

had a *fuimus*; they shall have an *erimus*, but a *sumus* they have not."

In a tone full of gladness Dr. Duncan enunciated the *fuimus* and the *erimus*; but plaintive, and tremulous, almost to weeping, he said again and again "They have no *sumus*;" "a glorious past, a glorious future, but a sad ignoble present."

What the *Fuimus*, the past, of the Jewish race, has been, history profane as well as sacred, testifies. The Jews have been a greater power in the civilization of the world than Egypt, Greece or Rome. They gave the world neither painters, nor sculptors, nor warriors, but they gave legislators, philosophers, moralists, metaphysicians, poets, reformers, preachers, martyrs. From that little strip of land that lies between the Jordan and the Mediterranean have issued the religion and the civilization that have made the free countries of Europe and America what they are. Around that old Jewish book, our blessed Bible, cluster all that is pleasant in the past, joyful in the present, and hopeful in the future of our history as a free people. To the Jews belong, therefore, modern civilization on its moral and spiritual side.

What the *Sumus*, the present position, of the Jewish race is, their own literature tells us. As a people, notwithstanding their number (about 7,000,000) and their wealth, their life is, in the language of one of their number, "one prolonged starless night, a disconsolate blank more burdensome to the soul than the heaviest load." In connection with the great Day of Atonement of last September, the following is the despondent language of their leading periodical "*The Jewish Chronicle* :—"

"One side of this inward life is the soul's clear perception of its own failings—of how much its performances fall short of the ideal—of the mixed and not rarely impure nature of the motives which set its will into motion—and of the all but insurmountable internal obstacles which so often oppose its onward striving to that good towards which it yet feels so mightily impelled. The consequence is a dissatisfaction with itself, an unrest, an internal wrangling, a feeling of isolation as though a partition wall were being erected between it and its better self, between it and the Being without, towards which it looks, to which all its aspirations are directed, and which it feels it has offended and alienated. The consequence is a feeling of unhappiness and despondency, and an unspeakable longing to gain again the forfeited favour of this Being, to obtain again its countenance