

about them. It is like getting on the cars to go to New York. From Ottawa until you reach the line, you meet a number of people, one sells you oranges, another usurps your seat, a third borrows your paper and never returns it, a fourth calls for your ticket and punches it, and so on for a few hours. You cross the lines, you never again hear of nor see those people. A new set, on the other side, go through about the same programme. At last you get to New York and you are jostled about at the depot—you have a job to find your baggage and when found a job to keep it from being stolen. You get into a hack, we follow you up to Broadway, you drive along to some principal hotel, get down at the door, enter, disappear amidst a crowd—you are lost sight of, we never see you nor hear of you again. May be you never paid the hackman—we are not told whether you did or not. Just when we would like to know what you are going to do in that great city, what is to become of you, what we are to gain for having followed you all the way from Ottawa, just then, the book ends and we are left on the street with our fingers in our mouths, the laughing-stock of the shoe-black and street-arab. So with "Tancred." After going after him through London, jumping to Jerusalem, (the Lord knows how he got there), running out to Bethany, meeting Eva, a rich Jewess, off on a wild goose chase to Mount Sinai—caught in the passes of stoney Arabia by the armed robbers of a desert sheik, carried to Aleppo, (dear knows for what) swept into the mountain castle of the Queen of the Ansarey—(for no purpose), fighting a band of Druses and sons of Eblis—(without any cause), over the desert again to Damascus, to meet we don't know, nor shall we ever know whom—finally back to Jerusalem to make love to Eva, declares the love, she faints, and the book ends.

If you call that a novel, then let me write a chaotic mass of mad adventure, the most heterogenous mixture of nonsense and disconnected ideas, let me call it a Romance—a Novel!—and by that standard my work shall certainly be crowned with glory.

But if "Tancred" is not a novel, although it assumes that form and title, what is it? Is it necessarily an ill-written work? By no means. It is a grand, an

exceptionally deep, learned and well-planned "Treatise on Judaism." Call it a "Plea for the Hebrew;" a "Philosophical treatise on the history of the Jews;" the "Influence of the Jews in the past." Call it any of these and read it as such and you have the biased reasoning of a man who most certainly seeks to be unprejudiced. It is a great chain of argument, and historically it is nearly all correct. But as in the case of "Lothair," you must be prepared to draw your own conclusions and to make out your own moral. It will guide one astray the quicker, since it is based upon history the truth of which no one can deny.

Only I fear to bother you with these lengthy remarks, I would like to point out some of the strange arguments, stranger conclusions, strangest contradictions. But the style is most admirable and the man, I am certain, believed himself sincere. I cannot refrain from here pointing out a few historical facts, from which he draws wonderful conclusions.

Arabia—or the East, is the only land wherein God ever communicated personally with man, be it on Sinai or on Calvary. Christ was a Jew of the House of David—of the seed of Abraham. So was Mary His mother a Jewess. All the Prophets were Jews. So were the Apostles. From the Hebrew race and their country Europe and America obtained their creeds. From Hebrews we got the psalms and hymns of our churches—from them came Christianity. You cannot form an idea of how powerfully he develops these points and what stupendous conclusions he draws from them. Again—are the Jews accursed? How could a few low characters at a public execution, shouting out "his blood be upon us and upon our children," ever draw a curse upon millions who had naught to do with it? If they were to be cursed, who but Christ could or had any right to curse them? Did He do so? No. He said "Father forgive them—for they know not what they do." Again, did not God choose that people for all His great designs? When He then wished to redeem man He chose the Jews as His instruments. If the Jews did not crucify Christ where would be our Christianity? What would become of all the prophets that foretold the event? But enough! If you have not read it you shall do so some time—it is worth a careful study.