



Two letters
or
what I really wish

by Rabbi Isaac Lichtenstein

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OR,
WHAT I REALLY
WISH.

BY
RABBI I. LICHTENSTEIN,
LATE DISTRICT RABBI OF TAPIO-SZELÉ.

NEW EDITION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN
BY
MRS. BARON.

HEBREW CHRISTIAN TESTIMONY TO ISRAEL,
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OR,
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Late District Rabbi of Tapio-Szele.



Introduction to the English Translation:

BY DAVID BARON.

RABBI LICHTENSTEIN, whose portrait will be found on the preceding page, and who for over thirty-five years was District Rabbi of Tapio-Szele, in Hungary, and held in the highest esteem by Jews and Christians, died October 16th, 1909, at the age of 85. The story of how he was brought to the conviction that Jesus of Nazareth is the promised Messiah of Israel, is related by himself in more than one of his pamphlets, which are well known among intelligent Jews in all parts of the world; but I may quote here a paragraph from his introduction to his "*Judenspiegel*."

"I used to think," he says, "that Christ was the plague and curse of the Jews, the origin and promoter of our sorrows and persecutions. In this conviction I grew to years of manhood, and still cherishing it I became old. I knew no difference between true, and merely nominal Christianity; of the fountain head of Christianity itself I knew nothing. Strangely enough it was the horrible Tisza-Eszlar blood accusation which first drew me to read the New Testament. This trial brought from their lurking-places all the enemies of the Jews, and once again, as in olden times, the cry re-echoed, 'Death to the Jew!' The frenzy was excessive, and among the ring-leaders were many who used the name of Christ and His doctrine as a cloak to cover their abominable doings. These wicked practices of men, wearing the name of Christ only to further their evil designs, aroused the indignation of the true Christians, who, with pen on fire and warning voices, denounced the lying rage of the Anti-Semites. In articles written by the latter in defence of the Jews, I often

met with passages where Christ was spoken of as He who brings joy to man, the Prince of Peace and the Redeemer; and His gospel was extolled as a message of love and life to all people. I was surprised, and scarcely trusting my eyes, I took a New Testament out of its hidden corner; a book which some forty years ago I had in vexation taken from a Jewish teacher, and I began to turn over its leaves and to read. How can I express the impression which I then received? Not the half had been told me of the greatness, power, and glory of this book, formerly a sealed book to me. All seemed so new to me, and yet it did me good like the sight of an old friend, who has laid aside his dusty, travel-worn garments, and appears in festal attire, 'like a bridegroom in priestly robes, or a bride adorned in her jewels.' 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth.' (Isaiah lii. 7). This was the light that shone upon me from the New Testament, and now I understood that, as the God of our fathers, in bygone days, went before them in a pillar of cloud to show them the right way, so in this our long and dreary night of suffering, all unknown to us, Christ Himself has gone before us, to prepare the way of Redemption."

In an earlier pamphlet called "*Judenthum und Christenthum*," he says, "I had thought the New Testament to be impure, a source of pride, of over-weening selfishness, of hatred, and of the worst kind of violence, but as I opened it, I felt myself peculiarly and wonderfully taken possession of. A sudden glory, a light, flashed through my soul. I looked for thorns, and gathered roses; I discovered pearls instead of pebbles; instead of hatred,

love; instead of vengeance, forgiveness; instead of bondage, freedom; instead of pride, humility; instead of enmity, conciliation; instead of death, life, salvation, resurrection, heavenly treasure."

A storm of calumny and persecution soon burst over his head for venturing, as a Rabbi still in office, to bear testimony to the Messiahship of Christ, which he did in a series of three pamphlets, one of which was called "*Mein Zeugniß*" ("My Testimony"). His eldest son, Dr. Emmanuel Lichtenstein, a promising young medical man in Budapest, was greatly perplexed by this momentous step of his honoured father, and by the slanders and abuse which it had brought upon him, and wrote the letter which, together with the reply, was published by the Rabbi in pamphlet form under the name, "*Zwei Briefe*" oder "*Was ich Eigentlich Will*," after the untimely death of the young doctor. It is now, for the first time, translated into English by Mrs. Baron, and is sent forth especially to English-speaking Jews, with the prayer that the testimony of an honoured Rabbi, who lived as a Hebrew among the Hebrews, without having joined any of the Christian Churches or parties, may not altogether fall to the ground.

DAVID BARON.

Two Letters; OR, What I really wish.

BY

I. LICHTENSTEIN, of Tapio-Szele.

"My lovers and my friends stand aloof from my sore, and my kinsmen stand afar off. They also that seek after my life lay snares: they that seek my hurt speak mischievous things, and imagine deceits all the day long."

Psalm xxxviii. 12, 13.

I OUGHT not to be wroth with my enemies who have mocked, persecuted, and condemned me these more than five years, ever since I ventured to bear public testimony to the glorious Founder of Christianity, for do not many of my trusted friends waver? and even those who approve my courage for the truth, and my bold, frank words, do not raise their voices openly in my favour. Am I not conscious that from my nearest and dearest I receive more pity than sympathy, more toleration than active help, more opposition than acquiescence?

My dear wife also, who for nigh forty years has stood by my side an unflinching and encouraging guardian angel, has now, under pressure of external influences, become downcast, despondent and spiritless. I am become a riddle and incomprehensible to my dear, good children, who have always rendered me due reverence and undivided confidence.

Yet for all this my heart does not tremble, my strength has not forsaken me, and I have still the light of my eyes—I see well, and I see plainly, and friend and foe agree with me in this—“the glory is departed from Israel.”

The watchmen tremble, the strong men bow themselves, the captains despair and stand idle. The youths are cold, indifferent and bored, the men are exhausted without power of endurance, yielding, pliant, hopeless, and tossed to and fro like a ball by the influences of the times. There is ruin on every hand.

Is there no longer balm in Gilead, is there no more a physician there, why then is the health of my people not recovered? Has Israel for millenniums long wrestled and striven and bled for its faith, to bleed to death at last on account of its unbelief, and to disappear from the history of the nations like spray before the wind? A sensitive Jewish heart might well fall a prey to doubt were not the divine promise repeated daily, “The Redeemer shall come unto Zion, and unto them that turn from transgression in Jacob, saith the Lord. And this is My covenant with them, saith the Lord, My spirit that is upon thee, and My words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed’s seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever.”

Is not Jesus this Redeemer? for He says: “Come unto

Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls, for My yoke is easy and My burden is light.” (Matthew xi. 28-30.) But no, this name must not be uttered by Jewish lips. And yet unconsciously every Jew honours it; as we unconsciously breathe in the air, without which we could not live. “How! what! who!” you will exclaim indignantly: “we Jews honour Jesus? Is he mad with sweet wine?” No, rather of vinegar and gall mixed together. I am too sober for you, and you cannot gainsay my evidence. To whatever school of thought Jews may belong they all agree in this, that the mission of Israel has consisted, and will do so, in declaring the name of God like father Abraham, and so to become a blessing to all nations on the earth. In whose name, however, will this blessing become known to the nations of the earth? Is it not in the name of Jesus, who sent His disciples among the peoples as sheep among wolves to proclaim to them: ‘The Eternal He is God! the Eternal He is God! You, my Jewish brethren, will be silent and not answer me, but so much the more you will mock and curse; yet for more than five years I have been convinced that at some future time my gravestone will tell that the seed which I have sown in tears has sprung up over my grave. I know that my Redeemer lives, and *He will quicken me again on the earth.*”

But why only then, when my body is already decayed? Now, while I yet live, I would see the Judge.

Yea, that I may not behold Him as my adversary, this is my most fervent desire.

Then when the root of my matter is discovered you will say: Why did we persecute him? (Job xix. 25-28.)

A Letter from my son, Emanuel Lichtenstein, M.D.

MY DEAR REVERED FATHER,

Though I have lately been with you for days together, and have had the opportunity of conversing with you, and of listening to your kindly words spoken from your heart, yet filial reverence, your troubled, sorrowful face, your distressed yet resolute mien, have paralysed my tongue, and distracted my mind, and the rising storm and outcry without have startled and confused me.

Permit me, therefore, now that my mind is again calm, and my mental vision clear, to attempt to ease my troubled heart, and to tell you, who have so often instructed me with fatherly kindness, what my grief is, and what I think of your much praised, much blamed pamphlets.

First of all, dearest father, you may be at rest as to what concerns your threatened means of subsistence. You have pinched and spared and denied yourself, in order to support me during my long years of student life. To soothe and encourage me you have often said: "My son, do not trouble yourself about your income during your period of study, rather make use of your precious leisure for recreation, and for a solid education; then the seed which I have strewn upon a fruitful soil will spring up, thrive and prosper, and the money which I have gladly spent on you will bring a noble interest."

Now, if you could often deny yourself the most necessary things for my sake, it is doubly my duty to help you from my superfluous means. With your Spartan contentment, you will, under such circumstances, be protected from want and sheltered from malice. May the All-Merciful but preserve my life, for to be frank with you

my already shattered health has received a severe shock from the contempt, bitter hatred, and mean suspicion with which Herr N. speaks of you to me, your son. With God's help I will and shall get over it. I must and will live and work for the support of my dear good parents.

Thus it is not miserable money, or your very modest threatened income which distresses me, but what shakes my being and rends my heart is, that they hold you to be unworthy of the Rabbinate; they speak of you as a Judas, as infamous, and brand you as one who has sold his faith and his best convictions for money!

You, who for thirty-five years have laboured so lovingly, so unselfishly, and with so much blessing as a shepherd of souls, whom every one in the Community loves with all his heart. You are of a sudden to be rooted from their hearts, and cast out like a leper. You, who have always self-regardlessly fought for the oppressed, self-sacrificingly cared for the poor, but never have sought your own advantage! *You* are insultingly proclaimed to be a man who has sold his soul, and accused of having offered for sale your holiest sentiments, your pious mind, and your religious convictions! Where are the pieces of silver, where is the treasure? Do not I know better than any, that you, unpractical as you are, have never secured to yourself the smallest fee, such as every author who brings out a work of interest, may require of his publisher?

But what, for heaven's sake, dearest father, has induced you, in this realistic age, when every one seeks his own advantage, peace and comfort, what can have induced you to put your hand into a wasps' nest, and commence a strife with windmills; to leave the smooth road which you have trodden so peacefully, for a dangerous,

thorny path, which causes so much offence, and by its boldness, like all else that is new and unfamiliar, cannot but excite and disquiet the sacred soil of the conservative, ancient, time-honoured Religion? What has induced you to represent the bright side of the Gospel only, in its full beauty, without in the least indicating its dark side? What, for instance, do you think of the miracles and signs of the Gospel?

The voice of the people is the voice of God. Or, can it be that the indignation and embitterment which have been called forth in large Jewish circles, have been artificially kindled and inflamed by a few individuals only? Have these lights in Israel judged and condemned you merely from a calculating spirit of self-interest? I, at least, cannot believe that such bitterness and meanness can be attributed to men so generally recognised as men of weight.

I have often indeed been witness of your grief and distress of soul, and sad despondency when you saw the holy law trodden under foot, religion lightly esteemed or despised, dietary laws unobserved, the sabbath desecrated, the service of God neglected, and prayer left out of account, yet is there indeed any one who has eyes to see, and does not see, and ears to hear and does not hear, or a Jewish heart and does not feel pained, that there is something amiss in the House of Israel. When, however, you quote as a remedy a sentence from the Gospel, "If thy right eye offend thee pluck it out, and cast it from thee, for it is better for thee that one of thy members perish, than that thy whole body be cast into hell," I must, as a scientific physician, protest against such teaching. It is undeniable that there are some critical cases, in which one is compelled to amputate a diseased member,

in order to prevent the whole body becoming poisoned and diseased, but before a physician will adopt such extreme measures, which disfigure and maim the body, he must make use of every means which his quick sense can suggest; and exhaust his whole art in the attempt to save the threatened eye or the endangered hand.

Dearest father, there has just occurred to me an encouraging saying, which you have often made use of: "A father resembles a polished mirror. The mirror draws attention to defects and spots without evoking anger, and causes him who looks into it to cleanse the spots, and improve the defects." Now, your writings are like a brightly polished mirror to me, yet with the best will I cannot avoid the flaws which you enumerate, for my vocation, my social duties, my calling as a physician of a hospital, make it impossible for me to live as I have seen life in my parents' house, and as I long to do, especially on the approach of the sacred festivals, nevertheless my heart beats warmly and enthusiastically for Judaism. True I do not wear the phylacteries, but all the same I repeat every morning with deep devotion, and a heart full of gratitude, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one only God!" I eat forbidden food, but in private prayer I thank the Giver of all good. As a Jew I am proud of our patriarchs, who lived and were chosen of God nearly four thousand years ago, of Moses our Man of God, of our divinely inspired prophets, of our history of glory and of suffering. True, I certainly do not live as a pious Jew as regards the ceremonial law, but I feel as a Jew, I breathe as a Jew. I seek improvement of their condition for my unhappy patients, I live in peace with my colleagues, in unity and love as a Jew, and I am persuaded, dear father,

that it would very much pain and deeply distress you if I should disavow being a Jew! Therefore, what is it that you wish?

Dearest father! our good mother has often reproached you that by your outspoken fidelity to truth, your rough touch, you unintentionally wound in matters which you would not ordinarily make subject for strife, therefore examine your writings, lay every word, every expression on the golden scale, consider your past life, your sacred calling as Rabbi, and should your conscience reproach you that in excess of zeal (we will call it so, with your permission), in your simplicity, you have gone too far, then give glory to the God of Israel, and recall in cold blood what you have written in the heat of your imagination. But should you in spite of all this find your assertions to be true and undeniable, the sound fruit of mature reflection, then I, your ever respectful and admiring son and pupil, beg for sober thorough instruction.

DR. EMANUEL LICHTENSTEIN.

Budapest, January 1st, 1887.

MY REPLY.

MY DEAR GOOD SON,

You have indeed visited universities and been occupied with scientific studies, but I am persuaded that you have not forgotten the instruction which I gave you in your early youth, and I need only recall an exposition which I gave you about your ninth year, to bring you again to a right mind.

We were occupied at the time with the weekly Bible portion, which relates how Jacob was drawn irresistibly to the foreign land of Egypt, by his heart's longing desire to see Joseph, his much-loved, much-wept, and lamented son, before he died, and in a vision of the night God gave him for his encouragement the assurance: "Joseph shall put his hand on thine eyes," while Joseph himself had already sent word to him by his brothers: "I will care for thee, with thy house, and all that thou hast, that thou perish not."

Was this, however, sufficient consolation, a perfect substitution for his lost home, and the sacrifice of his independence? No, the Midrash (traditional commentary for edification) relates that Jacob exclaimed in anguish: "Lord of the world! a father may indeed care for ten children, yet ten children can scarcely support one father." With all acknowledgment, my good son, of your proffered help in time of need, yet may the God of Israel—for whose honour and in whose name I, the dwarf, have seized the shepherd's staff, and go forth to meet Goliaths, men of note, heavily armed with the weapons of science—may the God of Israel preserve me from the necessity of looking to my son for the supply of my daily needs.

Fear not, my son, there be more with us than there be with them, beside which I trust in the well-founded confidence and solidarity of my community—who will not forsake or reject me, who have grown grey among them in the service of religion, in the hour of my necessity and distress.

But you ask me, my dear son, what for heaven's sake has caused me to enter on such a conflict! Ask the volcano why it belches forth lava; the mountains, why they tremble; the clouds, why they pour down water; the sea, why it tosses its waves on high; the worm, why it coils and wriggles; the child of earth, why he so often sighs involuntarily; ask a man of sympathy why he shudders at sight of the sufferings of others, what causes him to plunge rashly into danger, and risk his own life in order to save the life of another quite unknown to him. "The lion roars, who will not be afraid? God the Lord speaks, who will not prophesy?"

I have already long been grieved, pained, mortified, and moved almost to despair by the religious and moral declension, the scepticism, and the incomprehensible indifference of a great number of my people.

Where is that mighty shield, consecrated with the anointing of religion which made Israel capable of defying every danger from without, every pressure and apostasy from within?

Where is that noble fire of enthusiasm, where the adherence to the great ideals of our past, which have lent dignity to the old, fervour, colour and impulse to the young?

Where are the ideal men which are required to inspire the youth of the race for God, and for Judaism? The sun of faith, which at Gibeon stood still in the midst of heaven,

has disappeared. Instead of bright, kindly day, there is obscure darkness, gloomy night; the blossoms, buds, and fruits of Aaron's staff are withered and dry; leaves and thorns remain, leaves which give no protection, no refreshment, no cool, and no shadow; thorns, without fire or flame, or sacred soil.

For a time this wrought in me like the raging of the restless sea. I looked to earth—alas! only darkness which was terrible, the sun itself darkened, in spite of her bright beams! But "when need is greatest, God is nearest." By His divine providence I accidentally took in my hand a New Testament, which for many long years I had left unnoticed in a corner. From every line, from every word, the Jewish spirit streamed forth; light, life, power, endurance, faith, hope, love, chastity, limitless, indestructible faith in God, kindness to prodigality, moderation to self-denial, content to the exclusion of all sense of need, pity, gentleness, consideration for others, with extreme strictness as regards self; all these were to be found pervading the book.

Every noble principle, every pure moral teaching, all patriarchal virtues with which Israel was adorned in its prime, and is still to some extent adorned as heir of the community of Jacob, I found in this book of books refined and simplified, and that in it there is balsam for every pain of soul, comfort for every sorrow, healing for every moral hurt—renewal of faith, and resurrection to a new life well-pleasing to God.

When I thus came to a clear understanding with my Jewish conscience, I sought out trustworthy bosom friends of one mind with myself, but some of them simply laughed at me, others seriously warned me, pointing out the danger, the strife, and unpleasantness which would infallibly result

from such an unheard-of theory, propounded by an obscure Rabbi.

They also reminded me of my natural timidity of disposition, of my preference for a quiet, retired life, of my unpractised pen; of my undisturbed domestic and family peace, and advised me to remain silent. But all in vain—"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." "Lord, Thou has enticed me, and I was enticed: Thou art stronger than I, and Thou has prevailed: I am in derision daily, everyone mocketh at me. For since I spoke, I cried out, I cried violence and spoil; because the word of the Lord was made a reproach unto me, and a derision daily. Then I said, I will not make mention of Him, nor speak any more in His name. But His word was in my heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary of forbearing and I could not stay." (Jeremiah xx. 7-9.)

As a child of the times, and a man schooled in philosophy, you ask me what I think of the miracles and signs of the Gospel? Now I also live, and feel, and think with the times, and turn myself for this very reason to my contemporaries as signs of the times, therefore your captious question does not put me in perplexity, but I hope the more that my straightforward, honest answer may satisfy and enlighten everyone. Thus: *What do I think of the miracles and signs of the Gospel?*

Of all men, the Jew has the least right to speak mockingly of signs and wonders, for our own proper history commences with miracles and signs. It was by miracles and signs that Israel was brought out of Egypt; the founders of the schools of the prophets effected what they did, and gained a glorious fame, almost entirely by means of miracles and signs. These gave them their influence with the people

and youth of their time; by means of these they shattered the idols and glorified the one only God. Notwithstanding all this, in all our thirteen articles of faith there is not the slightest intimation "that we should believe in miracles and wonders." For—let it be well noted—Moses only wished to be furnished with miracles in the supposition that his mission was to unbelievers. Moses answered and said, "Behold, they will not believe me, nor listen to my voice, but will say, the Eternal has not appeared to thee." Christ even said, when the people thronged Him, "This is an evil generation which seek after a sign, and there shall no sign be given them but the sign of the prophet Jonas." (Luke xi. 29.)

Thus neither in the Old nor in the New Testament were miracles the aim, but simply noble instruments in the service of eternal truth.

You are a patriot, my son, and full of enthusiasm for the warriors, pioneers, conquerors, heroes, and all that belongs to Hungarian history. How would it please you were a young fop, a green precocious youth, to laugh in your face and say, "It is all humbug, all delusion, all claptrap and deception, all a fraud. Attila was no mighty hero before the Lord, he was unworthy to be called the sword of God, for the fable that his sword, which struck flames had grown out of the soil like the grass, is but a saying, a figure of speech adapted to foolish, weak-headed, wonder-loving people."

Into what righteous indignation you would fall should any tell you that Almos was not the founder anew of the Hungarian State; for the dream related of his mother Emes, that a stream of clear water burst from her bosom which flooded a distant land, and the interpretation given it by the soothsayers that Emes would bring a son into the world



who should lead his people out of the Scythian land and conquer a new and beautiful home for them, was but a nurse's tale, a fable.

"I said days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom. But there is a spirit in man, and the breath of the Almighty giveth them understanding." (Job xxxii. 7, 8.) When the Council and the high priests at Jerusalem considered means to silence Peter and the Apostles, a Pharisee of the name of Gamaliel, greatly esteemed by all the people stood up in the Council, and said: "Let these men alone, for if this counsel, or this work, be of men, it will come to nought, but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it." (Acts v. 27-38). The work was of God, for it has not perished in the course of time; the holy fire has neither been suppressed nor extinguished by the many storms which have raged against it, but it has kindled the more, and during eighteen centuries has shone even brighter and more clearly, filled with the most ennobling thoughts, and ever extending its dominion with the forward movements of the times.

The Gospel has outrun Alexander, who stopped at the Indus; it has outrun Crassus, who stopped at the Euphrates; it has outrun Varus, who stopped at the Rhine; it has outrun every world conqueror, and will only come to a stop when it has reached its point of commencement—when it once more has reached Israel. "The sun arises, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arises. The holy breath goes toward the south and turneth about unto the north, and returneth again according to its circuits." (Eccles. 1. 5, 6.)

You think, my son, that the voice of the people is the voice of God, and also that these lights in Israel would not have condemned me merely from prejudice and self-interest.

Far be it from me, my son, lightly to defy the voice of the people. Generally I bow my head humbly before these lights in Israel, these unwearied watchers on the walls of Zion, who strengthen the godly in faith, who enlighten the reason, perfect the hearts, purify the morals, and who ever keep before their eyes the faithfulness of the covenant pure and unadulterated truth.

But was it the voice of God when the people rejected one of the greatest reformers in the realm of Judaism, who did not seek to destroy Judaism, but rather to supply fresh supports to the ancient revered temple of religion, that so it might the better resist the storms of time? Was it the voice of God when the people rejected Moses ben Maimon, whose code of religion has been undisputed for centuries, whose authority is uncontroverted, unassailable, and whose thirteen articles of faith have already assumed the character of dogma among all Israel? Was it the voice of God, when the people persecuted and banished Maimonides; pronounced him a heretic and deceiver; branded him as a false teacher, burnt his writings on the scaffold; and even dishonoured his quiet grave by throwing mud and stones upon it? And yet they were great spiritual heroes, exalted lights in Israel, such as Rabbi Abraham ben David, Rabbi Salomo of Montpellier, who excited the people to distrust and fury.

Was it the voice of God when the people rejected that noblest and best of men, the most profound and keenest-minded Talmudist of all times, the great man with far-reaching eagle glance and unusual elasticity of mind—was it indeed God's voice that the people should reject Rabbi Jonathan Eibenschutz, from whose world-famed school thousands of young men had gone forth as eminent Rabbis, and who yet shines in Israel as a star of the greatest magni-

tude? Was it truly the voice of God when Eibeschutz was expelled from the Community of Israel, deposed from his office of Rabbi, suspected of being secretly a Christian, denounced as a seducer of the people, cried down, and pointed at?

And yet they were renowned and famous men, lights in Israel, such as Rabbi Jecheskiel Landau, and Rabbi Jacob Emden, who kindled this devouring fire of hatred and discord, and zealously kept it in fuel.

And finally, was it the voice of God when the people persecuted that wise man of Dessau, Moses Mendelssohn, with fanatical passion, casting the gloom of the ban over his life—this man, who had been the untiring, magnanimous steward, the faithful self-sacrificing son of his people, he whose work was most enduring and successful for the liberation and renewal of Israel, whom to-day, after the lapse of a century, every party in Israel claims as its own? And yet they were upright, discerning, chosen men, lights in Israel, who artificially created a reaction against his works, and especially against his incomparable translation of the five books of Moses.

I should lose myself in infinity were I to mention all the pious, good men who devoted their life and powers to the sanctification of the Divine Name, and the salvation of Israel, whose existence, however, was embittered by the gross ingratitude of short-sighted Israel, who only remembered them with repentance and lamentation, later, often too late, long, long after their bones had mouldered into dust: yet I will not reproach my people with this; the disinclination to everything that is new and unheard-of is a poisonous plant, a noisome growth from the blood-soaked soil of all religions.

Christianity also has its martyrs faithful to their con-

victions, its powerful persecutors, and its noble persecuted, its scaffolds, and its implements of torture. I will rather advance in praise of the Jew that his practical, sober sense has sooner or later done justice to its great, excellent, misunderstood, and persecuted benefactors, and has woven a sweet-scented crown of flowers for their fame-crowned heads in place of the crown of thorns; and I am also firmly convinced that Jesus will yet appear to the Jews as a glorious shining star, as the genius of mankind, the anchor of salvation from the storms of time; as the sun of pure faith, renewing and renewed in heavenly glory.

“I will pour upon the house of David and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the spirit of grace and of supplication, and they shall look upon Me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for Him as one that is in bitterness for his first-born.” (Zech. xii. 10.) “They will bitterly bemoan the Messiah, the son of Joseph, who was slain,” explains a Talmud teacher in unequivocal words. (Sukka 52.) “I see Him, but not now. I behold Him, but not nigh; there shall come forth a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite through the corners of Moab and break down all the sons of tumult.” (Numbers iv. 17-24.) Walls which seem like a partition of brass between Jews and Christians, between classes and races, between employees and employers, between masters and servants, between God and man, will fall before Him.

But, my son, as a physician, you press me hard, and blame my readiness to recommend an operation when a conscientious physician should exhaust all imaginable means in order, if possible, to save the endangered eye, or injured hand. But where, for heaven's sake, is the hand,

where the member, which is yet possible to save, to spare? "From the sole of the foot even to the head there is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises and festering sores; they have not been closed or bound up, neither mollified with oil."

Listen, my son! In the Talmud (Baba Mezia 71, a.) Rabbi Jose says, "Behold the unreasonableness, the blindness of the usurer, if one of his fellow-creatures insults him, and calls him rascal, the insulted man burns with rage, and takes bloody revenge, and these usurers write and have it affirmed before notaries and witnesses that he has denied the God of Israel." Is not the case the same with a Jew who wishes to know nothing of Jewish commands, of Jewish feasts and holidays, or indeed of the service of God, and Jewish associations. Because he is compelled to make some confession of faith he calls himself Jew, and, as a Jew, is jeered at by street boys; as a Jew, he is hindered in his promotion by the chicanery of a professor whose attention has been drawn by some official to the fact that he is a Jew; and yet he himself strives with all his might and main to prove that he is no Jew.

"Surely there is not a righteous man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not." (Eccles. vii. 20.) But that a man, indeed a whole class of men, should sin without ceasing, and should live in eternal conflict with itself, in constant opposition to its conscience and to all its sacred duties: this is an enormity, an unnatural, untenable position, a lost condition.

But you exclaim with noble pathos, "I feel as a Jew, as a Jew I look with pride upon our patriarchs." This is just the cancer, the rotten worm-eaten character of our age, which in many other respects is brilliant. Every science is thoroughly studied, carefully fostered and propagated, no

branch of study but is honoured with the devotion to it of all power of intellect; religion alone, the crystal well of salvation and consolation, the compass which guides through the labyrinth of life, the miraculous staff which supports us when all other aids fail—religion alone stagnates, is neglected, unconsidered.

The New Testament especially, which in our advanced age is most adapted to shed a new light on Zion, is still totally ignored. Therefore search the Bible diligently, read the prophets with an open mind, learn to understand the New Testament without prejudice, and you will be convinced that the eternal truths stand in inseparable connection with one another, and that even those which appear to be most in conflict, complete and explain each other, as the jewel completes a costly ring, the protecting roof the house, the golden cupola the cathedral, and the branches the tree.

"If the first fruits be holy, the lump is also holy, and if the root be holy, so are also the branches." (Rom. xi. 16.)

Well, Israel is holy to the Lord, he is the first fruit, the holy lump; Messiah, who is come out of Israel, is the holy root which gives life, light, and colour to Christianity, and justifies its existence. Just as the trunk without the root will never bear green branches, so would Christianity, like thousands of other sects, have disappeared in the lapse of time, leaving no trace behind, were it not founded on the holy rock of Horeb. It is like the tower of David built about with breastworks on which hung thousands of shields, all kinds of weapons for the strong; it is like the cedar tree on Lebanon, with beautiful branches, and green with foliage, its branches spread themselves afar, for it does not lack water, and the great nations come and dwell under its shadow.

Is it not Christianity, then, the pulsating life power

which may give new life, light, colour, impulse, electricity, youthful vigour, and eternal endurance to sluggish Judaism? "The law and the prophets prophesied until John: since that time the Kingdom of God is preached, and every man presses into it," and "it is easier for heaven and earth to pass away than for one tittle of the law to fail." (Luke xvi. 16, 17.) "And one of the scribes came and asked Him, which is the first commandment of all. And Jesus answered him, the first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength; this is the first commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." (Mark xii. 28-31.) Therefore every well-instructed Christian, like the believing Jews, must pronounce the first commandment of all to be, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord," he must thank God for his gifts, and believe, as the Jew does, in Moses and the prophets. He must love his neighbour, weep with the sorrowing, and rejoice with them that rejoice. Must he not do so in order to give this indispensable authority and heavenly consecration to his faith, the new Covenant. Must he not praise God with even louder voice than we Jews, and triumphantly exclaim with Nehemiah, "Thou, the Eternal, art the God who didst choose Abraham and broughtest him forth out of Ur of the Chaldees, and gavest him the name of Abraham, which means father of many peoples."

"Therefore righteousness must come by faith that it might be by grace, to the end the promise might be sure to all seed, not to that only which is of the law, but to that also which is of the faith of Abraham, who is the

father of us all." "As it is written, I have made thee a father of many nations before God whom thou hast believed." (Romans iv. 16, 17.)

What do I really wish?

When, in the 18th century, Joseph Emanuel, the King of Portugal, at the instigation of the Inquisition, commanded that every Christian of Jewish descent, should be marked by wearing a yellow hat, his powerful Minister, the Marquis of Pombal, appeared one day in his presence, carrying three such hats under his arm, and to the laughing enquiry of his sovereign, "What do you mean by these hats?" sarcastically replied: "The one hat is for your Majesty, the second for the Grand Inquisitor, and the third for myself!" Indeed, who is able after a length of time to discern who is a Jewish Christian, and who a Gentile Christian?

It is usually the endeavour of Jewish Christians in the very first generation to be rid of every Jewish impress, to amalgamate with the Christians, and be lost among others. The individual is lost, but the people remain. Israel, as the elect people, the everlasting witness to the peoples, cannot, and ought not, to disappear in the tumult of the nations. For this we have a sure word, a divine pledge, "For I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." (Malachi iii. 6.) "For as the new heavens and the new earth which I will make, shall remain before Me, saith the Lord, so shall your seed and your name remain." (Isaiah lxvi. 22.) "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous branch, and a King shall reign and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justice on the earth. In his days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell

safely, and this is the name whereby he shall be called, 'The Lord of our Righteousness.'" (Jer. xxiii. 5, 6.)

"I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles." (Isaiah xlii. 6.) "For so hath the Lord commanded us, saying, I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles, that thou shouldst be for salvation unto the ends of the earth." (Acts xiii. 47.) "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Spirit is come upon you, and ye shall be my witnesses, both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and Samaria, and unto the ends of the earth." (Acts i. 8.)

What do I desire?

I desire that the Jew should rouse himself from his mental sloth, his apathy, and, like Moses, take his place in the gate of the camp, and shout with clear, ringing voice, "Come to me all who are on the Lord's side!" "Here is the patience of the saints, here are they who keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus." (Revelation xiv. 12.) Salvation comes of the Jews. Out of Israel has arisen the sun of purest knowledge. The holy company of prophets sprang from Israel, Moses the servant of God, was of Israel, and the royal singer, David, whose noblest descendant, Jesus, flesh of our flesh, spirit of God's Spirit, was, and is, called to strengthen weary hands, to confirm feeble knees, to quicken the benumbed, to encourage the despondent, to establish God's peace upon earth. "Thine we are, David, and thine thou son of Jesse. Peace, peace be to thee, peace be to thy companions, for thy God is with thee." "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek. For therein is the righteousness of God

revealed from faith to faith, as is written. The just shall live by faith." (Romans i. 16, 17.) If a Roman emperor bowed his knee at the cross on which a Roman provincial governor in former days had crucified the King of Glory, why should not Judah at last render due homage and deepest reverence to the greatest and noblest of his sons, and meet Him with the glad acclaim, "Hosanna! Blessed be He that cometh in the Name of the Lord!"

"And a certain woman, which had an issue of blood twelve years and had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse, when she had heard of Jesus, came in the press behind and touched His garment. For she said, If I may touch but His clothes I shall be whole. And straightway the fountain of her blood was dried up, and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague. And Jesus, immediately knowing in himself that virtue had gone out of Him, turned Him about in the press, and said, Who touched my clothes? And His disciples said unto Him, Thou seest the multitude thronging Thee, and sayest Thou, Who touched Me? And He looked round about to see her that had done this thing. But the woman, fearing and trembling, knowing what was done in her, came and fell down before Him, and told Him all the truth. And He said unto her, Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace and be whole of thy plague." (Mark v. 25-34.)

The Jew also has been sick for two thousand years, in vain has he sought healing and help of his physicians; in vain has he spent all his substance—by faith alone and by contact with Jesus, by the power which goes forth from Jesus, can he find healing.

I would point him to Jesus in His heavenly glory, in

His divinity, exalted and great as eternity, as the Redeemer, the Messiah, the Prince of Peace. My witnesses must be those who are called after His glorious name—Christians, anointed, consecrated Christians. But the anointed Christian seeks for certainty, for truth, for purity of heart and morals, for simplicity of life, and heavenly virtues. He lets his light shine before men that they may see his good works and praise his Father in heaven; he follows peace with every man, and holiness without which no man shall see the Lord; he shuns all that is mean and hypocritical, and lives only in that truth which has made him free from envy, hatred and malice, for God has sent forth His Word to heal him, and to save him from destruction, and has given him a mediator, the Son of Man, to tell him what is good, and has said: "Redeem him from going down into the pit, I have found a ransom."

Therefore ought not the heavens to shudder, and be amazed, and tremble exceedingly, when professional Antisemites have the audacity to call themselves Christians. For apart from the fact that John, the preacher in the wilderness, Jesus, the Lamb of God and Son of God, the illustrious Apostle Paul, and all the disciples of Jesus who were sent forth as sheep among wolves, were full-born Semites; their hypocritical excuse that they contend not against religions and creeds, but against races and classes, doubly accuses them before the judgment seat of Christ, and condemns them; for the highest, most glorious axiom of Christianity is just love, love that envieth not, thinketh no evil, love to every man irrespective of class or race. "Yehi Or!" (Let there be light.) And there was light. Christianity has need of the light of the Jesus-sun to be fully conscious of itself, and to quicken the hearts of all. "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to

another, and the Lord hearkened, and heard, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name." (Malachi iii. 16.)

If therefore the Christian speaks of the blood of his Redeemer, which in the first century gave occasion to the superstitious, cruel and hardened heathen to bring repeated blood accusations against the Christians, as again occurred last year in China, Christians ought not to debase themselves and become inhuman like the heathen, and impudently to cast such foolish and groundless accusations in the face of the Jews—the Jews, indeed, who before making use of the flesh of a slaughtered animal must carefully extract the blood, for the use of the blood, nay, even the very sight of it, has a hardening, cruel effect. "But flesh with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof, shall ye not eat." (Gen. ix. 4.) And human blood indeed!—"and your blood of your lives will I require, at the hand of every beast will I require it, and at the hand of man; at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man." (Gen. ix. 5.)

Yet it is insufficient to avert such an injurious accusation from falling on the Jews, that, when the dead body of an hysterical girl is drawn out of the water, physicians, professors and judges, agree in testifying that the body bears no trace of violence. What impression can a Jew form of a religion whose confessors can entertain such a senseless, effete suspicion. Again, such a miscarriage of justice cannot but confirm the befooled people in its delusion, and at the best only momentarily turns aside the evil from the innocent heads of the Jews, for stupidity is many-headed, and like weeds and poisonous plants has a strong after-growth.

