

the culture of knowledge is (1) to make the child observe his facts for himself, and (2) to make him reason inductively to general principles. He will make mistakes, of course, but so do the scientists who are constantly correcting each other's errors. So, for that matter, do the historians, whose time is largely taken up in the same benevolent and soothing work. Fortunately the child's mistakes are of small account while the practice of original investigation is of the utmost moment. The "condition of intellect" referred to by Dr. Mackenzie is undoubtedly such a condition as will enable the individual to be a discoverer for life. All that he can ever learn at school will help him little in this direction even if it were free from error. Both science and history will go on and leave him stranded if he never observes for himself, and the school should be a good place for the formation of the observing habit.

It is quite evident from this view of the case—at least we have tried to make it so—that "power" is simply a more general term than either "skill" or "knowledge" used as defining "culture," and that, in fact it includes both. The production and the comprehension of a literary work are alike the result of an exercise of "power." Ability to achieve the former is the result of the culture of "skill" by the practice of original invention; ability to achieve the latter is the result of the culture of "knowledge" by the practice of original investigation. The same statement may be made about the invention of a piece of scientific apparatus, and the comprehension of the scientific principle in accordance with which it has been devised. In short, the distinction applies to all arts and all sciences between which there is a similar antithesis, both being included under the culture of "power."

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Pew and Pulpit in Toronto—II.

AT THE JEWS' SYNAGOGUE.

IN all places of worship there is, and always has been some central point to which the attention of the congregation is naturally directed. In the Roman Catholic Church it is the high altar; in the Anglican, the simpler but more or less decorated communion table—raised sometimes by one step, frequently by many steps, above the level of the nave of the church, and above it very often a stained-glass window. In the greater Methodist churches of Toronto and in some of the Presbyterian ones, it is the immense organ that dominates the auditorium and focuses all eyes. In some churches there is nothing for the eye to rest upon but the pulpit and the minister in it. Even in Quaker meeting-houses I have seen a long raised seat on which ten or twelve ministers—women as well as men—have sat during "meeting," perhaps as a sort of democratic protest against any one man or woman riveting the sole interest of the audience. It is thus acknowledged that human nature when it worships wants to "look towards" something and is susceptible of the outward. If it cannot look towards Jerusalem or Mecca, it will be grateful for an altar with some emblems and flowers upon it, for a pictured window, for a great big overpowering organ—even for a minister in a pulpit if people have been brought up to it from children and taught to associate that combination with religion. At the Jews' Synagogue in Richmond street—the "Holy Blossom," as it is called—the central point to which all eyes look is the receptacle in which the Books of the Law are kept. I suppose it is the case in all Jewish Synagogues. For though there has been progression in Judaism as in all faiths, and though there are many Jews who do not regard the ancient writings as once they did, recognizing that while "the letter killeth it is the spirit that giveth life," still the Divine oracles are the basis of Judaism. And so it was that on a recent Saturday morning, in this modern city of a modern colony, I found the eyes of worshippers turned reverently to the veiled recess where those sacred scrolls are kept that bear upon them in Hebrew characters the testimonies of the ancient law-givers and the inspired

utterances of the prophets. Raised by a few steps above the floor of the Synagogue, and having an embroidered curtain of yellow silken material hanging in front of it, it is the sanctuary and holy of holies. Above the curtain was an entablature of stained and varnished woodwork, and, surmounting that, an inscription in Hebrew. The building itself is unpretentious and of brick. Over the doorway are some Hebrew characters, and the inscription in English: "The Lord our God is One." Entering its portal the visitor found himself in a moderate-sized, oblong church, having galleries at its sides and at the entrance end, the fronts of which were of light open work. In front of the sanctuary before mentioned was the readers' platform, also ascended by three steps and carpeted. At the end nearest to the Law was a commodious reading-desk covered with velvet. The platform or dais itself was sufficiently capacious to hold half a dozen or more persons and was enclosed by panelled woodwork, having an opening on either side for entrance or exit. The rest of the auditorium is fitted with ordinary pews and there are two aisles.

Going to the place before ten o'clock one Saturday morning, I found the reading of the Scriptures in Hebrew proceeding. The reader appeared to be a layman. He wore a shiny silk hat and over his shoulders a drab surplice or stole, with black stripes, the ends of this garment being fringed. He read the Hebrew Scriptures in a singing monotone. At the rear of the platform, and at the side of the receptacle of the Law, sat Rabbi Phillips, in a carved, high-backed chair. He was clothed in a long black gown and wore a black velvet biretta on his head. The reading on that occasion continued to a considerable length, and meanwhile worshipper after worshipper was coming in, the men to the auditorium below and the women to the gallery. As each Jew came in he took from a velvet bag, having Hebrew characters upon it, his "taleth," and putting it upon his shoulders, he kissed the fringed hem of it and buried his face for a moment in its folds, as if in prayer, before proceeding to the exercises of worship. Both on that occasion and the more recent one I felt that there could be no doubt about the devout spirit of worship that pervaded the atmosphere. The responsive murmurs of those present were in an unknown tongue but of their serious sincerity there was no doubt. In the galleries, also, where the ladies sat devoutly at their books, there was likewise no irreverence or flippancy. It is needless to say that all the male members of the congregation wore their hats—the Jewish mark of reverence. I remember that when he had read for a considerable time the lay reader retired to one of the high-backed chairs and the Rabbi came forward to the desk and continued the service. He had a strong baritone voice, and his singing of the service reminded one of the singing of the Mass in the Roman Catholic church, though there was with it a certain eastern tone and method which seemed new and strange. Then with chanting on the way the Rabbi proceeded to the place where the books of the Law were kept. The curtain was drawn aside and several massive rolls were seen. The sticks on which the parchment or paper is rolled are ornamented at the top with white metal ornaments. Taking one of the rolls upon his shoulder, the Rabbi stood for a moment before the congregation and said a prayer or invocatory sentence to which all the people responded. Then, assisted by two or three of the principal men of the synagogue, he bore the larger roll to the reading desk. One of the lay assistants then said in Hebrew: "Oh may He help shield and save all those that trust in Him, and let us say, Amen. All of ye ascribe greatness unto God and render honour unto the Law, and let the priest come forward for the reading of the Law." Then a Hebrew name was called, and one of the young worshippers responded to it, ascended the reading-desk and stood between the two laymen who were prepared to read the Law to him. He said in Hebrew: "Bless ye the Lord who is ever blessed." Then one of the readers pointed out to him with a metal pointer which was attached to the roll, the particular passage which was to be read for his edification, and proceeded to read it to him in a voice that could be heard by everybody. This was repeated in the case of eight or nine young men who were successively called up by their Hebrew names. They attended respectfully and earnestly to the reading, and went back to their seats, each of them saying after the reading: "Blessed be the Lord who is blessed for ever more." Then the Rabbi came forward, and in his fine baritone voice conducted a part of the service which was choral and which seemed to be an ascription of praise and