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A Jewish Cemetery.

Here is one of my recollections of early days, writes F. W. Keyl, in 'Chatterbox'—this queer-looking bull, goat, and sheep. The old Jewish sacrifice being discontinued, these animals, firstlings of their kind, were allowed to pick up a living among the graves of the then disused old cemetery of the Jewish community at Frankfort on the Maine, where I was then living. The old ordinance of the

scapegoat was strangely mixed up in the people's mind with the existence of these animals in the cemetery. Many children believed that they were there to eat the sins of the deceased in the shape of the grass which grew on the graves. The animals were never brushed or shorn, and their hair grew long and lanky, giving them a wild aspect. In winter irreverent people gave them hay, and

at last a comfortable shelter was built for them.

The Jews have now a beautiful cemetery close by the one of their Christian fellow-citizens. The sketch of the desolate place and tumble-down gravestones shown in our picture, was taken years ago; and even then the place and its name told of the bad old times of oppression and persecution, for it