

Great Lives from Jewish History & the Middle East

MONTH SIX

SELECTED AUTHORS

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from Jewish History & the Middle East

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Libraries of Hope

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Great Lives Series: Month Six

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Website www.librariesofhope.com
Email: librariesofhope@gmail.com

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Contents

Contents by Region 3
Abraham 5
The Maccabees 12
Hillel 21
Jesus the Christ 30
St. Paul 45
Jochanan ben Zakkai and Josephus 54
Rashi 67
Judah Halevi 82
Benjamin of Tudela 90
Maimonides 99
Abravanel 110
Donna Gracia Mendes 120
Manasseh ben Israel 130
Ba-al Shem Tov 149
Moses Mendelssohn 161
James Madison 172
Alexander Hamilton 182
Dolly Madison 207
Henry Martyn 215
Moses Montefiore 225
Theodor Herzl 237
Henrietta Szold 248
Emma D. Cushman 261
William Ambrose Shedd 270

Chaim Weizmann 281
Albert Einstein 294
Had You Been Born a Jew 307
Had You Been Born a Parsi 325

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Contents by Region

Jewish History
- Abraham
- Mattathias Maccabee
- Hillel
- Jesus Christ
- St. Paul
- Jochanan ben Zakkai
- Rashi
- Judah Halevi
- Benjamin of Tudela
- Maimonides
- Abravanel
- Donna Gracia Mendes
- Manasseh ben Israel
- Ba-al Shem Tov
- Moses Mendelssohn
- Moses Montefiore
- Theodor Herzl
- Henrietta Szold
- Albert Einstein
- Chaim Weizmann

Middle East
- Henry Martyn
- William Ambrose Shedd
- Emma D. Cushman

America – A New Nation
- James Madison
- Alexander Hamilton
- Dolly Madison

Abraham

Died 1638 B.C.

The Story of Abraham and Lot

In a country that was a long way from Canaan or Palestine where the flood had been, there lived a man named Abram. Abram did not believe in the worship of idols such as the other people worshipped and wanted to go to a land where he could worship the true God.

One day he thought he heard the voice of God saying, "Get thee out of the land of thy country and from thy kindred and from thy father's house unto a land that I will show thee."

So Abram took his wife Sara and his nephew, Lot, and all his servants and flocks of sheep and cattle and camels, and they traveled many, many miles across a rocky and desert land where nothing grew that was green and there was almost no water for themselves or their cattle. You can hardly imagine what such a journey would be like, for in those days people had no carriages or cars in which to travel. They rode and carried all their possessions on the backs of camels or in rude wagons, and they had often to travel by night under the starry skies and rest by day because the days were so hot.

Abram's family, like all the people of that country, lived in tents even though they were a very rich family and might have been princes had they been willing to stay and worship idols with the others. So they carried their tents upon the backs of the camels and pitched them wherever they halted to rest.

Abram was one of the good men who loved God and listened for His voice, and wherever he halted for a rest he

built an altar of stones. Here he knelt and prayed to God to guide and care for them and to lead them to the promised land.

When they had traveled for many days through the hot and sandy desert they finally came upon a land, called the land of Canaan, where were green grass and trees for shade and rivers where their cattle and camels might drink. Here Abram built another altar and thanked God for having brought them safely, but this was not the end of their journey. They traveled through this pleasant land for many days more, going now by day because the days were cooler and resting by night, under the stars.

After awhile there came a famine to the land they were traveling through and Abram and all his caravan went down into Egypt where there was plenty to eat for both man and beast. While they were in Egypt, the king, who was called Pharaoh, gave Abram a great many oxen and sheep and bond-servants, also gold and silver. When the famine was over Abram took all his many possessions and went back into Canaan.

Now, Lot, Abram 's nephew, also had herds of sheep and oxen and camels and bondservants, and the land where they first halted was not able to bear both Abram's and Lot's herds. There was much quarrelling between Abram's herdsmen and Lot's herdsmen, because both wanted the best pasturage for their cattle and the best waters for them to drink from.

But Abram said to Lot, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me, nor between thy herdsmen and my herdsmen for we are brethren." And he told Lot they had better divide the land between them and separate the herds and herdsmen.

"If thou wilt take the left hand," he said to Lot, "then I will go to the right, or if thou depart to the right hand then I will go to the left." For even though Abram was much older than Lot and should have had first choice he was quite willing

that Lot should choose, hoping to satisfy and make him happy. This shows what a truly great man Abram was, for to be truly great is to be humble and unselfish and sweet.

But Lot was not a great man. He was selfish and grasping and wanted the best of everything that was to be had. So he chose all the beautiful plain of Jordan that lay beyond them, with its fertile pasturage and running rivers and he took his herds of cattle and sheep and camels and servants and went and dwelt upon it.

After Lot had gone away, Abram and his wife Sara, with all their servants and herds and flocks, traveled to the mountains of Canaan. Here God told him to lift up his eyes from where he stood on the mountain and look about him northward and southward and eastward and westward. And God told Abram that He would give him all the land which he could see. He told Abram to rise and walk through it, the length and breadth of it, and that it was all his. For God was pleased with Abram.

When Kings Go Forth to Battle

There was much fighting amongst the different nations and tribes of people in this country where Abram had come to dwell, but in the midst of it all he lived with his family of servants and his herds, making war upon none and respected by all.

One day a messenger came running to Abram's tent in great excitement and told him there had been a terrible battle in the valley where Lot dwelt, and that four kings with their armies had taken Lot and a great many others captive and had killed many of the people who lived in the valley and taken all their goods.

When Abram heard this he armed all his servants with swords and bows and arrows and spears and led them at night against the army of four kings. While the kings and their army were asleep Abram and his servants surrounded them and fell

upon them and killed many. In the midst of the army they found Abram's nephew, Lot, and they took him and all the goods that the kings had captured and the women and servants and brought them away from the army that had taken them prisoners. And this shows again how great a man Abram was, to go into battle for the sake of Lot who had been selfish and unfair with him. After all this had happened the Lord came to Abram in a dream and spoke to him and said, "Fear not, Abram; I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward."

Abraham and the Angels

In spite of all his riches and all the good things God had given to them, both Abram and Sara were often very sad and lonely, for there were no little children to call them father and mother, or to love and help them. People who have no little children are always sad and lonely at times. So Sara prayed to God that they might have a little child. And God spoke to Abram when he was ninety and nine years old and told him that he should yet have children and that his name should be changed from Abram to Abraham which means "Father of Many Nations," and his wife's name should be changed to Sarah.

One time when Abraham was sitting in the tent door in the heat of the day he looked up, and lo, three angels stood beside him; and when he saw them he ran to meet them and bowed his head upon the ground. He begged them to sit under a tree and rest while he had water brought to bathe their feet, which was a custom in that land.

So the three angels sat down to rest and Abraham ran into the tent and told Sarah to hurry and make some cakes. Then he ran out to where the cattle were feeding on the long, sweet grass under the shade of the trees, and he took from among them a young calf and gave it to a servant who killed and dressed it. And when the meat was cooked Abraham took butter and milk and the meat and cakes and set before the

angels and they ate.

Then one of the angels asked Abraham where Sarah was and Abraham said, "In the tent." Then the angel told Abraham that Sarah should have a little son just as they had longed and prayed for.

Now Abraham and Sarah were both very old people and they could hardly believe that God really meant they should have a son, but the angel assured them and promised them again, and they believed and were glad. Then the angels went away, and Abraham walked a little way with them on their journey.

Abraham and Isaac

When Abraham was a hundred years old (for men lived to a great age in those days) there was a little son born to him and Sarah and they called him Isaac.

Abraham and Sarah loved this little son for whom they had prayed and waited so long, very, very much. Sarah was so glad that she said, "God hath made me to laugh so that all who hear me shall laugh with me." She rejoiced because she had been able to give this wonderful gift of a little son to Abraham in his old age.

Now in these olden days some of the people believed that the way in which to show their love and devotion to God was to build a great fire on an altar of stones and burn on it some lamb or dove or cattle, something that had blood. They believed that the smoke from this offering went straight up to God and that when He saw it He would forgive them for their sins. They also believed that the more precious anything was to them the greater gift it would be to God and the more He would forgive them.

Nowadays people no longer believe in making offerings to God in this way, but in giving of their work and services and their love to God in doing things for other people. But in the olden days they knew no better and did what seemed right to

them. Not until Jesus came and taught people how loving a Father God is and how much He needs us to help Him in His work, did they know how much more He cares for kindness and helpfulness to each other than for burnt offerings.

Abraham, fine, strong, good old man though he was, and loving God as he did, had not learned all these things. One time he thought God wanted him to make an offering to Him of something he loved very much; he even thought he heard the voice of God telling him to offer up his little son, Isaac, who was so very precious to Him.

Now you know, of course, that God, who loves all little children even more than their own fathers and mothers do, and who sent His own beloved son, Jesus, on earth to bless little children, would never ask any father to burn his little boy as an offering to Him. The Hebrews didn't believe it either, except, as they said, to try Abraham's faith and see if he would really be willing to do it. But Abraham believed God wanted him to do it and he was willing, for he thought that Isaac belonged to God more than he did to him.

I should not like you to imagine how very sad Abraham's heart was when he took little Isaac and two of his servants and an ass loaded with wood for the altar fire, and set out for the mountain where the altar was to be built. It must have been a very, very sad journey, but we will like to think that God was watching over them in love, just waiting to see what Abraham would be willing to do for love of Him.

When they came to the mountain Abraham told the servants to wait there while he and Isaac went on alone to the place where the offering was to be made. Perhaps Abraham did this because he did not want the servants to see how bitter this trial was to him, and very likely he wanted to be alone with his little son, Isaac.

Isaac had seen altar fires built and offerings made, so he understood it all; but when he saw the altar of stones and the wood ready for the fire and no lamb or sheep he said, "My

father," and Abraham answered, "Here am I, my son." Then little Isaac said, "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for the burnt offering?"

Abraham replied, and oh, how his sad heart must have ached when he thought God was requiring this great thing of him, "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb for the offering."

We do not know what little Isaac suffered when he knew that he was to be the offering, but we know that he must have been willing and obedient to his father, just as Abraham was obedient to God, and to what he thought was God's wish, for the Bible tells us that Abraham took little Isaac and laid him upon the altar. But just then there came a clear, quick voice out of heaven calling, "Abraham! Abraham!" Abraham said, "Here am I!" And the angel, whose voice it was, said, "Lay not thy hand upon the lad; neither do thou anything to him." Abraham looked up and there was a ram caught by the horns in the bushes. He went and took the ram and offered that instead of his little son because he believed God had put it there to show him that he need not offer up his son.

Then Abraham and Isaac went back to their home, and we will like to think how very happy they must have been going back together, and how happy Isaac's mother must have been to see them coming and how she would run out to meet them and hold little Isaac close to her heart. And I also like to think how obedient Abraham was to what he believed to be God's will even though it was so terrible a thing; and best of all I like to think how God was watching over them in love.

The Maccabees
They Fought for Freedom
From 167-37 B.C.

It was shortly after sunrise when Cyrion entered Modin, the little village which nestled among the rock-grey hills of Palestine. The young man gazed with disdainful eyes at the twisted, dusty streets and low stone houses. After Rome and Antioch and Alexandria, his birthplace seemed even smaller and humbler than he remembered it. He strode past the well, where a group of women and girls had already gathered to draw water, and on to the market-place in the center of the town; here he stopped, perplexed.

For a moment the place seemed as lively as he recalled it, with the noisy protest of cackling hens and doves cooing in their wooden cages; a flock of lambs crying mournfully and a brindled calf bawling for its mother. Yet a strange silence hung heavily above the stalls; not a single merchant shouted boastfully in praise of his wares; no customer insisted indignantly that the prices were too high.

"A strange market day," Cyrion said to himself, "when no one buys or sells."

He pushed his way through a group of villagers who stood in the center of the market-place talking together in low, excited tones. Now Cyrion understood. For he saw a small altar, with a pile of wood nearby, standing where no altar had ever stood before.

Although for the last five years the youth had lived among the heathen, he was still enough of a Jew to know that his people were forbidden to offer sacrifice anywhere but at the

Temple in Jerusalem.

Wonderingly, he spoke to an old man beside him.

"Good father," Cyrion began, "how long has this altar stood in Modin?"

"Last night when we slept the soldiers of King Antiochus —" a woman in the back of the crowd called shrilly. But those about her interrupted with cries of "Hush!" "We know nothing!" while the other villagers seemed to be struck dumb by the very sound of their ruler's name.

Cyrion turned again to the old man he knew must be a scribe, for writing reeds and an ink horn hung at his broad girdle. "Good father, how long has this altar stood in Modin?" he repeated his question.

At last the old man spoke and his voice was heavy with grief.

"Stranger," he began, "although you wear Greek robes and do not seem to be of Judea, you must surely know that the last of our kings sleeps in his rocky tomb beyond Jerusalem and that Antiochus rules over not only Syria but all the land of Palestine."

"That I have long known," answered Cyrion impatiently. "And when I was in Antioch, the great king's capital, I heard something of his plans to bring all the people under his rule to the worship of his gods."

A low moaning of grief and anger rose among the crowd. The old scribe bent his white head and wept.

"His plans have brought bitter suffering to Judea," he said brokenly. "We have always been obedient subjects to our foreign rulers when, like Alexander the Great, they permitted us to worship the God of our fathers. But this Antiochus whom many call 'the Madman—'"

A shudder of fear at such rashness shook the people of Modin.

"The stranger may be a spy who will repeat your words to the king," a woman whispered frantically in the old man's ear.

The scribe shook off the restraining hand he had placed upon his arm.

"This Antiochus attempts what no other king has ever been able to accomplish," he said, his voice trembling with fury. "He has forbidden us Jews on pain of death to keep our holy Sabbath; he had commanded us to bring sacrifices to his heathen gods."

"Antiochus has profaned the Sanctuary," mourned another old man. "His officers have set up a statue of their accursed Zeus in our Temple at Jerusalem."

Several women began to sway and to beat their breasts like mourners above an open grave.

"Alas for Hannah and her seven sons," wailed a white-haired woman. "It is told that one by one the youths were led before the tyrant and ordered to sacrifice to his gods. And one by one they steadfastly refused and were tortured to death before their mother's eyes."

"The tyrant spares neither young nor old," sobbed a young mother, clasping her baby closer to her breast. "There was Eleazar, a wise and sainted man—"

"Who died bravely, saying, 'May the young die as willingly as I for our hold laws,'" murmured a voice in the crowd reverently.

"Let us try to remember his words!" said the old scribe. But although he was a faithful and a pious Jew, when he looked toward the altar the king's men had set up in the market-place, his eyes grew sick with fear.

A young man who had just come to the market-place forced his way through the crowd. He stood head and shoulders above those about him; the muscles of his tanned brown arms rippled in the early sunlight; his face was as keen and sharp as a sword blade. For a moment he remained staring with puzzled eyes at the stranger.

"Judah," cried Cyrion, "don't you know me, even though I have changed in the years I have been away from Modin?

Surely you recognize your old schoolfellow!"

"Yes," answered Judah slowly, "I knew it was your voice as soon as I heard you speak. But," and now he withdrew his hand, which his friend has grasped so warmly, "it is not easy to recognize the son of your worthy father in your Greek fripperies."

Cyrion tried to laugh. "Why should I not wear the Grecian dress, since many Jews, even in Jerusalem, have learned to dress like Greeks, have taken Greek names, and now take part in their games in the gymnasium?"

"Where they offer sacrifices to strange gods!" shouted several angry voices.

"And why not?" Cyrion asked with a shrug, although he dared not meet Judah's scornful eyes. "Antiochus the Illustrious does not hate his Jewish subjects. He seeks only to make them one with all the other peoples of his kingdom."

Before Judah could answer him there came the tramp, tramp of marching feet and the clanking of swords. Preceded by soldiers wearing royal colors, their spears shining evilly in the peaceful sunlight, the king's envoy, Appeles, strode past the sullenly silent townsfolk and approached the altar.

With military curtness he repeated the orders of the king. Antiochus had decreed that not only in Jerusalem but in every town of Palestine an image, such as he now placed upon the altar, should receive the homage of the king's Jewish subjects.

"Here is the incense," he said. "Come now, men of Modin, and cast it upon the altar flame. Who will be first to obey the king's command?"

There was silence, broken only when a mother, clinging to her son, or a wife, pressing closer to her husband, sobbed aloud in terror.

Appeles spoke again and his voice rang harshly in that quiet place.

"The king's envoy must not be kept waiting." He glanced

toward his glittering soldiers. "Who will be first?"

His eyes fell on the youth standing nearby, wearing a gaily colored Greek robe which set him apart from the more soberly garbed citizens of Modin.

"You seem one of us. You will have the honor of being the first to offer sacrifice," said Appeles, pulling the youth forward.

The boy tried to draw back. He had already taken part in the games at the gymnasium, where a heathen idol stood. But now, before the eyes of his townsmen, he hesitated, frightened and ashamed.

"I am a Jew," Cyrion stammered.

Appeles laughed harshly. "You are a Greek now. Come!"

A man, white-haired and trembling with age, staggered to the front of the crowd around the altar.

"Mattathias!" murmured the scribe. He thought of the sufferings of the aged Eleazar of Jerusalem and grew faint with horror. For he knew that Mattathias was also a whole man and did not fear to die. How could one look on the death of an old and beloved friend? Then he saw that the five sons of Mattathias, Judah among them, moved forward with their father; five sons, tall and sturdy and proud, their faces watchful and quiet.

"Why do you linger?" demanded the king's envoy.

The youth in the Greek dress took an uncertain step forward. His trembling hand reached for the bowl of incense.

Those who stood nearest to Mattathias saw him throw back his white head defiantly. His sagging shoulders straightened; he seemed for the moment as alert and vigorous as his five sons who pressed closely around him. Leaping forward, he seized a sword from one of the soldiers. He swung it with awful precision above the head of the Jew cringing before the altar. Cyrion staggered and fell; his life-blood stained the breast of his bright Grecian robes; from the overturned brass bowl the incense was scattered beside the corpse.

Mattathias waved the encrimsoned sword above his head. His voice rang like a trumpet blast.

"Those who are on the Lord's side follow me!" he shouted.

The five sons of Mattathias, moving like one man, had already snatched the weapons of the nearest soldiers. Now young and old joined in the surprise attack. They wrenched the swords of the slain Syrians from their hands and did not rest until the last of the soldiers had fallen about the king's envoy. His proud helmet and glittering armor crushed and battered, Appeles lay in the dust before the overturned altar.

"A pity," cried the scribe, "we could not spare him to take back our answer to Antiochus!"

His words shocked the folk of Modin into realization of what they had done. Murmurs of fear and protest broke from the crowd at the mere sound of the tyrant's name.

"He will send more soldiers." "Every man in Modin will be slain." "Our wives and children will be slaughtered also, or sold into slavery."

The woman who had wept for Hannah and her tortured sons again wailed loudly and many joined in her lamentations.

But Mattathias, standing proudly confident before his people, spoke calmly.

"When the soldiers of King Antiochus come again to Modin, they will find our village as empty as last year's bird's nest. We will not remain here to be slaughtered. This very hour we must hasten to hide ourselves in the hills where we will do battle for our Holy Law and for the right to worship the God of our fathers."

"We do not even have weapons to defend ourselves," objected one of the elders.

"We have the swords of the enemy we have just slain," answered Judah. "After another battle," he added grimly, "we will have many more."

"But we are a handful and are untrained in war." "The king has a large army." "He has many captains, skilled in

battle."

"With the God of heaven it is all one," said Judah, son of Mattathias, "to be victorious with a great multitude or with a small company." And he repeated his father's words, "Those who are on the Lord's side, follow me!"

Even those with fearful hearts drew courage from the courage of Mattathias and his sons. The men of Modin gathered their families about them and followed their leaders into the rocky shelters of the hills. Day after day, as the news of the rebellion spread through Palestine, refugees poured into the mountain camp. Forced to live in caves, they often yearned for the comforts of their deserted homes. For food there was only the flesh of the mountain goats and wild berries and roots. During the cold nights the rebels shivered in garments which soon grew thin and tattered. Little children and the very old soon sickened and died.

Mattathias was among the first of the old men to die. From his death-bed he blessed the refugees and promised them that the God for whom they fought would in the end bring them victory. He appointed his son Simon to take his place as ruler of the little community and selected his son Judah to be their captain in the long, hard war.

The rebels against Antiochus all swore to obey Simon and to follow Judah in battle. He made an ideal captain. In the darkest hours he never lost faith either in his cause of the God for whom he fought, and this won him the confidence of his untried soldiers. He was also one of the greatest generals who ever lived. His untrained guerrilla fighters were a handful compared to the mighty, disciplined Syrian army; his men were poorly fed and often lacked weapons. But Judah planned his campaigns with such genius that he won battle after battle. Every victory fed the hopes of his starving, desperate comrades; the weapons of the slain equipped the fighters of Israel for new and greater triumphs.

No wonder he came to be known as Judah Maccabee, the

Hammerer, because of the heavy blows he dealt the enemies of his people. Some believe he took this title because of the word Maccabee is formed of the initial letters of the Hebrew words inscribed on his banner: "Who is like Thee among the gods, O Lord." In time the name was given to his four brothers as well, and the deeds of the five Maccabees chilled the hearts of even the most fearless leaders of the Syrian host.

At first Judah Maccabee planned only mountain skirmishes; then, as his army grew stronger, he engaged in larger battles. These were so successful that modern generals, fighting in Palestine, have actually studied and profited by Judah's strategy when planning their campaigns.

After the crushing defeat of the Syrians at Beth Tzur, Judah led his triumphant army into Jerusalem. The city had suffered under the tyranny of Antiochus for three terrible years. Now joy turned into mourning as the warriors of Israel looked upon the desolation of their beloved capital and sanctuary. The courts of the Temple were filthy and overgrown with weeds. The heathen had defiled the Holy of Holies; where the white-robed priests had once offered sacrifice to the one God, a statue of Zeus mocked the deliverers from the polluted altar.

Those who had fought so bravely and so well worked day and night to cleanse the shrine. When all traces of pagan rites had been removed and the lamps were lit once more, Jews from every corner of the land of Palestine gathered in Jerusalem for the feast of the rededication of the Temple. Again the white-robed priests offered sacrifice and mighty assembly sang psalms of praise and thanksgiving to God.

This Feast of Rededication, or Chanuko, is still observed for the eight days by Jews in every land beneath the sun. As they kindle the festal lights, they thank God for their delivery in days of old, and repeat to their children the heroic deeds of the Maccabees and all who fought for freedom so long ago.

But this Festival of Freedom might well be observed by all

people. For in the caves of the hills around Modin religious liberty was born for all the nations of the world. The martyrs like Hannah and her seven sons were the first religious martyrs in all history. The soldiers of Judah Maccabees were the first to fight for what no other people recognized in that day—the right of man to worship God according to his own conscience.

If this devoted little band had not fought so fearlessly and so well, Israel's belief in the one God would have perished from the face of the earth. With it would have died the still undreamed-of daughter religion, Christianity.

Hillel
The Father of the Golden Rule
c. 110 B.C.-10 A.D.

On a Friday afternoon, over a century after the victorious Maccabees brought freedom to Judea, a youth in ragged garments and torn sandals stood shivering before the great bolted doors of the Academy in Jerusalem. He hesitated; should he wander on and try to find shelter from the wintry winds? Should he seek rest and food and wait until tomorrow before he asked admittance? He shook his head stubbornly. No, he decided, I must begin my studies this very day!

In answer to the timid knock a burly porter swung open the doors just wide enough to inspect the visitor.

"Who are you?" he demanded sharply, not at all pleased to be called from his afternoon nap.

"My name is Hillel and I have come—"

"What do you want?"

"I wish to listen to the lectures of Shemaiah and Abtalion," answered Hillel, his voice reverent as he named the two great scholars of that day.

The porter gazed disapprovingly at the youth's poor clothing and hunger-pinched face. "First," he demanded, thrusting out his hand, "let me have your fee."

Hillel laughed. "If I had a single penny in my purse I would give it to you instead of keeping it to buy my evening meal. For is it not written that wisdom is better than bread? But surely there is no fee required. Even in far-away Babylon where I have lived all my life and from which I have journeyed to sit at the feet of the great teachers of Jerusalem, I learned

that no rabbi expects to be paid for his teachings."

The porter flushed angrily. "True," he admitted, "but before you started on your mad journey, it is a pity no one told you that I, as doorkeeper at the Academy, receive a fee from every student who enters. I cannot hope to live on 'wisdom' as you do," he sneered, "and must buy my daily bread."

He was about to bar the doors; then paused in something like pity for the drooping, frail figure before him.

"Listen to me, lad," he advised gruffly. "You do not know how severe winter can be in Jerusalem; nor do you look hardy enough to linger in those rags in the snow which is beginning to blow down from the mountains. Go—find some synagogue and lie down on a bench and rest. Soon it will be Sabbath eve. After the services are over, some kind soul will surely take you home for the evening meal."

As though he feared his temporary softness might lead him to play the host himself, the porter slammed and bolted the doors.

Cold and hungry, Hillel wrapped his tattered robes closer about him, and, bowing his head beneath the icy wind, trudged away through the gathering twilight.

The next afternoon in one of the Academy classrooms, Abtalion, renowned among the learned ones of Israel, lectured to a group of grey-haired scholars and beardless youths. Usually the students listened in respectful silence to their master, but on this Sabbath more than one stirred restlessly and drew his woolen cloak closer about him. A few even glanced longingly toward the charcoal braziers standing unlighted along the walls. For no fire might be kindled until the Sabbath was over.

Nor could the lamps be lit on the Sabbath day. Feeling the growing uneasiness about him, Rabbi Abtalion laid aside the scroll from which he had been reading, not without difficulty in the growing darkness.

"Surely," he said, "it is not time to light the lamps. And

yet it has grown so dark that I can scarcely see my five fingers before my face." He glanced toward the window. "Since we of Jerusalem are not accustomed to heavy snow, we sometimes forget how much can gather on the sills in a few hours."

"But, Master," said one of the younger students, who sat near the window, "I do not think it is the snow along that shuts out the light. From where I sit it looks as though some creature were huddled on the ledge."

Rabbi Abtalion sent for the porter. The man hurried outside; quickly he climbed the ladder leaning against the ledge. Those watching and listening within the lecture room saw the porter brush away the snow-drift and heard his cry of horror at what he discovered underneath. A moment later he staggered into the room, carrying in his arms the thinly-clad, snow-covered body of the unconscious Hillel.

"God forgive me for my hardness of heart!" cried the porter. "This is the penniless student I turned away just before the storm broke. He must have climbed up on the window ledge to listen to the lecture."

"And grown unconscious from the cold," said the master sternly. "If he dies from exposure, his death will be upon your head."

By this time the confusion and excitement had reached the lecture room of Shemaiah; the teacher and his students joined the group which crowded around the half-frozen youth.

The porter and Rabbi Abtalion had already covered the stranger with their woolen cloaks and were chafing his hands and feet.

"Bring all the braziers, light them and place them around the boy," the rabbi commanded without looking up. "And we must heat water at once. A hot bath may save him."

Several students hastened to obey him; but Shemaiah stopped them with an authoritative gesture.

"Need I remind the pious Rabbi Abtalion," he asked,

horrified, "that the Sabbath is not yet over, and we may not kindle a fire for several hours?"

"I have just learned from our porter," answered Rabbi Abtalion calmly, "that this youth so loved the Torah, which is our Law, that he risked his very life to listen to its teachings. Need I remind a great teacher in Israel that it is permitted us to violate the Sabbath to save a life, even of the humblest among us? Surely we may do so for this devoted soul who will keep many Sabbaths in return for the single one which is broken to keep him from death."

So before the most pious and learned men of Israel fires were kindled on the Sabbath afternoon that the poor unknown student from Babylon might be restored to life.

Hillel was saved not only to keep many, many Sabbaths but to glorify the Law which had been broken for his sake. He became one of the greatest teachers in all Israel. The land of Palestine was now under Roman rule; but purely religious matters were in charge of a court of seventy learned men called Sanhedrin. For many years Hillel was president of the Sanhedrin; Shammai, his greatest rival, was vice-president.

Never were two men so unlike. Shammai believed in such a strict interpretation of the laws of the Torah that he and his followers were responsible for winning much hatred for their party, the Pharisees, in later days. This was really unjust. The Pharisees with a few pleaded for freedom within the Law. Many of the leaders were like Hillel, always ready to give a broad and liberal interpretation of their religion.

Shammai was cold and stern; Hillel was so gentle and forgiving that soon the saying arose, "He is as patient as Hillel."

Many years after Hillel had knocked at the barred doors of the Academy, Simeon, the porter, who had refused to admit him, sat nodding over his wine cup in a Jerusalem tavern frequented by students. He had grown very old and no longer stood in the doorway to admit rabbis and students to the

classrooms. But he was still eager for news of his former friends. Now he suddenly forced himself to keep awake to listen, for he had caught the name of Hillel.

"Do you mean to say you have never heard how our master, Hillel, confounded the impudent Roman?" asked the older student. "I thought everybody in Jerusalem had already laughed over that story."

"You forget, Uriah, that I came to Jerusalem only last week to begin my studies."

"True, I had forgotten. Well, this Roman thought he would have great sport with our two greatest teachers, Shammai and Hillel. First, he went to Shammai's house. When admitted, he bowed respectfully before the master, and said, 'Rabbi Shammai, I have heard that you are one of the wisest men in Jerusalem. I promise to become a Jew if you can tell me all that there is to know about the Jewish religion and its many laws while I stand on one foot. Now hurry, because I cannot stand on one foot very long.'"

"Rabbi Shammai must have been very angry at such mockery."

"I see that you have already learned of Shammai's sternness," laughed Uriah. "Shammai knew that the Roman did not really want to learn about our religion and only mocked our Torah. So he drove him away."

"And the Roman went next to Hillel?"

"Yes. To Hillel he repeated the same promise to become a Jew if the whole Torah with its laws were explained to him while he stood on one foot.

"Hillel said, 'I will gladly teach you the whole Torah in the little time you are able to stand on one foot.'

"The Roman was astonished. 'How is that possible?' he asked. 'I have been told that there are so many laws in your Torah that it would take many months of study for a Gentile to learn them. And now you promise to teach them all to me in a few minutes.'

"'Roman,' commanded Hillel, 'stand on one foot.'

"Then, while the Roman swayed back and forth, trying to keep his balance, our gentle teacher, Hillel, repeated slowly, 'Do not unto others what you would not have done to yourself. That is the whole Law. All else is just an explanation of this Golden Rule.'

"The Roman was so touched with Hillel's patience and courtesy that he became his friend and pupil. He was sure that a religion based on such a rule for living must be the true one; he continued to study with Hillel until he was sure that he really wanted to become a Jew.

"'I want to keep the promise I once made in jest,' the Roman told Hillel. 'I am ready to accept all the teachings of your Torah and will follow your religion as long as I live.'"

"He has become a good Jew, as I myself can testify," declared the former porter, coming to join the two students at their table. "For he is now my neighbor and we are close friends. He has often told me how glad he is that Hillel was not offended by his mockery, but instead taught him the Torah so patiently and so well."

"But has anyone ever seen Rabbi Hillel angry or impatient?" asked the student who had lately come to Jerusalem.

"A foolish man once tried to tease the master into showing anger," said Simeon. "A very rude fellow," shaking his white head, sadly. "I am ashamed to tell you he was a Jew and should have shown more respect for a rabbi in Israel. Well, this fellow pounded on the door of Hillel's house while the rabbi was taking a bath until the master put on a robe and came out into the courtyard.

"'What is the matter?' asked Hillel.

"'I want to ask you a question, a very important question: Why have the Babylonians such oddly shaped heads?'"

"I'd call that a very rude question," said the young student. "Since Hillel came from Babylon, the man must have tried to insult him."

"Hillel is never easily insulted," answered Simeon, laughing. "He just said, pleasantly, 'The Babylonians have oddly shaped heads because their nurses bind the heads of babies so tightly that their tender skulls become deformed.'

"He went back to his bath. Again the rude fellow pounded on the door; again Hillel put on a robe and came out into the courtyard.

"'And what is the matter now?' he asked.

"'I must know why the Tadmorians have weak eyes.'

"Now Hillel was certain that his visitor was trying to tease him. But still he refused to be angry. He said, 'I believe the Tadmorians have weak eyes because they live in the desert and their eyes are inflamed by the hot sand.'

"'I shall have no peace until I know why the Africans have such broad feet,' bawled the visitor.

"Hillel was just as courteous as though his troublesome visitor had asked a really sensible question. 'Because,' he answered, 'their broad feet make it easier for the Africans to walk in the marshy land in which they live.'

"Would you believe it," cried Simeon, "this fellow, who had been troubling our master with his foolish questions, grew very angry!"

"But why?"

"'Your everlasting patience has caused me to lose a handful of copper coins!' he shouted. 'I wagered that I could make you lose your temper; but you have caused me to lose my bet.' And Hillel told him, 'It is better that you should lose your wager than that I should lost my temper.'"

"That is a good story and you have told it well," said the student. "I think your dry throat must be rewarded with another cup of wine. What fine wine you have in Jerusalem. I have never tasted better."

"That reminds me of another tale of Rabbi Hillel," said Uriah. "Of course, you know that none of our rabbis in the Academy receives any salary for his teachings; so all of them,

except those from wealthy families, follow some trade. With his earnings as a woodcutter Hillel has managed not only to support his own family, but to give generously to the poor."

"He has never forgotten his own poverty, when he came to Jerusalem, cold and hungry," said Simeon, nodding sagely.

"Perhaps that is why he so often exceeds his tithe. It is said that for many months Hillel sent a regular allowance to a poor man to buy wine and delicacies for the Sabbath. One day Hillel's son came to him, very angry.

"'Father,' he said, 'I have just discovered how your pensioner wastes the money you give him. He buys wine that is of rarer vintage and costs much more than you think you can afford to spend for the wine at our own Sabbath meal.'

"'Then I fear I have done the poor man an injury.'

"'What do you mean? And aren't you angry at him for being so extravagant?'

"'I am angry at myself for being so careless,' Hillel answered his son. 'I should have found out more of his way of living before he became poor enough to depend on my charity. If he still buys such good wine, he must be used to better food and drink than I have given him; he must feel offended that I have allowed him so little. I must increase his weekly allowance that he will not grieve over his poverty, at least on the Sabbath when all men should rejoice.'"

"And that reminds me of another story of Hillel," began Simeon.

But the two students laughingly reminded the old man that they had no time for any more stories and would have to hasten back to their next lecture at the Academy.

Here, at the greatest center of Jewish learning, Hillel continued to teach for many fruitful years. It may be that when Jesus was first taken to Jerusalem by his parents, Hillel, now an old, old man, was among the rabbis who listened in astonishment to the child from Nazareth. There is no record of such a meeting. But it is certain that as a boy Jesus in the

House of Study at Nazareth heard many of the judgments and sayings of Hillel. When the boy himself became a teacher and was asked to give the entire Law in a few words, he may have remembered the story of Hillel and the Roman scoffer, for he repeated Hillel's answer, although in a slightly different form.

Hillel had said, "Do not unto others what you would not have done to yourself." Jesus taught his followers: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." In giving this Golden Rule the two Jewish teachers agreed that no man need be a slave to many ceremonial laws but must above all else seek to live with his neighbors in freedom and in justice.

Jesus the Christ

The King Is Come

To a plain little house in the country village of Nazareth there came an angel. A young woman, Mary, lived there. She was engaged to be married to a man named Joseph, whose family could be traced back to King David and through his ancestors to Abraham. So though it was poor, it was a noble, even kingly family that the angel came to visit. For Mary, who was his cousin, lived in Joseph's house.

The angel stood before her and greeted her, "Hail, highly-favored one!"

Then Gabriel, for this was God's messenger Gabriel, went on to explain to her,

"You should be the happiest one of all women! For God is with you. You are going to have a child, and will call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest. He will not be Joseph, your husband's, son, but God Himself by a miracle has sent His own Son to earth. In order that He may have a human body like the people on earth, you are to be His mother, Mary."

"I am ready for anything that God wants me to do," answered Mary, trusting God entirely.

When the angel was gone Mary went up to the hill country to see her cousin Elisabeth, who had been told by an angel that she was to be the mother of John the Baptist, the prophet who came to help point the people to Jesus Christ. Mary and Elisabeth were both very happy at the angels' messages. Mary sang a beautiful song of the coming Messiah, for whom all Israel had been waiting since Isaiah's time, seven

hundred and fifty years before.

In a country many miles away from Israel there lived a very rich man, who spent all his time studying the movements of the stars. He had studied so long and carefully that he had been able to know when a comet or any strange star would appear in the sky. Now he knew of the coming of a star which was quite different from any that he had ever seen or read about. Its course would not be above his country, and according to his knowledge this star meant that a king was to be born in the spot over which it shone. So he packed his camel for a long journey into the west, and took with him a present of gold for the king whom he was going to find.

At the same time two other men, also students of the stars, started out toward the same place, each of them with rare and costly gifts. Together the three journeyed, watching always for the star to shine, and show them the exact house where the king should be born.

When they came to Jerusalem they went to the palace of Herod the king, and asked him about it, thinking, of course, that he would know of a new king. Herod was angry to hear of such a thing and called in all his wise men to have them find out about this star.

In the meantime the three men saw the star shining clear above them like a great drop of silver fire, and followed it until they came to Bethlehem, a tiny town outside of Jerusalem. The star appeared to be standing over an inn where there were many guests who had come up to Jerusalem for the taxing which took place once a year.

But the innkeeper said that there was no baby born there that night. Then suddenly he remembered the party of people from Nazareth who had come too late to secure rooms.

"I had to make a place for them in the stables," he told the wise men, "but you could not be looking for these people! They were poor and common, although I noticed the woman's face. It was very sweet and good"—he finished his

sentence half to himself.

The wise men, seeing that the star swung just over the rough buildings below the inn, hurried down there eagerly. As they came to the door the circle of lantern light showed the stable rooms half-full of coarsely dressed men with heavy beards, carrying long staves in their hands. They looked like shepherds, and yet they were all kneeling as though they were in church. As the three strangers came nearer to the door they saw lying in one of the wooden troughs where the cows were usually fed a baby around whose head the dim light lay in a soft halo.

Strange things the shepherds were saying half aloud as they knelt there:

"Glory to God in the highest!" said one as if he were repeating a hymn he had heard.

And another one kept saying over and over, "Peace on earth! Peace on earth!"

As the wise men caught the words "Good tidings—fear not!" they slipped quietly into the bare room and knelt too on the dusty floor.

One of the shepherds told the story of the cool night on the hills under the stars. Suddenly the skies had opened and there had come from heaven such a company of beautiful bright beings that the shepherds were frightened. Then one of them had flown down on soft silver wings and told the shepherds that for them and for all people was born a Saviour, which was Christ the Lord. So they had hurried to the place where the angel had told them to find Him.

They all worshiped there for a time the Christ who had come to earth to save them. Then the wise men opened their boxes of gifts. One had brought gold and one a box of myrrh, a rich perfume, and the third frankincense, which is a perfume used only in the temple services.

Then they went quietly out to go to their homes again. But the wise men did not go back to Jerusalem to tell Herod

the king what they had seen, for God warned them not to.

Meantime Herod had been hearing from the old books of the prophets the story of how a king of the family of David should one day come to rule over the earth, and of His kingdom there should be no end. It made Herod so angry to think of anyone coming to take his place that he sent his soldiers at once into every home in Bethlehem and all the country round. They had orders to kill every baby less than two years old, so that Herod might surely make way with the child Jesus, of whom he was afraid.

But while he was still only planning this the angel of the Lord came with a message to Joseph, saying to him:

"Get ready quickly and take the baby and Mary His mother and hurry down into Egypt. Stay there until I bring you word to come back, for Herod wants to kill the child. "

So Joseph got up at once and wakened Mary, telling her the angel's message. They did not stop to pack their goods, but took only the necessary things that they could easily carry with them. It was the middle of the night when they went quietly out into the darkness, and slipped down the rough cobblestone street, leaving behind their home country Judea for they knew not how long. Only the stars could see them as they started for the strange new land.

Jesus Christ As a Man

The child Jesus grew in mind and body and everyone loved Him. When he became a man, and was ready to begin the work He had come to do on earth, John the Baptist began to preach in the wild places outside the cities. He told of Jesus' coming and tried to prepare the people to receive Him. Many people came out to hear him, and a few of them were sorry for their sins and were baptized. But John told of the coming of One who was so much greater that John was not worthy even to be His servant.

One day, as John was preaching, Jesus himself stepped out

from the crowd to be baptized. As He came into the water, heaven was opened above Him, and the Spirit of God, taking the form of a dove, came down from the bright clouds above upon His head. A voice sounded, saying:

"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Jesus had lived and worked among these people for thirty years, and they knew that He had never done any wrong thing. But now for the first time they heard of Him as God's Son, instead of the carpenter, a son of the poor man Joseph, as they had always supposed.

When Jesus went out into the desert to be by Himself for a time Satan came to Him, and tried with all the power he had to make Jesus do wrong. Of course God cannot sin. But when He put on this body of ours He put on all the possibility of sinning that we have, just as one puts on a borrowed coat, and finds it can be torn or may wear out, no matter who has it on. But the strength of God was greater than Satan's, though he had brought before Jesus all the things that could tempt a human body. Jesus turned aside his words easily and did not think of doing what Satan suggested.

So it was through all the years of Jesus' life. He was tempted to do every kind of wrong that we are, and yet He never sinned.

The next three years of His life were busy ones, full of helping all the poor, sick and lame and blind people who came to Him, making them quite well again. He always made their hearts clean too when He cured them. He forgave all the sins that had grown up like weeds there, and if they believed He could do it, He gave them the power to keep their hearts free from these weeds afterward.

A great many people began to follow Him about to see His miracles of sick people made well, and of feeding thousands of people with five loaves of bread and two fishes, which He blessed and made into enough for all.

They liked to listen to His preaching, for He spoke of

things they had never heard before. He showed them how all the words of the prophets had come true about His coming, and He told them what should come to Him—His death and rising again, and how He should return some day to the earth after He had gone to Heaven this time. He told them how to live—loving each other instead of each man for himself, and laying up their riches in Heaven instead of getting rich on earth. He told them many stories of which some people could hardly understand the meaning, only the few who were closest to Him.

Twelve men He had chosen as His little band of followers. Poor, despised, common people they were, two or three fishermen, a tax collector, and a young boy—yet He told them all His secrets, and these were the missionaries He left on the earth to tell people about Him. Only one of them failed Him—Judas, who thought so much of a few pieces of money that he became a traitor to Jesus and sold Him to those who hated Him.

For there were many men in authority in the church and in the city who hated Jesus because He said He was the Son of God, and they could not or did not want to believe Him. Also He taught the people many things about the Bible and their laws that they did not themselves know or understand, so that they were afraid of Him. They wanted to kill Him, but they were afraid to do it openly in fear of what the people might do, for the people loved Him.

One day Jesus rode into Jerusalem, and when the people saw Him they took down palm branches and threw them in the streets to make a pathway for Him as for a king. Then they all shouted "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

As He came up to the temple all the people followed Him. The children—for they all loved Him dearly—came with Him into the temple, shouting "Hosanna!" which means "Save us, we pray!"

When the priests of the temple saw this and heard the joyful noise of the children they were very angry, although these same priests had been allowing men to make a great deal of noise in the temple every day buying and selling things, so that Jesus had had to come in and send the merchants outside, saying, "In the Bible it is written, God's house shall be a house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves!" Still the priests were much displeased at the children and said to Jesus:

"Do you hear what these children are saying?"

Jesus said, "Yes, have you never read in the Psalms 'Out of the mouths of babes Thou hast made praise to come'?"

For Jesus loved the children and said one day to the people who wished to send them away from Him:

"Let the little children come to me, and do not forbid them, for the kingdom of heaven is made of people like that."

And He took them in His arms and blessed them.

Death

The priests of the church and the high officers of the city made a plot to take Jesus and try Him and have Him put to death. Jesus knew beforehand of course exactly what was going to happen, but He did not go away. Instead, He made it quite easy for them to find Him, for He was making the words come true which had been spoken of Him by the prophets, and He was carrying out the plan God had made in sending Him down to earth.

So that night, when He knew they would come and take Him, He prepared to eat the Passover feast alone with His disciples. This Passover supper was still solemnly held once a year. It reminded the Israelites of the time, hundreds of years before, when the Death Angel had passed over their houses. Tonight they should have known that God was doing the same thing for them again. "The Lamb"—as Isaiah had called Jesus—was about to be killed to take upon Him the sins of all

the people who would have it so. Everyone who would take the sign of His blood for their households should be passed over in the death that must come to everyone who breaks God's laws.

As Jesus broke the bread and passed the wine to His disciples, He said:

"This is like the breaking of My body and the shedding of My blood for you. Take them, eat and drink them as the sign that you accept the gift of My life given for your sins. This is the new promise between us."

During the supper Jesus said, "One of you is going to be false to me."

They were all troubled, and said, "Lord, is it I?"

Jesus dipped some bread in the sauce of the bitter herbs that was used in the Passover supper and gave it to Judas, who got up and went out, so they knew that he was the one.

Then Jesus told the disciples just what would come; that He would be taken and tried and be put to death; that after He left them the disciples would have a hard time. They would be laughed at and imprisoned and put to death if they would not give Him up. Peter spoke out and said that he would never give up Jesus. Jesus answered him sadly:

"Before the cock crows for the morning tomorrow you will say three times that you do not know me, Peter."

Then He spoke comforting words to them, telling them that He was going on to His Father's house, but would come again and bring them there. He gave them His last commandments, "Love one another, as I have loved you" and "Live in Me and I will live in you."

After Jesus' wonderful prayer they sang a hymn and went out into a garden, where they often sat together.

Soon the quiet there among the olive trees was broken by the sound of tramping soldiers. They carried lanterns and swords and sticks.

As they came to Jesus, Judas, leading the way, came up

and kissed Jesus to show the soldiers which He was.

Peter wanted to fight and raised his sword, cutting off the ear of one man. But Jesus made the ear well again, and told Peter to put up his sword, for He had explained to them at supper that this was going to be done now.

The soldiers led Jesus away to be judged by the high priests, Annas and Caiaphas. Two of the disciples followed Him, one going into the palace with Him.

But Peter stayed at the doorway in a kind of court. A serving girl came up to him and said with a sneer:

"Are you one of the followers of that man in there?"

"No," answered Peter.

"I saw you in the garden with Him," said one of the soldiers as they stood around the fire.

"No, you did not. I am not his disciple!" said Peter again.

"But you came with Him surely," they said.

"No, I do not know Him," denied Peter. Then he heard the cock crowing for the early morning.

Peter went out and cried bitterly for what he had done.

In the meantime Jesus was taken before first one high priest and then another, then to Pilate the Roman governor. Each time the ones who hated Him had brought lying men, who stood up and told evil stories about Jesus, but none of the judges could find reason enough for Him to be killed.

The soldiers were cruel to Him and dishonored Him, making fun of the word that was told of Him that He was a King. They made a crown of thorns and pressed it upon His head.

Then the priests and others who saw Him cried out, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

To be nailed upon a cross to die was the Roman form of punishing the wickedest men, and they wanted to crucify Jesus.

Twice Pilate refused to do this, saying that he found no fault in Jesus. But at last, afraid of the Jews, he allowed them

to take Him away to the hill called the Place of a Skull.

In the morning the soldiers nailed Him to one of the wooden crosses, and set it up between two thieves who were to be killed the same morning.

The sky was dark that morning as though night were coming. Many people of the city had come out, curious to see the death of the "King of the Jews"—as Pilate had called Him on a placard placed above His head. They surged excitedly this way and that.

Near the cross were Jesus' disciples and a few women crying. One of Jesus' last words was to speak to His mother, and to ask John, His beloved disciple, to take care of her.

At the foot of the cross the soldiers were throwing dice to see which one should have the beautiful robe they had taken from Jesus. Everything in the picture was just as the prophets had seen it, for even David in the twenty-second Psalm told of how they would part Jesus' clothes among them, and cast lots for them.

The skies grew darker toward noon and there was a sound of thunder. As Jesus bowed His head and said, "It is finished!" His spirit went home.

The darkness was like midnight, and the people, frightened, rushed to their homes. The curtain in the temple, which separated God's Holy of Holies from the room of the people, was torn in two from top to bottom, as though to say that the people might now come near to God by Jesus Christ who had just died, and no longer by the priests.

Life

The third day after this, very early in the morning, Jesus' mother, Mary, and other women who loved Him came to the stone tomb where Jesus' body had been laid, bringing spices and perfumes.

As they came slowly through the garden, one said to the others:

"How shall we roll away the great stone that Pilate had placed before the doorway of the tomb? I heard the soldiers say that he had it sealed there so that no one could steal the body and say that He had come to life again."

But when they reached the tomb they found the stone gone. As they looked they saw that no body lay there. They looked about, much troubled. Suddenly two men stood by them in bright, shining clothes and said to them:

"Why do you look for the living among the dead? The Lord Jesus is not here, but is risen, as He promised. Do you not remember His words?"

Mary, the sister of Lazarus, was there. She did not find it hard to believe, for she had seen her brother's body, which had been lying in the grave, rise up in full life and strength when Jesus spoke to him. So the women hurried back to the city to tell the disciples what they had seen. Some of them could not believe that Jesus lived again, although they knew He had promised to come back to them. Peter went out to see, and not finding Jesus' body, came back wondering. Mary Magdalene, too, told the disciples that she had seen Jesus himself that morning in His risen body in the garden. But the eleven disciples did not yet believe such wonderful news.

There was a little girl, however, among the company of Jesus' followers who did not find this at all hard to believe. For she herself had been very sick and had felt her spirit go away from her body. Her father and mother—as she had heard afterward—had known that she was dead and had felt very sad that they would never see her again on earth. Then she had heard a voice, and Jesus took her by the hand and called to her, "Daughter, awake!" Her spirit flew back to the body it had left—only now it was strong and well—and she opened her eyes and saw her mother and father standing by her bed. At her side was the dear kind face of Jesus, this One whom the disciples were now saying could not have come back to life again. Why could not He rise again, the little girl

wondered, if He had so easily given her life back to her? And surely she herself had heard Him say, "I am come that they might have life, and have it more abundantly." And the day when He cured the blind man He told the people that some day He would lay down His life that He might take it up again.

That same evening Cleopas and another of Jesus' followers were walking home from Jerusalem to Emmaus, a little town nearby. They talked sadly and wonderingly of the strange stories they had heard that day. Someone came along their way and joined with them in their talk.

"What have you two been talking about so earnestly?" inquired the stranger.

"Have you not been in Jerusalem for the past three days, and heard of the strange things which have happened there? That Jesus Christ, the strong Prophet of God, has been put to death there?" said Cleopas.

"We had hoped," he went on, "that He was to be the One who should save Israel. But this is the third day since He died. Some of our women did say that they saw angels at His tomb this morning, who said that He was still alive."

Then the stranger said, "Why are you so slow to believe what you have read in the prophets—that the coming Messiah would suffer these things, and rise again?" Then He began with the writings of Moses and explained to them God's plan for saving Israel and all people from their sins.

When they came to their homes they urged the stranger to come in to supper with them. As He asked the blessing upon the food, suddenly they recognized His voice, and knew that this was truly Jesus himself. When they would have spoken more with Him, He had vanished from their sight.

They hurried into Jerusalem, to a little upstairs room, where all the disciples and others of Jesus' followers were gathered. They told them their glad news, and as they were speaking Jesus stood among them and said, "Peace be unto you."

Then they knew that He had really risen, and at last all of them now believed, even the doubting Thomas, that this, their dear Master, was the Son of God.

He told them in a few parting words just what He wanted of all His followers forever, until He shall come again. He said:

"So it was worth while for Christ to suffer, and to rise again, if My children will tell this story to all the people in every nation, teaching them to be sorry for their sins, and to come to Me to be made clean. Only wait now at Jerusalem until I send the Holy Spirit to you from heaven. Behold, I will be with you always even to the end of the world."

Then they walked out together to a place called Olivet. When Jesus had come to the top of the mountain, as He was talking with them suddenly a bright cloud came down from the sky and surrounded Him, and lifted Him up into Heaven. The disciples stood below gazing up into Heaven, as one watches a loved friend who is going away.

Two angels came down out of the brightness, and said to them:

"You men of Galilee, why do you stand looking up unto heaven? This same Jesus, whom you have seen going up into heaven, shall come back again, in the same manner you have seen Him go."

After Jesus had ascended to heaven from among his followers, they waited at Jerusalem for the power He had promised them.

One day as they gathered in their usual quiet prayer-meeting, a rushing sound like a great wind came through the room, and little tongues of flame were seen upon the head of each one there. They then knew that the Holy Spirit, the Comforter Jesus had promised, had come to the earth. They felt His power in themselves, for they could speak of and understand more easily the things of God, as the prophets had done in the olden days.

Not only to these people did the Holy Spirit come. There

was Stephen, the young man who, while he was being stoned to death for believing in Jesus, saw God in the heavens and Jesus at His right hand. There was Paul, at one time the man who did more to hurt the young Christians than any other Jew, who now, after he was blinded for a time by a vision of Christ on the Damascus road, turned about from his evil ways, and became the greatest missionary that ever lived. This Paul wrote in his letter to Corinth:

"The things that we teach are deep things, which are not in man's knowledge at all, but the Holy Spirit teaches them to us, and it is only by this Spirit that we can understand them."

The Holy Spirit is the great strong power of God in the world now, until Christ shall come back again, for it is the Spirit who prays for us and teaches us to pray, and the Spirit who teaches us to understand God's word.

Sometimes God sends a special message to his people by speaking through His Spirit to a certain man. So it was with John, who when he was young had been Jesus' beloved disciple. Now he was an old man, having followed Jesus' last command all his life.

Before he died God showed him, as the last of the prophets, the awful and beautiful picture of His plan for the end of the world. That the Beast—Satan who has troubled the world since the days of Adam—shall be thrown forever into a burning lake of fire, together with those who chose not to follow Jesus.

Then there is Heaven, the city built all of precious stones, whose gates are twelve pearls. The waters of the River of Life flow out clear as crystal from the throne of God and of the Lamb, Jesus. There is no need of the sun or moon, for the Lord God is the Light of it.

"And God shall wipe away all tears, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, for all such things have passed away. Behold, I make all things new!" says the Lord.

"And those who love Him shall see His face, and His Name shall be on their foreheads."

"And the Spirit and the bride, His church, say come!
And let him that hears say come!
Let him that is thirsty for it come!
And whoever will, let him take the Water of Life freely!"

St. Paul
The Hero of the Long Trail
c. 5-64 A.D.

The Three Comrades

The purple shadows of three men moved ahead of them on the tawny stones of the Roman road on the high plateau of Asia Minor one bright, fresh morning. They had just come out under the arched gateway through the thick walls of the Roman city of Antioch-in-Pisidia. The great aqueduct of stone that brought the water to the city from the mountains on their right looked like a string of giant camels turned to stone.

Of the three men, one was little more than a boy. He had the oval face of his Greek father and the glossy dark hair of his Jewish mother. The older men, whose long tunics were caught up under their girdles to give their legs free play in walking, were brown, grizzled, sturdy travellers. They had walked a hundred leagues together from the hot plains of Syria, through the snow-swept passes of the Taurus mountains, and over the sun-scorched levels of the high plateau. Their muscles were as tireless as whipcord. Their courage had not quailed before robber or blizzard, the night yells of the hyena or the stones of angry mobs.

For the youth this was his first adventure out into the glorious, unknown world. He was on the open road with the glow of the sun on his cheek and the sting of the breeze in his face; a strong staff in his hand; with his wallet stuffed with food—cheese, olives, and some flat slabs of bread; and by his side his own great hero, Paul. Their sandals rang on the stone

pavement of the road which ran straight as a strung bowline from the city, Antioch-in-Pisidia, away to the west. The boy carried over his shoulder the cloak of Paul, and carried that cloak as though it had been the royal purple garment of the Roman Emperor himself instead of the worn, faded, travel-stained cloak of a wandering tent-maker.

The two older men, whose names were Paul the Tarsian and Silas, had trudged six hundred miles. Their younger companion, whose name was "Fear God," or Timothy as we say, with his Greek fondness for perfect athletic fitness of the body, proudly felt the taut, wiry muscles working under his skin.

On they walked for day after day, from dawn when the sun rose behind them to the hour when the sun glowed over the hills in their faces. They turned northwest and at last dropped down from the highlands of this plateau of Asia Minor, through a long broad valley, until they looked down across the Plain of Troy to the bluest sea in the world.

Timothy's eyes opened with astonishment as he looked down on such a city as he had never seen—the great Roman seaport of Troy. The marble Stadium, where the chariots raced and the gladiators fought, gleamed in the afternoon light.

The three companions could not stop long to gaze. They swung easily down the hill-sides and across the plain into Troy, where they took lodgings.

They had not been in Troy long when they met a doctor named Luke. We do not know whether one of them was ill and the doctor helped him; we do not know whether Doctor Luke (who was a Greek) worshipped, when he met them, Æsculapius, the god of healing of the Greek people. The doctor did not live in Troy, but was himself a visitor.

"I live across the sea," Luke told his three friends—Paul, Silas and Timothy—stretching his hand out towards the north. "I live," he would say proudly, "in the greatest city of

all Macedonia—Philippi. It is called after the great ruler Philip of Macedonia."

Then Paul in his turn would be sure to tell Doctor Luke what it was that had brought him across a thousand miles of plain and mountain pass, hill and valley, to Troy. This is how he would tell the story in such words as he used again and again:

"I used to think," he said, "that I ought to do many things to oppose the name of Jesus of Nazareth. I had many of His disciples put into prison and even voted for their being put to death. I became so exceedingly mad against them that I even pursued them to foreign cities.

"Then as I was journeying to Damascus, with the authority of the chief priests themselves, at mid-day I saw on the way a light from the sky, brighter than the blaze of the sun, shining round about me and my companions. And, as we were all fallen on to the road, I heard a voice saying to me:

"'Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me? It is hard for you to kick against the goad.'

"And I said, 'Who are you, Lord?'

"The answer came: 'I am Jesus, whom you persecute.'"

Then Paul went on:

"I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision; but I told those in Damascus and in Jerusalem and in all Judæa, aye! and the foreign nations also, that they should repent and turn to God.

"Later on," said Paul, "I fell into a trance, and Jesus came again to me and said, 'Go, I will send you afar to the Nations.' That (Paul would say to Luke) is why I walk among perils in the city; in perils in the wilderness; in perils in the sea; in labour and work; in hunger and thirst and cold, to tell people everywhere of the love of God shown in Jesus Christ."

The Call to Cross the Sea

One night, after one of these talks, as Paul was asleep in

Troy, he seemed to see a figure standing by him. Surely it was the dream-figure of Luke, the doctor from Macedonia, holding out his hands and pleading with Paul, saying, "Come over into Macedonia and help us."

Now neither Paul nor Silas nor Timothy had ever been across the sea into the land that we now call Europe. But in the morning, when Paul told his companions about the dream that he had had, they all agreed that God had called them to go and deliver the good news of the Kingdom to the people in Luke's city of Philippi and in the other cities of Macedonia.

So they went down into the busy harbour of Troy, where the singing sailor-men were bumping bales of goods from the backs of camels into the holds of the ships, and they took a passage in a little coasting ship. She hove anchor and was rowed out through the entrance between the ends of the granite piers of the harbour. The seamen hoisting the sails, the little ship went gaily out into the Ægean Sea.

All day they ran before the breeze and at night anchored under the lee of an island. At dawn they sailed northward again with a good wind, till they saw land. Behind the coast on high ground the columns of a temple glowed in the sunlight. They ran into a spacious bay and anchored in the harbour of a new city—Neapolis as it was called—the port of Philippi.

Landing from the little ship, Paul, Silas, Timothy and Luke climbed from the harbour by a glen to the crest of the hill, and then on, for three or four hours of hard walking, till their sandals rang on the pavement under the marble arch of the gate through the wall of Philippi.

Flogging and Prison

As Paul and his friends walked about in the city they talked with people; for instance, with a woman called Lydia, who also had come across the sea from Asia Minor where she was born. She and her children and slaves all became

Christians. So the men and women of Philippi soon began to talk about these strange teachers from the East. One day Paul and Silas met a slave girl dressed in a flowing, coloured tunic. She was a fortune-teller, who earned money for her masters by looking at people and trying to see at a glance what they were like so that she might tell their fortunes. The fortune-telling girl saw Paul and Silas going along, and she stopped and called out loud so that everyone who went by might hear: "These men are the slaves of the Most High God. They tell you the way of Salvation."

The people stood and gaped with astonishment, and still the girl called out the same thing, until a crowd began to come round. Then Paul turned round and with sternness in his voice spoke to the evil spirit in the girl and said: "In the Name of Jesus Christ, I order you out of her."

From that day the girl lost her power to tell people's fortunes, so that the money that used to come to her masters stopped flowing. They were very angry and stirred up everybody to attack Paul and Silas. A mob collected and searched through the streets until they found them. Then they clutched hold of their arms and robes, shouting: "To the prætors! To the prætors!" The prætors were great officials who sat in marble chairs in the Forum, the central square of the city.

The masters of the slave girl dragged Paul and Silas along. At their heels came the shouting mob and when they came in front of the prætors, the men cried out:

"See these fellows! Jews as they are, they are upsetting everything in the city. They tell people to take up customs that are against the Law for us as Romans to accept."

"Yes! Yes!" yelled the crowd. "Flog them! Flog them!"

The prætors, without asking Paul or Silas a single question as to whether this was true, or allowing them to make any defence, were fussily eager to show their Roman patriotism. Standing up they gave their orders:

"Strip them, flog them."

The slaves of the prætors seized Paul and Silas and took their robes from their backs. They were tied by their hands to the whipping-post. The crowd gathered round to see the foreigners thrashed.

The lictors—that is the soldier-servants of the prætors—untied their bundles of rods. Then each lictor brought down his rod with cruel strokes on Paul and Silas. The rods cut into the flesh and the blood flowed down.

Then their robes were thrown over their shoulders, and the two men, with their tortured backs bleeding, were led into the black darkness of the cell of the city prison; shackles were snapped on to their arms, and their feet were clapped into stocks. Their bodies ached; the other prisoners groaned and cursed; the filthy place stank; sleep was impossible.

But Paul and Silas did not groan. They sang the songs of their own people, such as the verses that Paul had learned—as all Jewish children did—when he was a boy at school. For instance—

God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble.
Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change,
And though the mountains be moved in the heart of the seas;
Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

As they sang there came a noise as though the mountains really were shaking. The ground rocked; the walls shook; the chains were loosened from the stones; the stocks were wrenched apart; their hands and feet were free; the heavy doors crashed open. It was an earthquake.

The jailor leapt to the entrance of the prison. The moonlight shone on his sword as he was about to kill himself, thinking his prisoners had escaped.

"Do not harm yourself," shouted Paul. "We are all here."

"Torches! Torches!" yelled the jailor.

The jailor, like all the people of his land, believed that earthquakes were sent by God. He thought he was lost. He turned to Paul and Silas who, he knew, were teachers about God.

"Sirs," he said, falling in fear on the ground, "what must I do to be saved?"

"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ," they replied, "and you and your household will all be saved."

The jailor's wife then brought some oil and water, and the jailor washed the poor wounded backs of Paul and Silas and rubbed healing oil into them.

The night was now passing and the sun began to rise. There was a tramp of feet. The lictors who had thrashed Paul and Silas marched to the door of the prison with an order to free them. The jailor was delighted.

"The prætors have sent to set you free," he said. "Come out then and go in peace."

He had the greatest surprise in his life when, instead of going, Paul turned and said:

"No, indeed! The prætors flogged us in public in the Forum and without a trial—flogged Roman citizens! They threw us publicly into prison, and now they are going to get rid of us secretly. Let the prætors come here themselves and take us out!"

Surely it was the boldest message ever sent to the powerful prætors. But Paul knew what he was doing, and when the Roman prætors heard the message they knew that he was right. They would be ruined if it were reported at Rome that they had publicly flogged Roman citizens without trial.

Their prisoner, Paul, was now their judge. They climbed down from their marble seats and walked on foot to the prison to plead with Paul and Silas to leave the prison and not to tell against them what had happened.

"Will you go away from the city?" they asked. "We are afraid of other riots."

So Paul and Silas consented. But they went to the house where Lydia lived—the home in which they had been staying in Philippi.

Paul cheered up the other Christian folk—Lydia and Luke and Timothy—and told them how the jailor and his wife and family had all become Christians.

"Keep the work of spreading the message here in Philippi going strongly," said Paul to Luke and Timothy. "Be cheerfully prepared for trouble." And then he and Silas, instead of going back to their own land, went out together in the morning light of the early winter of A.D. 50, away along the Western road over the hills to face perils in other cities in order to carry the Good News to the people of the West.

The Trail of the Hero-Scout

So Paul the dauntless pioneer set his brave face westwards, following the long trail across the Roman Empire—the hero-scout of Christ. Nothing could stop him—not scourgings nor stonings, prison nor robbers, blizzards nor sandstorms. He went on and on till at last, as a prisoner in Rome, he laid his head on the block of the executioner and was slain. These are the brave words that we hear from him as he came near to the end:

I HAVE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT;
I HAVE RUN MY COURSE;
I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH.

Long years afterward, men who were Christians in Rome carried the story of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ across Europe to some savages in the North Sea Islands—called Britons. Paul handed the torch from the Near East to the people in Rome. They passed the torch on to the people of Britain—

and from Britain many years later men sailed to build up the new great nation in America. So the torch has run from East to West, from that day to this, and from those people of long ago to us. But we owe this most of all to Paul, the first missionary, who gave his life to bring the Good News from the lands of Syria and Judæa, where our Lord Jesus Christ lived and died and rose again.

Jochanan ben Zakkai and Josephus

Two Men of Jerusalem

30 B.C.-90 A.D. and born 37 A.D.

Joseph, the son of Mattathias, just appointed general over the army of Galilee, strode swiftly and proudly through the great marble Hall of Judgement. As he reached the door, he felt a hand plucking his cloak. Joseph frowned impatiently. Another greybeard of the Sanhedrin, he thought, who will remind me that I am a descendant of the Maccabees and must prove myself worthy of such honor.

He turned to look into the troubled eyes of Rabbi Jochanan ben Zakkai, one of the oldest and one of the most respected members of the court.

"May the Lord guide you in the mission to which you have just been called, Joseph ben Mattathias," ran his greeting, "for you are still a young man and sorely need His guidance if you are to save our people as your great ancestors did in days of yore."

"Youth does not always signify weakness and folly," answered Joseph. "You may recall that I was but an untried youth when I was sent to Rome to plead for the freedom of two of our imprisoned scholars. Was I not successful? Was I not treated with respect even by Nero and his empress?"

"No one denies you proved yourself skilled in diplomacy," said Rabbi Jochanan. "But the very different art of war—"

The untried general interrupted him. "While in Rome I secretly studied the methods of the Roman generals who lead the most powerful armies the world has ever seen."

Rabbi Jochanan sadly shook his white head.

"And having seen their power with your own eyes, you still dare to counsel Israel to throw off the yoke of our Roman Masters!"

"Yes, because, like all true patriots, I am weary of the governors the Romans have sent to rule over us and the cursed publican who grind us to the earth with their everlasting taxes."

The rabbi pointed to the street below. At the bottom of the marble steps stood a group of Roman soldiers. One of them carried the standard of his company topped by a brazen eagle.

"See how proudly the kind of birds shines in the sunlight," said Rabbi Jochanan. "Rome is the cruel, strong eagle; little Israel is like the dove. The eagle swoops down from the clouds, seeking what he may devour; the dove is content to remain in the nest where morning and evening it chants praises to God. How shall the dove make war against the eagle?"

But the warnings of Rabbi Jochanan ben Zakkai and other leaders of the Peace Party were already drowned by the clamor of those who cried for ward. Every day more young men joined the rebellious, hard-fighting zealots. A group of these warriors called themselves Sicarii, after the Greek word for dagger, since they carried two daggers, one to be used against the Romans, the other to be sheathed in its wearer's breast when further resistance seemed impossible.

Now in the year 66 of the Christian Era the Jews decided they were strong enough to take up arms against Rome. At first Joseph ben Mattathias, as the general over the Galileans, was outstanding among Israel's defenders. Galilee in the north was in the first line of defense. Its natural, rugged barriers are favorable to guerilla warfare. The soldiers, remembering the exploits of Judah Maccabee and his army among the rugged hills of his birthplace, felt sure of victory.

The young general gave orders to fortify every city under

his control; he saw that these strongholds were stocked with enough provisions to enable their defenders to withstand a long siege. Soon he became the idol of the large army which he had organized and drilled.

But there were some Galileans who did not trust Joseph in spite of his proud family descent and stainless record; they did not wish him to be their governor. These rebels said that his heart was really with Rome; that he felt certain his people would be defeated in the war; that he had been forced into it because he was afraid of being called a traitor. These zealots gathered under the leadership of John of Gischala, a strong fighter, who tried to force Joseph from his position as governor and general of the northern army.

"How can we trust him with our honor and our very lives?" John told his followers. "This Joseph is not a Jewish patriot at heart. He does not come of peasant stock like you and me. He is proud of his patrician blood. Secretly he favors the rich and aristocratic. Sadducees who have long tried to save their skins and their gold by cringing to Rome."

While Galilee was weakened by a civil war between the two parties, the Roman army steadily advanced upon the doomed province. The Jews under John's leadership fought stubbornly. When they were finally defeated, John of Gischala escaped to Jerusalem to take up the long and bitter defense of the city.

For a while it seemed that Joseph ben Mattathias had been wronged and that he really intended to defend his native land. When the stronghold of Jotapata was besieged, he remained with his men during forty-day siege. But when forty thousand soldiers had fallen and further resistance seemed useless, the general urged the handful of survivors to surrender to the Romans. This they refused to do and he reluctantly hid himself with his soldiers in one of the huge stone cisterns near the city.

Here they were surrounded by the enemy who demanded

immediate surrender. Again the general told his men that all was lost and again advised yielding to the Romans.

"Never!" shouted forty angry voices. "We know that we must die; but we will die here as free men rather than live as slaves to our conquerors."

"Then I am no longer your leader," answered Joseph. He unfastened the sword that swung at his side. "Remain here and perish of hunger as you must surely do if the siege continues. But I will surrender my sword and seek an honorable peace with the Romans."

His soldiers barred his path.

"No," cried one of them, drawing his sword. "Before you stain your sword which until this day has fought for Israel, mine will be buried in your heart."

Joseph ben Mattathias hesitated; then he seized his comrade's hand and spoke so manfully that all who heard his words believed him and were ashamed of their suspicion.

"My brother," said Joseph, "did you dream that I would betray my people to save my own miserable life? I feared that some of you were weakening and I meant only to test you. You have spoken well and I am proud of you. We know that we must die and that it is better to die courageously as Jewish soldiers than to be taken alive by our enemy. Now, all of you, draw your daggers, as I draw mine, and listen to my last command to my faithful comrades."

Every soldier drew his dagger and waited.

"Let each man clasp the hand of a comrade and bid him farewell," said Joseph. "Then let him thrust his dagger into his brother's heart. When the Romans break in upon us they will find us dead and still unconquered."

Fired by his words, the soldiers obeyed their general's last command. A wounded man died, even as the others prepared for death; there were just forty warriors, including Joseph, ready to defy Rome to the last. Bidding each other farewell, they slew each other, and in their dying prayers called upon

God to deliver Israel from its enemies.

Only Joseph and the last of his soldiers remained. For a moment they stood looking into each other's eyes. Then with a sudden movement Joseph struck his comrade's dagger to the ground and hurried his own weapon in the soldier's heart. Now he knew that he would be allowed to surrender to the Romans.

We have learned from the traitor's own writings how the Romans received him into their camp and spared his life. He was taken into favor by Vespasian, the Roman general, and soon changed his name from Joseph ben Mattathias to that of Flavius Josephus. This was in compliment to his patron, the founder of the Flavian dynasty of Rome. All this we know; but we can only wonder whether he regretted losing the last tie which bound him to the glorious line of the Maccabees, or whether he secretly suffered shame for deserting his people in their greatest need.

But what part did Rabbi Jochanan play in the last of the Jewish wars which Josephus recorded in his gilded Roman prison?

For four terrible years the slowly weakening defenders of Palestine defended themselves against the armies of General Vespasian and his son, Titus. Finally, in the year 70, even the staunchest of the zealots realized that the walls of Jerusalem would soon crumble before the onslaughts of the Roman battering-rams.

Within the doomed capital pestilence and starvation brought death as surely as the Roman arrows directed against the defenders on the city's walls.

"If I had only a crust of bread for my children, I would not ask for a morsel for myself," sobbed a mother standing before one of the empty stalls in the market-place. "But my husband died defending our city; now everyone seems to have forgotten the commandment to protect the widowed and the fatherless."

Her listener, a shriveled, mad-eyed old woman, laughed scornfully.

"How can the rich succor the poor when they themselves are starving?" she demanded. "Do you remember the days when Martha, daughter of the High Priest, deigned to leave her splendid house and walk down the streets of Jerusalem? She ordered her servants to spread fine red carpets under her feet; 'tis true, once on a festival day, when she went to the Temple, I saw those carpets with my own eyes."

Again she laughed bitterly.

"But have you heard what happened only yesterday? Our great lady took the last of her jewels to the goldsmith and offered him his choice for a bit of bread. He threw the jewels back across the counter and laughed in her face. Then Martha flung them into the street since they had grown as worthless as so many bits of glass. It is said she joined poor common folk like you and me over yonder in the square where horses were once stalled and fed. Yea, our proud lady went down on her knees with the others to search for a few oats that might have fallen among the cobblestones lying on the street."

Yet even in the midst of such misery and desolation no man dared to speak of surrender. For all knew that surrender to the Romans, if it did not mean the mercy of instant slaughter, would bring a life of cruel and shameful slavery.

"Peace!" cried a young captain of the Sicarii, and he flashed his dagger before Rabbi Jochanan's eyes. "This is our answer to any traitor who counsels surrender. We who still remain have learned from our more fortunate brethren how to die."

Rabbi Jochanan shook his white head sadly. "Alas, my son," he said gently, "if all Israel die, the Law also dies. I would save the Torah alive for those who shall come after us."

"And save your own miserable life as well," sneered the youth. He turned to his men. "I charge you and I will also

charge the keepers of the gates that this cowardly greyhound will not be allowed to pass out of the city. It is enough that the traitor Joseph ben Mattathias has saved his skin though his treachery and now is safe from our wrath. But this man at least will remain here and die with his people."

"That, my son, will be as the Lord wills," answered the rabbi.

A few days later as dusk descended over Jerusalem, a group of the rabbi's disciples walked slowly and sadly with bowed heads toward the gates of the city. Their cloaks were rent like the garments towards the gates of the city. Their cloaks were rent like the garments a mourner wears. The first four carried a plain wooden coffin.

"Halt!" cried one of the sentries at the gate.

The young men stopped and waited silently, their eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Where are you going?"

"We go to bury our blessed master, Jochanan ben Zakkai," replied one of the youths. "He has just died of the plague."

"You may not pass. If you are his disciples you are among the handful who counsel peace with the Romans. Is this the way you seek to escape to their camp?"

"What shall we do?" asked the disciple. "Need I tell you it is the law that all who die of the plague must be buried at once outside the city? Let us pass."

"Everyone knows that your master has long planned to escape to the Roman camp," insisted the sentry. "Let me open the coffin and see—"

"Stop!" warned another soldier. "If the rabbi truly died of the plague, we dare not risk—"

The sentry raised his spear above the closed coffin. "Then I will not open the casket. But I will pierce it so many times that these men will indeed carry a corpse through the gates."

The youngest of the disciples, a lad of fifteen, threw himself across the coffin. "Kill me, if you will," he cried, "but as

long as I draw breath you shall not dishonor the body of a respected teacher in Israel."

Several comrades caught the sentry's arm.

"Have we of Jerusalem not been punished heavily enough for our sins," exclaimed one, "that you will anger God further by your sacrilege?"

The sentry lowered his spear.

"Pass on," he commanded sullenly and the disciples of Rabbi Jochanan reverently lifted their burden and moved through the opened gates.

They continued to walk slowly until they were well out of sight of the watchers at the gate. Then, in the growing darkness, they tore the planked cover from the coffin and looked upon the pale, hunger-pinched face of their teacher.

"He is already dead!" moaned several voices.

"No, he still breathes." "Do not crowd too close; the air will revive him." "I have still a few drops of water left in my flask."

Although water was more precious in Jerusalem than gold during those last days, the young man recklessly bathed the rabbi's face and forced a little water between his lips. Slowly Rabbi Jochanan stirred and raised his head.

"Have we indeed escaped? Where are we?" he said, his voice barely a whisper.

"Yes, Master, we are safe." The youngest disciple was so relieved from his panic that he burst into tears. "We thought you had really died in your coffin, but you must have fainted from weakness and hunger."

"Now lie back and rest," urged the leader of the party who had managed to outwit the watchers at the gate, "and we will carry you up to the Roman camp."

At last they reached the camp, high in the hills which look down on Jerusalem. We do not know how the fearless little band ever succeeded in passing the sentinels who stood in their path; or with what words the rabbi persuaded the

Roman soldiers to bring him before their commander. But those who repeated the tale in later days told that when Rabbi Jochanan finally stood before Vespasian in his tent, he uttered just the prophecy the ambitious Roman longed to hear.

Bowing low, the teacher, trembling with age and weariness, murmured a few Hebrew words.

"What is the old Jew saying?" Vespasian impatiently asked the interpreter who sat beside him.

The man, who had once borne the proud title of governor of Galilee and general of the army of the North, lowered his eyes before the aged scholar's quiet gaze. Josephus, as he was known throughout the camp, remembered how carelessly he had cast aside the rabbi's warnings. Now, treated little better than a slave by his Roman master, he was ashamed to face the patriot who had long suffered the horrors of besieged Jerusalem.

Alas, thought Josephus, turning ashy pale with terror, what madness now prompts him to greet Vespasian with such wild words?

Josephus knew, as did every man in camp, that Nero's throne was tottering in far-off Rome. Yet even to repeat the words he had just heard might be held treason to Cæsar and might cost him his life.

Vespasian rose from his low chair and towered over his luckless henchmen. His broad peasant face flushed angrily; he clenched his huge fists.

"Fellow, have you suddenly grown both deaf and dumb?" he shouted. "What did the greybeard say that you fear to translate his greeting?"

"It is a custom among his people," stammered Josephus, "to pronounce a certain blessing when they approach a ruler."

"What did he say?"

"My lord, do not blame your servant for another's speech!" Slowly and fearfully, the interpreter translated the Hebrew into Latin: "Hail, O Emperor! Peace be with thee, O

King!"

Now it was Vespasian who grew pale with terror and he glanced fearfully at the soldiers who guarded his tent. They stood as stony-faced and expressionless as statues; but he knew that they had heard and might repeat the visitor's strange greeting.

"The old man is mad," he muttered. He turned back to the trembling interpreter.

"Ask him," he commanded, "why he dares to call me 'emperor,' since Nero is Cæsar and rules the world."

The interpreter obeyed and Rabbi Jochanan answered him.

"He says," explained Josephus, "that it is written in the book of Isaiah, a holy prophet of his people, that 'Lebanon shall fall by a mighty one.' He believes by Lebanon is meant, not the mountain, but the Temple of the Jews and that you are the mighty one, or emperor, who will destroy it."

At that moment a soldier, standing outside the tent, cried out, "A messenger! A messenger!" Someone at the entrance repeated the cry. A man, covered with dust and almost dead from exhaustion, slipped from his horse and stumbled into Vespasian's presence.

"I have ridden day and night from Rome," he gasped through his heat-parched lips. Baring his head, he fell upon his knees. "Let me be the first to cry, 'Hail, Cæsar!'"

From man to man the news spread until the camp was in a frenzy. "Nero is dead." "Cæsar is dethroned and slain." "The army in Rome has proclaimed our general, 'Cæsar.'" "Hail Vespasian! Hail Cæsar!"

Titus, Vespasian's son and heir, rushed into the tent; he bowed low before the new emperor. A dozen soldiers lifted their commander from the ground and raised him high on their extended shields, screaming like madmen in their excitement. And through all the shouting and confusion Rabbi Jochanan ben Zakkai stood waiting patiently, a grave little

smile playing about his lips.

"You must have food and drink and sleep," said Vespasian, turning to the messenger from Rome. "But first let me reward you for being the first to hail me in my new dignity."

From his neck the general took a heavy gold chain and dropped it into the man's hand. Then he turned impatiently to the interpreter.

"What is the old Jew muttering now?" he demanded.

"He is reminding you, O Cæsar, that he was the very first to give you your new title and he humbly begs for his reward," answered Josephus.

Vespasian threw back his shaggy head and laughed heartily.

"And he shall have it. One, two, a dozen chains of gold. No, ask him to name any gift he desires. Stop! All except one. I have sworn to level Jerusalem to the ground for its stubborn resistance. Not one stone shall remain upon another in the city that has defiled me for so long. So warn him I will not spare Jerusalem for his sake."

Josephus, although he had broken every tie with his people, bowed his head in sorrow at the thought of the destruction to come. But his look of grief gave way to amazement as he translated and repeated the rabbi's request. "He asks only that you grant him a single vineyard," said Josephus.

"A vineyard? The hills are covered with vineyards. Why not the governor's palace at Tiberias with its marble baths and pleasure gardens? Why does he only ask for a vineyard?" demanded the emperor.

"He says he desires a vineyard on the seacoast at Jabneh which he and his young disciples may cultivate in peace."

"Is that all?" asked Vespasian. "tell him his prayer is granted. More: tomorrow I shall send soldiers to escort him and his disciples to Jabneh and to protect them until the war is over.

But what a strange request! I thought all men want gold; yet this one asks only a vineyard. I do not understand."

The quick-witted Josephus, himself a distinguished Jewish scholar, understood. But, suddenly loyal to his people whom he had betrayed, he did not attempt to warn his Roman master.

Nor did many Jews in besieged and dying Jerusalem understand. They called Jochanan a traitor. When the city was destroyed and the shining Temple lay in blackened ruins, they cursed his once-honored name. But little by little the survivors, wearing out their lives as slaves in the mines, or living in exile throughout the far-flung Roman empire, began to learn what the rabbi had meant by a vineyard and what fruit he and his faithful followers cultivated there.

These two men of Jerusalem never met again.

In Jabneh on the seacoast Jochanan ben Zakkai established a little school. In time other scholars joined him that they, too, might continue to study the Jewish way of life and teach it to their scattered people. So the Torah, the holy book of Israel, became the vine which never entirely perished. Its fruit fed the souls of the Jewish people, now without a land or a Temple, but still faithful to their God.

Perhaps in his luxurious villa in Rome, to which he had been carried by his conqueror, Josephus heard of the workers in the vineyard. When Emperor Vespasian died, his son, Titus, who succeeded him, befriended the Jewish scholar. Now he began to write; it is by these writings that he is known today.

In his *Antiquities of the Jews,* the former general set down the story of his defeated nation from the earliest times. This was followed by *The Jewish Wars* which told of the last terrible struggle against Rome and the fall and destruction of Jerusalem in the year 70 of the Christian Era.

Josephus knew that every Jew hated him for his desertion. Yet, he must have told himself, he was still serving his

defeated, dispersed people. For, as he wrote at the beginning of *The Jewish Wars*, "I thought it monstrous to see the truth falsified in affairs of great consequence, and to suffer those Greeks and Romans that took no part in the war to be ignorant of these things." While near the end of this book, which is still read and esteemed by historians, even in our own day, Josephus passed his judgement upon himself:

"And as for those who have died in the war, we should deem them blessed, for they are dead in defending and not in betraying their liberty; but as to the multitude of those who have submitted to the Romans, who would not pity their condition? Abuses and slavery are not such evils as are natural and necessary among men; although such as do not prefer death before those miseries, when it is in their power to do so, must undergo even them on account of their own cowardice."

When Flavius Josephus penned those lines, he enjoyed the privileges of a Roman citizen; his royal patrons had granted him a generous pension. Yet he envied his comrades whose bones whitened in the battered cistern at Jotapata and the heroes who had fought the good fight at Jerusalem.

Pushing the last of the completed scrolls aside, Josephus' fingers strayed to the heavy gold chain, one of the many gifts the emperor had given him, which was wound about his throat. Like the cruelly heavy fetters of a prison, it seemed to choke him. As he thought of the Jewish teachers at Jabneh, humble, poor, uncertain of their future, but keeping Israel alive amid the ruins, he envied them with all his heart.

Rashi
The Prince of Commentators
1040-1105 A.D.

Almost ten centuries had passed since the battering-rams of the Romans had shattered the last wall that protected Jerusalem. Now the Children of the Exile lived in scattered communities from Babylon to Spain. Wherever they wandered through the changing years the Jews carried with them their traditions and customs. So it was still considered proper that a scholar and rabbi should divide his time and his strength between his books and manual labor. Such a scholar and teacher was Rabbi Shlomo, son of Isaac, known through the Jewish world by the initials of his name, *Ra-Sh-I.*

It is vintage time in the land of Champagne, that province of France famous for its grapes and rare wines. Rashi's wife, his three daughters, his sons-in-law, and their children had left the house early in the morning to strip the heavy vines. But the father of the household, now past sixty, had grown sick and faint under the noon-day sun and had been forced to return home to rest. Here his youngest daughter, Jochebed, found him bent over his writing table, his long quill pen in his hand.

"Father," she said reproachfully, "is this how you rest? I am glad mother sent me to see whether you were better, Now I shall make you lie down again and I will not leave you until you promise me not to stir from your couch."

Rashi smiled at her scolding, "How can I rest, my girl, when I have so many letters to answer? These," and his hand swept a pile at his elbow, "were brought me over two weeks

ago by special messengers. Surely the writers are impatient for a reply. But because the grapes must by gathered when they are ripe I have neglected my writing."

"You know we are all willing to do extra work so that you may remain at your desk."

"But it is my work, too. Surely, my daughter remembers the teaching of our sages that it is the duty of every man to work with his hands as well as his head. 'Do not use the Torah far a spade to dig with,' they warned the rabbis of old."

His voice rose and fell in the chant of one explaining a difficult passage; for a moment he was a teacher in the great school he had founded in Troyes, expounding a portion of the day's lesson to his pupils.

Jochebed nodded agreement. "I know, father, that no Jew, no matter how learned, should depend on his knowledge of our Law to earn his bread, and that you receive no payment for your work as a rabbi of Troyes. But you are no longer young and strong; it is too hard for you to labor both in the vineyards and at your desk. Now you must lie down again and rest."

"But these letters—!"

"Stretch yourself out on your couch, father, and I will answer them. It is not the first time I or my sisters have acted as your secretary."

"It is good to rest," admitted Rashi, after Jochebed had settled him comfortably among the pillows. "Yes, you and your sisters are the three most learned women of Troyes; perhaps of all France. I remember how shocked your mother was when I told her, 'Since I have no sons of my own to teach, I will teach my daughters, not only to read and to write, but even to know the Torah.' She could not understand why, since our people consider it folly to instruct our girl children. But God forbid we should be as those who think learning is only for priests and scholars. Few, even of their nobles, can write their own names.

"Yet," went on Rashi, as though it were the twentieth century instead of the beginning of the twelfth, "it was a sensible thing to do. For you three girls are far better wives to the scholars I selected as your husbands than if you had remained ignorant. And you are better mothers to your sons who may some day be famous for their knowledge of the Law."

He spoke proudly, for even then several of his grandsons were numbered among his most promising pupils. He would have been still prouder could he have foreseen the little Jacob, now too young to pronounce clearly the Hebrew words of his first prayers, would some day be held one of the leading commentators of the Torah.

"Which letter must be answered first?" asked Jochebed, seating herself at the table. "Here is one asking whether it is right for a pious Jew to interrupt grace before his meal to feed his animals?"

"What do you think, my daughter?"

Jochebed thought deeply for a moment. "I know that we are commanded to show loving mercy to every dumb beast and not to neglect those in our care. Baba Metzia says a man must feed his cattle before he himself enjoys his food. Surely, this command is so important that if a man is forgetful and sits down to eat without obeying it, it is no sin if he interrupts his prayer to rise from the table and go out and feed his beasts."

Rashi nodded, well pleased. "That is what I myself would have answered," he told her. "Set it down as you have told it to me."

Jochebed obeyed him, then turned to the next question. This was too difficult not only for her, but for anybody not a great commentator on Jewish law. It concerned the rights of inheritance. Rashi, like all Jewish scholars of his day, was often called upon to decide legal matters, for the Jews in every land lived under their own laws. In this case Rashi insisted that a widow who, he decided, had been unjustly deprived of

her property, should have it restored to her.

Rashi, in his answers, relied on his knowledge of the Bible and the Talmund. The Talmund contains the laws which the rabbis had agreed upon and gathered together after the destruction of Jerusalem. To interpret these laws correctly a rabbi needed to know not only Jewish law. He was obliged to have a deep knowledge of the Bible and Jewish history; to know Hebrew grammar, as often a decision depended on the exact construction of a sentence; to understand science, as far as it was understood in his day. Yet for all his learning, Rashi was as modest as Hillel. He blushed when Jochebed read him the salutation of the last of the letters that lay before her.

"'To him who is beloved in heaven and honored on earth, who possesses the treasures of the Law, who knows how to resolve the most subtle and profound questions, whose knowledge moves mountains and shatters rocks….'"

"I hope I am beloved in heaven," he said, smiling gently, "and I know I possess some of the treasures of the Law. But, although I have sought wisdom all my days, my search has taught me that I possess only a drop of the great sea which is the Law. I wonder if this man would believe me if I told him how many mistakes I have made in my interpretations; how many times I have felt obliged to thank the wiser scholars who have corrected me."

The rest of the day Rashi continued to dictate to his daughter. After his frugal meal, he studied and prayed for into the night. The next day Rashi was too ill to leave his bed. The physicians who visited him seemed perplexed.

"I do not know from what ailment he suffers," he told his family.

"I do not believe he is sick in body," said Rashi's wife, "but his soul is deeply troubled. Often I hear him praying through the night and he weeps while he prays."

"But what can trouble a man so honored as our father and

at peace with all the world?" exclaimed Rashi's second daughter. Her two sisters were good to look upon; but Rachel was so lovely that from her childhood all Troyes knew her as Rachel the Beautiful.

"Have you forgotten that he has never been himself since he learned how the Crusaders slew our brethren in the cities along the Rhine?" Rachel's mother reminded her. "I thought his heart would break when he first heard the news. We all mourned and fasted but now our grief has lessened. Although I can never sit in the synagogue and hear without weeping the hymns my husband composed in memory of our blessed martyrs."

"If you are right," said the physician, "I can do little for our rabbi. For who but God can heal a broken heart?"

In time Rashi grew stronger. Although he was no longer permitted to work in his vineyard, he continued to answer the many questions that were put to him and spent long hours on his Commentaries.

Because the Bible and Talmud were written so long ago, it became necessary for scholars who lived in later days under very different conditions to explain and interpret these ancient books to their own generations. Such explanations were called Commentaries; they were most helpful in clearing up many questions which puzzled even the wisest of Israel's teachers.

Usually these explanations were written, not in separate books but on the margins of the work itself. For this reason the Talmud is often described as "an island of text in a sea of commentary." There are many Jewish scholars before Rashi, and many who came after him, noted for their Commentaries. But none became so popular and exerted such wide influence as the gentle rabbi of Troyes.

The learned men might prefer the Commentaries of Maimonides of Egypt who lived a century later. But even to our own day the humbler students among the common people

prefer Rashi. This is because he wrote so simple that even a man without much education could understand him. Soon a saying spread among the Jews, "as plain as Rashi," because his explanations were so straightforward and simple. These people often called any commentary "a Rashi" as though there could not be any other worthy commentator.

In Rashi's last days, his sons-in-law and his daughters marveled how keen his mind remained whenever he was confronted with a difficult question. Often when it seemed best for him to rest for a little while, his daughter Miriam, acting as his secretary, would lay down her pen and coax him to talk to her of many things.

Sometimes the old man, smiling a little, would speak wistfully of his almost forgotten childhood.

"Yes, my daughter," he told her one day, "I still remember my first day at school. I was just five years old. It was Pentecost, for, as you know, Miriam, that is the festival of the giving of the Law on Sinai. So it is fitting that on that day the Jewish child should begin his life-long study of our Torah.

"I was wrapped in a prayer-shawl and my sainted father led me to the synagogue that I might hear the reading from the Torah. Then he took me to the house of my first teacher who lifted me in his arms and received me like a father. I still remember how he handed me a slate on which the Hebrew alphabet was written. And how surprised I was when I found that the slate was sticky. I put my fingers into my mouth to suck them clean and because I liked the taste I touched the slate again, and again sucked my fingers."

"Of course you did!" laughed Miriam, who had watched her own sons begin their schooling in the same traditional way. "And your teacher told you that the Law of God was as sweet as honey and that you would enjoy it all your life. After that he surely gave you a sweet bun to eat and an egg with verses from the Bible written upon its shell. Yes, and apples and other fruit. After such a feast you never could forget your

first day at school. I am sure," she ended teasingly, "that you were soon the head of your class and that my grandparents were very proud of you."

"That I cannot remember," answered Rashi modestly, as she expected. "But I am sure I never shamed them. My father, although not a learned man, was a pious Jew; my mother was really my first teacher. For she recited prayers and sang me portions from the Torah instead of lullabies. I have heard it said that she actually carried me in my cradle to the House of Study that even then I might hear the words of the scholars."

"And is the story true, father, that even before you were born there were wonders and miracles?"

"My child," said Rashi rather severely, "it would not be seemly for me to repeat legends that foolish folks think foretold a great scholar would be born in Israel."

"But, father," urged Miriam, "since men will repeat these stories and try to make them sound even more wonderful at each repetition, surely it is better that you tell me just what is truth and what is fable about your early life."

Now Rashi smiled.

"It would take a much wiser man that Rashi to decide. Mind, I did not hear these stories from my parents' lips, and how they began to circulate I do not know. One story tells that my dear mother was living in the city of Worms before my birth. And that one day as she passed down one of the narrow streets, two huge carriages bore down upon her suddenly from either direction. She feared she would be caught between them. But she prayed and threw herself against the stone wall of a nearby building; the wall yielded to her body and she crept into the great hole thus made and was saved."

Though he spoke with great seriousness, his eyes twinkled merrily.

"Judge for yourself, my daughter, whether this is a true story. I only know that when I was in Worms and my fellow Jews were generous enough to praise me for my wisdom, some

of my admirers showed me the very cavity in the wall where my mother had taken refuge before my birth. They insisted she was spared that she might become the mother of one who would be a Light to Israel."

"That is like the story they tell of my grandfather," mused Miriam, "how he found a pearl of great value and was offered a great price for it. But he knew that the men who sought to buy it intended to sell it again and use the profit for some wicked purpose. So when they lured him into a boat and tried to force him to sell them the pearl, he flung it into the sea.

"And a Voice came from the waves, saying, 'A son will be born to you, who will enlighten the eyes of all Israel.'"

"I suppose," she concluded ruefully, "you will deny this story, too."

"If it is a fable," answered Rashi, "it at least has a moral. My father who was a poor man may have sacrificed great wealth for the sake of his conscience. If he did so, he would have felt rewarded by having a son learned in the Law. Even as," his voice rising and falling in the chant of the House of Study, "all the sacrifices Jews have made to study the Torah have been richly rewarded. For what reward can be greater than to help keep alive the light of learning for our people?"

In those last years of Rashi's life, when the fury of the Crusaders seemed likely to quench the Light of Israel in the blood of slaughtered Jews, his thoughts may have often turned to the Christians who aided his people in their desperate need. Some say this tale of the friendship between the rabbi and the priest is only a legend. But we like to believe the story of their first meeting and how the grateful priest kept his promise. The memory of a true Christian's understanding and sympathy would have been of great comfort to the old rabbi; while in the tale of these two good men many despairing Jews read the promise of a brotherhood to dawn in a happier day.

As a youth, Rashi was not satisfied with the learning he had acquired in Troyes. So, like many young Jewish scholars

of that day, he traveled far from his birthplace to visit the great Jewish academies. Here he hoped to study further under the most famous rabbis. Like most of his fellow students, he was very poor. But wherever he traveled he found Jews anxious to take him into their homes and support him while he continued his studies. For his people believed that even an ignorant man can have a share in the glory of spreading the light of the Law, if he assists the learned to gather more knowledge.

On a wintry might of bitter cold, the young Rashi stumbled down a snowy road toward a small lighted house which he hoped might prove a refuge from the storm. He feared it was too far to travel to the next town, where he knew a Jewish family would offer him food and shelter. Brushing the snowflakes from his eyes, he counted, two, three, yes, there were four lighted windows. Too many for a peasant's hut, decided Rashi; this must be a wayside inn.

The kindly Jew who had been Rashi's last host had at parting given him a small gift of money to help him on his way. But, thought the student fearfully, even if I offer him twice the usual sum, the landlord may refuse to allow a Jewish boy to enter his doors. For a little space he stood there in the darkness, shivering and undecided.

"O, Lord," he murmured, repeating the prayer of the Jewish travelers in those cruel times, "permit me to enter this strange place in safety!"

He had now reached the inn; timidly he knocked on the heavy oaken door.

There was the sound of drawn bolts; then the door was opened and a voice asked sharply, "What do you want at this time of night? Who are you?"

"I am a traveler seeking shelter from the storm," answered Rashi.

"Then come in before the wind freezes my other guests to the marrow of their bones," said the landlord more civilly.

Rashi entered hastily; the man looked him over from head to feet.

"You are not a merchant by your dress."

"I am a student."

Another long hard look. "A Jew?"

"Yes. But I have money to pay for any shelter you give me; just a seat by your warm fire," Rashi told him eagerly.

"I have never taken a Jew beneath my roof and I will not now," growled the landlord. "Find shelter elsewhere—if you can," and he pointed to the door.

The other guests, gathered around the long table, eating and drinking, listening and shrugged indifferently. But the landlord's wife, a middle-aged woman, with a round, motherly face, stepped forward.

"Nay, Stephen," she reproached her husband. "I could not rest in my warm bed tonight if I thought you turned this poor youth away, perhaps to perish in the storm. I would not send even our dog out into such cold and snow," nodding toward the great hound that dozed before the fire.

"You know we have not one vacant bed."

"I will make him a pallet that he may sleep here after the others have gone to their beds," insisted the woman. "come to the fire and dry yourself," she told Rashi, after a glance at his dripping garments, "and I will bring you a bit of supper."

Murmuring his thanks, Rashi crept to the fireplace, glad to escape possible abuse from the guests who sat crowded about the table. In a few moments the mistress of the inn returned bearing a bowl of steaming broth and a bit of coarse, dark bread. She waved his gratitude aside.

"Is it true," she asked, lowering her voice that neither her husband nor the guests might hear, "is it true, as I have heard travelers say, that all you Jews are skilled physicians?"

Rashi shook his head. "Alas, no, only those among us who have studied the art of healing. I am only a simple student."

The woman looked disappointed. "that is why I was glad

to welcome you. I thought a Jew—" she stopped, confused.

"Is there illness in your family?" asked Rashi. "My worthy mother was known among our neighbors at Troyes as a skilled nurse and one wise in the use of herbs which she brewed for the sick. She taught me how to care for those who are ill."

"Then God has sent you here this night!" exclaimed the woman. Again she lowered her voice, this time to a whisper. "In an upper chamber a priest lies close to death. He is a sainted soul and it is hard to see him suffer. None must know of his illness, for lately there has been talk of the plague in a village not many miles from here. If the man dies and the news spreads, it will be rumored that he died of the plague. Every traveler will shun our inn and we will be ruined. I am only an ignorant woman and do not know what to do for him. And our nearest neighbor who was a holy man and cured many by his arts has been dead these many months."

She dropped a hand, trembling with eagerness, on Rashi's shoulder.

"Come up with me and see the sick priest. Perhaps you can cure him of his malady."

Rashi drew back. He knew that if the ailing priest died under his care, all would accuse him, a stranger and a Jew, of bringing the sick man to his death.

"But I told you I was not a physician," he stammered.

"Then you may be able to heal him with you magic spells. Every one knows the Jews are wise in all manner of witchcraft."

"I will do what I can," Rashi told her, "but I can promise no cure. And if the priest recovers his health, I hope you will believe his cure came from God and not the evil powers of magic."

The priest was indeed very ill. Rashi, remembering all that his mother had taught him, demanded fresh linen for the filthy bed. Then he brewed a drink of dried herbs the frightened woman found in her cupboard. For three days Rashi did

not leave the sick room, where the half-conscious man lay and babbled of many things. But on the morning of the fourth day, the priest was rational again; he was able to sit up in his bed and eat the gruel which Rashi had prepared for him.

"I cannot repay you in money for saving my life," the young priest told Rashi just before they parted, "for I am as poor as you. But I will always remember your kindness to one whose people have so often persecuted your brethren. I can only pray that the Father of us all will reward you in His own way."

Years later Rashi, now a famous rabbi, traveled to the Bohemian city of Prague. Although Prague was then one of the centers of Jewish learning and had its own scholars, everyone in the crowded ghetto hastened to do him honor. They gathered in their little synagogue and waited eagerly for him to begin his lecture.

But as Rashi stood on the high platform in the midst of the Jews of Prague and expounded the Torah to them, he was interrupted by cries of terror from those who sat nearest the door. For they had drawn back in horror from one of the members of the congregation, who stumbled across the threshold, bleeding from many wounds.

"The Gentiles set upon me in the market-place," he faltered as soon as he could speak. "They are killing every Jew they meet."

Down the cobbled, twisted street came the sound of marching feet.

"Praised be God!" sobbed a woman, "they have sent soldiers to protect us from the mob."

A company of armed soldiers entered the synagogue.

"Is there one among you named Rashi of France?" asked the captain roughly.

Not a Jew of the Prague community replied. For every man there would have faced death by torture rather than betray the loved and honored guest.

But Rashi stepped out quickly from behind the men who pressed about him to hide him from the soldiers.

"I am Rashi of Troyes," he answered. "Why do you seek me?"

The captain did not answer. Later, when Rashi and a number of the most respected elders of the Jewish community sat in prison and waited for their death sentence, the rabbi learned the reason for his arrest. Because he was a Jew from a foreign land he had been accused of plotting with his brethren against the rulers of Prague.

"If it is God's will that we perish, we will perish," Rashi told the elders. "But while we wait for death, let us continue our discussion of the Torah which the soldiers interrupted."

So in the darkness of their dungeon, the scholars questioned and debated, seeking to keep alive the Light of Israel.

It happened that the bishop of Prague was not only the most powerful churchman in that city but a lover of learning. When he heard that a foreigner reputed to be a great Jewish scholar had been thrown into prison, he wanted to talk with him. He ordered the stranger to be brought to the bishop's palace. When Rashi, still in chains, appeared before him, the bishop, to the astonishment of all of his attendants, flung his arms around the bearded man and embraced him.

"You have changed but I still recognize you although I have forgotten your name!" cried the bishop. "Do you remember me?"

"No, my lord bishop," answered the rabbi.

"Have these splendid clothes I now wear caused you to forget the mean robe I wore when we parted so many years ago? I was once the humble priest whose life you saved in a wayside inn."

The bishop angrily ordered the guards to remove Rashi's chains. Then he turned to his servants.

"Take my friend to the bath," he commanded. "Take away that robe which has grown filthy in prison and dress him

in decent garments. Then," smiling at Rashi, "we will eat and drink and talk together. For I have a hundred questions to ask you."

Rashi shook his head. "No, my lord bishop," he answered, respectfully but firmly, "I cannot accept your hospitality while some of my brethren still lie in prison, and the rest are in danger of death at the hands of the mob attacking the Jewish quarter."

The bishop at once ordered that soldiers be sent to protect the Jews; he also appealed to the judges to free the elders from their dungeon. Then Rashi, bathed and refreshed, and dressed in fine garments, sat down to eat with the bishop. The years slipped away; the two were no longer a powerful prince of the Church and the greatest Jewish scholar in France, but a sick priest and the humble student who nursed him. As on those long-ago days they talked of many things; again neither argued but only sought to learn.

Some say that on parting the bishop gave Rashi a ring of great value. Others repeat the story of the gratitude of the rescued Jews of Prague, who showered him with gifts at his departure. And, it is said, one of the elders gave the French rabbi the greatest gift of all, his beautiful daughter in marriage.

Still others insist that Rashi like the other Jews of his time took a wife when he was very young and that was already married when he saved the Jews of Prague. But whoever was his bride, he cherished her all the days of his life, and it was she who comforted his last moments when he died in Troyes on that July day in 1105.

Not only the Jews of France but all his scattered people mourned Rashi's death. Many paid tribute to his blameless life and great learning. We like best the tribute of an unknown disciple who, in his grief, wrote words that Rashi, the farmer, would have understood:

"As the owner of a fig-tree knows when it is time to cull the figs, so God knew the appointed time of Rashi and carried

him away in his hour to let him enter heaven. Alas, he is no more, for God has taken him!"

Judah Halevi
Minstrel of Zion
1075-1141 A.D.

The thunder roared; the lightning tore jagged streaks across the midnight heavens. The storm-whipped waves of the Mediterranean Sea rose higher and higher; they tossed and seethed like a burning cauldron as though they would surely overwhelm the frail sailing vessel. The burly captain by turns cursed the weary sailors and tried to reassure the sick and frightened passengers, who huddle despairingly in the cabin of the swaying ship.

"Why did I ever leave Spain?" moaned a Jewish merchant, once portly and dignified, now scarcely able to lift his dizzy head. "Why was I tempted to risk my very life for the gold I might acquire from trading in Egypt? Better to live a poor man on the safe and pleasant land that to die far from my kindred on this treacherous sea."

A tall, middle-aged man turned from the prostrate woman he had been comforting.

"Do not be afraid," he said quietly. "God who protects His children on the dry land still watched over them on the stormy sea."

"But even if we are not drowned," sputtered the suffering merchant, "I, who have always had to guard my health most carefully, am not likely to recover from this sickness which has overwhelmed me."

"I have never heard of even a weak man dying from the effects of a rough voyage; you seem strong and vigorous. Here, let me take away this heavy cloak you have propped beneath

your head. I will cover you with it; if you are warm it will be easier to relax."

"You speak like a physician."

"I have long practiced the art of healing."

The light from the shifting, swaying lantern fell on the man's sensitive features and beard just flecked with grey.

"You are of the House of Israel?"

"Yes."

The merchant's whining voice sank to a whisper. In the year 1140 no wayfarer was foolhardy enough to boast of his wealth before his fellow travelers. "I am rich, very rich," he mumbled. "If you promise not to stir from my side , if you will remain near to care for me—and if we both survive this storm —I will reward you well for your trouble!"

The physician took a cup from the pouch that dangled from his girdle and first poured water into it from the small flask he carried, then a few drops from a vial.

"Drink this that you may fall asleep," he commanded. "After a few hours' rest you should be fully restored to health."

"I will pay you—"

"Do not rely on my healing along," a little sternly, "but thank God who has given me my knowledge of medicine."

"So said Judah Halevi in one of his poems!"

The speaker was a slender boy in his teens who had made his way across the pitching cabin floor. "One of my teachers in Toledo boasted that he knew Judah Halevi well before he departed to practice medicine in Cordova. My rabbi often quoted 'The Physician's Prayer.' I think it began: 'My God, heal me and I shall be healed.'"

"Yes; and it ended:

"Not upon my power of healing I rely;
Only for Thine healing do I watch."

"So you know the poem also?"

"That is not strange," smiling, "as I wrote the verses."

The boy bowed in bashful reverence.

"For the last few hours I have cursed the ill fortune which sent me on this treacherous sea. But now I feel repaid, since I am privileged to meet Judah Halevi, whom my master considered the greatest Jewish poet and philosopher not only in Spain but in the whole world."

"Your master did me too much honor," murmured the poet.

"I know many of your verses by heart," the young man continued eagerly, "Your poems of love and marriage, your religious songs. I am not a scholar like you, sir," he bowed respectfully, "But because I have studied your great work, the *Kuzari,* I have often been able to hold my own against Christian and Moslem disputants. When they boast that their religion is the best, I tell them how the heathen kind of the Kazars chose our religion for himself and his people, and I repeat your arguments."

A sailor, his gaudy turban set awry on his tangled black curls, thrust his head down the hatchway.

"The captain says you need no longer fear," he bawled. "The storm has died down; soon the sea will be calm and you may enjoy fresh air upon the deck."

"Which will be a blessing!" exclaimed the youth. "I am almost smothered in this close, foul air."

"I have been too busy caring for our stricken shipmates to notice any discomfort," said Judah Halevi. "But now since no one seems to need my ministrations, I can enjoy a little rest. Come, let us go together and sit under the open skies."

Together the two mounted the ladder and made their way to a sheltered and dry corner near the stern. Here a lantern hanging low from a mast showed the poet's face white and wearied. The younger traveler hastened to make him comfortable by propping his pack behind the poet's shoulders.

Judah Halevi leaned back with a tired sigh.

"May I sit here, sir, beside you? I promise not to disturb you with my chattering since you are so tired."

"I shall be glad of your company. But do not think me discourteous if for a little while I seem to forget you. When the storm began, an idea came to me for a new poem—"

He closed his eyes. But his companion knew he did not sleep for his lips moved frequently as though repeating phrases not yet set down. At last Judah Halevi sat up, took a writing tablet and quill pen from his girdle and began to write.

The young man sat watching the poet as the pen crossed and recrossed the parchment. He remained respectfully silent when the poet, seemingly lost in thought, pondered on the next line. Even when Judah Halevi had set down the last word and had started to roll the manuscript, the youth waited for the older man to break the long silence between them.

"Tell me," asked Judah Halevi suddenly, "why, since the storm is over, you still look so grave?"

"It has been a solemn time for me, sir. I feel—" he hesitated, "I feel that tonight I have witnessed what I shall be proud to describe to my children and my children's children. That I sat beside you while you composed one of your poems."

"Do you intend to return to Spain shortly?"

"Yes, after a brief visit with my uncle in Alexandria."

The poet thrust the rolled parchment into his companion's hand.

"When you return to Spain, seek my daughter in Cordova and give this to her. Perhaps when her little son who bears my name has reached your years, he will cherish these verse because his grandfather wrote them." His eyes grew heavy with pain. "I have found it hard to leave my only daughter, whose face daily brought back to me memories of my dear, dead wife in her youth. And I shall sorely miss her son, for as I have just written, 'How should Judah forget Judah?' Ah, it was not easy to leave them both—and the pleasant land of

Spain where I was born!"

"But, surely, you hope to return."

"No. I shall never return."

He walked to the edge of the deck and leaned upon the rail, his sad eyes scanning the waters now placid in the moonlight. The young man followed him, seemed about to ask a question, but remained silent.

"You wonder, do you not, why I speak like an exile?" The other nodded. "So did my family, my many friends. I have been honored as a writer and physician not only among our brethren but also among our Moslem neighbors. I have grown rich. Then why, when I am able to spend my remaining years in comfort, should I risk the dangers of travel through many lands? For everyone knows how wayfarers are beset by robbers; Christian and Moslem and Jew alike are their prey. And often the sons of Israel are sold into slavery and must remain in bondage until their compassionate brethren buy their freedom. So why should I venture on a journey from which I may never return?"

The youth hesitated. "Sometimes I, too, have longed for adventures in far-away lands," he confessed, "but you—"

"But you are young and restless, and, though you are too courteous to say it, I have reached the age where a sober man should be content to bide safely at home. But, tell me, lad, have you ever been in love?"

The boy, flushing a little, nodded.

"Then you will understand how I long to look upon the face of my beloved. When I was young like you, I wrote many love poems to the fair woman who became my wife. When I grew older, I turned to a new love and like the heathen minstrels sang of the beauties of my faraway princess—although I had never seen her face."

"You mean," the other spoke slowly after a long silence, "you mean your songs of Zion?"

"Yes. My longing for Zion has grown stronger year by year.

How can I remain content in Spain when my heart lies in the far-off land of Israel? That is why I was able to bid farewell to home and dear ones; that is why I have taken up the wanderer's staff to journey over land and sea until at last my feet shall stand within the holy walls of Jerusalem."

"But," the young man lamented, "our city lies in ruins."

"The shattered stones where once our Temple stood will be more precious to me than the gold and marble palace of the greatest of kings."

"But even if at last you should reach Jerusalem in safety, new dangers await you there. What of the enmity of the Frankish kings who now rule over the City of David?"

"Our God still dwells in the Holy of Holies," answered the poet steadily. "How then shall I be afraid when once I stand in the city of my fathers?"

* * * * *

In Alexandria, where the young Spanish Jew bade Judah Halevi a weeping farewell, the entire Jewish community of that ancient Egyptian city gave the poet a hearty welcome. His fame had preceded him; Jews of great learning and influence begged him to spend the rest of his years in their midst. But he lingered among them only through the joyous eight days of the Feast of Tabernacles. Where, he thought, will I celebrate the festival next year? Then he journeyed on to Cairo.

Again he was given a royal welcome; again he was warned of the dangers of the lonely roads and of the wilderness stretching out before him.

"Israel is in exile and strangers dwell in our house," mourned the elders of the synagogue. "Here in Egypt we know security and you may spend the years that remain to you in peace and greatly honored by your brethren."

Judah Halevi shook his head stubbornly.

"Was it for peace and honor that I left the land of my

birth?" he asked the Jews of Cairo. "Even in Spain where I knew both, my soul hungered for Zion."

Again he bound his traveler's pack upon his shoulders and continued eastward. Now he was honored by the Jewish communities of proud Tyre and lofty-towered Damascus. Again the leading men of the community begged him to linger. Again he was warned of the dangers that threatened his very life.

"It is only through the mercy of God that you have not been slain by fierce Bedouins who prey upon travelers," said the venerable rabbi of Damascus in whose house Halevi lingered, sick from the many hardships he had suffered upon the road. "And every step you take when you leave us will be threatened with greater perils."

"Our God who brought me here from distant Spain will protect me even to the gates of Jerusalem," Judah Halevi told him.

The old rabbi shuddered. "Jerusalem! Not a Jew escaped alive when the Crusaders captured the city."

"Were not our martyrs truly blessed to die for the glory of His Name in the city of our God?" asked Judah Halevi.

The rabbi for all his great learning could not answer him.

And now at last Judah Halevi, travel-spent and weary, stood before the gates of Jerusalem. He had worn his last pair of sandals to tatters and his feet were rock-wounded and bloody; his ragged robes were grimy with dust. But he stood proudly as a king before the City of David.

The rays of the rising sun gilded the few remaining towers that had withstood through the centuries the cruel onslaughts of wind and weather, the more deadly attacks of many invading armies. Behind the high, forbidding gates the crusaders held as their own the city which, after long years of bitterest battle, they had wrested from the Moslem enemy. But as Judah Halevi stood before the walls, his face uplifted to the brightening sky, he did not see the armed sentries

slowly pacing along the walls. His eyes visioned the Temple of Solomon restored to its ancient golden glory; to his ears came the chanting of the white-robed priests and the worshipping congregation of Israel.

He had waited so long for this blessed moment that now he was like a man who dreams. Through his tired brain faltered the words of the ode he had written out of his love and longing for Jerusalem, his ode to Zion still repeated by his brethren wherever they may dwell. He stretched his arms toward the gates he was about to enter and triumphantly recited the song he had penned in his exile:

"Happy is he that waiteth—he shall go
To thee, and thine arising radiance see
When over him shall break the morning glow;

"And see rest for thy chosen; and sublime
Rejoicing find amid the joy of thee,
Returned unto thine olden youthful time."

Overcome with the great joy that welled in his faithful heart, the poet fell upon his knew. Had he not written long ago that he longed to kiss the sacred soil of his fatherland? His happy tears blinded him as he flung himself upon the ground, his face pressed against the dusty road.

The gates flung open; through them dashed a horseman splendid in shining armor. He looked neither to the right nor the left for he carried a message with a royal seal to Acre and had been ordered to suffer no delay. So he did not see the figure lying in his path; was not aware when the flying hoofs of his stallion ground it closer to the earth.

The royal messenger sped onward with the swiftness of an arrow, leaving death behind him. Judah Halevi lay at peace, smiling as one who sees the face of his beloved after many years of longing.

Benjamin of Tudela

The Greatest Treasure

1130-1173 A.D.

It seemed to Joshua that every Jew in Tudela had hastened to his inn that summer night in the year 1173. Old and young; women with children clinging to their skirts sleepily in their arms; even some inquisitive Spaniards had elbowed their way into the candle-lighted, low-ceilinged room, and had tried to find a place on the benches drawn up to the tables or ranged along the walls.

"If they all came to drink and make merry," grumbled the old inn-keeper, "I'd have no trouble in paying my taxes this year. But these greybeards, these women do not drink. Some of the youths do not have a coin to pay for more than a glass of wine. And that fine Spanish gentleman with the lace ruffles still sits with his first glass before him, while he chats with Rabbi Mendoza. Talk, talk, forever talk! Why do they come to my inn if they are not thirst?"

Joshua knew the answer to the question he had asked himself so peevishly. He himself was just as eager as his unprofitable guests to welcome back to Tudela Benjamin ben Jonah who, thirteen years before, had left his native city to travel from land to land. Every traveler had wondrous tales to tell the less venturesome stay-at-homes; he was like a living story book to those who crowded about him to listen to his adventures.

These travelers came from every class of society: a merchant whose desire for gain overcame his fears of untried paths; a Soldier of Fortune ready to sell his sword to the

highest bidder; a great lord, or his humblest serf, filled with zeal to join the Crusades to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the Moslems.

There were comparatively few Jews among these wayfarers. Travel was dangerous enough at best with the roads swarming with outlaws and companies of discontented, thieving soldiers. And every hand seemed raised against the sons of Israel. A prince often seized a wealthy Jewish merchant and held him for ransom; the serfs, slaving in the fields, set their dogs upon the stranger. Yet Benjamin of Tudela had ventured forth into many far countries—and this very night was actually returning, whole and unharmed.

"A man must love wealth beyond all reason if he is willing to risk his neck to gain a fortune along the highways and the by-ways of the world," commented a stout merchant, enviously.

His neighbor, a white-haired rabbi, shook his head.

"You are wrong Benjamin ben Jonah, if you think he has braved dangers and suffered hardships all these years only for gold," he said. "I talked with him just before he left Tudela. True, he is a shrewd maker of bargains; I have no doubt he will bring back great treasures. But I believe he spoke truly when he told me that trade was not the only object of his long journey."

"What then?" demanded the merchant.

The rabbi made sure that the Spanish gentleman, who had seated himself at another table, was not listening. Yet he lowered his voice.

"May our sons be as happy in Spain as our fathers were before us," he murmured. "Here in the land we have so long called home, even here, there have been rumblings of the coming storm."

"Yes, yes!" was the impatient answer. "But what has that to do with Benjamin and his wanderings?"

"He told me that on his travels he would study every land,

seeking out our brethren and learning from them what countries might prove a safe harbor in time of sudden storm. And he promised me that for the profit of our people he would keep a careful account in writing of all that he saw and heard on his travels."

"So he would become a writer of books," sneered the merchant, never dreaming that the writings of Benjamin of Tudela would become well known. "He should leave writing to scholars and stick to the figures in his account book."

He stopped abruptly as someone in the courtyard cried, "Welcome, Benjamin ben Jonah! Welcome home at last!" Others took up the cry. A moment later Benjamin of Tudela, the traveler, his clothes dusty and worn, a huge bag hanging over his shoulder, stood in the doorway.

Joshua, the landlord, hastened to lead the distinguished guest to the place of honor reserved for him at the end of one of the long tables. He called to a serving man to bring a bowl of water and a towel that Benjamin might wash; bellowed to another to hasten with food and drink.

A smile played about Benjamin's stern mouth; his eagle-sharp eyes softened.

"It is good to be home again," he repeated again and again, as his old friends and neighbors hastened to gather about his chair and greet him.

Even before Benjamin had time to wash his hands and pronounce a blessing on the bread and wine set before him, a dozen eager voices rose in questioning.

"Did you find the River Sambatyon of which Eldad the Danite wrote so long ago?" demanded a scholar. "Is it true that great stones roll in it all the week long, but that on the eve of the Sabbath, the river rests and flames rise on either side that no man may approach its banks?"

"Did you reach Jerusalem?" asked the rabbi, and when the traveler nodded, the old man sighed in painful envy.

"And what treasures have you brought back with you?"

cried the merchant, glancing curiously at the huge bag, which Benjamin had flung beside his chair.

"Quiet! Quiet!" commanded the landlord, waving the questioners back to their seats. "Let him eat and drink and rest for a moment before he begins his story."

Benjamin set down his empty wine cup. "It is meat and drink to me to tell my tales," he said. "And no traveler ever grows weary of repeating his adventures."

"First show us what goods you picked up on the way," demanded the merchant again.

"No, tell us of our brethren as you found them in far-away lands," urged the old rabbi.

"Thirteen years are a long time and I have wandered far from Spain and back again. Shall I tell you of Constantinople, that great city, where the emperor dwells in indescribable splendor? Or the wondrous churches there, as man, men say, as there are days in the year? Or the Hippodrome, where lions and leopards, bears and wild asses are gathered together to do battle for the king's amusement?"

"What do we care for the sports of the heathen?" cried a scholar. "Tell us of the Jews of Constantinople."

"No Jew live in the city proper," Benjamin answered him, "they all reside together in a quarter behind an inlet of the sea. They have among them many skilled workers in silk and many rich merchants. But no Jew, not even the Chief Rabbi, is allowed to ride on a horse in Constantinople, except the royal physician. The emperor has showered gifts and honors upon him and for his sake granted certain favors to his Jewish subjects.

"What shall I tell you next? In the land of Ararat I saw in a synagogue a red stone which Ezra the scribe brought with him—one of the stones of the Temple of Solomon. And in Rome—you will not believe this, but I swear that I speak the truth—I found a Jew, Rabbi Yechiel, serving as chamberlain to the pope!"

"Tell us of Bagdad," demanded a youth, from his seat on a window ledge, his eyes bright with excitement.

"In Bagdad rules the caliph, the head of the Mohammedan religion. He is kind to Israel and many of our people are counted among his attendants. He is even learned in the Law of Israel. In Bagdad swell about forty thousand Jews in security and peace; amongst them are many great sages, who head our academies there and study and teach our Law. Some of these sages are skilled musicians and chant the melodies of the synagogues as they were sung when the Temple still stood in high Jerusalem."

"But even under the good caliph, as here in the pleasant land of Spain, we are still exiles," murmured several voices.

The landlord looked about him nervously. But as the hour was late, the scattered Spanish guests had already left. He looked relieved and refilled Benjamin's wine glass.

"Who is there to lead us from our captivity?" sobbed the rabbi, his frail old body shaking with sudden grief.

"Yea, what did you hear of David Alroy who promised to restore Israel?" cried the boy who crouched on the window ledge.

"I heard much of him in Kursitan," answered Benjamin heavily. "David Alroy, after long study of our Talmud and the books of learned Mohammedans, was lured away from the truth; he began to believe the words of magicians and soothsayers. He plotted against the king of Persia and planned to gather the Jews into a great army, which would march forth and capture Jerusalem. And in time he won many to fight beneath his banner.

"Our learned and holy men warned Alroy, saying, 'The time of redemption is not yet arrived.' But he would not listen to their warnings. So in the end he fell beneath the sword, and those who had followed him were hunted down like wild beasts in the mountains of Persia, until the king was appeased by a gift of one hundred talents of gold and forgave them their

rebellion."

He was silent for a little space and no one dared to question him further as he brooded over the young leader's broken dream.

At last Benjamin spoke again, "No, Aloy did not bring redemption, and who is there among us who can say when that time will arrive? I know only what I saw with my own eyes, and you may believe my words. For I am not like many travelers, trying to charm your ears with tales of strange sights and unbelievable adventures.

"Everywhere I wandered—and I have traveled even across the Persian Gulf to India and the lands that lay beyond —I observed carefully the manner of life our brethren led. Here, so I have set down in my book, they were prosperous and honored; there they were poor and oppressed. In one land the sages were many; in another the lamp of learning burned feebly and I feared our people would perish in the darkness of their ignorance.

"But," cried Benjamin, his voice rising high in excitement, "Wherever I went I found that when they bowed in prayer, our brethren turned their faces toward Jerusalem and prayed that in their own day God would call His scattered exiles home."

Again he fell silent and there was no sound but the old rabbi weeping softly in the stillness.

"And you—you saw Jerusalem?" asked several voices, some in awe, all in envy.

The traveler nodded.

"Yes. From the cities of Antioch and Sidon I passed at last into the land of our fathers. Israel has become a barren and unhappy land, for many armies have trampled over its holy soil. Everywhere I thought I heard our Mother Rachel weeping for her children whom the strangers carried off into captivity. Sometimes I found a few families, sometimes only one. And in Jaffa, which is on the Great Sea, I found only one

Jew, a skilled dyer of cloth which he colored purple with the murex that abounds on the sands there. And at Jabneh, where Rabbi Jochanan ben Zakkai, of blessed memory, planted his vineyard, I found not a single Jew to study the Torah. I visited Bethlehem also and thought of David, our shepherd king, watching his flocks upon the hills; and Hebron where our patriarchs sleep in their rocky cave. And I stood frightened and lonely among the ruins of Tiberias and the shattered, towering shrines of Baalbek.

"And I visited Jerusalem, which I have kept till the last, the most precious jewel of all my treasured memories. In Jerusalem I felt my heart would break, for in the city of my fathers I stood among strangers. Upon the site of our Sanctuary, where in days of old our priests offered sacrifices to the God of Israel, the followers of Mohammed have built a huge mosque with a magnificent dome. But not far off—" his voice broke and he paused to sip from the goblet the innkeeper placed at his elbow.

"You saw the Wester Wall?" prompted the rabbi.

"Yes," answered Benjamin and his voice was strange mixture of pride and sorrow. "I saw the Western Wall, the last remaining stones of our Temple. And there, with the Jews who had come like me from a distant land, I stood and wept for the glory of my people that has departed. And I prayed also for the Lord our God to restore Zion to her ancient splendor."

Many among those who listened to the traveler wept at this words. Although far from Jerusalem they, too, had prayed long and passionately for the restoration of their land and Temple. But none among them dared to dream that some day he might know the answer to that prayer.

"And so," said Benjamin at last, "I have come back to Tudela. Perhaps the story of my travels which I have set down in a book will not be without value."

He spoke modestly for he did not realize that until the

time of Marco Polo his story would be a source of wisdom for all travelers and scholars.

"And after all these years of danger and hardship," he added with a little rueful smile, "I have come back no richer than when I left Tudela." He opened his tattered leather money pouch and showed its emptiness. "All the wealth I gained I have stored here—and here," and he touched his head and heart.

"But, surely, you have brought back a few treasures to sell in the market-place that you may live in comfort for the rest of your days," commented the merchant. "For the bag you bore upon your shoulders seemed heavy."

As all crowded about him eagerly, Benjamin drew from his bag one curiosity after another and held it high for the company to see. His townsmen murmured with admiration or envy over cloth of delicate weave and dye; a length of silk so fine it could be drawn though a finger ring; a bit of carved mother-of-pearl; a bowl of polished olive wood; a goblet of brass. At last the bag was empty.

"No jewels?" asked the merchant, disappointed.

"No jewels," Benjamin of Tudela answered him. "Although I did bring back with me one treasure, richer than any our friend the goldsmith has in all his glittering trays."

"What treasure? Is it for sale?" chorused many voices.

Benjamin shook his head. "I value my treasure more than any jewel in the caliph's crown. You will agree I do not hold it too dearly when you see it. But it is not for sale. I would rather wear rags and live on dry crusts the rest of my life than part with it even for a handful of gold."

From the bosom of his dusty robe Benjamin drew forth a small back of coarse weave and held it high that all might see it in the wavering candle-light.

"This is my treasure," said Benjamin reverently.

Old Rabbi Mendoza nodded as though he understood.

"Before I left the land of Israel," went on the traveler, "I

gathered up a little of its holy soil. I have carried it close to my heart since that day; there it shall remain until my life's journey is over. Then—and I bid you all bear witness to my words that you will see that my wish is granted—then, when my heart is quiet forever, let those who prepare my body for the grave place this precious soil beneath my head. For I would sleep my last long sleep with the blessed soil of Palestine for my pillow."

Maimonides
The Busy Physician
1138-1204 A.D.

It was noon and nearly all the inhabitants of Fez were enjoying their siestas in their white stone houses, glad to escape the fury of the African sun. So the twisted, dusty lane which led to the home of Rabbi Maimon was deserted by all but the sleepy, starved street dogs, when a man walked rapidly to the gate in the high garden wall and pounded for admittance. He was about thirty, with a sensitive, thoughtful face, and wore the long bright robes and turban which the Jews of Morocco had adopted from their Mohammedan neighbors.

Two sharp eyes peered through the crescent-shaped opening in the gate which hid the small garden from the street. Then the door was flung hurriedly open; the visitor entered hastily and helped the older man who had admitted him to slip the iron bar back into place.

The younger man seemed about to speak, but the other motioned him to be silent. In the year 1165 it was seldom safe for a Jew in Morocco to discuss his private affairs even in the courtyard of his own home.

So Moses Maimonides, as the son of Maimon was commonly known, nodded, and followed his father silently into the house. Here David, the younger brother, and his sisters waited impatiently to hear what news he had brought.

"I bring evil tidings, father," said Maimonides.

"Which does not surprise me," answered Rabbi Maimon calmly. In spite of his years, there was only a slight stooping of his broad shoulders to hint of the long hours he had spent

bent over his desk. He carried himself with dignity, for he had been honored not only as a scholar; he had even served as a judge over his people.

"It is not right," declared fiery-tempered David, impetuously. "In Cordova, where we were all so happy, we lived at peace with our Moslem neighbors. Then because a group of Fanatics among them offered every Jew and Christian in southern Spain the choice between accepting the teachings of Islam or the sword—"

"Would it not be better," his father asked him dryly, "not to waste your energy in senseless anger against our Mohammedan masters and to listen quietly to the news your brother has brought us?"

"It is worse than we feared, father," said Moses Maimonides. "My most honored teacher, after you, father—" His voice trembled and he could not go on.

"You mean Rabbi Judah ben Shoshan?" asked Maimon hoarsely.

Maimonides nodded. "Yes, father. They have seized him and put him to death. This I have just learned from my Moslem friend, Abul ibn Moisha, who warned me that I was marked for death also, but who intervened in my behalf."

The sisters of Maimonides burst into frightened weeping. But Rabbi Maimon, who through all the troubled years had bade his brethren be of good courage, now spoke calmly.

"No doubt I, too, am under the shadow of death," he said. "It is surely known through all Morocco that when the Jews were forced to become Moslems, you and I counseled them to serve the God of our fathers in secret."

"It is my fault that we ever came to this cursed place," said Maimonides bitterly. "Yes, father, it was for my sake that you came to Fez, where there were still Jewish colleges and I could continue my studies."

"And it was worth the risk," answered Maimon, "especially since here in Fez you were able to study with some of the

leading Arab physicians of our day."

"But are we to remain here in constant danger of death if we do not give up our faith?" demanded David, pacing restlessly to and fro.

"No. I have long been debating with myself whether we would not be safer in the land of our fathers," Maimon told him.

"Palestine is no longer the land of our fathers," said David, and he spoke bitterly. "The kingdom of Jerusalem, as they call it now, is ruled by kings from Europe who have little love for Israel."

"When the fox finds the dogs upon his heels, he does not dare consider what dangers lurk for him in the nearest cave," said Rabbi Maimon. "We must leave Fez as soon as we can secure passage to the land of Israel."

From Maimonides' account of that voyage, we learn of the storm which lasted forty-eight hours and almost wrecked the frail vessel:

"Then I vowed to keep these two days as complete fast days for myself and my household and all those connected with me, and to command my children to do the same throughout all their generations; they should also give charity according to their ability. I landed safely and came to Acco, and by arriving in the land of Israel, I escaped persecution. This day I vowed to keep as a day of rejoicing, festivity, and distribution of charity for myself and my house throughout all generations."

But Maimonides was far from happy in the land of Israel. There were a few scattered through Palestine, wretchedly poor, with no great schools of study such as had formerly flourished in Spain. Maimonides, always the student, turned longing eyes toward Egypt. In Cairo, he had heard, there was a flourishing Jewish community where a scholar might both learn and teach in peace and security. For although the Mohammedans ruled Egypt, this group did not share the

fanaticism of the rulers in Moslem Spain and Morocco. Here the Jews knew the joy of spiritual freedom, and one of their own number, known as the Prince, ruled over their religious life.

So the little group of wanderers soon found themselves settled in Fostat, the very ancient section of the city of Cairo. Here Maimonides would have been happy if he had not been struck low by the first two great griefs of his unsettled life, the deaths of his father and his younger brother, David.

In the first wandering years in Spain, Rabbi Maimon had taught his two sons; when he grew weak with age, Maimonides had directed David's studies and had hoped that the boy would carry on the family's reputation for scholarship. After Maimon's death the older son had become more like a father than a brother to the younger. David, knowing that Maimonides needed help with completing his medical studies, decided to take the support of the family upon his own shoulders. He became a merchant, buying precious stones in Egypt and selling them in far-away lands.

David, while still a young man, was drowned in the Indian Ocean. Years later, Maimonides wrote to Rabbi Japhet whom he had come to admire and love during his short stay in Palestine:

"Whenever I see his handwriting or one of his books, my pain and my grief are awakened anew. Were not the study of the Torah my delight and did not the study of Science divert me from my grief, I would have succumbed in my miser."

No man loved learning for its own sake more than Maimonides; from his youth he had been a true philosopher, a lover of wisdom.

Because teacher and pupil were often cut off from the few great libraries and were unable to carry many books with them on their journeys, Maimonides was forced to learn his lessons orally and to carry in his head all that his father had taught him. Fortunately, he had a remarkable memory, which not

only helped him to retain all that his father taught him, but was of the greatest value to him in his later life.

In Egypt Maimonides completed his medical studies. Besides being an excellent physician, he also wrote a number of books on medicine, so advanced for their day that for centuries they were considered as authorities by Moslem and Christian as well as Jewish doctors. Even today some of the laws of health which Maimonides taught in Cairo so long ago are still accepted.

Because Maimonides wrote his medical works in Arabic, it was possible for the Mohammedan scholars of his own time to read them. He based much of his teaching on the works of Galen, perhaps the greatest physician of ancient Greece; many thought the Jewish doctor actually surpassed his teacher. "Galen's art heals only the body," wrote an enthusiastic Moslem, "but Maimonides cures both the body and soul. He could heal with his wisdom the sickness of ignorance. If the moon would submit to his art, he would deliver her of her spots at the time of the full moon."

This seems wild praise; but in a time when little was known of the part the mind plays in healing the body, some of Maimonides' cures seemed really miraculous. He believed that the doctor must try to prevent illness rather than cure it, since the healthy man would be more able to help in conquering a threatened disease. "A physician," he taught, "should begin with simple treatment, trying to cure by diet before he prescribes drugs." He advised his patients, as a modern doctor does, to eat moderately and to take more exercise. In an age when sanitation was scarcely known and always neglected, he urged the need of cleanliness. And he was never afraid to experiment; when it seemed necessary to use drugs, he tried first one then another to bring about the desired cure.

No wonder a famous doctor said he had come all the way from Bagdad to Cairo just to consult with three wise men—

and that one of them was Maimonides.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Maimonides as a doctor was his freedom from the superstitions of his day. He denounced the custom, prevalent among both the Jews and Moslems of Egypt, of wearing amulets inscribed with the names of angels to ward off disease. It would have grieved him could he have known that even today ignorant Jews in Fostat still believe demons are frightened away by the "hand of Fatima" painted in blue upon their walls.

In the old, old synagogue of Fostat where Maimonides is said to have prayed and meditated, the sexton still shows visitors a pool of putrid water in a cistern in the floor, and insists that a cupful will bring relief from sickness. When we visited this synagogue, our young son was feeling the effects of too many Turkish sweetmeats. The sexton was really offended that we refused to give him a drink of the "magic water which cures stomachache."

Maimonides, of course, knew nothing of the germ theory; but he surely would have warned his patients not to drink stagnant water. He was a pious man and believed in prayer; but he insisted that holy words written on a charm would never heal the sick.

Soon the physician's fame reached the ear of Saladin, ruler of Egypt and later of Palestine as well. This was the sultan who, with Richard the Lion-Hearted, shared the glories and infamies of the Third Crusade. Like the English king, Saladin was not only fearless in battle but generous to a fallen foe. He permitted the scattered Jews of Palestine to live in Jerusalem. It is likely he gave them this privilege because of his friendship for Maimonides, who for a while was his physician and certainly pleaded the cause of his persecuted people.

When Richard the Lion-Hearted fell ill in Palestine, Saladin saw that his former enemy lacked nothing which might hasten his recovery. It is reported that Saladin

proposed sending for Maimonides, the wisest doctor in the entire East. And some say that King Richard offered to raise the Jewish doctor to the post of his personal physician. But Maimonides seems to have preferred his busy, useful life in Cairo.

Just how busy and useful a life Maimonides led may be judged from a letter he wrote to a friend who wished to come to Egypt just to visit him:

"My duties to the sultan are very heavy. I am obliged to visit him every day, early in the morning, and when he or any of his children, or any of the inmates of his harem are indisposed. I must stay the greater part of the day in the palace. I do not return until the afternoon. Then I am almost dying with hunger. I find the antechambers filled with people, both Jews and Gentiles, nobles and common people, judges and bailiffs, friends and foes—a mixed multitude, who await the time of my return.

"I dismount from my animal, wash my hands, go forth to my patients, and entreat them to bear with me while I partake of some slight refreshment, the only meal I take in the twenty-four hours. Then I attend my patients, write prescriptions and directions for their various ailments. Patients go in and out until nightfall, and sometimes, I assure you, until two hours and more in the night. I converse and prescribe for them while lying down from sheer fatigue, and when night falls I am so exhausted that I can scarcely speak."

The busy physician goes on to say that on the Sabbath the majority of the congregation come to him after the morning services in the synagogue to discuss communal affairs and to study with him until noon. Some return to read with him in the afternoon.

By this time Maimonides was not only the most renowned Jewish scholar in Egypt but was recognized as the official head of the Jews of Cairo. He established a board of advisers of nine other members; together they decided all matters to the

religious welfare of their group.

One wonders how, with all his duties, Maimonides ever found time to continue his studies and to write the books which have won him such a high place among Jewish scholars, from his day to our own times. He knew the philosophy of Aristotle; he was learned not only in the Jewish but the Christian and Mohammedan religions; he had a wide knowledge of mathematics and astronomy.

He most important books which are still studied are: *The Light, The Strong Hand* and *Guide to the Perplexed.*

The Light was written in Arabic, which many Jews of Maimonides' day knew better than Hebrew. In this study of Jewish laws and Jewish beliefs, Maimonides put in short and simple form the Thirteen Articles of Faith on which the Jewish religion is based today. This creed was later translated into a Hebrew poem which is still sung every Sabbath in the synagogue.

The Strong Hand is an arrangement under different headings of the many laws in the Talmud, all systematized and explained. In one section are gathered together the Jewish laws on property; in another, those on marriage, and so on.

The Guide to the Perplexed, perhaps his greatest work, was a book that only a man with the author's wide knowledge of Greek philosophy and Arabic science could have written. It set for the teachings of the Jewish religion in a new way. For Maimonides realized that in his generation there were many "perplexed" people who could not accept blindly everything their fathers had believed.

Because of his daring approach, many pious Jews bitterly opposed Maimonides. This was hard for a Jew who had given his life to teaching and gaining honor for his people. But Maimonides bore all insults with noble patience. In his humility he reminds us of the gentle rabbis, Hillel and Rashi, who had prepared the way for his work.

One of the most tiring labors of love for which he received

no payment but the thanks of his grateful disciples was the writing of innumerable letters in response to questions which came to him from distant Jewish communities. Although he had so many other duties, and for the last twenty years of his life suffered from failing health, Maimonides answered every letter. He once boasted that he wrote these answers to questions on Jewish belief and practice in his own hand, unless he was too ill to hold a pen; only then would he dictate to a secretary. In all his correspondence he shows great gentleness and understanding.

Once an old man wrote to Maimonides, calling himself ignorant because he was unable to read the master's works that were written in Hebrew.

"Call not thyself ignorant," wrote back the scholar, "but my pupil and my friend, both thou and all who seek to cleave to the study of the Law."

Always charitable in his judgments, even of those who disagreed with him, Maimonides placed the greatest emphasis on the commandment that the Jew must care for the helpless and the unfortunate. He divided the givers into eight classes, placing lowest in merit those who gave alms unwillingly. He placed higher those who gave cheerfully; even higher those who bestowed alms anonymously; and he reserved his greatest praise for those who helped others to help themselves. Writing so long ago, Maimonides expresses the most modern ideal of social service when he describes:

"Those who extend a loan or bestow a gift upon the needy, or who take a poor man into partnership or help him to establish himself in business so that he should not be compelled to apply for charity, such people practice the highest degree of charity."

Besides his one son, Abraham, whom Maimonides himself taught as his father Maimon had taught him through their wandering years in Spain, the great physician had one pupil whom he loved as his own child. Joseph Akin as a youth had

been forced to accept Mohammedanism; but he returned to the faith of his people and begged Maimonides to explain many of the Jewish teachings that he could not understand. It was for this young disciple that the master began to write *The Guide to the Perplexed.*

"If I had none but thee in the world, my world would be full," Maimonides told him.

It seemed to the weary scholar that in his old age God had sent him another enthusiastic, faithful student like the beloved brother taken from his side so many years ago. They remained dear friends until the sage died at the age of seventy in Fostat on a December day in the year 1204.

There was public mourning not only in Cairo and Alexandria, but in congregations all over the world. For three days not only the Jews of Cairo but the Mohammedans joined in lamentation for the wise and kind man who had left them. Then the body of the scholar who had been so tireless in his search for wisdom was taken to the Holy Land for burial.

Maimonides, who scorned all superstitions, would have been irritated could he have known the legend which would arise after his death. But he was held in such reverence that many repeated and believed the story. It is said that as the procession of mourning Jews followed the ox-drawn cart toward Tiberias, a band of savage Bedouins attacked the funeral party and tried to seize the coffin. But through a miracle the coffin could not be lifted from the cart. Then the Bedouins, filled with awe at God's protection of His saint, even in death, were ashamed of their attempted sacrilege. Sheathing their swords, they reverently followed the mourners to the tomb which had been prepared at Tiberias on the shore of the Sea of Galilee.

As the years passed, the fame of Maimonides did not decrease. Great scholars studied and were influenced by his writings; the humble and the ignorant still spoke reverently of his wisdom. All paid him the unique honor of mentioning

him in the same breath with Moses, the greatest of Hebrew lawgivers and teachers. For soon the saying arose: "From Moses (the lawgiver) to Moses (Maimonides) there has been none like Moses."

Abravanel
King of Beggars
1437-1508 A.D.

Two officials of the court of Ferdinand and Isabella sat together in the tapestry-hung antechamber of the palace, talking earnestly as they waited for an audience with their majesties. Richly dressed in satin doublets and velvet mantles, with jewels flashing from their fingers and the rare laces at their throats, these two gentlemen seemed a world apart from the harried, poverty-stricken Jews of France and Germany.

"Once," said Don Isaac Abravanel, his handsome dark face bitter with his sorrow, "I read a tale of a Jew, cursed for his sins to flee from land to land, knowing no rest or peace, but forced to wander until the Day of Judgement. I was a youth then, happy in my native city of Lisbon; my father stood high in favor with King Alfonso the African. I laughed at the foolish story of a Wandering Jew.

"But when I was a grown man and court treasurer, and Alfonso's son threatened every Jew of Portugal with baptism or death, then I realized that all of us must ever be ready to take up the traveler's staff. Not only the Jewish beggar, but Jews of great wealth and proud ancestry, even as you and I."

He shrugged ruefully. "My family traces its ancestry directly back to King David himself. Behold in me a king—of beggars."

Luis de Santangel shook his head disapprovingly. "An unseemly jest, my friend. The house of Abravanel has long been honored as princely not only in blood but deeds. Few

have forgotten how, when a group of our brethren were about to be sold as slaves, you not only gave a magnificent sum for their ransom but collected the remainder from other wealthy givers."

"If I must accept your tribute," murmured Abravanel with the ease of a practiced courtier, "let me repay the compliment. Who but you a few months ago suggested that Queen Isabella should not pledge her jewels to send Columbus on his voyage, but offered a huge sum to help fit out three ships and persuaded several of our brethren to do the same?"

"I hope," answered Santangel gravely, "that our gracious queen and her sometimes forgetful husband will remember that slight service, as well as your efforts and mine to finance their wars. But, alas, princes have short memories. So I am risking a fortune on this Italian explorer, hoping for neither thanks nor honors from the throne if he returns from India, rich with gold and glory."

He leaned toward Abravanel and spoke very softly. "Do you know why, my friend, I did all that was in my power to make Columbus voyage possible?"

Abravanel laughed dryly. "If not for personal gains, then for the glory of our stepmother land of Spain?" His tone was mocking.

"For neither. You are a scholar, the writer of many books, an acknowledged interpreter of the Scriptures. I am not a Jewish scholar like you, Don Isaac, and cannot tell you by verses from our holy books when salvation will come for Israel. But," he spoke reverently now, "in this adventurer from Genoa, I see a man appointed by God Himself to save our people."

Abravanel looked startled. "What do you mean?"

"Does it mean nothing to you that this Columbus began to dream his great dream of discovering a shorter route to India after studying the maps and charts of the Jew, Zacuto? It is even whispered that this Christopher Columbus is really

one of us, although he tries in every way to appear a true son of the Church."

"But how will his discoveries, if he be successful, bring succor to Israel?" Don Isaac asked scornfully.

"If—and I know the idea seems absurd to many much wiser than I am—if beyond the Sea of Darkness Columbus discovers vast territories—"

"To be governed by Spain and the Church," Abravanel reminded his friend.

"But if these lands be distant enough," urged Santangel, "the long arm of the Inquisition may not reach our brethren who seek shelter there. And the harsh laws we know here in the Spanish peninsula may be somewhat relaxed when only docile and obedient Jews remain. Yes, we must soon find a haven for Israel; for today there is no sure safety for the Jew in Spain or Germany or France or Italy."

His voice had risen, shaken with passion. But as a young page approached, the harried, hunted Jew instantly became again the suave, smiling courtier.

"When did their majesties promise to give us audience?" asked Santangel as lightly as though the interview were of little or no importance.

"At once, Don Luis," answered the page, bowing.

Court poets must be tactful; but for once they spoke truthfully when they praised Isabella as the most beautiful queen in all Europe. Unlike the financier, Abravanel, they knew nothing of the royal budget nor that her charms were greatly enhanced by a wardrobe, extravagant even for royalty. Now Santangel, gazing upon the jeweled circlet that bound her abundant hair, the matched sapphires about her throat and the strings of perfect pearls that fell below her waist, wondered wryly whether he should have urged her not to rob her jewel caskets to fit Columbus' ships.

"She would never have missed the gems," he thought, "and who knows when the gold I lent will be sorely needed by

me and even the richest of my brethren? Don Isaac may speak truly when he calls us kings reduced to beggary in a single night."

He shook off his forebodings and forced himself to listen attentively to King Ferdinand.

"I believe, gentlemen, I know why you have requested this audience," began the king. "You would ask us to reconsider the matter of ridding our realm of Jewish unbelievers, a subject over which the queen and I have long pondered and prayed." He glanced toward Isabella; she lowered her beautiful eyes, and nodded slightly. "The decree of expulsion is already drawn up and awaits only our royal signature," said Ferdinand.

"But, your majesty," cried Abravanel passionately, "if you only understood—" He stopped, abashed at his boldness.

Ferdinand smiled indulgently. "Because you have served me faithfully and well, I am ready to forgive your unmannerly zeal. But you and your father before you have been of the court too long for you to forget that it is neither seemly—nor prudent—to question the wisdom of your king."

"Forgive me, gracious majesty," murmured Abravanel. "I know that the king is a wise and loving father to all his children. And we Jews have long considered ourselves loyal subjects and children of the mighty nations of Portugal and Spain. Surely," and he smiled winningly, "a child may plead with his father without rebuke."

"Speak on," answered Ferdinand, leaning back in his chair.

"We are bound to this country by so many ties; our fathers lie buried here, our little children play beneath its orange trees. Surely we dare ask why we are to be suddenly thrust from our father's house?"

"A fair question, well put," Ferdinand conceded. "And it deserves a full reply. Hear then why we," he nodded slightly toward Isabella, "have at last decided to banish from our

realm every Jew who stubbornly refuses to cast aside his unbelief and to accept the teachings of the Holy Church.

"You dare not deny," and now he became a judge ready to pass sentence, "that countless New Christians are Judaizers at heart. These Marranos who have been received into the bosom of Mother Church have betrayed her love and secretly practice the faith of their fathers." His eyes and voice grew vengeful. "These apostates the Inquisition will ferret out for deserved punishment. But they will continually backslide while they are contaminated by their former brethren, Jews who have stubbornly refused baptism, and who secretly encourage them in their treachery to the true Church."

"Permit me one more word, my king," pleaded Abravanel. "If my brethren are to be banished, grant them a little more time, a year, even half a year to prove their loyalty to the land of Spain. They have shed their blood in your wars against the Moors. I need not remind your majesties that many of the most gallant defenders of your kingdom are sons of Jewish fathers. The Jews of Spain have also given freely of their gold. I need not tell you that my friend and your faithful servant, Luis de Santangel here, has more than once come to the support of the crown and will do so again."

There was a sound at the door, a man's voice raised high in excitement. But Don Isaac did not turn. He paused for only a moment; then spoke as quietly as though he were a courtier offering the lovely queen another pearl or ruby for her adorning.

"Would thirty thousand ducats from our Jewish brethren, offered to fill the royal treasury depleted by the wars against the Moors, persuade your majesties of their loyalty?" he asked.

Ferdinand's eyes glistened with sudden greed. He did not need his treasurer to tell him what even a thousand ducats would mean toward lifting the hearts of his discontented and long unpaid armies. Thirty thousand ducats! He turned doubtfully toward his queen.

From the door spoke one of the guardsman. "Your majesties, I have tried to explain that you were holding a private conference," he began.

But the intruder pushed him aside and strode down the hall. Not another man in Spain would have forced himself so rudely upon King Ferdinand and his consort; but Torquemada knew his power in the court.

Although over seventy, Tomas de Torquemada swept down the long hall with tigerish energy. He carried his head high; for since his elevation to the post of Grand Inquisitory, he had become second in power only to their majesties. Under this Dominican priest the Inquisition had become the terror of all Spain. He had established courts of inquiry in various centers to seek out heresy among Christians as well as Moslem and Jewish converts. Those found guilty suffered punishments ranging from fines to death at the stake.

As his power grew, so grew his hatred against those who continued to defy him and his authority. Again and again he had insisted to his sovereigns that the dungeon, torture, and the stake were not potent enough to uproot the evil of the Secret Jews from the Holy Kingdom of Spain. For these traitors, he declared, were strengthened in their rebellion by the Jews who openly practiced their religion. Torquemada insisted there was no other remedy than to banish them from the kingdom.

Having learned that these two powerful Jewish officials would plead the cause of their people before the decree of banishment was signed, Torquemada hurried to the court. Now breathing heavily from the haste and excitement, the old man stood before the royal dais. One hand clutched at his overstrained heart, pounding under his long, dark robes; the other fumbled for his crucifix.

"Is your precious faith to be purchased by gold?" he shrieked to the king and queen who drew back before his wrath. "What is the gold of the whole world worth if you allow

these Jews to remain in Spain and turn others back to their own disbelieving creed?"

With his withered hand, trembling with age and anger, Torquemada held aloft his crucifix.

"Judas Iscariot sold Christ for thirty pieces of silver; your highnesses are about to sell Him for thirty thousand ducats. Here is your Savior; take Him and sell Him."

Through the silence of the great hall came the heavy breathing of the guardsmen at the door, who had fallen to their knees, and the frightened sobbing of the queen. Ferdinand turned swiftly to the two Jews who knew before he spoke what his decision would be.

"Take your gold and depart," cried the king, "even as your accursed people will depart from my kingdom."

"The curse of the king of beggars," Abravanel murmured to his friend as soon as they had safely passed the scowling guardsmen at the door. "Yesterday I left Portugal; tomorrow I leave Spain."

"I am sure the king will not forget our services to him and we may be exempt from the decree of punishment," answered Santangel.

It may have been gratitude; more likely Ferdinand shrewdly surmised he still needed Santangel's financial genius. When Santangel, whose love for Spain was greater than his loyalty to Judaism, decided to remain in the country, the king decreed that the official, his children and his grandchildren should never be subjected to the terrors of the Inquisition.

But to Abravanel it was unthinkable that he would renounce his religion as the price exacted for remaining in his beloved adopted country.

The days that followed the signing of the decree of banishment were cruel days for the Jews of Spain. They were forced to sell their homes and vineyards for a handful of coins; the few possessions they could take with them were bundled upon

the backs of the younger and stronger men. The old men carried with loving tenderness the scrolls of the Law from their abandoned synagogues. Weeping mothers cradled their babies in their arms and tried to force back their tears as they comforted the children clinging to their skirts. Only the younger children on that bright August day in 1492 laughed and shouted together. Their older brothers and sisters moved slowly, with bent heads, in the long mournful procession, for they understood the meaning of the words "banishment" and "exile."

The rich and the poor walked together, the scholar, the rabbi, the merchant prince, and the beggar. His head held high, his three tall sons at this side, Don Isaac Abravanel walked proudly toward the harbor of Palos where he knew a few unseaworthy ships waited to take the exiles to some more friendly land. But what land? Where could the wandering tribe be sure of a true and lasting welcome?

"And once," he said to his sons with sudden bitterness, "once we in our blindness believed Spain a second Palestine. It is fitting that she casts us out this day. For it is the Ninth of Av, the anniversary of the destruction of our Temple and our nation in Jerusalem."

They had reached a high hill overlooking the harbor.

"Father," said Judah Leon, the physician, "what are those three ships, larger than the others, just setting sail?"

Abravanel smiled gravely. "The caravels of Christopher Columbus," he answered his son, "setting out for India." His mouth twisted wryly at the memory. "They are fitted out with Jewish gold. Once," he spoke as though the memory were years old instead of a few short months, "once I had a friend who dreamed that the Admiral might discover a sure haven beyond the seas for our brethren. If Columbus discovers new lands, they will be a home for all men but the sons of Israel," he cried with sudden bitterness, and leaning upon his son's shoulder he wept.

Isaac Abravanel was wise beyond many of the Jewish scholars of his day. But he had not the gift of prophecy; he could not know that Christopher Columbus would indeed discover a new land where the Jew might dwell in peace.

Although in his writings after the expulsion from Spain, Abravanel repeatedly mentioned the sufferings of his exile brethren, he made no complaint of his own losses and hardships. But he was a bookish man and perhaps he secretly lamented more the losing of his carefully accumulated library than his great fortune. Now at fifty-five, after many faithful years of service in Portugal and Spain, he found it hard to be a poor exile and to begin life over again.

But good fortune took the wanderer to Naples. Italy was at that time in the midst of a revival of learning. There, many Christians scholars welcome a man of Abravanel's achievements. He took up his writing again but he was not allowed to enjoy a private life. For Italy was at that time the trading center of the world; its ambitious rulers were in touch with all the leading countries of Europe.

King Ferdinand of Naples, who had received the Jewish exiles kindly, wished to settle certain diplomatic difficulties with France. He had heard Abravanel praised as an exceptional statesman and financier. So now the wanderer received his third important post and joined Ferdinand's court.

Later he served Ferdinand's son, King Alfonso II, with distinction. But during the war with France Naples was captured by the enemy who plundered the city, destroying the property our king of beggars had again accumulated. Although many of the court deserted their master, Abravanel followed the king into exile in Sicily. But Alfonso's death left Abravanel unprotected and he fled to the neighboring island of Corfu.

Here an Indian summer happiness awaited him. "I, by God's mercy came to the island of Corfu," he writes, "and whilst there got hold of what I had written before on this book

and joyfully resolved to enlarge it." The book was Abravanel's commentary on Deuteronomy; it had been lost during his travels and by a seeming miracle was now restored to him. With his precious manuscript the scholar set out for Monopoli, a small town near Naples, and for seven years forgot his misery in his literary work.

After seven years he journeyed to Venice to spend the rest of his life with several of his sons. He took a fatherly pride in their success. Judah had succeeded both as physician and as writer; Samuel won renown as diplomat and financier. Nearby Padua had become the center of Jewish learning in Italy. Again Abravanel, although still mourning for his many beloved and rare books which had been destroyed during the sack of Naples, tried to find happiness in retirement.

"I may be a beggar, but when I sit among scholars I am a king," he thought, trying to put the griefs of his wandering life behind him.

Again the world made its demand on Abravanel. The Venetian senate called him from his peaceful retirement to negotiate a commercial treaty between their city-republic and the kingdom of Portugal.

The old man was received as a peer by the representatives of the country which had forced upon him the beginning of his long exile so many years ago. He had wandered so far, he thought, and had served so many kings. Always he had tried to serve faithfully the country which had given him shelter, only to know disappointment and loss and exile at the end.

Shortly after Abravanel's death in 1508 the Venetian Republic was at war with Germany. When the emperor's soldiers sacked nearby Padua, they did not spare the Jewish cemetery, where the writer and defender of his people lay buried. The slab and tombstone were destroyed; today no man can point out the grave where Abravanel thought to find rest after his many journeys. It seemed fated that even this humble house, the last of his many homes, should disappear.

Donna Gracia Mendes
A Woman of Valor
1510-1569 A.D.

Friday, the Mohammedan rest day, had drawn to a close; now it was time for the Jews of Constantinople to light their Sabbath candles.

Gathered around the long table, gleaming with crystal and vessels of silver and gold, sat the family of Donna Gracia Mendes and the many guests she had invited to her palatial home in the suburbs to welcome the Sabbath Bride. These guests, for variety of background and station, could not have been duplicated in all Turkey, or for that matter, in any country in Europe.

For on that Sabbath eve in 1569 the great lady had, as usual, thrown her doors wide open to the high and the low, old friends and neighbors and strangers from afar. Here, still wearing his gabardine but with the hated yellow badge no longer on his sleeve, sat a merchant prince from Venice; beside him, quite bewildered by the noise and lights, huddled a very old rabbi from Salonica. Across the board a physician from Holland heatedly argued a Talmudic problem with a shabby scholar. Here and there a bright-eyed Jewess mingled with the male guests; for even in turkey the Jews did not follow the Moslem custom of the harem, and separated the sexes only in the synagogue.

At the head of the table, a very queen of a hostess, Donna Gracia of the House of Nasi presided over the mixed multitude. She had been very beautiful in her youth. Now, although she approached her sixtieth year, her dignified bearing

and gracious smile made her appear even more attractive than her lovely daughter, Reyna.

By special permission of the sultan, himself, Donna Gracia, her daughter, and the other women of the household did not wear the veil and robes of old Spain prescribed for other Jewesses in Turkey, where every group rigidly followed a set pattern in dress. On her white, abundant hair Gracia Mendes wore a small coif set with jewels; other precious stones gleamed from her crimson satin bodice of the Venetian fashion, cut very low over the shoulders and tapering to an incredibly narrow waist.

"Our kind hostess is as beautiful as she is generous and pious," the merchant prince murmured to the old rabbi at his side.

The rabbi nodded. "A true Woman of Valor," he agreed, and gravely repeated King Solomon's poem in praise of the ideal matron:

> "A woman of valor who can find?
> For her price is above rubies.
> The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her,
> And he hath no lack of gain."

"What a pity that our good lady's husband, Don Francisco, was not spared to enjoy her worth and devotion," said a middle-aged Portuguese Jew at the rabbi's left hand. "My father, a refugee from the persecution of the Spanish peninsula, knew her husband well; as I remember he was a physician to the king. Don Francisco Mendes was a man of great wealth, a banker and a dealer in gems. He died only eight years after their marriage, leaving his young widow to care for their one child and his immense fortune."

The speaker paused for a moment, his dark face grown suddenly flushed with anger.

"Perhaps it is well the Don Francisco died at such an early

age," he went on heavily, "for he was spared knowledge of the grief that came to his family and to all our brethren in Portugal. He, at least, did not share in the misfortunes of the 'New Christians.'"

"Those Jews who escaped from Spain and found safety in Portugal by declaring themselves faithful sons of the Church," said the rabbi in harsh rebuke.

"Many of us remain Jews in secret," protested the younger man. "And when new rulers made our lot too heavy in Portugal, some of us Marranos like Donna Gracia fled to Belgium with our families."

He smiled a little. "Those of my father's house, like many other refugees, brought no gold with us to the Low Countries. We were not overburdened with business cares like Donna Gracia, who had not only her own fortune to manage, but that of her brother-in-law; he left his widow and his little daughter and his great estate in Gracia Mendes' charge. The lady is a shrewd as she is beautiful; her wealth seemed to increase day by day."

"As King Solomon sayeth," the rabbi reminded him, and he quoted:

> "She is like the merchant-ships;
> She bringeth her food from afar."

"Yes spices from the Orient which her agents sold at a great profit," agreed the Portuguese dryly, "profits she invested with much shrewdness in government loans to England and France and Germany."

"Our hostess is far too busy with a thousand and one affairs to spend her time weaving clothing for her household," laughed the Venetian Jew.

The old man did not seem to hear him. He had slipped away into the past and was in Salonica again. Now he was returning home from the synagogue; his young wife met him

at the door of their house; all was clean and bright in readiness for the Sabbath. He seemed to see again the Sabbath table with the freshly baked loaves, the wine cup, the candles which the mistress of the house had just blessed. And to the remembered image of the woman, dead these many years, the aged husband repeated again the traditional verses of Sabbath eve:

> "A woman of valor who can find?
> For her price is above rubies."

His head drooped on his breast and for a little while he slept the light, easy sleep of old age; for the glare of the swaying brazen lamps and the innumerable tapers in their candelabra, the clatter of dishes, and the hum of many voices had caused him to grow very weary.

In her high-backed carved chair at the head of the long table Donna Gracia stirred uneasily for she, too, was very weary. Like her humble guest, nodding above his plate, she allowed her mind to wander far, far back into the past. Like pictures in a slowly unfolding scroll, she saw her native land of Portugal, long hazy with dreams. She passed on to Flanders with its new responsibilities, its difficulties and triumphs. Smiling, she now recalled how, although a New Christian and suspected because of her Jewish blood, she had won the friendship of many nobles of the Brussels court and was envied as the companion and confidante of the queen, herself.

Remembering that friendship, Donna Gracia Mendes now frowned a little. Sometimes one pays too highly for royal favor, she thought. Although a proud and doting mother, she had realized that it was more than her daughter's acknowledged beauty that had caused so many suitors to seek her hand in marriage. The girl was a great heiress; many an impoverished prince was willing to forget the maiden's Jewish ancestry as he computed her probable dowry. There had been

bridegrooms already interested even in Gracia's niece and ward, then little more than a child.

"I agree with you that she is still too young for marriage," the queen had answered Gracia Mendes, when urging the suit of one of her favorite nobles. "But, surely, you know that among us of the court it has long been the custom to betroth our children while still in the cradle." She added that her brother, Emperor Charles, was personally interested in the marriages of the young heiresses.

Donna Gracia dared not tell the all-powerful queen that although a New Christian she was still a faithful Jewess at heart and wished her daughter and niece to marry among their own people. Yet, in spite of the greatest diplomacy, she and her sister were accused of disloyalty to the Church. A portion of their property was confiscated; but the Mendes family escaped to Venice. Donna Gracia shrugged aside her losses. No price was too high, she decided, to pay for the privilege of choosing a husband for her only child.

She had soon found him, the desired son-in-law, Joseph Nasi who now sat at her right hand during the Sabbath feasting. Donna Gracia looked toward him with proud affection; he well deserved his Hebrew title, the Prince, she thought, for he was truly a leader among his brethren. The Gentiles also recognized his worth: the first and only Jew to attain princely power in Europe, he ruled over Naxos with ability and honor.

Her sensitive face saddened as she remembered her sojourn in Venice. It was too dangerous for her to declare herself a Jewess in the Republic of the Doges. But she had grown so weary of wearing a mask. Her own sister made Gracia's life miserable by quarreling with her for the right to control the property of her niece, still a minor. There was a degrading law suit; the proud Gracia Mendes was actually placed under arrest to prevent her escaping before her trial.

But Donna Gracia refused to surrender what she considered her just rights. She had for a long time desired to live

in Turkey where there was no danger of punishment for deserting the Church. She knew that in a Moslem land she and her family would be allowed to live openly as Jews.

Little by little, she smuggled out of Venice as much of her fortune as she could gather together and sent it to her agents in Constantinople. She was fortunate enough to win the friendship of Moses Hamon, the sultan's physician, the descendant of Spanish refugees. He persuaded the sultan to use his influence with the Venetian Republic and she was permitted to seek a new refuge. In 1558 Gracia and her family and a great retinue of followers arrived safely in Constantinople.

Tonight, sitting at the head of the banqueting table, she remembered the triumphant ending of all her journeys. The ladies rode in four magnificent coaches with their waiting-women, all so richly dressed that the populace, standing by the roadside, wondered what royal personage was entering the city. Around them rode forty armed men, who had protected the company along the dangerous bandit-haunted roads through the Balkan Mountains.

After so many upheavals, it had been good to find a warm welcome in Constantinople. Not only the wealthy and the powerful like the Mendes family had found refuge there. The wandering Jews from Spain and Portugal brought their knowledge of foreign languages and their experience as foreign traders. Jewish doctors and scientists offered their skills to high and low alike. In time of war, Sulieman, known as the "Magnificent," and the rulers who followed him looked to their Jewish subjects for the production of firearms, gunpowder and cannon. Jews who had long practiced the arts of goldsmiths, weavers, and dyers aided Turkish industry in days of peace.

The Jews were grateful for their haven. No wonder a Jewish poet compared the new refuge to the Red Sea, which God had divided for the children of Israel when they fled from

Egypt, allowing them to enter the Promised Land in safety.

"If it were only Palestine!" thought Donna Gracia, with sudden longing as she looked down the table toward her guests gathered from so many places. After many difficulties she had succeeded in having the body of her husband transported to the Holy Land. Some day—would it be soon, she wondered, for she was often weary and ill—she would rest beside him there. But first, if God were merciful, she might spend her last days in the land of Israel.

Again she looked with pride toward Joseph Nasi, dear to her as nephew and son-in-law. The Duke of Naxos had actually created a Jewish center near Tiberias to which his own ships brought refugees. Many of these pilgrims to Palestine were Italian Jews; they hoped to establish there the silk weaving they had practiced in their native country.

Tonight Gracia dared to dream of Palestine reborn, the sandy wastes again blooming and fertile. The land would be dotted with farms, with schools and synagogues. She herself would live in a modest little house, which would be far less wearisome to supervise than this splendid palace. No retinue of servants, she decided, just a maid or two, and a man to tend her fig-trees and prune the vines.

But when could she journey to her last, her true home?

Great lady though she was, she was bound by many duties and less free than the porter at her gates or the water carrier in the streets beyond. Her weary mind sorted over the morrow's interviews: letters and funds to dispatch to refugees, who waited with the impatience she herself had known to escape to Turkey; a conference with the elders of the synagogue she had built in her own palace and richly endowed; another with her steward who, she suspected, had grown miserly with the meal to which she invited daily over four hundred of her impoverished brethren; yes, and she must confer with the great scholar whom she supported while he made the first translation of the Bible into the Spanish

tongue.

And now Joseph Nasi, leaning toward her, reminded her of the project to which she had devoted so much of her restless energy.

"A little more wine?" He lifted the golden flagon and filled her jewel-set goblet. "Let us drink to the project dearest to your heart. But not," he raised a warning finger, "to the success of another boycott."

Donna Gracia frowned. She hated to be reminded of the one great failure of a life crowned with success.

Her mind flashed back to the year 1556. Could it be thirteen years ago? she thought. Is it true that when one grows older, time passes ever more quickly? News had come to Constantinople that Pope Paul IV had suddenly withdrawn the protection his predecessors had granted the Jews of Italy. A group of former Marranos from Portugal had long lived in security in the port of Anocona; they had grown prosperous and much of the oversea traffic of the papal states passed through their hands.

Now the Holy Office was reinstated; the horrors of the Inquisition were renewed. Twenty-five Jews who refused to recant were burned at the stake; others confessed their sin of backsliding and were granted the doubtful mercy of being banished to Malta to serve as galley slaves. Some managed to escape to the nearby seaport of Pesaro, to live under the protection of the Duke of Urbino, who hoped their business enterprise would help fill his coffers.

It was then that Gracia Mendes, splendid in her wrath and pity, had tried to organize a boycott of the papal states.

"Jewish merchants control the sea trade of Turkey," she argued. "Let their trading centers be removed from the dominions of the pope and be centered at Pesaro which is safe from the Inquisition."

In her enthusiasm, she even advocated that the rabbis of Jerusalem should launch a ban of excommunication against

Pope Paul.

Both projects failed utterly. The Palestinian rabbis not only refused to utter such a cruse against the head of Christendom, but argued against it. Although the Jewish communities of Constantinople, Salonica and Adrianople approved a commercial boycott, other Jewish groups were against it. While the Jews of Anocona, entirely exposed to their enemies, begged that all attacks on the papal government should cease.

The failure of these plans to aid her people was the greatest sorrow and disappointment the proud and militant woman was ever to experience.

No, not the greatest.

When the goblets of the Duke of Naxos and his mother-in-law clinked together, and the young man proposed a toast to the lady's dearest wish, Donna Gracia's lovely daughter leaned forward in her chair. The eyes of the two women met in loving sorrow.

"I know what is the dearest wish of your hear, my mother," Reyna longed to say. "All these years you have wished for a grandchild. But I am your only child and I have borne no children to carry on the name and the good deeds of our noble house."

She spoke no word, but Donna Gracia bowed her proud white head as though she understood.

The tall candles burned low and sputtered in their sockets. The mistress of the house rose from her place and her guests rose also. All waited as she smoothed her shining, voluminous skirt, and, surrounded by her ladies-in-waiting, moved slowly to the door of the banqueting hall.

She stopped for a moment to exchange greetings with the merchant from Venice; they had been close friends during her sojourn there. Tomorrow he must come again to tell her how their people fared on the bustling Rialto and behind the barred gates of their ghetto. Even as she spoke, her eyes rested

kindly on the shabbily dressed rabbi from Salonica. He had been roused to rise with the rest; but his eyes were still heavy with his dreams and his memories.

Gracia lingered to murmur a greeting.

"A woman of valor," the old man quoted again. Then, slipping back through the years, he seemed to see his own young wife before him, as he repeated the closing lines of Solomon's tribute:

> "Many daughters have done valiantly,
> But thou excellest the all.
> Grace is deceitful, and beauty is vain;
> But a woman that feareth the Lord, she
> shall be praised.
> Give her of the fruit of her hands;
> And let her works praise her in the gates."

"I thank you," said Donna Gracia humbly, and her keen eyes grew suddenly soft with unshed tears.

Manasseh ben Israel
The Printer of Amsterdam
1604-1657 A.D.

Little Manasseh knew that he must never touch the precious hourglass which his father had managed to bring to Amsterdam along with a few other household treasures. But the six-year-old boy loved to stand before the high Dutch table and watch the golden sands trickling, minute by minute, from one delicate glass glove to the other. One day his father, Joseph ben Israel, comfortable in his arm chair, told Manasseh and his younger brother, Ephraim, a story of a wonderful hour-glass he remembers from other days.

"This was not in the Madeira Islands, where you were born, Manasseh," he began, between puffs of his long pipe. "I saw it in Lisbon, the fair city of Lisbon, many years ago." His eyes grew sad as though he still longed for the land of his birth. Joseph ben Israel had suffered shame and torment in Portugal and Spain; but even in Holland, where a Jew might walk as proudly and freely as any citizen, he sometimes felt himself an exile.

"There lived an Arabian near the street where my father dwelt, who was wise in many things. He had a magic hour-glass and the sand in it was not like any other sand on earth. It was said to be from the shores of the River Sambatyon; for every Friday night until the Sabbath was over, this sand did not trickle from glass to glass, but remained still."

"Where is the River Sambatyon?" the two boys cried in excited chorus.

In the year 1610 even sober-minded men like Manasseh's

father believed in many wonders. As surely as his two listeners, he believed in the far-away river. All week, he said, it flows with a great roaring between its banks in the blessed country where Jews dwell in peace and contentment. But on the eve of the Sabbath its waves sink into rest. Then the Jews who dwell on its shores light their candles to welcome the Sabbath.

"Just as mother blesses our candles every Friday night," said Manasseh.

"Yes, and in Amsterdam she does it without fear," answered his father and his voice was heavy with pain. "For here we are no longer secret Jews. We need not be Marranos for the Dutch allow us to worship the God of our fathers before all men."

He became silent, his face dark with brooding. Little Ephraim, deciding the story was over, ran out to spin his top on the scrubbed white stoop. But Manasseh remained staring at the hour-glass, lost in thought. He was old enough to know why the mere word, Marrano, made his father grieve. For he had heard many stories of his family's sufferings before they had found a haven in Holland.

The boy knew that his parents, and their parents before them, had been forced to live as Marranos in Portugal. He had shuddered to hear how in Spain his father had been accused by the Inquisition of secretly practicing his religion, had been imprisoned and tortured, and, when released, had been robbed of all his property. Broken in body and spirit, the unhappy man had at last managed to bring his wife and children to Amsterdam. Here, after over a hundred years of persecution, the Marranos might throw aside their grateful disguises and learn to live again as Jews. Manasseh knew that his own name told of his father's joy to find himself in a free land. In Madeira the child had been called Manoel, after his Christian godfather. Now he was named Manasseh, which means in Hebrew, "God hath made me forget my toil."

At last Joseph ben Israel roused himself and smiled at his son. "I did not finish my story," he said. "When the Marranos in Lisbon saw the sands in Arabian's glass become still, they knew it was time to celebrate their Sabbath—in secret."

"Father," asked Manasseh suddenly, "why didn't all the Jews who were treated so cruelly in Spain and Portugal come to Holland?"

"Truly, in Holland we are able to support ourselves; some of us have even helped these kind people by our skills as lens makers and diamond cutters and traders. But Holland is a small country," he sighed. "Though your mother has a kind heart, still she cannot afford to invite every homeless newcomer in Amsterdam to sleep in our tiny house. Nor have the Dutch room to make all Israel welcome."

"Then why don't Jews who want to be safe and happy go live near the River Sambatyon?" asked the boy.

"It is too far off." His father looked sad again.

"But why don't they go to other countries?"

"We have been driven from land to land for so many years that we no longer dare to call any country our home," sighed Joseph ben Israel. "Spain, France, Germany, England—it has always been the same story. For a little while we lived secure under the protecting wing of Church or prince; then pillage and slaughter and again exile. Now we are tolerated in Turkey by the Moslem; in Italy, even in Rome, the pope's own city, we are safe for a little while. But the hearts of our masters are as shifting as the sands in that hour-glass. Who knows when our unhappy brothers must again take up the wanderer's staff?"

"But when we all go back to the land of Israel we will surely be safe and happy," murmured Manasseh.

"Yes, my son," answered Joseph, and his eyes grew large with dreaming. "Today only a handful of our people know the joy of Jerusalem; even they must bow their necks beneath the Turkish yoke. But some day we who have wept so long beside

strange rivers will return with joy and singing."

"When, father, when?" Manasseh cried impatiently.

"It is written that first the children of Israel must be scattered to the uttermost ends of the earth. But when that day comes our Messiah, our Prince from the House of David, will appear and lead us back to the land of our fathers." He rose wearily and tried to smile toward the little girl who stood in the doorway, impatient, but too well-bred to interrupt him. "Yes, Esther, my daughter, I know you have come to tell us supper is ready. Come, Manasseh, we must not keep mother waiting."

But Manasseh caught his father's sleeve and detained him. "Thank you, father, for your story," he said. "When I am a man I am going to help the Messiah to take my people home."

In the years that followed Manasseh learned many things from the books he loved, and all his teachers were proud of their promising pupil. He no longer believed that his father was the wisest Jew in Amsterdam. But no lesson he ever mastered in the Y'shivo (Academy) meant more to him than the story he remembered whenever he looked at the old hourglass. Again and again he prayed that God would show him a way to serve his people.

It seemed at first that the youth meant to devote his life to winning the scholar's crown. At fourteen he took his place among the older and most respected students of the Y'shivo; at fifteen he made public addresses; at seventeen he composed a Hebrew grammar.

As was the custom in those days Manasseh married very young. He was only nineteen when he led beneath the marriage canopy a girl who also came from a family of Portuguese exiles. The bride's father, a prominent physician in Amsterdam, was proud of his decent from Don Isaac Abravanel. An old family tradition filled the bridegroom's heart with hope and awe. For Don Isaac Abravanel had not only been the

trusted treasurer to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain; the descendants of Abravanel were reputed to carry in their veins the blood of King David, himself. Manasseh, who felt more than a father's natural pride for his three children, dared to believe that one of his sons, Joseph or Samuel, might be chosen to lead Israel back to the Land of Promise. Or little Hannah, beautiful and pious as her mother, would some day bear the promised Prince of the House of David.

While Manasseh waited prayerfully for deliverance to come, he served the Jews of Amsterdam as rabbi and teacher. Not only had he become one of the outstanding scholars in that community of learned men, both Jews and Christians far beyond the borders of Holland spoke of his wisdom. Across the Atlantic Judah Monis was to use Manasseh's books while teaching in the new little college of Harvard; years later the Rev. Ezra Stiles, an early president of Yale, declared that Amsterdam rabbi, in spite of his religion, deserved to enter Paradise.

Even the less educated of Manasseh's congregation knew Jewish history and Jewish traditions; they could speak Spanish and Portuguese and, of course, Dutch. But Manasseh could read Greek and often wrote in Latin, then the language of scholars. It was said he knew ten tongues; it is certain that he composed books in half that many. Scholars marveled that he was familiar not only with the writings of the Jewish philosophers, but was well acquainted with many of the commentaries Christians had written on the Bible. He even found time to study medicine and to write Latin poetry.

For some years Rembrandt, greatest of Dutch painters, lived in the Jewish quarter of Amsterdam. His well-known etching of Manasseh ben Israel shows the rabbi as a somewhat stoutish, broad-shouldered man with a shrewd, alert face and keen eyes, If it were not for the inscription, we might think it the picture of a successful Dutch merchant of the early seventeenth century. For we must not think of Manasseh as a

scholar, locked in his little study, his thoughtful eyes forever glued to the pages of one of his beloved books. He was just as happy preaching in the synagogue; no politician could have been prouder or more diplomatic when the wife of King Charles I of England and her attendants actually attended his Sabbath service and listened to his sermon. He loved to walk the bustling streets of Amsterdam, lingering in the noisy taverns to talk over the news of the day, or to listen to some sailor's tales of strange and distant countries. He must have been a great deal like Benjamin Franklin, a hundred years later, a splendid jack-of-all-trades and master of them all. For that patriot was a scientist, inventor, statesman, author—and first of all a printer.

For many years Manasseh served his people through his printing press. Like Franklin, in his youth this Dutch rabbi printed his own compositions. Jewish scholars and teachers had always been proud to work with their hands as well as their heads and Manasseh was no exception. Like many rabbis before him, his labors for the synagogue did not enable him to support his family. His books though widely read brought him more honor than gold in an age when there were few book buyers and an author needed a wealthy patron to support him.

At that time printing was more of an art than it is today as all type was hand set; and, of course, when Manasseh became a printer there was no Hebrew type at hand to work with. But he ordered it to be made and opened his shop; soon he turned out the first Hebrew books ever printed in Amsterdam. Later he secured Latin type and began to print books in that language and in Spanish, which was still widely spoken and read in Holland.

Even when he could afford to hire plenty of workers, Manasseh would not allow a single page to pass until he had read and corrected every word. Printers must always sign the proof they have passed on with their initials or some special mark. So Manasseh devised a most unusual printer's signature

for himself, a tiny pilgrim, a staff in his hand, and a Latin motto, meaning, "we seek by our wanderings." Was he thinking of his unhappy people, persecuted in so many lands, always seeking for a resting place for their weary feet?

Again like Benjamin Franklin, Manasseh always found time for what he really wanted to do. In one of his many long letters, the rabbi-scholar-printer tells of attending services every morning and evening in the synagogue. Services over, he would remain to answer any questions concerning the Jewish Law which members of his congregation might bring to him. Or he might read to them from the writings of famous rabbis. Six hours a day he taught the younger children gathered in the school attached to the synagogue. An hour and a half more, he writes, would be given to lecturing or reading to the students of the Y'shivo, which he served as principal.

The door of his study was open every day from eleven until noon to visitors who might come to ask questions or seek advice of their minister. And we know that he never failed to devote at least two hours daily to his printing and publishing business. He also gave lessons in Hebrew to several Christian scholars. In the few hours left over from sleeping and eating and talking with his numerous friends, he stole time to answer the many letters that came to him from countries as far apart as Sweden and Italy.

Busy as he was, Manasseh ben Israel found time to dream. He liked to think of himself, perhaps, as a practical, hard-headed man of affairs. Yet in many ways he was as simple and credulous as an untaught child. He listened eagerly to travelers from lands so far away that they did not seem real countries to the folks of Amsterdam. He not only believed the wildest tales but would solemnly repeat stories of the Chinese making cloth out of stone, or of certain magic-workers in India absorbing food through their eyes.

So it is not all surprising that he accepted as sober truth the story of one Antonio, a Marrano traveler, who arrived in

Amsterdam in 1644.

As soon as Antonio left the port, he searched out the Jewish leaders of the city. The traveler signed a document swearing that his tale was true. Manasseh was one of the prominent Jews who watched the excited man, silent for a moment, scrawl his signature at the bottom of the last page.

The story of Antonio repeated to all who would listen has since been told again and again in different forms. Even in our own time such tales are believed by people who ought to know better. For since 1644 many scholars have proved that Antonio's account was almost as silly as the description of stone clothes worn in China.

Antonio, so ran the Marrano's account of the Jewish worthies, had reached the wilds of South America several years before.

"I gathered some Indians to act as my guides and protectors," he said. "Their leader was named Francisco by some earlier Spanish explorers. Such a violent storm overwhelmed us, high in the mountains, that the Indians feared they would perish. They said they deserved to die 'because of the way they had treated a holy people.' Now I had secretly studied the history of my nation, and I knew that was what the Jews were called. When I confessed to Francisco that I was really a Jew of the tribe of Levi he promised to lead me to the 'chosen people.'

"At last we came to the back of a mighty river. Francisco raised his hands and made a strange sign in the air. As quickly as though summoned by magic, a boat appeared on the waters; in it were three Indians, strong and handsome, and one Indian woman. When they reached us, Francisco talked to them in a tongue I could not understand; but I felt sure he was telling them that I was a Jew and could be trusted.

"They welcomed me as a long-lost brother. Then, standing proud and straight, the four strangers recited in Hebrew the one prayer of my people I also knew: 'Hear, O Israel, the

Lord our God, the Lord is One.'

"The woman told me that these strangers were indeed Hebrews of the lost tribe of Reuban. The tribe of Joseph, she said, lived not far off on a pleasant island in the middle of the sea. Her people had long yearned to be joined to the other Jews scattered in the far places of the earth. She begged that these Jews should send twelve wise men to her people to teach more of their religion and the art of writing which they had forgotten."

"And you met the rest of her tribe?" interrupted Manasseh.

"No," answered Antonio sadly. He went on to explain that these long-lost Jews were not allowed to cross the river as the Indians sought to wipe them from off the face of the earth. On the return journey Francisco told him that nearby tribes had often made raids against the "holy people." But the medicine man had finally admitted that no magic could prevail against the Israelites. For, said the medicine man, these Israelites are protected by their God who will some day make them strong enough to come from their hiding place and rule our tribes in strength and wisdom.

Not only Manasseh, but the Jewish elders who listened with him, marveled at the traveler's tale. The story spread to every Jewish community in Europe. Christian scholars, who believed that the Jews must be scattered over the entire world before the return to Israel, immediately wrote eager letters to the Amsterdam rabbi. Were these Indians indeed the Lost Ten Tribes? they demanded.

Manasseh not only answered all these letters at great length; he wrote and published a learned Latin paper, "The Hope of Israel." Never doubting the Marrano's story, Manasseh wrote that he believed "our Israelites were the first finders out of America…and I think that the Ten Tribes live not only there but also in other lands scattered everywhere. At the appointed time, all the tribes shall meet from all parts of the

world; nor shall their kingdom be any more divided, but they shall have one prince, the Messiah, the son of David."

Putting aside his long quill pen, Manasseh leaned back in his chair and stared dreamily at the hour-glass which stood on his study table. He saw himself, a sturdy, red-cheeked little boy, watching the golden grains of sand trickling from one globe to the other. And one day his father, dead these many years, had told his sons the story of an hour-glass in Lisbon and of the Jews who had suffered there. When the child had asked when the wanderers of Israel would be gathered together again in their own land, his father had repeated the very prophecy Manasseh had just set down on paper!

Manasseh had studied long and carefully not only the Bible and the Talmud, but the Zohar, a book of mysteries, which only the pious might hope to understand. He knew also the writings of the rabbis who had gathered in the little town of Safed in Palestine less than fifty years ago to wait for the coming of their Messiah. Was the time of which they dreamed really at hand?

"All the tribes shall meet from all the parts of the world," Manasseh knew of the flourishing colony of Jews in far-off Brazil. But Antonio had spoken of the lost tribe of Joseph transported, no man knew how, to a pleasant island in the Pacific Ocean. Surely the day for the gathering of the exiles was at hand. But, no, there was one land from which the Jews could not return for no Jews were allowed to live there—England.

England! Pale with excitement, Manasseh searched among the letters piled high on his desk until he found a number he had recently received from English scholars and clergymen. They reminded the rabbi that since King Edward I had driven his Jewish subjects into exile in 1290, no Jew who wished to practice his religion openly had been allowed to live in England. These Christians wrote they prayed the Jews might return to fulfill the prophecy of Moses: "And the Lord

shall scatter thee among all people, from one end of the earth even until the other." Didn't the Jewish writers in the Middle Ages believe that "the end of the earth" meant England? These Englishmen longed for the day of widest dispersion, which, they believed, meant that Jesus would return to the earth to gather together the lost sheep of Israel.

Manasseh had long prayed and waited for his Messiah. Although he was proud that his own children could claim membership in the House of David, he had sometimes felt that he would not be privileged to see the restoration of his people. His oldest son, Joseph, a brilliant student and teacher of the Law, had died after a brief illness. Samuel, the second son, did not have the gift of leadership. Manasseh's daughter, Hannah, when she married, might become the mother of the champion of Israel. But Manasseh, although often given to dreaming, felt he could not wait for the Child of Promise. He must do what he could to persuade England to fulfill the prophecy by permitting the Jews to return to the proud little island. After that it might please God to perform another miracle!

The next few years were the most important of Manasseh's crowded life. Jews in many countries, wishing to live a freer life and longing for the fulfillment of prophecy, wrote to the rabbi, urging him to plead their cause. More and more letters came from English sympathizers, promising to help the Jews resettle in the British Isles. In 1651 a group of English diplomats came to Amsterdam to make a treaty for their government with the Dutch. They visited the synagogue and later talked with the rabbi of whom they had heard so much. One of the statemen, John Thurloe, assured Manasseh that he himself and many of his countrymen would do what they could to help the Jews return to England. But first, advised John Thurloe, it would be best for Manasseh ben Israel to write directly to the English government. Praying that God would tell him what to say, Manasseh wrote the first of his

many appeals to England.

At the time England was not governed by a king. The ruling party called themselves Puritans because they believed they had a religion purer than that taught by the Church of England. They tried to follow the customs they found in the Old Testament; they greeted each other with phrases from the Bible; they gave their children Hebrew names. Of course, they believed in the ancient prophecies concerning the dispersion and the redemption of Israel.

The Puritans had grown so strong that they made war on Charles I. After they had deposed and beheaded their king, they made their victorious general, Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector. Cromwell, too, was a believer in prophecy; but he was also a practical man and much concerned in building up British commerce. He did not need Manasseh to remind him that Jewish merchants had done much to make great trading centers of Leghorn and Hamburg and especially Amsterdam. Why, reasoned Cromwell, should not Marranos, escaping from Spain and Portugal, bring to England their experience, their wealth and their connections with Jewish merchants in other parts of the world? He knew that of late years a few Marranos had crept into his country; they were, he considered, honest and hard-working and law-abiding.

Cromwell was far more tolerant than many other rulers in those days. "Why not allow the refugees already in London to practice their religion openly?" he asked his Council. "Why not invite other Jews to come to England?"

He reread one of Manasseh's appeals, asking that the English government should admit the Jews, "granting them liberty to come with their families, to be dwellers with the same equality which you subjects do enjoy." Cromwell resolved that he would use his great influence to grant Manasseh's plea for his people.

The rabbi's heart beat high with hope when he learned that the Lord Protector wished him to come to England to lay

his cause before the government. Still he was doubtful. It was a long, hard journey in those days of sailing ships and Manasseh was no traveler. Except for a visit to Antwerp, he had never left Holland since his father had found refuge there. He wondered how he, a Jew who kept all the laws of his people, would be able to live for even a short time in England. For he was sure that the few Marranos he would find there had drifted a long way from Judaism. But he was not the man to shirk his duty. He had just recovered from a painful illness. As soon as he was strong enough to travel, he bade farewell to his family and friends and set out on his journey.

After urging all the Jewish communities, near and far, to pray for the success of his mission, Manasseh left the port of Amsterdam on a September morning in 1655. He was accompanied by his son, Samuel; the young man had already visited England and we can picture the dignified rabbi and the eager youth pacing the vessel's deck, earnestly discussing their plans. For once, Manasseh was ready to listen to advice, even from one less learned and much younger than himself. His former pupil, knowing something of the English ways, became for the moment his teacher.

Father and son reached London just before Rosh Hashono, the Jewish New Year. They met the few Marranos, who had prospered there as merchants, and suggested they the holy day be celebrated with all the observances the Jews were free to practice in Holland. These secret Jews, who had escaped from Spain and Portugal, were ignorant of many of the customs of their people. Now they arranged for a room where they might hold their holy day services. The younger men looked puzzled when Manasseh asked for a ram's horn and inquired who would sound the traditional notes upon it. But several of the old men nodded understandingly, for they remembered hearing their fathers say that the blowing of the shofor is part of the New Year observance.

So the shofor was sounded in London for the first time in

over three hundred and fifty years. Many of the Marranos wept to hear it. When Manasseh spoke to them, telling his brethren to be of good courage, they rejoiced; for they believed that this day began the year of their deliverance.

Before leaving Amsterdam, Manasseh had composed a new pamphlet, which had been translated into English and printed in his shop. In it the rabbi asked that the Jews of England be given the right of public worship. Manasseh warmly defended his people against the slanders of their enemies, and promised their loyalty should England accept them as citizens. Dressed in his finest clothes, a bundle of these pamphlets under his arm, Manasseh made his way to Whitehall where the governing Council was in session. He boldly asked permission to enter that he might present his books to the lawmakers. Although he was refused admittance. And his pride was sorely hurt, a gentleman came to the door to receive the pamphlets.

But it was easier to see the Lord Protector himself. Cromwell sent word that the rabbi might visit him and they seem to have had several long talks together. Impressed by Manasseh's accounts of Jewish sufferings in many lands, the Lord Protector presented Manasseh's petition to the Council. No one dared to oppose Cromwell openly; so the Council, which was far from ready to grant Manasseh's prayer, appointed a committee to study the matter more carefully.

There was much excitement through England. Not only Cromwell but many prominent statesmen and ministers were favorable. But there were enemies on every hand who repeated all the old accusations against the Jews—and added many new ones. It was actually buzzed about London that the Jews had offered a staggering sum for St. Paul's Cathedral, which they intended to turn into a synagogue.

Foolish stories like this grew wilder and spread from mouth to mouth, while the Council met again and again and listened to arguments for and against readmission of the Jews

to England. At last a compromise was proposed: the Jews would be permitted to return to England but certain restrictions would be placed upon them. Because the merchants of London feared competition, it was suggested that Jews should be permitted to live only in seaports and towns where there was little business, and that they should pay double duties on any goods they bought abroad or sold to other countries.

Cromwell rose and faced the Council angrily. He reminded the merchants, who had just spoken, that they had described the Jews "as the meanest and most despised of all people." Then why, he asked, should proud English merchants fear the competition of the Jewish traders? He was weary, he said, of waiting for the Council to act. "I ask you," he ended, "to pray that I may be directed to act for the glory of God and the good of the nation."

Would the Lord Protector ignore the wishes of the Council and declare on his own authority that the Jews might enter England without any restrictions? Those who knew Cromwell's temper best expected him to do so and again Manasseh dared to hope that his mission would not end in failure. Yet week after week passed and Cromwell did not act.

But Manasseh wasted no time in brooding. Always clever at languages, he learned to speak English perfectly. He studied the life about him, so different from the ways of the Dutch folk. He visited the great libraries of Cambridge and Oxford and eagerly examined their collections of Hebrew books. Never happy unless he was writing, Manasseh spent hours at his desk, finishing and revising a new book.

Every Sabbath he joined the group in a Marrano home for the morning service. "We have not even a little synagogue of our own in London," he jested, though his heart was heavy, "yet some accuse us of planning to worship in their great cathedral." He visited with many who were powerful in Church and State. Some were merely curious for they had never met a rabbi before; others had heard of his great

learning and were anxious to discuss many matters with such a wise and pious man. A Quaker woman wrote a tract to convert him, and sent him a large bundle of printed copies to distribute among his Jewish friends.

Although Cromwell could be stubborn, he had a great respect for public opinion. Manasseh had managed to make many friends, but his mission stirred even more enemies; the voices of those who hated the Jews grew louder and angrier every day. Almost five months after Manasseh's arrival in England, the Lord Protector decided he could promise nothing beyond allowing the Marranos now in London to practice their religion.

But the sturdy little rabbi, waiting in his London lodgings, refused to give up his dream. In answer to the many recent pamphlets of abuse against the Jews, he took up his pen for his people for the last time. In his "Vindiciae Judaeorum" (Defense of the Jews), he ably answered all the accusations against Israel from the earliest days to his own time. No vindication of the long slandered nation had ever been written so bravely and so well. It was translated into many languages; it was used to defend the Jews for hundreds of years.

At the end Manasseh stated why he had come to England; he repeated his hope that Cromwell and the Council would still grant a favorable decision.

But he did not live to see his prayers granted.

"I cannot go back to Amsterdam," he told his son, Samuel, "and face those who told me my mission would not succeed. I cannot acknowledge that I should not have come to England."

This was his greatest grief but other thoughts tormented him.

"I have spent so much money, living here in idleness. Perhaps even now your mother and sister are in want. And I have wasted so much time. I should be back in Amsterdam seeing that my unpublished books are printed." He had given

so many books to the world; but he was not satisfied when he thought of the fourteen thick, handwritten manuscripts still on his desk.

He again suffered from the illness which had attacked him in Holland. It was fortunate that both he and Samuel had at one time studied medicine, for now the money which Manasseh had brought with him was almost gone, and he felt he could not afford to pay a physician's fee. Desperately he wrote to Cromwell that it was hard to face poverty in a strange land.

The Lord Protector, realizing that he had encouraged the disappointed man to come to England, sent him a sum of money and promised a yearly pension. But the Treasury opposed such a grant and Manasseh went into debt to buy drugs and tempting foods for Samuel who suddenly fell ill. Manasseh nursed his son and seldom left his side; the rabbi even neglected the writing and studies which had made life a little easier for him during the last bitter months. But in spite of his father's loving care, Samuel died while the little group of Jewish merchants in London were celebrating their Rosh Ha-shono festival. Manasseh remembered dully that two years ago his son had helped him read the services for the newly-established congregation.

Samuel had begged his father to bury him in Amsterdam among his kindred. The unhappy father felt he could not deny the last wish of his son from whom he had hoped so much. Although he was at last convinced that he had failed and there was no need for him to remain in England, Manasseh now decided that he could retire with honor. Again he wrote to Cromwell, telling of his promise to his only son, to carry his body back to Holland. Would Cromwell send enough money to pay for the journey?

Again Cromwell promised assistance, again the Treasury neglected to send Manasseh the pledged amount. It is likely that the Jewish merchants of London collected what was necessary. For soon the rabbi, grieving for his lost hopes and

his lost child together, set sail for home.

He never saw Amsterdam again. He landed at Middleburg where his younger brother, Ephraim, now lived. Resting in his brother's house, Manasseh no longer felt able to throw off the weariness which had come upon him. His only son was dead; his long battle for the readmission of the Jews to England had brought only failure. He was too tired to struggle any longer and although he was hardly past fifty he was glad to die.

In the year 1657 he was buried in the Jewish cemetery of Amsterdam where for thirty-three years he had labored unceasingly for his people. Close by slept his father and Manasseh's honored teacher. On the stone above the rabbi's grave was inscribed: "He is not dead; for in heaven he lives in supreme glory, whilst on earth his pen has won him immortal remembrance."

If there had been a true prophet among Manasseh's many friends and followers, he might have insisted that a line should be added declaring: "He brought the Jews back to England." But how could anyone dare to dream at the time that Manasseh had not failed?

Shortly after Manasseh's death, Oliver Cromwell died. The Royalists, who had long plotted for the return of the monarchy, brought back from exile Charles Stuart, son of the deposed king. As soon as he was crowned, Charles II and his cabinet canceled the laws which had been made during the twenty years of Cromwell's rule. Had the Lord Protector forced through a law to readmit the Jews it would certainly have been stricken out with the rest. For the Royalists hated everything the Puritans believed; they would have laughed at the religious enthusiasm which had made so many Englishmen sympathize with Manasseh's dream.

There was even a petition to the new king to drive out the few Jews then living in England. But Charles replied by asking that in his kingdom the Jews be granted protection.

This encouraged the Jews of London so much that a few years later they sent to Amsterdam for a rabbi. Manasseh had taught them what it meant to have their own religious leader.

Now why was Charles II friendly to the Jews? He had no religious prejudice for religion meant little to him. And he may have remembered gratefully that when he was a penniless exile he had received funds from certain wealthy Jews of Amsterdam. He had promised his support if he ever regained his throne; although sometimes rather careless in his obligations, this time he did not forget. Charles was too lazy to fight for an oppressed people; but he was too good-natured and easy-going to throw barriers in their way. He knew the temper of the nation to throw barriers in their way. He knew the temper of the nation too well to urge Jewish immigration as Cromwell had done; but he did assure the Jews of London his protection, and did nothing to prevent others from joining them.

Knowing they would not be molested, more and more Jews began to trickle into England. No attempt was made to forbid their religious practices; in fact the king and his courtiers actually paid a visit to the newly-established synagogue. There was no special Jewish tax. Fifty years after Manasseh's journey to England the liberal eighteenth century brought into blossom the seeds he had tried so hard to plant!

The printer from Amsterdam had "builded better than he knew." He had gained for his people a home for which they paid England all the devotion and loyalty Manasseh had promised in their name. But he had accomplished much more. For his efforts had helped that country to take a step forward in tolerance and human brotherhood.

Ba-al Shem Tov
The Humble of Heart
1698-1760 A.D.

So many stories are told of Israel Ba-al Shem Tov, Master of the Good Name, that if we tried to tell you even half of them, they would fill this book, and there would not be any room for the other famous Jews who came after him. For whenever the disciples of Rabbi Israel met, each tried to outdo the other in his tales of the wonder-working saint. He became the hero of the legends the Jewish story tellers told their enthralled listeners as they traveled from town to town. In the eighteenth century little Jewish children, without story books or radio or moving pictures or television, often found their greatest happiness in listening to the legends of the Ba-al Shem.

Today it is difficult to separate the legend in the life story of Israel Ba-al Shem Tov from history. For not only his own life but the story of his father and of many of his disciples reads like a fairy-tale.

We are told that Israel's father, Rabbi Eliezer, was so hospitable that he actually set servants on the outskirts of his little Carpathian village that they might bring any passing traveler to his house. This pleased God and His angels; but Satan, always trying to confound the pious, begged permission to go to earth to trick the good man into showing discourtesy to a wayfarer. But instead God sent Elijah, the prophet, who entered Rabbi Eliezer's house in the form of a poor traveler; although it was the Sabbath day, the prophet carried a staff and a knapsack.

Carrying any burden on the Sabbath was forbidden by Jewish law. But Rabbi Eliezer, although a very religious man, was too courteous to rebuke a guest, and offered the supposed traveler food and shelter for the night. The next morning, before he departed, the stranger blessed his host and said, "I am Elijah, the prophet. You will be well rewarded for your kindness, for your wife will bear you a son who will make the eyes of the people of Israel see the Light."

It was recounted as one of the many wonders of Israel's wonderful life that he was born in the year 1700, which in the Jewish calendar is reckoned as the year 5459 after the creation of the world. To those who believed in the magic of numbers this was a most significant date.

Five, representing the powerful five-sided figure, the pentagon, is the keystone of the whole; here it is derived by subtracting the first two numbers from the last two. The first number in the date, multiplied by the fourth, also equals six multiplied by itself; the first added to the third gives us ten, always a sacred number; while the second added to the last number of our date equals thirteen, the number of the articles of the Creed, as set down by Maimonides.

The child's mother died shortly after his birth; a few years later the death of Rabbi Eliezer left little Israel an orphan. Fortunately for him, the Jews of the little village of Okup, although most of them were bitterly poor, were glad to obey the old Jewish law of protecting the orphan. The community managed to feed and clothe the fatherless boy, and what was considered even more important, it was arranged that he should be enrolled in the Cheder. This was the Hebrew school, where every boy past five studied, from early in the morning until it grew too dark for him to read.

Israel had always been an obedient child. But now he shocked his guardians by refusing to remain in school. He really tried to behave; but after sitting for a few hours in the crowded schoolroom, he would slip away into the woods to lie

under a tree and listen to the birds. When he was brought back to the Cheder, he said he was sorry he had run away and promised to study. But the next day he ran away again.

"The son of such God-fearing parents!" mourned Rabbi Eliezer's friends.

"He should be soundly beaten; that would teach him to remain in school," said an old man, severely.

"No, the boy has had no real home and no parents to teach him to want to study the Law," objected another. "We must not be too harsh to an orphan."

"Neither beatings nor kindness will drive knowledge into that thick head," said the teacher. "The boy is little better than an idiot. Who ever heard of a Jewish boy who preferred to lie under a tree and dream instead of studying the Torah?"

In time everyone in the village came to agree with the teacher, and Israel was no longer forced to attend Cheder. Sometimes when the weather was mild he remained in the woods for days at a time, living on berries and playing with the squirrels and rabbits, which soon learned not to fear him, and listening to the birds.

When Israel was about ten years old, it was decided that he must earn his own living. The teacher of the Cheder hired him to call for the younger children every morning and to bring them safely to school. At first the little boys marched after Israel in sober procession, dressed in long black coats and skull-caps like their fathers, silent, their eyes on the ground. But after Israel had sung to them the happy songs he had learned from the birds in the woods, the children also sang. At first timidly, because Jewish children of that day were taught to behave decorously; but little by little, they began to sing out loud and clear and even romped and shouted on their way to school.

It is said that the happy, childish voices rose to heaven where God and His angels rejoiced to hear them. But again Satan was troubled because he felt that a powerful force was

growing against him down on the earth. So the Evil One entered the heart of a sorcerer who dwelt in the woods just beyond the village.

This sorcerer had the power of turning himself into a werewolf; now, prompted by Satan, he attacked the children on their way to Cheder. But Israel took a huge stick and drove it through the snarling beast's heart. The next morning the sorcerer was found dead in his hut in the forest, the gnarled stick still buried in his breast.

When Israel grew older he became a sexton at the synagogue. He swept out the House of Study every morning and arranged the books. No one saw him study for after his duties were over, he either went to the woods to meditate, or curled up on a bench in the corner and went to sleep. But late at night, when the place was deserted and all the scholars were asleep in their beds, Israel would rise to study and to pray.

Now in a far-off city dwelt a Jew, a master of miracles, named Adam. But he was also called Master of the Good Name, because it was said that he knew the secret name of God, and through its power was able to heal the sick in body and those with troubled souls. When Adam grew old and knew he was about to die, he grieved that he had no one to whom to impart his secret. His only son was both learned and pious; but Adam knew he would not be able to make use of such terrible wisdom.

Adam prayed for guidance; then he dreamed that in the distant village of Okup lived a youth who was to succeed him as the Ba-al Shem Tov. So Adam's son, carrying his father's precious writings with him, journeyed to Okup and found Israel, then a boy of fourteen, in the synagogue there. After much pleading the stranger persuaded the boy to accept the dead miracle worker's instructions. Together they secretly studied the writings Adam had charged his son to deliver. And no man knew what strange wisdom had come to the

simple youth.

It was after this revelation that Israel became a teacher. No one dreamed of his great powers; but after he had shown great shrewdness in deciding a law case, one of the contestants, Rabbi Hirsch, offered the young man his daughter in marriage. So the betrothal agreement was signed; but Israel said he wished to conclude his year of teaching before he came to claim to bride.

Rabbi Hirsch died before the day set for the wedding. The betrothal contract was found among his papers, and his son, Rabbi Gershom, was greatly troubled because only the name of the bridegroom was given, and no one knew where he could be found. Then Israel appeared, no longer dressed in his respectable black garb, worn by teachers and rabbis, but wearing a peasant's rough sheepskin coat. Now he spoke like an uneducated man and used a peasant's rude gesture.

Rabbi Gershom, the bride's brother, was horrified.

"My sister," he said, "see what a man our father has chosen for you. It is not right that a maiden of a family of rabbis and scholars should be allowed to marry an ignorant Jew."

"If my father commanded this," answered the girl, "then it is also God's command."

Israel drew her aside. He said he was no longer the respected young teacher her father had admired. He told her of the secret wisdom bestowed upon him by Rabbi Adam which he made her promise never to reveal to anyone. He warned her that if she married him and followed him in his poverty, her life would be hard and bitter. But the maiden returned to Rabbi Gershom and said, "Brother, I will marry this man as our father promised."

Israel took his wife to live in a mean little hut in the foothills. Although she aided him in his work as a lime-burner, they earned scarcely enough to buy their food and clothing. She was often lonely, for Israel spent many hours high in the mountains, praying in the solitude.

When Rabbi Gershom heard of his sister's poverty, he was so grieved that he bought an inn so that Israel and his wife could make a living. One day he said to his friend, Rabbi David, "I hear you are going on a journey. If you pass my brother-in-law's tavern at Itrup, be sure to visit him; for I want you to bring me news of my sister."

When Rabbi David reached the inn at Itrup, he was so sleepy after his journey that he went to bed directly after supper. But Israel, who gave many hours to his study of the Torah, sat down in a corner of the kitchen, opened his Bible and began to read. He needed no lamp for as he read a great light seemed to pour about him.

Rabbi David awoke suddenly. Through the half-open door of his room he saw the light and was afraid. He rushed into the kitchen, crying, "The house is on fire!" He picked up a pail of water that stood near the door, but before he could pour it on the flame he saw Israel's face, aglow with happiness, beaming through the shower of light. Now Rabbi David knew that the fiery glory flowed straight from the Ba-al Shem's saintly soul, and that he stood before a holy man.

When Rabbi David returned home, he went at once to Rabbi Gershom and said, "I have visited your sister and she is well."

"And what of the dolt whom she married?" asked Rabbi Gershom. "I often wonder what sin my sister has secretly sinned to be cursed with such a stupid husband. For I need not tell you that she comes of a family long known for its learned and pious men."

"Your brother-in-law, Israel, is holier than any of the most saintly men of your family," said Rabbi David. Then he described the light that had flowed about Israel when he studied the Torah. Rabbi Gershom did not know how to answer him.

By the time Israel reached his fortieth birthday year, the news had spread of the wonders wrought by the Master of the Good Name. Jews traveled for many miles to visit his humble

house, to listen to his teachings, to ask for help in their troubles. Always he listened to their woes with tender sympathy; for he was much like St. Francis and carried in his heart a great love for all men.

Those who came to Rabbi Israel for advice and aid returned to their homes with many stories of his great wisdom and power, each tale more astonishing than the last.

"His prayers caused rain to fall after a drought of many months," reported one.

"It is said that the Ba-al Shem Tov recently went on a journey," one man said. "It was on a Friday afternoon and before he knew it, the three Sabbath stars shone overhead. So he stopped in a field and began to recite the prayers to welcome the Sabbath Bride. There were many sheep grazing in that field; when the rabbi began to pray they rose on their hind legs and listened with reverence."

"That is nothing," cried another, hardly waiting until the story was finished. "For we all know that he knew the language of the beasts of the field and the birds of the air and has power over them."

"But this story," exclaimed one of the listeners, "I have from the lips of one of the Ba-al Shem's disciples, a very holy man. On a wintry night, he told me, he went with the master to take the ritual bath in a pool in a cave in the forest. The water was as ice; but after the two had prayed and purified themselves it grew warmer. Then the disciples noticed that the candle he held in his hand began to drop and sputter.

"'Rabbi' he said, 'my candle is going out.'

"'Break an icicle from the roof of the cave,' said the Ba-al Shem, 'and light it. If God spoke to the oil in the candle and it burst into flame, He will speak again and the icicle will kindle.'

"And, friends," ended he who told the tale, "the icicle burned until they were bathed and purified. And when the disciple came out of the cave, he found a little icy water in

the hollow of his hand."

One of the wonders which Israel is said to have performed concerned his daughter, Udel. When she arrived at the age of marriage, her father said to her, "Your husband is among the many scholars who come to visit me. A sign will point him out to you."

When the Feast of the Rejoicing of the Torah came that autumn, there was the usual feasting and dancing in Ba-al Shem's house. As the students wildly danced about their master, one of them lost his shoe. He began to sing:

> "A maiden will put
> The shoe on my foot,
> A mother will rock
> The babe in her cradle!"

"Udel, my daughter!" called the Ba-al Shem.

Everyone turned to look at the girl who had been standing modestly at the door with the other maidens, and now blushed to attract so much attention. She came forward to look for the missing shoe; but she was so embarrassed, as she felt the eyes of the whole company still upon her, that she could not find it. She started to run out of the room.

"Udel, my daughter!" her father called again.

Remembering that she must obey the promised "sign," the girl took off one of her own tiny slippers. She handed it to the young student who laughingly tried to fit it on his own foot.

As usual the Ba-al Shem had decided wisely. The young student made Udel a fine husband. Two sons were born of the marriage; one grew up to be a great scholar, the other became a Tsadik, a holy man, to carry on the teachings of his grandfather.

If the Ba-al Shem Tov were known only for tales like these, we should place him with other half-legendary miracle workers of his day. But the Master of the Name was also a

builder and fighter. Although a man of peace, he really fought in his own way for the freedom of his people. He wanted to free them from the prison they had erected for themselves.

For hundreds of years the Jews had found an escape from their many griefs in study. Just as in the time of Rashi and Maimonides, the scattered and insecure people exalted learning. The child at his first lesson was reminded that the words of the Torah are sweeter than honey. The young boy spent his days standing before a tall desk, reading until the Hebrew letters danced in blurred lines before his weary eyes. If he acquired a reputation for learning, the richest man in the community was eager to have him for a son-in-law, for scholarship was esteemed above wealth. Then the youth, his wife, and any children they might have would be supported so that he could spend the rest of his life in study.

Even when he married a poor girl, it was considered desirable that the young husband should continue his studies while his wife kept a shop to make a living for the family.

Unfortunately, many Jews carried their reverence for learning to such extremes that they thought it more important than almost anything else in the world. They not only studied the Law day and night, but they divided every precept into its smallest possible parts over which they held long hair-splitting arguments. What was worse, many of the most highly educated became arrogant. They insisted that only the learned could really understand God and truly serve Him. They looked with scorn upon such humble people as tailors, water carriers, and shoemakers, who sometimes knew just enough Hebrew to read their worn prayer books and recite the Psalms.

Ba-al Shem Tov helped to restore democracy to his people. He reminded his followers how the greatest rabbis of old not only studied and taught Torah, but earned their own living by the work of their hands. He did not say the study of the Law was unimportant; he himself is said to have slept only

two hours that he might spend the rest of the night pondering over his books. But he insisted that the most ignorant man who truly loved God was equal to the wisest scholar. And the love of God, he taught, meant the love of man and all His creatures. Like the gentle Francis Assisi, this Jewish saint loved not only all mankind but the dumb beasts and the birds who had taught him his first lessons.

To illustrate how he regarded the common man, Ba-al Shem told his disciples this parable:

"Consider a man who is so busy in the market-place all day making his living that he almost forgets there is a Maker of the world. But when it is time for the late afternoon prayer, he is sorry that he has spent so many hours on other matters. He runs into a quiet alley and prays. And his prayer pierces the firmament and goes straight to God"

"The lowest of the low you can think of," he said at another time, "is dearer to me than your only son is to you."

Many Jews were not ready for such a revolutionary idea; they opposed the Master of the Name and his ever-increasing group of disciples. Certain learned rabbis felt that Israel was a dangerous influence and would foster ignorance and superstition among the people.

It is true that like many leaders the Ba-al Shem Tov was regarded by his followers with such reverence that in time extravagant practices arose among them. At the Sabbath meal those grouped about the long table often actually struggled to seize a bit of the bread which Rabbi Israel had held while pronouncing the blessing. They believed that his touch had sanctified the food and that even a taste of it would bring them health and strength.

Above all things the Ba-al Shem taught his followers to find joy in God.

"No man should bend his mind on not committing sin," he said. "His day should be too full of joyous service."

When the Chasidim prayed with such fervor and

happiness that they burst into gay song and danced as joyously as David once danced before the Ark, some rabbis said such conduct was improper in a synagogue. But the Master of the Good Name answered them with this parable:

"Once a fiddler played so sweetly that all who heard him began to dance. Everyone who was near enough to hear joined in. Then a deaf man, who could know nothing of music, came by. He thought the dancers were madmen."

It happened that Rabbi Israel once came to a strange town. He asked what manner the cantor chanted the prayers during the holy days in the fall; these prayers are the most solemn pronounced in the whole year.

"He recited all the confessions of sin in a cheerful voice," was the answer.

"Sin is ugly," said the Ba-al Shem. "But your cantor is like the humblest of the king's servants: his task is to sweep the dirt, which is sin, from the courtyard. But while he does so, he sings a merry song, for he knows what he is doing will gladden the king."

Unlike the scholars Rabbi Israel left no teachings in writing. He taught only by word of mouth and his disciples repeated his words one to the other. One day, when he had grown old, a student came to him with a book and said, "Master, these are your words which I have set down. This is the Torah of Rabbi Israel."

The aged man read a page here and a page there before he spoke.

"My son," he said, "not one word of this is my Torah." And he went on to say that God's truth is not revealed in books of the sages but is revealed to His servants who seek Him in contemplation and prayer.

He did not wish his teachings to be set down in writing and become cold and formal. He wished his words to be remembered as he had spoken them, alive with fervor and bright with happiness.

But what happened to the mystic book revealed to Rabbi Adam, which his son was not permitted to read? The Chasidim believed that this Book of Wisdom had been entrusted to only seven men. First, they said, it was given to Adam, then to Abraham, Joseph, Joshua, Solomon, Rabbi Adam and, finally, to the Ba-al Shem.

Just before the master's death, said the Chasidim, Rabbi Adam came to him in a dream and told him, "You have no more need for the Book of Wisdom. It is in your heart."

"Who shall read in it after I am gone?" asked Ba-al Shem.

"It must remain hidden for many years," answered Rabbi Adam.

Then, so runs the story, he led Rabbi Israel into the mountains. Here they found a huge stone. When Adam touched the stone it split open and the Ba-al Shem Tov placed the Book of Wisdom inside. He touched the stone and it closed.

No man has ever found the Book and no man will ever find it and read in it again, say the Chasidim, until the Great Day. Not even the Master of the Good Name was holy enough to lead his scattered people back to Palestine. But when God wills, his disciples teach, the Book of Wisdom will be found and read by one of David's line. For a descendant of the Shepherd King, an observant Jew, will be the chosen Deliverer of Israel.

Moses Mendelssohn
Out of the Ghetto
1729-1789 A.D.

For many years in many countries of Europe, the Jews had been penned behind the walls of their ghettos. In their assigned quarters, always the most crowded and unsanitary of the entire city, they lived like prisoners. Now the sun of freedom was beginning to brighten; but like unhappy captives, grown too accustomed to their dungeons, many did not realize that the ghetto walls were crumbling and feared to venture out into the world.

The tall, haughty grenadier, guarding one of the gates of Berlin on the late autumn afternoon in 1743, looked down with good-natured contempt on the half-grown boy who had just tried to pass beneath the great stone archway.

"Not so fast, my fine fellow," he cried. "This is your first visit to Berlin, isn't it? Then, maybe, you haven't heard that we don't care to be overrun with Jews. Adventurers from God knows where," he grumbled, "coming here to trade or to open a shop and take the bread out of the mouths of true-born Germans." He laughed harshly. "Why, even the Jews here in Berlin want to keep the rest of the beggars out; they have a sort of court to decide which ones we'll allow in. Can't say I blame them," he admitted, grudgingly. "They don't want to have a lot of starving beggars around like you to support."

The boy's pale face flushed at the soldier's taunts.

"Maybe my shoes are worn to tatters, sir," he stammered. "My father is a poor scribe, one who copies our Holy Law, and he could not afford to buy me a new pair before I set out on

my journey. Now," he shrugged ruefully, "they are quite worn out, for I have walked many miles from my native village in Dessau. But," eagerly, "my mother washed and patched my coat and trousers just before I left home. If I brushed the dust of the roads from my clothes and could have a bath, I really wouldn't look like a beggar."

A queer duck! decided the grenadier, again surveying the boy from his long, unkempt hair down to his worn shoes. Dirty and ragged and a Jew, yet he spoke with the confidence of a gentleman. A sickly lad, a regular cripple, decided the guardian of the gate with something like pity stirring his official heart, as he noted the hump rising between the bowed shoulders and the thin, prematurely old features.

"What's your name?" still curtly.

"Moses, the son of Mendel."

"How old are you?"

"I'm fourteen. And," eagerly, "maybe I don't look it, sir, but I'm really strong for my age and can do a man's work."

"A man's work, eh?" The soldier laughed. "So you've got a trade to support yourself?"

"Well, not exactly a trade, sir. But I have a very good Hebrew education. And I can write a clean, clear hand; so I thought if I could support myself for a while as a copyist—"

"You thought! You'd done better to stay in Dessau till you were sure you could earn your own living. Wouldn't your father support you any longer?"

"Oh, yes sir, but we both felt I'd finished my education in Dessau. In Talmud, I mean. But there's still a great deal more for me to learn," he explained hastily, adding in the traditional sing-song, "'the Talmud is like a sea and in his whole life a man cannot hope to draw more than a bucketful from its depths.' I am not really an ignorant man," he went on with simple pride. "At ten I wrote poetry in Hebrew and before I was confirmed at thirteen, I studied the *Guide* of our great Maimonides."

The burly soldier, who had never plodded beyond the pages of his catechism, and who could barely write his own name, scratched his head in perplexity.

"It seems to me you've got enough education now for a Jew—or a Christian for that matter," he decided.

"Oh, no sir! I'm just beginning. That's why I've come to Berlin. My old teacher, Rabbi Frankel, is now Chief Rabbi here. I know he will help me to find work and will guide me in my studies."

"Maybe it will be all right to let you in," considered the soldier. "If there's any trouble with the authorities, your Chief Rabbi can speak for you."

"Oh, thank you, sir," cried Moses, picking up his dust-covered bundle and preparing to slip through the gate. But his pinched face suddenly whitened; he leaned weakly against the huge stones of the gateway for support.

"What's the matter? Are you sick?"

"No sir. Just a little tired, and I'm a little hungry, too. Yesterday I spent the last of the few coins my father gave me. But I know that when I find Rabbi Frankel he will give me a good meal."

"Sit down," ordered the guardsman with rough kindliness. From a shelf in his sentry box he drew out a good-sized bundle, wrapped in a red and white checked napkin. "My wife always gives me too much to eat for my supper. Suppose we share it."

"Thank you. But I'm afraid," smiling timidly, "I am not permitted to eat it."

The soldier, who had unwrapped several huge hunks of black bread and slices of meat, stared at Moses questioningly. "Maybe my food's not good enough for you," he declared, his mockery returning.

"It looks very, very good," answered the boy, his eyes glistening with hunger. "I don't suppose you know our Jewish laws. But we must not eat what is not Kosher, that it, what

has not been prepared according to our laws."

"I've always though you Jews were a queer lot," muttered Moses' would-be host, "and you seem the queerest of the lot. Will you be allowed to eat the bread?"

"Yes, thank you," reaching for the largest hunk which the soldier held out to him. From his bag the boy drew a knife. He carefully marked the bread into four equal portions, cut off one slice, then placed the remainder of his precious gift in his pack.

"Now what are you doing that for? If you're as hungry as you say you are, you'll eat the whole quarter loaf I gave you and be wanting more."

"I taught myself on my journey to eat just one slice when I got very hungry," answered Moses, the son of Mendel.

"But why did you mark off the other three slices?"

"Because if I don't find Rabbi Frankel, I'll be very hungry tomorrow morning," answered the boy, "And I cannot afford to eat more than one slice at a time."

The tall soldier looked amused, but at the same time a little touched.

"I don't know anything about your poetry and what you learned from that fellow with the long name," he said at last. "But I swear you got a clever head on those crooked shoulders of yours. Even though you're just a poor Jew from the country, you're bound to make your way in Berlin."

Since the immigrant's first friend in the great city never read books or attended the gatherings of the learned and famous in Berlin society, it is likely that he was never able to verify his prophecy. But more than once he told his wife he wondered what had happened to that crippled little tramp he had fed in the gateway.

The path upward was far from easy for Moses Mendelssohn. Rabbi Frankel, for all his kindness, had many calls upon his time and purse. He could only help his former pupil secure a cold garret and a free few meals every week with different

families, often poor themselves but willing to aid a Jewish student. Moses often resorted to his trick of dividing a loaf of bread to furnish his entire breakfast, dinner and supper. When he earned a few pennies for copy work, he dined royally on several slices instead of one.

But he felt no real hardship. He remembered that the wise King Solomon had said that the poorest meal is better than a banquet if it is eaten in contentment. And now the ambitious little cripple knew real happiness for he was little by little acquiring the knowledge which would place him among the foremost philosophers of his day. He even managed, somehow, to save a little to buy himself books.

From the first Moses Mendelssohn realized that to serve his people he must be more than just another Jewish scholar. As a child he had spoken Yiddish, the Hebrew-German of the ghetto. He made up his mind to speak and to write the pure German of the most cultured and best-educated citizens of Berlin.

He determined that some day he would lead the more modern of his fellow Jews who believed that one could still be a faithful Jew even if he acquired a modern education. He began to study Christian theology and to compare what he read to the teachings of Maimonides and other Jewish authorities.

His first stroke of good fortune came after years of struggle in Berlin. A rich Jewish silk merchant hired the young scholar as tutor to his children. This meant more to the youth than a living wage; his employer was a "privileged Jew" and was assured the right of living in Berlin. Under his protection, and with a regular position, Moses no longer had to fear being expelled from the city.

Little by little the awkward, self-taught immigrant began to make friends. Some were among the scholars of his own people who worked toward a more enlightened age. A few were liberal and cultured Christians. Of all of those who

helped Mendelssohn on his way, the kindest and most influential was the playwright, Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.

The Jew was still despised as an inferior and a second-class citizen; there was a great deal of controversy and criticism in German literary circles when Lessing's first play, "The Jew," appeared. For instead of following the custom of making the Jew a clown or a villain, the Christian dramatist portrayed his hero as a noble and upright character.

"How estimable the Jews would be if they all resembled you!" exclaims someone in the play.

"How lovable the Christians would be if they all possessed your virtues," replies the Jew.

One can imagine Mendelssohn and Lessing exchanging such remarks. Each respected the other and his beliefs. Mendelssohn expressed this feeling, too seldom practice in his day, when he wrote as a Jew:

"According to the teachings of the rabbis, the righteous of all nations shall have part in the rewards of the future world. I am not allowed to attack any religion which is sound in its moral teachings."

While Lessing, when questioned whether a Jew could really be as admirable as the hero of his drama, pointed to his friend and replied, "Mendelssohn is a Jew. He is a man of about twenty years of age who, without any instruction, has attained to advanced proficiency in the study of languages, mathematics, philosophy and poetry. I predict that he will become an honor to his nation."

Never did two men appear more unlike than the humble-born, hunch-backed little Jew and the German poet with his graceful carriage and classic features. But in spite of the doubts of the long-oppressed Jews on one hand and the aristocratic Christians on the other, this unique friendship not only continued unbroken but grew stronger year by year. When Lessing wrote his greatest drama, *Nathan the Wise*, he portrayed a Jew as his ideal of charity and understanding,

whom no German reader could fail to recognize as Moses Mendelssohn.

By the time Mendelssohn was twenty-six, even the youngest of the Bernhard children whom he tutored had grown too old for private instruction. Mr. Bernhard offered the teacher the position of bookkeeper in his silk factory. Mendelssohn shrank from entering commercial life. But he was not able to support himself by his writing and he wished above all to be independent.

"Even if I must be a bookkeeper all day, I can still study and write at night," he comforted himself.

Now that he was able to support a family, Moses was eager to marry. Far from his own family, he grew discontented and lonely, especially during the home festivals of Purim and Passover which had once brightened his boyhood. Although he no longer lived in a garret, his comfortable dwelling seemed bare and cheerless with no wife to help him observe the festivals or to bless the Sabbath candles. More than once he smiled sadly as he remembered the rabbi who declared, "I do not call my wife, 'wife,' I call her 'home.'"

Now we find him writing to Lessing:

"I should not have been silent so long had I not been to Hamburg where I got entangled in all kinds of distractions. I have been to the theatre, have made the acquaintance of men of learning and, a thing that will surprise you, I have committed the folly of falling in love in my thirtieth year. The young woman I intend to marry has neither fortune, nor beauty, nor learning and yet, enamored fool that I am, I am so captivated by her that I believe I can live happily with her."

A story, which may or may not be true, tells the manner of Mendelssohn's wooing.

After gaining her father's consent to the marriage, the young philosopher wondered whether Frumet, a blue-eyed, rather simple girl, might not disdain such an ugly suitor. So, as they sat talking together, Moses asked her whether she

believed that marriages were indeed made in heaven.

"I have always heard so," answered Frumet, blushing a little, her eyes fastened on her knitting.

"Perhaps you will believe my little tale," said Mendelssohn, smiling. "I, too, believe that when the soul of a child is about to be sent from heaven to inhabit a mortal body, God, who arranged and performed the marriage of Adam and Eve, selects his future mate.

"Now, some thirty years ago the soul of a Jewish child was called before the heavenly throne. And this boy was told that he was destined to marry a girl, ugly and crippled with a cruel hump upon her back.

"Then the soul of the Jewish boy, who was to be named Moses, pleaded with God, saying, 'Master of the Universe, I know that You are wise in all things, and that I must not question Your wisdom. But I already love this girl You have destined to be my bride. I do not wish her to suffer the shame of ugliness and the pains of ill health and deformity. Give all these trials to me that I may bear them for her sake.'

"And God granted my request," ended Moses Mendelssohn, smiling, "and made me so deformed and ugly that I am sure no woman will be willing to marry me. Unless," he added, quickly, "she is a pious maiden like you, Frumet, who is eager to fulfill the destiny that God had planned for her."

When Frumet answered him, she spoke so softly that Moses had to lean toward her to catch her words.

"Everyone says that you are the wisest man in all Germany," she whispered. "I have no means of knowing whether that is true, because I am only an ignorant woman. But I do know that you must be the kindest man in the world to be glad to take my troubles upon you."

And so they were married and like the prince and the princess in the old fairy-tales lived happily afterwards. Even in a house cluttered with hideous china apes!

Mendelssohn, who was a lover of everything beautiful,

pleaded with Frumet that the stupid ornaments should be thrown out on the ash heap. But she who was always thrifty for once crossed his wishes.

"I think they are ugly, too," she said, "but as long as we were forced to buy them for our own wedding present, and they cost so much money, we had better keep them."

She referred to one of the many stupid and irritating liabilities placed upon the German Jews. The year the Mendelssohns asked permission of the government to be married, they were obliged like every other Jewish couple in Berlin to purchase a number of the ugly china animals. Frederick the Great had decided that the German manufacturers of pottery should be encouraged!

Mendelssohn had another reason for disliking his king. Frederick prided himself not only upon his army and his statesmanship, but was ambitious to shine as an author. With all his other duties, the monarch found time to write works on history, politics and philosophy—as well as six volumes of poetry. His books were published by the Berlin Academy of Sciences and were rapturously received, even if not always read, by his loyal subjects. Not only writers fortunate enough to be admitted to Frederick's court, but the literary critics, were expected to praise the royal output.

Mendelssohn happened to be a most conscientious critic. When he reviewed a volume of the king's verses, he said nothing of their value as poetry. For one thing they were written in French, then the "polite tongue" of all Europe, and Mendelssohn may have felt he did not have a sufficient knowledge of that language to criticize the style. But he objected to some of King Frederick's ideas on God and immortality, which he felt were neither Jewish nor Christian. So he wrote just what he thought in a published paper.

Fortunately for the little cripple, when he was summoned to appear before the Attorney General to explain his impertinent criticisms, his modest, honest, and intelligent defense

caused all charges against him to be dropped. There is a story that he acquitted himself equally well when he appeared before King Frederick himself in his famed summer palace at San Souci. We have no evidence that the royal author ever forgave Mendelssohn for his attack. But he was not vindictive; later he granted a petition that Moses Mendelssohn, still a "foreigner" in Berlin, should be granted the privilege of living there unmolested by the authorities.

Shortly after his marriage, Mendelssohn won wide recognition by writing an essay which brought him a prize of fifty ducats offered by the Berlin Academy. The announcement that this great honor had come to a Jew meant the beginning of a new attitude toward the Jews of Germany. Hitherto they had been regarded as a foreign race of money lenders and pawnbrokers and peddlers. But now one of them had taken his place in the first ranks of German writers and thinkers.

What was just as important, Mendelssohn had helped the Jews themselves to break down their ghetto walls. Many of them had hesitated to take their places in the world outside. When Moses came to Berlin, many Jews were so afraid of "heathen learning" that they considered it wicked even to own a German book. Although Mendelssohn was known to be a pious Jew, some of his fellow Jews called him a heretic for translating the Hebrew Scriptures into German for his children.

But little by little Mendelssohn convinced his people that a man might enjoy the culture of the modern world, yet remain faithful, self-respecting Jew. When Lavater, a prominent writer of that day, attacked Judaism, Mendelssohn answered him by writing a magnificent defense of his faith, "Why I Am a Jew." He was deeply touched when the congregation in Berlin, in gratitude for his many services to his people, made him free for all time from congregational dues and taxes. Later, this same group passed a resolution that Mendelssohn might seek any office in the synagogue without

passing through the preliminaries required of other members.

He was very happy in his family life; he never dreamed that the children he taught so lovingly would forsake the Judaism he had helped to save. His two beautiful daughters, after their father's death, deserted their father's faith. His son, Abraham, a successful banker, shortly after his marriage, accepted baptism. Abraham's wife, Leah, also became a Christian and took Felicia as her baptismal name. Their son, Felix Mendelssohn, was reared in his parents' adopted faith; he wrote magnificent music for the church; but none of his lovely melodies were composed for the synagogue so dear the grandfather's heart.

Of all this Moses Mendelssohn was happily unaware as he continued to study and to write. As the years passed, the circle of those who had befriended and encouraged him grew smaller. He began to be lonely. He suffered his greatest loss at the passing of Lessing. When a writer attacked the dead dramatist, Moses Mendelssohn, although he had long believed his fighting days were over, hurried to his defense.

This defense, "To the Friends of Lessing," was not published during Mendelssohn's lifetime. Working beyond his strength, the dauntless cripple finished the last page, and carried the manuscript to the publisher. It was the last day of the year 1785. When he returned home, Moses complained of feeling tired; the weather had been raw; could he have taken cold? He went to bed to rest but the next morning did not feel strong enough to rise. On the fourth day of the new year he died, his darkening eyes turning to a bust of Lessing which stood beside his bed.

James Madison
"The Father of the Constitution."
1751 – 1836

"He was not the sort of hero for whom people throw up their caps and shout themselves hoarse; but his work was of a kind that will long be powerful for good in the world."

—*John Fiske.*

There was excitement on the college campus and within the college walls. From out the plain building that was at once dormitory, chapel, and school-room, where the great portrait of King George the Second frowned down upon the protesting students, black-robed figures streamed out upon the college green, where already a fire was crackling and climbing as if anxious for some accepted sacrifice.

The sacrifice was evidently ready. For as the young collegians in their black robes formed, two and two, and winding out from Nassau hall serpentined over the college green to the tolling of the bell and gathered about the fire, out from the ranks stepped two young fellows, one of whom held in his hand a copy of one of the abbreviated and unattractive looking newspapers of that day. It was a July night in the year 1770. The college windows were open, the college bell was tolling, the college spirit was aroused, and while from the doorway the well-recognized form of the college president, good Doctor Witherspoon, the patriot of Princeton, looked down in unacknowledged but very evident sympathy upon the scene, the black-gowned student with the paper shook it aloft and with the sentiment, "So perish all foes to liberty!" thrust the newspaper into the fire.

It was a suttee of a copy of "Rivington's Gazette," in which had been published a letter from certain weakened and unpatriotic merchants of New York who had proved false to their pledge under the non-importation agreement and had written to the merchants of Philadelphia requesting them to act with them against the Non-Importation Act, which, so these thrifty merchants thought, would be a boon to trade, to profit, and to security.

But the students of Princeton College were "true blue" patriots. Some of them already belonged to the aggressive "Sons of Liberty," and all of them were ready to stand forth as friend and follower of independence, the cause to which their preceptor, good Doctor Witherspoon, was already committed, and for which he taught his students to love and to labor—even to die.

Earnest and enthusiastic in this boyish revenge upon a time-serving and unpatriotic act one young Princetonian was foremost in his groans for the merchants and his cheers for the Sons of Liberty, President Witherspoon, and non-importation.

He was a slight-built, not over strong, keen-eyed young fellow of nineteen, unused to demonstrations and unskilled in hurrahs. But on this night his enthusiasm mastered him, and quiet, unobtrusive, serious and often solemn James Madison, the Virginia boy, was as vociferous as the rest.

He never was much of a real boy—the restless, impulsive, active, careless college boy most familiar to us. Indeed, one of his biographers declares that he seems never to have been a young man. But such an occasion as this stirred him to enthusiasm as few occurrences did, so that one can scarcely tell, as he reads his letter home, giving an account of the student's bonfire, which stirred and inspired James Madison most—the tolling bell, the solemn march and the parading black robes in the college yard, or the practical and exuberant patriotism of the college boys of that year of 1770, when they were, "all

of them, dressed in American cloth."

Indeed, the studious, serious-minded, and sober-faced young Virginian, who seems to have indulged in few laughs and less jokes in all his busy life, interested himself, while little more than a boy, in the great questions that were disturbing America and upsetting the world in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. For we come upon such a letter as this, written from his quiet country home to a boy friend, left behind at Princeton, when the writer was but a very young man:

"We are very busy at present in raising men and procuring the necessaries for defending ourselves and our friends, in case of a sudden invasion. The extensiveness of the demands of the Congress, and the pride of the British nation, together with the wickedness of the present ministry, seem, in the judgment of all politicians, to require a preparation for extreme events."

When these "extreme events" came at last, young James Madison was not only prepared for them, he bore a part in them. It was not the part of a soldier, for he was weak in body and poor in health; indeed, we find him in a letter to a young friend lamenting that while that friend had "health, youth, fire, and genius to bear you along the high track of public life," he, James Madison, was "too dull and infirm to look for any extraordinary things in this world," and could not "expect a long or healthy life." And yet that "dull and infirm" young invalid lived for more than sixty years after that letter was written, and became one of the most active and foremost men of his day and generation.

But if he could not bear the part of a soldier at the front he did, early in his career, assume the work of the statesman. When but twenty-three years old he was appointed a member of the Virginia Committee of Safety of 1774—the youngest member of that important body, and in 1776 he was elected a delegate to the Virginia Convention, where he helped prepare the famous "Bill of Rights," which placed Virginia beside

Massachusetts in the opening struggle with England, and, what is almost as important in Madison's story, where he first met the man who through very nearly all the years of Madison's life was to him as "guide, philosopher, and friend"—Thomas Jefferson, of Monticello.

The Bill of Rights was, in effect, a declaration of what the proposed State of Virginia meant to do for the comfort and freedom of its people, and in it James Madison proposed and prepared the clause providing for toleration in the free exercise of religion to which all men are equally entitled according to the dictates of conscience—not a bad way for a young statesman to begin his public work.

Before he was thirty years old, in December, 1779, James Madison was elected by the Legislature of Virginia as one of its delegates to the Continental Congress, and thus began his long career of public service of over forty years—a service that closed only with his retirement from the highest office in the gift of the United States.

His congressional life filled many busy years, and his services were of lasting value to the Republic. It was he who stood out longest and strongest against the encroachments of Spain, and demanded from that procrastinating nation the rights to navigate the Mississippi; it was he who declared in Congress that the demands and desires of constituents should not be binding upon their representatives in Congress; it was he who declared that "the existing Confederacy is tottering to its foundation," and urged a speedy binding of all the States together in a firm national government—"the Union before the States and for the sake of the States;" it was he who proposed a certain plan of union out of which the Constitution of the United States was finally evolved, and this proposition, linked to his careful report of the proceedings of the convention which made the Constitution, has caused him to divide with Alexander Hamilton the title of "Father of the Constitution." It was James Madison who, joined with

Hamilton and Jay, wrote a number of carefully prepared, thoughtful, and exhaustive papers on the nature and meaning of the Federal Constitution, as the great document was often called; these papers were collected in a volume called "The Federalist" a treatise which is, today, according to Professor Channing, "the best commentary on the Constitution and one which should be studied by all who desire to have a through comprehension of its provisions." It was James Madison who, when elected a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention, fought through to adoption the question of accepting and abiding by the Union and the Constitution in the face of the opposition of Patrick Henry and other leading Virginians who did not believe in the Union and would not agree to the Constitution. He won his victory, and Virginia, by a majority of ten, adopted the Constitution, that Constitution of the United States under which we live today, and of which James Madison said: "Every man who loves peace, every man who loves his country, every man who loves liberty, ought to have this Constitution ever before his eyes, that he may cherish in his heart a due attachment to the Union of America and be able to set a due value on the means of preserving it."

In this work of suggesting, framing, defending, and establishing the immortal Constitution of the United States James Madison did the best and greatest service of his life. He shaped and set in action the party which advocated, championed, and established the Constitution—the party of Washington and Hamilton—the party to which he gave the name of "Federalist," and of which he was esteemed the father. Indeed, if he is not to be reckoned the "Father of the Constitution" itself, he is at least the creator of the Federalist party. In this Madison made his place in the history of the Republic. But after the adoption of the Constitution Madison became more and more influenced by Thomas Jefferson, and gradually went over to his side as one who was the leader in

his State, and therefore the one to whom he should be loyal as a Virginian rather than an American. This mistaken loyalty went so far that, at last, James Madison left the party of Washington and Hamilton, became an anti-Federalist, or rather a Jeffersonian—a follower and ally of the great democrat.

He served in Jefferson's administration as secretary of state, and succeeded him as president of the United States, to which high office he was twice elected.

It was during his service as president, from March 4, 1809, to March 4, 1817, that the Republic went through the strain and stress of the second war with England, called the war of 1812, as unnecessary and as avoidable as the war with Spain in 1898; like that war, too, it scored its greatest glories on the sea. It was a leaderless war both as regards the president who should have controlled and the generals who should have conducted it; for only the brilliant but needless victory of Jackson at New Orleans remains with us as the one military glory of that three years' war of 1812. But on the sea it was memorable in the naval annals of America. The names of Hull and Perry and Lawrence shed lustre on an otherwise unsatisfactory war, in which those famous sea-fighters were the forerunners in bravery, brilliancy, and success of Farragut and Dewey and Sampson and Schley.

Like President McKinley in 1898, President Madison in 1812 neither desired nor advocated war, but, instead, worked for peace, only to be forced into war by an unfortunate naval disaster, the clamors of the warshouters, and the action of a belligerent Congress. So far, the story of the two wars runs parallel; but, unlike President McKinley, President Madison was not equal to the situation, nor was he designed by nature or disposition, by training or temperament, to be the conductor of a war or the commander-in-chief of armies and navies. Able and amiable, designed to make laws rather than to execute them, he found himself plunged into a war which he

neither desired nor approved, and was forced, contrary to his own wishes, to conduct it either to failure or success.

Badly advised and poorly served; invading Canada when he should have strengthened his own defences; careless of naval operations and unable to understand those on land, Madison scarcely made a success as a war president. In 1898, too, the whole country was united in action when the necessity for action came; but in 1812, besides an invading enemy, Madison had to face and strive against, within the borders of the Republic, a large, persistent, and influential opposition to what was called "Mr. Madison's War." The New England States, while bearing their share, as required by law, in the conflict with England, regarded the war with absolute disfavor and open discontent. Their harbors were unprotected, their trade was ruined by harsh methods, their men of affairs had no confidence in those in charge of the war, and, finally, the representatives of New England assembled in convention at Hartford, in Connecticut, threatened to take matters into their own hands, and even to set up the authority of the States against that of the government. But before anything could be decided upon the war came to a sudden end, Jackson's victory at New Orleans gave a tinge of success and glory to the close of the strife, and the New England "objectors" found themselves suddenly in a ridiculous minority. Then James Madison, president, completed the Treaty of Ghent, which brought peace to his country, and, "of all men, had," as Mr. Gay says, "the most reason to be glad for a safe deliverance from the consequences of his own want of foresight and want of firmness."

During the war the British had made a descent upon Washington, burned the public buildings, and sent president, Cabinet, and military "defenders" fleeing for their lives, when proper precautions, taken in time, might have prevented alike the invasion and destruction. But such disasters are the fortunes of war, and Madison should not be made the scapegoat,

as he too often has been, for this disgraceful and unnecessary catastrophe.

It was a temporary disgrace, however. President and people soon recovered from its effects, and were made more united, less provincial; more a nation, and less a simple confederation. Indeed, as one historian asserts, "the War of 1812 has been often and truly called the Second War of Independence," an independence not merely of other nations, but of the hampering, old-time condition and traditions of the narrow colonial days. So, after all, like the Spanish war of 1898, it was, if unnecessary, not unproductive of good as part of that Divine plan which permits wars for the sake of national development, progress, humanity, and manliness.

In all of this progress James Madison had a share, and no one welcomed peace with more delight or more strenuously endeavored to heal the cruel wounds of war. His efforts, which were strong, practical, sincere, statesmanlike, and patriotic, were attended with success, and the prestige lost by him through lack of warlike ability was restored to him by his efforts towards the public good; for, as the evils and ill-feeling of the war melted away, the people received with appreciative satisfaction the eighth and last annual message of the president of the United States.

"I can indulge the proud reflection," he said, "that the American people have reached in safety and success their fortieth year as an independent nation; that for nearly an entire generation they have had experience of their present Constitution, the offspring of their undisturbed deliberation and of their free choice; that they have found it to bear the trials of adverse as well as of prosperous circumstances; to contain in its combination of the federate and elective principles a reconcilement of public strength with individual liberty, of national power for the defence of national rights, with a security against wars of injustice, of ambition, and of vainglory, and in the fundamental provision which subjects

all questions of war to the will of the nation itself, which is to pay its costs and feel its calamities. Nor is it less a peculiar felicity of this Constitution, so dear to us all, that it is found to be capable, without losing the vital energies, of expanding itself over a spacious territory with the increase and expansion of the community for whose benefit it was established."

It is natural for a man who has done a fine piece of work to regard it with affection and speak of it with pride. So, on the occasion of his retirement from public life, which came in 1817 at the conclusion of his second term as president, Mr. Madison, in his last annual message, fell back, as you have seen, to the piece of his own handiwork he admired most—the Constitution—and begged his fellow-countrymen to look upon it with equal pride and veneration.

May not this remark from "the Father of the Constitution" also be seriously considered by those who to-day affirm that "the Fathers" and the "Constitution" were opposed to American expansion and progress?

And as the old veteran—worn and weakened by his long service and the trials he had undergone—drops out of public life into the happy retirement of his Virginia farm at Montpellier, where he died in 1836, at the age of eighty-five, we can readily give him place as one of those historic Americans who builded even better than he knew when he did so large and so grand a share towards the production of the immortal Constitution of the United States—a paper which Professor Channing calls "the most marvellous political instrument that has ever been formulated. It was designed," he says, "by men familiar with the mode of life of the eighteenth century, to provide an escape from the intolerable conditions of that time, and to furnish a practicable form of government for four millions of human beings inhabiting the fringe of a continent. It has proved, with exceptions, sufficient for the government of seventy millions, living in forty-five States, covering an area imperial in extent and under

circumstances unthought of in 1787." Should Americans question the ability of that immortal document to prove equal to the necessities and emergencies of even wider growth and vaster development?

And for this beneficent, enduring, and world-famous national covenant the Republic has largely to thank its illustrious son and patriotic defender, James Madison, of Montpellier, fourth president of the United States.

Alexander Hamilton

1757 – 1804

To the quiet and picturesque island of Nevis, one of the West Indies, many years ago, a Scotch merchant came to build for himself a home. He was of a proud and wealthy family, allied centuries before to William the Conqueror.

On this island lived also a Huguenot family, who had settled there after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which drove so many Protestants out of the country. In this family was a beautiful and very intellectual girl, with refined tastes and gentle, cultured manners. Through the ambition of her mother she had contracted a marriage with a Dane of large wealth, followed by the usual unhappiness of marrying simply for money. A divorce resulted, and the attractive young woman married the Scotch merchant, James Hamilton. A son, Alexander, was born to them, January 11, 1757.

But he was born into privation rather than joy and plenty. The generous and kindly father failed in business; the beautiful mother died in his childhood, and he was thrown upon the bounty of her relations.

The opportunities for education on the island were limited. The child read all the books he could lay his hands upon, becoming especially fond of Plutarch's Lives and Pope's works. He was fortunate also in having the friendship of a superior man, Dr. Knox, a Presbyterian clergyman, who delighted in the boy's quick and comprehensive mind.

At twelve years of age he was obliged to earn money, and was placed in the counting-house of Nicholas Cruger. Probably, like other boys, he wished he were rich, but found later

in life that success is usually born of effort and economy. He early chose "Perseverando" for his motto, and it helped to carry him to the summit of power.

That the counting-house was not congenial to him, a letter to a school-fellow in New York plainly shows. "To confess my weakness, Ned, my ambition is prevalent, so that I condemn the grovelling condition of a clerk, or the like, to which my fortune condemns me, and would willingly risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station. I am confident, Ned, that my youth excludes me from any hopes of immediate preferment, nor do I desire it, but I mean to prepare the way for futurity. I'm no philosopher, you see, and may be justly said to build castles in the air; my folly makes me ashamed, and beg you'll conceal it; yet, Neddy, we have seen such schemes successful, when the projector is constant. I shall conclude by saying, I wish there was a war."

The "projector was constant," and the "schemes became successful." He was indeed "preparing the way for futurity," this lad not yet fourteen. At this time, Mr. Cruger made a visit to New York, and left the precocious boy in charge of his business. Such reliance upon him increased his self-reliance, and helped to fit him to advise and uphold a nation in later years.

In these early days he began to write both prose and poetry. When he was fifteen, the Leeward Islands were visited by a terrific hurricane. In one town five hundred houses were blown down. So interested was Alexander in this novel occurrence that he wrote a description of it for a newspaper. When the authorship was discovered, it was decided by the relatives that such a boy ought to be educated. The money was raised for this purpose, and he sailed for New York, taking with him some valuable letters of introduction from Dr. Knox.

He was soon attending a grammar-school at Elizabeth, New Jersey. The principal, Francis Barber, was a fine classical scholar, patriotic, entering the Revolutionary War later; the

right man to impress his pupils for good. Alexander, with his accustomed energy and ambition, set himself to work. In winter, wrapt in a blanket, he studied till midnight, and in summer, at dawn, resorted to a cemetery near by, where he found the quiet he desired. In a year he was ready to enter college.

Attracted to Princeton, he asked Dr. Witherspoon, the president of the college, the privilege of taking the course in about half the usual time. The good days of election in study had not yet dawned. The dull and the bright must have the same routine; the one urged to his duties, the other tired by the delay. The doctor could not establish so peculiar a precedent, and Princeton missed the honor of educating the great statesman.

He entered Columbia College, and made an excellent record for himself. In the debating club, say his classmates, "he gave extraordinary displays of richness of genius and energy of mind." He won strong friendships to himself by his generous and unselfish nature, and his ardent love for others. It is only another proof of the old rule, that "Like begets like." Those who give love in this world usually receive it. Selfishness wins nothing—self-sacrifice, all things.

The college-boy was often seen walking under the large trees on what is now Dey Street, New York, talking to himself in an undertone, and apparently in deep thought. The neighbors knew the slight, dark-eyed lad, as the "young West Indian," and wondered concerning his future. When he was seventeen, a "great meeting in the fields" was held in New York, July 6, 1774. While Hamilton was studying, the colonies of America had been looking over into the promised land of freedom, driven thither by some unwise task-masters. Boston had seasoned the waters of the Atlantic with British tea. New York, well filled with Tories, yet had some Patriots, who felt that the hour was approaching when all must stand together in the demand for liberty. Accordingly, the "great

meeting" was called, to teach the people the lessons of the past and the duties of the future.

Hamilton had recently returned from a visit to Boston, and was urged to be present and speak at the meeting. He at first refused, being a stranger in the country and unknown. He attended, however; and when several speakers had addressed the eager crowds, thoughts flowed into the youth's mind and pleaded for utterance. He mounted the platform. The audience stared at the stripling. Then, as he depicted the long endured oppression from England, urged the wisdom of resistance, and painted in glowing colors the sure success of the colonies, the hearts of the multitude took fire with courage and hope. When he closed, they shouted, "It is a collegian! it is a collegian!"

Hamilton was no longer a West Indian; he was, heart and soul, an American. Liberty now grew more exciting than college books. Dr. Seabury, afterwards Bishop of Connecticut, wrote two tracts entitled "Free Thoughts on the Proceedings of the Continental Congress," and "Congress Canvassed by a Westchester Farmer." These pamphlets attempted to show the foolishness of opposing a monarchy like England. They were scattered broadcast. Then tracts appeared in answer; clear, terse, sound, and able. These said, "No reason can be assigned why one man should exercise any power or pre-eminence over his fellow-creatures more than another, unless they have voluntarily vested him with it. Since, then, Americans have not, by any act of theirs, empowered the British Parliament to make laws for them, it follows they can have no just authority to do it…. If, by the necessity of the thing, manufactures should once be established, and take root among us, they will pave the way still more to the future grandeur and glory of America; and, by lessening its need of external commerce, will render it still securer against the encroachments of tyranny."

This was rank heterodoxy toward a power which had

crippled the manufactures of America in all possible ways, and wished to keep her a great agricultural country. "The sacred rights of mankind," said the writer, "are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records; they are written, as with a sunbeam, in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of the Divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power." The wonder grew as to the authorship of these pamphlets. Some said John Jay wrote them; some said Governor Livingstone. When it was learned that Hamilton, only eighteen, had composed them, the Tories stood aghast, and the Patriots saw that a new star had risen in the heavens.

Hamilton knew that the war was inevitable; that the time must soon come for which he longed when he wrote to his friend Ned, "I wish there was a war." He immediately began to study military affairs. There are always places to be filled by those who make themselves ready. He was learning none too early. His corps, called the "Hearts of Oak" in green uniforms and leathern caps, drilled each morning. While engaged in removing cannon from the battery, a boat from the Asia, a British ship-of-war, fired into the men, killing the person who stood next to Hamilton. At once the drums were beaten, and the people rushed to arms. The king's store-houses were pillaged, and the "Liberty Boys" marched through the streets, threatening revenge on every Tory.

Young Hamilton, fearless before the Asia, could also be fearless in defence of his friends. Dr. Cooper, the President of Columbia College, was a pronounced Tory. When the mob approached the steps of the institution, Hamilton, nothing daunted, appeared before them, and urged coolness, lest they bring "disgrace on the cause of liberty." Dr. Cooper imagined that his liberal pupil was assisting the mob, and cried out from an upper window, "Don't listen to him, gentlemen! he is crazy, he is crazy!" But the mob did listen, and the president was saved from harm.

The Revolutionary War had begun. Lexington and Bunker Hill were as beacon-fires to the new nation. In 1776, the New York Convention ordered a company of artillery to be raised, and Hamilton applied for the command of it. Only nineteen, and very boyish in looks, his fitness for the position was doubted, till his excellent examination proved his knowledge, and he was appointed captain. He used the last money sent him by his relatives in the West Indies, to equip his company.

College days were now over, and the busy life of the soldier had commenced. For most young men, the stirring events of the times would have filled every moment and every thought. Not so the man born to have a controlling and permanent influence in the republic. He found time to study about money circulation, rates of exchange, commerce, taxes, increase of population, and the like, because he knew that a great work must be done by somebody after the war. How true it is that if we fit ourselves for a great work, the work will find us.

Meantime, Captain Hamilton drilled his troops so well that General Greene observed it, made the acquaintance of the captain, invited him to his headquarters, and spoke of him to Washington. Had not the work been well done, it would not have commanded attention, but this attention was an important steppingstone to fame and honor. Hamilton was ever after a most loyal friend to General Greene.

The company was soon called into active service. At the disastrous battle of Long Island, Hamilton was in the thickest of the fight, and brought up the rear, losing his baggage and a field-piece. After the retreat up the Hudson, at Harlem Heights, Washington observed the skill used in the construction of some earthworks, and, finding that the engineer was the young man introduced to him by General Greene, invited him to his tent. This was the beginning of a life-long and most devoted friendship between the great commander and the

boyish captain.

Later, at the battles of Trenton and Princeton, Hamilton was fearless and heroic. "Well do I recollect the day," said a friend, "when Hamilton's company marched into Princeton. It was a model of discipline; at their head was a boy, and I wondered at his youth; but what was my surprise when, struck with his slight figure, he was pointed out to me as that Hamilton of whom we had already heard so much….A mere stripling, small, slender, almost delicate in frame, marching beside a piece of artillery, with a cocked hat pulled down over his eyes, apparently lost in thought, with his hand resting on a cannon, and every now and then patting it, as if it were a favorite horse or a pet plaything."

He had so won the esteem and approbation of Washington that he was offered a position upon his staff, which he accepted March 1, 1777, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. His work now was constant and absorbing. The correspondence was immense, but all was done with that clearness and elegance of diction which had marked the young collegian. He was popular with old and young, being called the "Little Lion," as a term of endearment, in appreciation of bravery and nobility of character.

When the skies looked darkest, as at Valley Forge, Hamilton was habitually cheerful, seeing always a rainbow among the clouds. His enthusiasm was contagious. He carried men with him by a belief in his own powers, and by deep sympathy with others. Lafayette loved him as a brother. He wrote Hamilton, "Before this campaign I was your friend and very intimate friend, agreeably to the ideas of the world. Since my second voyage, my sentiment has increased to such a point the world knows nothing about. To show both, from want and from scorn of expression, I shall only tell you—Adieu!"

Baron Steuben used to say, in later days, "The Secretary of the Treasury is my banker; my Hamilton takes care of me when he cannot take care of himself." Hamilton wrote to his

dear friend Laurens, "Cold in my professions—warm in my friendships—I wish it were in my power, by actions rather than words, to convince you that I love you…. You know the opinion I entertain of mankind, and how much it is my desire to preserve myself free from particular attachments, and to keep my happiness independent of the caprices of others. You should not have taken advantage of my sensibility to steal into my affections without my consent."

Best of all, Washington confided in him, and loved him, and we usually love those in whom we have confided. When he wanted a calcitrant general, like Gates, brought to terms, he sent the tactful, clear-headed Hamilton on the mission. When he wanted decisive action, he sent the same fearless young officer, who knew no such word as failure. Sometimes he broke down physically, but the power of youth triumphed, and he was soon at work again.

On his expedition to General Gates, in November, 1777, with all his desire to keep himself "free from particular attachments," he laid the foundation for the one lasting attachment of his life. At the house of the wealthy and distinguished General Philip Schuyler, he met and liked the second daughter, Elizabeth. Three years later, in the spring of 1780, when the officers brought their families to Morristown, the acquaintance ripened into love, and December 14, 1780, when Hamilton was twenty-three, he was married to Miss Schuyler. The father of the young lady was proud and happy in her choice. He wrote Hamilton, "You cannot, my dear sir, be more happy at the connection you have made with my family than I am. Until the child of a parent has made a judicious choice, his heart is in continual anxiety; but this anxiety was removed the moment I discovered it was you on whom she placed her affections."

In this year, 1780, the country was shocked by the treason of Benedict Arnold. Hamilton was sent in pursuit, only to find that he had escaped to the British. He ministered to the

heart-broken wife of Arnold, as best he could. He wrote to a friend, "Her sufferings were so eloquent that I wished myself her brother, to have a right to become her defender."

For Major André he had the deepest sympathy, and admiration of his manly qualities. He wrote to Miss Schuyler, afterward his wife, "Poor André suffers to-day. Everything that is amiable in virtue, in fortitude, in delicate sentiment and accomplished manners, pleads for him; but hard-hearted policy calls for a sacrifice. I urged a compliance with André's request to be shot, and I do not think it would have had an ill effect."

A month after his marriage, his only difficulty with General Washington occurred. The commander-in-chief had sent for Hamilton to confer with him, who, meeting Lafayette, was stopped by him for a few moments' conversation on business. When he reached Washington, the general said, "Colonel Hamilton, you have kept me waiting at the head of the stairs these ten minutes. I must tell you, sir, you treat me with disrespect." The proud young aid answered, "I am not conscious of it, sir; but since you have thought it necessary to tell me so, we part." He therefore resigned his position, glad to be free to take a more active part in the war. Washington, with his usual magnanimity, made overtures of reconciliation, and they became ever after trusted co-workers.

All these years, Hamilton had shown himself brave and untiring in the interests of his adopted country. At the battle of Monmouth, his horse was shot under him. At Yorktown, at his own earnest request, he led the perilous assault upon the enemy's works, and carried them. When Hamilton saw that the enemy was driven back, he humanely ordered that not a British soldier should be killed after the attack. He says in his report, "Incapable of imitating examples of barbarity, and forgetting recent provocations, the soldiers spared every man who ceased to resist."

Washington appreciated his heroism, and said, "Few cases

have exhibited greater proof of intrepidity, coolness, and firmness than were shown on this occasion."

Letters home to his wife show the warm heart of Hamilton. "I am unhappy—I am unhappy beyond expression. I am unhappy because I am to be so remote from you; because I am to hear from you less frequently than I am accustomed to do. I am miserable, because I know you will be so… Constantly uppermost in my thoughts and affections, I am happy only when my moments are devoted to some office that respects you. I would give the world to be able to tell you all I feel and all I wish; but consult your own heart, and you will know mine…. Every day confirms me in the intention of renouncing public life, and devoting myself wholly to you. Let others waste their time and their tranquillity in a vain pursuit of power and glory; be it my object to be happy in a quiet retreat, with my better angel."

At the close of the Revolutionary War, he repaired to Albany, spending the winter at the home of General Schuyler, his wife's father. He had but little money, and his dues in the service of an impoverished country were unpaid; but he had what was far better, ability. He determined to study law. For four months, he bent himself unreservedly to his work, and was admitted to the bar. He steadily refused offers of pecuniary aid from General Schuyler, preferring to support his wife and infant son by his own exertions. Such a man, of proud spirit and unwavering purpose, would, of course, succeed. Friends who appreciated the service he had rendered to his country now interceded in his behalf, and he was appointed Continental receiver of taxes for New York. To accept a position meant, to him, persistent labor, and success in it if possible. He at once repaired to Poughkeepsie, where the Legislature was in session; presented his plans of taxation, and prevailed upon that body to pass a resolution asking for a convention of the States that a Union might be effected, stronger than the existing Confederation.

The position as receiver of taxes was sometimes a disagreeable one, but it was another round in the ladder which carried him to fame. He had increased the number of his acquaintances. His energy and his knowledge of public questions had been revealed to the people; and the result was his election to Congress, at the age of twenty-five. Thus rapidly the ambitious, energetic, and intelligent young man had risen in influence.

That his voice would be heard in Congress was a foregone conclusion. General Schuyler wrote his daughter soon after Congress met: "Participate afresh in the satisfaction I experience from the connection you have made with my beloved Hamilton. He affords me happiness too exquisite for expression. I daily experience the pleasure of hearing encomiums on his virtue and abilities, from those who are capable of distinguishing between real and pretended merit. He is considered, as he certainly is, the ornament of his country, and capable of rendering it the most essential services, if his advice and suggestions are attended to."

The country was deeply in debt from the Revolutionary War. It had no money with which to pay its soldiers; its paper currency was nearly worthless; dissatisfaction was apparent on every hand. There was little unity of interest among the States. Hamilton's plans for raising money, and for a more centralized government, were unheeded; and, after a year in Congress, he returned to the practice of law, saying, "The more I see, the more I find reason for those who love this country to weep over its blindness."

As soon as the war was over, the people began to grow more bitter than ever toward the Tories, or loyalists. Harsh legislative measures were passed. The "Trespass Act" declared that any person who had left his abode in consequence of invasion could collect damages of those who had occupied the premises during his absence. A widow, reduced to poverty by the war, brought suit against a rich Tory

merchant, who had lived in her house while the Tories held the city. Hamilton, feeling that a principle of justice was involved, took the part of the merchant, and by a brilliant speech, in which he contended that "the fruits of immovables belong to the captor so long as he remains in actual possession of them," he gained the case. Of course, he brought upon himself much obloquy; was declared to be a "Britisher," and lover of monarchy, a charge to which he must have grown accustomed in later years.

Hamilton's pen was not idle in this controversy. He wrote a pamphlet, advocating respect for law and justice, which was called "Phocion," from its signature. It was read widely, both in England and America. Among the many replies was one signed "Mentor," which drew from Hamilton a "Second letter of Phocion." So inflamed did public opinion become that in one of the clubs it was decided that one person after another should challenge Hamilton, till he should fall in a duel. This came to the knowledge of "Mentor" and the abhorrent plan was stopped by his timely interference. There are too few men and women great enough to be tolerant of ideas in opposition to their own, or to persons holding those ideas. Tolerance belongs to great souls only.

Matters in the States had so grown from bad to worse, and Congress, with its limited powers, was so helpless, that a convention was finally called at Philadelphia, May 25, 1787, to provide for a more complete and efficient Union. Nine States sent delegates: Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. General Washington was made president of the convention. A plan of government was submitted, called the "Virginia plan," which provided for a Congress of two branches, one to be elected by the people, the other from names suggested by the State Legislatures. There was to be a President, not eligible for a second term. Then the "New Jersey plan" was submitted; which was simply a revision of the

Articles of Confederation.

The debates were earnest, but most intelligent; for men in those times had studied the existing governments of the world, and the fate of previous republics. Hamilton was present as a delegate, and, early in the convention, gave his plan for a new government, in a powerful speech, six hours long. He reviewed the whole domain of history, the present condition of the States, and the reasons for it, and then developed his plan. Those only could vote for President and Senators who owned a certain amount of real estate. These officials were to hold office for life or during good behavior. The President should appoint the Governors of the various States.

Of course, the believers in "States' Rights" could not for a moment concede such power to one man, at the head of a nation. When Hamilton affirmed that the "British government was the best model in existence," he awoke the antagonism of the American heart. He probably knew that his plan could not be adopted but it strengthened the advocates of a central government. Many delegates went home under protest; but the Constitution, brought into its present form largely by James Madison, was finally adopted, and sent to the different States for ratification.

The opposition to its adoption was very great. Hamilton, with praiseworthy spirit, accepted it as the best thing attainable under the circumstances, and worked for it night and day with all the vigor and power of his masterly intellect. To the Federalist he contributed fifty-one papers in defence of the Constitution, and did more than any other man to secure its ultimate adoption.

Henry Cabot Lodge, in his clear and admirable "Life of Hamilton," says: "As an exposition of the meaning and purposes of the Constitution, the Federalist is now, and always will be cited, on the bench and at the bar, by American commentators, and by all writers on constitutional law. As a treatise on the principles of federal government it still stands

at the head, and has been turned to as an authority by the leading minds of Germany, intent on the formation of the German Empire."

Party feeling ran high. When a State enrolled herself in favor of the Constitution, bonfires, feasts, and public processsions testified to the joy of a portion of the people; while the burning in effigy of prominent Federalists, mobs and riots, testified to the anger of the opponents. In the State of New York the contest was extremely bitter. Hamilton used all his logic, his eloquence, his fire, and his boundless activity to carry the State in favor of the Constitution. Said Chancellor Kent: "He urged every motive and consideration that ought to sway the human mind in such a crisis. He touched, with exquisite skill, every chord of sympathy that could be made to vibrate in the human breast. Our country, our honor, our liberties, our firesides, our posterity were placed in vivid colors before us."

When told by a friend, who was just starting on a journey, that he would be questioned in relation to the adoption of the Constitution, Hamilton replied: "God only knows! Several votes have been taken, by which it appears that there are two to one against us." But suddenly his face brightened, as he said, "Tell them that the convention shall never rise until the Constitution is adopted."

The excitement in New York city became intense. Crowds collected on the street-corners, and whispered, "Hamilton is speaking yet!" Late in the evening of July 28, 1788, it was announced that the Constitution had been adopted by New York, the vote standing thirty to twenty-seven. At once the bells were rung and guns were fired. A great procession was formed of professional men and artisans, bearing pictures of Washington and Hamilton, and banners, with the words "Federalist," "Liberty of the Press," and "The Epoch of Liberty." The federal frigate Hamilton was fully manned, and received the plaudits of the crowds.

When the Constitution was adopted, at last, Washington was made President, April 30, 1789. It was not strange that he chose for his Secretary of the Treasury the man who had studied finance by the camp-fires of the Revolution. At thirty-two Hamilton was in the Cabinet of his country. At once Congress asked him to prepare a report on the public credit, stating his plan of providing for the public debt. In about three months the report was ready. It advocated the funding of all the debts of the United States incurred through the war. As to the foreign and domestic debts, all persons seemed agreed that these should be paid; but the assumption of the debts of the different States met with the most violent opposition. Those who owed a few million dollars were unwilling to help those who owed many millions.

Hamilton advocated a foreign loan, not to exceed twelve millions, and a revenue derived from taxes on imports; such a revenue as would not only provide funds for the new nation, but protect manufactures from the competition of the old world. The believers in protection have had no more earnest or able advocate than Hamilton. His next report was an elaborate one upon national banks, and the establishment of a United States bank, which should give a uniform system of bank-notes, instead of the unreliable and uneven values of the notes of the State banks. His financial policy, while it aroused the bitterest enmity in some quarters, raised the United States from bankruptcy to the respect of her creditors, abroad and at home. When the old cry of "unconstitutional!" was heard, as it has been heard ever since when any great matter is suggested, Hamilton taught the people to feel that the implied powers of the Constitution were great enough for all needs, and that the document must be interpreted by the spirit as well as the letter of the law. Capitalists were his strong advocates, as they well knew that a firm and safe financial policy was at the root of success and progress.

Very soon after his report on banks, he transmitted to

Congress a report on the establishment of a mint, showing wide research on the subject of coinage. Besides these papers, he reported on the purchase of West Point, on public lands, navigation laws, on the post-office, and other matters, always showing careful study, good judgment, and patriotism.

That he was accused of being a monarchist signified little, as there were hundreds of people at that time who feared that the republic would go down, as had others in past centuries. He so deprecated the lack of central power in the government that he exaggerated the dangers of the people's rule. This lack of trust in the masses and in the power of the Constitution, and Thomas Jefferson's trust in self-government and belief in States' rights, led, at last, to the bitter and public disagreement of these two great men, the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of State. Each was honest in his belief; each was tolerant of most men, but intolerant of the other to the end of life.

Hamilton naturally became the leader of the Federalists, as Jefferson the leader of the Republicans, or Democrats, as they are now called. One party saw in Hamilton the great thinker, the safe guardian of the destinies of the people; the other party thought it saw a bold and unscrupulous man, who would sit on a throne if that were possible. Hamilton's character was assailed, sometimes with truth, but oftener without truth. He was not perfect, but he was great, and in most respects noble.

The French Revolution was now interesting all minds. Genet had been sent to America by the French Republic, as her minister. Hamilton urged neutrality, and looked with horror upon the growing excesses in France. Jefferson, with his hatred of monarchy, was lenient, and, in the early part of the Revolution, sympathetic. The United States became divided into two great factions, for and against France. Genet fanned the flames till the patient Washington could endure it no longer; the unwise minister was recalled, and neutrality

was proclaimed April 22, 1793.

Through all this matter, Hamilton had the complete love and confidence of Washington. When it was deemed wise to send a special commissioner to effect a treaty with England, that proper commercial relations be maintained, Hamilton was at once suggested. Party feeling opposed, and John Jay was appointed. When he returned from his mission, Great Britain having consented to pay us ten million dollars for illegal seizure of vessels, we agreeing to pay all debts owed to her before the Revolutionary War, the people rose in wrath against the treaty, and burned Jay in effigy. When Hamilton was speaking for its adoption at a public meeting in New York, he was assaulted by stones. "Gentlemen," he said, coolly, "if you use such strong arguments, I must retire." After this he wrote essays, signed "Camillus," in defence of the treaty, and helped largely to secure its acceptance.

Meantime, the Excise Law, whereby distilled spirits were taxed, caused the "Whiskey Insurrection" in Pennsylvania. Hamilton, who believed in the prompt execution of law, urged Washington to take decisive measures. The President called out thirteen thousand troops, and the refusal to pay the taxes was no more heard of.

Hamilton, like Jefferson, had become weary of his six years of public life; his increasing family needed more than his limited salary, and he resigned, returning to his law practice in the city of New York.

When a new President was chosen to succeed Washington, it was not the real leader of the party, Hamilton, but one who had elicited less opposition by strong measures—John Adams, a man of long and distinguished service, both in England and America. Hamilton seems to have preferred Thomas Pinckney of South Carolina, and thus to have gained the ill-will of Adams, which helped at last to split the Federal party.

When Adams and Jefferson became the Presidential

nominees in 1800, Hamilton threw himself heartily into the contest in the State of New York. Here he found himself pitted against a rare antagonist, the most famous lawyer in the State except himself, Aaron Burr. He was well born, being the son of the president of the college at Princeton, and the grandson of Jonathan Edwards. Like Hamilton, he was precocious; being ready to enter Princeton when he was eleven years old. He was short in stature, five feet and six inches in height; with fine black eyes, and gentle and winsome manners. Both these men won the most enduring friendships from men and women—homage indeed. Both were intense in nature, though Burr had far greater self-control. Both were brave to rashness; both were untiring students; both loved and always gained authority. Burr had won honors in the Revolutionary War. He had married at twenty-six, a woman ten years older than himself, a widow with two children, with neither wealth nor beauty, whom he idolized for the twelve years she was spared to him, for her rare mind and devoted affection. From her he learned to value intellect in woman. He used to write her before marriage, "Deal less in sentiments, and more in ideas." When she died, he said, "The mother of my Theo was the best woman and finest lady I have ever known." For his only child, his beloved Theodosia, he seemed to have but one wish, that she be a scholar. He said to his wife, "If I could foresee that Theo would become a mere fashionable woman, with all the attendant frivolity and vacuity of mind, adorned with whatever grace and allurement, I would earnestly pray God to take her forthwith hence. But I yet hope by her to convince the world what neither sex appear to believe—that women have souls!"

At ten years of age, she was studying Horace and Terence, learning the Greek grammar, speaking French, and reading Gibbon.

This Theo, the idol of his life, afterward married to Governor Alston of South Carolina, loved him with a

devotion that will forever make one gleam of sunshine in a life full of shadows. When the dark days came, she wrote him, "I witness your extraordinary fortitude with new wonder at every new misfortune. Often, after reflecting on this subject, you appear to me so superior, so elevated above all other men; I contemplate you with such a strange mixture of humility, admiration, reverence, love, and pride, very little superstition would be necessary to make me worship you as a superior being; such enthusiasm does your character excite in me…. I had rather not live than not be the daughter of such a man." Burr's success in the law had been phenomenal. When he was studying for admission to the bar, he often passed twenty hours out of the twenty-four over his books.

And now, Colonel Burr, at thirty-six, after being in the United States Senate for six years, was the candidate for Vice-President on the Jefferson ticket. Hamilton's eloquence stirred the State of New York in the contest; but Burr's generalship in politics won the votes, and he was elected.

Hamilton went back again to his large law practice. Men sought him with the belief that if he would take their cases, there was no doubt of the result. An aged farmer came to him to recover a farm for which a deed had been obtained from him in exchange for Virginia land. Hamilton heard the case; then wrote to the wealthy speculator to call upon him. When he came, Hamilton said, "You must give me back that deed. I do not say that you knew that the title to these lands is bad; but it is bad. You are a rich—he is a poor man. How can you sleep on your pillow? Would you break up the only support of an aged man and seven children?" He walked the floor rapidly, as he exclaimed, "I will add to my professional services all the weight of my character and powers of my nature; and you ought to know, when I espouse the cause of innocence and of the oppressed, that character and those powers will have their weight."

The property was reconveyed to the farmer, who

gratefully asked Hamilton to name the compensation. "Nothing! nothing!" said he. "Hasten home and make your family happy."

Hamilton was clear in his reasoning; a master in constitutional law; persuasive in his manner; sometimes highly impassioned, sometimes solemn and earnest. Says Henry Cabot Lodge: "Force of intellect and force of will were the sources of his success…. Directness was his most distinguishing characteristic, and, whether he appealed to the head or the heart, he went straight to the mark…. He never indulged in rhetorical flourishes, and his style was simple and severe…. That which led him to victory was the passionate energy of his nature, his absorption in his work, his contagious and persuasive enthusiasm."

"There was a fascination in his manner, by which one was led captive unawares," says another writer. "On most occasions, when animated with the subject on which he was engaged, you could see the very workings of his soul, in the expression of his countenance; and so frank was he in manner that he would make you feel that there was not a thought of his heart that he would wish to hide from your view."

"Alexander Hamilton was the greatest man this country ever produced," said Judge Ambrose Spencer…. "He argued cases before me while I sat as judge on the bench. Webster has done the same. In power of reasoning Hamilton was the equal of Webster; and more than this can be said of no man. In creative power Hamilton was infinitely Webster's superior…. He, more than any man, did the thinking of the time."

His chief relaxation from work was at "The Grange," his summer home at Harlem Heights, not far from the spot, it is said, where he first attracted the eye of Washington. Beeches, maples, and many evergreens abounded. The Hudson River added its beauty to the picturesque place. Here he read the classics for pleasure, and the Bible. To a friend he said: "I have examined carefully the evidence of the Christian religion;

and, if I was sitting as a juror upon its authenticity, I should unhesitatingly give my verdict in its favor… I can prove its truth as clearly as any proposition ever submitted to the mind of man."

At "The Grange" he was especially happy with his family. He said, "My health and comfort both require that I should be at home—at that home where I am always sure to find a sweet asylum from care and pain… It will be more and more my endeavor to abstract myself from all pursuits which interfere with those of affection. 'Tis here only I can find true pleasure."

When Hamilton was forty-four, he endured the great afflicttion of his life. His eldest son, Philip, nineteen, just graduated from Columbia College, deeply wounded by the political attacks upon his father, challenged to a duel one of the men who had made objectionable remarks. The lad fell at the first fire, a wicked sacrifice to a barbarous "code of honor." After twenty hours of agony, he died, surrounded by the stricken family. Hamilton was especially proud of this son, of whom he said, when he gave his oration at Columbia College, "I could not have been contented to have been surpassed by any other than my son."

For three years Hamilton worked on with a hope which was never broken, constantly adding to his fame. And then came the fatal error of his life. All along he had opposed Aaron Burr. When named for a foreign mission, Hamilton helped to defeat him. When the tie vote came between Jefferson and Burr in the Presidential returns, Hamilton said, "The appointment of Burr as President will disgrace our country abroad." When Burr was nominated for Governor of New York, Hamilton used every effort to defeat him, and succeeded. Burr, exasperated and disappointed at his failures, sent Hamilton a challenge. He wrote to Hamilton, "Political opposition can never absolve gentlemen from the necessity of a rigid adherence to the laws of honor and the rules of

decorum. I neither claim such privilege nor indulge it in others." Alas! that some men in public life, even now, forget the "laws of honor and the rules of decorum" in their treatment of opponents.

Everything in Hamilton's career protested against this suicidal combat. He was only forty-seven, distinguished and beloved, with a wife and seven children dependent upon him.

Before going to the fatal meeting, he wrote his feelings about duelling. "My religious and moral principles are strongly opposed to the practice of duelling, and it would even give me pain to be obliged to shed the blood of a fellow-creature in a private combat forbidden by the laws.... To those who, with me, abhorring the practice of duelling, may think that I ought on no account to have added to the number of bad examples, I answer that my relative situation, as well in public as private, enforcing all the considerations which constitute what men of the world denominate honor, imposed on me (as I thought) a peculiar necessity not to decline the call. The ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or effecting good, in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with public prejudice in this particular." He made his will, leaving all, after the payment of his debts, to his "dear and excellent wife."

"Should it happen that there is not enough for the payment of my debts, I entreat my dear children, if they, or any of them, should ever be able, to make up the deficiency. I, without hesitation, commit to their delicacy a wish which is dictated by my own. Though conscious that I have too far sacrificed the interests of my family to public avocations, and on this account have the less claim to burden my children, yet I trust in their magnanimity to appreciate as they ought this my request. In so unfavorable an event of things, the support of their dear mother, with the most respectful and tender attention, is a duty, all the sacredness of which they

will feel. Probably her own patrimonial resources will preserve her from indigence. But in all situations they are charged to bear in mind that she has been to them the most devoted and best of mothers." And then, the great statesman, after writing two farewell letters to "my darling, darling wife," conformed to "public prejudice" by hastening with his second, at daybreak, to meet Aaron Burr, at Weehawken, two miles and a half above Hoboken. It was a quiet and beautiful spot, one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the Hudson River, shut in by trees and vines, but golden with sunlight on that fatal morning.

At seven o'clock the two distinguished men were ready, ten paces apart, to take into their own hands that most sacred of all things, human life. There was no outward sign of emotion, though the one must have thought of his idol, Theodosia, and the other of his pretty children, still asleep. Hamilton had determined not to fire, and so permitted himself to be sacrificed. The word of readiness was given. Burr raised his pistol and fired, and Hamilton fell headlong on his face, his own weapon discharging in the air. He sank into the arms of his physician, saying faintly, "This is a mortal wound," and was borne home to a family overwhelmed with sorrow. The oldest daughter lost her reason.

For thirty-one hours he lay in agony, talking, when able, with his minister about the coming future, asking that the sacrament be administered, and saying, "I am a sinner. I look to Him for mercy; pray for me."

Once when all his children were gathered around the bed, he gave them one tender look, and closed his eyes till they had left the room. He retained his usual composure to the last, saying to his wife, frenzied with grief, "Remember, my Eliza, you are a Christian." He died at two o'clock on the afternoon of July 12, 1804. The whole nation seemed speechless with sorrow. In New York all business was suspended. At the funeral, a great concourse of people, college societies,

political associations, and military companies, joined in the common sorrow. Guns were fired from the British and French ships in the harbor; on a platform in front of Trinity Church, Governor Morris pronounced a eulogy. General Hamilton's four sons, the eldest sixteen and the youngest four, standing beside the speaker. Thus the great life faded from sight in its vigorous manhood, leaving a wonderful record for the aspiring and the patriotic, and a prophecy of what might have been accomplished but for that one fatal mistake.

Aaron Burr hastened to the South, to avoid arrest; but public execration followed him. He became implicated in a scheme for putting himself at the head of Mexico, was arrested and tried for treason, and, though legally acquitted, was obliged to flee to England, and from there to Sweden and Germany. Finally he came home, only to hear that Theodosia's beautiful boy of eleven was dead. Poor and friendless, he longed now for the one person who had never forsaken him, his daughter. She started from Charleston in a pilot-boat, for New York, and was never heard from afterwards. Probably all went down in a storm off Cape Hatteras. When it was reported in the papers that the boat had been captured by pirates, Burr said, "No, no, she is indeed dead. Were she alive, all the prisons in the world could not keep her from her father. When I realized the truth of her death, the world became a blank to me, and life had then lost all its value." When he was nearly eighty, he married a lady of wealth; but they were unhappy, and soon separated. He died on Staten Island, cared for at the last by the children of an old friend. His courage and fortitude the world will always admire; but it can never forget the fatal duel by which Alexander Hamilton was taken from his country, in the prime of his life and in the midst of his great work.

The name of Hamilton will not be forgotten. The Hon. Chauncey M. Depew of New York, on February 22, 1888, gave the great statesman this well deserved tribute of

praise:—

"The political mission of the United States has so far been wrought out by individuals and territorial conditions. Four men of unequal genius have dominated our century, and the growth of the West has revolutionized the republic. The principles which have heretofore controlled the policy of the country have mainly owed their force and acceptance to Hamilton, Jefferson, Webster, and Lincoln.

"The first question which met the young confederacy was the necessity of a central power strong enough to deal with foreign nations and to protect commerce between the States. At this period Alexander Hamilton became the savior of the republic. If Shakespeare is the commanding originating genius of England, and Goethe of Germany, Hamilton must occupy that place among Americans. This superb intelligence, which was at once philosophic and practical, and with unrivalled lucidity could instruct the dullest mind on the bearing of the action of the present on the destiny of the future, so impressed upon his contemporaries the necessity of a central government with large powers that the Constitution, now one hundred and one years old, was adopted, and the United States began their life as a nation."

Dolly Madison

1772-1836

Dolly Payne was a Virginian, though she was born while her parents were on a visit in North Carolina. She lived on a great plantation where she had wide fields to play in, and a devoted black mammy to look after her. Both her mother and grandmother were noted belles and Dolly, who was named for her second cousin, Mrs. Patrick Henry, evidently inherited their beauty, for as a very little girl, going to school, she wore a wide-brimmed sunbonnet and long mitts, to shield her face and arms from the sun.

Dolly remembered how her father, in spite of the fact that they were Quakers, had buckled on his sword and ridden away to be a captain in the Revolutionary army, and how when the war was over, he came home again to join in the neighborhood's thanksgiving for America.

Soon after the war, when Dolly was fourteen years old, he freed his slaves, sold the plantation, and moved north to the city of brotherly love that he might be among Quakers. It was then the largest town in the nation, with a reputation for being very rich and gay. But the Paynes maintained a strict Quaker standard of simplicity.

Dorothy was a pretty girl, demure in her gray dress, but with bright Irish-blue eyes, long lashes, curling black hair and soft warm-hued skin. She had a particularly gay and joyous disposition, but was forbidden such pleasures as dancing and music. She went to the Friends' meetinghouse where the men and boys in their black coats and broad-brimmed hats sat on one side of the room, the women and girls in their mouse-

colored bonnets and drab gowns on the other.

Dolly's father had done very well on the southern plantation, but when he went into business in Philadelphia he found many troubles. Living cost much more than in Virginia, a good deal of his property had been lost through the war and he failed, then ill health added its burden. A rich young Quaker lawyer named John Todd helped and advised him. He had fallen in love with Dolly, and though she meant never to marry, she consented, to please her father who had only a few months more to live.

On two successive Sundays she went through the embarrassing Quaker ceremony of rising in meeting and saying she proposed taking John Todd in marriage; and standing up before the congregation, they were married in the somber bare-walled meeting-house. Mistress Todd lived for three years the life of a Quaker lady, and a devoted wife she was to her young husband. She always wore a cap of tulle, a gray gown, with a lace kerchief over her shoulders and a large brooch fastening it—no other ornaments. Except for her beauty she was like a hundred other young Quaker women in the city of brotherly love.

In August of 1793 an epidemic of yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia. Todd sent his wife and their two little children to a summer resort on the river, where many of their friends took refuge. He stayed in the city to care for his father and mother but they died of the plague. Already ill himself he joined his family, only to give them the dread disease, he and the baby dying shortly after his arrival. Dolly too was stricken with the fever, but recovered.

At first she was bowed down by her great loss. But Philadelphia was gay and gradually Mistress Todd began going about again, far more freely than in the days of her sober girlhood. She found herself really enjoying society and all the pleasures of the city. From a shy girl she developed into a most attractive woman. With her youth and her riches, it is no

wonder that she became the object of much attention. Gentlemen would station themselves to see her pass, and her friends would say, "Really, Dolly, thou must hide thy face. There are so many staring at thee!"

Among her many admirers was Aaron Burr, then a United States senator. For Philadelphia, you remember, was the capital of the newly organized government, and the leading men of the time lived in the city. One day he asked her if he might bring a friend to call, for the "great little Madison," as his colleagues called him, had requested the honor of being presented. So the handsome Colonel Burr introduced Mr. James Madison, a little man dressed all in black, except for his ruffled shirt and silver buckles. Dolly wore a mulberry satin gown with silk tulle about her neck and a dainty lace cap on her head, her curly hair showing underneath. The scholarly Madison, who was twenty years older than she, was captivated by the pretty widow, sparkling with fun and wit, and soon offered himself as a husband, and was accepted.

The President and Mrs. Washington were much pleased when they heard of the engagement. Sending for Dolly Mrs. Washington asked her if the news was true.

"No, I think not," said Mistress Todd.

"Be not ashamed to confess it, if it is so. He will make thee a good husband and all the better for being so much older. We both approve of it. The esteem and friendship existing between Mr. Madison and my husband is very great, and we would wish you two to be happy." Happy they were, during the week's journey when they drove down to Virginia, to be married at the home of Dolly's sister; and during the merry-making following the wedding which lavish southern hospitality, with, a ball and feast after the ceremony, made quite different from her first marriage. The quiet reserved Madison let the girls cut off bits of his Mechlin lace ruffles as keepsakes. And happy they were together for more than forty years.

They lived only a short time at Montpelier, Madison's

home in the Blue Ridge country, for public affairs soon took them back to Philadelphia and then to Washington. At her husband's request Dolly laid aside her Quaker dress, entered society and entertained frequently. Her sweet manners, her tact and kindness of heart, made her friends everywhere. At that time party spirit ran high and political differences caused great bitterness, but all animosities seemed forgotten in Mrs. Madison's presence. She slighted no one, hurt no one's feelings, and often made foes into friends. Perhaps her influence had almost as much to do with Madison's prominence in national affairs as did his own unquestioned ability; for her sound common sense and exceptionally good judgment often helped him in deciding public questions.

When Jefferson was elected president he made Madison his secretary of state. And since Jefferson was a widower and needed a lady to preside at the White House, he often called upon Mrs. Madison for this service. Then Madison succeeded Jefferson and Dolly became in name what she had been in effect, the first lady of the land. Thus for sixteen years she was hostess for the nation, and a famous hostess she was indeed.

"Every one loves Mrs. Madison," said Henry Clay, voicing the common sentiment.

"And Mrs. Madison loves everybody," was her quick response.

The president used to say that when he was tired out from matters of state a visit to her sitting-room, where he was sure of a bright story and a hearty laugh, was as refreshing as a long walk in the open air.

But even with such a mistress of the White House the affairs of the nation did not remain tranquil. Trouble with England, which had long been brewing, came to a crisis and war was declared in 1812. As most of the fighting was at sea, life at Washington went on undisturbed until August of 1814, when the British landed five thousand men near the capital and marched to attack it. The town was in a panic when the

messenger rode in at full speed, announcing fifty ships anchoring in the Potomac.

"Have you the courage to stay here till I come back, tomorrow or next day?" asked the president.

And Dolly Madison replied, "I am not afraid of anything, if only you are not harmed and our army triumphs."

"Good-by then, and if anything happens, look out for the state papers," said Madison, and rode away to the point where the citizen-soldiers were gathering.

Many Washington people began carrying their property off to the country, but the brave woman at the White House did not run away. At last there came a penciled note from the president:

"Enemy stronger than we heard at first. They may reach the city and destroy it. Be ready to leave at a moment's warning."

Most of Mrs. Madison's friends were already gone, even the soldiers who had been left to guard the executive mansion. Not a wagon could be secured. "Bring me as many trunks as my carriage will hold," ordered Dolly Madison and set to work packing them with the nation's most valuable papers. Night came but the lady of the White House worked on. At dawn she began searching through her spyglass, hoping to catch a glimpse of her husband. All she could see was here and there a group of soldiers wandering about, men sleeping in the fields, frightened women and children hurrying to the bridge over the Potomac. She could hear the roar of cannon, the battle was going on only six miles away; still the president did not come.

One of the servants, French John, offered to spike the cannon at the gate and lay a train of powder that would blow up the British if they entered the house. But to this Mrs. Madison objected, though she could not make John understand why in war every advantage might not be taken.

About three o'clock in the afternoon two men covered

with dust galloped up and cried, "Fly, fly! The house will be burned over your head!"

Some good friends had succeeded in getting a wagon and Mrs. Madison filled it with the White House silver.

"To the bank of Maryland," she ordered, and added to herself, "or the hands of the British—which will it be?" Two friends came in to urge haste, reminding her that the English admiral, Cockburn, had taken an oath that he would sit in her drawing-room and that other officers had boasted they would take the president and his wife both prisoner and carry them to London to make a show of them. They were just ready to lift her into the carriage when Dolly stopped.

"Not yet—the portrait of Washington—it shall never fall into the hands of the enemy. That must be taken away before I leave the house."

The famous painting by Gilbert Stuart was in a heavy frame, screwed to the wall in the state dining-room, but in that frantic hurry there were no tools at hand to remove it.

"Get an axe and break the frame," commanded Dolly Madison. She watched the canvas taken from the stretcher, saw it rolled up carefully, and sent to a place of safety. Later it was returned to her, and to-day hangs over the mantel in the red room of the White House.

One more delay—the Declaration of Independence was kept in a glass case, separate from the other state papers. Notwithstanding all the protests of her friends, Dolly Madison ran back into the house, broke the glass, secured the Declaration with the autographs of the signers, got into her carriage and drove rapidly away to a house beyond Georgetown.

None too soon did she leave. The sound of approaching troops was heard. The British were upon the city. They broke into the executive mansion, ransacked it, had dinner there in the state dining-room, stole what they could carry, and then set fire to the building.

Instead of sleeping that night, Dolly Madison, with

thousands of others, watched the fire destroying the capital, while the wind from an approaching storm fanned the flames. Before daybreak she set out for a little tavern, sixteen miles away, where her husband had arranged to meet her. The roads were filled with frightened people, while fleeing soldiers spread the wildest rumors of the enemy's advance.

Arrived at the inn finally in the height of the storm, the woman in charge refused to take her in, saying, "My man had to go to fight; your husband brought on this war and his wife shall have no shelter in my house!"

The tavern was thronged with women and children, refugees from the city, who finally prevailed on the woman to let Mrs. Madison enter. The president arrived later, but before he had rested an hour a messenger came crying, "The British know you are here—fly!"

Dolly Madison begged him to go to a little hut in the woods where he would be safe, and promised that she would leave in disguise and find a refuge farther away. In the gray of the morning she started, but soon came the good news that the English, hearing reinforcements were coming, had gone back to their ships. At once she turned and drove toward the city. The bridge over the Potomac was afire.

"Will you row me across?" she asked an American officer.

"No, we don't let strange women into the city." In vain she pleaded. He was firm. "We have spies enough here. How do I know but the British have sent you to burn what they have left? You will not cross the river, that is sure."

"But I am Mrs. Madison, the wife of your president," she answered, throwing off her disguise. Then he rowed her across the Potomac. Through clouds of smoke, past heaps of still smoldering ruins, she made her way to the home of her sister, and waited there for Mr. Madison to return.

While the White House was being rebuilt the Madisons lived in Pennsylvania Avenue, and a brilliant social life centered about them. They revived the levees of Washington and

Adams, gave handsome state dinners and introduced music at their receptions.

When Madison's second term was ended they went to live at Montpelier, their beautiful Virginia home, where they entertained with true southern hospitality the many friends and tourists who visited them. Mr. Madison, for many years an invalid, busied himself with books and writing.

Soon after his death in 1836 Dolly returned to Washington, to be near her old friends. Her home again became a social center, for her tact and beauty and grace made her always a favorite and a leader. She entertained many distinguished guests, "looking every inch a queen," the British ambassador declared. Sometimes there were as many visitors at her receptions as at those at the White House. All the homage of former times was hers, and much consideration was shown her by public officials, Congress voting her a seat on the floor of the House.

Brought up in strict Quaker ways, she adorned every station in life in which she was placed. And in a crisis when the White House was in danger, Dolly Madison was courageous enough to delay her departure till she had saved the Stuart Washington and the Declaration of Independence.

Henry Martyn
A Race Against Time
1781-1812 A.D.

In the story of Sabat that was told in the previous chapter you will remember that, for a part of the time that he lived in India, he worked with an Englishman named Henry Martyn.

Sabat was almost a giant; Henry Martyn was slight and not very strong. Yet—as we shall see in the story that follows—Henry Martyn was braver and more constant than Sabat himself.

As a boy Henry, who was born and went to school in Truro, in Cornwall, in the West of England, was violently passionate, sensitive, and physically rather fragile, and at school was protected from bullies by a big boy, the son of Admiral Kempthorne.

He left school at the age of fifteen and shot and read till he was seventeen. In 1797 he became an undergraduate at St. John's College, Cambridge. He was still very passionate.

For instance, when a man was "ragging" him in the College Hall at dinner, he was so furious that he flung a knife at him, which stuck quivering in the panelling of the wall. Kempthorne, his old friend, was at Cambridge with him. They used to read the Bible together and Martyn became a real Christian and fought hard to overcome his violent temper.

He was a very clever scholar and became a Fellow of Jesus College in 1802. He at that time took orders in the Church of England. He became very keen on reading about missionary work, e.g. Carey's story of nine years' work in Periodical Accounts, and the L. M. S. Report on Vanderkemp in South

Africa. "I read nothing else while it lasted," he said of the Vanderkemp report.

He was accepted as a chaplain of the East India Company. They could not sail till Admiral Nelson gave the word, because the French were waiting to capture all the British ships. Five men-of-war convoyed them when they sailed in 1805. They waited off Ireland, because the immediate invasion of England by Napoleon was threatened. On board Martyn worked hard at Hindustani, Bengali and Portuguese. He already knew Greek, Latin and Hebrew. He arrived at Madras (South India) and Calcutta and thence went to Cawnpore. It is at this point that our yarn begins.

A voice like thunder, speaking in a strange tongue, shouted across an Indian garden one night in 1809.

The new moon, looking "like a ball of ebony in an ivory cup,"—as one who was there that night said—threw a cold light over the palm trees and aloes, on the man who was speaking and on those who were seated around him at the table in the bungalow.

Beyond the garden the life of Cawnpore moved in its many streets; the shout of a donkey-driver, the shrill of a bugle from the barracks broke sharply through the muffled sounds of the city. The June wind, heavy with the waters of the Ganges which flows past Cawnpore, made the night insufferably hot. But the heat did not trouble Sabat, the wild son of the Arabian desert, who was talking—as he always did—in a roaring voice that was louder than most men's shouting. He was telling the story of Abdallah's brave death as a Christian martyr.

Quietly listening to Sabat's voice—though he could not understand what he was saying—was a young Italian, Padre Julius Cæsar, a monk of the order of the Jesuits. On his head was a little skull-cap, over his body a robe of fine purple satin held with a girdle of twisted silk.

Near him sat an Indian scholar—on his dark head a full

turban, and about him richly-coloured robes. On the other side sat a little, thin, copper-coloured Bengali dressed in white, and a British officer in his scarlet and gold uniform, with his wife, who has told us the story of that evening.

Not one of these brightly dressed people was, however, the strongest power there. A man in black clothes was the real centre of the group. Very slight in build, not tall, clean-shaven, with a high forehead and sensitive lips, young Henry Martyn seemed a stripling beside the flaming Arab. Yet Sabat, with all his sound and fury, was no match for the swift-witted, clear-brained young Englishman. Henry Martyn was a chaplain in the army of the East India Company, which then ruled in India.

He was the only one of those who were listening to Sabat who could understand what he was saying.

When Sabat had finished his story, Martyn turned, and, in his clear, musical voice translated it from the Persian into Latin mixed with Italian for Padre Julius Cæsar, into Hindustani for the Indian scholar, into Bengali for the Bengal gentleman, and into English for the British officer and his wife. Martyn could also talk to Sabat himself both in Arabic and in Persian.

As Martyn listened to the rolling sentences of Sabat, the Christian Arab, he seemed to see the lands beyond India, away across the Khyber Pass, where Sabat had travelled—Mesopotamia, Arabia, Persia.

Henry Martyn knew that in all those lands the people were Mohammedans. He wanted one thing above everything else in the world: that was to give them all the chance of doing what Sabat and Abdallah had done—the chance of reading in their own languages the one book in the world that could tell them that God was a Father—the book of letters and of biographies that we call the New Testament.

The Toil of Brain

There was not in the world a copy of the New Testament in good Persian. To make one Henry Martyn slaved hard, far into the hot, sultry Indian nights, with scores of mosquitoes "pinging" round his lamp and his head, grinding at his Persian grammar, so that he could translate the life of Jesus Christ into that language.

Even while he was listening to Sabat's story in the bungalow at Cawnpore, Martyn knew that he was so ill that he could not live for many years more. The doctor said that he must leave India for a time to be in a healthier place. Should he go home to England, where all his friends were? He wanted that; but much more he wanted to go on with his work. So he asked the doctor if he might go to Persia on the way home, and he agreed.

So Martyn went down from Cawnpore to Calcutta, and in a boat down the Hoogli river to the little Arab coasting sailing ship the Hummoudi, which hoisted sail and started on its voyage round India to Bombay. Martyn read while on board the Old Testament in the original Hebrew and the New Testament in the original Greek, so that he might understand them better and make a more perfect translation into Persian. He read the Koran of Mohammed so that he could argue with the Persians about it. And he worked hard at Arabic grammar, and read books in Persian. Yet he was for ever cracking jokes with his fellow travellers, cooped up in the little ship on the hot tropical seas.

From Bombay the governor granted Martyn a passage up the Persian Gulf in the Benares, a ship in the Indian Navy that was going on a cruise to finish the exciting work of hunting down the fierce Arab pirates of the Persian Gulf. So on Lady Day, 1811, the sailors got her under weigh and tacked northward up the Gulf, till at last, on May 21, the roofs and minarets of Bushire hove in sight. Martyn, leaning over the bulwarks, could see the town jutting out into the Gulf on a

spit of sand and the sea almost surrounding it. That day he set foot for the first time on the soil of Persia.

Across Persia on a Pony

Aboard ship Martyn had allowed his beard and moustache to grow. When he landed at Bushire he bought and wore the clothes of a Persian gentleman, so that he should escape from attracting everybody's notice by wearing clothes such as the people had never seen before.

No one who had seen the pale, clean-shaven clergyman in black silk coat and trousers in Cawnpore would have recognised the Henry Martyn who rode out that night on his pony with an Armenian servant, Zechariah of Isfahan, on his long one hundred and seventy mile journey from Bushire to Shiraz. He wore a conical cap of black Astrakhan fur, great baggy trousers of blue, bright red leather boots, a light tunic of chintz, and over that a flowing cloak.

They went out through the gates of Bushire on to the great plain of burning sand that stretched away for ninety miles ahead of them. They travelled by night, because the day was intolerably hot, but even at midnight the heat was over 100 degrees. It was a fine moonlight night; the stars sparkled over the plain. The bells tinkled on the mules' necks as they walked across the sand. All else was silent.

At last dawn broke. Martyn pitched his little tent under a tree, the only shelter he could get. Gradually the heat grew more and more intense. He was already so ill that it was difficult to travel.

"When the thermometer was above 112 degrees—fever heat," says Martyn, "I began to lose my strength fast. It became intolerable. I wrapped myself up in a blanket and all the covering I could get to defend myself from the air. By this means the moisture was kept a little longer upon the body. I thought I should have lost my senses. The thermometer at last stood at 126 degrees. I concluded that death was

inevitable."

At last the sun went down: the thermometer crept lower: it was night and time to start again. But Martyn had not slept or eaten. He could hardly sit upright on his pony. Yet he set out and travelled on through the night.

Next morning he had a little shelter of leaves and branches made, and an Arab poured water on the leaves and on Martyn all day to try to keep some of the frightful heat from him. But even then the heat almost slew him. So they marched on through another night and then camped under a grove of date palms.

"I threw myself on the burning ground and slept," Martyn wrote. "When the tent came up I awoke in a burning fever. All day I had recourse to the wet towel, which kept me alive, but would allow of no sleep."

At nine that night they struck camp. The ground threw up the heat that it had taken from the sun during the day. So frightfully hot was the air that even at midnight Martyn could not travel without a wet towel round his face and neck.

As the night drew on the plain grew rougher: then it began to rise to the foothills and mountains. At last the pony and mules were clambering up rough steep paths so wild that there was (as Martyn said) "nothing to mark the road but the rocks being a little more worn in one place than in another." Suddenly in the darkness the pony stopped; dimly through the gloom Martyn could see that they were on the edge of a tremendous precipice. A single step more would have plunged him over, to be smashed on the rocks hundreds of feet below. Martyn did not move or try to guide the beast: he knew that the pony himself was the safest guide. In a minute or two the animal moved, and step by step clambered carefully up the rock-strewn mountain-side.

At last they came out on the mountain top, but only to find that they were on the edge of a flat high plain—a table-land. The air was pure and fresher; the mules and the

travellers revived. Martyn's pony began to trot briskly along. So, as dawn came up, they came in sight of a great courtyard built by the king of that country to refresh pilgrims.

Through night after night they tramped, across plateau and mountain range, till they climbed the third range, and then plunged by a winding rocky path into a wide valley where, at a great town called Kazrun, in a garden of cypress trees was a summer-house.

Martyn lay down on the floor but could not sleep, though he was horribly weary. "There seemed," he said, "to be fire within my head, my skin like a cinder." His heart beat like a hammer.

They went on climbing another range of mountains, first tormented by mosquitoes, then frozen with cold; Martyn was so overwhelmed with sleep that he could not sit on his pony and had to hurry ahead to keep awake and then sit down with his back against a rock where he fell asleep in a second, and had to be shaken to wake up when Zechariah, the Armenian mule driver, came up to where he was.

They had at last climbed the four mountain rungs of the ladder to Persia, and came out on June 11th, 1811, on the great plain where the city of Shiraz stands. Here he found the host Jaffir Ali Khan, to whom he carried his letters of introduction. Martyn in his Persian dress, seated on the ground, was feasted with curries and rice, sweets cooled with snow and perfumed with rose water, and coffee.

Ali Khan had a lovely garden of orange trees, and in the garden Martyn sat. Ill as he was, he worked day in and day out to translate the life of Jesus Christ in the New Testament from the Greek language into pure and simple Persian. The kind host put up a tent for Martyn in the garden, close to same beautiful vines, from which hung lovely bunches of purple grapes. By the side of his tent ran a clear stream of running water. All the evening nightingales sang sweetly and mournfully.

As he sat there at his work, men came hundreds of miles to talk with this holy man, as they felt him to be. Moslems—they yet travelled even from Baghdad and Bosra and Isfahan to hear this "infidel" speak of Jesus Christ, and to argue as to which was the true religion. Prince Abbas Mirza invited him to come to speak with him; and as Martyn entered the Prince's courtyard a hundred fountains began to send up jets of water in his honour.

At last they came to him in such numbers that Martyn was obliged to say to many of them that he could not see them. He hated sending them away. What was it forced him to do so?

The Race against Time

It was because he was running a race against time. He knew that he could not live very long, because the disease that had smitten his lungs was gaining ground every day. And the thing that he had come to Persia for—the object that had made him face the long voyage, the frightful heat and the freezing cold of the journey, the life thousands of miles from his home in Cornwall—was that he might finish such a translation of the New Testament into Persian that men should love to read years and years after he had died.

So each day Martyn finished another page or two of the book, written in lovely Persian letters. He began the work within a week of reaching Shiraz, and in seven months (February, 1812) it was finished. Three more months were spent in writing out very beautiful copies of the whole of the New Testament in this new translation, to be presented to the Shah of Persia and to the heir to the throne, Prince Abbas Mirza.

Then he started away on a journey right across Persia to find the Shah and Prince so that he might give his precious books to them. On the way he fell ill with great fever; he was so weak and giddy that he could not stand. One night his

head ached so that it almost drove him mad; he shook all over with fever; then a great sweat broke out. He was almost unconscious with weakness, but at midnight when the call came to start he mounted his horse and, as he says, "set out, rather dead than alive." So he pressed on in great weakness till he reached Tabriz, and there met the British Ambassador.

Martyn was rejoiced, and felt that all his pains were repaid when Sir Gore Ouseley said that he himself would present the Sacred Book to the Shah and the Prince. When the day came to give the book to Prince Abbas, poor Henry Martyn was so weak that he could not rise from his bed. Before the other copy could be presented to the Shah, Martyn had died. This is how it came about.

The Last Trail

His great work was done. The New Testament was finished. He sent a copy to the printers in India. He could now go home to England and try to get well again. He started out on horseback with two Armenian servants and a Turkish guide. He was making along the old track that has been the road from Asia to Europe for thousands of years. His plan was to travel across Persia, through Armenia and over the Black Sea to Constantinople, and so back to England.

For forty-five days he moved on, often going as much as ninety miles, and generally as much as sixty in a day. He slept in filthy inns where fleas and lice abounded and mosquitoes tormented him. Horses, cows, buffaloes and sheep would pass through his sleeping-room, and the stench of the stables nearly poisoned him. Yet he was so ill that often he could hardly keep his seat on his horse.

He travelled through deep ravines and over high mountain passes and across vast plains. His head ached till he felt it would split; he could not eat; fever came on. He shook with ague. Yet his remorseless Turkish guide, Hassan, dragged him along, because he wanted to get the journey over and go back

home.

At last one day Martyn got rest on damp ground in a hovel, his eyes and forehead feeling as though a great fire burnt in them. "I was almost frantic," he wrote. Martyn was, in fact, dying; yet Hassan compelled him to ride a hundred and seventy miles of mountain track to Tokat. Here, on October 6th, 1812, he wrote in his journal:

"No horses to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God—in solitude my Company, my Friend, my Comforter."

It was the last word he was ever to write.

Alone, without a human friend by him, he fell asleep. But the book that he had written with his life-blood, the Persian New Testament, was printed, and has told thousands of Persians in far places, where no Christian man has penetrated, that story of the love of God that is shown in Jesus Christ.

Moses Montefiore
"A True English Gentleman"
1784-1885 A.D.

The Duchess of Kent flung back the lacy ruffles of the sleeves of her morning gown, settled her beribboned cap more firmly on her elaborately dressed hair, and drew a long envelope from the pile of letters on her writing desk.

"Drina," she said, smiling graciously, "perhaps you would like to see a letter Sir John brought me this morning."

Princess Victoria, to give her the name by which she was known outside the family circle, looked up eagerly from her Latin exercise book. To the sixteen-year-old miss, any diversion was pleasant that took her from the dull task her governess, Fräulein Lehzen, had just assigned her. And it was always a treat when dear mamma allowed her to read one of her own letters. Slender and pretty in her fresh sprigged muslin, she crossed the sitting room and held out her hand for the envelope.

"Why, mamma, there's a key in it!" exclaimed the girl. "Look, it's all wrapped in lovely blue ribbon. What is it for?"

"Suppose, instead of asking foolish questions, you read the letter that came with it," answered her mother. The duchess spoke in the faintly disapproving tone with which she usually addressed her cherished daughter. It was the fashion in 1835 for careful parents not to allow their offspring to think too well of themselves. In the case of the future queen of England, Victoria's widow mother had long ago decided it was doubly important to preserve family discipline.

Victoria looked up from the delicate script, her round face

flushing with pleasure.

"Isn't this lovely? Ever since we've been in Ramsgate, I've hated to take my morning walk with everybody in the street turning to stare. And this key is for the private garden behind East Cliff Lodge, that beautiful mansion overlooking the sea. So I can walk there and be all by myself whenever I want to!" she ended happily.

"Accompanied, of course, by Fräulein Lehzen, or one of the maids!"

"Of course, mamma." Victoria, who often wondered how it would seem just to be all alone for a single hour of the day or night, turned back to the letter to glance again over the signature. "But, mamma, who is this Mr. Moses Montefiore who has so kindly sent me the key to his garden?"

"He comes of a wealthy Italian-English family," answered her mother. "He is a Jew; but Sir John says he is in every respect a true English gentleman." The duchess felt that praise could go no further; there was no one's opinion she so respected as that of Sir John Conroy, the majordomo of her little court.

"I wonder what Mr. Montefiore is like. I've never met a real Jew, have I, mamma?"

"Sir John tells me he has very elegant manners. He is actually at home in the highest Christian circles. But Sir John says he never allows anyone to forget he is a Hebrew. Would you believe it, Drina, when he dined at a table where Lord Nelson was the guest of honor, this Mr. Montefiore recited a Jewish grace right before them all before he began to eat. And once he would not accept an invitation to dine, even though several of the royal family were present, because it was almost time for his Sabbath to begin, and he said he must hurry to services at his synagogue."

"Is Mr. Montefiore married?" Victoria was glad to gossip instead of struggling with her Latin exercises.

"Yes, and Sir John says is lady is just as pious as he is. They

have built their own synagogue at East Cliff Lodge and have several services there every day. And on the Jewish holy days some of the wealthiest Hebrews like their relations, the banking Rothschilds, come there to worship. Of course, they have many rich relatives for all Hebrews are wealthy," ended the lady, who had heard of only a few leading Jewish bankers.

"But when I was in London for Uncle King's birthday," puzzled the young girl, "I saw some old ragged beggars in the street and some boys were following them and calling them 'Jews.' So there must be plenty of poor Jews just as there are poor Christians."

"It is time for you to get back to your lessons," reminded the duchess, dismissing the argument with a turn of her lace-frilled wrist.

If Moses Montefiore had been rude enough to intrude upon the young princess' morning walks in his secluded garden, he could have told her something of the poor Jews he had aided in England, and their far more wretched brethren who called to him for aid from every corner of the world.

From a youth he had been extremely successful as a stock-broker. When his marriage to Judith Cohen added a large dowry to his own fortune, Montefiore became one of the wealthiest men in all England. He agreed with his wife, who was his helpmate in every sense of the word for over fifty years, that their wealth was a sacred obligation and must be used to help the unfortunate. So Moses Montefiore through his long active live made philanthropy his business and showed his love of mankind by devoting his time, his energy, and his wealth to his brothers, Christian and Jew alike.

We catch a glimpse of his busy, useful life when we read bits from one of his diaries in his earlier years:

"With God's blessing—Rise, say prayers at 7 o'clock. Breakfast at 9. Attend the stock exchange at 10. Dinner, 5. Read, write and learn, if possible, Hebrew and French, 6. Read Bible and say prayers, 10. Then retire…. I attended

many meetings at the City of London Tavern, also several charitable meetings, sometimes passing the whole day there from ten in the morning till half-past eleven at night…. Answered 350 petitions from poor women and also made visits to the Villareal School."

A few years after Mr. Montefiore invited Princess Victoria to enjoy the privacy of his garden, she became Queen of England. Moses Montefiore had recently been elected sheriff of the City of London, the second Jew ever honored by that office. He was proud to be selected as one of a delegation of officials to congratulate the new monarch. But he was prouder still when he later received the honor of knighthood from her hand.

"A day that can never be forgotten by me," he notes in his diary. "With the exception of the day I had the happiness of dedicating our synagogue at Ramsgate, and the day of my wedding, the proudest day of my life. I trust the honour conferred by our most gracious queen on myself and my dear Judith may prove the harbinger of future good to the Jews generally, and though I am sensible of my unworthiness, yet I pray the Almighty to lead and guide me to the proper path, that I may observe and keep His Holy Law."

The elaborate ceremony took place in Guildhall. As each candidate for knighthood knelt before her, the youthful queen, a tiny but stately figure in her royal robes, struck him lightly on the left shoulder with a sword. At last it was time for Moses Montefiore to kneel. When Queen Victoria dropped the sword's point on his shoulder with the command, "Rise, Sir Moses," he trembled with emotion.

"I hope my dear mother will be pleased," was his first thought. Then he wondered whether Judith, who had been ill, had become overtired during the long ceremony.

His eyes turned toward the walls of the great hall against which the banners of England's knights were displayed. Now his own hung among them. It bore the word, "Jerusalem."

Ten years before he received knighthood from his queen, Moses Montefiore made the first of his many visits to Palestine. Having retired from the stock exchange to devote his full time to charitable and educational interests, he was now free to explore the land of his fathers. The first prominent Jew of modern times to make the journey, he was deeply shocked at the desolation which greeted him at every turn in Jerusalem. The little community of Jews there were nearly all aged, very poor, and outrageously taxed by the Turkish government.

Since there were no decent inns in the city, the Turkish governor, impressed by the Englishman's reputation and wealth, suggested that Moses Montefiore and his wife would be more comfortable as guests in the luxurious home of one of the Moslem aristocracy. But the traveler declined the invitation.

"I hope," he said, "that I shall ever live and die in the society of my brethren in Israel."

Accompanied by his wife, he visited various historic sites in the ancient city, attended synagogue services and, in honor of Judith's birthday, distributed liberal alms.

For the next few years Sir Moses, because of his public duties, was unable to leave England and was forced to postpone a second visit to Palestine. Meanwhile, he played an important part in Jewish emancipation, which was still far from complete even in his own beloved country.

In 1838 the Montefiores again turned their faces eastward. The journal in which Lady Judith recorded their travels across Europe gives a vivid picture of all that she and her husband experienced. Wherever they went they closely studied Jewish conditions; everywhere they were greeted as ambassadors of good will to their less fortunate brethren.

"The eagerness to attend us and show respect," Lady Montefiore writes during her visit to Rome, "is beyond description and certainly beyond our desert. I accompanied

my dear M—to synagogue, where several ladies awaited me. A crimson velvet and gold chair was placed in the center (of the women's gallery) for me. Embarrassing as was the proffered honour, I did not like to refuse, lest my doing so would have offended the kind feelings of those by whom it was tendered."

But as the English couple traveled further east they met dangers as well as honors. Turkey was in a state of political turmoil; the land was overrun with bandits; there was the menace of a fast-spreading plague. Sir Moses refused to consider turning back, but he tried to persuade his wife, who was far from robust, to remain behind in Malta.

"This I resisted," she notes in her diary, "and the expression of Ruth furnished my heart at the moment with language it most desired to use: 'Entreat me not to leave thee, and to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge.'"

So the frail English woman accompanied her husband to Syria. Here they were warned that it would not be safe to proceed. They could not procure an armed escort. Because it was known that Sir Moses carried a huge sum of money to distribute among the poor of Palestine, it was feared brigands might attack his little party.

On the journey to Safed, the tiny city nestled among the Judean hills, it was necessary for one of the pilgrims to keep guard all night with a loaded pistol. No wonder that when at last they saw the towers of the Holy City in the distance, all dismounted form their horses, "and poured forth devout praises to Him whose mercy and providence alone had thus brought us a second time, in health and safety, to the city of our fathers."

Now on his second visit to Jerusalem, Sir Moses Montefiore did more than distribute alms to the needy Jews and Christians and Moslems. He began to make a thorough study of the needs of the people in the Holy Land and the

conditions under which they lived. As a successful businessman, he realized that no help is as valuable as self-help; he began to work out ways and means of making immigrants to Palestine self-supporting.

"By degrees," he wrote, "I hope to induce the return of thousands of our brethren to the land of Israel. I am sure they would be happy in the enjoyment of our holy religion, in a manner which is impossible in Europe."

Sir Moses had striven long and successfully to free his fellow Jews from certain disabilities which even in liberal England had lingered on into the nineteenth century. With his own eyes he had seen the hardships of the Jews in Europe and Palestine. Now circumstances were such that he was forced into assuming the championship of his people.

From Damascus came the charge that a Christian monk had been murdered by Jews. This terrible outrage was followed by false charges in the island of Rhodes and attacks on the Jews of Syria.

Everyone realized that much more than the lives of the imprisoned Jews was at stake; the slander from which they suffered threatened the honorand safety of Jews in every land. Fortunately, not only Jewish leaders but liberal Christians in England and many European countries came forward to defend the accused. Sir Moses Montefiore, after an audience with Queen Victoria, received letters of recommendation from the British Foreign Office and, as the representative of English Jewry, again traveled east. It was largely through his efforts while in Egypt that the accused Jews were granted not only their freedom, but were cleared from the infamous charge.

Now Sir Moses was recognized in every land as the champion of the Jewish people. In 1842 a deputation of Russian Jews visited him to beg him to appeal against the increasingly hard restrictions of Czar Nicholas I. The immediate reason for the Englishman's visit to Russia was a decree to remove

thousands of Jews, who had been living along the borders of Germany and Austria, back into the interior of Russia. This uprooting would have destroyed any chance they had to make even a poor livelihood.

As the tie for passing this law drew nearer, Sir Moses was urged to make a personal appeal to the czar, himself. In spite of the rigors of a Russian winter and the bad roads, Moses and Judith Montefiore and their party arrived safely in St. Petersburg. Here, a week later, Sir Moses was granted an audience by Czar Nicholas. He also conferred with the highest officials. In this backward country where the Jews were considered a little better than cattle, the simple dignity of the English Jew won him a respectful hearing.

"It is a happiness to me," he writes, "to hear from every person, from the very highest to the lowest classes, that my visit will raise the Jews in the estimation of the people, and that his majesty's reception of me will be of the utmost importance."

On the Sabbath following the devoted pair's return to England, special prayers of thanksgiving were offered in all the synagogues. There was much speculation whether the unusual courtesy shown Sir Moses in Russia would prove to be anything but an empty gesture. But at last after the exchange of many letters with Russian officials the threatened law of expulsion was actually canceled.

About this time Queen Victoria awarded Sir Moses a baronetcy. What pleased him most was that it was officially stated that the honor was given him because of his position among his coreligionists. The queen added that she hoped the distinction might aid his "truly benevolent efforts to improve the social condition of the Jews in other countries."

The Englishman's fame reached across the seas. When Judah Touro of New Orleans died he bequeathed in his will what was an astounding sum in those days, fifty thousand dollars, for the Jews of Palestine. The North American Relief

Society for the Jews of Jerusalem not only asked Sir Moses to spend as he thought best the money they had collected, but requested him to serve as one of Mr. Touro's executors.

Again Sir Moses journeyed eastward. When he reached Constantinople the sultan of Turkey granted him an audience. His royal favor made it possible for the Jews to buy some land in Palestine. So several agricultural colonies were established near Tiberias, Safed, and Jaffa.

On this visit Sir Moses finally persuaded the rabbinical leaders in Jerusalem, who did not believe in education for girls, to give their consent to a girls' school there. And on his next visit to the Holy Land he was able to begin work on the Judah Touro model homes for Jewish settlers who divided their time between studying the Torah and working at the newly-established industries such as weaving and other handicrafts.

Although the philanthropist was now over seventy, he was still blessed with strength and energy to serve not only his own people but others who needed his assistance. When Christians were massacred in Syria by the Moslems, he was among the first to suggest forming a committee for their relief. Because he knew conditions in the Near East better than many other European leaders, he soon became most influential in this work. When he sent money to aid the starving Jews of Persia, he requested that half of the sum should be divided among poor Christians and Mohammedans. Later, after an arduous and perilous trek of over a hundred miles over the Atlas Mountains and across the desert to Morocco City, he wrote in his journal:

"I hope that by divine blessing I have been of some use to my fellow creatures, both Jews and Christians, and, I believe I may add, Moors. I believe that my dear Judith would have approved my conduct, and sure am I, if it had pleased an all-wise Providence to have spared her, she would have shared my fatigue and dangers."

He thought, as he wrote, how his wife had cheered and comforted him in his travels, until, a few years ago, she had set out on her last long journey alone. How she had studied Hebrew and even Arabic; how she had graciously adapted herself to strange customs and had won all hearts with her modesty and gentleness. Now she slept in the mausoleum on the Ramsgate estate which they had together designed after the model of Rachel's Tomb on the road to Jerusalem. Her husband missed her sorely, but the many labors of love, which she would have encouraged him to take upon himself even in his extreme old age, made his loneliness easier to bear.

In 1875, Sir Moses made his last journey to Palestine. He had made his first visit to Palestine in the strength and vigor of his manhood; now his head was white with the snows of over ninety winters, and his broad shoulders drooped wearily. At Jaffa Gate he was forced to leave his carriage, as the streets of old Jerusalem were much too narrow for him to drive further. As he had not wished a public reception, he had requested that no preparations be made for his arrival, and no sedan chair waited to carry the patriarch to his dwelling. He admits it was "a rather difficult and painful task" to walk to the apartment where he rested until he felt strong enough to receive the grateful Jews who begged him to visit him.

The old man rejoiced to see the many improvements which the years had brought to the long-neglected country. An orange orchard he had purchased twenty years before was now flourishing; men were at work on a printing-press he had given them; the three Jews he had sent to England to learn modern methods in weaving were now supporting their families by their trade. He showed his heartfelt interest in a dozen ways. He wondered whether the dispensary he had founded in Jerusalem was large enough to care for the sick poor; he worried what payment to set for the use of the windmill which he had sent English workmen to erect.

Back in Ramsgate again, he waited for the sunset, not in

idle, well-deserved leisure, but still laboring with all his waning strength for the good of his people. He dictated replies to appeals which came to him from every corner of the world. He directed his many charitable interests; he used the power of his well-known name by appealing directly to prominent statesmen, whenever there was Jewish persecution or discrimination.

Now in 1884 came his hundredth birthday. From Kansas a group of refugee Jews, who had named their farm colony after their benefactor, sent him congratulations—and products of the soil they could at last cultivate in peace and safety. A group of East European Jews chose this date for an international meeting of the Lovers of Zion, stalwart intellectuals, who were pledged to further colonization in Palestine. Greetings came from Jews huddled in Polish and Roumanian ghettos, who, as they sat down to their scanty suppers, raised their eyes to the picture of their distant champion. While in synagogues not only in Europe, but in America, Asia, and Africa, special prayers were offered for the patriarch who had served his God and his brother-man so long and faithfully.

The town of Ramsgate and its harbor were illuminated and bonfires lighted in honor of its most distinguished citizen. There was a procession and Sir Moses' fellow citizens, who lined the sidewalks, cheered when they saw the old-fashioned carriage in which he had traveled so far in stage-coach days. And, of course, there was a special service in the synagogue attended by many well-wishers from London.

Sir Moses was not strong enough to attend either the celebrations or the synagogue services. Clad in a purple silk dressing gown, resting on a sofa and supported with pillows, he received his relatives and a few close friends. The sunshine which streamed through the bay windows fell upon is noble white head and closely-cut snow-white beard. On the walls the visitors noted many scenes in the Holy Land, pictures of the royal family, and a beautiful portrait of Queen Victoria.

The company grew suddenly silent after the announcement that Sir Moses would share with them a telegram he had just received from his sovereign. The paper trembled in his blue-veined hands; but his voice was surprisingly firm as he read:

"I wish to renew my sincere congratulations to you on the day which marks your completion of a century of loyalty and philanthropy."

The old man nodded toward the marble-topped little table which stood beside his couch. One of his nephews lifted the flagon and poured a glass of wine for him.

"Thank you," murmured Sir Moses. He looked toward the picture of his friend and raised his glass in a courtly toast.

"The queen, God bless her!" said Moses Montefiore.

Theodor Herzl
Servant of the Light
1860-1904 A.D.

An Austrian Jew paced nervously up and down his hotel bedroom in Paris. His kingly bearing and luxuriant black beard made him appear much older than his actual thirty-six years. He knew that he could no longer delay writing his article for the outstanding Viennese newspaper which had sent him to France; but he shrank with almost personal pain from setting down in words the scene he had just witnessed. At last, throwing back his broad shoulders, Theodor Herzl returned to his desk and began to write rapidly:

"On this dismal winter's day," Herzl wrote in 1895, "the degradation of Captain Dreyfus, which was carried out in the grounds of the Military Academy, drew large numbers of the curious to the vicinity. Many officers were present. Outside the grounds swarmed the morbid crowds which are always attracted by executions. A few minutes before nine Dreyfus was led forth. He was dressed in his captain's uniform. Four men conducted him before the general. The latter said, 'Alfred Dreyfus, you are unworthy to bear arms. In the name of the French Republic, I degrade you from your rank. Let the sentence be carried out.' Dreyfus lifted his right arm and called out, 'I declare and solemnly swear that you are degrading an innocent man. *Vive la France!*' At that instance the drums were beaten. The officer in charge began to tear from the condemned man's uniform the buttons and cords. Then began the parade of the condemned before the troops. Dreyfus marched along the sides of the square like a man who

knows himself innocent. He passed by a group of officers, who cried, 'Judas Traitor!' Dreyfus was then handcuffed and given into the custody of the gendarmes. When he had been led away the troops marched off the grounds. But the crowd surged toward the gates to watch the condemned man being led away. There were passionate shouts. 'Bring him out here and we will tear him to pieces!'"

Such was the climax of the Dreyfus case which stirred the entire civilized world in the last years of the nineteenth century. Only the prejudiced or those who would profit by his condemnation believed Captain Alfred Dreyfus guilty of treason.

A number of French officers who had tried to betray their country for gain needed a scapegoat. Dreyfus, whom they selected to shoulder their guilt, was a Jew. His long drawn out trials became a battle-ground between the forces of the reactionaries and liberals, like the world-famous novelist, Emile Zola, who believed not only that Dreyfus was innocent but that the victim suffered only because he was a Jew.

After enduring the agonies of solitary confinement for many years in the cruelest of French prisons, Devil's Island, Alfred Dreyfus was at last cleared of the charge of treason and his former rank was restored to him. When he came back to a world of free and honorable men, he was astonished to learn that he had unconsciously inspired what was to become the most important Jewish movement in modern times.

Before he reported the Dreyfus case, Theodor Herzl had not been greatly concerned with the tragedy of his dispossessed people. Brought up in a progressive Hungarian family, he had first encountered anti-Semitism during his university days. Devoted to his parents and his three young children, a very successful journalist, looking forward to a brilliant career as a writer, he now suddenly forgot his own interests and ambitions.

He had long known of the cruel hardships imposed upon

the Jews of Russia and Poland by the reactionary czarist government. Herzl knew also of certain disabilities the Jews still faced in Germany and the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Now in France, liberty-loving France, his own eyes beheld a Jewish martyrdom; his own ears heard for the first time the cries of the frenzied mob: "Death to Dreyfus! Death to the Jews!"

"The French people, or at any rate the greater part of the French people, does not want to extend the rights of man to Jews," wrote Herzl, deeply discouraged and bewildered.

Although his lighter comic sketches had been played successfully not only in European centers but in New York City, now his problem play, "The New Ghetto," largely because of its theme, was rejected by the German theaters. As anti-Semitic outbreaks spread through Europe Herzl became so disturbed that both he and his friends feared he might lose his reason.

He visited Baron Moritz de Hirsch, one of the richest and most generous Jews of his time, pleading for funds to finance a mass migration of the persecuted Jews from Europe. Later, writing to the philanthropist, Herzl speaks of a flag under which the scattered millions might some day be gathered, "A flag—what is that? A stick with a rag at the end of it! No, Monsieur le Baron, a flag is a great deal more. It is with a flag that people are led whithersoever one desires, even to the Promised Land."

Herzl knew there was no Jewish flag. And where stretched the Promised Land? He thought of the agricultural colonies which Baron de Hirsch had founded in Argentina, hoping that the poor and persecuted Jews sent there from eastern Europe might be happy and safe as farmers. But these colonies had been only partially successful. Herzl considered also the few Jewish colonies in Palestine, so few and poor and scattered.

But if there could be a Jewish State, he thought, which

would be a country of refuge for every unhappy Jew; a Jewish State, which would proudly claim its place among the nations of the world and protest against such horrors as a Russian massacre or a Dreyfus case.

A Jewish State! Herzl was dazzled with his vision. The entire Jewish people, united for the first time since the fall of Jerusalem. For five feverish days he sat bent over his desk, trying to put down in words the ideas that hurtled through his brain. At last it lay finished before him, a pamphlet of sixty-five pages, which, as Herzl himself said, ended his own life as an individual and began a new phase of Israel's history.

In this pamphlet, "The Jewish State," Herzl felt he had stated the only way of ending his people's age-long tragedy. Although the Jews were widely scattered and landless, Herzl now carefully outlined his plans for the financing and the government of a restored Zion. It made no difference to him that his Jewish State existed only in his dreams. "If you will, it is no dream," he declared. And he added confidently, "The Jews who wish for a State shall have it, and they will deserve it."

Even Herzl, for all his moments of self-doubting, was unprepared for the violent opposition which greeted his proposal that his long-exiled people should once more create a Promised Land for themselves. Extremely pious Jews, who daily prayed for the return to Palestine, denounced Herzl, for how dare a mortal man try to force the hand of God and hasten his redemption? Jews, who were comfortably situated in Germany and England and the United States, were just as vehement in their objections. They were already "home," they said, in those countries, and did not know the sorrows of exile. They insisted that this wild talk of a return to a Jewish Homeland would only cause doubts of Jewish loyalty among other German or English or American citizens.

Still other Jews brought forward "practical" objections: How oust the Turkish owners from Palestine? What about the

hostile Arabs who remained? Even if thousands of Jews wanted to return, would the little barren country, so long neglected, be able to support even a fraction of them? How could Jews from every country from Argentina to Yemen, long divided by language and manner of living, ever be welded into one harmonious nation? With kindly contempt all the critics united in calling Herzl a well-meaning madman.

Sometimes he was inclined to agree with this verdict. After reading "The Jewish State," one of Herzl's best friends, believing the brilliant writer had actually lost his mind, advised him to talk over his plans with Dr. Max Nordau, an eminent French psychologist. This friend did not believe for a moment that Dr. Nordau would consider Herzl's "dream" seriously. But he thought it would be the best way to give Dr. Nordau an opportunity to examine the brain-sick Herzl.

"My friend, who sent me here, says I am insane," Herzl abruptly began the interview.

"Why?" asked Dr. Nordau, "I have read your plays and many essays and articles and they do not seem to have been conceived by a disordered mind."

"But you have not read my latest work!" said Herzl.

He opened the pamphlet he had dropped on the doctor's desk and rapidly turned the pages. "Let me read you a little; then you, as a doctor and a Jew, well versed in our history, must decide how mad I am." He began to read aloud, pausing now and then to enlarge upon a point, or to answer, one of Nordau's arguments. At last he stopped, pale and exhausted. "Have you had enough?" he asked.

"No, come tomorrow and read me more," invited Nordau.

For three days Theodor Herzl visited Dr. Max Nordau to read, to explain, and to debate. Nordau listened attentively, his keen eyes fixed on the younger man's expressive face.

He looks like a picture of one of the ancient Assyrian kings, with his broad shoulders, his piercing eyes and his curly black hair and beard, thought Nordau. And he carries himself

and writes and speaks as though he were, indeed, a king. Have our people waited through all these centuries for a leader to find him in a young journalist from Vienna?

Suddenly Max Nordau, the cool, reasonable man of science, felt himself seized by the glory of Herzl's dream. He sprang to his feet and pressed Herzl to his heart.

"If you are insane," he cried, "we are insane together. Count on me!"

Dr. Nordau kept his word. He became one of Herzl's earliest and staunchest supporters and one of the most influential figures who appeared on the platform of the First Zionist Congress at Basle.

On August 29, 1897, the First Zionist Congress assembled in the beautiful Swiss city. The delegates came from Germany and Austria-Hungary; from eastern Europe; the Scandinavian countries; from America and Algeria—from Palestine itself. Every group of world Jewry was represented among the hundred and seven representatives who registered on the first day. Young students guided feeble old men to their seats in the meeting hall; Orthodox Jews and free-thinkers, wealthy merchants and working men who had spent their last savings to make the journey entered the Casino to gaze wonderingly at the huge flag draped upon the wall.

"It is white with blue stripes like our prayer-shawls!" exclaimed a very old man. "And look—the Shield of David across the center. After all these years," he said through tears, "our Jewish flag!"

The old man wept again when Theodor Herzl addressed the Congress. Few of the delegates had ever seen him before; but when he rose to speak they cheered wildly, hailing him as their hero. He appeared to them like one of their warrior kings of ancient days, or a prophet like Moses, appointed by God Himself to lead the wanderers home. No one ever forgot the sad passionate face, or the thundering voice, when the new leader of Israel raised his hand and repeated the pledge of the

mourning exiles in Babylon, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget its cunning!"

For the next eight years Herzl acted as the self-appointed ambassador of the Jewish people. He discussed his plans not only with Jewish leaders and philanthropists, but the emperor of Germany, the pope, members of the British cabinet and Von Plehve, the anti-Semitic minister of the czar. For he hoped that a word from high places might influence the Turkish ruler of Palestine.

He actually bargained with the sultan of Turkey, offering to pay the national debt of that impoverished country, in return for a charter, granting the Jews the right to live under their own government in Palestine. Herzl had not the slightest idea how he would be able to raise such a tremendous sum. But he did succeed in impressing the sultan, even if the proposal was not accepted.

But the founder of modern Zionism was not an impractical dreamer. As a newspaper man, he knew the value of publicity; he was right in believing that his interviews even with unfriendly governments were helpful in placing the plight of the Jews before the world. As he had said at the First Zionist Congress, "This movement must become greater, if it is to be at all. A people can be helped only by itself and if it cannot do that, then it cannot be helped. We Zionists seek to awaken the Jewish people everywhere to self-help."

He looked to the Jewish people and they did not fail him. Leaders came forward to assist him with his plans for the still unborn Jewish State. Since no state can exist without money to support it, one of the first projects was the organization of the Jewish Colonial Trust, an English banking company, supported by many small Jewish stockholders. In 1901 the Jewish National Fund was established; Jews from all over the world made contributions, large and small, to buy land in Palestine, not for themselves but for the entire Jewish people. All Zionist members paid a yearly tax named after the shekel

of Biblical days; though this amounted only to about twenty-five cents in American currency, the annual sum helped to pay the expenses of the Zionist organization.

Although there was increased immigration to Palestine, and new colonies were established there, Herzl was far from satisfied. Dreamer though he was, he was still practical enough to realize that only a beginning had been made. Worse, since all that had been accomplished rested on the good will of the corrupt and tottering Turkish government, colonization in Palestine was like a house built upon the sand.

For that reason Herzl was willing to listen to suggestions for a refuge in a land other than Palestine. The English government offered Uganda in British East Africa. But to the homesick Jew who at the end of his Passover service repeated, year after year: "Next Year in Jerusalem!" East Africa could never take the place of Palestine.

Although the Russian Jews were the most heavily oppressed, they protested even more bitterly than their more comfortably situated brethren, when the matter of this temporary refuge came up before the Sixth Congress in 1903. A group calling themselves Territorialists were willing to follow Herzl in accepting any territory which might prove suitable for immigration and settlement. But others, who had been willing to acknowledge him as a modern Moses to lead them out of bondage, now rejected the substitute he offered. Yet in spite of bitter criticism and violent opposition Herzl remained the head of the Zionist party until his death.

He was a devoted father; but from the hour when the vision of the Jewish State seized him, he was forced to neglect his home and his children, Hans and Trude and Pauline. In his article, "The Menorah," he tells how a man who has returned to Judaism listens joyfully as his children, in the light of the Chanuko candles, repeat the story of the heroic Maccabees. And he goes on to praise the candle set aside to light all the others for "there is no office more beneficent and

creative than that of a Servant of Light."

This flame which had burned so fiercely in Herzl's soul and had enkindled a new enthusiasm in thousands of Jewish hearts began to flicker and burn low. Like Moses he had worn himself out in his struggle to lift his people out of darkness and despair. Because he always refused to accept a penny for his services to Zionism, when his official duties were over, he was forced to overtax himself by writing articles to support his family. Although he was only forty-four years old, his sturdy, gigantic body was as tired as that of an old man. His heart was weary with disappointment and frustration. Palestine as a homeland seemed as far away as ever; he no longer had a united organization behind him.

When Ephraim M. Lilien, a famous Jewish artist, drew the picture of the young Moses, he used Herzl for his model. Here were the kingly carriage, the noble features, the tragic eyes of the Hebrew youth, who might have spent his life as a prince in the Egyptian court, but whose soul was sick with the miseries of his people. Like Moses, Herzl sacrificed his ambitions; he put aside his dramatic writings, which might have won him wealth and acclaim; he renounced the happy, peaceful years he might have spent with his family. Like Moses, too, he met not only the opposition of the enemies of the Jew but the scorn and reproaches of those whom he sought to lead into freedom.

He died a broken and a disappointed man.

Theodor Herzl, worn to death by his labors for his people, bitterly disappointed in his dream for them, was buried in Vienna. He had begged for "a modest funeral, without speeches and without flowers." But he had the burial of a king. Hundreds of students who walked behind his coffin joined hands to form a living chain, a pledge that they would unite their young lives in carrying on their dead leader's mission.

Forty-five years passed, years of hope and achievement, of

despair and destruction for the Jewish people. Between the First and Second World Wars, the rebuilding of Palestine grew far beyond even Herzl's vision. Facing certain extinction if the German armies triumphed in Africa, the homeland survived to open its doors to thousands of Jews who had escaped the Nazi terror.

In 1897 Herzl had dared to dream that his hopes might be fulfilled in fifty years. In 1947, exactly fifty years later, the United Nations adopted the resolution which led to the formation of the State of Israel. When, after months of heroic struggle against the Arabs, Israel proudly took its place among the nations of the world, the time had come to grant Herzl's wish that he should be buried in Palestine.

His coffin was borne in a plane from Vienna, where the Jewish community had suffered so terribly under Hitler's persecutions, to the flourishing, modern city of Tel Aviv on the shores of the Mediterranean. Here, as dawn brightened in the smiling August skies, three hundred cars followed the leader's bier to a hill overlooking Jerusalem. The site chosen for the burial had been named in Herzl's memory.

In groups of ten, workers, businessmen, Jews from every corner of the world who had long called Palestine their home, and newly arrived refugees from the prison camps of Europe walked past to empty bags filled with the soil of Israel into the grave. A rabbi chanted Kaddish, the mourners' traditional prayer; there was a roll of drums from Israel's victorious little army. Then a hundred thousand voices burst into the national anthem, "Hatikvah."

"Hatikvah," which in Hebrew means "the Hope," had been sung again and again at Zionist congresses by delegates who often carried little hope in their hearts. Jews had sung it defiantly as they were herded into the gas chambers; refugees chanted it like a battle-cry as from tiny, unseaworthy vessels they caught their first glimpse of the hills of Palestine. Now the citizens of the new State of Israel, even while they wept,

repeated the words in joyous welcome. Theodor Herzl had come home.

Henrietta Szold
Mother of Palestine
1860-1945 A.D.

The little moving picture house in Jerusalem was crowded to the doors. Every seat seemed to be taken. The group of tightly packed-in Jews, with a few Arabs scattered here and there, stirred impatiently as they waited for the theater to darken and the picture to begin. Suddenly, as though moved by one common impulse, the entire audience rose to its feet.

"What's happened?" an American tourist asked his son, a sturdy, tanned youth from one of the farm colonies.

"Miss Szold has just come in," answered the young man. "We always pay her this respect when she comes to the theater."

"Like visiting royalty?"

"But she is greater than any queen," the youth said reverently, as the usher led the white-haired woman down the aisle. "Henrietta Szold is the Mother of Palestine."

This is how it all began in the sandy, sunbaked streets of Tiberias in 1909.

Two American women, one still brisk and rosy-checked in spite of her advancing years, the other middle-aged, dignified of carriage, with keen but kindly eyes, talked to each other as they walked through the dingy city.

"It is hard to believe that the Roman rulers once lived here in their splendid palaces, isn't it, mamma?" commented Henrietta Szold, glancing over the few mean shops and shabby houses.

"Yes. Like everything in Palestine except the Jewish farm

colonies and villages, it seems poor and forsaken," agreed her mother. "Maybe, Henrietta, your anti-Zionist friends back in America were right when they told you it would be a great disappointment to visit Palestine."

"Well, it isn't as cheerful as France or Germany," Henrietta admitted. "But I just had to see Palestine." Her eyes grew tender. "Ever since I was a little girl I've wanted to come here. Remember how papa used to lean back in his armchair in his study in Baltimore, and tell me stories about the Land of Israel? I think that made me a real Zionist even before Herzl dreamed of trying to give us Jews a country."

Suddenly a look of horror flitted over Miss Szold's rather stern features.

"Mamma, look at those children sitting on the wall. Look at that baby's eyes!"

"They're all bruised and black," murmured her mother.

"No. Its eyes must be sore like the eyes of all those children we saw in Jerusalem. And flies have settled on them."

She took a step toward the ragged children, curiously watching the strangers; Mrs. Szold dropped a restraining hand on her shoulder.

"Henrietta," sharply, "you can't fondle that child the way you always do the children in the colonies! Eye diseases here are very contagious."

A few days later the two American women visited the Jewish Girls' School in Jaffa, supported by European Jews. The principal boasted that although a shocking number of Palestinians, both Jews and Arabs, were blinded from trachoma, not a single pupil in his school suffered from the dread disease.

"We have a doctor who visits us twice a week," he said. "And a nurse examines the children's eyes every day. But if a child with perfect eyes is forced to live in a home where there is trachoma, it is almost hopeless."

"It shouldn't be," cried Mrs. Szold. She turned to her

daughter. "Henrietta, there's that literary society you belong to in New York. Aren't most of the women Zionists?" Henrietta nodded. "When you get back home, why don't you tell them about the poor sick children in Palestine? I'm sure you'll be able to do something for them if anybody can."

She spoke with a mother's pride; but she did not overpraise her energetic daughter. For Henrietta Szold even before this first epoch-making visit to Palestine already had a life of important accomplishments behind her.

Although she had grown up in a day when higher education for women was still frowned upon, and had never gone to college, she really deserved the designation of "the most learned Jewess in America." Her father, Rabbi Benjamin Szold, one of the foremost Jewish scholars of his time, had been her first teacher. To him she owed her fine background of history and literature and a knowledge of Hebrew and modern languages that was to be of the greatest value to her in years to come.

Shortly after Henrietta's graduation from high school with a gold medal and other honors, she worked with Russian immigrants. There were no public night schools in Baltimore at the end of the nineteenth century, where these refugees from czarist persecution might learn English and how to fit themselves to earn a living in the United States.

She helped a group of the younger men to rent the second floor of a store; they swept, scrubbed and painted, and managed to purchase several blackboards and a few books. At this school, one of the first of its kind in America, Miss Szold acted as superintendent, teacher, and janitor. Soon the original thirty adult pupils had grown to a hundred and fifty. Years later, when the school was taken over by the city of Baltimore, it had instructed more than five thousand immigrants, Christians as well as Jews.

As Henrietta always said, she had first learned to love Palestine by hearing her father's stories of the ancient

homeland. Now she heard from some of her young Russian friends of groups of dauntless pioneers who had left their European homes to build a new life for themselves in Israel. Some of the Russian immigrants formed what was perhaps the first Zionist society in America and Miss Szold gladly joined them. Her conservative Baltimore friends marveled that such a level-headed young woman could believe such nonsense.

"We are moderns," they declared, "and live in a modern world. We are Jews only in religion and America is our Zion."

But Miss Szold, who was as loyal an American as any of her critics, continued to write and speak for Zionism. This was in 1893, even before Theodor Herzl, born the same year as Miss Szold, had issued his call for the first Zionist congress at Basle!

Then at thirty-three, Miss Szold became secretary of the newly-founded Jewish Publication Society of America. Her work brought her contacts with the foremost Jewish writers and scholars of her day. She edited a number of important books, but, unfortunately, she found little time or energy to write more than an occasional article herself.

When she became ill from overwork in 1909, the Jewish Publication Society rewarded her for her faithful years of service by sending her to visit Europe, and, of course, Palestine. Here, with her own eyes she saw the forgotten children of her people, roaming, neglected and diseased, in the filthy streets. She returned to the United States, wondering what could be done to help them.

As always, she took up the work that was nearest at hand, and did it well. She was elected secretary of the Federation of American Zionists. Now she spent long hours over her desk, even while she took on extra burdens, such as indexing the volumes issued by the American Jewish Historical Society.

"There are 1,600 pages to be done, and I have done about 200," she wrote wearily to a friend.

Again her health failed; now her eyes made close work

impossible for a while. Should she retire and devote her leisure to her aging mother, with whom she now lived in New York City, and her sister's children whom she loved so dearly?

Henrietta had been the oldest of five daughters, always to be depended upon in a family "crisis" like house-cleaning or preserving time or spring sewing for the family. Mrs. Szold had often playfully called her efficient, self-sacrificing daughter, her "little camel" because she seemed to thrive under burdens. Now, almost fifty, utterly worked out after years of labor that taxed nerves and mind, Henrietta began what was to be her greatest contribution to her people. With the help of a few devoted Jewish women she organized Hadassah.

The group met in New York City in 1912; as their first meeting took place on Purim, they chose the Hebrew name of the festival's heroine, Queen Esther. And for their motto, the forty-odd women took the words of the prophet Jeremiah: "The healing of the daughter of My people."

Miss Szold and several members who had visited Palestine told of the needs of that unhappy country. The appealed for money to send healing to the land of Israel.

Soon other chapters sprang up in other cities, to become affiliated with the original New York group of Hadassah, with Henrietta Szold as its first national president.

As a beginning two American-trained nurses were sent to Jerusalem to do pioneer health work in the old, unsanitary city. They began their labors in a tiny clinic to which both Jews and Arabs might come for free treatment. Like the visiting nurses of America they visited the sick in their homes, they taught the ignorant mothers how to bathe their babies and to feed the older children. They carried on a long but successful battle against the scourge of trachoma. They clothed the ragged with clean whole garments of Hadassah women in far-off America had sewed and knitted. Soon "Hadassah" meant "hospital" for the people of Jerusalem.

"My baby is sick, I must take her to Hadassah," a mother

would say. "Yes, I took my boy to Hadassah and the American lady made him well," answered her neighbor.

Meanwhile in America, Miss Szold worked early and late to organize more chapters. The members all over the country collected money to send more nurses, money to keep up the Jewish hospital in Jerusalem, money for health stations which soon dotted the waste places, far off from any doctor. To these stations came not only the Jews of the isolated farm colonies, but the Arabs from their mud huts in the neighboring villages.

Hadassah's health program expanded rapidly. It was not enough to make sick people well, they must learn how to remain healthy. Immigrants were inoculated for malaria. Mothers were given white nettings to protect their babies from flies and taught how to sterilize nursing bottles. School children formed armies "To Fight the Fly"; groups of these boys and girls visited grocery stores and demanded that food should be covered. Their demands caused considerable excitement in the Orient where food had always been sold in the dirty open booths of the bazars.

Because so many of the immigrants were poor, Hadassah started a fund to serve first milk, then luncheons to school children. Many of the mothers had continued to give their children the same type of meal they had prepared in Europe. Now the teachers taught their pupils what foods to choose in a hot country and how to serve native products in a tempting way.

In time a group for younger women, Junior Hadassah, was founded. Its principal project was the founding and support of Meir Shefeyah, a farm village for orphan children. Here the pupils and their teachers do all the work: baking bread and cooking the meals, picking fruit, feeding the live stock, milking the cows. In this way they prepare themselves for working on the farm colonies as soon as they are old enough to graduate.

In 1918, while the First World War still raged, the

American Zionist Medical Unity arrived in Palestine; its forty-four men and women wore the Star of David upon their uniforms instead of the more familiar Red Cross. These doctors, dentists, and nurses brought relief to a population which had long suffered from Turkish misrule and now knew all the privations of a long war. The first mission of the unit was to the overcrowded city of Tiberias, where a cholera epidemic had broken out among the soldiers and civilians.

When peace came to a sick and torn world, Palestine was in a sad state of confusion. True, the Turks had been driven out, and, with the Balfour Declaration issued by the English conquerors, came the promise of the right to establish a "national home" under the protection of Great Britain. But the flood of immigration which followed the peace brought many new problems. Many troubles beset the medical unit. Miss Szold, always an excellent "trouble shooter," was urged to come to Palestine to restore order.

Mrs. Szold was dead, and Henrietta, who had nursed her so tenderly during her last illness, now felt herself free to take up her leadership in Hadassah. But she was nearly sixty, very tired and far from well. She had been in public life since her youth. But she knew that in Palestine, a country with so many oriental prejudices, there would be a strong feeling against a woman in public work. She would also be considered a "foreigner" from America; she wondered whatever she would do in a Hebrew-speaking community. For she had been so busy working for Zionist education all these years that she knew only "book Hebrew" and was ignorant of the tongue as a living language.

Although her doctors warned her against taking on new responsibilities, she set sail for Palestine. Just a short visit, she told herself. Then she would return to America, really retire from active work and spend her last quiet years over the tatting and crocheting she never seemed to have time for any more. But from that day the Land of Israel became her home,

and its development and her own life became one history.

When passport difficulties forced Miss Szold to remain a month in Naples, she spent six hours a day studying modern Hebrew. But the new language proved the least of her troubles. The medical unity suffered from begin too successful. Its work had expanded too fast for its budget. Demands poured in from every side; but funds from America to pay salaries and buy medical supplies and food for the hospital patients were often late in coming.

She no longer felt ill; she decided she had no time to grow old and tired. Her work took her to every part of the country. Sometimes she traveled by automobile, sometimes in a springless wagon drawn by mules; often, when the roads were almost impassable, on the back of an unreliable donkey. She visited the ports where the immigrants, who had come to upbuild Israel, often lay stricken with malaria and too ill to leave their beds. She inspected hospitals, both Jewish and those built by the British, and discussed health measures with the officials. She made improvements in the first training school for nurses in Palestine and enlarged the program of school hygiene. And always she complained that she had had no training to fit herself for her new position!

When the affairs of the medical unit were put in shape and a sufficient annual budget assured from America, Henrietta Szold spoke of returning home. She loved Palestine and had made many, many friends there; but she longed to return to her own family and a less active life.

But that was impossible. She had made herself indispensable. When she was able to resign from her duties with the Hadassah Medical Organization as it was now called, she was urged to oversee the rapidly expanding school system of Palestine. Then, when she felt she might rest, she became convinced of the need of uniting all the many charitable organizations in Palestine, and introducing modern methods of social work.

So she continued to work and live in Palestine with hasty trips back to the United States where Hadassah gathered to pay new honors to its founder. She always shrank from oratorical tributes and personal gifts. She never asked anything for herself, only money in always greater sums for her people in the homeland.

Always her first thought was for the children. Hadassah had done its work so well that Palestine was no longer a plague spot but the most healthful country in the Near East. Poverty-stricken immigrants from Europe and the Orient were being helped toward self-support. But it was hard for parents from vastly different countries to learn the new language, and especially the new ways of Israel, as easily as their children.

No one realized this more keenly than Henrietta Szold who did so much to bring harmony into disorganized homes. There were no truancy laws in Israel, but she tried to urge parents, even if they needed the support of their children, to allow them to remain in school. It was necessary, she urged, to learn a trade or to fit oneself for farm work in the colonies. Everyone seemed to trust the aging American woman and to come to her with their troubles. An old woman who could not manage her modern cook stove appealed to Miss Szold to show her how to use it.

In the autumn of 1933, when as always Henrietta Szold thought longingly of the bright-foliaged trees on the hills around Baltimore, she prepared to return to America.

"Now I shall do nothing but rest," she thought, grateful that her heart, which had often troubled her, had endured under the long strain.

But in London she heard of a project to send young people out of Hitler's Germany to grow up in safety in the Jewish colonies. Although the new ruler had not yet decreed mass transportations to the concentration camps, and no one dreamed of the horror of the mass executions of his victims,

it was painfully evident that no self-respecting Jew could continue to live in Germany.

Miss Szold hurried to Germany, where she found a number of Jewish youth groups already under training for agricultural work in Palestine. But German Jewry had become impoverished under the discriminatory Nazi laws. Huge sums of money for the transportation of these young people and their future support must be collected at once.

Miss Szold returned to Palestine to found what was to be the last and most outstanding work of her long and useful life. She formed the Youth Aliyah for the return of these young fugitives to the land of their fathers. In February, 1934, the first group of these children arrived at Haifa. They found the Mother of Palestine at the port, waiting to welcome them. Group after group came as the terror in Germany increased.

Because of her failing strength Miss Szold had at first promised only to help raise money for this project. But she knew her children needed her and she could not spare herself. Whenever possible, she not only met the newcomers as they left the ship, but accompanied them to the colony in which they were to live, inspected the arrangements made for their comfort, and remained long enough to make them feel at home. One little girl cried bitterly for her mother until Miss Szold sang her to sleep; a group of older rebellious boys, unable at first to fit into the new life, promised to try to adapt themselves—if Miss Szold would only promise to visit them again.

There were many trips to America for the raising of funds, to Germany to persuade unhappy parents that it was wisest to send their children away—perhaps forever. Here the fluent German she had learned in childhood, her gentle manner, won her countless friends.

"My child will be safe in your care," a weeping mother told her.

She made a last visit to America. Mayor LaGuardia of

New York presented America's most famous Jewess with the keys of the city. The membership of Hadassah pledged itself to carry the ever-growing expenses of Youth Aliyah. In Baltimore elderly women whom Miss Szold did not recognize reminded her that she had been their former teacher or club leader.

It was hard to leave her two sisters, all that remained of the large, devoted family circle. But she resolutely returned to her work in Palestine.

As the Second World War spread, frantic Jews in every country threatened by the Nazis struggled to escape to safety. At least, they prayed, if they could only send their children to Palestine! The story of the thousands of little ones who died in the concentration camps and the gas chambers need not be repeated here. Their sacrifice filled Henrietta Szold's mother-heart with agony. But she rejoiced over the many who came by land and sea to begin a new life in the refuge she had helped to prepare for them.

As she grew older, Henrietta Szold protested more and more vigorously against the public celebration of her birthday.

"If you must celebrate a fact that I have had little to do with, and which shouldn't cause so much excitement every year, have a different program," she demanded. "Emphasize the last eighty years in Zionism, in Palestine and in America. That will really mean something."

So the American woman's eightieth birthday became a national celebration of growth and progress in the Old Land. The program was carried over the radio to every schoolroom, where even the youngest children learned of the Mother's efforts to give them a beautiful home. While countless tributes pour in from the United States: a book signed by more than 80,000 members of Hadassah, with the signature of her admirer, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, on the first page; a check for $25,000 to be spent as Miss Szold decided on the needs of Palestine.

Perhaps she had never been so happy as at the birthday party given in her honor at the Ben Shemen children's village. The children formed a chain from the schoolhouse to the highway, where they had hung a sign with the traditional Hebrew words, "Blessed are you in your coming." Every pupil was dressed in her best, for the day had been proclaimed a public holiday. There were gifts made by the children themselves in their workshops; feasting and music.

An Austrian refugee girl spoke for Youth Aliyah, "We will follow the road which we have taken, forward and upward." She turned loving eyes toward Miss Szold, seated at the head of the banquet table. They sparkled with tears as though she suddenly realized how soon she and her comrades must part with their old friend. "And you will be with us on the road."

A little over three years later, Henrietta Szold lay dying in the Rothschild-Hadassah-University Hospital which, in its white splendor on Mount Scopus, overlooks the city of Jerusalem. She could only hope that her co-workers would continue dauntlessly along the road she had marked out for them.

Henrietta Szold could not foresee after her death more thousands of rescued children living in Israel, at last an independent state among the nations of the earth. But she had seen how the shabby, inadequate old Rothschild Hospital had grown into the finest medical institution of the Near East. She had lived long enough to rejoice that among the refugee doctors who served there were many world-famous specialists who, by their medical discoveries, had already brought honor to their adopted country.

Yes, she thought, triumphantly, my work will go on.

And so, even on the day she died, a weary Hadassah nurse slipped on her cloak, took up her little satchel and started her rounds down the dark, narrow streets of old Jerusalem. "She would want me to go on working even today," the nurse told herself.

At Athlit on the sea, a tiny boy, held in the detention camp for refugees, asked his older sister, "Why is everybody crying?" and the girl answered, through her tears, "The lady who takes care of us says we must always remember Miss Szold and work hard for the land, just as she did."

And to the thousands who gathered at her memorial meeting in New York City, one said, "She is already become a legend of her people."

Emma D. Cushman
An American Nurse in the Great War
1863-1931 A.D.

The Turk in Bed

The cold, clear sunlight of a winter morning on the high plateau of Asia Minor shone into the clean, white ward of a hospital in Konia (the greatest city in the heart of that land). The hospital in which the events that I am going to tell in this story happened is supported by Christian folk in America, and was established by two American medical missionaries, Dr. William S. Dodd, and Dr. Wilfred Post, with Miss Cushman, the head nurse, sharing the general superintendence: other members of the staff are Haralambos, their Armenian dispenser and druggist, and Kleoniki, a Greek nurse trained by Miss Cushman. The author spent the early spring of 1914 at the hospital in Konia, when all the people named above were at work there.

The tinkle of camel-bells as a caravan of laden beasts swung by, the quick pad-pad of donkeys' hoofs, the howl of a Turkish dog, the cry of a child—these and other sounds of the city came through the open window of the ward.

On a bed in the corner of the ward lay a bearded man—a Turk—who lived in this ancient city of Konia (the Iconium of St. Paul's day). His brown face and grizzled beard were oddly framed in the white of the spotless pillow and sheets.

His face turned to the door as it opened and the matron entered. The eyes of the Turk as he lay there followed her as she walked toward one of her deft, gentlehanded assistant nurses who, in their neat uniforms with their olive-brown

faces framed in dark hair, went from bed to bed tending the patients; giving medicine to a boy here, shaking up a pillow for a sick man there, taking a patient's temperature yonder. Those skilled nurses were Armenian girls. The Armenians are a Christian nation, who have been ruled by the Turks for centuries and often have been massacred by them; yet these Armenian girls were nursing the Turks in the hospital. But the matron of the hospital was not a Turk, nor an Armenian. She had come four thousand miles across the sea to heal the Turks and the Armenians in this land. She was an American.

The Turk in bed turned his eyes from the nurses to a picture on the wall. A frown came on his face. He began to mutter angry words into his beard.

As a Turk he had always been taught, even as a little boy, that the great Prophet Mohammed had told them they must have no pictures of prophets, and he knew from what he had heard that the picture on the wall showed the face of a prophet. It was a picture of a man with a kind, strong face, dressed in garments of the lands of the East, and wearing a short beard. He was stooping down healing a little child. It was our Lord Jesus Christ the Great Physician.

As Miss Cushman—for that was the name of the matron—moved toward his bed, the Turk burst into angry speech.

"Have that picture taken down," he said roughly, pointing to it. She turned to look at the picture and then back at him, and said words like these: "No, that is the picture of Jesus, the great Doctor who lived long ago and taught the people that God is Love. It is because He taught that, and has called me to follow in His steps, that I am here to help to heal you."

But the Turk, who was not used to having women disobey his commands, again ordered angrily that the picture should be taken down. But the American missionary-nurse said gently, but firmly: "No, the picture must stay there to remind us of Jesus. If you cannot endure to see the picture there, then if you wish you may leave the hospital, of course."

And so she passed on. The Turk lay in his bed and thought it over. He wished to get well. If the doctors in this hospital—Dr. Dodd and Dr. Post—did not attend him, and if the nurses did not give him his medicine, he would not. He therefore decided to make no more fuss about the picture. So he lay looking at it, and was rather surprised to find in a few days that he liked to see it there, and that he wanted to hear more and more about the great Prophet-Doctor, Jesus.

Then he had another tussle of wills with Miss Cushman, the white nurse from across the seas. It came about in this way. Women who are Mohammedans keep their faces veiled, but the Armenian Christian nurses had their faces uncovered.

"Surely they are shameless women," he thought in his heart. "And they are Armenians too—Christian infidels!" So he began to treat them rudely. But the white nurse would not stand that.

Miss Cushman went and stood by his bed and said: "I want you to remember that these nurses of mine are here to help you to get well. They are to you even as daughters tending their father; and you must behave to them as a good father to good daughters."

So the Turk lay in bed and thought about that also. It took him a long time to take it in, for he had always been taught to hate the Armenians and to think low thoughts about their women-folk. But in the end he learnt that lesson also.

At last the Turk got well, left his bed, and went away. He was so thankful that he was better that he was ready to do just anything in the world that Miss Cushman wanted him to do. The days passed on in the hospital, and always the white nurse from across the seas and the Armenian nurses tended the Turkish and other patients, and healed them through the heats of that summer.

War and Massacre

As summer came near to its end there broke on the world the dreadful day when all Europe went to war. Miss Cushman's colleagues, the American doctors at the hospital, left Konia for service in the war. Soon Turkey entered the war. The fury of the Turks against the Armenians burst out into a flame. You might see in Konia two or three Turks sitting in the shadow of a little saddler's shop by the street smoking their hubble-bubble waterpipes, and saying words like these:

"The Armenians are plotting to help the enemies of Turkey. We shall have to kill them all."

"Yes, wipe them out—the accursed infidels!"

The Turks hate the Armenians because their religion, Islam, teaches them to hate the "infidel" Christians; they are of a foreign race and foreign religion in countries ruled by Turks, though the Armenians were there first, and the Armenians are cleverer business men than the Turks, who hate to see their subjects richer than themselves, and hope by massacre to seize Armenian wealth.

Yet all the time, as the wounded Turks were sent from the Gallipoli front back to Konia, the Armenian nurses in the hospital there were healing them. But the Turkish Government gave its orders. Vile bands of Turkish soldiers rushed down on the different cities and villages of the Armenians. (In reading this part of the story to younger children discretion should be exercised. Some of the details on this page are horrible; but it is right that older children should realize the evil and how Miss Cushman's courage faced it.) One sunny morning a troop of Turkish soldiers came dashing into a quiet little Armenian town among the hills. An order was given. The Turks smashed in the doors of the houses. A father stood up before his family; a bayonet was driven through him and soldiers dashed over his dead body; they looted the house; they smashed up his home; others seized the mother and the

daughters—the mother had a baby in her arms; the baby was flung on the ground and then picked up dead on the point of a bayonet; and, though the mother and daughters were not bayoneted then, it would have been better to die at once than to suffer the unspeakable horrors that came to them.

And that happened in hundreds of villages and cities to hundred of thousands of Armenians, while hundreds of thousands more scattered down the mountain passes in flight towards Konia.

The Orphan Boys and Girls

As Miss Cushman and her Armenian nurses looked out through the windows of the hospital, their hearts were sad as they saw some of these Armenian refugees trailing along the road like walking skeletons. What was to happen to them? It was very dangerous for anyone to show that they were friends with the Armenians, but the white matron was as brave as she was kind; so she went out to do what she could to help them.

One day she saw a little boy so thin that the bones seemed almost to be coming through his skin. He was very dirty; his hair was all matted together; and there were bugs and fleas in his clothes and in his hair. The hospital was so full that not another could be taken in. But the boy would certainly die if he were not looked after properly. His father and his mother had both been slain by the Turks; he did not know where his brothers were. He was an orphan alone in all the world.

Miss Cushman knew Armenian people in Konia, and she went to one of these homes and told them about the poor boy and arranged to pay them some money for the cost of his food. So she made a new home for him. The next day she found another boy, and then a girl, and so she went on and on, discovering little orphan Armenian boys and girls who had nobody to care for them, and finding them homes—until she had over six hundred orphans being cared for. It is certain that nearly all of them would have died if she had not looked

after them.

So Miss Cushman gathered the six hundred Armenian children together into an orphanage that was half for the boys and half for the girls. She was a hundred times better than the "Woman who Lived in a Shoe," because, though she had so many children, she did know what to do. She taught them to make nearly everything for themselves. In the mornings you would see half the boys figuring away at their sums or learning to write and read, while the other boys were hammering and sawing and planing at the carpenter's bench; cutting leather and sewing it to make shoes for the other boys and girls; cutting petrol tins up into sheets to solder into kettles and saucepans; and cutting and stitching cloth to make clothes. A young American Red Cross officer who went to see them wrote home, "The kids look happy and healthy and as clean as a whistle."

The People on the Plain

As Miss Cushman looked out again from the hospital window she saw men coming from the country into the city jogging along on little donkeys.

"In the villages all across the plain," they said to her, "are Armenian boys and girls, and men and women. They are starving. Many are without homes, wandering about in rags till they simply lie down on the ground, worn out, and die."

Miss Cushman sent word to friends far away in America, and they sent food from America to Turkey in ships, and a million dollars of money to help the starving children. So Miss Cushman got together her boys and girls and some other helpers, and soon they were very busy all day and every day wrapping food and clothes into parcels.

Next a caravan of snorting camels came swinging in to the courtyard and, grumbling and rumbling, knelt down, to be loaded up. The parcels were done up in big bales and strapped on to the camels' backs. Then at a word from the driver the

camels rose from their knees and went lurching out from Konia into the country, over the rough, rolling tracks, to carry to the people the food and clothes that would keep them alive.

The wonderful thing is that these camels were led by a Turk belonging to the people who hate the Armenians, yet he was carrying food and clothes to them! Why did this Turk in Konia go on countless journeys, travelling over thousands of miles with tens of thousands of parcels containing wheat for bread and new shirts and skirts and other clothes for the Armenians whom he had always hated, and never lose a single parcel?

Why did he do it?

This is the reason. Before the war when he was ill in the hospital Miss Cushman had nursed him with the help of her Armenian girls, and had made him better; he was so thankful that he would just run to do anything that she wished him to do.

To Stay or not to Stay?

But at last Miss Cushman—worn out with all this work—fell ill with a terrible fever. For some time it was not certain that she would not die of it; for a whole month she lay sick in great weakness. President Wilson had at this time broken off relations between America and Turkey. The Turk now thought of the American as an enemy; and Miss Cushman was an American. She was in peril. What was she to do?

"It is not safe to stay," said her friends. "You will be practically a prisoner of war. You will be at the mercy of the Turks. You know what the Turk is—as treacherous as he is cruel. They can, if they wish, rob you or deport you anywhere they like. Go now while the path is open—before it is too late. You are in the very middle of Turkey, hundreds of miles from any help. The dangers are terrible."

As soon as she was well enough Miss Cushman went to

the Turkish Governor of Konia, a bitter Mohammedan who had organised the massacre of forty thousand Armenians, to say that she had been asked to go back to America.

"What shall you do if I stay?" she asked.

"I beg you to stay," said the Governor. "You shall be protected. You need have no fear."

"Your words are beautiful," she replied. "But if America and Turkey go to war you will deport me."

If she stayed she knew the risks under his rule. She was still weak from her illness. There was no colleague by her side to help her. There seemed to be every reason why she should sail away back to America. But as she sat thinking it over she saw before her the hospital full of wounded soldiers, the six hundred orphans who looked to her for help, the plain of a hundred villages to which she was sending food. No one could take her place.

Yet she was weak and tired after her illness and, in America, rest and home, friends and safety called to her.

"It was," she wrote later to her friends, "a heavy problem to know what to do with the orphans and other helpless people who depended on me for life." What would you have done? What do you think she did? For what reason should she face these perils?

Not in the heat of battle, but in cool quiet thought, all alone among enemies, she saw her path and took it. She did not count her life her own. She was ready to give her life for her friends of all nations. She decided to stay in the heart of the enemies' country and serve her God and the children. Many a man has had the cross of Honour for an act that called for less calm courage. That deed showed her to be one of the great undecorated heroes and heroines of the lonely path.

So she stayed on.

From all over the Turkish Empire prisoners were sent to Konia. There was great confusion in dealing with them, so the people of Konia asked Miss Cushman to look after them; they

even wrote to the Turkish Government at Constantinople to tell them to write to her to invite her to do this work. There was a regular hue and cry that she should be appointed, because everyone knew her strong will, her power of organising, her just treatment, her good judgment, and her loving heart. So at last she accepted the invitation. Prisoners of eleven different nationalities she helped—including British, French, Italian, Russian, Indians and Arabs.

She arranged for the nursing of the sick, the feeding of the hungry, the freeing of some from prison.

She went on right through the war to the end and beyond the end, caring for her orphans, looking after the sick in hospital, sending food and clothes to all parts of the country, helping the prisoners. Without caring whether they were British or Turkish, Armenian or Indian, she gave her help to those who needed it. And because of her splendid courage thousands of boys and girls and men and women are alive and well, who—without her—would have starved and frozen to death.

To-day, in and around Konia (an Army officer who has been there tells us), the people do not say, "If Allah wills," but "If Miss Cushman wills!" It is that officer's way of letting us see how, through her brave daring, her love, and her hard work, that served everybody, British, Armenian, Turk, Indian, and Arab, she has become the uncrowned Queen of Konia, whose bidding all the people do because she only cares to serve them, not counting her own life dear to her.

William Ambrose Shedd
The Moses of the Assyrians
1865-1918 A.D.

I

A dark-haired American with black, penetrating eyes that looked you steadily in the face, and sparkled with light when he laughed, sat on a chair in a hall in 1918 in the ancient city of Urumia in the land of Assyria where Persia and Turkey meet.

His face was as brown with the sunshine of this eastern land as were the wrinkled faces of the turbaned Assyrian village men who stood before him. For he was born out here in Persia on Mount Seir. And he had lived here as a boy and a man, save for the time when his splendid American father had sent him to Marietta, Ohio, for some of his schooling, and to Princeton for his final training. His dark brown moustache and short beard covered a firm mouth and a strong chin. His vigorous expression and his strongly Roman nose added to the commanding effect of his presence.

A haunting terror had driven these ragged village people into the city of Urumia, to ask help of this wonderful American leader whom they almost worshipped because he was so strong and just and good.

For the bloodthirsty Turks and the even more cruel and wilder Kurds of the mountains were marching on the land. The Great War was raging across the world and even the hidden peoples of this distant mountain land were swept into its terrible flames.

For Urumia city lies to the west of the southern end of the

extremely salt lake of the same name. It is about 150 miles west from the Caspian Sea and the same distance north of the site of ancient Nineveh. It stands on a small plain and in that tangle of lakes, mountains and valley-plains where the ambitions of Russia, Persia and Turkey have met, and where the Assyrians (Christians of one of the most ancient churches in the world, which in the early centuries had a chain of missions from Constantinople right across Asia to Peking), the Kurds (wild, fierce Moslems), the Persians, the Turks and the Russians struggled together.

In front of Dr. William Ambrose Shedd there stood an old man from the villages. His long grey hair and beard and his wrinkled face were agitated as he told the American his story. The old man's dress was covered with patches—an eye-witness counted thirty-seven patches—all of different colours on one side of his cloak and loose baggy trousers.

"My field in my village I cannot plough," he said, "for we have no ox. The Kurds have taken our possessions, you are our father. Grant us an ox to plough and draw for us."

Dr. Shedd saw that the old man spoke truth; he scribbled a few words on a slip of paper and the old man went out satisfied.

So for hour after hour, men and women from all the country round came to this strange missionary who had been asked by the American Government to administer relief, yes, and to be the Consul representing America itself in that great territory.

They came to him from the villages where, around the fire in the Khans at night, men still tell stories of him as one of the great hero-leaders of their race. These are the kind of stories that they tell of the courage and the gentleness of this man who—while he was a fine American scholar—yet knew the very heart of the Eastern peoples in northwestern Persia as no American has ever done in all our history.

"One day," says one old village Assyrian greybeard, "Dr.

Shedd was sitting at meat in his house when his servant, Meshadi, ran into the room crying, 'The Kurds have been among our people. They have taken three girls, three Christian girls, and are carrying them off. They have just passed the gate.' The Kurds were all bristling with daggers and pistols. Dr. Shedd simply picked up the cane that he holds in his hand when he walks. He hurried out of the house with Meshadi, ran up the hill to the Kurd village that lies there, entered, said to the fierce Kurds, 'Give back those girls to us.' And they, as they looked into his face, could not resist him though they were armed and he was not. So they gave the Assyrian girls back to him and he led them down the hill to their homes."

So he also stood single-handed between Turks and five hundred Assyrians who had taken refuge in the missionary compound, and stopped the Turks from massacring the Christians.

But even as he worked in this way the tide of the great war flowed towards Urumia. The people there were mostly Assyrians with some Armenians; they were Christians. They looked southward across the mountains to the British Army there in Mesopotamia for aid.

But, as the Assyrians looked up from Urumia to the north they could already see the first Turks coming down upon the city. Thousands upon thousands of the Assyrians from the country villages crowded into the city and into the American missionary compound, till actually even in the mission school-rooms they were sleeping three deep—one lot on the floor, another lot on the seats of the desks and a third on the top of the desks themselves.

"Hold on; resist; the help of the British will come," said Dr. Shedd to the people. "Agha Petros with a thousand of our men has gone to meet the British and he will come back with them and will throw back the Turks." The Turks and the Kurds came on from the north; many of the Armenian and Assyrian men were out across the plains to the east getting in

the harvest; and no sign of succour came from the south.

II

Through the fierce hot days of July the people held on because Dr. Shedd said that they must; but at last on the afternoon of July 30th there came over all the people a strange irresistible panic. They gathered all their goods together and piled them in wagons—food, clothes, saucepans, jewelry, gold, silver, babies, old women, mothers—all were huddled and jumbled together.

The wagons creaked, the oxen lurched down the roads to the south, the little children cried with hunger and fright, the boys trudged along rather excited at the adventure yet rather scared at the awful hullabaloo and the strange feeling of horror of the cruel Kurdish horsemen and of the crafty Turk.

Dr. Shedd made one last vain effort to persuade the people to hold on to their city; but it was impossible— they had gone, as it seemed, mad with fright.

He and his wife went to bed that night but not to sleep. At two o'clock the telephone bell rang.

"The Turks and Kurds are advancing; all the people are leaving," came the message.

"It is impossible to hold on any longer," said Dr. Shedd to his wife. "I will go and tell all in the compound. You get things ready."

Mrs. Shedd got up and began to collect what was needed: she packed up food (bread, tea, sugar, nuts, raisins and so on), a frying pan, a kettle, a saucepan, water jars, saddles, extra horse-shoes, ropes, lanterns, a spade and bedding. By 7:30 the baggage wagon and two Red Cross carts were ready. Dr. Shedd and Mrs. Shedd got up into the wagon; the driver cried to his horses and they started.

As they went out of the city on the south the Turks and Kurds came raging in on the north. Within two hours the Turks and Kurds were crashing into houses and burning'

them to the ground; but most of the people had gone— for Dr. Shedd was practically the last to leave Urumia.

Ahead of them were the Armenians and Syrians in flight. They came to a little bridge—a mass of sticks with mud thrown over them. Here, and at every bridge, pandemonium reigned. This is how Mrs. Shedd describes the scene:

"The jam at every bridge was indescribable confusion. Every kind of vehicle that you could imagine—ox carts, buffalo wagons, Red Cross carts, troikas, foorgans like prairie schooners, hay-wagons, Russian phaëtons and many others invented and fitted up for the occasion. The animals—donkeys, horses, buffaloes, oxen, cows with their calves, mules and herds of thousands of sheep and goats."

All through the day they moved on, at the end of the procession—Dr. Shedd, planning out how he could best get his people safely away from the Turks who—he knew—would soon come pursuing them down the plain to the mountains. Night fell and they were in a long line of wagons close to a narrow bridge built by the Russians across the Baranduz river. They had come some eighteen miles from Urumia.

So they lay down in the wagons to try to sleep. But they could not and at two o'clock in the night they moved on, crossed the river and drove on for hour after hour toward the mountains that rose in a wall before them.

The poor horses were not strong so the wagon had to be lightened. Assyrian boys took loads on their heads and trudged up the rocky mountain road while the wagon jolted and groaned as it bumped its way along. The trail of the mountain pass was littered with samovars (tea urns), copper kettles, carpets, bedding; and here and there the body of someone who had died on the way. At the very top of the pass lay a baby thrown aside there and just drawing its last breath.

So for two days they jolted on hardly getting an hour's sleep. At last at midday on the third day they left Hadarabad at the south end of Lake Urumia. Two hours later the sound

of booming guns was heard. A horseman galloped up.

"The Turks are in Hadarabad," he said. "They are attacking the rear of the procession."

"It seemed," said Mrs. Shedd, "as if at any moment we should hear the screams of those behind, as the enemy fell upon them."

The wagons hurried on to the next town called Memetyar and there Dr. Shedd waited, lightening his own wagons by throwing away everything that they could spare—oil, potatoes, charcoal, every box except his Bible and a small volume of Browning's Poems.

Then they started again, along a road that was littered with the discarded goods of the people. Then they saw on the road-side a little baby girl that had been left by her parents. She was not a year old and sat there all alone in a desolate spot. Left to die. Dr. Shedd looked at his wife and she at him.

He pulled up the horse and jumped down, picked up the baby and put her in the wagon. They went along till they came to a large village. Here they found a Kurdish mother.

"Take care of this little girl till we come back," said Dr. Shedd, "and here is some money for looking after her. We will give you more when we come back if she is well looked after."

III

Suddenly cannon were fired from the mountains and the people in panic threw away their goods and hurried in a frenzy of fear down the mountain passes. They passed on to the plain, and then as they were in a village guns began to be fired. Three hundred Turks and Persians were attacking under Majdi—Sultana of Urumia. Dr. Shedd, riding his horse, gathered together some Armenian and Assyrian men with guns and stayed with them to help them hold back the enemy, while the women drove on. He was a good target sitting up there on his horse; but without thinking of his own danger he kept his men at it. For he felt like a shepherd with a great

flock of fleeing sheep whom it was his duty to protect.

Panic seized the people. Strong men left their old mothers to die. Mothers dropped their babies and ran.

"One of my school-girls," Mrs. Shedd says, "afterward told me how she had left her baby on the bank and waded with an older child through the river when the enemy were coming after them. She couldn't carry both. The memory of her deserted baby is always with her."

The line of the refugees stretched for miles along the road. The enemy fired from behind boulders on the mountain sides. The Armenians and Syrians fired back from the road or ran up the mountains to chase them. It was hopeless to think of driving the enemy off but Dr. Shedd's object was to hold them off till help came. So he went up and down on his horse encouraging the men; while the bullets whizzed over the wagons.

"I feared," said Mrs. Shedd, "that the enemy might get the better of us and we should have to leave the carts and run for our lives. While they were plundering the wagons and the loads we would get away. I looked about me to see what we might carry. There was little May, six years old (the daughter of one of their Syrian teachers) who had unconcernedly curled herself up on the seat for a nap. I wrapped a little bread in a cloth, put my glasses in my pocket, and took the bag of money so that I should be ready on a moment's notice for Dr. Shedd if they should swoop down upon us."

All day long the firing went on from the mountain side as the tired horses pulled along the rough trail. The sun began to sink toward the horizon. What would happen in the darkness?

Then they saw ahead of them coming from the south a group of men in khaki. They were nine British Tommies with three Lewis guns under Captain Savage. They had come ahead from the main body that had moved up from Baghdad in order to defend the rear of the great procession. The little

company of soldiers passed on and the procession moved forward. That tiny company of nine British Tommies ten miles farther on was attacked by hundreds of Turks. All day they held the road, like Horatius on the bridge, till at night the Cavalry came up and drove off the enemy, and at last the Shedds reached the British camp.

"Why are you right at the tail end of the retreat?" asked one of the Syrian young men who had hurried forward into safety.

"I would much rather be there," said Dr. Shedd with some scorn in his voice, "than like you, leave the unarmed, the sick, the weak, the women and the children to the mercy of the enemy."

He was rejoiced that the British had come.

"There was," said Mrs. Shedd, "a ring in his voice, a light in his eyes, a buoyancy in his step that I had not seen for months."

He had shepherded his thousands and thousands of boys and girls, and men and women through the mountains into the protection of the British squadron of troops.

IV

Later that day Dr. Shedd began to feel the frightful heat of the August day so exhausting that he had to lie down in the cart, which had a canvas cover open at both ends and was therefore much cooler than a tent. He got more and more feverish. So Mrs. Shedd got the Assyrian boys to take out the baggage and she made up a bed for him on the floor of the cart.

The English doctor was out with the cavalry who were holding back and dispersing the Turkish force.

Then a British officer came and said: "We are moving the camp forward under the protection of the mountains." It was late afternoon. The cart moved forward into the gathering darkness. Mrs. Shedd crouched beside her husband on the

floor of the cart attending to him, expecting the outriders to tell her when they came to the British Camp.

For hours the cart rolled and jolted over the rough mountain roads. At last it stopped, it was so dark they could not see the road. They were in a gully and could not go forward.

"Where is the British camp?" asked Mrs. Shedd.

"We passed it miles back on the road," was the reply.

It was a terrible blow: the doctor, the medicines, the comfort, the nursing that would have helped Dr. Shedd were all miles away and he was so ill that it was impossible to drive him back over that rough mountain track in the inky darkness of the night.

There was nothing to do but just stay where they were, send a messenger to the camp for the doctor, and wait for the morning.

"Only a few drops of oil were left in the lantern," Mrs. Shedd tells us, "but I lighted it and looked at Mr. Shedd. I could see that he was very sick indeed and asked two of the men to go back for the doctor. It was midnight before the doctor reached us.

"The men," Mrs. Shedd continues, "set fire to a deserted cart left by the refugees and this furnished fire and light all night. They arranged for guards in turn and lay down to rest on the roadside. Hour after hour I crouched in the cart beside my husband massaging his limbs when cramps attacked him, giving him water frequently, for while he was very cold to the touch, he seemed feverish. We heated the hot water bottle for his feet, and made coffee for him at the blaze; we had no other nourishment. He got weaker and weaker, and a terrible fear tugged at my heart.

"Fifty thousand hunted, terror-stricken refugees had passed on; the desolate, rocky mountains loomed above us, darkness was all about us and heaven seemed too far away for prayer to reach. A deserted baby wailed all night not far away. When the doctor came he gave two hypodermic injections

and returned to the camp saying we should wait there for him to catch up to us in the morning. After the injections Mr. Shedd rested better but he did not again regain consciousness.

"When the light began to reveal things, I could see the awful change in his face, but I could not believe that he was leaving me. Shortly after light the men told me that we could not wait as they heard fighting behind and it was evident the English were attacked, so in his dying hour we had to take him over the rough, stony road. After an hour or two Capt. Reed and the doctor caught up to us. We drew the cart to the side of the road where soon he drew a few short, sharp breaths —and I was alone."

So the British officers, with a little hoe, on the mountain-side dug the grave of this brave American shepherd, who had given his life in defending the Assyrian flock from the Turkish wolf. They made the grave just above the road beside a rock; and on it they sprinkled dead grass so that it might not be seen and polluted by the enemy.

The people Dr. Shedd loved were safe. The enemy, whose bullets he had braved for day after day, was defeated by the British soldiers. But the great American leader, whose tired body had not slept while the Assyrians and Armenians were being hunted through the mountains, lies there dreamless on the mountain side.

These are words that broke from the lips of Assyrian sheiks when they heard of his death:

"He bore the burdens of the whole nation upon his shoulders to the last breath of his life.

"As long as we obeyed his advice and followed his lead we were safe and prosperous, but when we ceased to do that destruction came upon us. He was, and ever will be, the Moses of the Assyrian people."

He lies there where his heart always was—in that land in which the Turk, the Assyrian, the Armenian, the Persian, the Russian and the Arab meet; he is there waiting for the others

who will go out and take up the work that he has left, the work of carrying to all those eastern peoples the love of the Christ whom Dr. Shedd died in serving.

Chaim Weizmann

The Long Road

1874-1952 A.D.

Young Chaim Weizman, looking down at his university diploma, thought: I've come a long way, but still I'm only at the beginning of the road.

He smiled a little as he remembered that Cheder he had attended at the age of four: an ill-ventilated room which served not only for a school for the younger Jews of the little Russian village, but for the living quarters of the teacher's family. In cold weather the household washing dripped above the benches and the family goat bleated mournfully in the corner. Often the pupils ate their lunches with their books spread open before them. When the early dusk of a Russian winter blotted out the grimy windows, the boys lit candles that they might still follow the Hebrew letters which often blurred before their weary eyes.

As he grew older, Chaim decided that the teacher of the Motel Cheder taught him very little. The old, old laws of Moses the boys studied were hard to understand; there were intricate and confusing passages about divorce and the transference of property. The teacher never tried to explain anything; he was a tired, nervous man, always reaching for his strap when a bored pupil whispered or wriggled on the hard benches.

It was so much better when Chaim entered another Cheder and studied the teachings of the prophets. The new teacher made the boy feel the beauty of the Hebrew poetry, the wisdom and the courage of Amos and Jeremiah. Chaim

not only grew to love the Bible but the gentle, patient soul who taught it so lovingly. When he grew up and went out into the world, Chaim Weizmann never forgot his friend and corresponded with him until the teacher's death.

This man was more than a Hebrew scholar. He had come under the influence of the growing movement among Jews in eastern Europe called Enlightenment, which brought some of them the benefits of modern education. Although secular learning was still considered sinful in the little community, he had smuggled into his schoolroom a textbook on chemistry. It was the first work of that kind ever to be studied in Motel.

As the teacher had never entered a laboratory or had even read any other scientific literature, it is not likely that he understood much of the work he shared with his more advanced and trusted pupils. He would have been driven out as a heretic had the community learned he was sharing his forbidden knowledge. So when he read the textbook aloud to his eager young listeners in the evenings, he always raised his voice in the traditional Talmudic chant. Passers-by never stopped to listen closely, and Chaim safely learned his first lessons in chemistry.

Chemistry became the greatest interest in his life—after his love for Palestine. When he left Motel forever, he carried away the memory of those secret lessons, and two pictures on the wall of his father's home, one of the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem, the other a portrait of Baron de Hirsch, friend of Palestine. And Chaim remembered also how his grandfather had often told him stories of Sir Moses Montefiore.

"When he came to Vilna," the old man usually ended his tale, "the Jews honored him so much for his aid to our people that the unharnessed the horses from his traveling coach and dragged the carriage through the streets."

I wonder what I can do for the Jewish people when I grow up? thought the boy.

Even then he realized that before he could realize his

dream he must have a better education—and through his own efforts. Although Mr. Weizmann's lumber business made him what was considered a prosperous citizen of Motel, there were eleven children beside Chaim to be fed, clothed and educated. So the boy supported himself through the high school at Pinsk by tutoring a wealthy fellow student.

But he could not hope to enter a Russian university where the enrollment of Jewish students was cruelly limited. Realizing that he was too poorly prepared to study in a German university, the ambitious youth paid for his tuition at Darmstadt with the money he had earned as a teacher of Russian and Hebrew. With a little assistance from home he managed to live frugally. But between teaching and studying, he grew sadly overworked; suffering from a breakdown, he was obliged to return home.

After a year of gaining practical experience in a small chemical factory in Pinsk, he was ready in 1895 to take up his studies again. He went to Berlin to enroll at the Polytechnicum, which was then considered one of the three best scientific schools in all Europe. Three years later, at the age of twenty-four, he went to Switzerland to continue his work in chemical research. The boy from Motel had advanced a long way from his first secret lessons, but he knew that a long, hard road still stretched before him.

In Switzerland young Weizmann met the philosopher-writer of the Zionist movement, Asher Ginzberg, better known by his Hebrew pen-name, Ahad Ha-am, one of the people. The older man's friendship meant much to the idealistic student. By this time Weizmann was devoted to the struggle which was to influence his own life—and the fate of the Jewish people. He loved his work and wanted to devote all his energy to scientific study. But his desire to serve the Jewish people had been rekindled and intensified when he first read Herzl's Declaration of Independence, "The Jewish State."

Chaim Weizmann was always deeply regretful that he had not attended the First Zionist Congress at Basle. His father, although never a party Zionist himself, had offered the youth five dollars that he might make the journey. Weizmann, knowing that at that time his father could not afford even that small sum, refused the gift. But he was to boast that he never missed another Zionist congress.

Although he sincerely admired Theodor Herzl, he often differed strongly from the leader on principles. He deplored "Herzl's pursuit of rich men and princes who were to give us Palestine." He became the spokesman of the Russian delegation which argued for practical upbuilding of the homeland as well as political influence in gaining a foothold there.

In 1898 Dr. Weizmann was appointed instructor in chemistry at the University of Geneva. There was no fixed salary; his only pay was the set sum each student paid for the course of lectures. But Chaim Weizmann was happy in the position as it was the first real step toward a coveted professorship. He had little patience with theorists and dreamers. He decided that he must first of all fit himself for making a living in his chosen profession. This accomplished, he would devote all his spare time to the upbuilding of his unhappy people.

Although he was now on the way to becoming a success as a chemist, he felt himself still apart of the ignorant, downtrodden Jews of eastern Europe from which he had struggled. Their misery was his misery; their uncertainty was his own.

When he went to England in 1900 to attend the Fourth Zionist Congress in London, he met his Uncle Berel from Minsk, who was passing through the city. Although his nephew did not know English and was himself a stranger in the great city, the older man greeted him with tearful enthusiasm.

"God has sent you to me, Chaim!" he exclaimed. "You are the 'traveled one' of our family and can help me. I am on my way to take a ship to America where my children will take

care of me. But I have lost the package of kosher food which I brought along to eat on shipboard. And I have also lost my prayer-shawl and phylacteries. If you do not help me, how can I pray or eat on my long journey?"

After a half-day's search, Chaim managed to help Uncle Berel find his missing treasures and to get him on his ship just before it sailed.

He is a symbol, thought the young man sadly, of the misery of all wondering Jews—and the chaotic condition of the congress which is trying to bring them to their homeland.

Several years later Weizmann returned to the land of his birth to make Zionist propaganda in a number of Jewish communities. He himself had known the difficulties of a Russian Jew seeking a higher education. Now he was eager to further plans for a Hebrew university in Palestine where Jewish students from every land would be welcome. This was a dangerous mission; the czarist police were seldom discriminating; they were likely to confuse an appeal for funds for a center of Jewish learning at Jerusalem with revolutionary plotting against the government.

When Weizmann traveled to visit a relative in Nikolaiev, local Zionists persuaded him to address a public meeting.

"We do not dare to ask for a permit," they explained. "But it will be perfectly safe if you give your talk in our synagogue. There are no rules against praying!"

But the ever-watchful police decided that the unusually large crowd had gathered for some purpose other than prayer. During Chaim Weizmann's speech, Cossacks surrounded the synagogue and marched the entire audience, as well as the speaker, to the police station.

Dr. Weizmann, who had creditably passed a number of examinations at the leading European universities, now found himself not examined by a board of learned professors but by a not-too-well-educated chief of police.

The young propagandist tried to explain how harmless his

mission really was; but the official, who confused Zionist with the Russian Empire's most hated foe, Socialism, gave him a severe scolding.

"I'll let you off this time," he concluded. "But you'll have to take the next train out of town."

Weizmann promised to do so, bowed respectfully and hastened to escape from the lion's den. But the still angry lion roared after him.

"What is it, sir?" asked Weizmann, pausing fearfully at the threshold.

The chief of police rose and laid a heavy hand on Weizmann's shoulder.

"Wait a minute; I've got a piece of advice for you," he promised.

"Thank you, sir, what is it?" asked Dr. Weizmann, glad to be detained for advice instead of consignment to Siberian exile.

"Look here! I can see you're not a bad young man," went on the official, and now he actually smiled. "Take my advice and have nothing more to do with those Jews. For if they ever get to this kingdom of theirs, the first man they'll string up on a lamp post will be you!"

Chaim Weizmann as he journeyed down the road of a long and stormy political career never forgot that pleasant prophecy.

The year 1903 was stained with the blood of the martyrs of the first Russian pogrom of the twentieth century. At Kishinev forty-five men, women, and children were killed and more than a thousand were wounded. Fifteen thousand homes and shops were looted by the rioters or destroyed. Instead of returning to his university teaching in Geneva, Weizmann hastened back to the Pale, where the majority of the Russian Jews huddled together, helplessly awaiting their butchers.

He helped his friends organize self-defense groups in all

the larger Russian centers. Now, instead of meeting their fate like sheep, many Jews began a desperate guerilla warfare and tried to defend themselves and their families.

"We were at war," Weizman wrote in his autobiography nearly half a century later. "Our dream of Palestine, our plans for a Hebrew university receded into the background or were blotted out. Our eyes saw nothing but the blood of slaughtered men, women, and children; our ears were deaf to everything but their cries. When at last I did return to Geneva, I found no peace in the laboratory or lecture hall. Every letter I received from Russia was a lamentation."

The next year Chaim Weizmann left Switzerland and, restless and unhappy, went to England to continue his research. He had no knowledge of the language and few English friends. So at Manchester, the center of the British chemical industry and the seat of a great university, he felt that he was really beginning all over again.

He managed to set up his laboratory in a small basement. From the first week he began a systematic study of English, spending several hours a day trying to master the new tongue. He learned whole pages of his chemistry textbook by heart. "It was easy to follow the scientific language," Weizmann recalls, "but what I did to pronunciation!" To save time, he brought his lunch to the laboratory where he worked without a break from nine in the morning until seven or eight every evening. Whenever he felt he could take time off to relax, he read chemistry textbooks or articles in the scientific reviews. Meanwhile, he struggled against a permanent cold brought on by the unaccustomed Manchester fogs.

After a few months Weizmann ventured to ask permission to deliver a weekly lecture in chemistry to the university students.

"If my English is good enough," he added humbly.

"I had the same difficulty when I first tried to speak German," the chemistry professor reassured him.

Dr. Weizmann really dreaded facing his first audience in Manchester. He had had plenty of experience as a university lecturer and public speaker. But now, handicapped by his awkward use of a new language, he wondered how the students would behave. These English youths seemed so informal, so boisterous even, compared to the stolid Germans, always so quiet and well behaved in classroom and lecture hall.

"I am a foreigner," he frankly prefaced his first lecture, "who has been in your country only a few months. I will do my best, but I know I shall make many comical mistakes. But will you please wait until the lecture is over? Then my feelings will not be hurt if you make a few jokes at my expense."

The students appreciated his sportsmanship. They listened attentively and at the end of the lecture some remained to ask questions, which showed that they had understood all the points the speaker had tried to make. After that Weizmann welcomed the offer to instruct special classes in chemistry.

While in Switzerland Weizmann had met a young Russian woman, Vera Chatzman who was studying medicine in Geneva. They fell in love but agreed not to marry until she received her medical degree. After her graduation six years later they were married and set up housekeeping in Manchester. The young bride had won honors as a medical student, spoke four languages fluently and was a brilliant pianist; but she had never found time to study housekeeping.

However, her husband was patient and she was eager to learn her new duties. Soon their comfortable, smoothly running home became a center for their many friends. When her first son could safely be left with a nurse, his mother began her graduate studies in her chosen profession. Five years after her marriage, Vera Weizmann became the medical officer for a group of public health centers and city schools for mothers. The couple's joint income was now large enough for

Weizmann to help his younger brothers and sisters through universities in various parts of Europe.

Weizmann made his first visit to Palestine in 1907. He regretted that the majority of the Jews lived in cities; though there were twenty-five agricultural colonies, some of them were not yet self-supporting. Dr. Weizmann was also disappointed because at that time much of the labor in the colonies was done by Arabs with Jewish overseers. But he rejoiced when he visited colonies like Huldah, Merchaviah and Ben Shemen, where young men and women from Europe tilled their own soil and reaped their own harvests. Much had been accomplished, but so much more remained to be done!

No wonder that when he was disappointed in his hopes of receiving a full professorship at the University of Manchester, he was almost tempted to give up his research that he might go to Berlin to head the Zionist organization there. A step which would have ended his scientific career and certainly greatly changed the history of Israel! During the First World War his work in explosives brought him a responsible position under the English Ministry of Munitions. He met many leading statemen, among them Lord Arthur Balfour. It was largely Weizmann's influence that induced the British cabinet to issue the momentous Balfour Declaration, which stated: "His Majesty's Government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of that object."

Another mile or so gained on the long, long road.

Weizmann again visited Palestine, this time to take part in laying the corner-stone of the long dreamed of Hebrew University on Mt. Scopus overlooking Jerusalem. The war still raged; General Allenby, in charge of British forces in the Near East, tried to persuade Weizmann and his co-workers to postpone the ceremony.

"We may be rolled back any minute," he warned. "What

is the good of beginning something you may never be able to finish?"

"This will be a great act of faith," answered Chaim Weizmann. "Faith in the victory which is bound to come. And faith in the future of Palestine."

And so on July 24, 1918, the foundation was laid in the presence of General Allenby and his staff, representatives of the Allied armies, Moslem and Jewish officials and representatives of the small, besieged but dauntless community of Palestinian Jews.

Weizmann, in his address, while the sound of the Turkish guns sounded faintly from the northern front, reminded his listeners that a week before Jews all over the world had observed the Ninth of Ov, the day on which the Temple had fallen and Jewish nationalism seemed to be extinguished forever. He spoke hopefully of the new life for Israel of which the university was a symbol. But he warned that the Balfour Declaration was no more than a framework which had to be filled in by the efforts of the Jewish people themselves.

When the Turks were defeated, and Palestine, after the armistice, came under English control, many difficulties arose. In Europe whole Jewish communities had been destroyed; the survivors could no longer send financial help. Countries like England and the United States suffered a depression. It became almost impossible to raise the funds necessary to rebuild Palestine, itself sadly impoverished by the way, and to care for its poverty-stricken European immigrants.

Worst of all, the Arabs, already restive, now broke out in open hostility to the Jewish settlers. The effendis, the rich landlords, rightly feared that the western civilization the Jews brought into Palestine would endanger their long oppression of the poor Arabs. Although every acre of land the Jewish settlers held had been legally purchased, it was not hard to convince an ignorant and oppressed people that the Jews

meant to rob them of their miserable little farms.

Since 1917 Weizmann had been president of the English Zionist Federation. Three years later he was elected president of the World Zionist Organization. Accompanied by Albert Einstein, he visited the United States. Their ship reached new York on the Sabbath. Thousands of Jews, whose piety forbade their riding on that day, came on foot all the way from Brooklyn and the Bronx to welcome the two best-known leaders of their generation.

Whenever he spoke in various parts of the country, Weizmann never failed to tell his hearer that enthusiasm and love for Palestine were not enough. He reminded his huge audience that the homeland could not be rebuilt through the labor of the devoted pioneers alone. "The Chalutsim," he cried, "are willing to miss meals twice a week. But cows must be fed and you cannot feed a cow with speeches." Money poured in from rich and poor alike to aid these modern Maccabees in their struggle to conquer the land for their people.

When the World Zionist Congress met at Basle in 1931. Chaim Weizmann suffered his most crushing political defeat. He had made many enemies among Zionist leaders. They felt that he was too cautious in his policies, too patient with England's partiality toward the Arabs, too quick to forgive her broken promises to the Jews.

George Washington, who had long fought what seemed a hopeless fight for his country, also had faced harsh criticisms and dissensions. But he always proved himself stronger than his opponents. Weizmann was less fortunate. At Basle he received a vote of no confidence and found himself out of office.

"I was particularly sorry for my children," Weizmann says of his two sons, "who took the turn of events as a bitter affront to their father who, in their opinion, had given up the whole of his life to the movement. But they were extremely happy

when I announced my intention of opening a laboratory in London, and going back to my chemistry which I had neglected for so many years."

This was not easy. Weizmann was fifty-eight years old and had not worked in a laboratory for thirteen years; he had not been able to follow the great advances made in the field of chemistry. His mind felt rusty, his hands awkward. But he worked doggedly until his old skill returned, and he soon lost himself in his experiments. During the Second World War he performed a unique service to the Allied nations through his research in the making of synthetic rubber.

Of course, it was impossible for him to cut himself off entirely from Jewish work. When Hitler came into power in 1933, Weizmann became chairman of the Central Bureau for the Settlement of German Jews. Nothing he had accomplished in his whole life had ever given him greater joy than helping to rescue Jewish scientists from Germany. In Palestine many of them found more than a refuge from the Nazi gas chambers; they could continue their work in the new Hebrew University and other scientific institutions in the homeland.

Chaim Weizmann's speedy vindication came when he was reelected president of the World Zionist Organization in 1935. His fellow Zionists believed he was the one man able to weld the many divergent parties together. He held this position until 1946.

The next year found him again in Palestine where he had settled with his family in the charming little town of Rehoboth. Although he was now in his seventieth year, he continued with his scientific work. He had been largely responsible for the founding and the success of the Sieff Institute, which had made Rehoboth the center of chemical research in the Near East. Now, in honor of his seventieth birthday plans were made to greatly extend the project which was to bear the name of the Weizmann Institute of Science.

The long and heart-breaking struggle, both in the halls of

the United Nations and on the hard-won battle-fields of Palestine, to establish the State of Israel makes an inspiring and heroic story. The story of the modern Maccabees is too involved and too lengthy to tell here; it has already been written in the book of world history. But before we take our leave of the old statesman and the young State of which he had dreamed since boyhood days in Motel, we have time for one more page.

In May, 1948, Chaim Weizmann, sitting in a New York hotel room, received word that he had been elected the first President of Israel. He was touched to learn that Ben-Gurion, a Zionist leader with whom he had differed so often and so violently in the past, had seconded his election, saying, "I doubt whether the presidency is necessary to Dr. Weizmann, but the presidency of Dr. Weizmann is a moral necessity for the State of Israel."

It had been a long, hard road blocked with many trails and disappointments; but he had never lost faith either in himself or his people. And this was his reward.

Chaim Weizmann was seventy-four years old; but his eyes sparkled with the fire and hope of youth as he drove toward the White House a few days later for his first official conference as President of Israel with the President of the United States. Many had asked him, some in scorn, others in pity, "Why do you have that flag at your Zionist meetings? How can a people without a country have a flag?" Now, left and right, down Pennsylvania Avenue he saw waving side by side with the Stars and Stripes the newly acknowledged blue and white banner of the State of Israel.

Albert Einstein
Citizen of the World
1879-1955 A.D.

Five-year-old Albert Einstein did not know exactly what a parade was, but he was almost as excited as his younger sister, Maja, when his mother dressed him in his new velvet kilts and told the children they were going to see some fine horses.

Munich in 1884 was the capital of Bavaria in southern Germany and the fourth largest city in the proud new empire. To others beside the two eager Einstein children, the royal palace and the towered churches with their great arches and many statues seemed to be the most beautiful buildings in the world. The Ludwigstrasses was gay with flags, fluttering in the spring sunshine; hundreds of citizens, dressed in their best, lined the wide street, waiting anxiously for the parade to begin.

"In only fifteen years Bismarck has united all Germany and we have become a strong nation," proudly declared a tall, blond woman, standing just behind the Einstein family. She smiled down at her little boy who sat on the curb. "Wait till you see the splendid Prussian officers," she promised.

"We were better off in the old days when we had smaller armies," murmured the scholarly-looking white-haired man whom the little boy had just called "grandfather."

His companion's eyes snapped angrily. "I wouldn't talk so loud," she half whispered. "And if I were you, father, I wouldn't say such unpatriotic things in my classroom."

From far off came the sound of trumpets, high and sweet;

Albert and the little boy on the curb beside him clapped their hands delightedly as they caught the first strains of the military band.

"Mamma," asked Albert, "when are the horses coming?"

"Use your eyes, little boy, use your eyes," advised the white-haired man, kindly.

Down the street came the shining black and brown horses, moving with stately pride as though they felt the crowds had come just to admire them. Albert noticed the long, wavy tails and manes.

"That second horse over there has hair just the color of yours," he told Maja.

"Oh, the beautiful flowers!" cried the blond woman. "They sit so tall and proud. And when the sun shines on their epaulets, they look like gold."

For the first time Albert noticed the riders. All the men stared ahead so intently that the boy was sure they wouldn't turn to look even if the towers of the nearby cathedral suddenly crashed to the ground. The officers' faces were as cold and hard as though they were carved from stone. Albert felt a little frightened, although he did not know why.

Now the infantry passed, their guns upon their shoulders, their feet lifted in perfect time with exaggerated stiffness to the barked commands of their sergeants. They held themselves so straight in their ordered ranks that they reminded Albert of the card houses he sometimes built to please Maja. If you pushed the last wall of the row, all the cards would fall down. Suppose I put out my hand and pushed an end soldier! He thought.

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" exclaimed the tall, blond woman. Again she smiled at her son. "Some day, Hanschen, when you are big and strong, you will be a soldier, too, and mamma will stand here and wave at you when you pass."

"Will I really be a soldier, mamma?" asked Hans, his eyes big with envy as the troops goose-stepped past.

"Yes. Every good German boy must be a soldier," she answered.

Suddenly Albert began to cry. His mother tried to quiet him.

"Albert, whatever is the matter with you all of a sudden?" She bent over him anxiously.

"I don't want to be a soldier," sobbed Albert. "I don't want to be like those poor men who have to march in a straight line."

The white-haired man patted the boy's shoulder and slipped a sweetmeat into his hand. "You are right, my boy," he said softly, "soldiers are an evil thing. People will try to teach you differently, but don't believe them."

A few months later when Albert entered school, he hated the constant drill and the iron discipline for which the German teachers of that day were noted.

"I am like those poor men in the army," he often thought, "and my teachers are like the officers. They are always giving orders. They do not want me to think; they just want me to repeat word for word what the books say."

Religion was taught along with reading and arithmetic. As the majority of the citizens of southern Germany were Catholics, the Jewish boy learned a good deal about the Catholic religion. He listened to tales of the prophets of his own people and the teachings of Jesus. He loved the story of the healing of the servants of the High Priest. The man was among those who had come to take Jesus prisoner, but the Galilean did not wish his enemy to suffer and healed his wounds. Jesus must have been like that kind old gentleman at the parade, thought Albert. He didn't believe in war's soldiers.

After school was over for the day Albert often took long, solitary walks along the banks of the Isar River. One afternoon he stopped to rest in the Frauen-Kirche, the Church of Our Lady. He slipped into one of the back pews and sat

staring at the statues of apostles and saints along the walls of the great dim cathedral. He was fascinated by the candles flickering before the shrines where several women with shawls drawn over their heads knelt in prayer.

He puzzled over the questions he was too shy to ask his own rabbi or the religious instructor at school. Both had often said, "God is our Father and we are all His children." In those good days in Germany Christians and Jews lived together in peace. Albert remembered how one of the Christian neighbors had come to help take care of Maja when she was ill. His mother loved several of her schoolmates as though they were her own sisters.

Then why, he puzzled, if people were good friends and had the same God, did Christians have churches like this, while Jews prayed in their own synagogues? And if God was the Father of all men, why did they sometimes have the dreadful wars it hurt even to read about in the history books?

Even when, after many struggles, Albert Einstein graduated from the Swiss Polytechnic School in Zurich, the young scientist could not find the answer. In the Swiss university he met students from many countries, Roumanians, Bulgarians, Russians, Poles. There might be hatred and feuds between their own fatherlands, but these young people planned to devote themselves to the good of all humanity.

Although Einstein had made a brilliant record in mathematics and physics at the university, after graduation he found it very difficult to make a living. Considering himself a failure as a teacher, he was glad to work for the Swiss government in the Patent Office. But his active, inquiring mind soon grew bored.

"Examining the patents sent in and making reports for the files is a shoemaker's job," he told his wife with a patient shrug.

But his salary was large enough to support them and their two little sons, and, whenever he was able to snatch a few

minutes form his work, he turned back to his scientific studies.

With feverish excitement he jotted down his calculations on the many scraps of paper which he thrust back into his desk drawer whenever anyone entered his office. Late at night he continued his explorations in the mysterious universe. Sometimes he sat slouched in his chair until dawn, trying to think out the problems which tormented him. Sometimes he felt he had found the solution and eagerly reached for his pencil.

After many weary months he wrote a little essay. When it was published in 1905 the leading physicists all over the world became excited. It was the first of Einstein's writings on Relativity. The picture he drew of Time and Space was so startling that fellow physicists began to hail him either as a genius—or a madman.

The boring days at the Patent Office were over. First he became lecturer, then professor at the University of Zurich; he taught for a year at the German University of Prague.

In his boyhood Albert Einstein had wondered why the children of the same God should form so many different religions to serve Him. In Prague, government regulations required that every professor before he was permitted to teach at the German university must declare his religion. Einstein registered as a Jew. He had never been observant of the rites of his religion, but little by little he was being drawn back to his people.

He rejoiced when he learned of the plans of a small group of Zionists to build a Hebrew university on Mount Zion. This would be a center of culture not only for the Near East but for the world. Albert Einstein at once gave the project his whole-hearted support. He knew how difficult it was for Jewish students in many European countries to obtain a higher education. And he shared the old, old dream that the word of God and the law of justice for all mankind should

some day flow from the heights of Zion.

His fame had grown so rapidly that he received a remarkable offer from Berlin. He was promised the directorship of the department of physics which was to be created in the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, and offered the great honor of membership in the Royal Prussian Academy of Science, as well as a professorship in the University of Berlin.

As he gave few lectures, he now had many hours free for scientific research, and spent long hours working in his study, his only tools a pencil and sheets of paper which he covered with endless calculations.

"Maybe, tomorrow," he would say hopefully, and leave his apartment for one of his long, solitary walks. On his return he might pick up his violin to play his favorite Mozart. Or, of any new idea had come to him during his walk, he would sit down at his desk to work late into the night.

Albert Einstein, a fervent pacifist, grew soul-sick when Belgium was invaded and the First World War was declared. The tramp, tramp of soldiers on the way to the front seemed to penetrate even to his peaceful study. To him war meant murder, not only of human beings, but the destruction of all the ideals that made possible the Brotherhood of Man. He was hurt and bewildered when some of his fellow scientists, working in their Berlin laboratories as part of the national war machine, declared he was little better than a traitor.

With the end of the war and the defeat of Germany came a worldwide resurgence of pacifism. Idealists in every country, sick of slaughter, formed the group of War Resisters, pledging themselves to fight for their nation only in the ways of peace. This was a movement to which Einstein could give his whole heart. He contributed large sums of money to the organization and gave much of his time to writing and speaking in its behalf.

In 1915, ten years after the publication of his first paper on relativity, Einstein had brought out his General Theory of

Relativity. Again there was much excitement among scientists who demanded that the German physicist's startling ideas should be proved before they could be believed. No one was more eager than Albert Einstein himself to see his theories proven. He had stated that light rays might be attracted by the gravitational forces of the sun. This might be established, he suggested, during a solar eclipse.

Even while the war still raged, a number of leading English astronomers began to collect money to fit out expeditions to observe the next eclipse and to record their observations. One group journeyed to northern Brazil, the other to the island of Princepe in the Gulf of Guinea. It seemed safer to send two expeditions because during the short time a total eclipse lasts cloudy weather might make the investigations doubtful or even worthless.

When the investigators returned to London a few months later, they studied and compared the photographic plates they had made. Just a year after peace had come to the world, England's leading astronomers listened to a report at the Royal Society. The Astronomer Royal told them that the pictures taken of the stars during the eclipse had shown an actual bending of the light rays. No longer would it be said, as it has been for ages, that light always moves in a straight line.

"[This] is the greatest discovery in connection with gravitation since first Newton enunciated his principles," announced the president of the Royal Society to his fellow scientists.

Albert Einstein was especially happy that his vindication had come from the former enemies of Germany. This was further proof that science knows no national boundaries.

Now Einstein captured the imagination of thousands who had never read a word of his scientific writings, and would not have understood his theories even if they had attended his lectures. Cigars and babies were named after him; newspaper men and photographers pounded on his door, demanding

interviews and pictures. Einstein could no longer enjoy a quiet evening at the theater or opera or at his favorite restaurant without begin mobbed by autograph hunters.

He was bewildered. "So few people understand my work, but everybody wants to know about me!" he exclaimed.

Although Einstein had been acclaimed as the Newton of the twentieth century, there were still many physicists who declared that his discoveries were doubtful and sensational. Some of these detractors were honest in their belief. But a number of militant Germans, hating Einstein for his pacifist teachings and as a Jew, also denounced his scientific work.

Einstein refused to take part in politics. He had long dreamed of a world without national boundaries and hatreds. He had admired the tolerance and freedom he found in Switzerland during his student days, and although he felt himself a world citizen, had assumed citizenship in the little republic. Now he actually became a German citizen again; for he felt that his growing fame might reflect credit on his native land, now humbled so cruelly, and suffering the poverty and privations of a conquered people. It was a generous act for which he was later made to pay cruelly.

Dr. Einstein was constantly invited to address meetings of the world's foremost scientists, in Holland, in Belgium, in France, in the United States. In our country his coming brought pride to both German and Jewish Americans. His countrymen, suffering from humiliation and misunderstanding during the war, felt a reflection of his glory. The Jewish people were equally eager to welcome him for he had come on a mission to raise funds for Palestine.

In 1922 Einstein and his wife began a triumphal tour through the Orient. In India, in China, in Japan and in Palestine, they received a really royal welcome. Sometimes the modest simple man grew weary of public banquets and flattering orations and magnificent gifts. But everywhere he went he was touched at the whole-hearted affections of the

common people, often downtrodden and ignorant. They could not understand his achievements, but they loved him for his warm smile as his carriage passed down the crowd-blackened streets.

He returned to his native land even more famous than he had been before. During his absence he had been awarded the Nobel prize in physics. He was the first German since the war to receive this greatest of international honors; his countrymen grew almost hysterical in their homage.

Einstein's fiftieth birthday was marked with tributes ranging from a gift of tobacco from a laborer out of work to the unveiling of his statue in the great new observatory at Potsdam which bore his name. While from all over the world came the messages of congratulation and various gifts, from unknown, humble strangers and rulers of great nations. A present that made him very happy was a letter from the Zionists of the United States, saying they had collected a large sum of money to plant in his honor a grove of trees in far-off Palestine. Pleased but perplexed, he went over is letters and gifts, demanding to know why everybody was so kind to him.

A present that brought him needed relaxation was a boat built after his own specifications. Clad in a shabby leather jacket, his bushy hair flying in the breeze, he spent long, peaceful hours sailing near the Berlin suburb of Caputh, where he had built a simple country home. This spot became so dear to him that even during the winters he spent in California, teaching at the Institute of Technology, he sometimes longed to return home.

Although he had never taken part in politics, Einstein, like all thoughtful observers, realized that the storm above Germany was about to break. When in 1932 he left Caputh for his third winter of teaching in California, he looked long and mournfully at the little house near the lake. "I want to say 'good-bye' to our home," he told Mrs. Einstein. "Something tells me we will never see it again."

Germany had never recovered from the war. The people were sullen from defeat. Everywhere in the once proud and prosperous nation there was unemployment, hunger, despair. The liberals who governed the new Republic were blamed. Young men and women who had grown up in the hard post-war years listened eagerly to an ex-corporal, Adolf Hitler. He would give them work and bread, he cried. He would restore Germany to its former greatness among the nations which now sought to destroy the Fatherland. But first every true German must help him crush the enemy within.

The Jews, declared Hitler, had betrayed the Fatherland in the war. He falsely charged that they monopolized the leading posts in university life and the arts; they controlled big business and were responsible for the misery which had overtaken the German people. Hitler and his Nazis were very clever propogandists; many Germans believed their lies. Jews were driven from their positions and their property was confiscated. The nightmare of the Nazi terror, which was soon to threaten all the decent citizens of unhappy Germany, had begun.

Einstein, once the idol of Germany, now found himself an exile with a price upon his head. Because he had reassumed his German citizenship, he could not claim the protection of an adopted country, and his large fortune and home were confiscated. The Nazis hated him as a Jew and a pacifist. They even forbade the teaching of his accepted theories in their universities.

Dr. Einstein, who had taught several winters at Pasadena, California, had been very happy in the United States. Now he eagerly accepted an invitation from the Institute of Advanced Studies and came with his family to begin a new life in Princeton.

Although as soon as possible he became a citizen of the country which had welcomed him so warmly, Einstein still felt himself a citizen of the world. Even in the midst of the Second

World War, he still wrote and pleaded for a world government devoted to justice and to peace. But he was no longer a pacifist. When every day brought new stories of Nazi cruelty to the people they enslaved, Einstein realized that submission to evil can be more terrible even than war itself.

Yet on a memorable August day in 1939, he still drew back from entering the world struggle. Two refugee physicists, Leo Szilard and Enrico Fermi, sat in the study of the Princeton house. The book-lined room had seen many other visitors: refugees from Europe, seeking advice and aid; world-famous scientists; great musicians, who had felt honored to play for the music-loving, gentle old professor.

Szilard and Fermi repeated what Albert Einstein had already heard with a fearful heart, stories that had leaked from enemy laboratories of the progress German physicists were making toward the production of the atomic bomb.

Not only German scientists, but physicists in all the warring countries were seeking desperately to produce this deadliest of weapons. Einstein shuddered to think that their work had grown out of the formula he had given the world thirty years before. This had stated that matter and energy, the two basic factors of the physical world, were really different aspects of the same reality; that energy could be changed into matter and matter changed into energy. Any attempt to produce the atomic bomb would have to be based on this idea of turning matter into energy.

Einstein agreed with his visitors that the nation which discovered the secret of the atomic bomb would become truly invincible. Yes, he said, he had heard that Lisa Meitner, forced to leave Germany because of her Jewish ancestry, had come nearest to solving the riddle. But, surely, other German physicists were on the brink of the epoch-making discovery. And now there were rumors of greatly increased importations of Germany of uranium which is necessary for the bomb's manufacture.

Szilard and Fermi urged that the work already begun in many American laboratories must be speeded up that our government might be the first to manufacture and control this all-powerful weapon. They felt it was too early to discuss their plans with the War Department. But orders for research and experimentation should come directly from the Commander-in-Chief, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Since it was necessary to keep all early operations secret, it seemed best to appeal directly to the President.

"You must write to the President," pleaded the two physicists.

Einstein shook his tousled white head.

"Why should I write to the President?" he asked. "We have never met, he doesn't know me."

"But he had heard of you and will be interested in anything you say!" The visitors exchanged amused glances; it was like the best-known scientist in the world to be so modest.

Einstein hesitated. How could he, a lover of humanity, raise a finger to help bring this plague on his fellow men? Yet, if there were truth in the rumors that Hitler would soon use the atomic bomb to conquer not only the remnants of Europe, but the whole world! Einstein remembered the stories that half-crazed refugees who had escaped from the Nazi concentration camps had sobbed out to him; he shuddered. The atomic bomb spelled death but what could life mean to a world ruled by madmen?

"Some recent work by E. Fermi and L. Szilard," he wrote President Roosevelt, "leads me to expect that the element uranium may be turned into a new and important source of energy in the immediate future. This would lead to the construction of extremely powerful bombs…. A single bomb of this type carried by boat and exploded in a port might very well destroy the whole port…together with the surrounding territory."

Shortly after this letter reached the President, the

government began its work on the atomic bomb. When it was secretly and successfully tested at the Alamogordo Reservation in New Mexico, Einstein was one of the first of American scientists to urge that its power should be demonstrated only in some uninhabited spot. If representatives of enemy nations witnessed the destruction brought by the new secret weapon, surely, they would be ready to plead for peace.

But the new President, Harry S. Truman, and his military advisors felt this would not win the war. The civilian populations of Hiroshima and Nagasaki suffered woundings and mutilations and death.

The use of the atomic bomb did much to bring the Second World War to an end. But Einstein and many of the foremost physicists of the United States feared that the weapon they had helped to forge still menaced the peace and security of mankind. As the secrets of its manufacture become known, Einstein predicted in another war two-thirds of the human race may be destroyed. Although he felt he could hardly spare the time from his own studies, although he had grown frail and ill, the aging man helped to organize and become the first chairman of the Emergency Committee of Atomic Scientists. This group began at once to raise a fund of $1,000,000 for educational purposes "that atomic energy will be used for the benefit of mankind and not for humanity's destruction."

Still modest and gentle, Albert Einstein looks back over seventy years crowned with achievements and honors. He rejoices when word comes to him that atomic energy, developed from his formula, is in the hands of the scientists bringing hope of freedom from hardship and disease. But the old warrior continues to fight for a greater freedom. He would free mankind forever from the horror of war; he dreams of an atomic age of peace.

Had You Been Born a Jew

Had you been born a Jew, your greatest heritage would be the spiritual history of your people. It is a heritage recorded in the Torah, the Hebrew scriptures; preserved in the Talmud and Midrash, which are rabbinical writings and commentaries on the law; and channeled through the lives of ancient prophets and modern scholars a heritage as old as Canaan and as new as the state of Israel. It is linked together by holy days unerringly kept throughout the tides of time. It is epitomized in the centuries of captivity and persecution; it is the victory of a people. But, most of all, it is represented in a way of life challengingly designed for 12,000,000 Jews throughout the modern world.

Your Religion and You

The interplay between the history of your religion and the history of every individual Jew is also part of your heritage. You cannot separate your destiny from that of Judaism. Whatever affects your religion affects you, and whatever happens to you leaves its influence upon the nature of your faith. In no other religion is this relationship between faith's profession and faith's practice so clearly defined, or the connection between God and man so intimate. The long march of Judaism from the earliest recorded event to the present moment is relived by every Jew. Your life is the spiritual history of Israel personified.

When Moses, the spokesman for God, said, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One," it was an event in history, but it was also a specific event in your life. The first

prayer you learned, the first religious thought impressed upon your mind consisted of these very words, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One." This declaration of faith marked the beginning of your personal spiritual pilgrimage, just as it did the age-old pilgrimage of your people. Before you, too, lay a world unknown and uncharted. You were instructed to recall the words every morning and night, to remember them in sickness and in health, and to breathe them at the hour of death, just as your forefathers had done in the days when Judaism was young, when, throughout the vicissitudes of their nomadic roamings they prayed, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One."

When these words were first spoken, Mount Sinai was the axis of monotheism. The God of Moses bore distinctive features which the gods of other religions had never portrayed; the gods of ancient civilizations had many names and many faces; their genealogies were fictionized with legends and myths. The God of Moses stood authoritatively alone. There were no other gods before Him; there were to be no other gods after Him. He was the beginning and the end; not a god motivated by human beings or molded into an image by the priest-craft, but the living Creator of all things, the Judge of all men, the Lord of all the world.

I Am That I Am!

Who was this God? Where was His habitation and what was His name? You often asked these questions, just as they were asked by Moses who lived some 3500 years ago.

One day Moses said to the Lord, "When I come unto the children of Israel and say, The God of your fathers hath sent me unto you;. and they shall say to me, What is His name? what shall I say unto them?"

And God said, "I Am That I Am! Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I Am hath sent me unto you."

Early in your life you learned, as did the Israelites, that

God is the great I AM, with a name so sacred it was never spoken. When it was first written, it was YHWH, an unpronounceable term of reverence; then He was called Elohim and Adonay, even as He is today.

Your understanding of this God was deepened when you began your studies of the Torah, which means the beginning of wisdom and the knowledge of the love of God. Tomb, which means divine instruction, embraces the whole broad field of religious study, but the Torah is specifically a sacred parchment scroll containing the Pentateuch or the Law of Moses. It is Judaism's most revered devotional object, so sacred, in fact, that when it is worn out it is reverently buried in a grave. Men who copy the Torah, those who make these holy scrolls, are called Sofers (scribes) and seek to lead especially exemplary lives. The Torah resides in the ark in every synagogue, the Jewish place of worship. Synagogue, which means a bringing together of the people, was soon used to designate the place where the people met.

The ark in the synagogue is sacrosanct. In the wilderness wanderings of the early Israelites, the sacred ark, considered to be the dwelling place of Yahweh, was an oblong chest of acacia wood overlaid with gold. Called the "ark of the covenant," because it contained the stones upon which the Ten Commandments were written, it also bore the "mercy seat," a golden plate surrounded by cherubs, upon which the blood of sacrificial animals was sprinkled. Because the ark also represented the abiding presence of the Lord, a replica of the ark is found in every synagogue today, usually in the eastern wall. Perpetually burning before it is a votive light, a symbol of the light of God illuminating His children's way. It is a constant reminder to you, as well as to Israel, that you are in His presence and care.

At every Sabbath service, while the worshipers respectfully stand, the rabbi, who is the spiritual teacher, solemnly takes the Torah from the ark, unrolls it, and reads a portion

of the familiar words:

> "I am the Lord thy God who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.
> Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
> Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth…" (Exodus 20; 2-4)

Thoughtfully listening, you realize what a profound influence the Ten Commandments have had upon the world, how they have become the basis for civil laws; how they have been made the cardinal tenets of other great religions; and how they have been taught to many people. To no one, however, are they more meaningful than to the Jew, for the history of Judaism is his history. Always there is the inseparable link between this history, the people of Israel, and you.

Bar Mitzvah

When you began your study of the Torah, your teacher placed a drop of honey on the page to symbolize the joy and sweetness of religious wisdom. Through its thousands of years of history, Judaism refined what it found in other religions and created the greatest literary treasure of all time. Written almost exclusively in Hebrew, the Torah of the Law, the Nebiim or the Prophets, and the Kethubim or Sacred Writings (called by Christians the Hagiographa) are the official documents of your religion and the basis of faith and morals for Israel and you.

When you were twelve, you were introduced to these sacred writings in the ceremony of Bar Mitzvah, and as a male child of the Jewish faith, you sensed the deep significance of the occasion. Bar Mitzvah means "son of duty" and the ceremony, a solemn and auspicious event, marks the end of

childhood and the coming of age in spiritual responsibility. In liberal Judaism, such as the Reform and Conservative movements, girls also share the rite of Bar Mitzvah.

In this period of study, out of which grew the Christian practice of catechetical instruction and confirmation, you were reminded how the individual life is related to the spiritual life of your people. The solemnization of the ceremony was heightened by your participation in the public reading of the Torah in the Hebrew language. Your parents, to honor you on this important day, made it a special event by inviting your relatives and the rabbi to a memorable dinner. It was a day of great happiness for you and for your elders, who recalled the time they made their Bar Mitzvah and how the meaning of it had increased for them throughout the years. They explained that often when controversies arose as to how a deed should be done or how a decision should be made, the rabbi was questioned, "What does the Mitzvah dictate?" Because the doctrine of Mitzvah is a frame of reference for life and conduct, it becomes the touchstone by which duties are imposed in accordance with its teaching.

Judaism is so rich in tradition that every religious act has its roots far back in history. For example, among the gifts you received at Bar Mitzvah was a lovely mezuzah, meaning "doorpost," which is a little box or tube containing verses from the Torah. It is often placed outside the door of Jewish homes to show that the family is loyal to the faith and the teaching of Judaism. Mezuzahs, much like the phylacteries which priests of old wore on the forehead or on the left arm, are still worn by traditional Jews who believe that God commanded such action for all time when He said, "It shall be for a sign upon thee, upon thine hand, and for a memorial between thine eyes, that the Lord's law may be in thy mouth." (Exodus 13:8,9)

The Law and Love of God

The Lord's law and the Lord's love seem to you to describe best the ancient mooring of your faith and to assure you that God is both just and merciful. The Prophet Isaiah said, "He is our Father, our Redeemer for everlasting." Over and over the sacred scriptures make clear that the God of Israel is a just God because He loves righteousness, and a jealous God because He loves His people with paternal compassion. This concept of the Fatherhood of God, immortalized through the history of Judaism, is at the very center of your personal faith.

The scribes and scholars of Judaism have probed into every line and letter of God's holy word. In no other religion have men mined so deeply and so earnestly into the secret depths of truth. There are books which only the adepts understand, books like the Zohar, a mystical study of the innermost nature of God and man; books relating to the cabala or hidden doctrines; books from the pre-exilic and post-exilic periods with the Babylonian captivity forming the break between the two; books with prophetic writings, prayers, poems, proverbs; and books which are part of the brilliant literature of the Moorish supremacy in Spain. But when all is said and done, the heart of Judaism comes back to God's love and God's law which comprise the divine teaching.

The details of the teaching of Yahweh were handed down by oral tradition until the end of the second century A.D. when, after having been systematically defined by rabbinical councils, they were incorporated in the Mishnah or writings of instruction. The Mishnah, which formed the basis for the Talmud, is the name for Judaism's civil and canonical rules of conduct. The text of the Talmud is called the Mishnah and the commentary is the Gemara.

Men and Movements

The immortal figures in the history of your faith are as familiar to you as the members of your own household.

Abraham, first of the patriarchs and father of the Hebrews, seems not to be legendary, but real; a man who walked with the God whom Moses was later to reveal. His son, also a very real personage of flesh and blood, was Isaac who, as the husband of Rebekah and the father of Jacob and Esau, propounded significant truths and parables. It was Jacob, called Israel, who was the progenitor of your faith, for it is through his twelve sons that the history of your religion unfolds. Moses, the prophets, the men and women of Biblical history were people of destiny.

So were men like the Maccabees who, during the second century B.C., freed your people from the yoke of Syrian oppression; Hillel the Elder, (B.C. 30-9 A.D.) a sage of Judaism who told his followers, "What is hateful to thee, do not unto thy fellowman; this is the whole Law. The rest is but commentary." There were also men like Philo Judaeus (30 B.C.-50 A.D.) who is known as the Plato of Judaism; doctors of the law like Shammai and Gamaliel; Spanish-born Moses Maimonides (1135-1204), a pre-eminent philosopher; Polish-born Haym Salomon, patriot of the American Revolution; German-born Moses Mendelsohn, scholar and humanist; American-born Abraham Mordecai, famous pioneer; and many more. But when the philosophy of these men is winnowed, it is found to be the expression of God's will embodied in the holy teachings.

This is also true of the groups within Judaism. From Hasidism, a pietistical movement of the eighteenth century, to Reconstructionism, a modern attempt to discover how man can best come to terms with life and his times, Judaism is a religion of many types with three major groups serving the majority of modern Jews in their spiritual needs: the Orthodox, the Conservative and the Reform, each of which claims well over a million members in the United States.

Orthodox Judaism is the continuation of ancient authority with all its traditional social, religious and dietary customs.

Reform Judaism is the liberal or progressive movement which has sought to adjust itself to the shifting times without losing what it believes to be the basic spiritual, ethical and ceremonial aspects of the faith. Conservative Judaism is the middle-of-the-road Judaic expression, recognizing the authority of ritual Law and the need for preserving the unique characteristics of Judaism in the modern world.

Zionism, a movement attempting to return the Jew to Palestine, cuts across these "denominational" lines. That God wanted His people to have a homeland is believed by most Jews as well as by many gentiles who believe this to be a divine prophecy. Ever since their exile and the capture and destruction of their land by the Romans in A.D. 70, the Jews have longed to return to Jerusalem. This hope was continually incorporated in the prayers and dreams of the Jewish people, who considered such a restoration the fulfillment of a prophecy.

In this connection, early Zionism was strongly apocalyptic. Modern Zionism, as interpreted by Theodor Herzl of Vienna, was based upon the need for a homeland, a state which Judaism could call its own and where Jews could live together in harmony, adhering to their respective traditions. Another interpreter, Asher Ginsberg, insisted that the homeland should be more than a political or cultural habitat; it should above all represent a spiritual haven where the faith, customs and language of a people would be perpetuated. In every instance, the idea of Zion was always closely allied with the country which the Prophet Zechariah had designated as the "Holy Land." (Zechariah 2:13).

Finally, after nearly twenty centuries of homelessness and wandering, centuries filled with captivity, exile, ghettos and attempts by anti-semites to totally annihilate the people and the religion that make up Judaism, the Jewish people began to see the culmination of their hopes and dreams. After having been dispersed across the world, having become citizens

of almost every nation, yet rarely fully accepted in any country, Jews learned that the Zionist movement, vigorously led by Dr. Chaim Weizmann since 1917, had triumphed. The United Nations General Assembly voted on November 29, 1947, to partition Palestine into two independent states: Jewish Israel and Arab Jordan. On May 14, 1948, the proclamation was sealed. For Judaism it was the fifth day of the month of Iyar in the 5708 year of its history. In Palestine, where God had first revealed Himself, a group of modern Jewish pioneers, statesmen and religionists, came to mark off the prescribed boundaries of their habitation. David Ben Gurion, first prime minister of the new state, read the Jewish Declaration of Independence. This was followed by the Jewish National Anthem, the Hatikvah, which means "The Hope." Prayers were spoken. The land was blessed. Israel was established.

It was a small, almost captive country. On its west stretched the broad expanse of the Mediterranean, on the north lay Lebanon and Syria, on the south loomed Egypt, and on the east was Jordan. Designated as its capital was Jerusalem, the holy city, but as it was a disputed territory, sacred to Arab and Jew alike, only a portion belonged to the immigrants. Israel, which called its section the "New City," was confronted across a neutral corridor by the "Old City" ruled by Jordan. The United Nations, adopting a resolution to internationalize Jerusalem, was unable to get support from either Israel or Jordan. So the historic city remained divided, the uneasy homeland for both nations; a city mutually shared, but jealously cherished and guarded by each.

The state of Israel, with less than 10,000 square miles of land and a population of some 2,000,000 was prepared from the very start to provide a habitat for all those who revered the Star of David, the emblem which is emblazoned on its flag. With typical Jewish tenacity, its citizens have transformed the hills and valleys. With characteristic foresight,

spurred by traditional love for learning, they have established outstanding schools, colleges and universities. Demonstrating their truly democratic nature, they have proclaimed freedom of religion to Jew and gentile alike.

Judaism and Other Faiths

Had you been born a Jew, you would often feel as though you were standing in the center of a whirling world of faith. Around you, other great religions are ambitiously evangelizing, proselytizing and zealously exhorting men in their specific ways of salvation. They have adopted many of your customs and concepts: the thirty-nine books which comprise your sacred scriptures are the "Old Testament" of Christendom; the Apocrypha, which Catholicism and certain Protestant groups have accepted, came from the Maccabean era. The old synagogues of Israel have also served as patterns for Christianity both in architectural design and in their order of worship. Even as it has been traditional that the synagogue should face the east and be built on the highest location so that it should dominate all other buildings in dignity and prominence, many Christian churches have been designed in like fashion.

And the ritualistic rites of your people have infiltrated into the Christian church. The Jew, before entering the synagogue, purifies his hands; upon entering, he touches his lips to the scriptures which are set near the entrance for this purpose. The reading of scripture lessons, the psalmody, the sermon, antiphonal singing, the giving of alms, the concept of confessional have been incorporated into the Christian service. It has been said that the form of the Ante-Mass was taken over from the synagogue ritual, both in its structure and general function.

The Islamic people also borrowed heavily from your traditions and beliefs as reflected in the Koran, as seen in their monotheism, their veneration of prophets, their recognition

of the Pentateuch and the Psalms, their ablutions, their facing toward Mecca as your people faced toward Jerusalem during prayer and in their dietary regulations. Circumcision is also practiced by the Islamic people, although not as a religious rite as it is among your people. In Judaism, it is a commandment (Genesis 17:10-14) signifying a covenant between God and Israel. It is an interesting fact that circumcision is commemorated in a holy day (the Circumcision of Jesus) in Catholic and Anglican churches even today. This "Feast of the Circumcision" is held on January first and confirms, for Christians, Jesus' respect for Jewish teaching in that He underwent the ceremony eight days after his birth.

There are divergent views among your people concerning this man Jesus whom Christians call the Christ. The name, Jesus, relating to the name Joshua and Isaiah and stemming from the same root, was common among the Hebrew people. Your historians, with the exception of Josephus, make no mention of any special "Jesus" as being important in the history of religion. Josephus, who flourished during the first century of the Christian era, simply mentions that a certain Jesus took up the preaching and gospel of John the Baptist following John's imprisonment by Herod Antipas who was tetrarch of Galilee between 4 and 40 A.D.

The hope of a promised messiah, around which so many religions are built, was and still is the hope of you and your people. The Israelites believed that when he came he would restore their nation in a special way, perhaps in a militant way, conquering their Roman oppressors. Jesus was acclaimed by some, but He did not consummate, for the great majority, the true messianic anticipation or fulfill what was believed should be the prophetic nature of his coming. Nor has any other prophet met the standards of this high calling. To this day, Judaism still awaits the Promised One of whom Isaiah said, "Behold my servant, who I uphold; mine elect in whom my soul delighteth; I have put my spirit upon him; he shall make

the right to go forth to the nations. He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to he heard in the street. A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench; he shall bring forth judgment unto truth. He shall not fail nor he discouraged, till he have set right in the earth; and the isles shall wait for his teaching." (Isaiah 42:1-4)

You recognize the fact that some religions truly believe that Jesus was this Messiah. You are aware of the good these religions have achieved and you feel they all have something to offer, for there are as many religious views in the world as there are cultures and people. You have seen new religions expand and grow and have observed how, through the years, they have given evidence of change. You have seen Christianity in many of its areas of expression become more understanding of Judaism, but you have also seen evidences of intolerance and anti-semitism among many well-meaning people because of deep-seated misinformation and lack of information about your faith.

Many times your people have been made the object of proselytization and have been sought for "conversion" by various faiths. So deep-seated is Jewish teaching, that many Jews who became Christians in the days of the early Christian church sought to impose their rites and practices, such as dietary injunctions, fasting and circumcision upon their converters! These Jews were called "Judaizers."

Unlike Christianity or other mission-minded religions, modern Judaism has no desire to proselytize or persuade non-Jews to its point of view. As a Jew you are more concerned that the divine powers in man should be unfolded than that your religion should grow quantitatively. You feel that God-realization is the aim of humanity. You are convinced that the world is inherently good, and that evil is a figment of the mind of man, not a creation of the mind of God.

God is not a capricious monarch who controls human beings like a puppeteer does his dancing figures; God is a

gracious Father who has generously endowed His children with freedom of choice. You believe that man was created good, that he came into the world free from sin, and that he brings with him the image and likeness of his Creator. As man is born of a benevolent God, so he may rest assured that when he dies he will also attain everlasting life. Immortality is in the nature of all men because it is in the nature of God.

Although Judaism is not an evangelistic movement, there are occasional conversions to your religion. By example and precept, rather than by preaching and persuasion, Judaism influences others. By stimulating intellectual pursuits and suggesting an ethical approach to contemporary problems, it seems peculiarly designed for the modern day, even though it is centuries old, Judaism is a way of life for people who believe they have a special service to perform, namely, to testify to the presence of God in the continuing history of the world. It seems to you that this should be the spirit of all true religions, and that it was most perfectly stated by one of your prophets when he said,

"He had shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." (Micah 6:8)

Judaism and the Family

Idealistically, you are urged to walk and work with God in your daily vocation. In your home you endeavor to live as though God were the unseen Guest. Your home, fully as much as the synagogue, is a place of worship. Here the mother lights the Sabbath candles for the Friday evening meal and prayer. Here the father intones the ancient Hebrew Kiddush, "Blessed art Thou, O Lord, King of the Universe, who created the fruit of the vine." Here the children and parents observe the holy days and festivals. In no religion are there closer family ties than in Judaism. It may be that this is why there is so little delinquency among Jewish youth and so much

maturity of thought among young people of the Jewish faith.

As your family is united by the observances of various holy days, so Jewish people around the world are united by the traditional festivals of Judaism's liturgical year. These days, designated by the Jewish calendar, were once strange and anachronistic to the gentile world, but gradually their significance and their interrelation with both Christian and seasonal holidays have become increasingly clear.

There is, for example, Rosh Hashana, the Jewish New Year, a moveable date occurring in September which, in your 12-month calendar, is the month of Tishri, Judaism's historic years are reckoned from 3761 B.C., and since the very beginning of its observance, Rosh Hashana has been a day of thoughtful soul-searching and rededication of life.

Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, occurring ten days after Rosh Hashana, is a period of solemn rest This day, called a Sabbath of Sabbaths, is set aside for confession of sins, repentance and reconciliation with God. The Sabbath itself, which begins at dusk each Friday, although hallowed by all your people, is most rigorously observed by Orthodox Jews. Orthodoxy clearly states its commandments for the observance of this day: there shall be no working, no fighting, no traveling. The rites for Yom Kippur are prescribed in Leviticus 16 and the authority according to that Scripture is binding forever when it says, "For on that day shall the priest make an atonement for you, to cleanse you, that ye may be clean from all your sins before the Lord. It shall be a sabbath of rest unto you, and ye shall afflict your souls, by a statute forever."

There are other days which the faithful Jew will observe: Hanukkah, the Feast of Dedication, celebrated for eight days in late November or early December, honors the Maccabean victory over the Greeks who had sought to Grecianize the Jews in the second century B.C.; Purim, the festival of deliverance based on the story recorded in the Book of Esther and observed in February or March according to the lunisolar

calendar of Judaism; Shabuoth, the Feast of Weeks, or feast of the first fruits of the harvest, also called Pentecost, which means "fifty days" after Passover; and Sukkoth, Feast of the Tabernacles or Booths, which commemorates the ingathering of the harvest.

But of all festivals none is more meaningful than Passover. Taking its name from pazah (to pass or skip over), it memorializes the tradition that the "angel of death" passed over those houses of the Israelites in Egypt which had been marked with the blood of the paschal lamb. It was this divine seal which spared the first-born in each house from being slain. This momentous event, recorded in Exodus 12, is a testimony that proclaims for you the faith of an individual and the faith of a collective people; it proclaims God's concern for every member of His family and His protection for His people as a race.

The majestic words that instituted the Passover are etched in your memory: "Then Moses called for all the elders of Israel, and said unto them, Draw out and take you a lamb according to your families, and kill the passover. And ye shall take a bunch of hyssop, and dip it in the blood that is in the basin, and strike the lintel and the two side posts with the blood that is in the basin; and none of you shall go out at the door of his house until the morning. For the Lord will pass through to smite the Egyptians; and when he seeth the blood upon the lintel, and on the two side posts, the Lord will pass over the door, and will not suffer the destroyer to come unto your houses to smite you. And ye shall observe this thing for an ordinance to thee and to thy sons for ever." (Exodus 12:21,24)

Christians, too, understand Passover; they observe it according to their own tradition, having made Jesus their "paschal lamb." Early Jewish Christians celebrated their belief in the death and resurrection of Jesus at Passover time. To this day the Jewish Passover and the Christian Easter share

practically the same period, and the Passover tradition of your people has been preserved in the Christian celebration of their "Holy Week."

Passover, the holy time of Pesach, is a time when families gather in all Jewish homes; it is a sacred time when every Jew wishes to be at home with his people. Here on the first night (or the first and second nights), you gather for the significant and ever impressive seder service in which the suffering and deliverance of the Jews in Egypt are tenderly dramatized. Every Jewish child loves, honors and respects the seder. He knows its meaning. He is versed in the Haggadah, which is the text for this memorial and festive meal. No Jew ever forgets how he sat with his parents around the seder table and how, in the spell of tradition, he asked, "Why is this night different from all other nights?" And he recalls how his father answered, "We were slaves unto Pharaoh in Egypt, and the Eternal our God led us from there with a mighty hand."

You find deep within each festival the insistent reminder that Judaism has endured much, has been delivered often, and has been consistently saved from dissemination and absorption by the providence of God. And when you remember this, you realize that even as this is true for Judaism, it is true for you.

Basic Concepts of Judaism

Had you been a born a Jew, you would realize that despite various types of Judaism and many speculations about Judaism by scholars and interpreters, there are certain beliefs that can be said to be fundamental to the nature of your faith. One statement of these beliefs was suggested by the scholar Hasdai Crescas, who, in the fifteenth century, listed fourteen points by which Judaism might better comprehend itself and through which others might better apprehend your faith:

1. God knows individually all things and all people.

2. His providence is over each individual.
3. He is omnipotent.
4. He revealed himself in a special way to the prophets.
5. He has given man freedom of the will.
6. He gave man the Torah.
7. He created the universe at a particular time.
8. Immortality is assured for those who observe his commandments.
9. There is punishment for the wicked.
10. The dead will be resurrected.
11. The Torah is eternal.
12. Moses is supreme.
13. The priest can foretell future events through the Urim and Thummim (objects mentioned in Exodus 28:30)
14. The Messiah will come.

These concepts are impressed upon you through the eternal beauty of the scripture. Your hear them everywhere in the teaching and in the interpretation of God's love and law. The rabbi speaks of them; the cantor, who sings the liturgical music in the synagogue, proclaims them; the festivals perpetuate them; and when the Promised One appears, He will eternalize them.

And so, as you review the history of Judaism as a religion, as a people, and as a nation, you are observing yourself in your own religious experiences. The qualities which made that history significant are those you need to comprehend in order to understand your destiny. Your fathers clung to their faith with marvelous tenacity and retained their racial characteristics with remarkable purity in the midst of alien peoples. Scattered among the nations of the world, they never admitted defeat nor lost their feeling of destiny. Instead, they learned the language of the nation in which they found themselves, adapted themselves to the culture, and asked no other privilege than a chance to prove their worthiness in the

scheme of things.

If there is an occasional feeling of pride which helps to neutralize what could be qualms of despair, this, too, is part of your heritage. You are proud of your ancestry as you count the milestones along time's highway placed there by the many contributions Judaism has made in fields of philosophy, science, literature, and the arts; in modern technology, medicine, education, communication skills; in the expansion of cities, and the building of a nation. You are aware that your people have always remained true to their religion and that faithfully and realistically they have pursued the truth along a trail which has led from ancient Sinai, where the teaching was first received, to the newest synagogue, where it will continue to be taught. This trail, leading both ways, into the past and into the future, represents the adventurous journey of your people and you.

This is how you would feel, had you been born a Jew.

Had You Been Born a Parsi

Had you been born a Parsi, you would often kneel before a fire burning in a large brass urn in the temple of your faith. The vaulted room is fragrant with the scent of sandalwood and as the white-robed priest lays another polished stick on the flames, you whisper a prayer as other members of your religion have done through countless centuries. In some Parsi temples the fire, fed by the hands of the faithful, has been burning uninterruptedly for more than a thousand years.

You would know that the source of the original fire was a lightning flash. This was the elemental flame sent to earth by Ahura-Mazda, the supreme deity and guardian of mankind. Somewhere in a forest when this lightning struck, one of your ancestors captured some of the sparks or flames and from these were kindled all other fires in the temples of your religion. Fire is a sacred symbol of your faith.

Parsiism, an Ancient and Venerable Religion

Your religion is one of the oldest and one of the smallest, numerically, in the world. It has had few, if any, converts. A person must be born into it and that is why it numbers only slightly more than 100,000 followers, almost all of whom live in India and most of them in and around Bombay. Although small numerically, your religion is an indispensable factor in India's life. Parsis are among the best educated, the most industrious and the most cultured and charitable people of the subcontinent.

Parsis was a name given to those Persians who migrated to India a thousand and more years before the time of Christ,

bringing with them the religion of the great seer Zoroaster, who lived, authorities say, six thousand years some say six hundred before the Christian Era. Whenever it was, Zoroaster, spokesman for Ahura-Mazda, is acclaimed by many historians as the seer of seers. You are often referred to as a Zoroastrian, though Parsi is the more accepted modern term.

There is something wondrously rich about the life and worship of your people: the bearded priests dressed in spotless white; the young scholars bending over the ancient holy books; the calm conviction of the adherents to your faith, the holy temples into which only Parsis are admitted; the Tower of Silence where your body will some day be solemnly laid after death, there to be devoured by the vultures; all are distinctive features of the religion of the inspired Persian prophet, Zoroaster. Always there is the temple fire, endlessly burning in its huge brass urn.

The temple fire is so holy that no non-Parsi is permitted to look upon it. Your people visit the temple almost daily, make their ablutions and proceed reverently to the place where the fire burns, there to say their prayers. They offer the priest a piece of polished sandalwood and he places it as an offering into the fire.

As the fire is fed, so also must you keep your faith alive and burning by nourishing it with good thoughts, good words and good deeds. Faith lives just as the sacred fire lives because the keepers of the temple sustain its holy flames with sticks of sandalwood, day and night, year after year. Faith, like the fire, demands constant care.

Preparation for the Faith

The formal introduction to your parental faith came when you were nine years old. For two years you had been preparing for a momentous childhood ceremony known as Navajot. You attended an out-of-doors school and learned your lessons under the scorching sun. Although some people say that

Parsis are sun worshipers, you know they are not, even though you were taught to reverence the sun as a principle of life. Actually, during your school days, you considered the sun a rather fierce disciplinarian, equally as fierce as your bearded, priestly teachers. They stood over you with a stick, demanding perfection, especially in the prayers and recitations from the Avesta, the holy scriptures of your faith.

"Once more!" your teachers would say. "It must be like this," and they would demonstrate just how you were to accent "Ashom Vohu" which meant "Most High God," with which almost every prayer began. Over and over you recited from the Gathas and the Yasts and the Vendidad, the ancient and difficult books of the Avesta.

Etched into your mind were the mighty sayings of Spitama Zoroaster; for example, his Golden Rule, which said, 'That nature alone is good which shall not do unto another whatever is not good for its own self."

You knew that three strokes of the stick would be your punishment if you made one mistake, five strokes for two mistakes, and if you made three, you might as well beg for mercy. Those were the days you had your first struggle with Zoroaster's commandment about "good thoughts, good words, good deeds!"

"Let's break their sticks!" you would whisper when you got together with the other children. But sticks could easily be replaced.

"Let's run away!" But where would you go?

"Let's tell our fathers!" But you already knew that your father would tell you, as he always did, "Someday you will be grateful you had to learn the prayers and the holy words. And, remember, soon it will be time for Navajot."

Navajot. You did not know exactly what it would be like. No one told you the details. The bits of information you picked up from an older brother or sister were unofficial. All you knew was that whatever Navajot was, it could not be

more demanding or more burdensome than all this training, this standing in the broiling sun by day or sitting under a smelly kerosene lamp at night, reciting at the top of your voice, mysterious and little-understood words such as, "When Ahriman came seventhly to Fire, which was combined against him, the Fire separated into five kinds, which are called the Propitious, the Good Diffuser, the Aurvazist, the Vazist, and the Supremely-Benefiting. And it produced the Propitious Fire itself in Heaven whose manifestation is in the Fire which burns on earth, and its propitiousness is this, that all the kinds are of its nature…."

"Why must I recite so loud?" you once cried out. "Is God deaf?"

"No!" was your teacher's reply. "But I am!" And down had come the stick.

The Understanding of God Becomes Clearer

A week before Navajot your mother said, "Soon you will no longer wear the zabhalan." This was a sleeveless garment, a sack-like kimono, tied around the neck instead of the waist and worn by both boys and girls. You had looked forward to discarding it. On the day of Navajot, just before the ceremony, you would put it away forever.

Two days before Navajot a bearded priest came to your home. But this time instead of a stick, he carried candy and fruit. He was a jovial and happy man who filled the house with joy. "The days of learning are not over, my boy," he said, "but the hard training will now have its reward. Navajot is your day. You are the hero. You are God's chosen one. God wants you to be happy and free and share His love. You have no idea how quickly Navajot is passed and how soon one grows old."

After this he spoke long and tenderly about Zoroaster and of tow the Prophet had believed in one God, of how Zoroaster had called God the King of Kings and how he had wished that all the world would learn of His love. Then when the priest

took your hands in his and looked down at you with love and tenderness, your heart was singing. You could not understand why there were tears in his eyes.

Your father, too, was something of a riddle to you during these days. There had always been deep affection between you and him, although you had known him as a stern man who, like your teachers, demanded perfection from you. These days, however, his voice was gentle and his thoughts seemed far away as he took you aside and said, "So, my son, let me hear the prayers just as you will say them at Navajot."

You prayed and he listened with closed eyes. For the first time the words you had learned mechanically took on a solemn meaning: "Ashom Vohu! I hereby make an attempt to ward off all evil. Help me in my task. Oh, my God, I am your ardent follower. I promise to live by all your precepts and I promise to be an ardent Zoroastrian all my life…."

When you finished there was a long time of quiet. Finally your father opened his eyes and nodded as if to indicate you had pleased him very much. Putting his arm around you, he said, "You are my true son. I want you always to be my true son and a loyal Parsi."

Religion Is a Ritual

On the morning of the great day of Navajot at five o'clock, the household was already stirring. You had just memorized what you were to do. First there was the bath, during which your mother poured milk and sugar on your body. Then you put on the zabhalan for the last time and went alone into a room for prayer. There would be no breakfast for you, not even a sip of the customary tea, but there would be plenty to eat later a feast, in fact, in your honor. Like any boy of nine would have done, you let your thoughts wander while you prayed, for you could not forget that today you were, as the priest had said, something of a hero. You were proud and excited to think that all the hurry and the preparations, the

singing of folk songs, and the sipping and sampling of wine were in your honor.

Soon the priest and your father came to you. "We are beginning with the small ceremony, namely Nahan," your father said. Then your mother came forward and taking your hand, led you to the door of the family bathroom where the ceremony was to begin. The priest asked you to stand before the door and face the east. There you stood; you in your zabhalan and the priest in his white garment. He began a prayer. You repeated it after him as perfectly as you could.

Then the priest asked you to extend your right hand and he placed into it a small metal cup containing a yellow liquid. You looked at him as if to ask if the liquid was really nirangdeen. You had heard of that, for it was the sanctified urine of the holy bull. In every large Parsi temple there is a courtyard where a great white bull is tethered. A sacred animal, he is kept spotlessly clean, a symbol of the creative power of God. The bull is not worshiped, as many non-Parsis believe, but like the fire, it exemplifies a spiritual truth, the power of procreation. Knowing all this, you were quite sure that you were holding the nirangdeen even before the priest continued his prayers.

Fixing your eyes on the liquid and whispering several words of the prayer, you lifted the cup with both hands, remembering that you had been told that nirangdeen had the power to take away all the evil and sin which you had accumulated since birth. It was a purification. All Parsis believed and trusted in this mystery. So you closed your eyes and tipped the liquid into your mouth. Three times you drank until the cup was empty. After each sip, the priest handed you a pomegranate leaf which you slowly chewed, recalling that pomegranate is a symbol of everlasting life and that its leaves bring you the assurance of immortality.

A Parsi Purification

Then the priest and your mother took you into the bathroom for the purification. A spoonful of the sanctified urine of the bull was placed in the palms of your hands. You rubbed it over your face, over your arms from the elbows to your finger tips and from your neck down to your toes, covering every part of the body. After you had done this three times, you dried your body with a handful of sand. This done, your mother quickly washed your body with warm water and dried you with a towel. You took the lower half of a pair of white pajamas, a black cap and easy-to-remove sandals which she gave you to put on. The upper half of your body was left exposed. You then folded your zabhalan and though you had thought you would feel like throwing the childish garment away, you found yourself pressing it once more to your body as if saying good-by to a loving friend.

The priest then placed a cocoanut in your hands and escorted you to the verandah. Your relatives, forming a procession behind you, began to sing, creating an atmosphere of festivity all around you. Your mother, hurrying ahead, crossed the threshold leading to the verandah and waited there for you, holding in her left hand a tray on which were rice, a cocoanut, an egg and a pitcher of water. When you crossed the threshold right foot first as you had been instructed you waited while your mother took the cocoanut and then the egg and whirled them above your head three times. When she broke both the egg and the cocoanut on the left side of the threshold, everyone watched because it would have been an ill omen if the egg had been rotten or the cocoanut milk discolored.

Suddenly you realized that you were confronted with a large group of relatives and friends all looking up at you. As you approached a lovely carpet was unrolled at your feet and you remembered to step out of your sandals. Then you walked to the center area where twelve scholarly-looking priests were

waiting. Dressed in white and wearing white turban-like caps, they reminded you of your teachers, but they were priests and they carried no sticks.

Today Is Navajot!

In the center of the carpet was a low wooden dais, some three feet long and six inches high and covered with a pure white cloth. On the dais was an urn in which the symbolical fire was burning and from which rose the wondrous scent of the sandalwood. Nearby on a pedestal was a tray containing pomegranate seeds, almonds, cocoanuts, raisins and rice. Another pedestal held a large bronze tray laden with clothes and gifts.

The officiating priest escorted you to the cloth-covered dais where you were instructed to seat yourself, cross-legged. Into your hands the priest placed long strands of thread and a number of rupees. The twelve priests gathered around you as you sat facing the east You remembered how your father had once told you not to look to the north during holy moments, for the north is the stronghold of evil forces, magnetic forces which disturb the mind and distort the influence spun by the priests as they intone their incantations. Their prayer was a chant which you knew so well that you repeated it with them word for word and pause for pause.

The Thread Ceremony

Then you stood facing the east while the priest walked behind you and removed the white shawl from your shoulders. Placing a strand of thread around your neck, he let it hang down over your chest. As you recited the main prayer, the priest dressed you in the sacred shirt. First, he put on the right sleeve, then the left, and finally slipped the garment over your head. Gently arranging and smoothing this close-fitting white garment around your body, he took your hand in his as he continued the recitation.

He then took another thread, waved it three times to drive away the evil spirits and tied it around your waist. This was the greatest moment of all. The shirt would be your constant reminder that religion is a protective armor. The thread around the waist would be a symbol of the middle path, the path of moderation. The cap which you would later receive would signify spiritual adornment. But now the time had arrived for you to pray the prayer your father had so often heard you say, "Ashom Vohu! I hereby make an attempt to ward off all evil. Help me in my task. I am your ardent follower. I promise to live by all thy precepts and to be an ardent Zoroastrian all my life. The preachings and the practices of this religion are my only guiding rules."

Then you seated yourself on the white-covered dais while the priests gathered around you and the officiating priest recited a blessing and "sealed" you as a Zoroastrian with all the virtues and hopes of those who follow the Persian seer. As you heard this final pronouncement, you knew that never before had there been a day like this day and in a little while, there would be music and merrymaking all because of what was happening to you.

The priest's voice chanted on, but you had your own secret prayer, unlearned and unrehearsed. "O God," you whispered to yourself, "I never want to be in the bad pages of your book. I want always to wear the sacred shirt and the holy thread. A moment without them would be my greatest sin. They will always be next to me like my flesh and skin. I promise it to you, O friendly priest I promise it to you, dear father and mother. I promise it to you, O Zoroaster and especially do I promise it to you, O God!"

You never wondered whether you could actually keep all the promises you were making. At this moment, you did not think about tomorrow. You only knew that Ahura-Mazda, God of the Parsis, who rules the world and watches over all His people, understood and accepted your prayer, for today

was Navajot.

Religion Is a Matter of Learning

Had you been born a Parsi, your study of the faith would have continued for many years. But even with all your learning, you would have always found the teaching extremely difficult. That Zoroaster believed in one God long before the rise of monotheism in other faiths, that he preached about God's righteousness and love in days when the gods were still thought to be demanding and cruel, these were things you grasped easily. But that the great God Ahura-Mazda, somehow represented a good spirit called Spenta Mainyu as well as an evil spirit, Angra Mainyu, remained a mystery. Who and what were these conflicting heavenly beings? Were they sons of Ahura-Mazda in much the same way that Christians spoke of Logos and Lucifer? Were they entities or qualities or merely concepts? And if God was good, how could evil exist? These were questions which troubled you greatly as you continued your study in the beliefs of the Parsis.

Religion Is a Struggle

The priests, however, seemed to understand these problems. Life, they insisted, is a matter of choice and there could be no choice if everything was good. But how could a good God create evil? Somehow he must have because Ahura-Mazda was continually saying to his children, "Choose ye this day whom you will serve." You often wondered about the Zoroastrian concept of good and evil principles or good and evil spirits. You were told that the warfare between right and wrong in men's hearts was also the world struggle. It was more. It was the struggle in the unseen world as well. Hosts of demons were continually contending against angelic hosts.

You concluded that evidently the great God Ahura-Mazda needed help. That was why your scriptures say, "When a person becomes fifteen years of age it is necessary that he

should take one of the angels for his protection, one of the wise as his own sage, and one of the high priests as his own high priest"

Seeking further understanding in this problem of good and evil, you were introduced to the concept of the Amesha Spentas. These are said to be six holy spirits emanating from Ahura-Mazda. They are, in effect, personified influences of God readily available to man. You also learned that Ahura-Mazda, the God of Light, is opposed by Ahriman, the prince of darkness, and that the Amesha Spentas are opposed by demon spirits which are their evil counterpart. You now saw the struggle in the world and in life in terms of an equation, a battle line in which the forces were clearly drawn:

AHURA-MAZDA opposed by AHRIMAN

The Amesha Spentas:	Demon Spirits:
Asha, knowledge of right and wrong	*Druj*, false appearances
Vohu Manah, good mind or love	*Akem*, temptation or evil
Kshathra, strength of spirit	*Dush-Khshathra*, cowardice
Armaiti, piety and faith	*Taromaiti*, false pretenses.
Haurvata, health and perfection	*Avetat*, misery
Ameretat, immortality	*Merethyn*, destruction

Religion Is a Matter of Choice

Your mission in life, as far as your religion was concerned, was becoming ever more understandable. You realized it would be necessary for you to resist the demons or evil spirits by summoning the Ameshas Spentas or good spirits to your aid. When you felt yourself beset by Evil (Afeera), you would have to call upon the Good Mind (Vohu Manah). Or, if you found yourself overcome by Avetat or misery, you must quickly arouse Naurvetat or health and perfection to help you. Life, you learned, is a continual battle and you must ever depend upon your faith to help you. Life is a matter of choice in which a man can call upon either the god of light or the god of darkness. The purpose of life is the attainment of good, but this attainment is meaningful only if evil exists, for in this way every man is called upon to exercise his choice.

Had you been born a Parsi, you would have learned that this choice constitutes a law which says: If you follow that which is good, good is your reward; if you follow evil, you will be rewarded with evil. So you must continually pray for wisdom and seek, by every possible means, to determine what is evil and what is good.

Many years ago Zoroastrians were interested in occultism, alchemy, astrology and almost every form of mystery and magic which, they felt, would guide them in their quest for goodness and truth. Some Zoroastrians were known as Magi, highly skilled Persian mystics. Three of these wise men followed the star to Bethlehem, as modern Parsis now follow the light of truth wherever it may lead. As a Parsi you realize that there is much truth in Christianity and you are convinced of the greatness of Christ, but you believe that the surest guidance always came from Zoroaster. He speaks to you in many ways, but most clearly out of the Pahlavi Texts, which tell about his life and death, and out of the Avesta, the scriptures which explain and confirm the teachings of your faith.

The Holy Books, a Guide to That Which Is Good

The Avesta teaches you that in order to be truly good, you need to be kind to all things: to people, to animals, to the earth and even to the thoughts you think. It says, "God created all creatures for progress, which is His wish; and it is necessary for us to promote whatever is His wish that your wish may be realized."

The Avesta reports that Zoroaster once inquired of God how he and his people might worship best and what manner of sacrifice they should make. Ahura-Mazda answered, "Go, O Zoroaster, towards the high-growing trees, and before one of them that is beautiful, high-growing, and mighty, say thou these words: 'Hail to thee! O good, holy tree, made by Ahura-Mazda! Ashem Vohu!'"

Then Zoroaster was instructed to cut off a twig and hold it in his left hand, keeping his eyes fastened upon it and offer it to the fire while meditating upon the highest thoughts of goodness, beauty, and truth.

"Worship the earth," Zoroaster commanded his people, "worship the heavens, worship the good things that stand between earth and the heavens…worship the souls of the wild beasts and of the tame, worship the souls of the holy men and women, born at any time whose consciences struggle, or will struggle, or have struggled for the good."

The Avesta Also Speaks of Marriage

"He that hath a wife," says the holy Avesta, "is far above him that liveth in continence; he that maintaineth a household is far above him that hath none; he that hath children is far above him that hath no child."

Words such as these caused you to think about your own marriage when you reached a marriageable age. Parsis believe that next to a good education nothing is more important than finding the right partner in life, a partner who belongs to your country and most of all, to your religion.

Had you been born an orthodox Parsi, you would have tried to find an orthodox marriage partner; or if you were a reformed Parsi, whose beliefs are more liberal, you would have sought a mate among the reformed Zoroastrian group. Your religion allows first cousins to marry and such marriages are looked upon as propitious despite the biological threat of in-breeding.

You would also remember the "Square of Sanctions," which is a way of saying that in an ideal marriage all four sides or parties must agree. The four parties are: the girl's parents, the boy's parents, the girl and the boy. Parsis are very anxious to have their marriages turn out well and they know that it is difficult to secure a "Square of Sanctions" when one party is a non-Parsi.

When you talk of choice of partners you mean freedom of choice, but it is usually freedom within the Zoroastrian community. As a rule, Parsis have a dual system; either the parents choose the partner or the boy or the girl makes the choice. Both ways are considered valid. In olden times if a son wished to get married but lacked the courage to seek his own mate, he would drop some salt into his father's drinking water as a reminder that the father should begin looking around for a daughter-in-law. A girl, on the other hand, often confided her wishes to a friend, the friend conveying the wish to the girl's mother and thus the search for a marriage partner was begun.

Marriage Involves Morality

Somehow, just the right person was usually found and divorces among Parsis are practically unknown. The scriptures of Zoroastrianism have much to say about marriage and sexual relations and are tolerant towards wives who yield to temptation. One such reference in the holy books the Vendidad says, "If a man, knowing the woman's shame, wishes to take it off of her, he shall call together her father, mother,

sisters, brothers, husband, the servants, the menials and the master and mistress of the house and shall say, 'This woman is with child by me.' And they shall answer, 'We are glad that her shame is taken off of her.' And the man shall then support her and her child as a husband doth." The same scriptures, however, are opposed to willful prostitution or licentiousness and Zoroastrian morals are among the highest in all the ancient faiths.

Had you been born a Parsi, you would have received much counsel about morality prior to your marriage. The priest would often have spoken to you and to your partner prior to the wedding day, stressing the sanctity of married life, emphasizing the need for living close to God and reminding you that you are to perpetuate in your children the cardinal Parsi ideals: faith, wisdom, and charity, the three great credentials of Zoroastrianism.

"Worship together in your home," the priest would have told you, "and your home will be a truly spiritual existence." He would have impressed upon you that children are a man's richest blessings, a point that was established long ago in one of Zoroaster's dreams. "I dreamed I saw a rich man without children," Zoroaster said, "and he was not exalted in my eyes; and I beheld a poor man with many children and he was exalted in my eyes."

Marriage Has Its Symbolism

On your wedding day, a garden spot would be festooned with colorful streamers, a platform built and decorated, chairs set out for relatives and guests and musicians engaged for the great event. Two white-robed, turbaned priests would be in attendance. Solemnly you and your partner would follow them to the platform where two chairs have been placed on either side of a white curtain suspended from a wire to separate you from your marriage partner. You would be able, however, to see the people, dressed in their best, listening

attentively while a priest questions both of you on your marriage intentions. He wants to know whether you will promise to lead an exemplary life, if you will love and honor each other and be true to the teaching and the counsel of the holy books.

Satisfied on these matters, he requests that you give each other the right hand, which you do beneath the curtain. While your hands are joined, the priest wraps a long string around your hands seven times, continuing to wind the string seven times around the chairs. Seven is a propitious number. There are seven chapters in one of the oldest Gathas, there are seven virtues and seven deadly sins, there are seven archangels before the throne of God and, of course, there are seven good and seven evil spirits vying for the souls of men.

Having finished winding the string around the chairs, the priest returns the ends of the string to your hands and ties a knot. Meanwhile, he has been chanting impressive passages from the Avesta. Then he speaks of the good life, of the struggle between good and evil and of the need for faith. When he has finished, he removes the curtain which has separated you and your mate. He explains that the bound lands are a symbol of spiritual union and that the bound chairs signify that religion will bind you forever to your home. So saying, be solemnly unwinds the thread.

Now you are each given a handful of rice and, at a signal from the priest, you toss these grains at each other, as a universal sign of a fruitful and prosperous life. The people, enjoying this little byplay, applaud while the musicians play briefly. This is the prelude to a sermon in which the priest dwells at length upon the five attitudes necessary for the good life: innocence, discrimination, authority, reverence and steadfastness. The service ends with a prayer and the time has come for the customary congratulations, gifts and the wedding feast.

Often, after this, when the priest meets you, he will say, "May the Amesha Spentas grant you honor among men

through your offspring."

Love of People and Animals Is Love for Life

Your people are among the happiest in India. They are noted for the close fellowship that exists within the community of believers. They have a reputation for being industrious, highly moral and dedicated to the principles of their faith. They are also respected for their love for animals. In a country like India where everyone has been taught to reverence all life and where the cow is especially holy, there has, nonetheless, often been great neglect of animals, particularly of dogs and of beasts of burden.

No religious prophet spoke more clearly on this subject than did your prophet Zoroaster. Even Nietzsche, in his book, Thus Spake Zarathustra, (the Persian name for Zoroaster) pays tribute to the love the prophet had for animal life.

In the holy books Zoroaster reminds his people that, "In the ox is your strength and your reliance. In the ox is your victory; in the ox is your food and your raiment; in the ox is your tillage that causes food to come forth to you," And every Parsi knows the thoughtful tenderness with which Zoroaster spoke of dogs. "The dog has been created by God to be self-clad and self-shod, watchful and wakeful, sharp-fanged, born to accept his sustenance at the hand of man and to safeguard the goods of man…. Whoever shall strike a shepherd dog, a house dog, or a stray dog, or a hunting dog, when the soul of that man shall pass into the other world, it shall howl louder and grieve more sorely than the sheep in the forest when attacked by the wolf."

Ancient Truths with Modern Meanings

But if Zoroaster had much to say about animals, he had more to say about human life and how men should live. Commenting on temptation he said, "When an action or an opinion appears and one does not know if it be a sin or not,

then, if it be possible, it is to be abandoned and is not to be done at all."

Speaking of sin, he declared, "God has given to all men sufficient ability to save themselves from sin as well as from the devil who is the source of their sins and woes."

Of rewards and punishments, he wisely proclaimed, "He who injures my possessions, from his actions no harm can come to me. The harm will return to him, to his own flesh, and will keep him far from the good life."

Few prophets spoke in more modern terms about healing than did Zoroaster when, thousands of years ago, he advised, "One may heal with the law, one may heal with the knife, one may heal with herbs, but among all remedies the best healing one is that which heals with the Holy Word; this one it is that will best drive away sickness from the body of the faithful; for this is the best of all remedies."

Zoroaster's words convince you that he was a man truly called of God. He walked among men like a messiah. Although little is known about his life, it is said that he was married three times, that by his first wife he had one son and three daughters and by his second wife two sons. He began his ministry at the age of thirty, confident that God had revealed Himself to him in visions and in dreams.

Death Is Inescapable

Had you been born a Parsi, you would believe that Zoroaster came to show you not only how to live, but also how to die-nobly and without fear. You would remember his words when the hour came for you to embark on the great, mysterious adventure of immortality. "Fate has come upon me, it cannot be cast off. I come, O God, I rejoice, I submit!"

In keeping with Zoroaster's teaching, you would believe that after death your soul will be judged and rewarded according to the deeds, words and thoughts which were yours during this present life. You believe in heaven and in hell; the first as

a place of loving fellowship, the second as a dark well of loneliness. Because heaven and hell are very real to you and because the destiny of your soul is all-important, you have learned a "prayer for the dying" as part of your religious training. You learned it so well you feel sure you can recite it even though death itself is waiting at your side: "I repent of all sins, all bad thoughts, all bad words, all bad deeds, which I may have thought or said or done in this world. O God, I repent of all these sins with all my thought, word, and deed, physical or mental, worldly or spiritual."

Your people take this confession with utmost seriousness, and you have seen men die peacefully because of the power of it. You have often gathered with your relatives when they prayed for the salvation of the departed during the three days following a death. You believe unquestioningly in the efficacy of prayers for the dead, convinced that the spirit of the departed hears and acknowledges both the confession and the prayers. Surely the Fravashis the spirits of the ancestors and the holy angels who have ever watched over the one who has died hear the prayers too and are now prepared to lead the liberated soul across the bridge of judgment. The ceremonies and prayers for the dead are intended to influence the Fravashis particularly, for their help is needed at this critical time. But there is no fear of God among you any more than there is fear of death.

Why the Dead Are Devoured by the Birds

There is but one fear: contamination. Deep-seated in your mind is the belief that death gives the demon spirits a chance to use the corpse as a spawning ground for all sorts of evil and infection. To resist and counteract these influences, the holy books prescribe many important acts. The corpse must be washed and attired in a spotless, seamless white shroud. The sanctified urine of the temple bull must be employed to anoint the body of the dead. The ritual also suggests that a dog be

momentarily brought into the dead man's presence, especially a dog with a spot above each eye which gives the impression of a four-eyed dog, for he will be a mystical guide for the soul during its pilgrimage after death.

Where shall the corpse be laid? When Zoroaster asked this question of God, God said, "On the highest summit, where there are always corpse-eating beasts and corpse-eating birds!"

The "highest summit" is the Tower of Silence or Dakhma, a lofty structure that looks like a campanile surrounded by gardens. Inside its circular walls is a section of stone slabs, open to the heavens, one for the corpses of men, one for women and one for children.

It is to these slabs that the corpse-bearers take the body. "Two men," says your holy scriptures, "strong and agile, having changed their garments, shall lay the body where there are the corpse-eating birds." To non-Parsis this may seem primitive and barbarous, but you know there is a deeply philosophical meaning behind the act. For it is believed among your people that the demon spirits have rushed into the corpse seeking to triumph over it. Instead, the birds of God's heaven triumph over the demons. It is a mystery which only you and your people fully comprehend.

You comprehend it, for you have seen the vultures soaring, waiting for their sacred prey and you remember how a devout follower of your faith once remarked, "When I give my body to the birds, this is my final act of charity."

You alone know the feeling of faith that floods your hearts as you stand with your people in the garden near the Tower of Silence. Only you know the depth of meaning when, on holy days, you look up beyond the Tower into the sky and say, "I repent of all my sins."

Some Parsis believe that some day the practice of disposing of the dead in the Dakhma will change and there have already been Parsi burials in the ground or in sepulchres above

the ground. But custom is deep-seated and tradition is sacred. Therefore, because you have been taught that the dead body is contaminated, you would not defile the earth with it, nor would you desecrate the sacred fire by using its flames for the purpose of cremation.

The Towers of Silence still stand in India and the prayers of penance will continue to be repeated for countless years to come. In the ageless temples of Zoroaster the scent of the sandalwood still rises from the bronze vessels where the fires burn. The chants of the priests are still spoken in the old Avestan tongue and the holy books are still fondly read. "Holiness" says your scripture, "is the best of all good. Holiness is also happiness, and happy is the man who is holy with perfect holiness."

This is the ideal toward which you strive. This would be your creed, your hope and your faith, had you been born a Parsi.