

glory to the Supreme. The service had got to this point when I arrived at the synagogue the other day. But the congregation was larger and there were now two ministers in black gowns and birettas. One of them, the English minister, is the Rev. Mr. Lazarus, and the other, the reader and the singer of the Hebrew part of the service, is the Rev. Mr. Solomon. The former was educated in London, the latter in Paris. Soon after I had entered—accompanying a Jewish friend—Rev. Mr. Lazarus recited in a distinct and pleasant voice the prayer for the Queen and the Royal Family. It was as follows:

He who dispenseth Salvation unto Kings, and dominion unto princes, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, who delivereth his servant David from the destructive sword, who maketh a way in the sea, and a path through the mighty waters: May he bless, preserve, guard, assist, exalt and highly aggrandize

Our Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and all the Royal Family.

May the supreme King of kings, through his infinite mercy preserve them, and grant them life and deliver them from all manner of trouble and danger. Subdue nations under her feet, cause her enemies to fall before her, and cause her to prosper in all her undertakings. May the supreme King of kings exalt and highly aggrandize her, and grant her long and prosperously to reign. May the supreme King of kings, through His infinite mercy incline her heart and the hearts of her counsellors and nobles with benevolence towards us and all Israel. In her days and in ours may Judah be saved, and Israel dwell in safety; and may the Redeemer come unto Zion: may this be his gracious will, and let us say, Amen.

The Mayor and City Council were also remembered in the petitions of the synagogue. Then with more ceremonious words the Books of the Law were laid up in their resting place.

The choral part of the service struck me as deeply interesting and impressive. Rabbi Solomon, who conducted it uses his voice with the skill of a cultivated singer. The disciples of the Parisian school of baritones go up to A, and B flat, and Mr. Solomon is a highly capable member of that school. A deep religious earnestness is in his face as he sings, and while sometimes his voice rolls out impassioned volumes of sacred declamation, there are times, also, when it sinks into plaintive sweetness, and one thinks, somehow, of the words: "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. . . . How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Considered simply as a vocal performance Rabbi Solomon's rendering of the service is of a distinguished and artistic character. But the highest testimony to its religious spirit is the fact that one does not think of it as a vocal performance at all. On the contrary the feeling inspired at the Jewish synagogue—notwithstanding its humble character as an edifice, and the simple and cheap style of its furnishings—might find expression in the words: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

There were parts of the liturgy, too, when the ladies in the gallery joined in with their sweet voices. There was an organ up there, and probably a choir, for the singing was of a finished and chastened character. On some near day in the future the Holy Blossom congregation are going to build a fine new synagogue on Bond Street. But, however, their temple may be improved in its architectural characteristics, it can scarcely have a more fitting or impressive service than that which is now performed in Richmond Street.

During the progress of the choral part of the service, in the course of which there were occasions when the whole congregation stood up and after certain recitals sat down again; I had been looking from time to time at the English minister who occupied one of the high chairs which are placed on either side of the sanctuary of the Law. He looked as much as possible like a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic. His manner was dignified, his face expressed a calmness of peaceful trust. He looked about thirty, his features were not what is commonly called Jewish; he had dark eyes and hair, and a moustache—the rest of his face was clean shaven. Rev. Mr. Lazarus has that in his appearance which must commend him to the sick and suffering, among whom some of his work is done. His aspect is friendly, but it also bears the impress of converse with high themes. It was this gentleman attired, as has been said, in a black gown and wearing a black velvet biretta, who now went to the desk in front of the sanctuary to deliver a short sermon. It was rather staggering to one accustomed to the easy comfortableness of the pulpit in these days, to hear this peaceful, benevolent-looking young minister announce that the subject of his sermon was the *Lex talionis*. He proceeded to dilate on the

eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth aspect of the law of Moses, in a calm, logical and illustrative way. He spoke of the necessity there was for all law to be supported by due penalties being attached to offences, and maintained that the Mosaic idea of making the punishment fit the crime was the correct one, and that it was in some measure the underlying principle of modern law, though sometimes it was departed from, to the detriment of social order. In these days when a man had gouged out another's eye or jumped on his wife we occasionally saw him taken to a court of so-called justice and punished with a paltry fine. It might be better for society, he thought, if the punishment were given in kind, and if a man robbed another of one of his eyes he might suffer the loss of an eye himself, by way not only of bringing him to a sense of his enormity, but as a means of stopping that particular sort of crime. He said that the principles of the Christian Gospel were not applied in our courts of justice, and in the nature of things could not be. In the case of the private individual he might turn the other cheek to the smiter, and if a thief came and took his watch-chain he might, if he choose, beg him to take the watch as well. But the law, as a public institution, would do nothing of the kind. In reality it was in some measure the *lex talionis*. There was no need to lay undue stress on the dreadfulness of such a law. As a matter of fact only a hundred years ago there were no fewer than three hundred offences which were by the law of England punishable with death, while, according to the law of Moses, there were only four capital offences. It may be gathered from these remarks that while the sermon was thus essentially Jewish, it was not merely academical or ecclesiastically perfunctory. Its effort was to show that Judaism is really the basis of the divine and universal religion, and that above and beyond its system of legalism it possesses a spirit, which, with its infinite ramifications is suited to the changing needs of human life and society.

After the sermon came more prayers and recitations in Hebrew, and the service ended with a patriarchal blessing. One saw many well-known Toronto faces in the assembly, and during the sermon the high backed chairs of honour were occupied respectively by the president and treasurer of the congregation; men of high standing in the local commercial world. After the service the children began to come together for the Sabbath School, for every Jewish child, even the poorest, is instructed in the law of the God of his fathers, grows up in the knowledge of it, and wherever his steps may stray, has that in his heart which was all that patriarchs and psalmists and prophets once had to guide them through the wilderness of this world. J. R. N.

John Granger's Pomes:

NO LYNCH LAW IN CANADA.

We're told, "If men cuss, bless on, and give 'em love for hate."

They's a big bird as can caw and flap its pinion;

To that bird a morril lesson I wish to inculcate,

"We don't tolerate Lynch Law in our Dominion!"

Stars and Stripes can be aggressive; they don't hurt me a bit,

But that bird can hold its jaw, for I'm no minion

Of no tyranny oppressive. I can give 'em hit for hit,

"We don't tolerate Lynch Law in our Dominion!"

MacRobie praised the Yankee. Says I, "You hate our way?"

But he answered me, "Naw, naw! I'm no agin you;

'Mericans is hanky-panky, and I'm mindin' what you say,

"We don't tolerate Lynch Law in our Dominion!"

We're a law abidin' people, if we are a little rough,

And don't give an oaten straw for Yank's opinion;

Put their gall high as a steeple, we'll down it with a cuff,

"We don't tolerate Lynch Law in our Dominion!"

J. CAWDOR BELL.

Forget Me Not.

"FORGET me not" has been the message of one lover to another in all the world's history. The poets have insisted on a never-failing remembrance. That a man or a woman might "forget," was held to be the most heart-breaking of thoughts. But Christina G. Rossetti, who died recently, made a new message for the world, singing, in one form or another, in many songs, these words:

"Better by far you should forget and smile,
Than that you should remember and be sad."

This is surely self-denial of a very noble sort.

Montreal.

HUGH COCHRANE.