

spiritual synagogue. He spoke of the support given to other communal institutions, but declared the synagogue must be first, all others secondary.

"Secondly, the community should live up to its ideals. We dare not as a community condone evil or hide wrong, or cover up fraud, simply because it has been done by one of us. No man shall escape the merited recompense of his deeds through the connivance of friends. It is contrary to all the spirit of our faith, which places justice, and justice only, as the keystone of civilization's arch."

Rabbi Calisch referred to the fact that the synagogue of England had refused to take any contribution from, and had finally expelled from its membership, the great English money-lender, Isaac Gordon, "for by his dealings he had offended Jewish morality." The law-giver had said that "even from the altar of God" should the malefactor be dragged to receive his punishment.

"We can't help a man being born in the Jewish faith," said the rabbi, "but we can help whether we shall consent to have his life considered an exponent of Jewish ethics; and if a man violates the laws of morality and integrity his life is a contradiction of Jewish teachings, and it is suicidal for a Jewish community to attempt to shield that man from the inexorable and just consequences of his mode of life. Our communal conscience should be so aroused that it demand loyalty from every member; loyalty to the maintenance of this building of brick and stone, and loyalty in the maintenance of the ethical structure that is herein upreared."

A Christian's Death-Bed.

BY I. ZANGWILL.

NOT MUCH before midnight in a midland town, a thriving commercial town whose dingy, black streets swarmed with poverty and piety, an aged man in soft felt hat and white tie was hurrying over a bridge that spanned a dark, crowded river. He had missed the tramway and did not care to be seen out at so late an hour, yet he could not afford a cab.

Suddenly he felt a tug at his long black coat. Vaguely alarmed and annoyed, he turned quickly around. A breathless, rough clad, rugged featured man loosened his hold on the skirt.

"Seuse me, sir; I've been running," he gasped.

"What is it? What do you want?" said the gentleman kindly.

"My wife is dying," gasped the man.

"I'm very sorry," murmured the gentleman. "I'm not a doctor."

"No, sir; I know. I don't want a doctor. He's there and he only gives her ten minutes to live. Come with me at once, please."

"Come with you? Why, what good can I do?"

"You are a clergyman." The wearer of the white tie seem annoyed.

"Ye-es," he stammered, "in a—in a way. I'm not the sort of a clergyman your wife will be wanting. I'm a Jewish rabbi."

"That don't matter," broke in the man, almost before he could finish the sentence. "O, don't go away now, sir." His voice broke piteously. "Don't go away after I've been chasing you for five minutes. I saw your rig out—I beg pardon, your coat and hat—in the distance, just as I came out of the house. Walk back with me, anyhow," he pleaded, seeing the Jew's hesitation. The man's accent was so poignant, his anxiety was so apparently sincere, that the rabbi's humanity could scarcely resist the solicitation to walk back, at least.

"Why don't you go to your own clergyman?"

"I've got none," said the man half apologetically. "I don't believe nothing myself. But you know what women are. Betsy goes to some place every Sunday almost; sometimes she's there and back from a service before I'm up, and so long as the breakfast is ready, I don't mind. I don't ask her any questions, and in return she don't bother about my soul—leastways not for these ten years, ever since she's had kids to convert. We get along all right, the missus and me and the kids. Oh, but it's all come to an end now," he sobbed.

"Yes, but my good fellow," protested the rabbi, "I told you you were making a mistake. You know nothing about religion; but what your wife wants is some one to talk to her of Jesus, or to give her sacrament, or the confession, or something, for I confess I'm not very clear about the forms of Christianity."

"Oh, but you believe in something," persisted the man.

"H'm! yes, I can't deny that," said the rabbi, "but it's not the same something that your wife believes in."

"You believe in a God, don't you?" The rabbi felt a bit chagrined at being catechised in the elements of his religion.

"Of course," he said fretfully.

"I knew it," cried the man in triumph. "None of us do in our shop; but, of course, clergymen are different. But if you believe in a God that's enough, ain't it. Here's the house."

The rabbi conquered a last impulse of mistrust, and looked around cautiously to be sure to be unserved. Charity was not a strong point with his flock. Even if they learned the truth he was not at all sure they would not consider his praying with a dying Christian akin to blasphemy. On the whole he must be credited with some courage in mounting that black, ill-smelling, interminable staircase. He found himself in a gloomy garret at last, lighted by an oil lamp. A haggard woman lay with eyes closed on an iron bed, her chilling hands clasping the hands of the "converted" children, a boy of ten and a girl of seven, who stood crying in their nightgowns. The