the worst is guilt.

It is told of Queen Blanche of Navarre, mother

of King Louis of France, that she often said, she would rather see her son dead at her feet than know that he had committed a deadly sin. Surely many parents sympathize with this sentiment. When we therefore pray this day that God may remember us unto life, let us understand aright what this means. It is not merely a long life, a life of comfort and ease, but a true and genuine life, a life of piety, purity, and beneficence, the life of serious, thinking men and women, who have grasped the end and purpose of their career on earth. Consider then with earnest scrutiny the habits that degrade your manhood; think of the associates who counsel you to sin. Break with those habits; shun those companions. For this purpose the Kippur Day has been given, that you may cast off that which is evil within you, and become regenerate. As the olden Rabbi tells us—

ועם נברא יהלל יה על מי נאמר פסוק זה / ר' יוחנן אמר על כל דור
 ודור נאמר שהם מתים בכל שנה במעשיהם הרעים והקב"ה מחיה אותם
 שמוחל להם עונתיהם ובוראם בריאה חדשה :

‘And the people He has created shall praise the Lord.’

To whom does this apply? To those who on the Atonement Day return to God with all their hearts, and thus begin a new life, abandoning all their evil courses,¹ bearing in mind that not merely these days, but all the days of their life are ימים נוראים, awe-

¹ Yalkut on Psalm 102 : 18.

inspiring days, during which we must prepare ourselves for eternity.

Then when the time comes to you to pass through the valley of the shadow of death, you will fear no evil, for God will be with you. What a sweet solace is it to a child to feel his parent's arms around him! As the mists of death gather over the eyes of the dying, it is a sweet comfort to feel the grasp of a loving wife, of a faithful husband. But beyond the tender accents of a mother, a wife, or indeed of any human voice, will be the bliss, as we utter the *שמע*, of hearing the Divine Voice exclaiming, 'Fear not, for I am with thee. Be not dismayed, for I am thy God'; to feel that as the eye closes in death we shall behold the 'King in His beauty,' we shall see the land that is 'far off,' the abode of the purified spirits, where we shall be reunited with the dear ones who have gone before, with the pious, the good and true, the pure and noble, whose bodies sleep in the dust, but whose souls are with God on High.

Almighty God! Thou art infinitely great, whilst we are unspeakably frail. Thou art our King, and we have rebelled against Thee. Thou art our Creator, and we have broken Thy laws. Thou art our Father, and we have rejected Thy love. Thou art holy, and we have profaned Thy name. How

shall we free ourselves from the heavy burden of sins which we have committed against Thee? Thou, in Thy great and abundant mercy, raisest up the fallen. Thou holdest out a hand to trespassers, and Thine arm is stretched forth to receive the penitent. Grant that none of us reject Thy Fatherly hand this day, that none of us be hardened and impenitent. May we feel, that every one of us can be forgiven, every one can be sanctified, every one is able to break the fetters of his besetting sin. Be with those who are frail in body and feeble in resolve, that we may all afflict our souls by genuine contrition and heart-whole penitence. O God, accept our homage, however imperfect; our prayers, however faltering. Help Thy people Israel, for we sorely need Thy help. Deliver us from our inward enemies, our lassitude, our love of self, our greed for gold.

Thou before whom all hearts are open, from whom no secrets are hidden, help Thou us in our infirmity. May the praise, the supplication, the confession we offer be acceptable unto Thee. May they bring to our souls an answer of peace, and a message of pardon. Amen.

‘TURN YOURSELVES AND LIVE’

A NEILAH SERMON

BAYSWATER SYNAGOGUE, יום כפור חר"נ

Day of Atonement, October 5, 1889

וְהָשִׁבוּ וְחִיּוּ :

‘Turn yourselves and live.’—EZEKIEL 18 : *part of v.* 32.

It is recorded of Daniel in the book that bears his name,¹ that he was mourning for the affliction of his people, that he ate no pleasant bread, neither came flesh nor wine in his mouth, nor did he anoint himself at all. And as he thus afflicted his soul his comeliness departed, and he retained no strength. And then there appeared unto him a messenger from the Lord of Hosts, saying, ‘Fear not, Daniel, for from the first day that thou didst set thine heart to understand and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words were heard.’ And the Divine messenger again lifts up his voice and says, ‘O man, greatly beloved, fear not : peace be unto thee ; be strong, yea, be strong.’

Brethren, if Daniel, the greatly beloved prophet, so noble-minded and brave, was dismayed by a sense of his shortcomings, how utterly prostrate should we

¹ Chap. 10.
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be! There are, no doubt, many here who feel keenly the effect of abstinence from the bread of their desires, from flesh and wine, and whose faces are overspread with the pallor of faintness. But unto us all this Day of Atonement comes, even as an angel of the Lord, saying, ‘From this day that ye have set your hearts to chasten yourselves before the Lord, your words are heard, and your prayers answered.’ In obedience to our law we abstain from food and engage in Divine Worship the whole day. But we dare not fix our thoughts exclusively upon outward observances. We dare not indulge the thought, that the aim and end of the Atonement Day is realized by fasting, and the offering up of prayer. We must rise to the height of its great argument, bearing in mind that the essence of the Kippur consists in afflicting ourselves before the Lord. Abstention from food and supplications are but means to an end—to lead our rebellious spirits humbly and sorrowfully to the foot of God Almighty’s throne, that there we may confess the wrong of which we have been guilty, that there with self-abasement and contrition we may make our solemn vows of amendment. ‘Turn yourselves and live!’ ‘Turn yourselves and live!’ is the burden of this day’s message. This is the stirring appeal of the *Neilah* service, urging us all to brace ourselves for one supreme effort to obtain the forgiveness of God by cleansing ourselves from what is evil and corrupt within us.

You who are following a trade that violates the eternal laws of righteousness fixed by God: you who are engaged in occupations that besmirch the name you bear, and tarnish the fair fame of Judaism: let me beseech you, with that sincerity with which one Jew should address his brother Israelite on this sacred day, to abandon such trade. Let me impress upon you the full force of the prayer we are about to offer, that this Day of Atonement may be 'the end of all our iniquities, that we may cease from the violence of our hands.' Seek not to palliate wrong-doing by shifts and pleas which, in your heart of hearts, you know are utterly worthless.

And you who have suffered your souls to be degraded by that deadly foe—sensuality, by giving rein to evil passion, let me beseech you to rend with one mighty effort the association with sin. Remember the lessons of purity learnt at your mother's knee. Turn with loathing from converse with the base and degraded. Struggle with unceasing watchfulness against impure thoughts.

And you have joined the race for wealth with no thought but for your own selfish comforts and amusements: you who lounge through an idle fashionable life in the dull round of insipid pleasures and satiating excitements: you whose horizon is bounded by thoughts of dress and equipage, and all the adjuncts of vulgar display: let me beseech you to reflect that this is not the life worthy of sentient beings

created in the image of God. ‘Turn ye and live’—the true life—a life fired by the spirit of service and the spirit of sacrifice.

And you who have hitherto limited your religious observances to this one day, do not, I entreat you, act henceforth towards God Almighty as though He were a creditor to be satisfied with a beggarly composition out of the bankrupt estate of your religious allegiance. Determine that your Judaism of the future shall be the religion which hallows the weekly Sabbath, the religion which sanctifies the household, and binds you and your children in stedfast devotion to your ancestral faith, and in unswerving loyalty to its ordinances.

And you who have been estranged from your own brother, and nourished enmity and malice against your kinsman, pluck from your breast the grudge and the hatred. Show yourself worthy of Heaven’s pardon by seeking and obtaining the forgiveness of your fellow-men.

And you, my younger friends, if there are any among you who are wasting your school life, who are alienating the affection of those who love you, who are forfeiting the confidence of parents and teachers by disobedience and idleness, I beseech you, break with the mistakes, the follies, and sins of the past. A new opportunity, a new life—this is the golden gift which this day offers you.

Unto us all—knowing, as we do, each one of us,

the plague of his own heart, our own besetting vice—even unto the most hardened sinner comes the Divine pleading: 'Turn yourselves and live!' For what is sin but death? הרשעים בחייהם קרוין מתים, 'The wicked even during their life are called dead';¹ they who permit the voice of conscience to be stifled within them, who willingly and wilfully renounce their God.

The parting of the soul is the death of the body,
The parting from God is the death of the soul.

Or think you that there is no pressing need, no instant call for repentance and amendment, that there is still time to dally and wait? Time! when the major portion of your destined term lies already behind you? Time! when for better or worse a large and memorable portion of your career is over and gone? Will you not be thrilled when you pronounce the words, היום יפנה השמש יבא ויפנה 'This day is passing; the sun is low and about to set'?

Are not the signs of advancing age already upon you? 'Grey hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth not.'² Time! when every day gives its solemn warning, that death strikes down its victims at all ages. Or will you trust to a deathbed repentance? Who is there that has stood by the bed of the dying, and noted the mind dazed and confused, the heart distracted with earthly care, the body weakened with pain, the

¹ *Berachoth*, p. 18.

² Hosea 7 : 9.

thoughts wandering aimlessly, and will not admit that trusting to a deathbed repentance is leaning upon a broken reed?

Brethren, I bid you think of the day of death not to scare and terrify you, but to impress upon you the fact that it depends upon you to shape your latter end.

The story is told of an Eastern despot, profligate and tyrannical, who once came to a wise and holy man and besought him to reveal unto him the form of the Angel of Death. The hermit assented, and in the dark hour of the night the monarch had a dream, and behold! the Angel of Death was standing over him, and the vision was horrible to behold, and the sleeper started up affrighted, and said to the hermit: 'Oh, what hast thou done unto me? A spectre too frightful to look upon started before me, his locks entwined with snakes; his eyes darted upon me like unto forked lightning; a poisonous arrow was in his hand, and it was aimed at my heart. The terrible apparition will never fade out of my sight!' And the sage lifted up his voice and said: 'I also had a vision, and lo! the Angel of Death was standing before me. But he was not as you have pictured him. His appearance was like unto that of one of the celestial hosts. The radiance of his smile was even like unto sunshine. He beckoned me to follow him to the heavenly spheres whence he had come.'

And the monarch asked in wonderment, 'How can such things be?' 'Know thou,' answered the sage, 'Death always assumes the shape of the souls to whom he manifests himself. To the wicked as a fiend; as an angel of heaven to those pure in heart.' And the ruler earnestly bethought himself of his ways. He turned and repented, and did what was right in the sight of the Lord. Yes, it depends upon ourselves, upon the entire tenor of our lives, upon the use we make of this day, how Death will appear at the end; whether in the guise of a destroyer, or as a deliverer, who imprints upon us the Kiss of God.

Now the gate of repentance is open, and heaven's light streams through it. Now in love and mercy God calls unto us: יהשבו וחיו, 'Turn yourselves and live!' Live here on earth a life of loyalty to your faith, brightened by the consciousness of duty done. And you will live hereafter in the presence of God, crowned with glory undimmed, and honour unfading. Amen.

RELIGION OF THE HOME

CENTRAL SYNAGOGUE, סוכות חרס"א, *Feast of Tabernacles*,
October 8, 1900

וַיָּשָׁב אֲרֹן יְיָ בֵּית עֲבֵד יְהוָה שְׁלֹשָׁה חֳדָשִׁים וַיְבָרֶךְ יְיָ אֶת־עַבְדֵּי יְהוָה
וְאֶת־כָּל־בֵּיתוֹ:

‘And the ark of the Lord continued in the house of Obed-Edom the Gittite three months: and the Lord blessed Obed-Edom, and all his household.’—2 SAMUEL 6: 11.

It is the purpose of our divinely instituted festivals to serve not merely as memorials of great historical events in our religious history, but also to influence and to shape our every-day lives. We should endeavour to weave some of the festival's golden threads into the warp and woof of our daily career. It is for this that we ask when we pray, ‘O Lord our God, bestow upon us the blessing of Thine appointed times for life and peace, for joy and gladness, even as Thou hast been pleased to promise that Thou wouldst bless us.’

What are the lessons which the Feast of Tabernacles should teach for our every-day life? They may be gleaned from the text we have cited. ‘And the ark of the Lord continued in the house of Obed-Edom three months: and the Lord blessed Obed-Edom and all his household.’

The ark was the symbol of the Divine Presence, in virtue of its containing the two tablets of the covenant, on which the Ten Commandments were inscribed. It was therefore termed the ark of the Lord of Hosts, the ark of the testimony, the ark of the covenant. During the journeyings of our fathers in the wilderness it was borne with great reverence by the priests in advance of the host. When the Temple was built it was deposited in the innermost shrine, the Holy of Holies. At the period referred to in our text the ark was still being carried from place to place, and we are here told, that when the ark of God was placed in the house of Obed-Edom, 'the Lord blessed his house, and all that he had.' 'The ark paid well for its entertainment,' quaintly says an old commentator. 'It is a guest that none shall lose by that bid it welcome.' We all hope, wish, and pray that God may bless our house and all that we have; that His blessing may rest upon our home. *Home*—it is a word of ineffable charm. There is hardly another word in our language which rouses so many pleasant memories and evokes such touching associations. The proverbs of well-nigh every nation have consecrated this love of home. 'To every bird its nest is fair,' says the Frenchman. 'East and west, at home it's best,' is the watchword of the German. Surely the place to which the bridegroom brings his bride, the place where they start on the pilgrimage of life; where we first press our little

ones to our hearts; where they grow up as olive plants around our table; where the parents climb the hill together, until by the inevitable law of nature they descend towards the dark valley; surely the scene of our birth and marriage, our growth, decline, and death, the place where we enjoy the gifts of Divine goodness, and where we also have to bear our struggles, our sicknesses and sorrows, this place must be very dear and sacred to us. Should not all our heart's desires and aspirations be directed to the one end, to render our home worthy of receiving the Divine blessing? And the Divine blessing will rest upon it if, like Obed-Edom, we place the ark of God within its walls. There is nothing mystical in this. It means the religion of the home, the sense of the Divine Presence in the house of our pilgrimage.

Let us recall to our minds the contents of the sacred ark. In addition to the two tables of the covenant, there were enshrined therein the Book of the Law, the golden chalice with the Manna, and the rod of Aaron that budded. I am not given to fanciful and far-fetched interpretations. But the purport of these symbols is not obscure. They indicate that the love of law and the law of love must sway the home. The Manna typifies the simplicity and contentment that should prevail therein, that we should regard our daily bread as angels' food, vouchsafed by Divine mercy. And Aaron's rod budding teaches that it is

only by the buds and blossoms and the fruitage of a man's life that his character can be judged.

There are houses—we all know of such—the appointments of which are to the eye fair beyond reproach; everything seems in exquisite taste. The inmates may be clever and gifted. And yet the true idea of a home is not realized therein. The members of the household are devoid of every high ideal, are dominated by one great desire—to live a life of ease and comfort. They are filled with one overmastering ambition—to push their way higher in the social scale, to shine in the world. All thoughts are centred upon self. And with what result? Disappointments and distresses come; the inmates are overwhelmed, and the great gilded mirrors reflect haggard, care-worn faces on every side. Be warned against such houses.

חנו עיניכם באחיכם שבגולה שלא יהיו בתיהם קבריהם.¹ Watch over your homes lest they become your graves, the graves of your hopes and joys, the graves of an Israelite's duty and mission. If you would rise to the true conception of home, God must be enthroned and worshipped therein. And if God is there, then love will enter and abide there, genuine family affection, the love of husband and wife, of parents and children. Now, if the union of husband and wife be dictated merely by outward attraction, by prudential considerations, by the promise of a rich dowry, disillusion, disenchantment too often comes in at the door, and love flies

¹ *Taanith*, p. 22.

out at the window, and in their stead coldness, self-will, and estrangement hold sway. But if husband and wife are bound together by high endeavours, by lofty ideals; if life means more to them than a round of pleasure and the pursuit of amusements; if they are linked together by the discipline of toil with its sweet guerdon of weekly rest; if the voice of prayer and praise ascends from their house; if from their house they go to the house of God on the Sabbath Day to pray with and for each other, then will their young loves grow in nobility and strength. A famous writer was asked how much he loved his wife. He answered, 'A little more than yesterday, a little less than tomorrow.' This is the secret of progressive happiness. Husband and sons must go forth on their daily tasks and duties. But home should remain the starting-point of all their ideals, their ambition, and aspirations. The Sabbath rest should be the reward for all the toil, the heat, and burden of the week. Who can fail to acknowledge the wealth of peace and happiness which the Sabbath brings to the household in which it is observed with truth and sincerity? The Sabbath Eve and the Sabbath Day have been the Jewish perennial fountains of youth. From their crystal waters the wearied and worried Hebrew has drunk and been refreshed.

The domestic virtues of the Jew are cultivated and strengthened at the festive board, upon which the Sabbath lamp casts its radiance. Not in vain has the Sabbath been named *שבת המלכה*, the 'Queen Sabbath,'

for beneath her gentle sway Judaism in its darkest days was safeguarded and blessed. And if Judaism is to be preserved, if our homes are to yield us true happiness, the Sabbath must be jealously and zealously upheld, and every sacrifice which its observance entails must be cheerfully borne. Yes, my friends, the foundation and the keystone of the religious home is the observance of the Sabbath. Every Sabbath and festival we celebrate, every religious ordinance we perform, will strengthen the bond that unites us to our Father in heaven, and with our brethren in faith throughout the world. Every ordinance of our faith will become a reminder of duty, an incentive to truth, purity, and righteousness. Then will your home be irradiated by a sunshine all its own, then will the morning be bright with the knowledge of how much has to be done during the day, then will the evening hour be light with the consciousness of how much has been achieved. Then will the mellow wisdom of old age be blended with the glad enthusiasm of younger days, and the home will prove an ark of refuge and a haven of rest amid the stress and storm of life, a little land-locked bay on a rocky coast, where the sailor, escaping the billows of the ocean, can anchor his frail bark and feel safe.

I cannot promise you wealth and abiding prosperity. We do not know whether Obed-Edom became a rich man. But of this we may be sure, that he possessed what is infinitely more valuable

than mere wealth. Addison tells us that a Rosicrucian promised to reveal to him the mysterious gift he possessed, the great secret by which he could irradiate every metal, and enrich lead with all the properties of gold. A single ray, he said, dissipates care and pain and melancholy from the person on whom it falls. In short, its presence changes every place into a kind of heaven. 'I know the secret,' exclaimed Addison; 'it is contentment; not to pine after what is beyond our reach, nor to fret because of the inevitable.'

I cannot promise you unbroken ease and unclouded sunshine. Not from the most godly house can care, sorrow, and misfortune be shut out. We cannot exclude the stern messenger of death from any home. Sooner or later in the desolate house, once so happy, the tears of the fatherless will flow. But of this we are assured, the wounds which God inflicts, He also heals. All that He sends, if borne submissively, becomes rich in mercy. Even in the hour when we have committed our beloved to the dust—

Through thick pangs, high agonies,
Faith unto life breaks, and death dies.

And a rich comfort is given unto those who go to their eternal home, the home beyond the grave. The ark was taken from the house of Obed-Edom at the end of three months. But the connection between the ark and his family did not

cease. We do not anticipate, as a rule, much illumination from the seemingly arid genealogical lists of the Book of Chronicles. But there appears the noteworthy record that Obed-Edom with his family of eight sons and their children, 'mighty men of valour, able men for strength for the service,' kept the south gate of the Temple and joined in the service of the Temple, 'for God blessed him.'¹ At a much later period, in the reign of King Amaziah, the family are spoken of as keepers of the vessels of the house of God.² This is the highest and best blessing of a godly home, that its influence descends from father to son, from generation to generation.

The anxious reflection must press itself upon every thoughtful parent, 'I am going the way of all flesh. I must leave my children, some of them with characters yet unformed, in a world of searching trial and fiery temptation. Will they preserve the sanctuary of Judaism? Will they maintain the divinely instituted ordinances of our faith? Will they toil for the welfare of the community?' Parents, if you have harboured the ark of God within your house, if the religion of the home has been yours, then you may hope that the God of your fathers will be the God of your children. Then you may cherish the comforting thought, 'I see them like unto the house of Obed-Edom, to

¹ 1 Chronicles 26 : 4-8, 15.

² 2 Chronicles 25 : 24.

the third and fourth generation, safeguarding and ministering to the ark of God. I die in peace.' These are some of the blessings with which religion of the home is fraught. Heaven grant that we may render ourselves worthy to possess these blessings in a rich measure, and bequeath them to our children after us! Amen.

THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE

BAYSWATER SYNAGOGUE, שמיני עצרת חרנ"ט, *Eighth Day of Solemn Assembly, October 8, 1898*

וְלֹא יִרְאֶה אֶת־פָּנָי יְיָ וְיָקָם : אִישׁ כַּמְתֵּנֶת יָדוֹ כְּכֹרֶכֶת יְיָ אֱלֹהֵיךָ אִשָּׁר
נָתַן לָךְ :

‘They shall not appear before the Lord empty : every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord thy God, which He hath given thee.’—DEUTERONOMY 16 : 16, 17.

I PROPOSE speaking to you on a subject which I deem of commanding moment for the well-being of the entire community—a theme which does not concern merely the members of this Synagogue, but all our brethren resident in the metropolis, aye, in the United Kingdom.

The communal vacation is about to end. Within the ensuing week our various institutions will resume their meetings and their administrative work. Many a knotty question will present itself—old problems that have as yet been but half solved, and new difficulties that must be overcome. The golden age, the ideal time shadowed forth in the earlier portion of our Festival lesson, ‘when there shall be no poor among us,’ has not yet arrived. We have to deal with the dull, dismal, prosaic present. ‘For the poor shall not cease out of the land.’

What significance have these words acquired at the present day, and in this city, seeing that 4286 cases of poverty had to be relieved by our central organization during the past year! Then there comes the anxious consideration how to provide efficient religious instruction for all our children in the ever-increasing number of elementary schools. Again, it is hoped that, during the ensuing session, a commencement at least will be made in dealing with a comprehensive scheme for improving the condition of our brethren in the east of the metropolis. And we are, well-nigh all of us, convinced that we dare no longer delay the establishment of an industrial school for truants and other juvenile offenders, the absence of which has been repeatedly stigmatized by the magistrate as a 'crying shame.' There are many other serious requirements. Schools here, in the provinces, and in the colonies, urgently need thoroughly trained Jewish teachers; but the demand exceeds the supply. There are several metropolitan districts, and towns in the United Kingdom, in which the erection of Synagogues has become an imperative necessity. There are places of worship and schools urgently needing aid to preserve them from extinction. Indeed, the programme of communal work is varied and complex.

And I grieve to say that our leaders approach the ensuing session with hesitancy and apprehension. Whence do these fears and anxieties arise? The

trusted administrators of our charities do not shirk toil, nor are they daunted by the ordinary perplexities they encounter. The cause for their apprehension lies deeper. They note, with dismay, that there is an appalling decline in the pecuniary support accorded by the community to our charities, and a growing reluctance to give personal service in the management of the various institutions. Now, this falling off cannot happily be imputed to the existence of a commercial crisis. For, although people are always ready to plead bad times, the depreciation of securities, and shrinkage of values, we know as a fact, that at no time has there been greater wealth in the United Kingdom. It has increased by leaps and bounds. The amount assessed for income-tax has more than doubled during the last thirty years. In fifty years it has nearly been trebled. And you will readily admit that in this prosperity the Jewish section of the population has fully and richly shared. Yet in his last appeal the President of the Board of Guardians states the melancholy fact that the donations are falling off, and that it is in sore financial straits. To what cause is this alarming decrease of revenue to be attributed? To the fact that there is a serious decline in the number of givers, and in the volume of their gifts.

Donors who, during their lifetime, were most liberal supporters of the Board pass away, and their 'place is left empty.' Their children inherit their

wealth, but alas! not their generosity. Parents can bequeath their personal and real property, but they are powerless to transmit their personal sympathy, the vivid compassion that moved them during their lifetime. There are many thousands who refrain from helping to bear the heavy burden that presses upon us. And yet there never was a period in our communal history when large-hearted, wisely-directed generosity was more imperatively needed. Owing to the unhappy persistence of persecution and racial hostility in other countries, a steady immigration to these isles continues. It is our duty to provide for these new-comers, either by finding them means of subsistence or by sending them to other hospitable lands. The poor in our midst must be lifted out of the slough of pauperism. There are also the aged, the sick, the helpless, the widows and orphans, who have to be maintained and cared for, so that they may not fall a burden upon the general rates. Now, let me ask you, my brethren, must it not appear to every thoughtful individual nothing less than a grave anomaly that the community should appoint Guardians of the Poor, and that then it should leave them without adequate means to discharge the duties imposed upon them? We have declared an almost unanimous opinion that England's open door should not be closed, and that we regard an Alien Bill as unnecessary and unwise. Now, brethren, is it not a glaring anomaly—nay, would it not amount to a

dishonesty—to assume by such declaration the responsibility of lovingly caring for the material and moral wants of the immigrants, and then to repudiate this responsibility by withholding the needful aid from the institutions on which this obligation has been cast? Aye, is it not deplorable that schools and charities should be doomed to languish, that their staffs should be overworked, and that their efficiency should be crippled, not merely because of deficits in the balance-sheet, but because there are those who refuse to trouble themselves with the work of supervision and the toil of administration?

Dear friends, we need the exhortation of our text: 'They shall not appear before the Lord empty. Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord thy God which He hath given thee.' This exhortation was addressed in the first instance to those who worshipped in the Temple on the three pilgrim feasts. They were not to come empty-handed, but were bidden to bring some free-will offering from their flocks and herds, from their vineyards, olive-yards, and orchards, as a token of their gratitude to the Giver of all good. This command, so joyfully obeyed by our sires, is still binding upon us, their descendants. We have not solemnised this festival worthily if we have sung some hymns of praise, and offered up a few prayers. We dare not appear before the Lord empty-handed and empty-hearted, ריקם מצדקה. With the utterance of grateful

lips we must bring a portion of all wherewith God has blessed us, the material and mental gifts with which He has endowed us, the putting forth of all our energies to minister to human wretchedness, the bestowing of the sympathy and thought needed to banish ignorance, vice, and misery. We dare not hold aloof.

‘Every man shall give as he is able.’ This text is well known. How glibly it is cited when, in response to an urgent personal plea, the well-to-do merchant writes out his cheque for one or two guineas, oblivious of the words that follow, ‘according to the blessing of the Lord thy God, which He hath given thee.’ How should we murmur and fret, if our Heavenly Father were to bestow His gifts upon us in so niggardly, so grudging a fashion! You, who have received richly of the Divine blessing, must give with equal bounty. You must bear your part in that golden chain of giving, which binds age to age. You must conserve that noble tradition of benevolence, which constitutes one of the fairest records in Israel’s annals. How did our ancestors save and gather and toil for the establishment and maintenance of the various religious institutions which we possess at the present day! What would have become of our faith, if our fathers had permitted themselves to be—

Bound by the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more.

Nay, think of the sacrifices made by our poor brethren in the East End, how they stint and pinch themselves to maintain their Chevrass, to pay the, to them, heavy school fees for Talmud Torah and Cheder. Would it not be humiliating, if you would shrink from preserving what your fathers have built up with such self-denying toil? Is it not a crying shame that there are those 'who stop their ears at the cry of the poor,' squandering their wealth in luxuries, or hoarding it up, so that their children may lead idle lives, with hearts as fat as brawn, and cold as ice, and hard as the nether mill-stone? In to-day's Service the הזכרת נשמות, the commemoration of the dead, is conjoined with מתנת יד, the offerings of the congregation, to remind us that if we would indeed honour the memory of our dear ones, we must maintain their work with the same spirit of service, the same far-sighted, pious spirit of sacrifice that animated them.

But it is not for material help only that I plead to-day. The Preacher, in the Book of Ecclesiastes read this day, warns us against saying that the former days were better than these.¹ Nor am I what the Roman satirist terms *laudator temporis acti*, an indiscriminate eulogist of the 'good old times.' There are many matters in which we have improved. But there is one essential in which we must confess our inferiority. Time was when a

¹ Ecclesiastes 7 : 10.

young member of the community deemed it the greatest honour that could be conferred upon him when he was invited to serve on the committee of a charity or to join in the administration of a Synagogue. But how is it at the present day? Those that have grown grey in the service oft-times experience the greatest difficulty in inducing young men to take upon themselves offices of trust and responsibility. Whence does this reluctance spring?

Let me recall to you an instructive little parable in the Book of Judges,¹ which tells many a home truth. 'The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them. And they said unto the olive tree, "Reign thou over us." But the olive tree said unto them, "Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honour God and man, to be promoted over the trees?" And the trees said unto the fig-tree, "Come thou and reign over us." And the fig-tree said unto them, "Should I forsake my sweetness and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees?" Then said the trees unto the vine, "Come thou and reign over us." And the vine said unto them, "Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and men, and go to wave to and fro over the trees?" Then said all the trees unto the bramble, "Come thou and reign over us." And the bramble said unto the trees, "If indeed ye anoint me king

¹ Judges 9 : 8-15.

over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow: and if not, let fire come out of the bramble and devour the cedars of Lebanon.”’

Is it not as though we heard here the very words with which some of our young men excuse themselves from devoting their personal service? ‘Shall I give up my sweet home repose after the day’s hard work? Shall I dispense with my evening meal and my recreation? Shall I relinquish the time devoted to social intercourse to attend tiresome meetings and listen to prosy speeches? Shall I permit my culture and refinement to come into contact with those who are intellectually my inferiors? Shall I entail upon myself endless cares and continual interruptions in my counting-house, to the injury of my own business?’

But the vine and the olive and the fig-tree forget, that their very sweetness and light cast responsibilities upon them, which they dare not evade. If men of refinement and integrity shrink from the duties which their position and abilities impose, the time may come—Heaven forbid!—when the community will be governed and led by men, who may be described as briars and brambles; who, instead of toiling unselfishly for the good of our faith, seek but their own ends; and who, instead of yielding the wholesome fruits of sound counsel and righteous action, are full of prickly thorns, kindling the flames of discord and rupture,

devouring the cedars of Lebanon, destroying noble monuments of piety and benevolence. Earnestly and affectionately do I beseech you, my younger brethren, if you feel that God has blessed you with some special talent, administrative skill, strength of brain, power over the hearts of men, remember that you do not possess these abilities for your selfish uses, to gratify your ambition, and to serve your self-aggrandisement, but for the service of your faith, your country, and your community.

For every one who has eyes to see and a brain to think must be painfully aware, that many are the foes, manifold are the perils that beset Judaism: calumny and hatred from without, apathy and materialism, aye, and misdirected energy, from within. When Israel was hardly bested by the Syrians in the days of old, the prophet of the Lord came unto Ahab, saying: 'Thus saith the Lord, Hast thou seen all this great multitude? Behold I will deliver it into thine hand this day.' And when Ahab asked, 'By whom?' the prophet said: 'Even by *the young men* of the princes of the provinces.'¹ And on our youths and maidens do we still rely. Remember, in God's battles slackness is treason. Work then in the good old cause with steadfast perseverance. Work לשם שמים, for the sake of Heaven. What do these words indicate? That we must not join the committee of a charity or act

¹ 1 Kings 20 : 14.

as the manager of a lads' or girls' club, and then retire because we have to renounce an evening's entertainment, or because we cannot carry a project on which we had set our heart, or because we come in contact with persons who, forsooth! are not so educated and refined as we. Do not lose heart when difficulties arise, or when some plan you have cherished ends in disappointment.

Not all who seemed to fail have failed indeed,
Not all who failed have therefore worked in vain.

And though many an arduous task awaits us during the coming winter, we are not left to our own unaided resources. 'The Eternal God is our refuge, and underneath us are the Everlasting Arms.'¹ To Him we have prayed during this festival, I hope with all sincerity and in all earnestness, 'אנא ה' הושיעה נא, 'Help now, I beseech Thee, O Lord.' אנא ה' הצליחה נא, 'O Lord, I beseech Thee, prosper now our work.' And if we have not appeared empty before Him, He in His mercy will not turn us away empty from His presence. Amen.

¹ Deuteronomy 33 : 27.

THE CALL OF THE PASSOVER

CENTRAL SYNAGOGUE, פסח תר"נה, *April 9, 1895*

וְלָכוּ עֲבָדוּ אֶת יְיָ כְּדַבַּרְכֶם :

'Go, serve ye the Lord, as ye have spoken.'—EXODUS 12 : 31.

ON this festive morn our first thought must be the outpouring of gratitude to Almighty God for having shielded and protected us during the past rigorous season, so that we are again enabled to celebrate this joyous festival of spring. Indeed, the winter, which is now, happily, over and gone, will not readily be forgotten. It seemed as if the frost would never relax its iron grip. Many of us have been laid low by sickness; valued members of the community have been cut off by the subtle poison which lurks in darkness. There are many homes, the inmates of which have partaken of the bread of affliction and the bitter herbs of anxiety. But the festival comes to us all, and whispers its message of comfort. The suffering which winter brought in its train will be exorcised like an evil spirit by the life-giving breath of spring. And we shall be enabled to go forth to our daily work and our task in life with renewed hope and restored strength.

But the Passover bids us forget, for a while, our individual cares and our personal griefs. It calls upon us to think and toil for the welfare of the House of Israel. When we meet in solemn convocation we should reflect upon our present position in the world. For it is right that communities, as well as individuals, should pause awhile amid the press and stress of work, the hurry and worry of daily life, and consider whether they are progressing or retrograding.

Now, I gladly admit that there is much on which the Anglo-Jewish community may pride itself. The outward front we present to the world, if not imposing and majestic, is at least respectable and satisfactory. Our Synagogues and charities are ably and zealously administered. But if we scan our individual status carefully and without bias, what must our verdict be? It is true, we cannot sufficiently praise the self-sacrificing zeal with which a small band of workers throw themselves heart and soul into the administration of our institutions, cheerfully surrendering their scarce hours of ease and leisure. But where there is much to admire, is there not also much to deplore? Is not the number of workers and givers woefully out of proportion to the muster-roll of the community? What great objects might be achieved if, when some good work is to be accomplished, there would be no need for canvassing and persuasion, if there would be no evasions, no refusals, but if each member of the community would feel stirred to bring his 'offerings

all manner of work which the Lord has commended'—offerings of time, of substance, of loving matured thought!

And when we scrutinize our internal affairs we must sorrowfully admit that there is much weakening of the tie that binds the Hebrew to his faith, such religious decadence, inertness, and indifference. There are temples of prayer in which the attendance of worshippers is but scanty. In some instances the abstention may be due to the fact that the member imagines that the Divine Worship does not satisfy his spiritual cravings. But oftentimes the abstention is due to the love of idleness and ease, and to the sad circumstance that the heaven-ordained Sabbath is not observed. The struggle for existence is fierce; resistance to temptation is feeble.

I have spoken of the Judaism of the Synagogue. How is it with the Judaism of the home? How is it with the religious education of our children? How is it with the observance of those precepts that are intended to preserve and maintain our religious identity? Brethren, let us listen to the call which the Passover addresses to us, which points to the source of our laxity, and to the means for effecting our religious revival: לכו עבדו את ה' כדברכם, 'Go, serve ye the Lord, as ye have spoken.' There are so many in our midst who allow themselves to be entirely absorbed in low and selfish material thoughts; who talk of nothing, care for nothing, I might almost say pray

for nothing but money. They value it first among all possessions, look up to those who have gained it as though they were gods; they measure the sole success of life by it, and marry their sons and daughters with sole reference to this standard. And why do they long that the stream of gold should run into their coffers? Not as a means of beneficence; not for the good it may accomplish; but because it will enable the possessor and those about him to live in luxury, to indulge in expensive tastes, to satisfy every caprice, and to gratify every whim. Hence it comes that the mental horizon of these men and women is bounded by the card-table and the theatre, the latest fashionable novel, and the milliner's show-room.

The one thing needful is that we should set ourselves high ideals and noble aims, and seek to attain them. 'Serve the Lord, as ye have spoken.' Serve Him by endeavouring to imitate, in your intercourse with your fellow-men, His love and His mercy, His truth and His justice. Serve Him by keeping His law, which teaches the purest morality and the loftiest virtue. Serve Him by loving thought for your fellow-men.

You may ask, 'Is it not altogether beyond the power of man to strive for an ideal so immeasurably beyond him? Can the finite grasp the infinite? How can the creature of a day hope to emulate the unfathomable?' God Himself has taught us the answer to these questions. He has said: קרשם תהיו כי

קדוש אני ה' אלהיכם. 'Ye shall be holy, for I the Lord your God am holy'¹—and He does not demand the impossible of the children of earth. Let us draw an illustration from nature itself. The inlet of the human eye is one of the smallest of apertures. And yet it is so marvellously constructed, that through an opening, smaller than a pin's head, there comes to us the vision of the sun, the largest object in our system of worlds, and of all the wonders of creation. And shall our mental eye, puny though it be, fail to grasp the sublimity of the Godhead, fail to grasp the ideals of Judaism, and the grandeur of the ethical standard which it sets up?

We are told that there are those who hold aloof from the Synagogue, alleging that the 'paucity of its ideals, and the poverty of its teachings, deprive them of all claim upon their reverence.' Is this allegation just? Is the Synagogue poor in ideals—the Synagogue wherein the hymns of the Psalmist resound, the highest records of the experiences of the human soul to Godward—the Synagogue wherein we hear the glowing admonition of the prophets, and the solemn words of the law? The Synagogue lacking in ideals! where by communion with God the spiritual world becomes well-nigh visible to us, where in prayer we seem to hear the answering voice, where in silence we have felt the Unseen Presence, and our hearts have throbbed with the love of God

¹ Leviticus 19 : 2.

and man, and thrilled in the consciousness of immortality! Cherish these ideals in your daily life by the sterling integrity of your words and actions, by your devoted, loving service to your community and your country. 'Wherefore shall the Gentiles say, Where now is their God? But our God is in the heavens, He doeth whatsoever He pleaseth. O Israel, trust thou in the Lord: He is thy help and thy shield.'¹

There is, unhappily, much truth in the charge of our olden teachers, that though we have been released from the thralldom of Egypt, אַכְתִּי עַבְדֵי אַחַשְׁוֶרֶשׁ אֵינִי,² 'We are still the slaves of the Persian despot.' Our self-indulgence and our love of ostentation rule over us, and keep us in abject slavery.

In the famous vision of Mirza,³ the sage describes mankind as passing over a bridge with threescore and ten arches which spans the rolling waters of a mighty tide. And looking attentively he sees innumerable trap-doors that lie concealed in the bridge, and as the passengers tread upon them they fall into the current and disappear. Yet multitudes are busy in the quest of bubbles that dance before them, and often when they think themselves within reach of them their footing fails, and down they sink. A fitting emblem of human life apart from God! For what are the delights of the world which we pursue but bubbles, that glisten for a while, but in a few

¹ Psalm 115 : 5, 9.

² *Megillah*, p. 14.

³ *The Spectator*, No. 159.

seconds a black spot shows itself amid the radiant colours, and anon nothing is left but a drop of unclean water?

Not so is a life lived in God's sight, in obedience to His will, a life guarded, guided, and purified by the sense of His presence, a life lived in seeking the highest good of our brother-men, a life spent in loyalty to our faith, in the endeavour to make at least one little corner of the world better, wiser, purer, happier. It is for this end that God has redeemed us that we may become עבדי ה' ולא עבדי פרעה, His servants, not slaves of mammon, and serfs of low desires. Prove by your lives that your religion has a grip upon you. Prove yourselves Jews in the home and the world, as well as in the Synagogue, deeming it your highest pride to show forth the grandeur and beauty of Judaism in the rectitude and purity of your lives. Then let death come when it will. It will not find you unprepared; it will awaken within you no fear, no dismay. For even as it was in life, so it will be in that supreme hour. You will hear the Divine voice proclaiming : פני ילכו והנחותי לך, ' My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.'¹

Almighty and all-merciful Father! we beseech Thee, teach us to pray. Cleanse the thoughts of our mind by the inspiration of Thy holy spirit, that we may worship Thee in truth and with sincerity, that

¹ Exodus 33 : 14.

the words of our mouth and the meditations of our heart may be acceptable in Thy sight. Let the light of Thy presence cheer and strengthen us. Let it not be clouded by the mists of our selfishness, by the tampering of our souls with sin. Teach us to know Thy statutes, to believe in them, and to love them, so that we may ever strive to do Thy holy will, that we may seek more and more earnestly to help and to comfort our fellow-men.

It has pleased Thee to visit Thy children with a rigorous winter, that has laid many of us low on the bed of sickness. Grant in Thy mercy, that the sun of spring, that has healing on his wings, may speedily shine upon us, giving strength to the faint, sustenance to the hungry, light and joy to all our hearts. Be Thou with all that are bowed down and bruised in spirit, so that they may again taste the joys of life. Give us all a calm and thankful heart, that we may perform the task allotted to us on earth without murmuring and repining, and leave the issues of good and evil fortune, of life and death, in Thy most loving hands. Amen.

MURMURING AND ITS CURE

CENTRAL SYNAGOGUE, פסח תרנ"ט, שביעי של פסח, *Seventh Day of Passover*,
April 1, 1899

וַיִּלְנוּ הָעָם עַל מֹשֶׁה לֵאמֹר מִה־נִּשְׁתָּה :

‘And all the people murmured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink?’—EXODUS 15: 24.

DISCONTENT and murmuring seem to have been an ingrained habit of our forefathers. In the Sedra, whence our festival lesson has been taken, the word וַיִּלְנוּ, ‘they murmured,’ occurs no less than ten times. The Israelites appear to have been in a constant state of querulousness. Scarce have they been freed from the slavery of Pharaoh than they exclaim, ‘Because there were no graves in Egypt hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness?’ They arrive at Marah, ‘And the people murmured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink?’ They reach the wilderness of Sin, ‘And the whole congregation of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron, saying, ‘Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the fleshpots.’ And when, later on, the spies bring back an evil report of the Land of Promise, the Children of Israel forthwith abandon the desire to possess that goodly

land; they refuse to believe in the Divine promise. 'Yea, they despised the pleasant land, they believed not His word: but murmured in their tents, and hearkened not unto the voice of the Lord.'

Brethren, has this vice died out with our fathers? Has this carping disposition no place in the busy life of the nineteenth century? Must it not be confessed that an under-current of peevishness and dissatisfaction runs through our lives? Are there not times with almost every one of us when we permit a sullen, dreary mist to envelop our souls, chilling and darkening it? We do not murmur. No. That is a Bible word, and as such must be avoided in our ordinary conversation. But are we not familiar enough with its modern equivalent—grumbling? Do we not all readily recognize this mood? Are there not days on which it seems that we cannot smile, we cannot overcome a dull and acrid tone in our voice; when everything seems to jar upon our senses; when, as Shakespeare phrases it, 'It goes so heavily with our disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this brave overhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, this most excellent canopy, the air, appears no other thing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours'?

Now, all who have experienced this mood must acknowledge that it is not only hard to bear, but

¹ Psalm 106 : 24, 25.

constitutes a peril to ourselves and those about us. This despondency makes a man listless and careless; it induces him to exaggerate the difficulties which lie in his path; his way is as a hedge of thorns. If some useful project be brought before him he is at once ready to discourage it. 'There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets.'¹ He indulges in the luxury of woe. He is like the Irishman of whom we have read, who said 'that he was never happy unless he was miserable.' He ignores the blessings that surround him, exaggerates a few fancied or real ills, and proceeds to murmur against the dispensations of Providence. Who can doubt that this discontent, with its sighing and lamenting, exercises a most disastrous influence, is as injurious as it is sinful? A Roman historian relates that Cæsar had prepared a feast for his nobles and friends. When the day arrived the weather was so boisterous that the entertainment could not take place. Cæsar, unaccustomed to be baffled in any of his plans, was highly incensed, and he and his friends commenced shooting arrows against the sky, which had sent the unwelcome rain. What ensued? The arrows, instead of reaching the clouds, fell back upon their own heads, and covered them with wounds. How typical of our own foolish complaints! Our murmurings, instead of removing, increase our fancied misery. They render us and those about us wretched, and poison the springs of

¹ Proverbs 26 : 13.

domestic happiness. When Dante descends to the fifth circle of the Inferno he finds a bleak and loathsome marsh, left by the waters of the Stygian stream, dreary and turbid. And in the putrid fen he sees the souls of those whom Anger has ruined. 'They are smiting and tearing one another in ceaseless, senseless rage.' And there are others whom he cannot see, but whose sobs form bubbles that are ever rising to the surface of the pool; and there are others who are yet further plunged into the miry swamp. And what is their sin? 'Gloomy were we in the sweet air, made gladsome by the sun. Now in these murky settlings gloomy must we lie.' A terrible picture of that rebellious spirit that shuts out the light and love of God!

Should we not consider how we may cure this malady, and prevent it from attacking our soul? This festival celebration shall instruct us. Whence arises our tendency to discontent and murmuring? From our want of faith, from our lack of trust in God. We refuse to recognize His guiding hand in the affairs of life; we will not acknowledge that He is the hearer of prayer, that in His mercy and wisdom He ordains all that befalls us. We are too ready to imagine that there is nothing in the world but a struggle of careless and ceaseless forces, 'time and chance happening to all.' We forget that there is a God who endows us with intelligence, who gives us wisdom to subdue those forces and to understand the laws of nature.

This lack of faith and trust in Providence is one of the saddest signs of the times. It makes us blind to the many mercies we receive from Heaven—the blessings of life and health, the blessings of loving and being loved, the blessings of sympathy and of work. We worry ourselves about the future; we vex ourselves by the fear of troubles that are in the lap of time. God in His mercy has created us, has watched over us during childhood's days, has warded off innumerable dangers from us, and yet we will not trust ourselves to Him. An old-world homilist, speaking on this subject, said, 'To what may this be likened? To an old woman who is trudging along a dusty highway under a burning sun, carrying a heavy pack upon her shoulder. A man driving along observes her, and invites her to get into his cart. She gratefully accepts the offer. On looking round he observes, to his surprise, that the woman is still holding the heavy pack on her shoulder. "Why do you not lay down your burden?" he asks. "Oh, sir," she replies, "surely it is kind enough of you to take me into your cart. I must not trouble you with my pack also." Is not our folly like unto this?' continues the preacher. 'God has borne with us from our birth upwards, and yet we refuse to trust in Him who has graciously promised, "Ye have been borne by Me from the womb. And even to your old age I am He, and even to hoar hairs will I carry

you : I have made, and I will bear ; even I will carry, and will deliver you.”¹

‘Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee : He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.’² It is well for us to remember how much of our murmuring and discontent is due to our egotism and self-consciousness. We should think less of ourselves and more of others ; less of our fancied cares, and more of the real sorrows and heart-aches that are in the world. We must school ourselves to understand the hardships and to sympathize with the trials which others have to bear ; the anxieties and privations which beset the humble toiler. We must ignore self, and endeavour to foster a spirit of love and sympathy for others. We have heard recently of a new cure for the ills of life. It is called the Smile Cure, and is indeed only a reversion to the rule of conduct set down by Rabbi Akiba many ages ago. We are told³ that, whilst his companions wept in sorrow, he, trusting in God’s goodness, began to smile. התחיל ר' עקבא מצחק. There is much value in thus meeting life’s troubles. Life is like a mirror. Scowl upon it, and it will scowl back at you. Smile upon it, and it will smile on you in return.

Yes, brethren, this is the true philosophy of life. Believing that the Giver of life is Perfect Love, we should feel that the best offering we can bring Him is

¹ Isaiah 46 : 4.

² Psalm 55 : 22.

³ *Maccoth*, p. 24.

to enjoy to the full what He sends of good, and to bear uncomplainingly what He allows of evil. אל יהא בפסוקי הוזה זו מפוך אשרי אדם בוטח בך. 'Only let not this truth depart from thy heart and mind.'¹ 'Blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee.' Then will we refuse to let our hearts sink in wanton, wilful gloom, then will the glad tide of light, joy, and health flow upon our hearts. And then our foolish, sinful murmurings will cease. Amen.

¹ *Jerushalmi, Berachoth, c. 5, § 1.*

DIVINE REVELATION AND THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

BAYSWATER SYNAGOGUE, שבועות תרמ"ב, *Pentecost, May 24, 1882*

וַיְדַבֵּר אֱלֹהִים אֶת כָּל-הַדְּבָרִים הָאֵלֶּה :

‘And God spake all these words.’—EXODUS 20 : 1.

WE have heard to-day the simple yet sublime commandments revealed by God on Sinai. As these familiar words fell upon your ears you may possibly have thought to yourselves, ‘These precepts were given 3000 years ago to a people who had just been freed from slavery, who were entirely uncultured, who knew nought of literature, art, or science. And we are called upon to listen to those words with the same awe and reverence—we who, compared with the Israelites of old, are veritable giants! What grand strides have been made since the days of Moses in every department of science and industry! Progress is the great watchword of the age! The proclamation of the Ten Commandments may have been necessary at a time when the world was young. But now we have outgrown such leading-strings.’

These are the thoughts entertained by many a man and woman of the nineteenth century. But how

shallow and superficial is such a judgment! Many of us, undoubtedly, indulged the fond belief that mankind was steadily progressing, not only from a material point of view, but was also developing morally and intellectually; that each generation successively was ridding itself of the errors of its predecessors, that it was casting off the crimes and sins of former days, as the serpent sloughs off its skin. But alas! it was but a dream, out of which we have been rudely and harshly awakened. We had hoped that religious persecution, fanatic hate, and intolerance had been for ever relegated into the limbo of medievalism. But what are we witnessing? I will not speak of the outrages that have been committed in Russia, for that land is regarded as but half civilized. But in a country that boasts of its enlightenment and superior intelligence, literary resurrectionists, whilst deceitfully waving the flag of truce, the white banner of culture and learning, have unearthed the putrid carcase of intolerance from its ancient grave, have galvanized its hideous form with a spurious life, and are filling the atmosphere of brotherly love and charity with the miasma of malice and ill-will. And even in our land, the sanctuary of freedom and justice, we are startled now and again by the revival of effete prejudices, and the publication of unjust insinuations. We will, however, not limit our view to our own narrow horizon, but regard the matter as citizens of this great Empire. Who would have believed that

this much lauded century would be stained by crimes as huge and dark as ever disgraced those days when the 'right of the fist' stalked triumphantly through the land? Who would have imagined that our sister isle would be disgraced by foul and murderous conspiracies, and that there could be men who would glory in deeds of blood? You may fitly ask, 'Is this the progress on which the age vaunts itself? Is this its boasted civilization, this the enlightenment it flaunts before the world?' You may have heard of a strange misadventure which befell Parry, the great Arctic explorer. He was endeavouring to reach the North Pole, and travelled onward indefatigably with his dogs and sledges. He was buoyed up with the hope that he was reaching the desired goal. But when the sun at last broke through the darkness, and he was able to compute his position, he found to his dismay that in reality he had been journeying several degrees backwards. He had been travelling on an immense icebank, which had broken loose, and which was being driven by the current to the south, so that his fancied progress was, in reality, a retrograde movement. Does it not strike you that we are having a similar experience in respect to the world's progress? If this progress is not to be limited to mere material advance, but if it is to signify improvement in the moral nature of the race and the individual, are we not bound to confess, in the presence of war with its attendant horrors, in the presence of sedition trying

to rear its hateful head, in the face of the mad greed of gain and of degraded selfishness, that mankind has no reason for self-congratulation and self-satisfaction?

How can we account for this grave anomaly? The reply is given in the words of the prophet, which are as true this day as when they were first proclaimed: 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?'¹ The anatomist can describe minutely the action of the valves of the heart, but he cannot supply you with a chart of the intricate windings of your moral nature. Science can trace the path of the sun, foretell the appearance of a comet and the return of an eclipse. But in vain do we turn to science, in vain do we turn to history, 'her ample page rich with the spoils of time,' to curb human passion, or to restrain the sinful longing. In vain are all human nostrums, sedatives, and correctives. There is but one influence that can sway the human heart with potency: 'The voice of the Lord with power, the voice of the Lord with majesty.'² Science may try to set up its system of ethics; it will never effectually influence the human heart. In moral as well as in physical science the truth holds good, that the stream cannot rise higher than the source. Human morality creeps and grovels or struts and frets on the level of the earth. Religion alone can raise man from earth to heaven, for it comes from

¹ Jeremiah 17 : 9.

² Psalm 29 : 4.

heaven. And this is the hope that sustains us, that the time will and must come when God's word will reign supreme upon earth. How different would the world be if only the elementary teachings of the Decalogue were fully obeyed! 'I am the Lord thy God.' If men were really imbued with the truth of God's moral governance, they would not suffer the hell-hounds of war, of persecution, and of lawless ambition to be let loose on their fellow-creatures. 'Thou shalt not murder.' Would not Ireland be a precious jewel in the crown of the British Empire, if that command were universally honoured and obeyed? 'Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour. Thou shalt not covet.' What ineffable wretchedness would mankind be spared, and the world would become even like a Garden of Eden, 'truth flourishing out of the earth, righteousness looking down from heaven,' if these precepts were rigorously obeyed!

And yet we hear the argument repeated nowadays, 'All these restraints and commands were of extreme value and moment in the early stages of human civilization. But now they are superfluous, seeing that the exercise of justice and humanity has become instinctive in mankind, and that the veneration for law is innate.' This argument is absurd. It is almost as grotesque as the saying of the boor, who observed that we ought to be grateful to the

moon, which gives us light on dark nights, but that we owe nothing to the sun, who only shines by day, when there is always light. What is it but the law of Sinai to which we owe the most valued achievements of civilization,—the law of Sinai, which offers the only solution of the enigmas of life, which reveals to man a Being, Almighty and All-good, as the object of his adoration, which gives to our conscience a code of duty that alone can curb man's wayward will?

Let us just consider what would become of mankind if these restraints of religion were removed. Then would the world again assume the hateful type which it bore in the days of imperial Rome, in which luxury, cruelty, and sensuality were supreme. In that moral glacial period, all aspirations after truth, goodness, and purity would come to an end, practical charity would cease to exist. For what is the teaching of science on this head? The survival of the fittest is the law of nature. What does this mean, but that the strong and gifted should inherit the earth, and that the weak and simple must be blotted out? And what is to sustain us, when the iron has entered the soul, when cherished hopes have been blighted, when we stand with bleeding hearts, bereaved and lonely, at the grave of our dear ones? If faith in God has been abandoned, if hope in immortality has been lost, how utterly desolate would be the fate

of the children of men! Avaunt, thou terrible nightmare of a faithless world! God lives. In His light, we see light. He has given us His Law of Truth, 'a Tree of Life to them that grasp it, and of them that uphold it every one is blessed. Its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace.'¹ And therefore we have listened with rapt attention to the sacred Decalogue revealed on Sinai—

Age cannot wither it, nor custom stale
Its infinite variety.

Oh, that we would give to the world the example of unqualified obedience and unwavering attachment to the law divine!

Almighty God! Amid the fair bowers and the sublime beauty of Paradise Adam needed to hear Thy voice to keep him from sin. How greatly do we need it, we, who are so apt to go astray in this world, beset as we are by temptations and lures! How great the need that we should listen to Thy voice and hearken to Thy teachings! Help us to renew our covenant with Thee, so that we may exclaim with heart and soul, as did our forefathers, 'All that the Lord hath said we will do and hear.' Send Thy help to fathers and mothers, that they may deem it their precious privilege to train their children in the fear of Thee and in the knowledge

¹ Proverbs 3 : 17, 18.

of Thy will. Speed the time when the law of Sinai will be acknowledged by the whole of mankind, when all the dwellers on earth will obey Thy eternal, immutable law. For, when Thy judgments are on the earth the inhabitants of the world learn righteousness. Amen.

MISCELLANEOUS SERMONS

A CONSECRATION SERMON

BRONDESBURY SYNAGOGUE, ה' ניסן תרס"ה, *April 9, 1905*

'Then the people rejoiced, for that they offered willingly, because with perfect heart they offered willingly unto the Lord.'—I CHRONICLES 29: 9.

THERE are many salient points of contrast between this Synagogue and the sacred shrine referred to in this passage. *There* a sanctuary in the Holy City, which was henceforth to be the spiritual centre of the entire nation, and *here* a place of worship intended merely for one small section of the House of Israel. *There* a palatial edifice of noble proportions filled with choice vessels of silver and gold, erected on Moriah's Mount—one of the most commanding and picturesque sites in the world; and *here* a structure with no pretensions to magnificence, set up in a suburb of the metropolis. And yet I may assert confidently, that the words I have read to you are fully applicable to you who have assembled to witness this consecration. You 'rejoice for that you offered willingly, because with perfect heart you offered willingly unto the Lord.' It is, I believe, admitted with respect to many of the Synagogues that have been built within our time, that they have been too much

cramped and narrow, that no provision was made at the outset for gradual growth and future expansion, so that, when additional accommodation was required, the building had either to be enlarged at considerable cost, or an additional place of worship had to be built in the district. In the present instance this fault has happily been avoided. When we look admiringly at the imposing architecture of this building, with its fine array of benches, and note the airy hall beneath, able to hold 400 scholars, we find that the keynote of this edifice is spaciousness, amplitude of room, so that we are inclined to call this house *Rehoboth*, בי עתה הרחיב ה' לנו 'For now the Lord hath made room for us.'¹ And you are filled with gratitude to the founders, who cast their plans in no mean and niggard spirit. You recognize thankfully, that the Council of the United Synagogue aided your project with hearty encouragement and unstinted generosity. Not merely the residents in this locality, but many members of the community in every quarter of the metropolis offered willingly. And you thankfully recall the fact, that our brother,² who has laid the headstone of this house to-day, pleaded for this object on one of the earliest days of his mayoralty. Aye, 'the people rejoice for that they offered willingly, because with perfect heart they offered willingly unto the Lord.'

But, my dear brethren, this very spaciousness which we admire, and the liberality that has been

¹ Genesis 26: 22.

² Sir Marcus Samuel, Bart.

manifested in the past, impose high responsibilities for the future. When David recounted the extensive preparations he had made for the building of the holy house, the gold and silver, the glistening stones and marble in abundance, he asked: וְיִמִּי מִתְנַדֵּב לְמִלְאוֹת יְדֹוּ הַיּוֹם לַיְיָ, 'And who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?' (1 Chronicles 29 : 5).

I would take my text first in its narrow, literal sense. Despite the bounty that has been manifested, the acquisition of this extensive plot of land, and the erection of this capacious building, though so little has been spent upon mere ornamentation, have been costly. There is still a deficit on the Building Fund. I confidently hope that you will help to wipe out the debt on this day of rejoicing, so that this congregation may not be trammelled and hampered at the very outset by this charge, in addition to the responsibilities they have undertaken.

But we must rise to the higher, the spiritual significance of this day's ceremonial. What is meant when we speak of consecrating a Synagogue? We surely cannot ask the Omnipresent to dwell here more than in any other place. We cannot bind the Infinite. The purpose of this ceremony is to induce the worshippers to realize the presence of God more vividly in this spot than in any other. In this real and true sense of the word no Rabbi, no minister, can dedicate this house more than you can, more than you must, yourselves consecrate it. On every Sabbath and

festival morning the appeal is addressed to you: 'And who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?' Who is desirous of proving that his Judaism is not a mere matter of habit, but that it impels him to make sacrifices for the sake of his faith? The enthusiasm, the love of this house that inspires you to-day must not be a spasmodic emotion, but even like *נר תמיד*, the everlasting lamp that has just been kindled; it must burn with a continuous and steady flame. It must urge you to come here not at capricious intervals, but from Sabbath to Sabbath 'a great company shall turn hither.'

And when you are assembled here you must consecrate your service to the Lord. It would be a pitiful failure if this fair building were rendered unsightly by a beggarly array of empty benches. But, remember, every seat may be occupied, and yet the sanctuary may be desecrated by lack of devotion, by want of earnestness, by foolish gossip, the vacant stare, the smile of levity, the lounging attitude. It may be profaned by reader and worshippers permitting the service to degenerate into a heartless and mechanical formalism. It is recorded of Hillel,¹ the famous teacher, as he stood in the magnificent Herodian temple in Jerusalem, that he exclaimed: *אם אני כאן הכל*, 'If I am here, all is here. If I am not here, who is here?' Do you think that Hillel, the meekest and humblest of men, intended this utter-

¹ *Succah*, p. 53.

ance to be taken literally? He, no doubt, desired these words to be a monition to each individual worshipper, telling him that the outward grandeur and the artistic beauty of that house were even as nought in the sight of God. It was essential that every son and daughter of Israel who resorted to that sacred shrine should be there with undivided heart and soul, purged from every low desire, cleansed from every unworthy motive. His words may then be paraphrased thus: 'If I am here, conscious of the Divine Presence, striving for the Divine Light, believing that it is in God's power to grant every petition that will tend to my real welfare, then all is here that God desires and requires. But if I have come with a cold and unbelieving spirit, from habit or for propriety, what is here, what is there worthy of Divine acceptance?'

And we have not yet exhausted the full significance of our text. You may assemble here regularly; your services may be decorously and reverently ordered; and yet you may not have risen to the true purpose for which this house has been erected. Suppose that a child feels itself in want of something, and obtains it from its father, and thanks him for having granted the favour, would that child then be doing a service to its father? Now, we call our thanksgiving for past mercies and our supplications for future boons, Divine Service. We call our assemblies in Synagogue 'performing Divine Service.' But have we performed a

real service to God? Brethren, unless we perform Divine Service in every act of our life, we never really perform it at all. We must serve God by the consecration of our entire life, by the sacrifices we make for our faith, by working for the good of our fellow-men, by realizing that life is something higher than thinking of our business and our comforts.

A Russian Empress once built a palace of ice, and her guests danced and banqueted within its glimmering walls. But when the sun shone it vanished, and melted into cold and dripping mud. So it is with the materialistic aims for which so many people toil. Death comes, and all for which they have longed and striven is like a palace built of snow and ice, which shines with opal colours under the moonbeam of outward prosperity, but which melts into nothingness beneath the searching fire of Divine judgment. And, therefore, it must be the aim and purpose of your assembling here, and of the gatherings of your children in the class-rooms beneath, to make you willing to consecrate your full and entire lives to worthy purposes, to live not for self but for others; not for earth only but for heaven; to find your greatest joy not in the delights of sense but in self-control, in honourable dealing, in seeking the good of your brother men. You must realize the fact, that the test of the success of a Synagogue is not the size of the building, not its big roll of membership, not the largeness of its income,

not the amount of surplus it pays over to the central body. The true test of a Synagogue's success is the Jewish spirit that pervades the congregants, the earnestness with which they meet for Divine Worship, the reverence with which they offer up prayer, the sanctity they attach to Sabbath and festival, the willingness with which they make sacrifices for the sake of their faith and the welfare of mankind.

This is the duty which your minister will trace out to you. To you, my son [addressing the minister], our text appeals with special emphasis. 'Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?' It will be your high privilege henceforth to bring home the message of Judaism to the hearts and minds of your congregants, to show forth its reasonableness, its necessity, its justice, and its beauty by appealing to every faculty of mind, heart, and spirit with which God has endowed them. You have to deal with the sublime doctrines of our faith, and also with the simplest, plainest duties of the family, the home, the counting-house, and the workshop. You have to exhort, to plead, to touch the heart and the emotions, and to uplift your hearers by the noblest eloquence, the eloquence of conviction, and by enthusiasm for all that is noble, good, and pure. But above and beyond everything else you must preach by your life, by your whole-hearted devotion to your congregation, your Synagogue, your faith, and your God.

For it is this, the highest and holiest consecration,

the dedication of our hearts and lives to God, which is required of us all. We have chanted just now the sublime hymn, sung by David when he brought the Ark, the symbol of the Divine Presence, into the stronghold of Zion. He calls upon the ancient gates of the stronghold to open high and wide to admit their true King. 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in! Who is the King of Glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle:'¹ the Lord who has been with us in so many battle-fields, who is helping us to resist those bitter foes, bigotry and persecution, oppression and tyranny: the Lord who will still aid us to fight with sin and evil, with irreligion and disloyalty, with impurity and selfishness. He is the Lord of Hosts, the Sovereign of the Universe, the Lord of all who have fought and will fight in His cause: the Lord of the beneficent ruler and of the enlightened statesman, of the zealous student and the ardent teacher: the Lord of the trader and artisan, honest in their callings: the Lord of husband and wife, of father and mother, struggling to build up a pure and happy home. 'The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory,' of that glory and of that honour which are meted out to every thought and deed of sterling goodness, to every determined striving for virtue, truth, and purity. Oh, let us open our hearts, so that He may enter therein and abide in our lives!

¹ Psalm 24: 7, 8.

All holy God! Thou hast made the earth full of Thee. The heavens declare Thy glory, and the expanse showeth Thy handiwork. Neither is there any place so solitary, so sad, so neglected, that Thou art not to be discerned therein. Yet Thou hast ordained, that we should erect a sanctuary unto Thee where we may feel ourselves nearer unto Thee, where we may pour out our sorrows, and thank Thee for all Thy mercies. To Thee we consecrate this house, to Thy service and to Thy glory. To Thee we consecrate the Holy Ark and the precious scrolls of the Law enshrined therein. May this house become dear and holy to those who worship within its walls. Grant that the words of Thy Torah, that are here read and expounded to the assembled congregation, may urge them to mould their lives by the precepts Thou hast enjoined. To Thee we consecrate the class-rooms. Vouchsafe Thy blessing, that the children trained therein may grow up in the love and reverence of Thee. Send out Thy light and Thy spirit to lead and to guide the minister who will teach Thy word.

Take this congregation under Thy benign protection. Grant Thy heavenly reward to all who have helped to rear this building, and who will bring to its maintenance loving service and thoughtful aid. We invoke Thy blessing upon the United Synagogue, its leaders and officers. Ordain peace, we beseech Thee, upon earth, for Thou art the Sovereign Lord of all peace. Amen.

THE JEWISH DOCTRINE OF ATONEMENT

GREAT SYNAGOGUE, שבת שובה תרנ"ט, *Sabbath, September 24, 1898*

לָבֹן אִישׁ בְּדַרְכָּיו אֲשַׁפֵּט אֶתְכֶם בַּיּוֹם יִשְׂרָאֵל נֹאֵם אֲדֹנָי יי' שׁוּבוּ וְהָשִׁיבוּ
מִכָּל-פְּשָׁעֵיכֶם וְלֹא-יְהִיֶּה לָכֶם לְמִכְשׁוֹל עוֹן :

‘Therefore I will judge you, O house of Israel, every one according to his ways, saith the Lord God. Repent and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin.’—EZEKIEL 18 : 30.

At this season of the year we receive numerous tracts and pamphlets from conversionists bearing upon the Day of Atonement. The aim of the writers is to shake our faith in the efficacy of that great day. They argue, ‘When the Temple was standing on Mount Moriah, when sacrifices were offered up by the High Priest, Israel could hope to have his sins forgiven. But, now, you have no Temple, no altar, no blood that maketh atonement for the soul.’ And, therefore, they call upon us—of course, affectionately—to believe in the founder of their faith, who, they assert, by his death obtained forgiveness for all the transgressions of humanity. ‘Believe in him,’ they say, ‘and you need no further atonement.’

It would be an insult to your common sense to

presume that the illogical utterances of soul-hunters could have any real force with you. But there is reason to fear that some of our brethren are, unhappily, not so familiar with the principles of Judaism, and are not so thoroughly conversant with their Bible, as to enable them forthwith to detect the fallacies of these arguments, or to quote chapter and verse of the texts that effectually rend the cunningly woven web of sophistry. I will, therefore, speak to-day of the Jewish doctrine of Atonement, with special reference to the taunts of our opponents.

Is it in the power of any human being to obtain forgiveness for the sin committed by his fellow? Let us turn to a memorable incident recorded in the Bible. The wrath of the Almighty was roused against His people Israel, for they had set at naught His behests, and had made themselves an idol of gold, and worshipped it. Moses, deeply grieved, cries to the people, 'Ye have sinned a great sin, and now I will go up to the Lord; peradventure I will make an atonement for your sin.'¹ The great leader was ready to sacrifice himself for his nation. He prays to God: 'Oh, this people have sinned a great sin, and made them gods of gold. Yet now, if Thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book which Thou hast written.' Did the Lord accept this vicarious atonement? No. He said unto Moses: *מי אשר חטא לי*, 'Whosoever has sinned against Me, him

¹ Exodus 32 : 30.

will I blot out from My book.' These words enunciate the doctrine, that every man is accountable to God for his own actions, and cannot release himself from his individual responsibility by the intercession of another person, however great. We require no mediator to save us from the effects of our guilt. Our own sincere repentance suffices to achieve for us Divine forgiveness.

This doctrine of individual responsibility is repeatedly insisted upon in the Bible. It is clearly set forth in the 18th and 33rd chapters of Ezekiel. To quote but a few verses. 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son.' 'I will judge you, O house of Israel, every one according to his ways, saith the Lord God.'¹ 'Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?''² How clearly do these verses tell us, that naught is needed but the love and mercy of our God and our own penitence to obtain for us forgiveness and salvation!

But it is argued, 'Was not the sinner required to bring a sacrifice to the Temple? How, then, can he obtain pardon now, when there is no Temple, when its altar is overthrown, and its ashes scattered?' This

¹ Ezekiel 18 : 20, 30.

² Ibid. 33 : 11.

argument is based upon an entirely incorrect theory of the law of sacrifices. It is clearly taught in Leviticus, that the offering itself was not sufficient to obtain forgiveness. If a wrong had been committed against a fellow-man, reparation had to be made before the offering was brought. The Law enacts, 'Then it shall be, because he hath sinned, and is guilty, that he shall restore that which he took violently away, or the thing which he hath deceitfully gotten, or that which was delivered him to keep, or the lost thing which he found, or all that about which he has sworn falsely; he shall even restore it in the principal, and shall add the fifth part more thereto, and give it unto him to whom it appertaineth, in the day of his trespass offering.'¹ And only then was he to bring his trespass offering unto the Lord. But the sin offering was declared to be devoid of all efficacy unless the sinner had unfeignedly repented of his guilt. He had, therefore, to place his hand on the head of the victim, and to confess the offence he had committed. The only value and efficacy of the offering consisted in this, that it proved the sacrificer to be repentant; it was an outward test and sign of his sincerity.

And the same rule applied to the entire service in the Temple on the Day of Atonement. The supposition that the sprinkled blood of the animal could obtain the pardon of Heaven is thoroughly opposed to the letter and the spirit of the Divine command.

¹ Leviticus 6 : 4-6.

Before the sacrifice was offered, the High Priest was bidden to lay his hand upon the head of the animal, and to confess successively his own sin, and the trespasses of his household, and the transgressions of the house of Israel. Certain other rites had to be observed, such as the sending of the scapegoat into the wilderness. But there is abundant evidence to prove that these acts in themselves were not efficacious, but were to serve as symbols and admonitions to the people. The rite of the scapegoat was to admonish the house of Israel to cast off their sins entirely. 'Sins are not burdens,' says Maimonides,¹ 'which can be shifted from one man to another. All these rites were calculated to impress the soul of the worshippers and to stimulate them to repentance.'

It may, however, be asked, 'Was not the High Priest constituted on that day the representative of the people, who by his ministrations obtained the Divine pardon, so that he may be regarded as a mediator interceding between Israel and his God?' The plain words of Scripture forbid such a supposition. If it had been in the power of the High Priest to achieve the forgiveness of the people, the Israelite would have been permitted on that day to pursue his ordinary occupation. But the *יום הכפורים* was to be observed by the whole house of Israel. 'And this shall be a statute for ever unto you: that in the seventh month, on the tenth day of the month, ye shall

¹ *More Nebuchim*, iii. c. 46.

afflict your souls, and do no work at all, whether it be one of your own country, or a stranger that sojourneth among you.’¹ This precept, and the admonitions addressed by the prophet to the people on that day, indicate clearly that the ministrations of the High Priest were of no avail without their prayers, their confessions, and their promises of sincere amendment. What can be more emphatic than Isaiah’s admonition :² ‘ Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?’ The teachers of the *Mishnah*³ tell us :
 האומר אחטא ויום הכפורים מכפר אין יום הכפורים מכפר ‘Unto him who sins with the idea that the Day of Atonement will expiate his guilt, unto him that day is of no avail.’ The whole object of the Kippur, on which we repeat again and again the solemn formula, ‘For beside Thee we have no one who pardoneth and forgiveth,’ is to impress the truth upon us, that we have no mediator to save us from the effects of our sins but our own repentance and our own amendment, and that we have naught to help us but the infinite mercy of our Creator.

It is, however, said, ‘ If it be true that you rely exclusively upon Divine mercy, and your own actions, how is it that you refer again and again in your prayers to the merits of your fathers, and to the cove-

¹ Leviticus 16 : 29.

² Isaiah 58 : 6.

³ *Joma*, c. 8, § 9.

nant the Lord made with the patriarchs? How is it, that in your litany you implore the Lord to have compassion upon you “for the sake of those who were slain for His holy name, and who went through fire and water to sanctify Him”?’

In answer to this, I would bid you bear in mind, that prayer is a self-preached sermon. When we beseech the Lord to remember the זכות אבות, the merits of the patriarchs, the main purpose of the supplication is that we shall call to mind their pious deeds, and strive to tread in their footsteps. When we ask Him to remember the covenant He made with Abraham, this remembrance is to stimulate us to walk with God, even as he did in perfect faith. When we pray to Him to remember the binding of Isaac, the memory of this event is to urge us to surrender cheerfully even what we hold dearest in life at the bidding of our Heavenly Father. When we entreat Him to bless us for the sake of Jacob, we should resolve that the struggles and trials of our earthly career shall chasten and purify us, even as they chastened and purified the sorely tried patriarch. And when we beseech the Lord to save us for the sake of those who went through fire and water for the sanctification of His holy name, this prayer is to kindle in our hearts a spark of the devotion and enthusiasm which fired the hearts of the martyrs of old.

But the writers of our prayers were carefully on their guard not to permit us to indulge the thought,

that the merits of our fathers would obtain for us Divine pardon, even though we persist in our sinfulness. The concluding prayer of the Litany is: 'Our Father, our King! be gracious unto us and answer us, for we have no good works of our own; deal with us in charity and kindness, and save us.'

The famous preacher of Dubno was asked, 'Why is this last prayer spoken silently?' He answered, as was his wont, with an apologue. 'A tradesman came to the Leipsic fair to make purchases. He entered the store of a prosperous merchant, and proceeded with much assurance to select a number of costly wares, velvet, satin, silks, and furs. He gave his own name, and the names of men of high standing in the commercial world with whom he had business concerns. But when the purchaser had completed his selection and the time of payment came, he altered his tone, and said with bated breath and whispering humbleness, "Dear friend, I grieve to say that I am not able to pay you now; I am but a poor man; I throw myself on your forbearance. I will pay my debt as soon as I am able." This,' continued the Maggid, 'is obviously the meaning of the concluding prayer. Great is the merit of our pious ancestry, but we know full well that this will not obtain for us Heaven's favour. We can only hope that our Father and King will deal with us with mercy and loving kindness.'

And this is the purpose of these penitential days,

that we may probe ourselves and discover our failings as Jews and Jewesses, as husbands and wives, as parents and children. We must tear off the veil of conceit which obscures our sight; we must rend the mantle of self-righteousness in which we are so apt to enwrap ourselves, so that on the coming great day we may obtain the pardon of our Heavenly Father by our confession, our penitence, and our sincere purpose of amendment.

THE RITE OF BAR-MITZVAH

NORTH LONDON SYNAGOGUE, פ' שמיני תרס"ב, שק"פ, April 5, 1902

ועתה לעיני כל-ישראל קהל-יך ובאזני אלהינו שמרו ודרשו כל-מצות
י אלהיכם :

'Now, therefore, in the sight of all Israel the congregation of the Lord, and in the hearing of our God, keep and seek for all the commandments of the Lord your God.'—1 CHRONICLES 28 : 8.

WHEN any of the solemn and joyful events of life are about to happen to some member of an affectionate and united family, the thoughts and prayers of the rest are naturally directed to, and centred on him. In this your family, your Synagogue, a youthful congregant attains his religious majority to-day. We feel with him ; we hope and pray for him. And I deem it right to address to him, and indeed to all who are here assembled, some words of loving encouragement and of serious counsel.

With this view I would speak to him, and to all of you, my dear brethren, young and old, on the spiritual significance of the Rite of Bar-Mitzvah.

The authorized expounders of the written law have ordained¹ that an Israelite, on attaining the age of thirteen, has to take upon himself the observance

¹ *Ethics of the Fathers*, chap. v., § 24.

of the precepts of Judaism. Our teachers base this opinion upon a careful analysis of certain Bible texts, whence it appears, that an individual, on entering upon his fourteenth year, is no longer termed a child, but various terms, signifying puberty and adolescence, are applied to him. At the age of thirteen the Jewish lad becomes בר מצוה, literally, a son of the commandment. He steps across the boundary of spiritual childhood, and takes upon himself the responsibility of henceforth loyally keeping the commandments of our faith.

It has therefore been prescribed that, prior to his thirteenth birthday, the lad should have been carefully taught the duties henceforth incumbent upon him. And on the first Sabbath after completing his thirteenth year he claims the privilege of ministering in the Synagogue, and of taking part in one of its most sacred rites—the public reading of a portion of the Holy Scriptures, as a sign and as a testimony that he understands, and that he is prepared to take upon himself, the responsibilities which membership of the house of Israel entails. He devoutly pronounces the blessings, in which he offers his grateful thanks to the Lord for having chosen Israel for his earthly mission and his heavenly destiny. He thanks the Lord for having given us the Law of Truth, and thereby planted eternal life in our midst—appointed everlasting bliss as the reward of those who are faithful Sons of the Covenant, and prove themselves worthy

members of a Kingdom of Priests and of a holy nation. In virtue of these declarations he yields and binds himself by lip, heart, and soul to his Father in heaven, whose authority he acknowledges not for that day only but for his entire life. And we are told¹ of a usage which obtained from ancient times, that on this day the parents took their son to the Elders of Israel, who blessed the lad, and prayed 'that he might grow in strength, knowledge of the Torah, and the performance of good deeds, fair in body and goodly in action, his heart turned heavenwards.' Verily, the rite is fraught with deep spiritual significance.

But if it is to exercise an abiding impression, certain conditions are essential. If the preparations for this day are suffered to be perfunctory and mechanical, if they are limited to the parrot-like repetition of the words to be read out to the congregation, then this ceremonial is degraded to a so-called religious rite, with all the religion omitted. The preparation for this day must not mark the commencement, it dare not be the conclusion, of the lad's religious instruction. It is the bounden duty of every Jewish parent to bring the cardinal lessons of our faith, some ideas of God's love for us, and of the love we owe to Him, before the child's mind at the first dawn of reason, and to adapt those teachings to every successive step in the development of the child's intelli-

¹ *Massecheth Soferim*, chap. xviii., § 5.

gence. By the help of wise teachers, the book of revelation must be opened to him with its lessons of virtue and goodness. The history of our race with its chequered fortunes must be unfolded to him. The meaning of the various ordinances we have to keep must be explained, that they are to serve as perpetual reminders of our duties to God and man, that they help to preserve the existence of our race, and to safeguard the sentiment of our religious kinship with our brother and sister Hebrews who are dispersed throughout the globe. Then, when the eagerly awaited day comes, and the lad stands forth in the congregation of Israel to declare his allegiance to his God and his faith, the ceremonial will not be a mere unmeaning act, but a solemn turning-point in his career, which will usher in a new life of high resolve and ideal aspiration, and, let us hope, of noble achievement. For the Bar-Mitzvah will hear the solemn words that are addressed to his conscience: 'Now, therefore, in the sight of all Israel the congregation of the Lord, and in the hearing of our God, keep and seek for all the commandments of the Lord your God.'

These words contain a fundamental truth of our religion. Judaism does not call upon its votaries to exercise blind faith. It does not demand an unquestioning and unreasoning acquiescence in mysteries too hard to be understood. It does not tell you, 'These things are above your comprehension. Believe and be saved.' No. Judaism bids you learn, study,

search and obey. In Hebrew, the same verb ידע signifies 'to know' and also 'to love,' so that with us knowledge is more, and greater than power—it is love. Our knowledge and our love of God must be evidenced in our actions, by hearkening to His voice and keeping His covenant. Ours is not to be a blind obedience. We must study and search the meaning of each single precept, and the influence it is intended to exercise upon us, both as individuals and as members of a great historic race, who have been set in the world to teach the sublime message of a pure faith and a pure life.

A few years ago, the scion of a house famous in Israel for its beneficence became Bar-Mitzvah. Many rich gifts had been presented to the lad. But his father pointed to the Tephillin he had given his son, and said, 'Cherish these memorials with reverence and piety. Forget not that the lessons they enshrine are older than the traditions of the most ancient aristocracy of Europe. The strips of parchment they contain, if their teachings are rightly understood and faithfully obeyed, are badges of higher worth than any patent of nobility.' And, indeed, what more precious treasures can we possess in life than mementoes, reminding us in the perilous hour of temptation that the love of God must be the master passion of our life, curbing every unlawful desire, and restraining every sinful propensity. For the תפלין contain, as you know, four little scrolls, on which are inscribed the

fundamental doctrines and duties of Judaism. The first declares the Unity and the Eternity of the God-head,—the highest belief to which mankind has risen, and the duty of loving Him with a love that shall absorb our heart, and quicken our soul, and engross all our powers, mental and physical. And the second scroll speaks of the happiness in store for those who obey the mandate of the King of Kings, and of the shame and misery entailed upon those who turn away from Him lured and dazzled by the vanities of earth. And the other two texts recall the miraculous redemption of Israel from Egyptian slavery—that marvellous proof of the existence of an over-ruling Providence, who is still near unto us, and notes and hears every sigh of sorrow and every cry for help. These are the convictions which are to guide us in our daily life.

‘In the sight of all Israel, the congregation of the Lord.’ Our young friends may justly ask, ‘Is our entrance upon our fourteenth year an event of such moment that it concerns the congregation of Israel? Are we not young in years, unripe in knowledge, and, therefore, unfitted for action?’ In answer to this, I will quote what was said by Lord Kelvin, when speaking of the far-reaching influence of strains and vibrations: ‘I lay this little piece of chalk upon a granite mountain, and it strains the whole earth.’ Now, what is true of the physical, applies in a much higher degree to the moral world. In the Divine

arrangement of the universe there is no human being nor any human act that may not exercise a far-reaching influence. You are aware how great an influence for good an honourable schoolboy may exercise in a class, how he can raise its tone, check insubordination, and promote good fellowship. Now, think of the responsibility that rests upon you as members of the Jewish race. We are told of the fierce light which beats upon a throne. There is a fierce light that ever beats upon the Hebrew. *Noblesse oblige*. We Jews are especially called upon always to act nobly and in a manly spirit. For there has been committed to us the high mission of teaching goodness and truth to the world by our example. We have therefore ever to be on our guard more anxiously than any other section of our fellow-creatures.

You may think, dear friends, that I have represented life as very hard, as making unending claims upon your vigilance, and as taxing you beyond your strength. It is true, that life is not a fool's paradise, nor a sluggard's garden—

Not on flowery beds, or under shade
Of canopy reposing, heaven is won.

But if you have the right will and the good heart, the righteous action will follow of itself, and the path of duty will become light and pleasant. It is by seemingly little means that you can hereafter achieve great things. Let me illustrate this by a homely parable.

One day, as the shades of evening were closing in,

a man living in a high tower took a small taper out of a drawer, lighted it, and began to ascend a steep, winding stair. 'Where are you going?' said the taper. 'Away high up,' replied the man, 'higher than the top of the house where we live.' 'And what are you going to do when you arrive so high up?' asked the taper. 'I want you to signal to ships far out at sea, where the harbour is,' replied the man, 'for we are here at the entrance of the harbour, and vessels on the stormy sea are looking out anxiously for a light even now.' 'Alas!' said the little taper, 'no ship could ever see my poor little flickering light; it is so feeble.' 'What though your light is small,' said the man, 'do not let it be put out, and leave the rest to me.' And higher and higher he went up the tower till he reached the top. And he took the little taper, and by its help kindled a number of large lamps arranged in a circle which stood ready there with big and brightly polished reflectors behind them. And the radiance of the lamps in the lighthouse penetrated the darkness for many miles around, and scores of vessels were warned off the sandbank and guided in safety to the friendly haven. And all this had been the work of the tiny taper.

You think, and justly so, that your light at present is but of little account. But who can measure what it will become, if only you will persevere and gain knowledge, and do your duty in life? Shine on and leave the rest to God. 'Hast thou not known, hast thou

not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might, He increaseth strength. Even youths shall faint, and be weary. But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not be faint.’¹ At first sight these words seem to contain a strange anti-climax. First the prophet speaks of soaring high on wings, next of running, then of walking. Why, the next attitude would be that of standing still. But the inspired seer teaches us a wise lesson. There are those who early in life entertain high aspirations, and rush to realize them with passionate eagerness. And when they find that they cannot attain their hopes forthwith, they are dispirited, and abandon all high ideals. It is not thus that the work of life is to be accomplished. Experience bids us find the climax in the commonplace. It is grand to have noble strivings, and to soar heavenwards. But it is grander still, without excitement, without dreaming, without haste, and without rest, to tramp on in the performance of life’s duty with the head cool, the face set forward, and the foot planted upon firm ground, quickened by trust and hope in God. ‘They shall walk and not be faint.’

You, my dear Bar-Mitzvah, have this day reached the age of religious duty and responsibility. Roman

¹ Isaiah 40: 28-31.

history relates, that when Hannibal's sons became of age he took them to the altar of their gods and made them swear perpetual hostility to the enemies of his country. Your father has summoned you to the table upon which the Torah is placed, that you may swear lifelong allegiance to your faith. Your parents have given their thank-offering this day to the Synagogue, a precious scroll of the Law, so as to teach you the Love of the Law and the Law of Love, and to remind you of what the Bible has ever been to Israel, and what it must be to you—your teacher, monitor, guide, and friend. 'Now, therefore, in the sight of Israel the congregation of the Lord, and in the hearing of our God, keep and seek for all the commandments of the Lord your God.' In the solemn stillness of your heart, and in the presence of those to whom you are dear, whose soul is bound up with your soul, resolve and determine ever to be firm and unwavering in your attachment to your God and your faith. Loyalty must be written on your heart. Loyalty must be the mainspring of your life, so that after a career of sterling worth and usefulness you may be worthy to enter heaven, 'the land of the leal.' And may the Lord in His mercy watch over you, protect and safeguard you!

The Lord bless thee and keep thee :

The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee :

The Lord turn His face unto thee and give thee peace. Amen.

INTERMARRIAGE

CENTRAL SYNAGOGUE, סוכות תרס"ו, *October 14, 1905*

וְהָיָה חֲבֵרְתָךְ וְאִשְׁתְּ בְרִיתְךָ :

‘She is thy companion and the wife of thy covenant.’—MALACHI 2 :
part of verse 14.

EACH book, nay each section of the Bible is charged with its own solemn, special message. One of the primary teachings which pervade the first book of the Torah, the reading of which we shall shortly recommence, is the sanctity of the marriage tie. This was the first moral lesson which God was pleased to teach mankind. He is revealed to us as the first maker of marriages. ‘He brought Eve unto Adam,’ and thus taught Adam’s descendants that the tie which unites husband and wife is even closer than that which knits the child to his parent. ‘Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh’¹—united in that perfect fellowship which springs from true sympathy, from absolute identity of interests, from communion between soul and soul. The poet claims that man and wife should constitute—

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.

¹ Genesis 2 : 24.

This is in most instances an unattainable, and perhaps not even a desirable ideal. But it must be admitted that the union of hearts, which is the sole foundation of happy wedded life, cannot exist unless there be entire harmony, not merely of tastes and dispositions, but what is of infinitely greater moment, *an identity of religious faith*. Husband and wife must acknowledge the same God, and entertain an identical belief as to the supreme concerns of life. The wife must be not merely thy partner and companion, but also the wife of thy covenant, bound to her husband by the same religious faith. Hence it was that our patriarch Abraham was so scrupulous in impressing upon the faithful steward of his house, that he should not select as a wife for his son a daughter of the Canaanites, but that he should go to his own country, and his own kindred, where the one true God was acknowledged and worshipped, so that Isaac might obtain a wife worthy of his regard and affection by aiding him to preserve purity of faith and purity of life. Hence our Law is so insistent in teaching the religious duty not to intermarry with the daughters of an idolatrous race.¹ 'Neither shalt thou make marriages with them; thy daughter shalt thou not give to his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son.' And the reason for this prohibition is very precisely indicated in the verse that follows: 'For they will turn away thy son from following Me, that they

¹ Deuteronomy 7 : 3, 4.

may serve other gods.' And not content with these general injunctions, the Bible shows very clearly in its historical portions the evils likely to spring from unions in which the partners are not linked together by the bond of a common faith. The names of Esau, Samson, and Solomon will recall to you instances of conjugal unhappiness and disaster arising from such unions.

And there is one specially instructive example of the evil result of such mixed marriage. We read in Leviticus¹ of a grave scandal in the camp of Israel. 'The son of an Israelitish woman blasphemed the name of the Lord and cursed.' What an outrage! The son of an Israelitish woman to dishonour the sacred name of God! How was it that such a grievous offence could be committed by a member of the chosen people? The answer is given in the sacred narrative. We are told that the criminal was the son of an Israelitish woman, *and of an Egyptian man*. When a daughter of Israel marries an idolatrous Egyptian, what can be the result of such an ill-assorted union? Children are more apt to follow the evil than the good example set before them. They will learn more readily of an Egyptian father to blaspheme than of an Israelitish mother to pray and praise.

But the question will be asked, 'How can you justly apply these prohibitions and these examples to the present day? It was no doubt of commanding

¹ Leviticus 24 : 10, 11.

importance to enforce the injunction upon the sons and daughters of Israel to marry within the pale of their creed at a time when all the nations around them were idol-worshippers. But the Gentile does not now worship wood and stone. Does it not, then, savour of intolerance to enforce the same exclusiveness with respect to the people in whose midst we dwell, who pay the same homage as we do to the Bible, and who teach and practise identical moral duties ?'

Now we gladly concede that Christianity marks a decisive and marvellous step in advance of the polytheism of bygone days. Yet, scan its fundamental doctrine, which teaches that the founder of that religion was the son of God ; that the one God, eternal and indivisible, is composed of three persons ; that he assumed the form of man, was crucified, and by his death atoned for the sins of mankind. Are not these various dogmas—the Incarnation and Vicarious Atonement—in diametrical opposition to our pure Monotheism, and to our belief in Human Responsibility ? If husband and wife entertain different views on matters that constitute the very breath of spiritual life, surely the essential conditions of all intimate companionship, of true harmony, and abiding friendship must be absent. The woman united with thee in wedlock is no longer 'thy companion, and the wife of thy covenant.' We sometimes hear people who object to such unions stigmatized as bound in the shackles of mediæval exclusiveness and mysticism. But is it

narrowness to be attached to the race from which one has sprung? Is it intolerance to cling with every fibre of our heart to the faith, its teachings and observances, which we have imbibed with our mother's milk? Who will gainsay the fact, that the race and faith of Israel can only be preserved by the loyalty of his sons and daughters? For what is the inevitable result of such unions? As a rule a compact is entered upon. Each is to retain his and her individual religion. What ensues? Christianity is the dominant religion, the faith professed by the bulk of our fellow-countrymen. Judaism is the faith of the minority. What more likely than that these Jews and Jewesses, belonging as they do, as a rule, to the class of indifferentists, will be merged and absorbed in the mass?

I need not stay to enforce this statement by any illustration. Trace the genealogy of any family in this country, descended from Jews, and you will find that intermarriage was the first step in its alienation. Can we be surprised at this result? Children are born. It is not merely by precept but by example that children can be taught religion. What kind of example is set in the case of such mixed marriages? Which day of the week is the child to keep as the day of rest? Is the child on the Sabbath to follow his father into the Synagogue, and there hear it proclaimed, 'Thou shalt have no other gods beside Me,' and on the following day to accompany the mother to

church, and there offer up prayer in the name of the Trinity, and invoke the intercession of a saviour? The obvious and inevitable issue will be, whatever the agreement originally made, that the children as they grow up will adopt the faith of the majority, and that the family will be altogether lost to Judaism.

There is certainly one other course of action. The offspring can be brought up without any religious faith whatever. This has been termed 'emerging from the mire of intellectual stagnation, and advancing in the onward march of intellectual freedom.' Have we not witnessed the outcome of such training?—that most odious product, persons *sans foi et sans loi*, who are steeped in the narrowest selfishness, and sunk in the mire of a repulsive and repellent materialism, who may not inaptly be described as *the blank page between the Old and the New Testament*. Yes, brethren, it must unhappily be admitted that, as a rule, a mixed marriage marks the parting of the ways. It is an act of disloyalty; it is the first step on the road to desertion and eventual apostasy. I frankly admit that there have been a few men and women who, despite such union, have remained staunch, who have cast in their lot with their brethren, and toiled for their welfare. But one Esther can neither atone nor compensate for a number of craven renegades.

But let us carefully guard ourselves against a misconception. It has been asserted by our detractors that our opposition to intermarriage is due to our

tribal exclusiveness ; that we look upon non-Israelites as aliens in blood, and hold that union with them would sully the purity of our race. This is not the teaching of the Bible. Ruth was by birth a Moabitess. But when she of her own accord renounced her idolatry and adopted the faith of Naomi, when she proclaimed, ' Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God,'¹ Boaz took her to wife, and she was accounted worthy to become the ancestress of David, and of the future Messiah. And we are at all times ready to welcome with cordiality those who have entered the fold from force of conviction. We call them sons and daughters of Abraham our father, and children of the covenant. But the conversions must be sincere and genuine, and not merely dictated by convenience and complaisance.

I have spoken of the disastrous consequences of mixed marriages for the community at large. Do they uniformly prove felicitous for those who contract them? I have seen strong men shed scalding tears because of the folly they had committed, that, blinded by passion, they had taken unto themselves alien wives. They have deplored the fact that the perfect confidence, and the thorough trustfulness—the Sabbath of the heart—which constitute the charm and glory of wedded life have been pitifully lacking.

It should, therefore, be our most earnest and prayerful endeavour to ward off this insidious and in-

¹ Ruth 1 : 16.

creasing peril. Judaism must exercise so firm a grip upon the hearts and minds of our young, that entering upon such unions must lie beyond the range of possibility. The knowledge of the dangers with which such alliances are fraught must be so absorbing, that they are prepared to make sacrifices, aye, painful and heart-searing sacrifices, for the sake of their religion.

But there is also a positive duty incumbent upon our young men. The theme is somewhat delicate: but as one who has grown grey in the service of the community, I may be permitted to touch upon it. There is, I fear, a growing reluctance on the part of some of our young men to take upon themselves the duties and responsibilities of matrimony, and a disposition either to refrain altogether from entering upon the holy estate, or to enter upon it late in life. I surely would not advocate improvident and therefore imprudent unions. But does not this reluctance often spring from the fact that young people are not content to begin life in the simple fashion that their fathers did, but desire forthwith to live in luxurious ease? Or they are so strongly imbued with selfishness that they refuse to labour for others beside themselves. This reluctance leads to many evils, not the least of which is intermarriage. Youths and maidens, if you hope to derive true blessedness, peace, and contentment from the married state, choose as your partner in life a child of the covenant. Let your mutual love and loyalty be based upon its only sure foundation, your

love and loyalty to God. Be stedfast in your separate-ness, so that your wedded state may bring you true happiness, so that not merely on this festival, but throughout your life you may rejoice with your wife, your sons, and daughters, and that you may preserve and transmit untarnished to future generations the precious heritage of our faith.

ISRAEL'S DEATHLESS MISSION

CAMBRIDGE SYNAGOGUE, ש"ק פ יתרו תרנ"ה, *Friday Evening,*
February 15, 1895

וְאַתֶּם תְּהִי־וּלִי מַמְלָכֶת כֹּהֲנִים וְגוֹי קָדוֹשׁ :

'And ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests and a holy nation.'
—EXODUS 19: 6.

THE theme of my discourse is suggested by our Sabbath lesson, in which Israel's mission and message to the whole world are declared. 'And ye shall be unto Me a kingdom of priests and a holy nation.' The Divine Lawgiver calls upon the entire people, not merely on a few individuals and privileged members, to obey His voice and keep His covenant, to practise holiness and virtue. The Israelites are to be the priests of the world. They are to be the teachers and instructors of mankind, patterns of virtue and righteousness. The Hebrews were chosen of God, rescued from Egyptian thralldom, guided in mercy and guarded with lovingkindness, so as to enable them to discharge this mission. And the accomplishment of this mission was not to be confined to any particular epoch. It was to be coeval with our existence as a people, eternal, enduring unto the end of time. It is needful that we should again and again emphasize this truth.

For there are many factors which tend to make us forget the greatness of the mission we have to discharge, and to set at naught the message we are enjoined to proclaim : our inertness, our love of ease, our devotion to the things of this world, our desire to promote our material advancement, our absence of idealism, and the poverty of our aspirations. And we are also confronted by the desire—and not an unnatural one—on the part of the dominant religion to arrogate to herself the achievements wrought by the Divine Law revealed to us, and to claim as their own individual possession the sacred truths which Judaism taught mankind.

Archdeacon Farrar, one of the most eloquent exponents of this view, preaching some time ago at Oxford on the Jewish interpretation of prophecy, asks, 'What is Judaism now? A religion of sacrifice, to which for eighteen centuries no sacrifice has been possible; a religion of the Passover and the Day of Atonement, on which for well-nigh two millenniums no lamb has been slain, and no atonement offered. A sacerdotal religion with only the shadow of a priesthood, a religion of a Temple which has no temple more. No longer kindling any enthusiasm, nor kindled by any hope.'

Can a more glaring distortion be imagined? It is only to be excused and explained by the circumstance that our Christian fellow-countrymen are taught to read their Bible backwards, to interpret our sacred

Scriptures by the medium of the 'New Testament'! Are the words I have read to you a faithful description of Judaism? Surely not. For how is it that whilst all the religions of the ancient world lie sepulchred beneath their shattered altars and crumbling columns, Judaism is endowed with such deathless vigour, Judaism still lives? It is because our faith teaches mankind its highest and holiest truths, which have not and can never become obsolete. Judaism is not the religion of a Temple which has been destroyed. It is the religion of the Torah, of God's word, which stands for ever.

Think of the meaning of that simple ceremony in our service when the minister takes his stand before the Ark, and clasping the sacred scroll in his arms, proclaims the *שמע*, the belief in the unity of One Eternal, Almighty God. This rite symbolizes the mission of Israel to the world. With the law of God folded in his arms and its words engraved upon his heart, he has gone up and down the earth proclaiming his belief in the One Supreme Being—a Being whose spirit fills all time and all space, a Being never embodied, but made manifest to man in the glory of the creation and in His all-wise behests, which teach mercy, love, and justice. Israel taught this belief at a time when the world was steeped in heathenism. We recognize the services which Hellenism has rendered mankind. It helped to raise humanity out of the slough of barbarism and savagery. It scattered abroad the

blossoms of art and the fruits of high intellectual culture. And yet the Greek is dead while the Hebrew lives. Whence arises this wondrous vitality? The Greek with all the fascination of his art, all the attractiveness of his philosophy, taught a mythology which could not but corrupt and debase. A nation cannot rise superior to its gods. Its members cannot be expected to exercise a self-restraint which is not practised by the deities they profess to adore. What a contrast to Israel! His religion proclaimed an all-holy God, who exacts holiness from mankind; a God to whom the purity and moral conduct of His creatures are considerations of supreme moment; a God to whom evil is an abomination, who calls upon His people to control their low desires, to exercise self-discipline and self-restraint, in Bible parlance 'to circumcise their hearts.'¹ Whilst the Greek despised all other nations as barbarians, Israel's religion proclaimed, 'One law shall be to him that is home-born, and unto the stranger that sojourneth among you.'² Whilst Aristotle declared it as something 'absurd to love the gods,' our law claims the whole-hearted, whole-souled love of God. Whilst other ancient nations looked with indifference, nay with repugnance, upon the weak and the deformed, Israel's teachers, prophets, and psalmists, as with one voice, pleaded for the widow, the orphan, and the helpless. 'He

¹ Deuteronomy 10 : 16.

² Exodus 12 : 49.

raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill.'¹

It is asserted that Judaism has become superfluous, because all these doctrines are taught by Christianity. We rejoice to know that this offspring of Judaism has adopted and disseminated many of the best and loftiest of the teachings of Moses and the prophets. But it has simultaneously sullied the purity of our Monotheism by its Trinitarian dogma, and obscured its moral code by the doctrine of vicarious atonement. Judaism has, therefore, still to stand in defence of reason and common sense against incongruity and logical contradictions.

And how can it be maintained that the mission of Israel is ended? While misery and ignorance still prevail on earth; while the deification of nature and of natural instincts is regarded as the sign of culture; while the fabric of social order is being gravely endangered by the dissemination of anarchist, communist, and revolutionary doctrines; while religious persecution, fanaticism, and intolerance prevail in their most hideous aspects, it surely cannot be maintained that Israel need no longer preach his message.

The further taunt levelled against our faith is, that it is a religion kindled by no enthusiasm. But, assuredly, our history contains sufficient records of immortal bands of martyrs who yielded their lives to sanctify the name of God, who ascended the stake by

¹ Psalm 113:7

hundreds and thousands to testify their belief in His unity and their attachment to His precepts. Is there no enthusiasm in a people who cling devotedly to their faith whilst hunted and scared with fierce hatred? No enthusiasm in a people which to this hour makes untold sacrifices to keep the heaven-commanded seventh-day Sabbath, to build temples of prayer, to educate the young, and to minister to the afflicted? The French Guard at Waterloo, when sorely pressed, is said to have exclaimed, 'The Guard dies but does not surrender.' Noble words! Yet it must be remembered that they were uttered in the flush of momentary exaltation, amid the roar of cannon, and with the prospect of winning immortal renown. Has the world no meed of praise for those who lived these words to the very letter amid the dull monotony of daily suffering and ignominy? Mr. Lecky truly says, 'The Jews of Russia under the recent savage persecutions prove that the old splendid spirit of heroism and martyrdom is not yet extinct.'

A religion kindling no hope! From what people have the prophets sprung who predict the golden day of universal peace and brotherhood, when mankind will be redeemed from ignorance, vice, and crime, when the one God will be universally acknowledged and adored? Are not ours the psalmists who brighten the valley of the shadow of death with the certainty of Divine presence, and the assurance of eternal bliss?

It is further asserted, that 'Judaism is a religion of a Temple which has no temple more.' But has not the Lord vouchsafed His gracious promise, 'In all places where I record My name I will come to thee and bless thee'?¹ In every home where the simple and touching rites of our faith are practised, where the Sabbath is hallowed, where our festivals are kept as seasons of holy rejoicing, we erect a sanctuary, a temple of the Lord.

We rejoice, dear friends, that you have established here a house of prayer, and that you meet regularly for Divine Worship. I am glad to know that you yourselves conduct the services. Israel is a kingdom of priests. We have no clergy in the ordinary sense of the word—a body of men set apart for the duties of public ministration. In our religious republic there are no locked gates of salvation and atonement of which the priest only keeps the key. Every Jew is entitled to take part in the privilege of reading the Service and the Torah, as is symbolized by the ancient rite of summoning the members of the congregation to the Law. Let me express the earnest hope that every Jewish member of the University will attend these devotions. But recollect that the establishment of a Synagogue and assembly at its services are but of scant value, unless you are impelled by your worship to accomplish the mission and proclaim the message of Israel. You must do your part to prove

¹ Exodus 20:24.

that Judaism is not lifeless and obsolete, but a force beating and pulsating in your hearts and minds ; not a religion of the past, but a faith destined to perform an important function in the history of the world—to wean mankind from credulity, from superstition, and from the frigid, numbing sophistries of materialism.

I would affectionately impress the fact upon you, that the knowledge you garner here only then becomes of sterling value if you consecrate it to the service of your fellow-men. I ardently hope that, when your academic career terminates, when you enter upon the several professions you have chosen, you will devote some time and thought to our brethren who toil in East London ; that you will aid in bringing beauty and brightness, sunshine and life, knowledge and hope, to the poor overdriven workers ; that you will help to mould and influence the minds of the young for purity and uprightness, for loyal allegiance to their faith. For, be assured, my brethren, the credit and honour of Anglo-Judaism are indissolubly bound up with the conduct and bearing of the industrial section of our population. By labouring in this field you prove that you are members of the kingdom of priests and a holy nation, you help in accomplishing the mission and proclaiming the message of Judaism.

Almighty and All-merciful God ! we yield our hearty thanks unto Thee for having given us this day

of rest, and for granting us the blessing of drawing nigh unto Thee, and communing with Thee. Grant that the gatherings of Thy children here may prove happy interspaces of calm and rest, where they may learn some solution of the doubts that perplex them, where they may see with eyes less troubled and less clouded Thy face, our Father in Heaven. Vouchsafe Thy grace that they may become strengthened in their allegiance to Thee, and in attachment to our heaven-born faith. Sovereign of the Universe! to Thy Providence we commend our gracious sovereign, and our beloved country. Endow with wisdom her ministers and counsellors in Parliament assembled. We crave Thy blessing for the University and its Colleges, for those that administer them, and those who study within their walls, to the end that wisdom and knowledge, truth and justice, peace and happiness may be firmly established in this realm. Amen.

JEW AND GENTILE

NORTH LONDON SYNAGOGUE, ש"ק פ' חקת תרנ"ה, *Sabbath*,
June 29, 1895

WHAT are the teachings of Judaism concerning our relations with that great section of mankind who have not been born within the pale of our faith, and who are the followers of other creeds? Is it true, as some of our adversaries would fain make the world believe, that the God adored by Israel is a national God, the tutelary deity of one small tribe, to whom the fate of the rest of the world is a matter of utter indifference? Is there any foundation for the belief, which is still too widely diffused, that the Jew, pluming himself on the fact of his being the chosen of the Lord, looks down with ill-concealed scorn upon the other nations of the earth, denying them any participation in the spiritual boons that are in store for him?

One single text suffices to answer these questions—the brief clause of a verse which we have read to-day (Numbers 20, part of 14th verse), which runs thus:—

כֹּה אָמַר אֱתִידִי יִשְׂרָאֵל :

‘Thus says THY BROTHER ISRAEL.’

These words form the introduction to the message

which Moses sends to the King of Edom. They are not mere expressions of courtesy, such as modern etiquette prescribes for the intercourse of crowned heads, for this heroic leader did not indulge in courtly phrases. Nor were they dictated by motives of policy, for Moses was not the man to be swayed by low prudential considerations. They were natural and spontaneous expressions, prompted alike by his heart and his faith. He looked upon those with whom he came into contact, though not professing the same religious opinions, as joined to him by the dearest ties of nature—the links of brotherhood. And this is the light in which the best and truest exponents of Jewish thought and feeling have ever viewed their fellow-men of another faith. What does Holy Writ teach us on its first page? That all the families of the earth have one common origin, have sprung from one and the same stock. Not as a mere poetic fancy, but with the sober logic of fact, the Bible ‘makes the whole world kin,’ and teaches us to look upon the poor despised Negro and the stunted Esquimaux as a brother. And what do we learn from the example of Abraham, him whom we rightly regard as the type of the most perfect Israelite? He sits at the door of his tent, and beholds three wayfarers approaching, all of them seemingly idol-worshippers, yet he receives them with open-hearted hospitality—an angel of love to those whom he knew not to be angels. And could he have

prayed with more intense fervour for the doomed cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, if their indwellers had been of his own kith and kin, and not heathens steeped to the very lips in wickedness and sin?

Or turn to the positive precepts of the Bible. Have we a right to limit the command *וְאָהַבְתָּ לְרֵעֶךָ כְּמוֹךָ*, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,'¹ to those professing our own faith, when the veriest tyro in the knowledge of Hebrew could prove to us, by many a quotation, that the word *רֵעַ* is also applied to a non-Israelite, as in the passage, *וְיִשְׁאַלְנוּ אִישׁ מֵאֵת רֵעֵהוּ*, 'And let every one ask of his neighbour,'² where the word is obviously used of the Egyptian. Again and again we are told not to vex the stranger, 'But the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself.'³ In his sublime prayer of dedication Solomon implores the Lord, 'Moreover, concerning the stranger that is not of Thy people Israel, but cometh from a far-off country . . . when he shall come and pray towards this house, hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling-place, and do according to all that the stranger calleth to Thee for.'⁴ What grand, all-embracing brotherhood do these words breathe!

And these teachings are re-echoed in the inspired utterances of the prophets. The God, in whose name they speak, is not a tribal deity, whose territory is

¹ Leviticus 19 : 18.

² Leviticus 19 : 34.

³ Exodus 11 : 2.

⁴ 1 Kings 8 : 41-43.

bounded by the Lebanon and the Jordan. We hear their glowing admonitions addressed to all the great Empires of the East, to Egypt, Assyria, and Babylonia, no less than to the kingdom of Judea. Obadiah and Jonah were sent exclusively to preach repentance to pagan Edom and pagan Nineveh. Nor do these interpreters of the Divine Will announce their messages with cold insensibility. Their hearts overflow with pity while they declare Heaven's stern decree. 'My compassion yearneth for Moab as a harp,' Isaiah exclaims.¹

'Raise the lamentation over Tyre,' are the words of Ezekiel.² Nor are these kingdoms any the less objects of Divine mercy than is Israel himself. 'Blessed be Egypt My people, and Assyria the work of Mine hands, and Israel My heritage.'³

It is true, that when we turn to our post-biblical literature, we hear some few discordant tones, for the shameless and unrelenting cruelty which the Jews had to endure in their captivity, alike at the hands of Rome's imperial legionaries and of the warlike hordes of the Parthians, evoke now and again utterances of indignation and anger. Yet the fundamental and authoritative teachings of the Talmud breathe a spirit of genuine and universal philanthropy. I will cite but a few of these texts:—

'Deal lovingly and peacefully with thy brethren and kinsfolk, nay, with every one, not excluding the

¹ Isaiah 16 : 11.

² Ezekiel 27 : 2.

³ Isaiah 19 : 25.

heathen in the market-place, so that thou mayest be beloved by God and man.'¹ We are further enjoined to relieve their poor, to visit their sick, and to bury their dead, even as though they belonged to our communion.² 'Open ye the gates,' exclaims Isaiah, 'that the righteous nation that keepeth the truth may enter. On this an ancient teacher comments, 'Note well these words. Not merely priests, or Levites, or Israelites, but the just and virtuous, the pure and single-minded of all nations.'³ And a noteworthy utterance on the subject is to be found in the *Tanna debé Elijahu*, composed by an Italian author about the tenth century. 'I call heaven and earth to witness, that Israelite or Gentile, man or woman, freeman or slave, all may hope to receive the Divine Spirit. Everything depends on their action.' With no uncertain voice the Talmud proclaims⁴—

צדיקי אומות העולם יש להם חלק לעולם הבא

'The just among the Gentiles have a portion in the world to come.' They may all hope to win eternal bliss. What a contrast between this truly Catholic spirit and the narrowness of some religionists, who would consign all who do not hold the same dogmas as they to hatred in this world, and the everlasting wrath of God in the world to come!

Now be it remembered that these doctrines were taught at a time when Paganism still held sway.

¹ *Berachoth*, p. 17.

² *Gittin*, p. 59.

³ *Sifra Acharè Moth*, ch. xiii. § 12.

⁴ *Tosefta Sanhedrin*, ch. xiii.

With what greater significance do they apply to our Christian fellow-citizens, who acknowledge the same God and recognize the same Divine revelation, and whose system of morality is based upon the ethics of the Torah. And though we differ on certain points of belief, which I am far from regarding as slight and unessential, yet prejudice and intolerance should not be permitted to rear a barrier betwixt us and them. And though a partition wall still divides us, surely it is not so high that we cannot shake hands across.

For a' that and a' that,
All man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

What, then, is the practical outcome of this? That we should live on terms of the utmost cordiality, goodwill, and friendship with our Christian neighbours. We must do everything in our power to promote their happiness and well-being. We must recoil with horror from the thought of unrighteous dealing with them. What could be more stringent than the Talmudical teaching on this head:—

חמור גזל גוי מנזל ישראל מפני חלול השם

'It is a more grievous sin to steal from a non-Israelite than from a Jew, for such action dishonours the name of God, and besmirches our holy faith.'¹

We must likewise fully share the civic and political life of our nation, and work zealously for its

¹ *Tosefta Baba Kama*, ch. x.

welfare. We must render a ready and cheerful obedience to its laws, in accordance with the Rabbinic teaching: דינא דמלכותא דינא, 'The law of the realm binds us.'¹ We must evince a thorough and vivid interest in all the institutions of our beloved land, in all movements, whether of a philanthropic, social, or educational character. Whatever be the cause for which our help is demanded, whether it be for the alleviation of pain and the healing of sickness, or whether it be for the promotion of morality among the masses, the answer must come with gladsome eagerness from an ever-open and sympathetic heart:—

כֹּה אָמַר אַחִיךָ יִשְׂרָאֵל

'Thus says thy BROTHER Israel.'

But we have not done yet, dear congregants. I have expounded to you one significant word of our text. There follows a word which is not less important. There is one other point which we dare not evade in our intercourse with our neighbours.

כֹּה אָמַר אַחִיךָ יִשְׂרָאֵל. 'Thus saith thy brother ISRAEL.' We must never forget in our dealings with them that we are Israelites. We must not fall into the dangerous error of imagining that, in order to gain favour with our fellow-citizens, we may renounce the distinctive features of our faith, that we may desecrate Sabbath and festival, that we may set aside our dietary precepts, or intermarry with them.

It is true that obedience to the laws of forbidden

¹ *Gittin*, p. 10.

food imposes some restriction upon social intercourse. But, without now entering fully into the purpose of these precepts, it must be acknowledged that compliance with these various enactments, operating through successive ages, has built up that physical toughness which is so marked a characteristic of our race. It has also been a powerful factor in promoting the exercise of self-control, and enabling us to practise the virtues of temperance and sobriety.

Abstinence from marriage with our non-Jewish fellow-citizens is stigmatized in some quarters as due to exclusiveness. It has been contended that, so long as this exclusiveness is practised, we cannot fully consider ourselves members of the English nation. This argument might carry some weight if the law of the land precluded us from marrying those who are not of our own faith. But the abstinence is due to a religious precept which we obey of our own free will, a self-denying ordinance which we willingly bear. For we do not view marriage as a mere civil contract. We hold that, in order to ensure perfect harmony between man and wife, their religious views should coincide. A devout member of the Church of England would grieve to see his children 'perverts' to Roman Catholicism. An English Catholic would do everything in his power to prevent his child from lapsing into 'the heresy of Protestantism.' But they would not on that account be regarded as failing in their loyalty and patriotism.

Yes, brethren, if we desire to ensure the immortality of Judaism, we must remain steadfast in our separateness. Loyal obedience to the distinctive ordinances of our faith has preserved us as a religious communion, as a distinct brotherhood. And thus we have been enabled, in some degree at least, to accomplish our mission and to proclaim our message, to diffuse among mankind the knowledge of the One True God, and the recognition of the supremacy of virtue. On this duty George Eliot, whose memory we cherish with gratitude, speaks with emphasis. She calls upon us to be 'steadfast in our separateness,' to cherish the store of inheritance which our history has left us. 'Every Jew should be conscious that he is one of a multitude possessing common objects of piety in the immortal achievements and immortal sorrows of ancestors who have transmitted to them a physical and mental type, strong enough, pregnant enough with peculiar promise, to constitute a beneficent individuality among the nations, and by confuting the traditions of scorn nobly avenge the wrongs done to their fathers.'¹

At no period in the annals of our race was it more essential to preserve our own individuality than it is now, when there are so many influences at work that make for assimilation. Loyalty to our faith demands of us that we assume cheerfully and willingly the restrictions and sacrifices which Judaism imposes,

¹ *Impressions of Theophrastus Such.* The modern Hep! Hep! Hep!

regarding it as a high privilege to take our share in preserving a great and historic faith. Happily, in this land of freedom the fact of being Jews, and acting as Jews, does not involve any civic disqualification or loss of social position. On the contrary, the more a Jew honours his faith, the more is he honoured himself. I confidently anticipate that many of my brethren will achieve distinction in the service of their country and by their devotion to science, art, and literature, and will feel that their rewards are doubly precious, because by their achievements they have done honour to their race and faith, and have proved themselves unfaltering and unwavering in their allegiance to their God and His law.

THE END

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