

The Rev. Dr. Kohut, who spoke next, made eloquent reference to the influence of the Jewish creed in the civilization of the world. Since that creed, in the past, has been so potent in influencing the thought of all mankind—no one could deny the necessity for a school in which it should be consistently developed. American Judaism was growing and had to be strengthened. This work the Seminary proposed to do, and therefore all the Jews of America should rally round it and bring to it their hearty support, in order to secure its complete success.

The Rev. H. S. Jacobs followed, and in the course of his speech condemned the custom hitherto prevailing, of sending Rabbinical aspirants to Germany in order to be educated.

There, in the atmosphere of infidelity, the young mind soon gets misled, and the destined teacher of religion returns an infidel. He referred to a recent instance of this degeneracy, when he pictured a father having to protect his Jewish pulpit against his own son.

Dr. Drachman, of Newark, spoke next, and was loudly applauded when he remarked that the present apathy of the Hebrews can only be attributed to the neglect of their immediate predecessors.

Rev. S. Morais, of Philadelphia, the President of the College, spoke last. He eloquently dilated upon the importance of the religious teacher in a community, since, said he, "it is to him that all turn for counsel and for comfort." Then, addressing the students, he bade them be of good courage. "Study the Bible without fear or trepidation in order that you may learn what was good and what was bad in your ancestors. Fear nothing, except sin. Be always pious, but never bigots. So shall you render yourselves beloved by God and by man."

The College classes commenced their work at the Nineteenth Street Synagogue on Monday, 3d inst. The alumni number eight, and are at present engaged in a preparatory course of study that will serve as a kind of matriculation for the extended curriculum soon to follow. There will be five professorial chairs established—one of Bible, one for Talmud, a chair of History, Homiletics, and of Philosophy.

The various congregations throughout the States have been invited to join, and many have responded. A goodly number of individuals have subscribed to the movement, under the respective designations of patrons and subscribers. A patron contributes \$10 per annum. A subscriber only \$5. Names are enrolled by Mr. Jos. E. Newburgher, the Secretary of the Association, 287 Broadway, New York city.

## POETIC GEMS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

When we see Him we become like Him. (1 John 3: 2.) They see His face and reflect His image in their foreheads, (Rev. 22: 4.)

**W**ANT my face, dear LORD, to show  
That I have walked with CHRIST below.

O take away its look of pride,  
And all its sinfulness beside!

Over these lines of anxious care,  
O place Thy look of sweetness there!

Above this frown upon the brow,  
O set Thy seal of meekness now.

And fill the eyes with heavenly love,  
A shining radiance from above:

So every glance will speak of Thee,  
The King of kings, who died for me;

### WEARIED MOTHER AND BABES.

"Mamma, is there too many of we?"

The little girl asked with a sigh.  
"Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, may be,  
If a few of your child's should die."

She was only three years old—the one  
Who spoke in that strange, sad way,  
As she saw her mother's impatient frown  
At the children's boisterous play.

Amidst half a dozen who round her stood,  
The mother was sick and poor,  
Worn out with the care of the noisy brood  
And the fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, no time, no place;  
For the little one least of all;  
And the shade so sad on the mother's face  
O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any, she felt more care,  
And pondered in childish way  
How to lighten the burden she could not share,  
Growing heavier day by day.

Only a week, and the little Clare  
In her tiny white trundle-bed  
Lay, with blue eyes closed, and the sunny hair  
Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said, and the words were low,  
Feeling tears that she could not see:—  
"You won't have to work and be tired so  
When there ain't so many of we."

But the dear little daughter who went away  
From the home that for once was stilled,  
In the mother's heart, from that dreary day,  
Left a void that she long had filled!

### "GANG AND DARN STOCKINGS."

A' things gaed wrang the ither day,  
I couldna think, I couldna pray;  
"Oh, dear," says I, "this winna dae—  
"I'll gang and darn stockings."

Noo, ye needna laugh, as past belief,  
That a woman, sick at heart wi' grief,  
In sic a thing could find relief  
As darning worn stockings.