

ulation between faiths as which can influence the more good and which can the greater make for righteousness. Let the followers of every creed preach its beauties in their lines, and by the inexorable law of truth, that one shall be destined to survive which causes noblest deeds, purest thoughts, most honorable lives, which moves the accomplishment of the highest ideals, and the promotion of the highest civilization. That religion must, of an inevitable and irresistible necessity, survive which nourishes and strengthens the better, truer, godlier part within us, and which brings daily nearer the realization of that high and glorious plane which is the ultimate destiny of human existence.

Let this be to us the lesson taught by this parliament of religions—not so much by doctrine as by deed; not so much by catechism and by creed as by life and labor, shall our faith be by us vindicated, and shall Judaism claim her title, not only as the source but also as the end of all spiritual aspiration. To the breast of the mother shall the children again come, and be safely pilloved in the arms of her undying truths, for of a truth "One Father is there unto us all, and one God has created us." Amen.

A Retrospect.

The New Year, with its joyous re-unions, its solemn notes of warning, has passed. The great Day of Atonement is over. Succoth, the last gathering together, the closing festival, is a thing of the past. The holidays are over, and once more do we resume our regular work, busy ourselves with the usual routine of life.

But let us pause a moment to review the past, consider the present, and decide as to the future.

Have the holidays had the desired effect on the House of Israel? Have the revived memories sufficiently impressed us? Has our communion with God been full of love and devotion, of reverence and gratitude? Has our fast been one of true penitence and atonement?

On Rosh Hashana, our synagogue and temples, were filled to overflowing. The services were impressive and inspiring. After the summer vacation we greeted friends in joy and gladness, and felt that our assembly in the House of God was truly a beginning, a New Year. Kipur found us in a penitential

frame of mind. We acknowledged our past errors, but have we resolved not to err in the future? Have we remembered that atonement means not only confession, but reparation, and a determined resolve not to sin again? Have we, then, truly atoned? If weighed in the balance, alas, how many would be found wanting. If those mystic words traced on the wall, which wrought such evil to Nebuchadnezzar, should appear suddenly to us, would they not strike consternation and terror into our souls, as we recalled many of our unatoned misdeeds? The Succoth festivals found our synagogue less crowded, our members greatly diminished. "Too many holidays," "Tired of synagogue," "Too much praying." Such remarks are frequently heard. About as well complain that the sun shines every day, or that evening invariably follows morning. Ah! we have lost much of the old-time fervor and zeal. Modern education, modern religion has crushed out the love and religious devotion of our ancestors. The concluding festival to them was a joyous time, a rejoicing of the Law, a solemn assembly. Do we truly rejoice in our Law? Are we proud of its possession? Many fail to appreciate it, and do not even recognize its binding injunctions. The Law to many has become a dead letter, a relic of olden times. We should try to crush out this quasi-modern spirit, and return to the good old worship of our forefathers. The divinity of the Bible, the inspiration of the Law, should fill our hearts with pride and devotion. As a peculiar people we should make renewed efforts to be zealous in the cause of religion and humanity. This is the brief retrospect appropriate to the closing days of the month of Tishri, and as the year advances let us remember the sacred influence of the Yom Tovim and with deep reverence.

"So live that when thy summons comes to join,
The innumerable caravan which moves,
To that mysterious realm,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
But by an unflinching trust, approach thy grave."

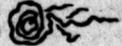
ELLA JACOBS,
Philadelphia,

October, 1893.

Mr. Plummer—I just found my hat on the refrigerator. I wonder on what ridiculous thing I will find it next. Mrs. Plummer—Probably

on your head, dear. And Mrs. Plummer smiled sweetly as Mr. Plummer slammed the door and rushed down stairs.—*Economist.*

Mrs. La Smith—I wonder why my husband don't arrive. The steamer was sighted early this morning. Brown—He is probably detained at the bar. What, after all his promises to stop drinking! I'll see about this!—*Ex.*

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