

is in it. Its various parts are recognized as being of unequal value. We hear much said nowadays about Biblical criticism, and of how this science has led to a greater appreciation of the sacred writings of other peoples. Let us be ever mindful of the fact that the Jewish Rabbins were the fathers of that science. And lastly--

7. *Its Conception of Salvation.* Judaism has no sympathy with the idea of a Mediator between the Father and his human children. It knows but one salvation of the soul, and that the salvation of character.

How simple our Judaism is! How noble its conceptions! Yes; and the world is slowly but surely assimilating and appreciating its teachings.

We believe that we have a mission; we are witnessing that mission being fulfilled before our very eyes. The time is, indeed, coming when all religionists will stand upon the same religious platform. Then will our mission be entirely completed, and we may retire. But, till then, we must continue in our God-given work. Being one of a race divinely "called" to bring about this glorious consummation, I find in that very mission a powerful link, connecting together a great chain of reasons for declaring: "I am a Jew—a Jew I must remain."

WAR WHOOP CITY'S NEW PARSON.

"Fellers," said Three-Fingered Steve, as he entered Bowie Knife Jack's saloon and joined the red-shirted crowd around the bar, "there's a gospel sharp from the States outside wot says he has come ter War Whoop City ter regenerate things. He remarks, furthermore, that this is Sunday, an' thet he's going ter hold meetin' in Slippery Sam's old dance hall across the way. All you coyotes has a pressin' invitation to be present."

"Don't believe this is Sunday," declared Dead-Shot Davis, reflectively. "Howsumever, we can take his word for it. What does this hyer sermon slinger look like, Steve?"

"Waal," replied Steve, a trifle doubtfully, "he seems a purty hefty kind of a cuss; ain't no slouch. Wears store clothes, but seems ter kinder know his business."

"Aw, git out!" exclaimed War Whoop William, contemptuously. "What's got ther matter with yer, Steve? All these hyer glorification galoots is jest alike—long-faced, mealy-mouthed, white-livered cusses, ever' one. Don't we know 'em? Aint they been hyer afore, an' didn't we run 'em out double quick? I'll tell yer what we'll do, fellers—we'll jest go over ter Slippery Sam's in a body and listen ter his soft, baby pratle fer ten minutes, and then we'll chase 'im outer ther camp."

"He'll be plumb skeered ter death when he sees us," observed Dead-Shot Davis. "He won't be able ter speak above a whisper."

"We'll hev some fun with 'im," said Plute Pete. "I'll bet he'll say we're the best-lookin' set o' gents he ever clapped his peepers on, an' as fer morals--"