

work, and work, appears to have been the secret of his successful invasion of the domain where writers live in the ease and comfort of having work a-plenty and sure sale. There is a graceful, airy touch about everything he writes that makes his work, whether in essay or fiction, the most delightful and entertaining reading. His diction has not the airiness about it that one finds in D'Israeli, with whom, invariably, any Hebrew writer of English must be compared. He has much of the Beaconsfieldian audacity, but he gives one the impression of writing of the realities of life rather than of wasting himself in confusing a real people with its vain ideals.

The religious character runs all through the Hebrew life as our author saw it in the old days when the poor immigrants were newly arrived from the continent. We are given to understand that there is a class amongst whom sudden rise to wealth has caused not a little delinquency in the way of devotion to Jehovah, but on the whole he treats of the new generation pretty much as he does the old one.

"The Synagogue was all of luxury many of its sons could boast. It was their home as well as the Almighty's, and on occasions they were familiar and even a little vulgar with Him."

"Thus they lived and died, these sons of the covenant, half automata, sternly disciplined by voluntary and involuntary privation, hemmed and mewed in by iron walls of form and poverty, joyfully ground under the perpetual rotary wheel of ritualism, good humored withal and casuistic."

"And so the stuffy room, with its guttering candles, and its cha-

meleon-colored ark curtain, was the pivot of their narrow lives. Joy came to bear to it the offering of its thanksgiving, and to vow six-penny bits to the Lord, prosperity came in a high hat to chaffer for the holy privileges, and grief came with rent garments to lament the beloved dead and glorify the name of the Eternal. The poorest life is to itself the universe and all that therein is, and these humble products of a great and terrible past, strange fruits of a motley-flowering secular tree, whose roots are in Canaan and whose boughs overshadow the earth, were all the happier for not knowing that the fulness of life was not theirs."

It would not do to quote so extensively from other parts of the work, and yet there is no way of obtaining the correct idea so well as by reading Mr. Zangwill's penetrating sentences. Here and there we find evidences of such contradictory tendencies that we may well consider whether the judgment to which we are accustomed should not be modified. Immense wealth is in many cases synonymous with immense charity. Avarice is the counterpart of prodigal hospitality. Reb Shemuel is at the mercy of his wife for having given away his money and his coat, and Sugarman, the match-maker, after opening thirteen bottles of lemonade on the occasion of his son's Bar-mitzvah, refuses to make good a borrowed corkscrew broken during the orgy. Undoubtedly the Ghetto, or the home of Israel, are farther away from our ken than Thrums or Drumquhat, those lands of loving kindness to which Barrie and Watson have introduced their brother Scots and all good men, but I question if either of them has shown us a more blessed romance