The Russian Mephistopheles.

By Max Hunterberg.
Mephistopheles (Pobiedonostzeff).

"Parliament, Your Majesty, is the greatest danger to your throne and our holy Russia"—(page 31).
THE RUSSIAN

MEPHISTOPELESES.

BY

MAX HUNTERBERG.

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PREFACE.

In making my readers more closely acquainted with the Russian Mephistopheles, whose name and portrait face the title page, my aim is not to amuse, but to enlighten them on the policy of this man, who was for a long time the power behind the Czar, the idol of the Russian reactionaries, the arch-enemy of Tolstoy, the instigator of thirty years relentless persecution, not only of the Jews, but of every party in the Empire that struggles for freedom and enlightenment, whose hand was against any man who dared to speak his mind freely about the holy autocratic régime.

Madam Olga Novikov in her preface to Pobiedonostzeff's "Church and State," says that "Pobiedonostzeff was a man of principle, and true to his convictions." Madam Novikov is perfectly right. But what kind of principles? Principles of the dark ages, principles of autocracy, reaction, and medieval tyranny. "Parlia-
"merit," says the man of principle, "is the supreme political lie that dominates our age. Our children or grandchildren assuredly will see the overthrow of this idol." These were his principles. "May God forbid," says the man of principle, in the book just mentioned, "that we should condemn a man because of his faith. Let each believe as he will." At the same time, however, this speaker of fair words, caused the imprisonment, torture, and exile of tens of thousands of Russian Protestants, stundists, and dukhobors, who had dared to deviate from the practice of his Orthodox Greek Church. Furthermore, he prohibited the Russian press from publishing Tolstoy's appeal on their behalf, and Tolstoy himself was excommunicated from the Greek Church.

The German Mephistopheles only wrought one man's perdition, and that in a legend, but our Russian Mephistopheles proved the undoing of three Czars and the curse of an Empire.
Though Mephistopheles has vanished at the sixth hour on Saturday, March 25th, 1907, he still speaks through his aid-de-camps, who keep his "principles" alive, and confirm his diabolical programme.

If critics are offended at the imperfect composition of this humble work, I may inform them that I was born and educated in the land of the Great White Czar, and have never had the advantage of a single English lesson in this country.

M. F.
CHAPTER 1.

Conscience! what art thou? thou tremendous power!
Who dost inhabit us without our leave;
And art within ourselves, another self;
A master self, that loves to domineer,
And treat the monarch frankly as the slave.
How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds!
Make the past present, and the future frown!
Unnoted, notest each moment misapplied
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass;
Writest our whole history in this restless dream of life.

Young.

It was at a late hour on the night of October 25th, 1905, that the Czar of all the Russias, who sat at his writing table in his magnificent palace, summoned his chief State adviser, Konstantine Pobiedonostzeff (or Mephistopheles, as he was generally called by the students). “The people demand a Constitution,” muttered the Czar, glancing at the Zemstvo petition, which lay on the table before him. “How shall I answer them? Who will counsel me in my hour of trial? Alas! this cruel war has drained my country’s noblest
blood; has emptied her treasury; has wasted her finest cities; has shattered her strongest ships; has shaken our mighty Empire to its very foundation. Is this the time for such demands? Is this—"

"You bemoan your unhappy and afflicted land," interrupted the familiar voice from the central chamber of his heart, the voice of the divine Ambassador.

"May I ask who has brought those calamities upon your Empire? You may state your innocence before the world, you may blame the Japanese, your Ministers, but both of us know well, that it was neither the one nor the other, but your own self, who caused all those calamities.

Have you forgotten that in January, 1904, before you had recalled your Ambassador from Japan, I most emphatically protested against any preparations for war, and reminded you at the same time of your own Peace Conference (at the Hague), to which you had invited the representatives of the nations? And have you forgotten, bow in
presence of the assembly and myself, you
yourself moved a resolution for Universal
Peace? On that memorable day, the
world placed upon your brow a crown far
nobler and fairer than that you received
in your cathedral at Moscow; a crown not
of gold, and diamonds, and rubies, but a
crown above all kingly crowns, the crown
of "Peace-maker of the World." The
world rejoiced, and every human heart
felt glad. At last universal peace is pro-
claimed by Nicholas II., the Czar of
Russia. At last wars shall cease; blood-
shed shall be stayed; pain, anguish, and
sorrow, shall be unknown. No more shall
their eyes gape at the bodies of the slain;
no more shall their homes resound with
the sighing of the mourners, the widowed
and the orphaned. From all parts of the
world arose countless songs of praise, and
prayers ascended to the throne of the
Divine King, for long life and a happy
reign to Nicholas, the Peace-maker. The
Angel of Peace was jubilant, and was con-
gratulated by all the hosts of heaven. You have received innumerable congratulations from all parts of the habitable earth. Heaven greeted earth with Peace; the winds blew the trumpets of Peace; the mountains echoed Peace; the birds sang Peace; the trees greeted each other with Peace; and the beasts of prey ceased to kill on your coronation day, that they might not disturb this Universal Peace. The seas, and oceans, sent a congratulatory message to your Neva, and all of them rejoiced that they should be no more messengers of war; that they should no more carry warships, torpedo-boats and destroyers, and other scientific instruments of battle, to the inventing of which man had devoted all his skill and energy that he might the better destroy human life. Among the divine ambassadors I was the happiest to represent the Divine King in the heart of the world's Peace-maker. But alas! what a bitter disappointment you have brought upon the world and myself.
Your lips that have proclaimed peace at the Hague, have proclaimed war in your holy Church at Moscow. And thus, the beautiful crown of universal peace, you have thrown to the ground, and replaced it by the crown of war. At the first report of the guns (which by your ukaz were sent to Port Arthur), the Eastern sky covered her face with dark thick clouds, and refused to look upon the flow of blood. And a black mournful veil shrouded the whole face of nature. The thundering of guns mingled with the shrieks and groans of the dying and wounded, echoed through the mountains, and the disappointed Angel of Peace shed bitter tears. The peaceful air was filled with dark red smoke, and the stormy winds blew the trumpet of war! Horror! Bloodshed! The trees shook their heads mournfully; the birds were silent, and sang no more of peace, and at every sound of the booming cannons, their little ones trembled in their nests, and took refuge beneath their mothers' wings.
Bitter tears gathered in the eyes of the Czar.

"You have disregarded my protest," pursued the divine Ambassador, "and have thrown the crown of Peace to the ground. You have stained it with the blood of thousands of innocent men, women and children. You have filled your Empire with widows and orphans, whose loved ones were torn from them, and at your behest sent to stain the sea of Japan with their innocent blood, and to fill the graves of Manchuria with their mutilated bodies. Thus the same hearts who were glad and happy at your peace proclamation, are now sad and sorrowful, and look upon you no more as the Peace-maker of the world, but as the executioner of their husbands, fathers, and brothers.

It was by your ukaz, that money was collected at home, and loans were negotiated abroad, to enable you to send three hundred thousand sons of your Empire, who called you their father, and whom you called
your children, to be torn for ever from their homes, and their beloved ones, to be killed and buried in Manchuria. Thus to satisfy your pride, you have accomplished to perfection your thoughtless, merciless, cruel, brutal, shameless, and inhuman scheme. And all the while, you would have the world believe that you were saving the honour of your Empire; but in reality you—"

"Oh! my conscience! cease to torture me," exclaimed the Czar, in an agitated tone of voice, rising from his chair and walking to and fro. "You merciless accuser. You always remind me of the same. I have no peace from you, neither by day nor by night. There is no defence before you."

Poor Nicholas! He would rather listen to the tolling of a hundred bells, though each were as the great bell of Moscow, than hear the gentle voice of his conscience. What would he not offer, might he but expeel this most "merciless accuser?"; the
whole of his army, the remainder of his shattered fleet, the bravest of his cossacks, he would set against it. Nay, all the guns of his Empire, and would even borrow the guns of his friend Wilhelm, and set them to fire at it, if only to silence its voice. Even the brave General Trepoff with his skilful secret police could not find a means to expel the severe ambassador from the central chamber of the Monarch's heart.

Could we find a man in the great Russian Empire, who would dare to offend even by a single word the Great White Czar, the ruler of a sixth part of the globe, the mighty autocrat of a hundred and thirty-five millions of souls, whose life and death depend upon his will; at whose presence, princes, ministers, and generals, tremble in salutation; before whose portrait millions of peasants bend their knees in awe and reverence; whose name rings with great might from the Arctic Ocean to the Black Sea; whose word is not only law, but divine law, and by whose ukaz, thousands
are imprisoned, tortured, and hanged, and tens of thousands are exiled to Siberia, for uttering the slightest criticism on his holy régime.

Yet there is a voice which is situated in the very heart of the great and mighty autocrat, which dares to treat him as the most severe judge, expose his guilty actions, and accuse him as the worst of criminals. This relentless attack, the Monarch must listen to attentively, whether he is pleased or not, for he is powerless to silence that voice.

In all probability the Czar had no personal desire for war, but was forced by his mother and the Grand Dukes (mindful of their vast speculations in the Far East) to give full authority to their human tool of destruction, Admiral Alexieff, who instead of coming to peaceful terms with Japan, reviewed sixty thousand troops in Port Arthur, and secured himself with the most powerful warships, in case the "insignificant pagan Jap" should dare to attack him. Meanwhile, at home
the high priest, Pobiedonostzeff (or Mephistopheles) prayed to the holy mother, and the holy saints, for victory over the "heathen" Japanese, and congratulated the Little Father on his additional Islands of Japan. All these facts were known to his divine ambassador, but were wholly disregarded and unheeded.

Poor Nicholas! the mutiny on the battleship, Kniaaz Potemkin, and the assassination of his minister, De Phleve, and his uncle, the Grand Duke Sergius, have shattered all his nerves. Threatening letters and bombs are his daily visitors, and though unwilling, he is often compelled to give them an audience, even in his own private chamber. Every morsel of food he carries to his lips with a trembling hand, which he often mistrusts. Again and again he examines his own hand, to make sure that it is not the hand of a Nihilist.

Poor Nicholas! Among his Grand Dukes, ministers, and counsellors, he has not a true friend, to whom he could pour out the
sorrow of his heart. His magnificent palace, with all its wealth and splendour, with all its marble statues, beautiful fountains, and sweet scented flowers, is to him a solitary island in the middle of the great Russian ocean. Russia is in revolt, the Treasury is empty of roubles. Witte suggested to him that the only way to raise a loan was to negotiate abroad, that the only way to improve the political and social conditions of the Empire, was to grant the people a Constitutional Government.

"Ah! Edward! Edward! thou art truly a happy King," thought the Czar, sitting down in his chair, folding his hands across his chest, and leaning his weary head on his breast. "You drive about the streets of London in an open carriage, cheer after cheer rings from the throats of your beloved subjects. No threatening letters or bombs visit your rooms. Ah me! here I am imprisoned in this beautiful palace, guarded by sentinels, within and without. I too would like to be a popular Czar, I too would
drive in an open carriage in the streets of my capital, without troops or guards, I too would listen to the cheers of my beloved people, and be presented with flowers by the little ones. But alas! you are not aware that Nicholas is the most unhappy monarch in the world.

I would willingly grant the people a Constitutional Government, but I am opposed by all. My mother and my Uncle Vladimir would not even hear its name mentioned.

Thus my only hope is Pobiedonostzeff. He is the oldest and most experienced statesman, and has served the state for over half a century. He retires annually to a monastery, fasts for days, and consults the holy saints for the welfare of my Empire. My father thought the world of him, my mother worships his footsteps, and all my relatives think him to be the wisest statesman, and the most profound scholar in all my Empire. And yet, I cannot fully understand him. Why does he always
oppose any liberal reforms, which should be for the good of the people? Why does he so bitterly oppose a Constitutional Government? He advised me to make war with heathen Japan, and told me that the only way to bring this pagan nation into our holy orthodox faith, and civilise it, was to subdue it by arms. I listened to his counsel, and declared war. But with what result? Ah! it makes me shudder to think of it. No, no, I will not give it a thought. I shall awake my conscience. To my father, he always advocated the principles of autocracy, as the only way to bring happiness to Russia. My poor father lived in constant terror of being killed by a bomb, and now Pobiedonostzeff always recommends me to follow in my father's footsteps, to pass through the same vale of misery."

At last the angel of sleep took pity on the troubled Monarch, embraced him in her tender arms, and gently closed his eyes. He dreamed that he saw his
grandfather, Alexander II., standing before him, wearing the same bloodstained uniform, which he wore on the day of his assassination. He gazed at the Czar with a pitiful expression on his face.

"Holy Mother and Holy Saints! is that you Diedushkah?" exclaimed the Czar in bewilderment. "Is this the Resurrection Day, and are you the first to awake?"

"I am come to warn thee, Nicholas, against the old man who intends to complete the ruin of your Empire."

"What old man, Diedushkah?"

"Your chief state-adviser, Pobiedonostzeff."

"Holy Mother! What does it all mean? Am I dreaming, or am I awake?"

"It is no dream, Nicholas," said his grandfather.

"Pobiedonostzeff brought death upon me, poisoned your father's mind, and turned him against me. And now he has a desire to ruin you and your Empire. I know that he is Grandfather."
coming here to-night, and you will consult whether or not to grant the people a Constitutional Government. Take no heed of his counsel, for it will bring you and your Empire to destruction."

"Holy Mother and Holy Saints protect me! Can it be possible? Tell me all Diedushkah, tell me."

"In 1881, when I was advised by my minister, Count Luris Melikoff, to grant the people a Constitutional Government, Pobiedonostzeff, who was then State Counsellor, opposed the project, by declaring that a Parliament would endanger the throne and the holy orthodox Church. But I gave my decision in favour of a Constitution. To prevent the publication of my Constitution, Pobiedonostzeff conspired with the third section of the secret police to execute a number of students for the most trifling offences, because he knew this would arouse the anger of the people against me.

Accordingly, in the beginning of March of the same year, a large number of innocent
students were hanged openly in the principal cities of the Empire. Mark, Nicholas, those executions had been declared to the people to be "by order of the Czar," and I knew nothing about them.

On Sunday, the day before the publication of the Constitution, as I was returning from a military review, I was assassinated. So I warn you again to—"

A gentle knock at the door awoke the Czar from his slumber.

The monarch raised his head and looked wildly around him. When his eyes travelled towards the door, he observed the Czarina. Her presence brightened him, although he was not pleased with her for interrupting his most interesting dream.

"I came to see what keeps you so late, Nicholas," said the Czarina, apologetically.

"I shall be engaged for some time yet, dear, as I am waiting for Pobiedonostzeff," said the Czar, in a soft, trembling voice. And without uttering another word, turned
his face towards the writing-table, and fixed his eyes upon a document which lay before him.

"My poor Nicholas looks troubled," thought the Czarina, as she left the room.

"What can it all mean?" soliloquised the Czar. "I must have been dreaming. But what a strange dream it was! My Diedushkah has come to warn me against Pobiedonostzeff's counsel. I am so grieved that Alice awoke me.

Ah, Holy Mother! Holy Mother! could I have believed, that this old man, who retires annually to a monastery, and fasts for days, was the cause of the death of my Diedushkah, and of so much misery in my Empire. What do I know, perhaps many innocent son is hanged or exiled to Siberia in my name!

Now I can see, that it is no wonder I am hunted by invisible enemies, by day and by night. No wonder they are after my life! Is it surprising that bombs and threatening letters are frequently found in
my rooms? Now that he is coming here to-night, I will speak my mind to him. I will also tell my mother that her 'grand old man,' whose footsteps she worships, brought about the death of my Diedushkah, and is ruining my Empire. I will tell her all that my Diedushkah said.”

The door opened, and the general on duty announced his Holiness Pobiedonostzeff, and in a few moments, an old man of seventy-eight years of age, entered the royal chamber.

Konstantine Petrovich Pobiedonostzeff, or Mephistopheles, was born at Moscow in 1827, and in 1860, like his father before him, he became Professor of Civil Law in the University of his native city. He published several works, among which a history of the Russian Orthodox Church, and a history of Civil Law, were the most important. The latter was the means of gaining him the important post of tutor to the Imperial Princes, and eight years later he was raised to the dignity of Senator.
In 1672, he became a member of the Imperial Council. In 1880 he was appointed Chief Procurator of the Most Holy Synod—an office which carries with it full control of the Russian Church and ecclesiastical affairs. Thus he has the same authority over the Clergy as the Czar has over officialdom; or in other words, Mephistopheles was the Czar over the Clergy, who must obey all his commands.

Mephistopheles, the idol of the reactionary school, looked much younger than his age. His face was clean-shaven, and his dark penetrating eyes were sheltered by steel-framed spectacles. He wore a dark blue suit, with neither medals nor stars on his breast.

"I am sorry to have troubled Your Holiness, at so late an hour," said the Czar, pointing his visitor to a chair near the table.

"It is always a pleasure to me to be at Your Majesty's service," said
Mephistopheles, walking up to a corner of the room, where a gilt framed Ikon of the Mother of Jesus hung on the wall, with a lamp burning in front of it. He knelt before the Ikon, murmured some incoherent words, crossed himself, rose, and went up, to the chair, indicated by the Czar, and sat down, crossing one leg over the other.

"Witte suggested to me, that I should grant the people a Constitutional Government, and I have especially sent for Your Holiness to hear your opinion regarding the matter.

Mephistopheles' face darkened, he would have preferred a double dose of poison, to hearing the mention of either Witte, or Constitution, especially from the lips of his second royal pupil.

"I have always stated my view to Your Majesty, that a Constitutional Government (which implies Government by a Parliament) is among the falsest of political principles, for it is nothing less than the principle of the sovereignty of the people,
the principle that all power issues from the people, and is based upon the national will. A principle, alas! which unhappily has been firmly established since the French Revolution. Thence proceeds parliamentarianism pure and simple, which up to the present day has deluded so many of the so-called intellectuals. It still continues to maintain its hold on many minds, and among its victims is Your Majesty's great Witte. Although every day its falsehood is more clearly apparent to the world.

Parliament, Your Majesty, is an institution serving for the satisfaction of the personal ambition, vanity, and self-interest of its members—it is the greatest political lie known to our age. It is sad to think that even in Russia there are men like Witte, Prince Mirsky, and many others, who hope for the establishment of this falsehood among us; that our professors hold up to the eyes of our youth representative government as the ideal of.
political science; that a certain portion of our press praise it under the name of 'Justice and Order.' And yet, although centuries have sanctified its existence, faith is fast decaying, for while the liberal intelligence exalts the principle, the people groan under its despotism, and recognise its falsehood.

We may not see, but our children or grandchildren assuredly will see the overthrow of this idol, which contemporary thought, in its vanity, continues still to worship.

Our Holy Mother, and our Saints, have hitherto preserved our holy Russia from this falsehood, and now, Witte is persuading Your Majesty to have it established in our Empire.

I frankly warn Your Majesty, that as soon as this falsehood is established among us, our orthodox Russians will be led astray by the Liberals and the heretical Jews, as the English were deluded by Disraeli, the Jew. They, you remember, instead of
taking the wise counsel of our esteemed friend, Gladstone—to be neutral in the Russo-Turkish war of 1878, allowed that Jew to interfere between us and heathen Turkey.

Thus, after all our sacrifice of so many lives, we were prevented by that Jew from conquering the pagan state, and from saving our orthodox believers from the intolerable yoke of the savage Turk. This is the result of having a Parliament, of giving the people full freedom over the administration of the Empire.

Parliament, Your Majesty, is the greatest danger to your throne and our holy church, and if one be established in Russia, it may easily lead to a second French Revolution, and might end with the same fate as Louis XVI."

Every word of the last sentence he pronounced slowly, emphasising every syllable. The penetrating eyes of Mephistopheles were steadily fixed on the Czar, to see whether his speech had made an
impression upon the monarch. In this, however, he was disappointed, for though the Czar listened attentively to all that was said, yet his face did not wear its usual look of warm devotion and reverence, but a cold expression of suspicion and distrust.

"I am already acquainted with the views of Your Holiness through reading your Essays on 'Church and State.'

Your Holiness, however, should take into consideration this fact, that Russia is in revolt, and if I do not make some reforms, it may lead to terrible consequences."

"May I inform Your Majesty, that it is not our orthodox Russians who are discontented, but only certain sections of the people: for instance,—the Liberals, the Poles, the hot-headed Students, and, in particular, the heretical Jews, who are continually inciting our orthodox Russians, to all kinds of mischief. It was these people you know, who, but a little while ago, incited the workmen of St. Petersburg so that they had the impudence to demand political
reforms from Your Majesty in person, a thing which has never before occurred in the history of Russia. We may be thankful that they were promptly reminded of their folly by the energetic measures of His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Vladimir and General Trepoff.*

Similar disturbances occurred towards the end of the reign of your grandfather—"

Here the Czar shuddered, and turned pale. The whole dream appeared before him. And now he sat face to face with the man who had caused the death of Alexander II.

The sudden change of the Czar's face did not pass unnoticed by Mephistopheles, but he attached an entirely wrong meaning to it. He thought that in this lesson from the days of Alexander II., he had at last found a good weapon, with which to frighten the monarch from establishing a Constitution, and he was determined to

* On 22nd January, 1905,—"Red Sunday,"—thousands of harmless men and women were massacred in the streets of St. Petersburg by the troops.
make the best use of his opportunity.

"Your grandfather spoiled the people by giving too many reforms, so forsaking the path of our sacred traditions. He even went so far, as to grant them a Parliament. Being aware of the danger which this great blunder would bring upon our holy Russia, I strongly advised him not to venture upon such a step; but alas!" (here he sighed) "he took no notice of my counsel, and Your Majesty knows the sad consequences.

When your father ascended the throne, he was at a loss what to do, and was so much carried away by the influence of the State Counsellors (the majority of whom were, of course, Liberals), that he was in favour of granting the people the Constitution, which had been drawn up by your grandfather. Fortunately, soon after the decision of the Council, I informed your father of the many dangers of a Constitutional Government. Most happily, he took my advice, and our holy Russia was saved from destruction.

Thus, if your grandfather had taken
notice of my warning, he would have continued a happy reign, but—"

"Will your Holiness explain to me" (interrupted the Czar, who could listen no longer the false story of Mephistopheles), "who were the assassins of my Diedushkah?"

"Nihilists," was the prompt reply.

"What kind of people are these Nihilists?"

"The Nihilists are the most dangerous enemies to Your Majesty's throne and to our holy orthodox Church. They are so dangerous that I have circulated a pastoral letter condemning them, and have instructed prayers to be offered in our holy Churches for their destruction.

They do not recognise the supreme authority of Your Majesty's Autocratic Government, but are only striving to establish in our holy Russia a Parliament which I have already demonstrated is the greatest danger to Your Majesty's throne and our holy Church."
Mephistopheles felt happy. He thought that he had at last brought his royal pupil to his former ideas.

"Kindly explain to me," said the Czar, "how it is that, whereas my Diedushkah was then willing to grant the people a Constitutional Government, or a Parliament as we may call it, these Nihilists nevertheless put him to death. Has not Your Holiness just said that those Nihilists are striving hard to establish a Parliament in Russia, the very thing that my Diedushkah was willing to grant?"

Mephistopheles did not reply. He cast his eyes on the floor. He had not expected such a question from his royal pupil. He began to cast about in his mind for an answer, but could find none suitable.

So he stood condemned by his silence. Thus the great and mighty Pobiedonostzeff, who had dictated to three monarchs, who was the power behind the throne, who appointed and deposed Ministers and Counsellors, whose word was even mightier
than the Czar's, before whom even official Russia had trembled for thirty years, is now standing as a criminal before a judge, too much ashamed to meet the eyes of his questioner.

The Czar became impatient, and his face assumed an angry expression.

"Pobiedonostzeff! remember, I am your Emperor!" he exclaimed in a loud, firm voice, rising from his chair, "and I demand the *truth* from your lying lips. Look me straight in the face, and tell me frankly and sincerely who was the cause of the death of my Diedushkah?"

Mephistopheles, who still looked steadily on the floor, remained for some time speechless. At last his lips began to quiver, and he stammered out—

"Holy Mother, what is the matter with your Majesty?"

"There is nothing the matter with me. Answer my question."

"The Nihilists."

"The Nihilists were the effect. My
question is, who was the cause?"

"I am unable to answer Your Majesty's question."

"Your Holiness is unable to answer my question?

"Alas! alas!" said the Czar, touching an electric bell. The general on duty entered.

"Attend his Holiness to the gate of my palace," and without uttering another word the monarch retired from the royal chamber.
CHAPTER II.

The world has by this time discovered that it is impossible to destroy the Jews. The attempts to extirpate them, have been made under the most favourable auspices, and on the grandest scale. The most considerable means that man could command have been persistently applied to the object for long periods of recorded time. Egyptian Pharaohs, Assyrian Kings, Roman Emperors, Scandinavian Crusaders, Gothic Princes, and holy Inquisitors, have alike devoted their energy to the fulfilment of this common purpose. Expatriation, exile, captivity, confiscation, tortures, the most ingenious, and massacres on the most extensive scale, which would have broken the heart of another people, have been tried in vain.

The Jews are more numerous at this date than they were during the reign of Solomon, the wise. They are found in all lands, and prosper in most. All which proves, that it is in vain for man to attempt to baffle the inexorable law of nature which has decreed that a superior race shall never be destroyed or absorbed by an inferior.

In less than twenty minutes Mephistopheles arrived at his residence in the Litiny Prospect, where he found waiting for him his old friend and colleague, Count Dmitry Ivanovich Dubasoff, Secretary to the Holy Synod.

"I am glad you are here Dmitry
Ivanovich," said Mephistopheles, throwing himself in an armchair.

"I am anxious to learn the result of your interview with the Czar."

"Plocho! plocho! (bad! bad!) Dmitry Ivanovich, I am bitterly disappointed in our Little Father," said Mephistopheles, mournfully.

"He began to speak of granting the people a Parliament."

"A Parliament!" exclaimed the Secretary, in astonishment.

"Yes, a Parliament, that cursed Constitution, that political Institution which I hate with all my heart and soul, and which, for thirty years, I have done all in my power to keep outside the borders of our holy Russia. I am at a loss to understand what has come over him. To-night, he did not seem to me to be the same Czar. His strange and peculiar questions about assassins, Nihilists, etc., and, to my great astonishment, about the assassination of his grandfather, all topics on which I had
never heard him speak before. He has always approved of my counsels, but tonight he treated me worse than a moujeck."*  

"Does he really intend to grant the people a Parliament?"

"He has not given his decision," said Mephistopheles, cleaning his spectacles with a handkerchief, "that accursed Witte," he added, putting on his spectacles, "that padlez (scoundrel), is leading our Little Father astray, and it seems to me that he will make the Czar grant the people a Parliament."

"May the holy Mother and the holy Saints," said the Count, making the sign of the cross, "restrain our Little Father from such evil projects."

Both were silent for some moments. Mephistopheles was the first to speak.

"I will try my utmost that there may be no Parliament in Russia, if I can help it. I will inform the Czar's mother of my interview, I will tell her all he has said to..."
me. I will implore the Grand Dukes not to let him carry out his project!

Ah! what a great loss I have sustained in the assassination of my never-to-be-forgotten friends the Grand Duke Sergius, and De Phleve. Zshalkoh, zshalkoh (a pity, a pity). If only they were alive, they would have seen that there was no parliamentary comedy in our holy Russia. I had only to give De Phleve a hint, and Kishenev and Homel were streaming with the blood of the heretics.

They! the Jews! Dmitry Ivanovich, are inciting the people to revolt, and preach to our orthodox Russians about this parliamentary comedy; they are dangerous enemies to our autocratic Government. They are a cunning people, who always strive for knowledge and fill the simple minds of our orthodox Russians with all kinds of revolutionary ideas.

For thirty years I have devoted all my energy to exterminate this dangerous enemy, but it is of no avail. The late
Grand Duke Sergius knew my dislike for them, and he hunted them out of our holy Moscow."

"Don't you think, Konstantine Petrovich," said the Count, "that the best way would be to convert them by force to our holy Orthodox Faith (if they refuse to turn freely)? In time they would cease to exist as a race."

"It is a good idea, Dmitry Ivanovich, but their conversion will do no good to our holy Russia. In Spain, for instance, they were compelled at the point of the dagger to embrace Christianity; they professed it openly, but, in secret, they kept their own faith. Thus, if we convert them, they may perhaps profess, but in secret they will cling to their own religion, and, at the same time, we would have to give them the same privileges as our orthodox Russians. Then they would soon fill all the highest ranks; they would become officers, generals, ministers, and our holy Russia would then be governed by Jews. Thus they would put
an end to our sacred traditional Autocratic Régime, and establish a parliamentary comedy.

No, Dmitry Ivanovich, we must exterminate them, and wipe them from the face of our holy Russia.

In the glorious reign of my Royal pupil Alexander III.,” pursued Mephistopheles, after a pause, “the reins of the Government were in my hands, and in that time, over a million Jews were exterminated by pogroms, and exile, and another million of them left our holy Russia.

My friend, Count Ignatiev, for whom I have procured the post of Minister of the Interior, has done a great service to our country by his famous laws for expelling those heretics from the principal cities and villages, and drove them into a pale of settlement. That was a good idea! Dmitry Ivanovich, it did not give them the least opportunity of mixing freely with the peasants, or of having any social intercourse whatever, with our orthodox Russians.
At the Universities, and other educational institutions, I have reduced their numbers by two per cent. I intended to exclude them altogether from all our educational institutions, but I could not do it, on account of the donation of two million roubles by the Jewish magnate Poliakoff, for a Students' Home. However, I have done all I could to exterminate this serpent race, but to no purpose. The more you cut them into fragments, the more they multiply and increase ten-fold.

Ah! Dmitry Ivanovich, my glorious career during the reign of my beloved and never-to-be-forgotten pupil, Alexander III., has vanished like the shadow of a dream, yes, like the shadow of a dream. Alexander III. is dead, and my power died with him.”

Mephistopheles gave a deep sigh, and fixed his eyes on the blue fire which was smouldering in the fire-place.

“What are you saying, Konstantine Petrovich? Your power is not dead!
You have the full support of the Dowager Empress and the Grand Dukes; you have at your service all the official world, the army, and, above all, our holy Church, with its mighty army of fifty thousand priests. No, Konstantine Petrovich, your power is not dead! It has the same might as in the reign of Alexander III."

"Your words console me, Dmitry Ivanovich, but in spite of all you say, I cannot forget how the Czar has treated me, and how he retired from the room without even waiting for me to take leave. Oh! it cuts my heart when I think that during the ten years of his reign, he has always treated me with great respect, approved of all my plans, and that my word has always been law to him. But to-night he has changed entirely, and, notwithstanding my clear and definite exposition of all the evils and dangers which a Parliament will bring upon our holy Russia, he took no notice, but began to question me about Nihilists, etc. And it
grieves me more that he is now under the influence of that accursed Witte, who, since he returned from the Portsmouth Peace Conference, has became the Czar's favourite, and is putting him up to all kinds of mischief.

It was not enough for him to have disgraced our holy Church by marrying a Jewess, now he is trying to bring upon our holy Russia that abomination (a Constitution).

He is a second Luris Melikoff, who was also the favourite of Alexander II., who also filled the Czar's head with evil projects. But we made short work with Czar and minister."

"Cannot we make history repeat itself," said the Secretary, in a whisper, "or, in other words, could we not place our Little Father with his favourite Witte, on a flying machine?"

"You are too hasty in your judgment," said Mephistopheles. "In the first place, our Little Father is too well guarded, and
never leaves the Palace gate; in the second place, we must carefully consider whether such a step would be to our advantage. The death of the Czar might bring about a revolution in Russia, which might end in the fall of the Imperial family. The best plan would be to leave our Little Father to his own projects, and repeat our Russian history in another direction.

We will issue a counter manifesto, and organise patriotic demonstrations against the Czar's Constitution, by making pogroms upon the Jews, Intellectuals, Liberals, etc. These disturbances will prove sufficiently to our Little Father, that a Parliament is not wanted in our holy Russia.

In the first place, Dmitry Ivanovich, write a sermon to be preached in the Churches, after the publication of the Czar's manifesto, of course. State that all the present calamities in our holy Russia are brought upon us by the
enemies of the throne, and of our holy Orthodox Faith: the Liberals, the Revolutionaries, and, particularly, the heretical Jews, who have caused a war between Russia and Japan, and the American Jews even sent a battleship full of dollars, as a present to the Emperor of Japan, to enable him to fight our orthodox brethren. The Jews have betrayed and crucified the Son of God; they kill Christian children at every Passover, and use their blood. It is, therefore, a holy duty of every orthodox Russian to exterminate these enemies of our Throne and of our holy Orthodox Church. Conclude, 'by order of the Czar,' etc. The finishing touch you will know well enough how to write, as it is not the first time you have written it."

"You can depend on me, Konstantine Petrovich. I will finish it to perfection."

"Also you will write out a counter manifesto, similar to the sermon, but touch more on the political point. Now, after you have made up the sermon, send
it to the Editor of the Novoe Vremia, and ask him to print fifty thousand copies, and a half-million large bills of our counter manifesto. The former you will send to the Metropolit* of Moscow, with instructions to have them all delivered to the priests of all the Churches in the Empire. About the latter, I will arrange with General Treppoff. We will have the bills of our counter manifesto posted all over the land.

Remember, after the publication of the Czar's Constitution, our holy work will begin. You understand, Dmitry Ivanovich?

"Perfectly," said the Count, rising from his seat, "and may the holy Mother and the holy Saints bring success, and fill the hearts of our loyal Russians with courage to do their work effectually."

"Amen," said Mephistopheles, and the two friends parted.

* Archbishop.
CHAPTER III.

AN ATTACK UPON SHAKESPEARE AND TOLSTOY.

On the following day Count Dmitry Dubasoff received a letter from the Rector of the University, which ran as follows:

Your Excellency,—It is with great reluctance that I pen these lines in reference to a disturbance which occurred in the University, and which was caused by your son, Paul. Marcus Blumenthal, a Jewish student, had in his possession a forbidden book of Tolstoy's. On being informed of the fact, I immediately demanded the book, and acting according to the University's rules, I ordered his expulsion from the University. To my surprise, your son, Paul, stepped forth, and, in presence of the students, declared openly that he had lent the book to Marcus Blumenthal, and protested against his expulsion. Subsequently, all the students joined in the protest, and demanded the withdrawal of the order, shouting in chorus, "Long live Tolstoy! Long live Parliament! Down with Autocracy!" Under these circumstances, I had no alternative but to summon a regiment of Cossacks, whose nagaikis soon restored order. Had Paul not been your son I would most decidedly have handed him over to Captain Brutovsky, Chief of the third section of the Secret Police. However, to keep your excellency's name out of this affair, I have communicated with the Censor to prohibit the press from publishing any account of the matter.

Yours obediently, R. Bazanoff.
“Most disgraceful! most disgraceful!” muttered the Count, folding the note carefully, and placing it in the envelope.

“Reading the old maniac’s books and mixing with the Jews. He is disgracing my name with his mad actions. I must put a stop to it.”

So saying, he rang the bell. A servant entered the room.

“Is Paul in?”

“Yes, Barin.”

“Tell him to come into my room.”

The servant left the apartment. In a few minutes a young man, aged about twenty-five, dressed in student’s uniform, entered the room.

“Your conduct at the University, Paul, was most shameful,” said the Count, angrily.

The young student was taken by surprise. He did not suspect that the affair at the University would become known to his father. He knew his father’s reactionary views, and his intense hatred of the
Hebrew race, and felt ill at ease. Unlike his father, Paul was a burning revolutionary. He was quite familiar with the literature of European culture and civilisation; had visited England and the United States, and the liberal institutions of those countries had made a profound impression on him, so that he had became a bitter enemy of the autocratic régime.

"I could not have remained silent," said Paul, standing before the Count, "and see a fellow-student, whether Jew or Russian, expelled from the University for reading a book of Tolstoy's, which I had lent him to read."

"What are you doing, to keep books of the old maniac, or to mix with the accursed Jews?"

"I beg of thee, father, in the name of honour, do not call the old, noble sage, 'maniac.' Are you aware that Leo Tolstoy is the greatest thinker and philosopher in our age?

He is our Socrates, who for preaching,
against the Russian gods, and for teaching true Christianity, has been scoffed at, jeered at, and spit upon in the streets of his Fatherland. That 'maniac,' father, a man over whose noble head hovers the autocratic dagger.

He is our Russian Jeremiah, who weeps over the afflicted children of his country; he is our Russian Sun, whose glorious light illuminates the soul of our dark land; he is our Russian Star, whose sparkling brilliancy of justice and truth, arouses the wonder and admiration of every nation in civilised Europe."

"Civilised Europe! ha, ha, ha," laughed the old Count.

"Civilised Europe may well admire your Russian Socrates. He gives her ample amusement by his ridicule of our holy orthodox Church; by his abuse of our Little Father, and by his condemnation of our noble régime! Your Sun of Russia enlightened, indeed, the mind of our orthodox Russians by his heretical teachings.
Were it not for the energetic measures, which His Holiness Pobiedonostzeff took in excommunicating the old heretic from our holy Church, and exterminating his followers, they would have ruined our holy Russia! Why, after they had been exiled, the old heretic had the impudence to publish in the press an appeal on their behalf; pshaw, we know well how to stop that little game."

"Pardon me, dear father! You misunderstand his works and teachings. Leo Tolstoy does neither abuse our Little Father, nor does he condemn our 'noble' régime, nor does he ridicule our holy Church. Like the landscape artist, he only draws a true natural picture of our holy Russia, which many a noble Russian had done before him. Alas, with what reward. They were exiled to pine away, either in Petropavlosky Krepost, or in the mines of Siberia. Tolstoy, though, has been more fortunate. He has been spared so far. The British Lion and the
American Eagle have acted sentinels at the gate of Vasnava Poliana.

Leo Tolstoy pleads only for the admission of justice, liberty, and true Christianity, into the gates of Russia. And you look upon him as an enemy to his country, and you call him a maniac. Then according to your opinion, the nations of the world who read and admire his works, are also maniacs, and we holy orthodox Russians are the only sane people in the world!"

The old Count shook his head, mournfully.

"My son! my son! your voice is the same, but your ideas are strange," said the father, sympathetically.

"I do, indeed, regret that I have allowed you to travel abroad. For since you have come from England and America you speak and act as if you had come from a lunatic asylum."

"I am exceedingly grieved, father, that you should have such a poor opinion of
your own son."

"For, had you been of a sound mind," resumed the Count, "you would not have disgraced my name by attaching yourself to a Jew. Phie!" exclaimed the old man, in a disgusted manner, turning his face towards the table.

"Father! why do you hate the Jews," said Paul, in a soft, pleading voice.

"They are human beings like ourselves, walk on the same earth, breathe the same air, and enjoy the same sun's light. They are a scattered and a homeless race, without a country of their own. Yet, they are mercilessly persecuted in our holy Russia.

Four centuries ago, Spain, for instance, treated her Jewish subjects with the most relentless cruelty, and in the end drove them from their homes to wander into strange lands. What did she gain by it? Did she gain admiration from the civilised world? Is she to-day a greater or a wealthier nation, than she was before her inhuman inquisition? How true are the lines
of the English poet;—

'Lo! where the dotard Empress, Spain,
With loosened necklace stands,
While those fair jewels, grain by grain,
Slip from her nerveless hands;
Unmoved, she sees her pearls depart,
And smiles with alien eyes,
For, heavy on her palsied heart;
The curse of Israel lies.'

In my opinion, father, it ought to be the duty of every Russian who has a Christian heart, not only not to persecute, but to be friendly, brotherly, and sympathetic towards our Saviour's race."

"To be sympathetic towards the murderers of the Son of God?" thundered the Count, in a rage. "To be friendly to the enemies of our Throne and our holy Church? Madness! Paul! You are raving!"

The face of the old Count was inflamed, and his eyes sparkled with anger.

"Forgive me, father, for taking the liberty of stating my views frankly. The Jews are not enemies to our Throne, nor to our holy Church. They do not
interfere with our Faith, but humbly submit to the restrictive measures imposed upon them; they pay all the necessary taxes, and for every breath of God's air on Russian soil, the officials extract payment from them. Their loyalty to the State is sufficiently proved by their contribution to our army of over sixty thousand Jewish soldiers, thirty thousand of whom were sent to the theatre of war, and thousands of whom died on the battlefield, fighting bravely for our Fatherland.

Nay, from St. Petersburg alone, out of one hundred and fifty doctors, who volunteered to go to the seat of war, ninety were Jews. And I also with pleasure inform you, that Doctor Abram Blumenthal, the father of Marcus, whose friendship you say disgraces your name, is among their number."

This striking proof of the loyalty of the Jews to the State, did not change the Count's bitter hatred towards that unhappy race. Being refuted by his "mad" son he
was still determined to attack the Jews.

"Whether they are loyal or not is immaterial to me, but you must admit that they are swindlers, tricksters, usurers, and Shylocks, who always thirst for Christian blood, and a pound of Christian flesh. Well has the great English Shakespeare depicted them in his 'Merchant of Venice,' ha, ha, ha."

Paul did not reply. He was silent and became thoughtful; the quoting of Shakespeare's Shylock by the old Count was a surprise to him, who was so familiar with his father's dislike for the English, and had never guessed that the Count found leisure to study the plays of Shakespeare. It was a piece of clever strategy of the old man's, to attack the Jews with so powerful a weapon as Shakespeare's "Shylock."

He looked at Paul with an air of triumph, and, observing the silence of the young student, thought that he had at last found a means to cure his son of his "madness."

The honour of Marcus was at stake, and the warm and affectionate feeling which
Paul had for his Jewish friend made him determined to take up the defence.

Paul, though having sufficient courage, did not feel strong enough to refute the intellectual Goliath of the English. Not to be beaten, however, he summoned to his aid two most powerful allies:

"You should take into consideration," said Paul, "that Shakespeare, who wrote the "Merchant of Venice," in the 15th century, had formed his gentle 'Shylock' from no personal experience, nor from personal observation. In point of fact, in the age of Shakespeare, there were no Jews in England. He, therefore, had sketched his Shylock from the material furnished of prejudiced stories about the Jews, which were fabricated abroad, probably in Germany. And the dark colours with which Shakespeare has so artistically ornamented the character of his Shylock was the product of his imagination.

Thus, the only conclusion we can draw from Shylock's kind request of Antonio is,
that Shakespeare's love for the Hebrew race was evidently not less in its depth than the love of my dear father. Otherwise, Shakespeare would have been just and milder in his judgment, and more correct in drawing the character of a son of the Chosen Race. Contrast—"

"Shakespeare was quite correct," interrupted the Count.

"Allow me, father, to finish, then you can state your views.

Contrast Lessing, who wrote in an age of equal intolerance. His Nathan, the wise, is an embodiment of sublime virtue. And Lessing by taking a Jew for his hero made thereby the amends honourable in the name of humanity.

'It is impossible,' as a German critic says, 'to acquit Shakespeare of the prejudice of his age. He has morally sinned and artistically erred.'

'Let us look closer into the 'Merchant of Venice,'" says the critic,—'Shylock deals in money—to-day we should call him a
banker. Why does he deal in money?
Because it is the only trade permitted to him. He does not carry on an industry, has no agricultural pursuits, no official station, no trade but money lending. If the Jew, after centuries of restriction, kept away from all social life, did cling to money, whose fault was it? And yet none can say anything too dishonourable of Shylock. He is pernicious. In no law-book in the world is this denominated a crime. What is against this man? Simply nothing more than that he is a Jew. And for the poet who is enthroned on the Olympian heights, there should exist the man, and not the Jew. Shylock is revengeful. Well! Who has brought that about? Only they who have despised him. They crown him with their infamy, by asking him to become Christian. That is the very depth of baseness. What is left to the poor Jew, whom you have trodden underfoot, when you rob him of his faith? It is the bond that binds him to his fathers, to-
his home. It has been his solace in persecution a thousand times over. To this faith Israel clings with devoted love, and from this faith shall Shylock turn to become a Christian? No wonder he shrinks with abhorrence from those who torture him so cruelly.

The grand speech—'Has not a Jew eyes, hands, organs,' etc., is the exclamation of a martyred people, who, for centuries, have been the victims of debauched, bigoted priests.'

'Shylock,' says an American critic, 'is of all Shakespeare's characters, the only one untrue to nature. He is not a Jew, but a fiend, presented in the form of one, and, whereas he is made a ruling type, he is but an exception. And the exception is not to be found either in the Ghettos of Venice or Rome. Shakespeare holds up the love of money that marks the race, he does not show that the passion is but the effect of persecution, which by crowding the Jew out of every honourable pursuit, and thus
cutting him off from every sympathy with the world around him, sharpened his brain to the only pursuit left to him.

Shakespeare is not true in the picture he has drawn of the Jew craving for revenge. Revenge is not a characteristic of the Jew. He is subject to sudden fits of passion, but that intellect which has always stood sentinel over the Hebrew, soon subdues the storm. However strong in Shylock's time may have been the hatred of the Jew towards the Christian, the lust of profit was stronger; and Shakespeare might have ransacked every Ghetto in Christendom without finding a Jew, or a Christian either, who would have preferred a pound flesh to a pound sterling. And the Jews also shrink from physical contests. Their disposition is to triumph by intellect, rather than by violence. And it would for that reason, indeed, only be just to exalt the superiority of the Hebrew who has survived all persecutions. We are filled with admiration on finding how many of the great
events, which mark the progress of the ages, may be traced to the wonderful workings of the soul of the Hebrew. And the supremacy of his spiritual nature is evident, for did he not give mankind its noblest religion, its noblest laws, and some of its noblest poesy and music?

"So you see, father, Shakespeare—"

"Enough, Paul, I can bear no longer your raving about the Jews," interrupted the Count.

It was too much for the old man to hear his own son eulogising the people whom he hated from the bottom of his heart.

At that moment the door opened, and the servant announced General Trepoff.
CHAPTER IV.

Mephistopheles' Counter Manifesto.

General Trepoff, the man of the stony heart and the iron hand, was chief of the police of Moscow, whence he was summoned to St. Petersburg to take command of the brave Cossacks, in the memorable battle against the harmless workmen and their women and children, who were soon settled by sword and machine-gun. After his inhuman victory, Trepoff, as a reward for his brilliant service, was raised to the post of Dictator, Governor General of the Capital, and Chief of the Imperial Police of the Empire.

General Trepoff followed the footsteps of his father, who was Chief of Police of St. Petersburg, during the latter part of the reign of Alexander II., and had made himself infamous through the Russian Empire, by his brutal conduct towards political offenders. On one occasion he tortured a political prisoner by tying him to a post in the prison-yard, and causing
him to be beaten with rods till the blood flowed. The other prisoners, on hearing the shrieks and groans of their unfortunate fellow-prisoner, protested by shouting and knocking at their closed cell doors. By order of Trepoff, every one of them was treated in the same cruel manner.

Some time after, a young girl, named Vera Zazulick, residing at the river Volga, read an account of this cruelty. She resolved to kill the tyrant, and thus to make any repetition of this impossible. Accordingly, she came to St. Petersburg, and on meeting Trepoff in the street fired at him. She failed, however, in her purpose, for Trepoff was only slightly wounded. She was immediately arrested, and tried by a Civil Court (which was then instituted by the liberal Czar Alexander II.). The jury found her not guilty, and amidst the cheering and applause of the public left the Court a free person.

General Trepoff, his only son, seemed to be more fortunate than his father.
Although he exceeded his father in brutality, he escaped six times from the hand of the assassin.

"I am pleased to see you, General," said the old Count, pressing his hand warmly, and leading him to a chair.

"What is the matter with your son?" said Trepoff, as he sat down on the chair.

"I have met him in the lobby—he looked sternly at me, without acknowledging my greeting?"

"Oh! my dear General, since Paul returned from abroad he seems to be out of his mind. He does nothing else but continually praise the old maniac Tolstoy and the heretical Jews. This very morning, I have done my utmost to expose the wickedness of the Jews and the evil works of the old maniac. But he, instead of taking notice and agreeing with me, began to sing their praises, until I could bear it no longer, and I had to put a stop to it. I sent him back to the University, but it made him worse. There he got to know-
A Jewish student, one Marcus Blumenthal, and struck up a friendship with him. And he, I am sure, will convert him altogether. How glad I should be if I could get him away from his Jewish friend! He is my only child, General, and it grieves me when I think of what has become of him."

"Do not take it to heart, Dmitry Ivanovich," said Trepoff, sympathetically. "Your son, Paul, is young; when he grows into the state of manhood, he will throw away all those silly ideas.

As for his Jewish friend, I will see that he is cleared out of the way. I will give orders to Captain Brutovsky, Chief of the third section. He will make a search in Blumenthal's house, and any scrap of written paper will be enough for us to arrest him. And then your son will be free from his company."

"Thanks, General, thanks. Your words are a solace to my wounded heart,"

"Now, let us come to business," said Trepoff. "Time is short, and we have a
lot of work before us. I have seen His Holiness and have had a long interview with him regarding the Czar’s Constitution. He told me that you were sending the sermons to the priests, and also a counter manifesto to be posted all over Russia. I have come especially to see whether you have the latter ready for me, as the Czar’s Constitution will shortly be published. So we must not lose any time but set at once to work.”

“Certainly, General, I had it ready early this morning.” So saying, he opened a drawer of the writing-table, pulled out a document, and handed it to Trepol. The latter gave a cursory glance at it.

“You may read it out to me, Dmitry Ivanovich. I want to hear how it sounds.”

“With pleasure, General, with pleasure,” said the Count, as he put on his gold-framed eye-glasses, and began to read as follows:—

“Death to the Jews!”
(‘Not a bad beginning,’ thought Trepoff, smiling.)

"Russian people, rise up from your sleep! You are being insulted, scoffed at, and your Great Father, the Czar, knows nothing of it. He is surrounded by such ministers as Witte, and his like. Hearken, brothers! The Great Father, the Czar, is ignorant of your affliction. They tell him nothing about you. Witte does what he likes. Witte is striving to fill the posts with Jews, and, glorious Russians, great is the affliction that awaits you. No longer will you speak Russian, nor pray as orthodox Russians. Our holy Churches will be turned into Jewish Synagogues. Why are you silent? Why are you selling your holy Russia? Why do you give power to those murderers, who betrayed and crucified the Son of God, who are enemies to our Throne and our holy Orthodox Church; who at every Passover kill a Christian child and use his blood; who have sent money to our enemies, the
Japanese, to enable them to fight our orthodox brethren; who have now armed themselves, and are prepared to bathe in Russian blood? And, noble Russians, those murderers are supported by Witte, who married a Jewess. He has gained the confidence of the Czar, by pretending to be a loyal servant to the Throne, while in reality, his sole aim is to become himself Emperor of Russia! He has robbed the people's treasury. He has introduced the spirit monopoly, so as to make the Russian people drunk. And now, that villan, fearing the wrath of the people, has taken refuge in the immediate neighbourhood of the Palace.

Brothers! we will not let our Fatherland go to ruin. Let us rise up against our enemies, the Jews. Let us exterminate them from our holy Russia. Death to the Jews. Death to Witte. Long live the League of the true Russians."

"Excellent," said Trepoff, in an animated voice. "Of course, you will
send it at once to be printed?"

"Certainly," said the Count, folding the document, and placing it carefully in the drawer.

"Have you made up your programme, General?"

"Most decidedly. As soon as the counter manifesto is printed, I will send at once instructions to the Governors and Prefects of all the provinces, to have copies of our counter manifesto posted all over the towns and districts. On the day of the publication of the Czar's Constitution, patriotic processions will be organised by the police. The processionists will be taken to a hall where the Prefect will read to them the counter manifesto. Then, every one will be supplied with a glass of vodka and zakusky, and also with arms, Ikons, Crucifixes, and portraits of the Czar and Czarina. After leaving the hall; they will attend divine service, after which they will parade the streets headed by priests. Then revolver shots will be fired by
disguised policemen at the processionists. After the signal, 'Death to the Jews,' our orthodox patriots will begin their work, which will continue for three days without interruption."

"Your programme is skilful arranged, General. But if Witte sends an order to stop our holy work?"

"Then, I will work against his orders. For the Governors and Prefects are under my authority, and consequently my word to them will be law."

"Do you intend to exterminate the Jews of St. Petersburg also?"

"It is not worth while. For there are not many in the capital. Besides, it is too near the Foreign Ambassadors."

"Of course, you know best, General, and may the holy Mother and the holy Saints crown your holy undertaking with victory."

"I have no doubt of our success," said Trepoff, rising from his chair. "I will keep my word," he added, "about your son's friend, Marcus Blumenthal."
CHAPTER V.

What nations will you find whose annals prove,
So rich an interest in Almighty love,
Where dwell they now, where dwelled in ancient day?

A people, scattered, wattered, blessed as they?
Let Egypt's plagues and Canaan's woes proclaim
The favours pourth upon the Jewish name;
They, and they only, amongst all mankind,
Received the transcript of the Eternal laws,
And constituted guardians of His cause,
Their's were the prophets, their's the priestly call,
And their's, by birth, the Saviour of us all.

Cowper.

"Father will be grieved to hear of your expulsion," said Madam Blumenthal to her son, Marcus, on the evening following his expulsion from the university.

Dr. Abram Blumenthal, who was on his way home from the seat of war, was well known in St. Petersburg, and had gained much popularity in the capital, for his medical skill and generosity of character. He gave large sums to charitable institutions. He was the founder of a hospital in Vasili Ostroff, a quarter inhabited by the poorer working classes. He had taken
particular care to give his son, Marcus, a good education.

Marcus, before entering the university, where he studied law, had private tutors, by whom he was taught modern languages. He had read the works of some of the most prominent German, French, and English authors in the original. And was also familiar with the classical works of the Greek and Latin authors, and had a profound knowledge of Hebrew literature.

"I don't regret having left the university," said Marcus. "The students are treated there worse than prisoners. The university is filled with spies, and police officials, who take notice of every utterance and movement. And if they find a word, which seems in their judgment out of place, they report to the Rector. To be in possession of a forbidden book is a crime and means a punishment. I would rather study in a coal cellar, than in a Russian university, which is supposed to be a temple of knowledge, but in reality is a police station."
“It was very kind of Paul Dubasoff to have spoken on your behalf,” said Madam Blumenthal. She poured out a glass of tea from a samovar, which stood on the centre of the table. “Invite him to our house,” she added, passing the tea to Marcus, “and I will thank him for his kindness.”

“I shall see him to-night at eight, and will ask him to come to our house.”

“I am surprised that the son of Count Dubasoff, who is a bitter enemy to the Jews, should have acted in such a kind manner to a son of Israel?” said old Grünblatt, Madam Blumenthal’s father, who sat at the top of the table, holding in his hand a Hebrew journal.

“Paul, Diedushkah, who is a friend of mine,” said Marcus, “does not share his father’s reactionary principles, nor his hatred of our people, and like the rest of us, hopes that the autocratic régime will soon be replaced by the Czar’s Constitution. Liberal Witte, who is a friend to the Jews, will probably be appointed Prime Minister,
and then, our people will demand the same right of citizenship as the Russians."

The old man's face darkened. "You are dreaming, Marcus," said Grunblatt. "The Grand Dukes who have the support of the mighty beaurocracy, and the army, will not suffer themselves to be moved an inch from their autocratic pedestal. Attempts at reforms have been made over and over again. What has been the result? The only reform which did come, was the massacre and plunder of the Jews. Twenty four years ago, when the Czar's father, Alexander III., ascended the throne, Russia was rejoicing, and 'Constitution' was on the lips of every liberal Russian. The mothers were happy with the thought that their sons, were no longer in danger of the scaffold. But they did not rejoice very long, for within twenty-four hours, after the proclamation of the new Czar, his iron-hand awakened Russia from her pleasant dream, and crushed every liberal movement with imprisonment, torture, and exile, and ended his reforms.
by massacring the Jews in all parts of the Empire. After the death of this tyrant, Russia dreamt again of representative Government, but Nicholas II. awakened Russia from her foolish dream, and when she opened her eyes, he told her in a gentle manner that he had confirmed the principles of autocracy. Thus Russian history always repeats itself. No Marcus, there will be no liberty for the Jews in Russia.

The only solution for them is Eretz Israel (the land of Israel), the land of our fathers, kings, and prophets, the land whence the law came forth, the land where the world's altars of learning caught their first spiritual spark, from the flames that glowed within her temple; there only, my child, Israel can worship the God of their fathers, without fear of being massacred; there the Jews can live free and happy, and their voice be heard among the nations of the world. Then the ungrateful Christian will not treat the Jew as an outcast, without a home, without a country. The 'wandering
Jew' will no more require to seek hospitality among his Christian persecutors, he will have a home of his own. Then the kingdom of Israel will send her ambassadors to the states of Europe and protect her sons from persecution in all parts of the world."

There was an expression of earnestness on the face of the old man, and his eyes sparkled with enthusiasm.

"Your ideal for a Jewish kingdom is most admirable," said Marcus. "But explain to me, Diedushkah, how is it, that eighteen centuries have passed and the children of Israel are still wandering in strange lands?"

"Because our brethren are wicked, my child, wicked. They transgress the laws of their fathers, work on the holy Sabbath, do not attend the synagogue, nor do they pray to their Father in Heaven to deliver them from their oppressors, and bring them into their own land."

"You are speaking of an impracticable Zionism," said Marcus. "You are waiting
for a miracle to replace the Turkish Crescent, which is now waving over the Jewish capital, by the standard of Judah, or you are evidently expecting a Messiah to lead the children of Israel to their own land? Miracles may have been necessary in the ancient world, but we can do without them in modern times."

The old man frowned. "Is it not a miracle, that after eighteen hundred years of relentless persecution and massacre, the Israelites are still in existence? And those mighty nations which have oppressed our ancestors were severely punished by the God of Israel, who had wiped them from the face of the earth; Babylon, Assyria, Phoenicia, Macedonia, Greece, Syria, Egypt, Rome, and Spain. What has become of them? Rome, once the mistress of the world,—what has become of her? Visit her, my child, and her ruins will answer. Our Heavenly Father has also punished the children of Israel, but only as a father punishes a disobedient son. But He never
passed in silence the persecution of them by any stranger, without bringing upon him an immediate punishment. When a nation persecuted the Jews the former was immediately conquered and her country laid waste by another nation, and even individual oppressors had shared the same fate. The world's history is a witness always ready to prove my words, and the nations quoted are sufficient evidence to confirm my statement.

Bear in mind, Marcus, that Russia will be no exception. The massacres of the children of Israel in the towns of Kishenev, Homel, and other places, have not been forgotten by the Almighty. In point of fact, Russia has already paid part of her penalty in the war with Japan. The God of Israel had shown her that he can humble her pride, not by a great European power, but even by a small Asiatic nation from the Far East. And Russia's humiliating defeat in the war is sufficient proof that the hand of our Heavenly Father was
upon her. Have you forgotten the memorable words of the Czar in his manifesto after sustaining several defeats in the war. ‘It has pleased Providence,’ he said, ‘to afflict us with great calamities.’ Even the modern Pharaoh himself had at last realised that Japan was supported by the Almighty God. Thus the same God who hardened the heart of the ancient Pharaoh, has done the same with the modern Pharaoh and his counsellors, who felt too proud to aceed to the just and rightful demands of Japan. And as soon as the mighty army of the Czar stood face to face with the enemy it was crushed in every battle, whether by sea or land.

The song of Moses over the victory of Pharaoh, which our ancestor sung three thousand nine hundred years ago, repeats itself in Japan’s victory over the host of the Czar in the sea of Japan. ‘He is my God and I will declare his praises, the God of my fathers and I will exalt Him.’ The war chariots of the modern Pharaoh and his
hosts; the great armada, under Admiral Rogestvensky, he has hurled into the sea of Japan, and the chosen of his captains (the famous Admiral Makharoff with his flagship, Petropavlosk, and seven hundred and fifty officers and men), are sunk in the sea of Port Arthur. 'Thy right hand, O Lord! became glorious in power, Thy right hand, O Lord! has dashed the enemy (of Israel) to pieces.' Nations heard it, and asked, in a trembling voice, 'Can it be true that the mighty Colossus of the North is defeated by the little Jap of the East?' True, my child, true, because 'Ezbah Elohim!' the finger of God was upon her."

"There might be truth in what you say, that the Almighty has punished Russia through the instrumentality of Japan; but surely you do not mean, that, if the Jews were to fast for forty days, and pray in the synagogues from morning till night, that Jehovah would pass the same decree upon the Sultan as on Russia, for keeping the land of Israel, or upon Europe for allowing
him to do so? No, Diedushkah! miracles, as I said before, are only adapted to the age of their occurrence, for the simple reason, that our ancestors during their four centuries residence in idolatrous Egypt, had forgotten the God of their fathers, and worshipped the idols of their adopted country. Consequently, it would have been an utter impossibility for Moses to make the Israelites worship the invisible God of the Universe. Under those circumstances, Jehovah had to perform some wonders, or miracles, such as the ten plagues of Pharoah, the drowning of the Egyptians in the Red Sea, etc., which was the only way to bring the idolatrous Israelites to acknowledge the God of their fathers. But in modern times, unlike their ancestors, the children of Israel, are sufficiently cultured and civilised to have a knowledge of their God without the aid of miracles. The cry they have uttered for three thousand years, 'Shemah Israel Adonoy Eloheinoh, Adonoy Echod!'
(Hear O Israel, the Lord our God is one God!) echoes from the four corners of the earth. Nay, they have taught other nations to worship the God of Israel. In face of these facts, I do not see the necessity why God should perform miracles in modern times or send them a Messiah, or present the Sultan with ten plagues, since He knows that his children are far more enlightened than their ancestors in Egypt, and they can regain their land by miracles performed by themselves.

The modern miracle is a sound stroke of diplomacy signed by the mighty rouble. Our cousin, the Sultan, would prefer the modern miracle, to the ten plagues of Pharoah.

Nor are we wanting in men, who are capable of performing the modern miracle. In point of fact, the man who twenty-eight years ago, by one stroke of diplomacy backed by no mighty rouble, but by his Jewish name alone, saved the capital of Turkey from falling into the iron grip of
the Russian Ruler was a son of Israel."

"Our cousin, the Sultan," joined Madam Blumenthal, (quoting her son’s phrase, though not being aware of the fact that Isaac and Ishmael were both sons of Abraham), "might have shown his gratitude to Lord Beaconsfield, for saving his country, by restoring Palestine to his race."

Marcus and his grandfather exchanged glances, "You are very liberal in your judgment," said old Grunblatt.

"You are perfectly right, dear mother, but only from a woman’s point of view."

"His gratitude is sufficiently demonstrated," rejoined the old man, "in that, though an autocrat like our Czar, and not a Christian, he treats our people with more humanity than the Christian Czar. Moreover I once read in a journal, that a theatrical company who arrived in Turkey with the intention of producing on the stage, Shakespeare’s ‘Merchant of Venice,’ were forbidden by the Turkish Government, lest they should cause a feeling of
prejudice in the Mussalman towards the Jew. It is more than a Christian Government would have done. It shows the paternal care which the Sultan has taken of our brethren. Would the Russian Government have taken such a step?"

"Let us leave Russia alone for the present," said Marcus, "and allow me to continue my argument. After the Franco-German war, the man who relieved France of her financial burden, was also a son of Israel.

To state more facts I will quote Sidonia (Rothschild) from one of Beaconsfield's political novels. 'In spite of centuries,' says Sidonia to Conningsby, 'and tens of centuries of degradation, the Jewish mind exercises a vast influence on the affairs of Europe. I speak not of their laws which you still obey, of their literature, with which your minds are saturated, but of the living Hebrew intellect. You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe, in which the Jews do not greatly
participate. The first Jesuits were Jews. That mysterious Russian diplomacy which so alarms Western Europe is organised and principally carried on by Jews. The Jews almost monopolised the professorial chairs of Germany. Neander, the founder of spiritual Christianity, and who is Regent Professor of Divinity in the University of Berlin, is a Jew. Benary, equally famous, and in the same University, is a Jew. Whel, the Arabic Professor of Heidelberg, the first Arabic scholar of to-day, and the author of the life of Mahomed, is a Jew. But for the German professors of this race their name is legion. I think there are more than ten at Berlin alone. I told you that I was going to-morrow, because I always make it a rule to interfere when affairs of state are on the carpet. Otherwise, I never interfere. I hear of peace and war in the newspapers, but I am never alarmed, except when I am informed that the Sovereigns want treasure. Then I know that Monarchs
A few years back, we were applied to by Russia. Now, there has been no friendship between the Court of St. Petersburg and my family. It has Dutch connections which have generally supplied it, and our representations in favour of the Polish Hebrews, a numerous race, but the most suffering and degraded of tribes, have not been very agreeable to the Czar. However, circumstances drew to an approximation between the Romanoffs and the Sidonians. I resolved to go myself to St. Petersburg, I had on my arrival an interview with the Russian Minister of Finance, Count Cancrin, I beheld the son of a Lithuanian Jew. The loan was connected with the affairs of Spain. I resolved to repair to Spain from Russia. I had an audience immediately on my arrival with the Spanish minister, Senator Mendizebel, I beheld one like myself, a Jew of Aragon. In consequence of what transpired at Madrid, I went straight to Paris to consult
the President of the French Council, I beheld the son of a French Jew, a hero and an imperial marshal. Soult and others of the French marshals, and the most famous Massena, are also Jews. In consequence of our consultation we needed that some Northern power should be applied to in a friendly and a mediative capacity. We fixed on Prussia, and the President of the Council made an application to the Prussian minister, who attended in a few days after our conference, Count Arnim entered the Cabinet, and I beheld a Prussian Jew.

These facts, Diedushkah, will suffice to prove that we have more than one Moses who can perform the modern miracle."

"Where is your Moses? Why doesn't he perform your modern miracle and lead the children of Israel to their land?"

"You ask me why? I will tell you. Because, unlike the Moses of old, our modern Moses is egotistical and unpatriotic. When he hears, reads, or sees
a Jew being mercilessly beaten by the modern Egyptian, he does not defend him at the risk of his own life, as the Moses of old, but waits calmly and patiently, till his brother is killed, then he is kind enough to recover the funeral expenses.

For, since Rome had torn him from his own mother country (Judea), the heartless and deceitful Mother Europe, had for fifteen hundred years been bringing him up in her own home, had taught him in her school her own language, her own customs, and her history. When he has grown into the state of manhood, she made him slave for her.

Thus if you reproach him for wearing the Gentile mask, and remind him of his own mother-country, he excuses himself with the words of Solomon,—'Al tirini sheani shecharchoyres, sheshzofasni Hashomesh. Bney Imi nichri wee, somini noteiroh es hacromim, carmy sheli loy notorty.' (Look not upon me, because I am black because the sun looked on me.
The children of my adopted mother (Europe) were angry with me, they made me a keeper of their vineyards, but my vineyard I have not kept).

Mother Europe gave him a post in her parliament, in her army. He must look after her interest, he serves her with all his heart, with all his soul, with all his might, he defends her from her enemies, and dies for her on the battlefield. He watches over her vineyards, but, alas, his own vineyard he does not keep, his own mother-country he has forgotten. And, as a consequence, he had turned cold to her children. Their sufferings matter little to him, their groaning under the rod of their Russian persecutors does not affect his heart. For since he has ceased to think of his own mother-country, he has ceased to feel for his brothers and sisters.

His only patriotism consists in lending the Russian Government sufficient money to enable it to stand firmly on its autocratic basis, and after a three days' massacre of
the Jews, he sends enough money to buy coffins for his murdered brethren, that nothing should be wanting for their long journey, and with the rest of the money, to provide the homeless with shelter, the widows and orphans with clothing and food, and to cure the wounded, to enable them all to exist until the next massacre."

"Marcus, dear, you are too severe in your judgment," said Madam Blumenthal. "Our co-religionists abroad have shown their sympathy and kindness by helping our unfortunate brethren in such distressed circumstances, and you pour cold water on them for doing so?"

"Pardon me, mother, you misunderstand me. I do not pour on them either cold or hot water, I only criticise their actions. 'Prevention,' says the world, 'is better than cure.' Of what good, may I ask, is the feeding of the wild wolf of the north, when as soon as the Jewish gold is poured into his monstrous throat, he rises up, wags his tail to the Hebrew financiers, and then
devours the wandering sheep of Israel, and
does not even spare the children at the breast.

First of all, our gold princes should take
them away from the reach of his monstrous
teeth, provide them with a secure place of
shelter, or lead them towards the hills of
their old mother-country. Then, let them
feed the brute to their heart's content.

Our Jews financiers of London, Paris,
Berlin, and New York, should decline to
advance any gold to the Government of the
modern Pharaoh, until it removes the
restrictive measures which are imposed
upon the Jews, grants them the full measure
of citizenship, and gives a guarantee to the
effect that no massacres shall occur again.

And the many millions (which they would
have required to send after a massacre, and
which shall be no more needful for that
purpose), let them contribute to the National
Zionist Fund, or save them for the Sultan
when the balance shall be required.

The reason why the Jews during all those
ges have not regained the Kingdom of
Israel," continued Marcus, after a minute's silence, "is not because they did not attend the synagogues regularly, or did not pray for a Messiah, but because the Jews are divided between two extremes, and as a consequence, the small number of Zionists or patriots, were unable of their own accord to procure the land of Israel.

Thus, the orthodox Jew is still waiting for his Messiah, to bring him on his wings, or in a motor car, to the holy land, and to set him up comfortably under his fig tree. In the meantime, beneath the lash of his Christian persecutor, the orthodox Jew contents himself with fasting on the ninth of Ab. Sitting in his socks on a low bench in the synagogue, he mournfully recites Jeremiah's lamentations over the fall of Jerusalem, which occurred eighteen hundred years ago. And on the first two passover nights he and his family console themselves by singing three times over, 'Leshonoh habooh berisholoem' ('Next year we shall be at Jerusalem.') Sixteen
Hundred years have passed and he is not at Jerusalem, but under the same cruel lash of the ungrateful Christian. All this time the Jewish aristocrat cherishes his almighty dollar as his guardian angel, and patriotism is the very last virtue that he practices. Notwithstanding, the pulse of Judism is still beating in his gentle heart, but so faintly, that he feels it not. To him, in spite of his forgetfulness, Jerusalem is his adopted country where he sits under his own fig tree, and has the pleasures of this world at his desire.

When our great leader, Herzl, rang the Zionist bell, out of eleven million Jews, how many responded to his call? Alas, the peals fell on ears deaf to all its sounds. The orthodox Jew stood aloof. He is waiting for his Messiah. 'Herzl is a false Messiah.' The aristocratic, or unpatriotic Jew, ignorant of his national history and literature, has forgotten that he once had a mother-country of his own. He hears, but understands not. To his shame the en-
lightened Christian knows more of his sacred history, and is better acquainted with his holy land, thus our Jewish aristocrat, with all his culture, intelligence, and refinement, has as much knowledge of Zionism or the history of his country, as our Russian peasant has of astronomy. As a consequence, Herzl, with his small band of patriots, fell between two stools. Both the orthodox and the aristocratic Jew held aloof from him. Herzl appealed to them—

‘Friends! Country men! Brothers! Why did you run away from me? Come, and lend me your ears. How long will you stand aloof, while your brethren are persecuted and massacred? Don’t you see our dear, old mother Jerusalem, standing with her arms outstretched, and her eyes full of tears, waiting for the return of her wondering children? I have seen her guardian our cousin, the Sultan. He received me as a friend, and gave me hopes for a settlement. Come, my brethren! union is strength. Let us work in harmony and
we can help each other. I can work among the nations, you can give me money. For our cousin, the Sultan, will not accept the one without the other. Let us persevere, and use all our energy in attaining our goal, and in bringing our homeless brethren into their old home, for which they have been yearning for ages.'

Thus, for years, Herzl pleaded with them. But no answer came. The orthodox Jew gazed wildly at him, as at a harmless lunatic. The aristocratic Jew shot hateful glances at Herzl, for disturbing his peaceful, pleasurable, and happy life, which was, of course, granted to him by the kind permission of Mother Europe. And now Herzl had the impudence to address him as a brother, and to worry him with tales of Jerusalem, Palestine, and Zionism. How did he dare to make such a disgusting noise with his Zionist trumpet, and thus disturb the peace? However, our renowned son of Israel, when he heard from the north the familiar heart-rending sounds of
woe floating over our Russian rivers, and when he saw in front of him the coldness, obstinacy, and heartlessness of his wealthier brethren, and felt himself powerless to accomplish his gigantic but noble task, who can imagine the bitterness of his heart? Alas, he died a disappointed man, at the age of forty-four.

After the funeral our orthodox Jew at last realised the great loss, which Israel had sustained in the death of her most faithful son, and the greatest of her patriots. He ran to the synagogue to lament over his death. With tearful eyes he cried out, 'Oh! my brothers! my sisters! let us lament! let us lament! a Prince has fallen in Israel.' Only a few days, back, when Herzl was among them, and was praying for a home for their persecuted brethren, he was disregarded and ridiculed. But, now that he was dead, they honoured him with the title 'Prince,' struck coins with his image, and hung his portrait in their houses.

And what of our Jewish aristocrat, now
that he was freed at last from any further annoyance, from the leader himself. With a heart without feeling, and with eyes dry as marble, and ever ready to render assistance after a massacre, he carefully trimmed his pink nails and glanced through the columns of the press, to see the world's opinion of the late Zionist leader. Then, indeed, he gently touched his golden purse and sent a few roubles to Herzl's family."

Old Grunblatt felt indifferent to Marcus' criticism of the Jewish aristocrat, but his attack on the orthodox Jew was far from being pleasant to the old man. To Madam Blumenthal Marcus' cold water was equally displeasing but she refrained from censuring him for the same.

"It is a history," continued Marcus, "that inspires a nation with patriotism.

Zionism without patriotism, is as useless and ineffective as trying to start a fire without firewood. You may strike a thousand matches, if you have not the wood under the coal, the latter will not burn. You may
blow the Zionist trumpet a whole year round, if the Jewish aristocrat is ignorant of his national history, he will pay no heed.

Lord Beaconsfield, for instance, was neither orthodox nor a Jewish aristocrat; he had never attended the synagogue, he was, as all the world knows, a baptised member of the Church of England, and married a Christian woman; his grandmother, as he said himself, was the daughter of a family who had suffered much from persecution, and had imbibed the dislike for her race, which the vain are too apt to adopt, when they find that they are born to public contempt; his mother might have told him in his childhood of Israel's past glory, but his father, Isaac Disraeli, when invited by the members of the Bevis Marks synagogue to become their Parnas (Warden), refused to take the honourable post, because he was busy with his literary pursuits. From them he could not tear himself away to take up the
but the members of the congregation, who were evidently offended, levied a fine on him, which Isaac Disraeli refused to pay. A few years later, he paid the synagogue fees to the amount of forty pounds, and asked, though with regret, to have his name struck off from ‘Keyhal Israel’ (the congregation of Israel). He then took his old garment of Judaism and hung it on the wall in one of his back rooms.

Some years after his baptism, Disraeli the younger, happened to enter the back room, and drew his attention to the ‘old garment’ which still hung on the wall. Upon inspecting it, Benjamin was not slow to find out that this ‘old garment’ had for countless ages, been worn by far greater men than his father. It had been held in honour and admiration by the world’s monarchs when the continent of Europe was a wilderness, and its capitals morasses, whence the beasts retreated to their caves, to give way to Mother Europe’s
Our Benjamin dressed himself in the 'old garment' and above it he wore the cloak of Christianity, which was made, of course, of a remnant of the same material. Thus, being dressed in both garments, Benjamin felt quite proud to appear on the stage of the Christian world, an accomplished Jew. As he said, 'Christianity is Judaism complete.'

After his first address to his constituency, the editor of a paper of the same borough asked him by what name he intended to call himself, our son of Israel replied, Benjamin Disraeli. The editor probably thought that Disraeli would have changed his name to John Smith or William Gordon. However, the little ones of his adopted country began to jeer at him for wearing the old garment. But Benjamin soon silenced them. For when he was taunted in Parliament with being a Jew, he brought a thunderbolt upon the house by replying, 'Yes I am a Jew, and
when the ancestors of the right honourable gentleman were brutal savages in an unknown island, mine were priests in the temple.' Lord Beaconsfield wore the old garment till the end of his life, and he never hid it from the eyes of the Christian world, and he felt prouder of it than either the orthodox or the aristocratic Jew. To the former the old garment is not the livery of knowledge and wisdom, but the garb of slavish obedience to all the traditions of the Rabbis. He wears it lest he loses his seat in Paradise and lest he should not receive a portion of the Livyosen, or the Shor habeor. Our Jewish aristocrat keeps the 'old garment' hidden from the eyes of the bigoted Christian, that he may not bring upon himself the ridicule of the latter.

Indeed, there are very few Jewish patriots, who could equal Lord Beaconsfield in his profound love and sympathy for his outcast and despised race, and for our old mother-country, which he never disguised
and which we find in his works and speeches.

During the period of his great career and his famous diplomatic victory over mighty Russia at the Berlin Congress, he still called himself Benjamin Disraeli, and was still proud of being a son of the outcast race. Nor did he keep aloof from the defence of his people. In point of fact, sixty years ago when you yourself, Diedushkah, were a little boy, in his speech on the 'Jewish Disabilities,' Lord Beaconsfield, addressing the representatives of the British people, said:—

'Where is your Christianity if you don't believe in Judaism? What possible object can the Jews have to oppose the Christian Church? Is it not the first business of the Christian Church to make the population, whose minds she attempts to form, and whose morals she seeks to guide, acquainted with the history of the Jews? Your Christian Churches, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, made the history
of the Jews the most celebrated history in the world? On every sacred day you read to the people the exploits of Jewish heroes, the proof of Jewish devotion, the brilliant annals of past Jewish magnificence. Every Sunday, if you wish to find expression of solace or grief, you find it in the works of the Jewish poets. In exact proportion to your faith ought to be your wish to do this great act of national justice, if you had not forgotten what you owe to this people, if you were grateful for the literature, which for thousands of years has brought so much instruction and consolation to the sons of men, you Christians would only be too ready to do justice to those through whom you have any Christianity at all. But no. You are influenced by the darkest superstitions of the darkest ages that ever existed. It is entirely on religious grounds that I venture to bring the subject to your notice. If I do so in earnest, I hope I may be pardoned. But whatever might be the consequence, I
must speak what I feel.'

In the last sentence we find the key to Disraeli's nationalism 'I must speak what I feel.' The pulse of Jewish patriotism was beating strongly in the heart of the great statesman. But, unlike our cultured Jewish aristocrat, he knew the meaning of his restless pulse, and he made it known to the world.

'Favoured by nature and by nature's God,' said Sidonia (the mouthpiece of Lord Beaconsfield) to Conningsby, 'we provide the lyre of David. We gave you Isaiah and Ezekiel, they are our Olympians. After acts of heroic courage, that Rome has never equalled; after deeds of divine patriotism, that Athens, and Sparta, and Carthage, have never excelled, we have endured fifteen hundred years of the most inhuman slavery, during which every device that can degrade or destroy man has been used to torture and to abase us. The Hebrew child has grown to manhood, only to learn that he was the Pariah of that
ungrateful Europe, that owes to him the best part of its laws, a fine portion of its literature, all its religion. Great poets require a public, we have been content with the immortal melodies that we sung more than three thousand years ago by the waters of Babylon and wept. They record our triumphs, they solace our affliction. And of our great writers the catalogue is not blank. What are all the school-men, Aquinas himself to Maimonides; and as for modern philosophy, all springs from Spinoza. At this moment even musical Europe is ours. Rosini, Meyerbeer, and Mendelssohn, are of the Hebrew race. You men of fashion, you Mascundies of Paris, you dandies of London, as you thrill with rapture at the notes of a pasta or a gizi, how little do you suspect that you are offering homage to the sweet singers of Israel.

Lord Beaconsfield was not only a lover of his race, but was also a Zionist. Listen how beautifully he eulogises our old
mother-country:

'Jerusalem by moonlight!' he soliloquised, as he gazed at the Jewish capital. 'What needs fairer in a scene like this? Where not a spot is visible that is not heroic or sacred consecrated; not a rock that is not the cave of the prophets; not a valley that is not a valley of heaven-anointed kings; not a mountain that is not the mountain of God.

Jerusalem! a living, breathing and existing city, which Assyrian monarchs came down to besiege, which the chariots of Pharoah encompassed, which Roman Emperors have personally assailed, for which Saladin, and Ceur de Lion, have struggled for supremacy, for which the Creator, alike of the Desert and Christendom, poured forth the full effusion of His divinely human sorrow.

Here is the valley where once was the scene of Solomon's delicious life. Here were his pleasure gardens, whose slopes were covered with his fountain terraces,
and his palace glittered with his pavilions; and the fountains that supplied the treasured waters, was perhaps the 'sealed fountain' to which he compared his bride; and here was the garden palace where the charming Queen of Sheba vainly expected to pose the wisdom of Israel, as she held at a distance two garlands of flowers, alike in form and colour, and asked the great king, before his trembling court, to decide which of the wreaths is reality.

They are gone, they are vanished, those deeds of beauty, those words of wit. The bright and glorious gardens of the tiarad poet, and the royal sage, that once echoed with his lyric voice, or with the startling truths of his pregnant aphorism, end in this valley. Why, what is their desolation? Why are there no more kings, whose words are the treasured wisdom of countless ages, and the mention of whose name to this moment thrills the heart of the Oriental, from the waves of the midland ocean to the rivers of the farthest Ind? Why are
there no longer bright witted queens to step out from their Arabian palaces, and pay visits to the gorgeous House of the Forest of Lebanon?

This all prevailing stillness is broken by a breeze that seems to have travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea, or is it the haunting voices of the prophets mourning over the city that they could not save? This spirit merely would linger on the land where their Creator had ceased to dwell, over whose impending fate omnipotence had shed human tears. From this mount who can believe, that at the midnight hour, from the summit of the ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city? There might be countless heroes and sages, who need not shrink from rivalry with the mightiest and wisest of other countries.

But the lawgiver of the time of the Pharoahs, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch, whose reign had ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is pro-
verbal among the nations of the earth; the teacher whose doctrines have modelled civilised Europe. What race extant or living can produce three such great men as these?

Where can we find a warmer outpouring of patriotic sentiment? Even all the works of your men of genius, all the eloquent speeches of your burning patriots, are cold and poor, dry and unfeeling, when compared with the rich, majestic, and sublime outburst of Disraeli's patriotism.

Nor was Beaconsfield asleep or dreaming when he chanted praises of the glorious history of his race, or of our old mother-country.

As soon as he examined the 'old garment,' as soon as he has drunk of the waters of the fountain of our national history (from which the world's kings, princes, thinkers, poets, and philosophers, drank for countless ages), he learned that the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the God of Israel, the God of his outcast race,
is the God of the universe, the Creator of mankind; he learned that the history of his despised race, is the oldest and greatest of all time; that, except for Israel, the world would have been profoundly ignorant of some of the most important events of human enquiry, and is, therefore, under her everlasting obligation to the history of his outcast and despised race. He learned that Moses is the father of history, the oldest and greatest historian; who lived five hundred years before Sancomithan and Berosus, and a thousand years before Ctecius and Manetha, whose histories are fables, full of chronological errors, when compared with the striking historical records of Moses. The truth of Moses is attested by the illustrious English philosopher, Sir Isaac Newton (who devoted his mind to the study of our sacred history). He learned that Moses is the greatest and oldest legislator, that the world’s oldest and greatest legislators, Solon, Lycurgus, and Draco, are but of yesterday, if compared
with our lawgiver; and that before his two tables (which are the fundamental laws of civilised Europe) they have to bow in awe and reverence; that the seventh day of rest, is one of the greatest and most beneficent gifts which the law of Moses had presented to the human race. He learned that Solomon was the wisest of monarchs, either living or dead. He learned that Hebrew is the mother of languages; that the temple of Jerusalem was the finest model of architecture, and was visited by the world's kings, who came to offer sacrifice to the God of Israel. As the sublime English poet, Milton, he learned that, 'There are no songs to be compared with the songs of Zion, no orations which equal those of the prophets, and no politics like those which the scriptures teach.' He learned that the outcast and despised race, as the chosen people, were entrusted by the Supreme King with the sacred mission to proclaim to the idolatrous world, the existence of a living God of the universe, and to
teach her obedience to His commandments.

Familiar as he was with all those facts, which all the modern Philistines, Anti-semites, Jew-baiters, and all the enemies of the Jews, must acknowledge, however reluctantly. Why should Lord Beaconsfield have been ashamed of his race? It was because of his profound knowledge of his national history that Disraeli spoke the striking words in the British Parliament, 'I must speak what I feel.' How many of our Jewish patriots do we find at this day either among your orthodox or aristocrats who echo his words with the same feeling? The former pours out his feelings in his annual lamentation over the fall of the Temple, till at last the sharp axe of his Russian Philistine makes him speechless and puts an end to his lamentation. The Jewish aristocrat pours out his patriotic feelings by sending money to give him a respectable burial.'

Madam Blumenthal began to feel restless. She grew uneasy as she listened to her son's
merciless attack upon his co-religionists.

"Nor was his adopted mother jealous or displeased with her beloved son," continued Marcus, "for showing openly his deep love and unbounded sympathy for his outcast and despised race, and for his old mother country. On the contrary, she honoured and admired him all the more. One of her daughters presented him with a gift of two hundred and fifty thousand roubles, *intestimony of her approval and admiration of his efforts to vindicate the race of Israel.' One of her noble sons has inscribed on a tablet—'To the glory of God. In memory of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G. Brilliant genius, sagacity, courage, and perseverance, enabled him to achieve the highest success in literature and statesmanship. During a parliamentary career of more than forty years he maintained a foremost place as an orator, and held high office under the Crown, and was twice Prime Minister. He died on the 19th April, 1881, in fulness of
fame and honour, mourned by his Sovereign
and the nation.'—‘Happy is the man that
findeth wisdom and getteth understand-
ing.'—Proverbs.

An epitaph inscribed by the late and
noble English Queen, reads—‘To the dear
and honoured memory of Benjamin, Earl
of Beaconsfield. This memorial is placed
by his grateful and affectionate Sovereign
and friend, Victoria, R.I.’ ‘Kings love
him that speaketh right.'—Proverbs.
And in grateful recognition of his faithful
service she erected magnificent monuments
in everlasting memory of her great adopted
son of Israel.

Many an orthodox Jew in passing by his
monument might cast a glance of indiffer-
ence or contempt, thinking he was no
orthodox Jew, not even a Jewish aristocrat,
but, alas! a ‘converted Jew,' not aware
that though the ‘converted Jew’ did not
attend his synagogue, and was never called
up (by him) to listen to a portion of the
law, yet he had a synagogue in his heart,
where he worshipped the God of his fathers with more sincerity and devotion, and was a truer patriot, and a warmer friend to his people than the passer by.

Many a Jewish aristocrat, who is not worthy to hold Beaconsfield's shoes, as soon as he acquires a fortune, or becomes a successful business man, and thereby arouses the envy of the bigoted Christian, who, as a matter of course, cannot bear to see a Jew making more money than he in his own country too, hurls at him all kinds of insulting names, and backs them up with a long string of the best adjectives of his language, and calls him 'Szid' (Jew), and such like. Our Jewish aristocrat instead of being proud of that name, on the contrary feels ashamed and degraded and curses the day that he was born of an outcast and despised race, that he should be branded with such a disgraceful name as 'Jew.'

To save himself from further insults he drops his Jewish name, whether it be
Moses, Jacob, or Solomon, and becomes the Christian John or James.

If at times there would be hurled at him the same complimentary tribute which the idol of the Irish political party paid to Lord Beaconsfield in a speech which was echoed through the British press, to the effect that 'his name (Disraeli) shows that he is by descent a Jew. He possesses the qualities of the impenitent thief who died upon the cross, whose name I verily believe must have been Disraeli.' Why, instead of demanding satisfaction for the savage insult, our Jewish aristocrat would curse the sun on his rising and setting that he was born a 'Disraeli.' Because the only knowledge he has of his race is, it is despised, mocked, and persecuted by the narrow minded Christians; the latter, on the other hand, is either ignorant of the fact, or has forgotten to remember that his Saviour who died on the cross to atone for his sin, and of whom he chants in his church, 'For me, He died for me,' was
also a Jew, aye, every inch a Jew, his mother was a Jewess, He was born of the outcast and despised race.

Thus, both of those refined and cultured gentlemen are infected with the same old, common, psychological disease, which I call ignorance. For, had they been a little more enlightened, neither would the son of Israel be ashamed of being called 'Jew,' nor would the Christian have expressed it in the manner of an insult.

Did the great British statesman ever feel ashamed of being called 'Jew,' or a son of the outcast race? Nor did he change his name, Disraeli, which was so much ridiculed by some small people in his adopted country, as all the world knows that every letter of Benjamin Disraeli is not English, Spanish, or French, but good old Hebrew.

So you see, Diedushkah, ignorance is the mother of superstition, fanaticism, and prejudice, and the grandmother of hatred and persecution. The mother herself is
fortunate to be an intimate friend of our Jewish aristocrat, her daughters have for ages been constant companions of your orthodox Jew, and the narrow minded Christian, not content with the mother, clings to the whole family."

"It surprises me," said the old man, "that Lord Beaconsfield, whose unbounded patriotism and love for his race, you have demonstrated, when at the Berlin Congress he attached Cyprus to the British Empire, did not assign even a village in Palestine for his homeless and oppressed brethren, which I am certain the Sultan would not have refused?"

"In the first place," said Marcus, "the Berlin Congress was not a Zionist Congress. But did the Jews ask him to do so? Did they acknowledge him as their brother? How many of them knew that Lord Beaconsfield was a Jew, and a Jewish patriot too? What kind of a welcome did Dr. Herzl receive from your generation? Did they ask him to procure
for their homeless brethren a village in Palestine? They, who sneered at him when he was in their midst, and after his funeral honoured him with the title of prince."

The marble clock on the mantelpiece chimed a quarter to eight, reminding Marcus of his appointment with his friend Paul, at eight o'clock. Without another word he left the room.
CHAPTER VI.

Of all duties, the love of truth, with faith and constancy in it, ranks first and highest. God is truth. To love God and to love truth, is one and the same.

*Silvio Pellico.*

God forbid that the search after truth should be discouraged for fear of its consequences! The consequences of truth may be subversive, but they cannot be injurious to the well-founded expectations of the human race.

*Bishop Watson.*

Truth is the bond of union and the basis of human happiness.

*Collier.*

"What is your opinion of him, father?" said Madam Blumenthal, after Marcus had quitted the room.

"I admire some of his ideas, and I should have been more pleased, if he praised Beaconsfield less, and spoke more favourably of the orthodox Jew."

"Why did you not tell him so?"

"Ah! my child, I am too weak to argue with the young generation. Your son reasons with the strength of a lion, and his words are like arrows, which reach the innermost depth of the heart. I have no doubt," said the old man, after a pause,
"that a great future awaits him, and some day your son will light a torch whose light will direct the scattered sheep of Israel towards the hills of Zion."

The prediction of the old man filled the mother's heart with a glow of happy pride.

At that moment the door opened, and a girl of nineteen entered the apartment, holding a book in her hand.

"Mamenkah! of all the books I read, I have never found a more interesting story than this," said Rachel, in an animated voice.

"What kind of a story is it? asked Madam Blumenthal, looking at the book which Rachel held in her hand.

"It is one of Beaconsfield's novels."

"Beaconsfield again," muttered the old man, with a frown.

"I have read it twice," said Rachel, "and there is one chapter in particular, which I feel I could never be tired of reading. The scene is in Palestine, where a Jewess has a very interesting conversation
with an Englishman. Shall I read it, Mamenkah? I know you will be interested.”

Rachel’s offer was not agreeable to the old man, who resolved to put a stop to it.

“You and your brother seem to have Beaconsfield on the brain,” said her grandfather, angrily, “the whole evening he kept harping on Beaconsfield, till I was glad when he finished, and now you have come to take his place.”

“Do let her read, father,” entreated Madam Blumenthal.

“I will not read the whole chapter, Diedushkah,” said Rachel, in a soft, pleading voice. “I will only read a few passages.”

“Ach!” exclaimed Grunblatt, frowning, and with a quick movement fixed his spectacles on his nose, and began to read his Hebrew journal.

Rachel seated herself beside her mother, and began to read the following:—

“You, Franks, love Bethany?"
“Naturally. A place most dear and interesting to us.”

“Pray, are you one of those Franks who worship a Jewess, or of those who revile her, break her images, and blaspheme her pictures?”

“I venerate, though I do not adore the Mother of God,” said Tancred.

“Ah! the Mother of Jesus!” said Eva, “He is your God, He lived in this village, but He is a Jew, and you worship Him—”

At this moment, to the surprise of Madam Blumenthal, the old man put aside his journal, took off his spectacles, and turned his head towards the reader. Madam Blumenthal nudged Rachel, who looked up at her mother. The latter drew her attention to the old man. Rachel shot a glance at her grandfather, and then at her mother, and both smiled.

“And you don’t worship Him?” continued Rachel.

“It sometimes seems to me,” said Eva,
"that I ought, for I am of His race, and you sympathise with your race."

"You are then a Hebrew?"

"I am of the same blood as Mary, whom you venerate, but do not adore."

"You just now observed," said Tancred, "that it sometimes seems to you that you ought to acknowledge my Lord and Master. He made many converts in Bethany, and found here some of His greatest disciples. I wish that you had read the history of His life."

"I have read it. The English Bishop had given me the book. It is a good one, written, I observe, entirely by Jews. I find in it many things with which I agree, and, of course, there are some from which I dissent. It may be that I don't comprehend them."

"You are already half a Christian," said Tancred.

"But the Christianity which I draw from your books, does not agree with the Christianity which you practice."
"The Christian Church will be your guide."

"Which?" inquired Eva. "There is the good Bishop, who presented me with this volume, and who is himself a Hebrew. There is the Latin Church, which was founded by a Hebrew; there is the Armenian Church, which belongs to an Eastern nation; there is the Abyssynian Church, who hold us in great honour, and practice many of our rites and ceremonies; and there are the Greek, the Maronites, and the Coptic Churches, who do not favour us, but do so grossly as they treat each other. In this perplexity, it may be better to remain within the pale of a Church older than all of them, the Church in which Jesus was born, and which he never quitted, for He was born a Jew, lived a Jew, and died a Jew, as become a prince of the house of David, which you do and must acknowledge Him to have been. Your sacred genealogies prove the fact, and if you could not establish it, the whole fabric of your faith
falls to the ground. Let me ask you, you think that the present state of my race is penal?"

Tancred bowed assent.

"Why do you?"

"It is the punishment ordained for the rejection and crucifixion of the Messiah."

"Where is it ordained?"

"Upon our heads and upon our children be His blood."

"The criminals said that, not the judge. Is it a principle of your jurisdiction to permit the guilty to assign their own punishment? They may deserve a severer one. Why should they transfer any of their affliction to posterity? What evidence have you that Omnipotence accepted the offer? It is not so announced in your sacred histories. Your evidence is the reverse. He whom you acknowledge as Omnipotent, prayed to Jehovah to forgive them on account of their ignorance. But I want to ask you another question, what, on the whole, is most valued in Europe?"
"I think," said Tancred, "in Europe, what is most valued is money."

"On the whole," said Eva, "he that has most money there, is most honoured?"

"Practically, I apprehend so."

"Which is the greatest city in Europe?"

"Without doubt, the capital of my country, London."

"How rich the most honoured man must be there. Tell me, is he a Christian?"

"I believe he is one of your race and faith."

"And in Paris—who is the richest man in Paris?"

"The brother, I believe, of the richest man in London."

"I know all about Vienna," said Eva, "Caesar makes my countrymen barons of the Empire, and rightly too, for it would fall to pieces in a week without their support. Well, you must admit that the European part of the curse has not worked very fatally."

"I do not see," said Tancred, "that the
penal dispersion of the Hebrew race is at all essential to the great object of the Christian scheme. If a Jew did not exist that would equally have been obtained."

"And what do you take to be the essential object of the Christian scheme?"

"The Atonement."

"Ah!" said Eva, "that is a great idea, in harmony with our instincts, with our traditions, our customs. I understand this much, that the human race is saved, and without the apparent agency of a Hebrew prince, it would not have been saved. Now, tell me, suppose the Jews had not prevailed upon the Romans to crucify Jesus, what would have become of your Atonement?"

"I cannot permit myself to contemplate such contingencies," said Tancred. "The subject is too high for me to touch with speculation. I must not even consider an event that had been preordained by the Creator of the world for countless ages."

"Ah!" said Eva. "Preordained by the-"
Creator of the world for countless ages. Where, then, is the inexpiable crime of those who fulfilled the beneficial intention? The holy race supplied the victim and the immolators. What other race could have been entrusted with such a consummation? Was not Abraham prepared to sacrifice even his son? And with such a doctrine, that embraces all space and time, nay, chaos and eternity, with divine persons for the agents, and the redemption of the whole family of man, for the subject you can mix up the miserable persecution of a single race! And this is practical not doctrinal Christianity. It is not found in your Christian books, which were all written by Jews. It must have been made by some of those Churches to which you have referred me. Persecute us! Why, if you believe in what you profess, you should kneel to us. You raise statues to the hero who saves a country. We have saved the human race, and you persecute us for doing it!"
"I am no persecutor," said Tancred.

"We have some conclusions in common," said Eva, rising. "We agree that half of the Christian world worship a Jewess, and the other half a Jew. Let me ask you one more question, which do you think should be the superior race, the worshipped or the worshippers?"

Rachel closed the book, and looked alternately at her listeners.

"It was most interesting and instructive, especially to the Jewish people," said Madam Blumenthal, addressing the old man. The latter was silent and thoughtful. The passages read by Rachel had caused a revolution in his mind. He came to no definite conclusion as to whether Lord Beaconsfield was more Jew or Christian. Rachel opened the book, and her dark blue eyes travelled swiftly over the pages.

"Ah! Mamenkah! I wish I were as clever as Eva. How skillfully she caught the Englishman in a trap, and no sooner was he released than she prepared another for him."
"Eva's father, dear, was the great and wise Earl of Beaconsfield, and your father is only a poor physician."

"Beaconsfield, Mamenkah, had neither daughters nor sons," said Rachel, "and Eva's father was Besso, a prominent citizen of Jerusalem."

At that moment the door opened, and Marcus with his friend, Paul Dubasoff, entered. The former introduced his friend to the members of the family, and the two friends sat down at the table. It was Paul's first visit to a Jewish family.

The patriarchal face and the white flowing beard of the old man, the graceful features of Rachel, and the benevolent countenance of the mother of the family, made a very pleasant impression on the visitor.

"You have earned our gratitude for your heroic defence of my son," said Madam Blumenthal, "and in the name of his father and my family, I thank you heartily for the friendship and good feeling you display for Marcus."
Paul bowed. Then, smiling, he said, "You pay me a high compliment, Madam Blumenthal, which I do not in the least deserve. I am most happy to have your son for my friend. Since I have had the pleasure of knowing him, I have learnt much about the persecution of your people, for whom I have great sympathy."

"May the God of Israel," joined in the old man, "bless Russia with many more sons like you."

"I am not the only one," said Paul. "In Russia you will find a good many who are friendly and sympathetic towards your people. In fact, there is not one University student who does not sympathise with your oppressed people, or would not defend them even at the cost of his life. It is only the official class, acting on instructions received, and the ignorant masses, obeying blindly the guidance of the Church who persecute your people. If our Imperial Princes were less superstitious, and had learnt something of the great role, which
your people have played on the stage of the world, things would have changed for the better.”

“How strange it seems to me,” said old Grunblatt, “that Alexander the Great, for instance, who lived in an age of idolatry, acted more humanely towards our people than Alexander III., a Christian Monarch, who lived in an age of the highest civilisation, but in whose reign our people suffered the most relentless cruelty.

“You should take into consideration, Diedushkah,” said Marcus, “that the tutor of Alexander the Great was the illustrious Greek philosopher, Aristotle, whereas the tutor of Alexander III. was the medieval bigot, Pobiedonostzeff. Compare the two Monarchs from a psychological standpoint, and you will find the difference. Alexander the Great said that Philip was the father of his body, and Aristotle was the father of his mind. There, you find the contrast. Alexander II., in whose reign our people lived in a freer atmosphere, was the most
liberal Czar in the history of Russia. Had it not been for his untimely death, he would have granted Russia a Constitutional Government. Did Alexander III. take a single lesson from his father? No. Because Alexander II. was the father of his body, and our Russian Mephistopheles the father of his mind. Aristotle was the cause, and his pupil, Alexander the Great, was the effect. The mind of the latter was nourished with wisdom, virtue, and humanity, and the mind of Alexander III. was on the contrary fed with the most poisonous ideas, which he took good care to turn into practice. Pobiedonostzeff with his diabolical skill, had turned his faithful royal pupil, Alexander III., into a volcano, whose outbursts of tyranny, cruelty, and shameless brutality, have reached every part of the Empire, even as far as the Ural mountains."

"You have taken up an individual case," said Paul, addressing the old man, "by pointing out the persecution of your people
by a Russian Czar, who, as Marcus has justly said, has been the fatal instrument of our Russian Mephistopheles, but I do not understand why your people have always been persecuted in every country in Europe?"

"There are several causes," rejoined Marcus, "but the main cause of all is, undoubtedly, the illogical, and unjustifiable accusation of the murder at Calvary, for which the Hebrew race for so many ages have been the victims of merciless persecution."

"I have been told, more than once, that your people are the enemies of Christ, though I myself did not share that view. Yet, it would give me great pleasure to be fully enlightened in the subject, and especially from the lips of a son of Israel."

Rachel, who listened with great interest, was anxious to join in the discussion. The dialogue of Beaconsfield's Eva with the Englishman had not left her memory, and she felt inclined to follow her
sister, and thus make her first experiment.

"You have remarked your complete failure to understand the persecution of our people in Europe," said Rachel, addressing the visitor. "But, like yourself, I am equally at a loss to understand your orthodox Russians, who worship the Mother of Jesus, before whose image the Czar, princes, ministers, nobles, generals, and all men, down to the humblest peasant, pray on their bended knees in supplication, whose portrait is carried by priests into the houses of sick persons, in order to cure them, I suppose. Yet, withal, your orthodox Russians despise, persecute, and massacre the men, women, and children, who are of the same blood and race as the Mother of Jesus. If such crimes were perpetrated by lunatics, I should certainly forgive them, but your orthodox Russians, who seem to be quite sane, are unpardonable,—they are a disgrace to humanity and civilisation."

The eyes of those present, were centred
upon the fair speaker. The members of the family were astonished to hear from the lips of their gentle Rachel such a bold and fearless attack upon the Russians. Above all, it was very surprising to Paul. Every word fell on Paul's ears like Japanese cannon shots. He felt it deeply, but her beautiful features and musical voice made a still deeper impression. He searched for words to say something in defence of his countrymen, but could not find any at the moment. He knew, however, that what Rachel did say was true, and like his friend, Marcus, he had learned to love the truth, and welcome it even if it appeared in a disagreeable form. The two friends exchanged smiling glances.

"You should always bear in mind, my dear sister," said Marcus, "that before you criticise an effect, you must first examine the cause. The Russians, as our friend has said, are blindfolded, guided by the priests, who teach them to look upon the Jew as the murderer of their Saviour."
Our Diedushkah had been several times accosted, even by Russian lads, who shouted after him,—'You Jews have killed Christ.' I myself have heard similar remarks from grown-up Russians. It is over eighteen hundred years since Jesus died on the cross, and the Jews are still accused as his murderers. I resolved to make a special study of the case. And after carefully examining the New Testament and the Church Hymns, and attending divine services, and listening attentively to the grand sermons of the priests, I have found the key. The Christian is taught from his childhood in his church, in his home, and school, that the Jews crucified his Redeemer, and are enemies to Christianity.

If I were to stand face to face with the bishops, priests, and ministers, of all the Christian Churches, I would not hesitate to tell them that they are the cause of those slanders being circulated throughout Christendom."
"But," said Paul, "they would demand of you a full explanation to justify your accusation."

"I should certainly bring forward actual facts to prove my statement."

"I would not attempt to touch upon such a delicate subject," said old Grumblatt. "I once had a discussion with a priest on the same subject, and as a result of stating my views frankly, he reported me to the police, and I had to pay a fine of five hundred roubles, and go to gaol for a month."

"The Russian priests are ignorant," said Paul. "We should never dispute with the ignorant before they are instructed." He then turned to Marcus, "Imagine that I am the Russian Archbishop, and state your views frankly and openly," said Paul, half jokingly.

"The other day," began Marcus, "I was astonished. A friend sent from London a certain English text book on geography, to call my attention to a
passage in the description on Palestine. The passage reads:—'Palestine, the land of sacred interest; the birth place of Christianity. Here Abraham, a wandering stranger pitched his tent by God's command, and here Christ preached to the Jews who crucified Him.' Mark Paul, 'The Jews who crucified Him.' Moreover, on the title page of the book is printed, 'Gill's Oxford and Cambridge Geography, expressly compiled for middle class schools, and for the pupils preparing for the Oxford and Cambridge local examination.' That means that the pupils are informed in plain simple words, that 'Jesus was crucified by the Jews.' My friend also informed me that the English school children on Christmas eve sing in front of houses 'The Jews crucified our Saviour and nailed Him to the cross.'

What should barbarous and superstitious Russia say, when England—the very model of liberty and civilisation—teaches her children such prejudiced ideas? What
impression can the Jew make upon the little mind of the school boy, after he has been taught such things? And especially after he has learned to repeat from the 'Merchant of Venice' that 'Shylock (the Jew) demanded a pound of Christian flesh?' No wonder he looks at the Jew as a monster in human form, a murderer of his Saviour. And he does not hesitate to tell him to his face.

Ask a Christian school boy, in any part of Europe, who killed Julius Caesar? he will not answer, Italians or Romans, but Brutus or Cassius. Ask him who killed Christ? he will not answer, Pilate or Caeaphas, but the Jews. If the same school boy were to meet a Roman he will not cast up to him, 'You Romans killed Julius Caesar,' nor will he say to a Greek, 'You Greeks poisoned Socrates,' nor will he say to a Frenchman, 'You Frenchmen guillotined Louis XVI.,' nor will he say to an Englishman, 'You Englishmen beheaded Charles I.' But as soon as he meets a Jew he shouts...
after him, 'You Jews killed Christ.'

Thus, for fifteen hundred years, my friend, the narrow minded Christians have fastened the lying accusation on the Jews, and have treated them in the most shameful and cruel manner. Glance at the Jewish history of Europe, and you will find every page stained with the blood of Jewish martyrs. Holy inquisitors, bishops, priests, and monks, have had their full revenge on the murderers of their Saviour.

Among the most terrible tragedies of the middle ages, are the Crusade and the Inquisition in Spain. In the latter, the Jew was forced by fire and sword to believe in Spanish Christianity, and in the former he was butchered, and his goods looted, as a vengeance for the death of their Saviour.

The dark ages are gone, but Mother Europe in this twentieth century, with all her high culture and civilisation, with all her science and art, and literature, with all her great men of genius, with all her
artists and scientists, poets and astronomers, historians and theologians and philosophers, with all her motor cars, airships, gramophones, and wireless telegraphy, still cherishes the same prejudice against the Jews as her forefathers in the middle ages; she still brands them as the assassins of her Lord; she still treats the Jews with the same kindness and hospitality as her forefathers in the dark ages; she still exhibits the tragedy of the cross in its full colours, and leaves the sermon on the mount a dead letter, and those who conspired against Him in an obscure corner, while holding up the whole Jewish nation as the murderers of her Redeemer; she still warns her sons and daughters, when they have the misfortune to meet a Jew, to cross to the other side of the street, that they should not be defiled by the taint of one who crucified her Saviour; she still teaches her youth in her temples of knowledge that 'Christ preached to the Jews who crucified Him.' Shakespeare's Shylock
continually stands on the stage of Europe and sharpens his knife on the sole of his boot, ready to cut out (though only) one pound of Christian bosom flesh, and Apion’s blood legend completes her programme to perfection.

It is nineteen hundred years since the Alexandrian Apion invented a fable, to the effect that the Jews used to seize a Greek at a certain time in the year, keep him in their temple in the holy of holies, treat him in the most hospitable manner, feed him with dainties, upon the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air. Then, in order to fulfil their law, they led him to a wood, and killed him as a sacrifice with their usual rites. Then, they invited the whole nation to taste of his blood, and this was done every year at the same time.'

This is what Apion, the famous Greek grammarian, wrote about the Jews. Poor Apion! he died without being aware that his legend would be immortalised, and would arouse admiration even in the most
It is a real marvel to me, how his sanguinary fable managed to travel through the long journey of nineteen hundred years, and to find admirers still in many parts of civilised Europe. Even one of her enlightened daughters, Austria, civilised Austria, gave it a most hearty welcome, and some of her Jewish subjects are wasting away under the wing of Christian justice, on a charge of using Christian blood for their passover. Our holy Russia would have sinned against her holy Greek Church, if she had refused admittance to the Greek's blood legend. Consequently, she welcomed it, with eager faith and Godly fear, and her experiments upon it met with even greater success than those of her sister, Austria.

And this legend is having its full play in civilised and Christian Europe, for through it many innocent Jews are imprisoned for life, or executed before the eyes of the Christian divines and philosophers, who do not make a single protest against the colossal
falsity of this savage superstition. Is it any wonder that the Angel of Truth, as our Talmud says, entreated the Supreme King *not* to create man, because falsehood would surely be his bosom friend?

Poor Apion! how happy would he have been if some prophet could have foretold to him that his fable about the Jews using Christian blood would be admired, even in the age of the highest culture and civilisation. Poor Apion! why was he not born in the nineteenth century, to see the triumph of his legend in civilised Europe? How he himself would have been honoured by the Antisemites, who would surely have procured for him a professor’s chair in any of the universities either in Austria, Russia, or Germany.

Poor Apion! he did not survive to see the great triumph of his blood legend.

Alas! it has been the destiny of many men of genius, to be born either too early or too late. Thus, our own Pobiedonostzeff has fallen a victim to the latter, and Apion
to the former. Notwithstanding, Pobiedonostzeff's great philosophical work on 'Church and State,' which was translated into many languages, evidently with the purpose of giving it a good set off, and thus to take Europe by storm, has received a very poor, welcome, insomuch, that it has been lying neglected for many years, and no one takes pity on it, to bring it into life again. But the Greek's fable, on the contrary,—it is nineteen hundred years since it had escaped from its author,—is still having its full swing, and even some of Mother Europe's great sons of learning bow before it in silent admiration.

This is not enough, Mother Europe still chants with her little ones the old chorus of her forefathers of the dark ages—

'They (the Jews) crucified Him!
O come and mourn with me awhile,
O come ye to the Saviour's side,
O come together, let us mourn,
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
Have we not tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs,
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
How fast His hands and feet are nailed,
His throat with parching thirst is dried,
His failing eyes are dimmed with blood.
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

It is over eighteen hundred years since
the Roman soldiers, who only 'scoffed,'
died, and not one of them seems to have
been left behind. But the Jews, who
'crucified' and 'derided' Him, are still in
the land of the living, and are still crucifying Him as of old. After reading or singing
those pathetic lines, the narrow minded
Christian feels, naturally, that on meeting
a Jew he would like to fell him to the earth,
and plant his heel on the neck of the
assassin of his Saviour, nay, he would
thirst to kill him, and wash his hands in his
blood.

This is the kind of sentiment which the
narrow minded Christian entertains for the
Jew. During the long period of fifteen
hundred years, he not only felt that he
would like to wash his hands in Jewish
blood, but he put his wishes into practice.

Observe, Paul, that as long as the Jews
continue thus crucifying Jesus, the Christian will not cease from avenging the death of his Redeemer or fulfilling 'the curse on them,’ either by persecution, plunder, or murder.

Nor do I blame the narrow minded Christian for feeling or acting in the manner described. From his childhood he is taught in his school and Church, and confirmed in his home, that the Jews are cursed for crucifying his Saviour, and his Church represents to him the scene of the crucifixion in such a manner, that he actually seems to see Jesus being crucified by the Jews. It is no wonder that even the name 'Jew' is so hateful to the Christian (just as the Christian's inhumanity has made his very name, 'Christian,' detestable to the Jew). It is no wonder that, as soon as 'Jew' is mentioned, the scene of the crucifixion presents itself to his mind, and he sees the Jews driving sharp nails into the hands and feet of his Saviour, for those impressive words are
from his childhood imprinted on his mind, in a way that he could never forget—

‘Ah! look how patiently He hangs,
How fast His hands and feet are nailed,
Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?’

It is no wonder that the Jew is so much hated by the Christian, because, hymns like those are quite enough to turn even the noblest Christian into an Antisemite, especially if he sees the Jew in a flourishing position.

Thus, for fifteen hundred years, the Christian Churches have always taken particular care, in sermon and hymn, to keep alive the song legend that ‘Jesus was crucified by the Jews.’ And the preachers who are supposed to follow the teaching of their great Master, and are supposed to be spiritual shepherds of their flock, fear neither God nor their conscience, when they preach in their Churches such a consummate deception as this, ‘The Jews crucified Him.’ Their own Testament tells them in plain words, that even a school-boy
of the first standard can understand, that it was the Roman soldiers, who scourged, mocked, and crucified Jesus. This, my friend, is the kind of Christianity which the Christian is taught from his childhood, he must remember that 'the Jews crucified Christ,' and it naturally bears fruit in the revengeful actions to which history is a witness, and is always ready to prove the Christian's inhumanity towards the Jew.

Nay, more, they have chosen the sacred day of rest for the Christian to see them 'crucify' and 'deride' Him.

Thus, century after century, year after year, month after month, week after week, Jesus is ever hanging on the cross, and the Jews are still driving sharp nails into His hands and feet. If you don't find them in one Church, you are sure to find them crucifying Him in another. During all those ages not a Sunday has passed but the Jews have hammered sharp nails into the hands and feet of their Redeemer.

When you take all this into consideration,
it is really perplexing, that the Jews, who crucified Mother Europe’s Saviour, live in her own cities, look well, dress in the finest attire, wear gold chains and diamond rings, establish large warehouses, and banking-houses, do a flourishing business, and make large fortunes. And the Christian has to borrow money from the Jewish banker, and buy goods from his brother, who neither acknowledge their guilty of the crime of the cross, nor do they show the least sign of repentance.

Moreover, they are asked by Mother Europe to become Christians, and she will forgive them for the crime at Calvary; and will grant them full liberty to breathe God’s air, and the same right of citizenship as her own little ones. Nay, she gives them a guarantee, that no more will they have to pass the ‘fires of hell’ if only they believe in her Christianity. And those wicked and sinful Jews refuse all her good offers.

However, some of them who are never freed from their daily visitor, poverty, do
consent to wear the cross of their brother, if Mother Europe will do something to keep that caller from their doors. But if you consider them in general, it is not surprising that they refuse Mother Europe's kind offers. For if they become Christians they would, naturally, have to practice the Christianity of Mother Europe, which means that they would have to treat their relatives with the same cruelty as Mother Europe, and brand them with the same accusation of crucifying Jesus. Thus, notwithstanding all their hereditary taint of crime, they feel to their relatives as the rest of mankind. And as a consequence, they rather endure the persecution, than become European Christians, oppress their brothers, and sing at intervals, 'For me, He died for me.'

Her forefathers of the dark ages, also asked the 'lost sheep of the house of Israel' to become Christians, but not in so gentle a manner as our civilised mother of the twentieth century. They were given the
alternative,—either to become converted and be saved, or to go to the stake.

At the present day, if some of Mother Europe's little ones have fallen victims to 'Love's young dream,' and are dying to be united with the sons or daughters of those wicked Jews, the latter, instead of taking such a grand opportunity, turn up their big noses and refuse an alliance with her ladyship.

It is, therefore, not at all surprising that Mother Europe, though not without culture, and not at all unacquainted with Greek and Latin letters, or even with the sermon on the mount, regard them with the most relentless hatred, abuses them in the most degrading manner, and does her utmost to make their life an endless misery that the curse upon them, for rejecting and crucifying her Saviour, should be fulfilled to perfection in the twentieth century. And in all her countries her faithful sons (the Antisemites) carry on their holy work with the greatest zeal.
Thus, in her first country she persecutes them, though she shows outward respect to the wealthier Jews, probably on account of the 'almighty rouble.'

But their poorer brethren are less fortunate, for if one of them asks employment of an orthodox Christian, the latter asks him:

'Of what nationality are you?'

'A Jew,' replies the former, most humbly.

'Oh! I see. Hm.'

And after having a good look at one of the assassins of his Saviour, he says in a most sympathetic tone, 'I do not employ Jews,' and opens the door to get rid of him as quickly as possible. The latter, with a despondent feeling, turns homeward. On his way home he asks himself a thousand questions, 'Why does the Christian hate me, that he refuses my service? What harm have I done to him? What crime have I committed?' The poor, sinful Jew has forgotten, that only
the day before yesterday, on Sunday last, he 'crucified' his Redeemer, and afterward 'derided' Him, and now he asks employment, and says, what harm has he done? However, he is soon reminded of his crime. For, he meets on his way an orthodox muscular Christian, of a dogmatic temperament, who puts to him the medieval question, 'Who killed Christ?' The Jew stares at his accuser, as at a maniac, and does not know what to say. The silence of the Jew is but another proof of his guilt. His accuser at once scrutinises his hands, to look for the red marks from the blood of his Saviour. Though disappointed in this, he does not change his opinion. He grows angry at the obstinate silence of this one of his Redeemer's assassins, and finally, to prove his doctrine orthodox, hits him on the face. The poor Jew, in his misfortune, is not even familiar with the sermon on the mount, 'Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also,' a
maxim really bequeathed for Christian practice. The representative of Christ in this case is anxious to make his experiment on the vile body of the Jew, to see whether 'he will turn the other also.' The Jew, not insensible to the pain of the first blow, and fearing another, a stranger too in the land, says in a trembling voice:—

'Me no killed Christ.'

'But you are a Jew, are you not?'

'O yes, me Jew.'

'Then,' says the Christian, 'that is enough.' And without waiting for the Jew to turn to him 'the other also,' hits him again, taking good care to give one better than the first, and marches off.

The poor Jew continues his journey, though now he can scarcely see where he is walking. For his eyes are swollen, and his mouth is bleeding. In his misfortune, he happens to pass through a street, where several Christian youths are loitering at a corner. On observing the 'Jew,' who only the day before yesterday, was hammering
nails into the hands and feet of their Saviour, a pleasant feeling of being the instruments of justice enters their young hearts. Stones are flung at the Jew, who is immediately beset by his youthful enemies; and before he has time to look round, he is pelted with brickbats, until he falls senseless on the ground, and after finishing their 'holy' work by vigorously kicking his prostrate form, they depart as men who have done a noble duty well.

Some passers-by noticing a man lying on the ground, naturally came up to see what is the matter, and to render assistance, but as soon as they see that 'it is only a Jew,' who but the day before yesterday took part in the crucifixion, they pass by on the other side. But soon after, there comes up some other Christian, who has evidently not been to Church for a good many years, for he does not take notice in particular whether the stricken man is a Jew or Gentile, calls up an ambulance van at once, and packs the martyr off to the hospital.
Mother Europe's second empire does not treat the Jews worse than the first, with the exception that she vetoed the erection of a monument of one of her great poets, who, though baptised, was after all, 'only a Jew,' and a monument of him would really be a shame to Mother Europe. Moreover, his relatives might still be alive and taking part in the crucifixion.

Her third country causes an innocent Jew to bear the guilt of her traitorous sons. Not a bad exchange. After all, the Jews are only assassins of her Redeemer, and they may as well suffer the punishment of other men's treason.

Her fourth empire hangs a few Jews, and that must be perfectly right. For, not content with having crucified the Master, they kill Christian children and use their blood for their passover cakes. Mother Europe will not blame her for taking such a step, which will undoubtedly be a good lesson to the others. For, if she lets them off without a punishment,
she might lose all her little ones before the next passover.

The fifth country, though still in its infancy, and only twenty eight years ago was put straight on her weak legs by a son of the outcast race, who made her independent of her Mother Europe, on condition that she would conduct herself in an honourable way, and give liberty to the Jews, is repaying her gratitude to him by expelling his brethren, but keeps their most valuable belongings as a loving souvenir, tells them as they enter her gates, 'You accursed Jews, who crucified our Saviour, deserve a severer punishment; and you ought to be thankful to us for allowing you to depart with body and soul together.

Her sixth empire, our holy Russia, does not care to let them depart with body and soul together, and slaughters them right away, thus, putting an end to their miserable existence, and at the same time is fulfilling the curse placed upon them.

Well done, Mother Europe! Go on
with your work, you are doing well. At the same time, keep your eye on the footsteps of your forefathers of the dark ages, that you may not be left behind. Arouse your faithful sons, the Antisemites. Do not let them be idle. Remind them of their holy work, which is increasing day by day. Are you not aware that some Jews have been raised by your foolish daughters to the ranks of Colonial Secretaries, Directors, Generals, Governors, Field Marshals, Members of Parliament, Ministers of War, Finance, and Justice; and some have been presented with the Cross of St. George and the Legion of Honour, which, as you know, is entirely contrary to the traditions of your forefathers of the middle ages. Tell your Antisemites to rush into your Parliaments, open their mouths as wide as possible, unbridle their cobra-hissing tongues, and to shout in the loudest possible manner, and protest against such outrageous degradations of your armies and political institutions. Let
them draw an example from your pious daughter, Russia. She keeps them under the point of her dagger. Tell them to speak oftener in public, and to remind your little ones that the Jews are cursed for crucifying your Saviour, and are swindling all the money out of them, and, therefore, they should not slacken in their work of persecution. Have you forgotten, that persecuting the Jews is the only way to fulfil the mission of your great Master in bringing the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth? For a certainty, they will be rewarded in the Kingdom of Heaven, and the better they prosecute their work the greater will be their reward.

Observe, Paul, she takes her sons and daughters to Church, where she first breaks out in lamentations over the tragic death of her Saviour. Amidst the deep silence her spiritual shepherd slowly mounts the pulpit steps, watched by the Mother and her little ones. In a clear and solemn voice she calls out—
‘They crucified Him!’
‘O come and mourn with me awhile,
O come ye to the Saviour’s side.’

Thus, the whole scene of the crucifixion passes before their eyes. After watching the Jews hammering sharp nails into the hands and feet of her Redeemer, our tender Mother asks herself and her little ones—

‘Have we not tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?’

During the week, however, some of her sons have not omitted to wreak their full vengeance on the murderers of their Saviour.

Mindful of all these tragic performances, our pious Mother (Europe) takes her family to Church and sings in chorus—

‘Jesus has lived and died for me,
In perfect love He dies,
For me, He dies for me,
For all atoning sacrifice.
In faith I cling to Thee,
Since Thou for us art crucified.
Sweet to reflect how grace divine,
My sins on Jesus laid,
Sweet to remember that His blood,
My death of suffering paid.’

However, it is one blessing for the Jew, that our Mother Europe does not
forget occasionally to remind her little ones that 'Jesus died for them.' Otherwise, not a single Jew would have dared to show his 'big nose' in her gate.

This tragic comedy has been played on the stage of Europe for fifteen hundred years, without an interval; and the villainous part which her sons are so ably playing, is as sweet, sacred, and dear to her, as her own life. Because her spiritual shepherds have taught her from childhood that this tragic piece is the essence of Christianity, and the only way to fulfil the curse upon them.

It just reminds me of the words of the English poet, Byron, that 'on the surface of this world, all things are weighed by the false scale of custom.'

In some parts of Mother Europe, however, we often see a contest between the law and the Church. The latter indirectly incites the narrow minded Christian to persecute the Jew, and thus keep the policeman constantly employed in protect-
ing the Jew from being assaulted by the Christian. That is, if he and the righteous judge are not affected by the same spiritual poison, and act strictly according to the law.

Thus, my friend, it seems to me an utter impossibility to change her sentiment for the better, so long as her spiritual shepherds who are also the stage managers, lift the 'sacred' curtain, and repeat the old medieval catchwords, 'They crucified Him.'

Shakespeare said, 'Give me a man who is not passion's slave, and I will bear him in my heart.' Find, Paul, a man who is not falsehood's slave, though he may come from the gutter, or be a tramp clothed in rags, I will honour him with a kingly crown, and lay flowers at his feet.

Russia, my friend, our holy Russia, is a living example of the potency of these falsehoods. Whenever the Russian Government feel inclined to paint her streets at Easter with the blood of her Jewish subjects, she only gives a hint to her holy orthodox Greek Church, and the huge army o
priests chant to the true believers, 'The Jews killed the Son of God,' etc., and, as my sister said, after the worshippers have made the sign of the cross on their bended knees, before their 'holy mother,' they outrage and kill the women of her race, massacre the men and children, and plunder their homes; and all this is perpetrated under the cloak of Christianity.

Ah! Paul! when I remind myself of the sad and mournful pictures of Kishenev and Homel, when I think that those families, who only a few short hours before lived and enjoyed the life of this great world, which the Creator gave in common to all mankind, albeit for a short time—that, those families are now lying lifeless on the cold, blood-stained ground, their mutilated limbs, and disfigured faces, exposed to the sight of the great sun of Heaven, who covered his face with a dark cloud so as not to look upon man's inhumanity. When I think of it all, my heart bleeds, my blood boils, and my hair stands on end. All my
bomes shake, my soul trembles, and my conscience is stricken, when I see those innocent infants, who only a few hours before were clasped in the loving arms of their mothers, who spoke kind words to them, and bent on their little faces their tender motherly gaze—those lifeless babes were torn from their dying arms and sent to an everlasting sleep. Those infants who lisped with their sweet musical voices the dear familiar name, 'mother'—they are now silenced for ever by the sharp and blood-stained axe of their Russian murderers—who call themselves Christians. Those little eyes, which only a few hours before followed the movements of their mothers, are now gouged out by the Russian murderers—and replaced with long thick iron nails. Those innocent lips, which responded to the looks of their mothers with a sweet smile, are now pale and motionless, and sealed by their Russian murderers with the cruel seal of a murderous death. Their lifeless forms have been
flung on the mutilated bosoms of their cold dead mothers.

No more play and laughter, no more motherly kisses. All is gone, all is vanished. The stillness of a cruel death rules supreme, only broken by the jeering voices of their cold-blooded murderers, and the clatter of the household goods, which they are breaking into pieces, with the exception of the gold and silver, and other valuable things, which they share among themselves, to keep as a memorial of their holy Russian orthodox work. Only—"

" Marcus, dear," broke in Madam Blumenthal, in a sobbing voice, "do not remind us any more of those horrors, it breaks my heart to listen."

It was a most pathetic scene. Old Grunblatt was crying like a child. Tears were flowing from the beautiful eyes of Rachel, and dropped gently on the book which she held before her. Paul looked steadily on the floor. He experienced a most painful feeling, thus to listen to the
tale of foul deeds done by his own countrymen, and moreso, as they were related by his dear friend. "It is true," he thought, "and I must humbly bear it."

"Forgive me, mother, for causing misery by my sad narrative. But how can I be silent," he said, in a loud, ringing voice, rising from his chair. "How can I be silent, when I see the homeless and wandering sheep of Israel bleeding from so many wounds, inflicted by men who—while professing to be Christians, are fouly doing Israel to death, before the very eyes of civilised and Christian Europe, who watches unmoved the merciless slaughter of a defenceless people? How can I be silent, when I see humanity outraged, justice disgraced, truth trampled on, and civilisation mocked? No, mother, dear! I cannot be silent! I dare not be silent. God" (he exclaimed, raising his hands towards Heaven) "has given me a heart, not of a monster, but a human heart, with human feelings, not that I should be sensible only
of my own pleasures and those of my nearest and dearest, but also to feel for the weak who are injured, and for the persecuted who are defenceless.

As a son of Israel, it is my sacred duty to defend my injured and defenceless race; as a man, my duty is not less sacred: to demand justice, and defend the rights of humanity.

No! I will not be silent! I will write to the world. I will appeal to the noblest sons of Europe. I will ask whether fifteen hundred years, fifteen hundred years of persecution, outrage, torture, murder, massacre, and plunder, are not a sufficient requital to a race who gave Christendom a sacred history, prophets, psalms, gospels, a code of laws, a religion, a God, and a Redeemer? Our illustrious Son of Israel said to His people at Jerusalem, 'Think not that I am come to destroy the law or prophets, but to fulfil.' I will say to His followers, 'Think not that I am come to destroy the teaching of Jesus, but to fulfil,
and to make a reconciliation and a mutual understanding between His sermon on the mount and yourself.' It will not matter to me to what decision they may come. I shall feel content that I have done my duty, not only to my people, but also to justice and humanity."

He sat down on the chair, took out a handkerchief, wiped his brow, and looked around him.

"Your ideas are noble," said Paul, "I have always admired them; and it ought to be the duty of every man and woman, whether Jew or Gentile, to defend the rights of humanity. But, let us wait patiently for the Czar's Constitution. Then, my friend, justice will raise her mighty voice, and liberty will reign triumphantly over the Russian horizon."

Old Grunblatt looked meaningly at Paul. He was quite ready to express an opinion on the Czar's Constitution, which Marcus had heard from him before.

"Nor do I blame those blind-folded
savages," continued Marcus, taking no notice of his friends consoling words, "who are guided and taught by the priests 'to kill the murderers of the Son of God,' to whose inflammatory sermons I have listened more than once.

What would they answer if in the middle of the massacres, Jesus were to summon them to the mount, where He preached His first sermon, and asked them the meaning of the barbarous and inhuman atrocities which are perpetrated at their instigation? With what kind of feelings would they listen if their Great Master were to say to them:—

'Bethold! I hear the groaning of the lost sheep of the House of Israel. What have you done to them? Woe to ye! ye Russian scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites! I left you a message of peace, kindness, and love to your neighbour; to resist no evil. 'But whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also; and if a man sue thee at law and takes away thy coat, let him have thy
cloak also.' I bade you 'love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that despitefully use you; let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.' Instead of acting up to all this, you preach to the multitudes hatred and murder. See, ye! what your evil preaching has done? Here they stand with their crimson hands hidden, that I might not see them, besmeared with the innocent blood of the slain sheep of Israel. Oh! ye hypocrites. How long! how long! will ye disgrace Me, and wear the cross on your murderous hearts.'

What answer could they give Him? How could they lift their guilty eyes to meet the gentle look of their Great Master? How could they face His noble countenance?

What amazes me, is to hear the protests against the massacres from all parts of Europe. Protests from bishops, priests, and ministers, who denounce the massacres
of the Jews as ‘contrary to the principles of Christianity.’ I tell you this, their own fellow-clergymen are the effective cause of those massacres. We have learned without them, that massacres are contrary to the teaching of Jesus. Why do they not protest against those who cause the massacres? Why do they not protest against the inflammatory sermons preached by their own fellow-priests? Remove the cause and the effect will cease. Of what good is it to heal a wound when the bullet is not extracted? No doctor nor medicine can cure the patient, until the bullet is first extracted. What good have the protests of well-meaning clergymen done to our people or to Russia? No sooner had the protests against the Kishenev massacres died in the air, than the massacres of Zitomir Homel, and of other towns, followed. Those European protests seem to me an empty form of words. I am also convinced, that in other European countries too, if the Jews had not enjoyed
the protection of the law, so universal is
the hatred of the Jews among the less en-
lightened Christians, that our people would
have shared the same fate as their brethren
in our holy Russia, if the agents of the law
would give them the least encouragement.

Thus, the honour and gratitude in the
name of humanity, is not due to the
Churches of those countries, but to the
just and humane laws of the respective
States. So you see, my friend, that the
Parliaments of Europe are evidently more
just and humane than the Churches of
Europe.

Allow me also to remind you, that it was
not the Pope of Rome, nor the Churches
of Britain, or of France, or of Germany, or
of any other country, that petitioned the
Czar on behalf of our people, but it was he
who made peace between Russia and
Japan, the noble President of the United
States of America, who approached the
Czar from no personal motive, but as a
man and a citizen of the world, crowned
with the noble image of God; so acting through the express intercession of his Divine Ambassador, he sent a protest to the Great White Czar against the wrong done to humanity. Though his protest was ignored, yet he did his duty as a man, and well earned the noble tribute which Hamlet pays to his father, 'He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again.'

Yes, my friend, Roosevelt is a man, take him for all in all. For among all the mighty holy Churches, Emperors, Kings, and Princes, Roosevelt was the only man who dared to send a protest to the Autocrat of the North against the massacre of a defenceless people. He should not be called Roosevelt, but Rose-velt, the Rose of the World, the Rose of Kings.”

“My sympathy for your race, Marcus, is greater than I can express in words, but I fail to see how you can expect the Churches, who regard every word and letter of the New Testament as sacred, to
alter their doctrines of Christianity?"

"I do not wish them to alter their doctrines of Christianity, nor do I ask of them 'love to our neighbour or love to our enemy,'—which their Great Master enjoined on them. I demand of them truth only, and Truth would gladly visit them, if they would only acknowledge her.

'When God was about to create man,' says the Talmud, 'the Angels gathered around Him. Some of them exclaimed,—'Create, O God, a being who will praise Thee from earth, even as we in Heaven sing Thy glory.' But others said,—'Hear us, Almighty King! Create no more! The glorious harmony of Heaven, which Thou hast sent to earth, will be destroyed by man.' Then silence fell upon the contesting host, as the Angel of Mercy appeared before the throne. 'O Father?' pleaded the Angel, 'create thou man, make him in Thy own majestic image, with heavenly pity I will fill his heart with sympathy towards every living
creature.' When the Angel of Mercy ceased, the Angel of Peace, with tearful eyes, said, 'O God! create him not. Thy peace will be disturbed, the shedding of blood will surely follow his coming. Confusion, horror, murder, and war, will mar the face of the earth; and Thou wilt no more find a pleasant place among Thy works on earth.' Then spoke, in stern tones, the Angel of Justice, 'And I will judge him, O God. He shall be subject to my sway.' Then the Angel of Truth came forth and said, 'Cease! O God of Truth. With man Thou sendest falsehood to earth.' Then all were silent, and out of the deep stillness the divine words came, 'Thou, O Truth, shalt go to earth with him!'

You see, my friend, for man to be truthful he does not require to become an angel, nor to ascend in his airship to Heaven. God has expressly sent her with him, that he may treat her with respect and love, not that he should set her at nought and do his utmost to prevent her
from coming in his way, that she should have to seek shelter among the tombs of the dead, or to wander among the beasts of the wilderness, and partake of their hospitality and companionship, and that her bitterest foe—Falsehood—should reign triumphantly in his heart.

I would only ask the Churches to explain to me the full meaning of such Christian accusations as 'The Jews killed Christ'; 'The Jews crucified Him'; 'Christ preached to the Jews who crucified Him.' 'Was it the Jews or the Romans who crucified Him?' Above all, what do they mean by the word 'Jews'?' If they mean the whole nation, I will refute them out of their own Testament. If, on the other hand, they mean by the word 'Jews,' those who plotted against Jesus, then why, in the name of Truth, are they silent, and allow the unjust persecution of a whole nation, for a crime which was committed by a few individuals? Why don't they hold up those plotters before the eyes of the Christian
world, and remove that gross falsehood and misunderstanding which has for so many ages been the cause of hatred, persecution, and bloodshed? Let them uproot from the heart of the Christian that prejudice and hateful feeling, with which they have nourished him for fifteen centuries. They are the only physicians who can undo the effect of that spiritual poison, which they themselves have administered.

Then, true friendship and true brotherhood will reign in the hearts of the Jew and the Christian; then the Jew will look no more at Christianity as a religion of hatred and persecution. The name of Israel’s great son (Jesus) will no more make him shudder. Then the Christian, when he meets an old Jew, and sees his head bent on his breast and his wrinkled brow, the tokens of fifteen centuries of persecution, will remember that this old Jew is a living monument of the ancient world; that centuries before the foundation of the Eternal City, the Empire of this old Jew
extended from the Meditarrenian Sea to the Euphrates—from the river of Egypt to the Persian Gulf; that while his own ancestors had lived in hovels, clad in sheep-skin, walked bare-foot, and worshipped idols, that this old Jew had taught them the existence of a living God, a God of the universe, a Creator of mankind; that this old Jew had given him his sacred history and gospels, which his spiritual shepherd reads to him on every sacred day; that this old Jew had given him his prophets, which his guide expounds to him from the pulpit; that the psalms of this old Jewish King are chanted in his church, while the pealing organ blows to the accompaniment of sweet, young voices. When the Christian, once free from that old medieval, hateful feeling, realises all this, then he will no more mock at him, but will greet him as a friend, and will respectfully bow before that hoary beard, which is four thousand years old; then he will feel sympathy for him on his long, weary journey towards the
hills of Zion. Thus, the Jew will no longer shun his presence, but will rather cling to him, as an aged parent to a good and dutiful son, and will bless him with long life, good health and peace. The son, to make up for past ill-doings, will do much to help his aged parent, and to lighten his burden in his eighteen-hundred-years'-pilgrimage towards his old sacred home (Jerusalem)."
CHAPTER VII.

In forming a judgment, lay your heart void of forsaken opinion, else whatsoever is done or said, will be measured by a wrong rule, like those who have the jaundice, to whom everything appears yellow.

Sir Philip Sydney.

Man is not the prince of creatures, but in reason, fails that, he is worse than dog or horse, or beast of wilderness.

Field.

He who will not reason, is a bigot, he who can’t, is a fool, and he who dare not, is a slave. Lord Byron.

"Listen attentively, Paul," said Marcus, "I will prove that it was not the Jews as a body, nor the Scribes and Pharisees, nor the law of Moses, that brought Jesus to the cross, but a few individuals, who acted from mere personal motives. In the first place, Jesus did not attack Judaism. If I am not mistaken, Jesus was a better Jew than even my Diedushkah," said Marcus, pointing at the old man.

Paul and Rachel exchanged glances and smiled. Madam Blumenthal had a very scant knowledge of the life or teachings of Jesus, his remark was a puzzle to her, "How can it be possible," she thought,
"that the founder of Christianity was a better Jew than her father, who is the most pious Jew in St. Petersburg?" She felt inclined to ask her son whether his remarkable comparison was an insult or a compliment.

Old Grunblatt was not offended. He had become accustomed to his grandson's metaphorical expressions, and he knew that Marcus would make no statement without backing it up by solid argument.

Marcus was not slow to observe the astonished look of his mother, and he soon set her disturbed mind at rest.

"In point of fact," continued Marcus, "Jesus says in the New Testament, 'Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets, but to fulfill. For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled.'

To a question put to Him by a doctor of law, 'Which is the first commandment?' Jesus answered, 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord
our God is one God; and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' The Rabbi was greatly pleased at His answer.

He went among the people as a teacher of the law. He preached in synagogues, and was loved and admired by those who followed Him. He was invited to the tables of distinguished Rabbis, and had many personal friends among the doctors of law. He bade the people to follow the teaching of the Pharisees, since they sat in the seat of Moses, but warned them against their practices.

As we find in the New Testament, 'Then Jesus spoke to the multitude and to His disciples, saying, the Scribes and Pharisees sit in the seat of Moses. All, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe and do, that observe and do, but do not after their works, for they say and do not.' Although Jesus reproved them and called them 'hypocrites,' there is no evidence that they plotted against His life, nor that they bore witness against Him, or clamoured for His
death before the Roman Governor. On the contrary, we read in the New Testament that some of the Pharisees had warned Jesus against the wrath of King Herod, who was then ruler of Galilee. 'There came several of the Pharisees saying unto Him, 'Get Thee and depart hence, for Herod will kill Thee.' When His disciples were rebuked on the Sabbath for plucking ears of corn, He did not deny that such was forbidden under ordinary circumstances, but excused it on the ground of necessity. Even fasting found no opposition in Him, so far as it was practised without hypocrisy.

He had a heartfelt sympathy for the 'lost sheep of the house of Israel.' 'They that are whole need no physician, but they that are sick.' He taught the ignorant, the outcasts, and the godless. He inspired them with hope, and filled their sinking hearts with faith and love for God. The people followed Him with great enthusiasm.

In the New Testament we see Jesus welcomed by the people and greeted with
Hosanah to the Son of David.' Where is the crime of the gentle Teacher that the Jews should clamour for His death?

There were, however, two powerful leaders at Jerusalem, who, from personal motives, conspired against Him. The unworthy high priest, Joseph Caeaphas, and his father-in-law, the ex-high priest, Annas, were the Brutus and Cassius of Jerusalem. It is they, my friend, who were the direct cause of handing the gentle Master over to the hands of the Roman executioner, Pilate. They saw in the teaching of Jesus a danger to their wealth and power. Seven members of the house of Annas held the office of high priest in the temple of Jerusalem. None of those priests were descendants of Aaron, nor were they elected by the people, but obtained the office from the Roman Governors for large money bribes. The house of Annas belonged to the Sadducean sect, the aristocracy of Judea, who cared little for the Hebrew religion, ridiculed resurrection, and treated with contempt
the belief of the masses, and detested the Rabbis, whom. they nicknamed 'Pharisees.' The Sadducees, next to the Roman Governor, held the highest civil and political authority. The Talmud mentions the house of Annas, as remarkable for boldness, cunning, and avarice. In the Talmud we find a sentence which says ('Oy lee mibeis Chonon! oy lee milchishooon!') 'Woe to the house of Annas, woe to their serpent hissing!' This compliment to the house of Annas will give you an idea how the latter was regarded by the people of Jerusalem. Annas monopolised the offices of the temple by employing his sons as captains and treasurers of the temple. Their main object was to increase the revenue, and for this purpose they multiplied minute religious observances, and visited the breach of them with heavy fines. Besides this, they had a profitable trade in selling animals for sacrifices. They had established four shops in the outer court of the temple, where animals
for sacrifices were sold at high prices. The disgrace of the traffic in sacred things was deeply felt by the people, and the despotic actions of the high priest were disliked by the masses.

The great sage of Israel, Hilel Hanasi, once said to the high priest, 'You are lost if you are separated from the material temple, but we carry the temple in our hearts, in which God can be served always and everywhere.'

The Talmud and the historian, Josephus, record, that 'shortly before the fall of Jerusalem, Gamliel, a grandson of Hilel, caused the reduction of the prices of the sacrificial cattle and doves, etc., as a relief for the people. Subsequently, the populace rose in arms, destroyed the shops, killed the high priest, and cast his body to the dogs.' This was the character and conduct of the chief priests who were to play the villainous part in the tragedy of the cross.

When Jesus came to Jerusalem, as I
said before, He was most enthusiastically welcomed by the people. He visited the temple, and upon observing the busy traffic and the misrule of the priests, He reproved them in the presence of the multitude. As we find in the New Testament, 'And Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and destroyed the tables of the money-lenders, and the seat of them that sold doves, and said unto them, 'It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves;’ and the chief priests heard it and sought how they might destroy Him.'

Here, my friend, we have reached the opening of the first act of the great tragedy. The curtain has risen, and we find our gentle teacher standing face to face with His opponents. They heard His bitter attacks upon their misrule, and that, too, in the presence of the multitude, whose hostile feelings were not unknown
to them. They realised that the influence of Jesus might kindle a popular outburst which would end in the fall of the house of Annas, who always zealously guarded their official position, and, therefore, to them, all sedition, all attempts to arouse patriotism were unwelcome. 'And they thought how they might destroy Him.'

Even at the present day, we have a good illustration in the modern disciple of Jesus (Leo Tolstoy), whose sincere criticism is also unwelcome to the Government, the high priest, Pobiedonostzeff, and the holy Church, because he exposes the tyranny of the former, and attacks the superstition and hypocrisy of the latter. For years our Russian Government, with the high priest, have also been considering 'how they might destroy him;' and they would have destroyed him, but for the popularity of the old sage and the protection of the European press.

In the second act, we see the unworthy high priest, Joseph Caecaphas, holding a
council with his father-in-law, the ex-high priest, Annas, as to what means they should take to remove their dangerous opponent, who had dared to stand in their way and to shake the very foundation of their peaceful and prosperous régime. They resolved to plot against His life, but they dared not do Him any harm, nor arrest Him in the light of day, 'lest they should arouse the anger of the people against them.' Had Caeaphas had the full authority to carry out his death sentence, without the sanction of the Roman governor, Jesus would have lost His life in a very short time. Under the circumstances, some charges had to be made against Him, as a pretext for His arrest, and those charges had to be multiplied before the Roman governor, that their opponent should be removed at all costs.

They bribed one of His disciples, arrested Him at the midnight hour, and brought Him before the ex-high priest, Annas, who acted as sliedovatel (investigating magistrate).
In the New Testament we find Annas questioning Jesus of His doctrine to which the latter answered, 'I spoke openly to the world, I ever taught in the synagogues, and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort, and in secret I have said nothing. Why askest thou Me? Ask them who heard Me, what I have said unto them, behold, they know what I said; and when He had thus spoken, one of the officers, which stood by Him, struck Jesus with the palm of his hand, saying, Answerest Thou the high priest so? Jesus answered him, If I have spoken evil, bear witness to the evil, but if well, why smitest thou Me? Now, Annas had sent Him bound to Caeaphas.' This was the preliminary investigation before the opening of the great mock trial.

In the third act we see our gentle Jesus standing once more face to face with His opponents, but this time not in the capacity of a teacher of the law, but as an accused man before a judge. According to the law
of Israel, a man who is accused of a capital crime must be tried before the Sanhedrim (the supreme tribunal of seventy-two members). The judges in capital cases were not permitted to judge the accused at any hour in the night, but in day time only; and they were required to fast the whole of day on which they pronounced judgment; and even after the sentence the case was again considered—before it was carried into effect. The witnesses in such cases were closely scrutinised, and were at once dismissed, if they were found to have any personal interest in the suit. Indeed, on entering the court these witnesses were strictly warned by the judges to give true evidence, either for or against the accused. ‘Perchance,’ the judge says to them, ‘you intend to speak from rumour, or perchance, you are not aware that we shall try you with close questions and searching words. Know then, that trials wherein the life of a man hangs in the scale, are not like trials concerning worldly goods.’ On his way
to execution the condemned man was asked several times, whether he could think of anything not said, which might influence the judges in his favour. He also had the privilege of returning to the court, as often as he pleased, with new pleas, and a herald preceding him called aloud:—‘This man is being led to execution, that is his crime . . . these are the witnesses . . . if any one knows anything in his favour, let him come forth and say so.’ Capital punishments were very few, and were looked upon with abhorrence by the people and the judges alike; and when a court pronounced sentence of death it was called the ‘court of murderers.’

In the trial of Jesus, the sentence had to be submitted to the Roman governor for confirmation, for he had the authority to condemn and to set at liberty. The judge before whom Jesus was to be tried, was no other than His arch-enemy, Joseph Caeaphas, who had the verdict on his lips long before Jesus entered the judgment.
hall. To conduct this mock trial in a legal form, if possible, the unscrupulous judge had to put in the box witnesses. In this he found no difficulty. The dove-sellers and the money-changers, to whose flourishing trade in the temple Jesus had put an end, found now a capital opportunity to satisfy the judge that nothing should hinder him from giving the verdict. Some of them bore witness that they heard Jesus say that He would destroy the temple and rebuild it in three days; others repeated the same story, but in a different way.

Before such a prejudiced tribunal, however, it mattered little whether the accused could prove his innocence or not. To add a certain solemnity to the prejudiced trial, Caeaphas tore his robes and pronounced sentence of death, echoed by the jury who were members of his own family, and in all probability a few members of the Sanhedrim.

In the New Testament we find the high priest condemning Jesus on a charge of
calling Himself the 'Son of God' and 'Messiah.' You must know, Paul, that neither of these charges are crimes for which the Jewish law could punish with death. In point of fact, it is customary among us Jews to address God as our Father, our King. 'Aveno Malkyno,' our Father, our King, or our Father in Heaven, and, therefore, it was no crime of Jesus to address God as His Father, or to call Himself a Son of God. With regard to the other charge, in the first place, there is no evidence that Jesus claimed the Messiahship in public.

In the New Testament we find Jesus asking His disciples, 'Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am? and they said, 'Some say Thou art John the Baptist, some Elias, and others Jeremias, or one of the prophets.' He said unto them, 'but whom say ye that I am?' and Simon Peter answered and said, 'Thou art the Christ!' Then charged He His disciples that they should tell no man that He was Jesus the Christ.'
Supposing Jesus had claimed the Messiahship in public, in spite of all that Christians say, the Jews could neither have accused Him nor crucified Him on that account. For the simple reason, that since Judea became a Roman province the Jews had been subjected to so much misery and persecution that they had been waiting for the Messiah to come, and put an end to their misery. Some pictured to themselves that the Messiah would crush the Roman power and restore Israel to its past glory; others fancied that He would bring peace on earth; others were expecting Him to appear in a burning chariot with Elijah at His side, and restore every Jew 'unto his own vine and fig tree.'

Whatever their visions of the Messiah were, there is one thing certain, that they were expecting the Messiah, and, therefore, they could have had no objection to Jesus, even if He did claim the Messiahship in public. In point of fact, false Messiahs have existed, both before and after the time
of Jesus, who were far from being rejected and crucified, but were actually welcomed and supported by the whole nation; and some were even supported by the Rabbis.

I might mention Barcochba as an instance, who, in the reign of Adrian 134 A.D., proclaimed himself publicly to be the Messiah, and promised to restore the kingdom of Israel. He was even supported by the scholarly Rabbi, Akivah; and Jews from all parts responded to his call to such an extent, that within a short time the new military Messiah had two hundred thousand men in the field. The Emperor, Adrian, could find no competent general at home to oppose this Messiah, and he had to summon his most famous general, Severus, from his campaign in Britain to lead an army against Barcochba. Even as late as the sixteenth century, a Jew, by name Sabbati Levi, called himself the Messiah and was supported by many Jews. I could point out many more pseudo Messiahs, but this will suffice to prove that Jesus would not have
been rejected by the Jews, nor condemned to death by the Sanhedrim, on charges such as those.

Note, Paul, this famous mock trial was conducted at a late hour in the night, when all the people of Jerusalem were asleep, not even dreaming that their teacher and friend was caught in the iron grip of His vile foe, and by nine in the morning He would be handed over to the Roman executioner.

In the fourth act, we see Jesus standing before Pontius Pilate, the Roman Procurator of Judea, who is to act the final part in the great tragedy. Pilate, whose conduct towards Jesus is described in the gospel narratives as just, kind, and merciful, is on the contrary mentioned by the historian, Josephus, and others, as an unprincipled tyrant, who had behaved most inhumanly to the people of Jerusalem, and, indeed, he seems to me to have been a type of the average Russian governor. Pilate was the tool of the fanatical Sejanus, Tiberius’ favourite, before whom the Roman Empire
trembled. He knew Sejanus' hatred of the Jews, and he curried favour with him, by treating the people of Jerusalem with systematic harshness. In this he resembled our late and never-to-be-forgotten minister, De Phleve, who, to please the holy and mighty modern Sejanus (Pobiedonostzeff), organised the massacres of the Jews in several towns.

A Christian writer, in his 'Life of Christ,' who has described the administration of the Roman Procurators of Judea, says of Pilate, 'that it was with no little alarm that in the year 26, when the influence of Sejanus was at its height, the news spread that Valerius Gratus had at length been recalled, and Pontius Pilate appointed in his stead. The client was worthy of his patron, venal, covetous, cruel, even to the extent of delighting in the shedding of blood; without conscience, without pity, his name soon became loathed in Judea. He acted offensively towards the people of Jerusalem. The garrison of Antonia had hitherto always
left the insignia of their military standards at the headquarters in Caesarea, since the Jews would not suffer the holy city to be profaned by the presence of the eagles, and the busts of the Emperors. But Pilate, on the first change of the garrison, ordered the new regiments to enter the city by night, with the objectionable emblems on the standards, and Jerusalem awoke to see idolatrous symbols planted within sight of the temple. Universal excitement spread through the city; the Rabbis and the people met and deliberated how the outrage could be removed. A multitude of citizens hurried off to Pilate at Caesarea, to entreat him to take away the cause of such bitter offence. But Pilate would not listen, and treated the request as an insult to the Emperor. Still, the crowds continued their appeal, and for five days and five nights they beset the palace of Herod, in which Pilate resided, continuing to demand the removal of the standards. Determined to settle the matter, he at last summoned them
on the seventh day to the circus. Meanwhile, he had filled the spaces round the arena with soldiers, and when the Jews began to raise their turbulent cries again, on their refusal to yield, he ordered the soldiers to enter with drawn swords. Baring their throats, and kneeling as if to meet the swords, the multitude cried out that they would rather lose their lives than consent to the impiety. Pilate, dreading the anger of the Emperor, which a wholesale massacre would certainly provoke, had to yield, and the standards were withdrawn from Jerusalem.

Before long, he found himself involved in another conflict with the Jews. It was probably as a revenge that he was determined to construct an aqueduct to Jerusalem from a spring about fifteen versts off, which would bring a supply of water to Jerusalem. In order to meet the expense he confiscated the sacred treasury of the temple. In consequence of this demand, when he was at Jerusalem, during
the feast of the tabernacles, a multitude of citizens besieged him and repeated the tactics of Caesarea. But Pilate prepared himself beforehand. He had scattered his soldiers among the multitude dressed as Jews, and as soon as the cries began, the disguised soldiers attacked the Jews with clubs which they had hidden beneath their garments; many Jews were killed and wounded and the rest were dispersed.

On another occasion, Pilate again provoked the wrath of the people of Jerusalem. The Rabbis contended that their law forbade the erection of images of any kind. But there seemed nothing to prevent the erection at Jerusalem of votive tablets, such as those dedicated to the Emperor by officials. Pilate, therefore, hung golden shields of this kind at the Palace of Mount Zion, which he inscribed with his own name and that of Tiberius. A terrible commotion was the result. At the feast, the Jews, with the sons of Herod at their head, declared to Pilate, that such symbols,
which were equivalent to altars, were no less intolerable than the emblems of the standards. 'Cease!' cried they, as he angrily dismissed them, 'to stir up war and commotion. The Emperor is not honoured by insults offered to the law. It is the will of Tiberius that our laws should be respected, but if not, show us the edict, or a new rescript, which says this, so that we may send an embassy respecting it to him.' Pilate felt uneasy when he heard of a complaint to Tiberius, for, as the illustrious Jewish philosopher, Philo Judeus (who was a contemporary of Pilate), says he feared 'that a deputation to Rome would reveal all his crimes, the venality of his sentences, his rapacity, the numerous instances of the execution of persons without trial.'

Such is the character and conduct of the Roman Procurator, Pontius Pilate, who is to act as supreme judge in the case of Jesus, and on whose will depends the life of our gentle teacher.
In the first three gospel narratives we find the unworthy high priest, Joseph Caeaphas, accusing Jesus of 'perverting the nation, persuading the Jews not to give tribute to Caesar, saying that He is Christ, a King.' Pilate, who cared as little for the life of a Jew as a Russian governor, would most decidedly make no exception of Jesus. Besides, how could he refuse his friend the high priest, who always bribed him with talents of gold and other costly gifts, who, too, as a mark of good friendship, carefully refrained from participating in any hostile demonstration against the governor, the friendship of such a man, was of far more value to Pilate than the life of an agitator.

Pilate neglected the question of Messiah-ship altogether, concentrated himself on the political aspect, and asked Jesus, 'Art Thou the King of the Jews?' Receiving a reply in the affirmative, Pilate undoubtedly looked upon Him as a rebel to the Emperor, and acting according to the Roman law, he delivered Jesus to his
brutal soldiers to be scourged and crucified. As we find in the gospel narrative, 'Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the praetorium and gathered unto Him the whole band of soldiers; and they stripped Him, and put on Him a scarlet robe, and they had plaited a crown of thorns and they put it upon His head, and a reed in His right hand, and they bowed the knee before Him, saying, 'Hail, King of the Jews,' and they spit upon Him, and they took the reed and smote Him on the head, and after that they mocked Him, and put His own garment on Him, and led Him away to crucify Him.'

See, Paul, all this brutal mockery was not performed by the Jews nor even by His bitterest enemy, Cæaphas, but by the Roman soldiers at the command of their governor, Pilate. According to Roman law, the cross was the punishment inflicted on robbers, murderers, and rebels. It was because He was in the latter category that Jesus was punished with crucifixion.
The crime for which the person suffered was inscribed on the cross. Thus the Romans, in their scorn for the Jewish nation, inscribed on the cross, 'The King of the Jews.'

Some ladies of Jerusalem, out of kindness and sympathy for their unfortunate brother, sent wine to Him when He was hanging on the cross, hoping, doubtless, that its effect would render Him insensible to the agony. But the Roman soldiers gave Him instead vinegar to drink.

Thus, if the famous English author of the school geography, had given five minutes of his time to read those facts in his own Testament, he would have realised his blunder in teaching the youth of England that 'Christ preached to the Jews who crucified Him.'

"It is surprising," said Paul, "that an English author should be ignorant of the fact that it was the Romans who crucified Him."

"Why should we be surprised at this?"
said Rachel. He might be well versed in geography and totally ignorant of his Testament, and so while attempting to mix one with the other he made a slight blunder."

"The historian, Josephus," said Marcus, "records that an impostor, or pseudo messiah, appeared at Samaria, and told the people that on Mount Gerizini he would shew them the sacred vessels of Moses which were supposed to be buried there. A large multitude of Samaritans, headed by their new Messiah, marched to the mountain. Our merciful Pilate, with a strong body of horse and foot-soldiers, intercepted the march, slew the greater part of the multitude in the first attack, and dispersed the rest. Some were taken prisoners and put to death by order of Pilate. The Samaritan then sent a deputation to Vitellius, the Pro-consul of Syria, and complained of the violence of Pilate. Accordingly, Vitellius, in the year 37 A.D., sent Marcellus to Judea to take the office
of Procurator, and ordered Pilate to Rome to answer the accusation which had been made against him. Three years later Pilate was banished to Vienna in Gaul.

This, my friend, was the end of the tyrannical governor, whose conduct towards Jesus in the gospel narratives is described with such singular learning, who, according to their account, repeatedly insisted on the release of Jesus, but at the clamour of the Jews was forced to yield.

Who were the Jews that insisted so much on having the blood of the gentle teacher? Assuredly, it was not the people of Jerusalem, for they loved and admired Jesus, and looked upon Him as a friend and patriot, who, too, gave Him a hearty welcome on His entrance into the city? Nor were the Rabbis so bereft of their senses, as to stand at the side of their bitter enemy, Caeaphas, and help him to clamour for the death of Jesus before the tyrannical governor, whose cruelty to their fellow-citizens they had not forgotten.
If it was a mob, it could have been no other than the priests of the house of Annas, the cattle dealers, the dove sellers, and the money changers, who would at all costs not miss an opportunity of punishing the man who had spoiled their vocation."

"I do not doubt," said Paul, who listened with great interest, "that Pilate was an unprincipled tyrant, who cared little or nothing for the life of a Jew, and would make no exception in the case of Jesus, but, as a Christian, it is hard for me to have to discredit the interpretation of Pilate's character and actions as that we find in the gospels."

Marcus did not reply. He was silent, and became thoughtful.

Old Grunblatt, who seemed to have a better knowledge of the subject than Rachel or Madam Blumenthal, shrugged his shoulders in amazement at the idea of Marcus involving himself in such a complex problem.

"If it is unpleasant to you, my friend,
it is equally painful to me. For the gospel narrators were not heathen or barbarians, or Greeks, or Romans, but like myself, sons of Israel, bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh. Yet I am forced by reason and truth to test the accuracy of their statement, because the honour of a nation is involved.

My dear fellow, I want you to remember that my object is not to contradict any statement in the New Testament, or to attack Christianity, for which, in fact, I have a great admiration, so far as it is practised according to the teaching of Jesus, but my sole desire is to establish (as far as truth and logic will permit) the innocence of the Jewish nation of the murder of Jesus, and to expose His executioner (Pontius Pilate) in his original character and conduct towards Jesus.'

"I fail to see," said Paul, "what reason induced the gospel narrators to remove the guilt from Pilate and transfer it wholly to their Jewish brethren?"
"Circumstances, my friend, circumstances, 'Man,' said Lord Beaconsfield, 'is the creature of circumstances.' There is truth in that. For there are times, when man is compelled against his own will, feelings, or conscience, to speak, write, or act, as circumstances dictate.

What compelled Julius Cæsar to set fire to a part of Alexandria, and to burn the famous library with its four hundred thousand volumes? The great Julius Cæsar, the noblest Roman of them all (if I may be allowed to wrest Shakespeare to my purpose), himself a scholar and an author, proposed to open a library at Rome for the public; but the daggers of Brutus (Shakespeare's noblest Roman), Cassius and company, frustrated his plan; and this great Cæsar was the cause of destroying the library. Why? Because he was the tool of circumstances. The Egyptians attempted to cut the communications of the Romans with their fleet. To avoid the danger he was compelled, under those
circumstances, to set fire to the city, and extinguish the light of ages.

What compelled the Roman Senate to submit to the dictation of a Jewish Prince about the election of an Emperor, after the death of Caligula, 42 A.D.? (as we find it recorded by the historians, Suetonius, Josephus, and Dion Cassius). It was neither because Prince Agrippa was a Jew, nor that he was an intimate friend of the late Emperor or his successor, but it was because the Senate was the tool of circumstance. Agrippa, in an eloquent speech in the Forum, told the Senate, emphatically, that as the army was in favour of a Monarchy, it would be in vain for them to attempt any opposition, and to establish a Republic, because Rome was too weak to face the mighty disciplined legions of the Roman army. Under those circumstances, the Roman Senate had to yield and Claudius was proclaimed Emperor of Rome.

What forced Russia to yield to the dictation of a British Premier at the Berlin
Congress? Russia, who rules a sixth part of the globe; Russia, who keeps five million Israelites under her heel, had to submit humbly to the dictation of a Disraeli. Was it because Lord Beaconsfield was the son of Isaac Disraeli, or that he was the Prime Minister of Britain? No. It was because she was overpowered by circumstances. By order of Disraeli, British troops were sent to Malta, and British battleships appeared in front of Constantinopole, when our holy Russia was just about to attain her heart's desire by marching on Constantinopole. At this auspicious moment she was frustrated by the unexpected presence of the British lion, whose glittering eyes were steadily fixed on her movements. Russia having already smelt British powder in the Crimea, was not slow to observe by the lion's angry eye, that the warships were sent, not as a mere demonstration, but as a serious warning to her to keep her monstrous hands off Constantinopole. She was also aware of
the sixty million roubles which the British Parliament had granted to provide the lion with provisions in case he should have to appear on a combat in the Russian arena. Under those circumstances, our holy Russia had to part with her idol (Constantinopole), and Prince Gorchakoff had to shake hands with Benjamin Disraeli, and had to be content with the Jew's balance.

Thus, if we take a closer view of the gospel narrators, we shall find that their counterfeit presentiment of the Roman governor could not have been modelled from the original."

Marcus paused. He took out a silver cigarette case, opened it, and passed it to his friend.

Old Grunblatt, who did not care to be left behind by the younger generation, opened the snuff box, which he always had at hand, and took a generous pinch, with results amusing to the observers, with the exception of Marcus, whose philosophic calm was not disturbed.
"The Greek philosopher, Protagoras, said, that 'man is the measure of all things,'" continued Marcus, lighting his cigarette. "But there are things which require a more correct measure than ordinary observation, in other words to find out the truth of a given event, requires more than reading or hearing. The diamond merchant, for instance, when he inspects a valuable diamond, does not trust his own naked eye, but views it through a magnifying glass, by which he can see the quality of the stone better and discover a possible flaw. Especially, when we have to examine an event which occurred over eighteen hundred years ago, we are not to read literally word for word, and sentence for sentence, and form the same judgment as that simple minded Russian, who, on meeting an old Jew, knocked him down and kicked him, because, forsooth, he read or heard from the pulpit that 'the Jews killed Christ.' As the diamond merchant, we must not only read with our bodily eyes,
but also with our mind's eye, and so by the help of the all-powerful microscope, reason, form a more just and correct judgment.

In the first place we should take into consideration that the gospel narrators were no ordinary biographers, but disciples of Jesus, who, after the death of their beloved Master, could have had no friendly feeling towards their Jewish brethren, and their hostile feeling was subsequently intensified through the constant struggles with the Jewish authorities, for propagating Christianity among the Jews, and ceasing to observe the law of Moses, which their great Master 'did not come to destroy but to fulfil.

Moreover, in the the year 36 A.D., Stephen was stoned to death by order of the high priest. We read in the Acts that 'at that time there was a great persecution against the Churches which were at Jerusalem.'

Also in the year 44 A.D., six years before the publication of the first gospel,
Apostle James, brother of the Apostle John (the author of the fourth gospel), and the Apostle Peter were imprisoned, by order of Agrippa, King of Judea.

Secondly, we should bear in mind that a plain and unvarnished narrative of Pilate's conduct, as it really was, would have proved to be a most serious obstacle to the preachers of the gospels amongst the Romans and other Gentiles.

If the Romans read or heard that a Roman governor of Judea (their own countryman) had condemned to the cross the 'Son of God,' the 'Messiah,' and delivered Him to be scourged and mocked in the most brutal manner, and crucified, it would not merely have hindered the gospel preachers from gaining converts among the Romans, but Rome would have avenged the slander affixed to one of her officials with oceans of blood. A few insignificant Jews, the capital of whose country was razed to the ground, whose offspring (the Christians) she regarded with the most
relentless hatred, and treated in the most inhuman manner, who had crucified many a Christian with his head downwards, had dared to make such a charge against the character of an official of the Emperor and the Empire.

She would not only have crucified the authors of the gospels, but not a Christian would have been left alive in the Roman Empire. Would our own Russia allow a few Jewish converts to publish pamphlets slandering any of her governors, and accusing him of condemning an innocent man to the gallows or to the mines of Siberia? Has she not condemned many a noble son of hers to the gallows for the mildest criticism?

I doubt, whether any country in Europe would pass over in silence a libel published by foreigners against a prominent official. It was, therefore, an absolute necessity for the Evangelists to introduce Pilate as, in some measure, at least, displaying justice and humanity, while the greater odium of the whole transaction
was reserved for the Jews. If we glance at the noble role which Pilate plays in the gospel narratives we shall form a clear conception of the whole affair.

In the first three gospels, we find the priests with their rabble accusing Jesus before Pilate saying, 'We find this fellow perverting the nation and forbidding men to give tribute to Caesar, saying, 'that He Himself is Christ, a King.' Then Pilate asked Him, 'Art thou King of the Jews;)' and He answered and said, 'Thou sayest it.'

Now, what could be expected from the Roman governor who was appointed over Judea to watch the interest of Rome, and to crush all incipient revolts, whose cruel treatment I have already illustrated by historical facts, who, too, hated the Jews with the most relentless hatred. What other verdict could we have expected from a tyrant, who had heard from the lips of Jesus Himself, that 'He was the King of the Jews,' than that he should look upon Him as a rebel against the Emperor, who
according to Roman law deserved to be punished with crucifixion, which law Pilate not only acted upon, but, in addition, he actually allowed his brutal soldiers to scourge and mock Jesus most shamefully.

But, Paul, in the first three gospels we read that after Jesus had answered the governor that He was the King of the Jews, 'Then said Pilate to the chief priests and the people, 'I find no fault in Him.'" What inference can you draw from this answer? Even a school-boy can read between the lines.

Let us see what the fourth gospel says.

John, the author of the fourth gospel, who wrote later than the Synoptists (100 A.D.), and whose brother, James, as I said before, was beheaded by order of the King of Judea, draws a picture of Pilate's conduct towards Jesus entirely out of harmony with the other gospel narrators, and goes far beyond his predecessors in glossing over the conduct of the Roman governor, and painting in lurid colours the villainy and
guilt of the Jews. In his gospel, we read that after the chief priest accused Jesus before the Roman governor as a 'malefactor,' Pilate asked Jesus, 'Art Thou the King of the Jews?' Jesus does not give the same answer as in the other narratives (that is in the affirmative), but tells Pilate, 'My Kingdom is not of this world.' Now, if Pilate had been a just man, would not the answer of Jesus be a sufficient proof of His innocence? That is equivalent to stating that Jesus did not claim the throne of Judea. The merciful Pilate had said this much to the chief priests and the mob, 'I find in Him no fault at all.' Very good of him, so far. But, as usual, the chief priests and the multitude clamoured for His death.

In the synoptic gospels, we find that Pilate delivered Jesus to his soldiers to be scourged before the crucifixion. In the gospel of John we see Pilate indeed order the scourging, as in the synoptists, but with the sole aim of pacifying the Jews.
with this as an adequate penalty for his offence, and so ultimately setting Jesus free; that is to say, Pilate scourged Jesus to save Him from the cross. It was very kind of the Roman governor to do his best to save the life of a Jew, even though he has to inflict scourging.

As the fourth gospel tells us, 'Then Pilate, therefore, took Jesus and scourged Him, and went forth again and said unto them, 'Behold, I bring Him forth to you that you may know that I find no fault in Him,' then Jesus came forth wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe, and Pilate said unto them, 'Behold the Man!'' But the usual cry, 'Crucify Him! crucify Him!' rang in the air; and after Pilate had still refused to comply, the Jews told the governor that 'Jesus ought to die, because He made Himself a Son of God.' (A new additional charge, which is not mentioned in any of the other gospels.) 'When Pilate, therefore, heard that saying he was the more afraid.' Of what was Pilate
afraid? Was he afraid because the Jews said He was the Son of God? Did the Roman governor think that the ‘Son of God’ was an Angel with a fiery sword, or some equally formidable apparition?

As soon as Pilate and Jesus went back into the judgment hall, all Pilate’s apprehension and its cause had evidently disappeared; for we find him saying to Jesus, ‘Knowest Thou not I have the power to crucify Thee, and have the power to release Thee?’ Why then, in the name of justice, did not the merciful and powerful Pilate release Him, seeing that Jesus was absolutely innocent? But Pilate is immediately excused, on the ground that he was willing to set Jesus at liberty, but the multitude persisted in clamouring for His death, and at last burst forth, ‘If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar’s friend. Whosoever makes himself a king, speaketh against Cæsar.’ Upon hearing this our timid Pilate trembled in his shoes. But Jesus had already told the governor that
"His kingdom was not of this world." Was it right for a just and merciful governor to condemn an innocent man to the cross, because a mob, with its unworthy high priest (a mere tool in the hands of Pilate, who at any time could strip him of his office), clamoured for His death? If Pilate had been a man of principle, he would have set Jesus at liberty on the solid ground that there was no proof to justify the false charges against Him.

Jesus had never excited the people against the Romans, nor had He urged His countrymen not to pay tribute to Cæsar. On the contrary, when asked 'whether it was lawful to pay tribute to Cæsar,' He requested a coin, and when the latter was given to Him, He asked whose image was on the coin. When He was answered that it was Cæsar's, He said, 'Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.' Nor had He organised anti-Roman demonstrations, nor had His disciples ever hoisted the standard of Judah, nor had
they cried, 'Down with the Romans, or Down with Caesar.'

The only public act which Caephas could complain of against Jesus, was that He drove the cattle and dove-sellers, and the money-changers, out of the temple. Even Tiberius, though a heathen, could have found no fault in Jesus for preventing the House of God from being used as a cattle market.

Thus, Pilate’s past cruelties would have been overlooked for his one humane act in saving an innocent man from the cross, and so he would have earned the everlasting gratitude, not only of the people of Jerusalem, but of all Judea.

Contrast the conduct of Petronius (a fellow-countryman of Pilate), who was ordered by the mad Caligula to erect a statue of the Emperor in the temple of Jerusalem, and in case of resistance to compel submission by arms. Petronius, in obedience to the Emperor, collected an army at Ptolemais. The Jews came to
him and informed him of their determination to die by the sword rather than see the violation of their laws. Petronius, unlike Pilate, did not put the command of the Emperor into execution. Being a man of principle, he could not act against his own conscience, by butchering so many innocent people, because they were willing to sacrifice their lives for the laws of their forefathers. Petronius accordingly postponed the erection of the statue for forty days, thus running the risk of losing his own life; and had it not been for the assassination of Caligula, Petronius would have suffered the death penalty.

Pilate, on the other hand, because a rabble clamoured for the death of an innocent man, not only complied with their wish, but he actually allowed his soldiers, in cruel sport, to dress Jesus in a purple robe, with a crowd of thorns on His head, to put a reed in His hand, and then to kneel before Him, and shout in their mocking voices, ‘Hail! King of the Jews;’ and
after this burlesque homage they smote Him with the reed and led Him to be crucified. Now, Paul, this base tyrant is so ably and skilfully defended by the gospel narrators, that one of them even goes as far as to make the Roman governor wash his hands, in Jewish fashion, before the multitude, saying, 'I am innocent of the blood of this just man, see ye to it;' and the Jews, as a matter of course, answered in chorus, 'His blood be on us, and on our children.'

Thus, throughout all the ages since, Christianity (the offspring of Judaism) appeared on the pulpits of Europe, the narrow minded Christian had a splendid pretext for massacring and plundering the Jew, because 'the blood of his Saviour was upon him;' and for a crime which was committed by those two arch-criminals, Joseph Caeaphas, prosecutor and judge, of the first instance, and Pontius Pilate, supreme judge and executioner, a whole nation for so many ages have been subjected to the most
inhuman cruelty. Even in this most enlightened age the narrow minded Christian still clings to his bigoted view that the Jews are punished by the Almighty for rejecting and crucifying the Messiah, and supports it with his solid historical fact, 'that since the Jews have crucified Christ they have lost their temple and their country was destroyed, whence they have always been scattered and persecuted, and have never regained their country.' The bigoted Christian speaks the truth so far, that 'the Jews were always persecuted and never regained their country.' He has forgotten to remember that the Jews have never had the liberty to regain their country, for the simple reason that they have always been persecuted, massacred, and plundered by his kind and gentle forefathers. Moreover, some learned Christian Theologians who, instead of taking the latter view into consideration, hug their favourite medieval view, and were quite proud to make it known to the Christian world in their
theological works, forgetful of the historical fact, that the Jewish country and temple had been several times destroyed, and the Jews scattered before the time of Jesus, and almost all subsequent persecutions have been the result of the prejudiced outlook of their own bigoted forefathers. What about the holy crusaders? Have they not made several attempts to wrest the land of Israel from the Sultans, and on their march to the Holy Land have massacred countless thousands of Jews, evidently to clear the 'old stock,' and thus become the chosen people?"

"France," continued Marcus, after a minutes silence, "is the mirror in which you can see the sad reflection of a persecuted race. France, to screen her traitors had contrived a specious pretence to put an innocent officer in their place, but she took good care that this officer should be a Jew, and so a most eligible victim. Accordingly, she at once displayed him to the world as the traitor, broke
his sword before the real traitors, stripped the epaulettes from his uniform, and degraded him in the eyes of her army and country, which he had honourably served, gave him what she ironically called 'a trial,' and condemned him to her Devil's Island to pine away in chains and in solitude to expiate the crimes of other men. In a similar manner, Christian Europe, forgetful of the criminals who plotted her Saviour's death, made many suffer for the misdeeds of the few, tore into fragments the scrolls of that law which her Master 'did not come to destroy but to fulfil,' condemned the Jewish nation, untried and undefended, to suffer indescribable horrors of persecution. Fortunately for Dreyfus, Emile Zola, though a Frenchman, was also a man, and could not endure to see his fatherland trample on justice and truth, and, therefore, appealed openly to his country on behalf of the innocent Jewish officer. Zola and Dreyfus suffered much, but triumphed at last, and the Jewish officer
was recalled from the Devil's Island. Zola is gone, alas no second Zola has as yet arisen to appeal to the world on behalf of the unjust persecution of Dreyfus' race."

"Where are your Zolas'!" said Paul. "Where are your men of genius: your thinkers, writers, novelists, professors, and philosophers? Why are they silent?"

"You ask, why are they silent, because our own Zolas are only alive to the world, but to us Jews they are dead. They use all their brain to instruct, amuse, and entertain their cold and heartless Mother Europe, but to their own old mother, to their own people, their flesh and blood, they are dead, absolutely dead. Not a spark of brotherly love, not a touch of sympathy for their defenceless brothers and sisters, to whose homeless and persecuted life their eyes are closed, and their hearts are frozen."

"What prevents you from taking Zola's place? If your pen is as eloquent as your tongue, then, without fear and with full
confidence, you can send your message to the sons of Europe. You may be certain that your message will be adequately delivered. Nay, it will pierce and penetrate into the heart and soul of man. It will awake his conscience as with a voice of thunder, and tell it of the object of her mission, nor, having once gained an audience, will it cease until justice is done in full."

"You should remember, Paul Dmitrovich," said Rachel, "that Zola had to appeal only to his country, whereas, Marcus must address the whole of Europe. Zola had followers who assisted him in finding out the real guilty parties. Marcus stands alone, and the criminals are buried beneath eighteen centuries, and to shake the traditional interpretation of the gospels, seems to me as difficult as moving mountains, since, as you say, that there nothing can be altered, because every word and letter is deemed sacred."

"We must have courage to face those
gigantic mountains," said Paul. "The world is a country, and the whole human race is a family. Do you think that there are no men left in the world?" here he paused. "I mean men who are lovers of justice and truth, men who have greater minds and nobler feelings than us. Once the two sparks of reason and truth gain admission into their mind, they will enkindle a revolution, which all of Europe's armies and navies, and even the Czar's own Cossacks with all their nagikies, will be powerless to resist. For justice and truth must triumph in the end."
CHAPTER VIII.

My days among the dead are past,
   Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast
   The mighty minds of old;
My never failing friends are they
With whom I converse day by day;
With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.—Southey.

"This is my study, library, and university combined," said Marcus to his friend, Paul, on entering the room. "Here I can study in peace, consult the wise men of all ages. No police prowling about the windows, no spies to watch my movements. Here I can read all kinds of literature, without being censured and expelled."

"You have a large number of books," said Paul, looking around him. "One wall was filled with portraits of authors. Among those Paul observed Flavius Josephus, the great Jewish historian, Moses Mendelssohn, the Jewish
Socrates, Baruch Spinosa, Henrich Heine, Benjamin Disraeli, Dr. Theodor Herzl, and Dr. Max Nordau.

"These," said Marcus, "are some of the modern stars of Israel, whose reflection you can see in the great ocean of European literature."

"I was not aware that you are a monarchist," said Paul, observing a life-sized portrait of the Czar.

"Why not? The Czar is so kind as to act sentinel at the door of my forbidden library." Marcus pressed a button in the Czar's uniform. A door opened into a small room filled with books.

"These are books which our holy Russia forbids her orthodox children to read, and you find among them the noblest thoughts of the noblest minds. They, Paul, are the lamps which our paternal Government keeps away from dark Russia."

Paul's eyes travelled all over the volumes. For some minutes both friends were silent. Marcus was the first to speak.
“How long! how long! will darkness reign supreme over the Russian sky?"

“Patience, Marcus Abramovich, patience. The Czar’s Constitution will say, ‘Let there be light,’ and darkness will disappear.”

Marcus closed the door of the forbidden library, with a sigh. “My only consolation is hope. Hope, as the Greek sage said, is the cheapest of all things. For he who has nothing else has that. So let us wait and hope for the light of the Czar’s Constitution,” said Marcus, attending his friend to the door.

In a few minutes Marcus returned to his study. He gazed at the Czar’s portrait and thought of Paul’s words, “The Czar’s Constitution will say, ‘Let there be light,’ and darkness will disappear.” Suddenly he turned his head away. The words of his grandfather were still ringing in his ears, “You are dreaming, Marcus, there will be no liberty for the Jews in Russia. The only reform is massacre and plunder.”
"Ah! my God!" exclaimed Marcus, "I am cut to the heart by the thought." He began to pace to and fro, pondering his grandfather's words. Then standing in the middle of the room:

"Benjamin! Benjamin!" he called involuntarily, as his eyes rested on the portrait of Lord Beaconsfield. "Where art thou now, thou great and noble son of Israel? Wert thou alive thou wouldst not sit silent on the ministerial bench and look on with a calm feeling at the monster of the north. No, thou didst once send the British lion to drive him off from the gate of Constantinopole; wouldst thou stand idly by while that wild monster devours the orphans of Israel? Alas! Benjamin, thy noble eyes are closed. We see no more their glowing and fiery look, which stirred the soul of Britain, when thou didst stand in her Senate House defending the honour of thy nation, and demanding justice for thy outcast brethren. Thou art asleep, Benjamin. We hear no more
thy powerful and penetrating message which thrilled the heart of Britain, echoed through the mountains of Europe, and startled the Northern Autocrat on his golden throne.

Sleeping peacefully under the beautiful wreath of thy adopted mother, thou art not aware that at the midnight hour a moaning wind from the north of Europe awakens thy old mother, Rachel, from her long sleep, and brings her the sad news of the massacre of her children by the northern Philistines. Thou dost not see her arise from her eternal bed, and call again and again on thy name in alarm, and wait impatiently to hear even the echo of thy voice to console her with thy protection. No, thou art silent, Benjamin. Alas, a flood of tears pours from her eyes, and with her head bent, and her hands clasped, she slowly retires to her grave weeping bitterly for the distress of her orphans without shield or defence; not even her own son. Ah! brother dear! Would I had wings!
no storm should keep me back from flying across the restless waves, to pour before thee the sufferings which cruel Europe is causing thy poor and defenceless brothers and sisters, for whom the pulse of thy noble heart never ceased to beat. How they did mourn on that memorable day when the Angel of Death and thy mortal physicians met in a fierce combat. At length, they realised that he had not come of his own accord, but was sent by the decree of the Supreme King. All was now in vain. Their struggle was ended, and our noble son must go on his last lone journey. At that moment, brother, the shrill cry of thy peacock signalled the approaching death of its master, and lamentation burst forth. Then thy friends quickly grasped thy dying hands in theirs, and with tearful eyes watched the Angel of Death deliver his fateful message—now at last the cup of Israel’s grief is full.

When the sun is sinking behind the distant mountains, and the whole face of
nature mournfully witnesses the last moments of the parting day, and the voice of the birds are heard no more, then, brother, before thy peaceful grave I will sing a dirge of thy old mother’s grief for her dear son."

The ringing of the front door bell awoke Marcus from his reverie, and a chill passed through him. "Who can it be," he thought. "Is it my father, or Paul?" He hastily went to the door and opened it. To his surprise, it was neither his father nor his friend, but a company of police entered the lobby.

The reader will recollect that General Trepoff had promised to Paul’s father, Count Dubasoff, to remove Paul’s Jewish friend out of the way. Now the police had come to fulfil that promise.

"We are here to make a search in your room," said the Chief of Police. Marcus, being unconscious of any crime whatever, without uttering a word of protest, led them into his study. The unwelcome visitors
soon made themselves at home. Some emptied the drawers of his writing table and glanced at the papers, documents, and particularly his correspondence, which was inspected by the Chief himself. Others took out book after book from the shelves, looked on the title pages to see whether "Dozvolenno Zenzooroo" ("Permitted by the Censor") was printed on them.

Marcus looked calmly at the grand entertainment of these unwelcome visitors, and wondered what brought them to his room, and what they were looking for?

At that moment the door opened and Paul came in. On his way home he saw them marching along the road. He knew they were going on some terrible errand, and he followed them from a distance. The two friends exchanged glances of astonishment.

"With what authority have you come to make a search?" said Paul, addressing the Chief, who was well known to him.

"Ne washe dieloh (No business of
yours),” replied the Chief, busying himself in reading some letters.

“Your know who I am?”

“Yes, your name is Paul. Your father is Count Dubasoff, Secretary to the Holy Synod.”

“I will report your intrusion to the Minister of the Interior,” said Paul.

“You can do so at your pleasure.”

Meanwhile, all the members of the house and the servants had been roused by the noise, and all of them rushed into the room.

“What is the meaning of all this?” exclaimed Madam Blumenthal, in bewilderment.

“Your son, Marcus, is arrested in the name of the law, and he must come with us,” said the Chief, placing some letters in his pocket, and still inspecting others.

“No, I will not let you take him,” cried out Madam Blumenthal. “You have come to rob me of my son. I will not part with him.” She threw her arms round Marcus, and pressed him to
her. "Oh! my son! my son! They have come to drag you from your home, but I will not let him take you."

Marcus cheered his mother, by telling her that there must be some misunderstanding, and that he would soon be home again. But she still held her arms clasped around him. Tears rolled down from her cheeks and rested on the ringlets of his black silken hair.

Paul was deeply moved. "Captain Brutovsky," said Paul, addressing the Chief, "what crime has this young man committed, that you have come to tear him from his home? What has he done that you snatch him from his parents? Is he a traitor to his country? Did he plot against the Czar or his Ministers? Has he been insulting the Emperor or his Government? You have simply nothing against him, but you have found his correspondence, and you take them for a pretext of arrest. Is this the kind of gratitude you are paying to his father, for serving his country at the
seat of war, by robbing him of his only son? Where are your human feelings? Would you feel content to see your only child torn from you without a cause? Would you be silent to see your only brother taken from you by force? Turn round and look at his sister. There she stands motionless as a marble statue, her face pale as the walls around her. Here is his old Diedushkah trembling as a leaf in the autumn, his tears wetting his old wrinkled cheeks. Observe your victim clasped in the arms of his mother; now that her only son has reached the state of manhood, you have come to snatch him from her. Where is your justice? your Christianity? With what kind of feelings will you say your morning prayer, on your bended knees before the Mother of our Saviour, when only a few hours since you have dragged an innocent son from the arms of his mother, who is of the same race and blood as the Mother of Christ? And you parade the streets of Russia, your breasts decorated with medals
and stars! Are those medals presented to you for your good or noble actions? or is it not the case, that for every medal you have devoted all your energy to imprison, torture, exile, and execute countless thousands of innocent souls. Look upon yourself as holy orthodox Russians and call yourselves Christians. Are you not ashamed to face the open sky and raise your guilty eyes to the light of sun or moon, which has witnessed you dragging off many a noble son to the chambers of torture and to the scaffold? How dare you touch the cross with your hands, when they are stained with the blood of martyrs? You may call yourselves orthodox Russians, but men and true Christians you are not. You cruel bureaucratic tools! At one word of your superiors you are ready to blight the lives of thousands of innocent men, women, and children. You monsters in human form, your kind are disgracing the image of the Creator. You destroyers of the noblest work of God.
Your eyes are like the eyes of serpents, your hearts are like those of tigers, and your feelings like those of the stony walls of the prison fortress where you have tortured to death the noblest sons of Russia. You—"

"Enough of your slander," interrupted the Chief, in an angry tone, "or I shall be compelled to arrest you on a charge of insulting the servants of His Imperial Majesty," here the Chief pointed at the Czar's portrait, which hung on the door of Marcus' forbidden library.

"Do so!" exclaimed Paul, "arrest me! imprison me! torture me! hang me! I shall face death rather than see my unhappy fatherland swarm with so many human monsters, who, under the cloak of law and order, torture to death thousands of innocent lives."

The Chief was in a raging temper. He pulled out his sword from its scabbard.

"Here is my heart," cried Paul, opening his waistcoat, "send your sword
through it, and save my eyes from looking at your monstrous face.”

At that moment Rachel, who had recovered from her shock, threw herself at the feet of the Chief.

“Captain!” she pleaded, “do not kill him, do not kill him, take my life instead. We are alone and defenceless, and Paul is our only friend! O father! father!” she burst out crying, “on your way to your unhappy home, you are not even dreaming what a misfortune has befallen your family.”

“I shall demand satisfaction from you in a duel,” said the Chief, thrusting back his sword in the scabbard, and throwing a hateful glance at Paul.

“I am always ready,” said Paul.

Marcus could bear no longer, with cheering words he released himself from the arms of his mother.

“My friend,” said Marcus, pressing the hand of Paul. “Do not estrange yourself from my home. Your presence will cheer
them, and in my absence the thought will make me happy.” Without uttering another word, he cast a glance at the members of the family. The pathetic look of his mother moved him to the extreme, and he quickly turned to the door.

“Rely on me, Madam Blumenthal,” said Paul. “I shall not rest till Marcus is home again, though it shall cost me my life.”

No sooner had Marcus stepped out of the room, attended by the police and his friend, than his mother screamed out, “My child! my child!” and fell unconscious on the floor.
CHAPTER IX.

Mephistopheles' Great Victory.

"I have the pleasure to inform your Holiness that I have drowned the Czar's Constitution in oceans of Jewish blood," was the news brought by General Trepoff to our old Mephistopheles on the sixth day after the publication of the Czar's manifesto.

Since his last interview with the Monarch, Mephistopheles had lost all favour with the Czar. Moreover, the Czar's refusal to admit him into his presence, and the publication of his manifesto, granting the people a representative Government, had completely broken his heart. He became so weak that he was unable to attend to the office of his Holy Synod, and as a consequence, he tendered his resignation of the Procuratorship, which the Czar gracefully accepted.

Thus, the only hope left to Mephistopheles was General Trepoff's effort to counteract the Czar's Constitution. The
General's glad tidings were a balm to his wounded heart.

"I am glad to hear it, General, I am glad to hear it," said Mephistopheles. "I hope you have been successful in clearing out the enemies of our holy Russia."

"According to the reports sent to me by the Governors of all the Provinces, within five days and five nights, in ninety-seven towns and districts, over a quarter of a million Jews were killed and wounded, including of course many intellectuals and students. For such a short time, not a bad beginning, your Holiness, eh?"

Mephistopheles' face darkened. "Only a quarter of a million?" said Mephistopheles, in a solemn voice assuming a gloomy expression.

"You must have forgotten, my dear General, that our holy Russia is plagued with five million Jews, and as a result four million three-quarters are still alive."

"Patience, your Holiness, patience. The balance will be cleared in time. Your
Holiness should bear in mind that the eyes and ears of our foreign ambassadors, ministers, and residents are wide open. Thus, if we clear off the five million Jews at one stroke, we shall bring a European storm on us, which will sweep our money market away, and then we shall lose all chance of getting foreign loans, especially from the Jewish financiers."

"You are perfectly right from a financial point of view. But, my dear General, don't blame my hasty judgment. For the Jews, as you are also aware, are a cunning race, who incite our orthodox Russians to all kinds of revolutionary ideas, which might lead to another French Revolution here amongst us, and might end in the fall of our noble régime, and of our holy orthodox Church."

"Your Holiness can rest at peace. So long as Trepoff stands on his feet, and is able to grasp the handle of his sword, there shall be no revolution in Russia. In point of fact, the eighty thousand workmen of
St. Petersburg have paid a dear price for their political manifesto to the Little Father; their fate will serve as a good lesson to the other working classes, whose present strike will not last long.

On the other hand, the intellectuals, for every liberal utterance or action will at once be court-martialled and executed. As for the pogroms, we will pause a little, till the press of Europe ceases to grumble; and after our loans with the Jewish bankers have come to a successful issue, then can we set to our work again. I am fully convinced that our noble patriots, whose hands will be reeking with the blood of the Jews, shall be honoured by the Czar,—who will accept their insignia and wear it on his breast.”

“So far so good,” said Mephistopheles, who was cheered by Trepoff’s prediction “But, my dear General, what will you do, if, notwithstanding the disturbances and pogroms, our Little Father should take it into his head to grant the people a Constitutional Government?”
"Then," said Trepoff, "to satisfy our Little Father and Western Europe, we shall have to establish some kind of a Parliamentary comedy which—"

"I beg of you, General, not to speak to me of Parliament in our holy Russia. It cuts me to the heart even to hear its hateful name, and especially when I think that the Czar himself, who hitherto has always acted up to the principles of autocracy and approved of my counsel, should now be led astray by that accursed Witte, and approve of his projects."

"Your Holiness can rest assured that if we do establish a Parliamentary comedy, we shall take good care to make its foundation of hen's legs. Thus, as soon as its members begin to clack at our autocratic régime, we will close the door and send them to the fortress of Peter and Paul, or to the mines of Siberia, where they can clack away to their hearts content."

An involuntary smile played on the
firmly compressed lips of Mephistopheles, but it soon vanished.

"I cannot understand why the Czar turned so cold toward me. He accepted my resignation of the Procuratorship, which I have served faithfully for twenty-five years, without even enquiring the cause of my retirement."

"Our Little Father is to be pitied," said Trepoff. "The assassination of Phleve and the Grand Duke Sergius has affected him too much. He looks dull and melancholy, and scarcely speaks to any one. Besides, I was informed by his mother, that he continually talks about his grandfather, whom he saw in a dream, and who warned him against some old man. I think the present upheaval in Russia will turn the brain of our Little Father. He is always imploring me to use all possible measures in restoring order and peace."

"Does our Little Father know of the pogroms?"

"On my last report to him about the
general affairs of the Empire, he asked me how the manifesto respecting the Constitution was received by the people."

"And what did you say?" asked Mephistopheles, with impatience.

"I told him that the orthodox Russians are indifferent and take no notice whatever. But the Jews organised processions and carried red flags shouting,—'Tzar doloy! Tzar doloy!' (Down with the Czar!) and tore his portrait into fragments. This had aroused the anger of our orthodox Russians, and caused a great disturbance throughout the Empire. But under my instructions the police, with the aid of troops, immediately restored order."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing, he only shook his head."

"I did read an account in the Novoi Vremia," said Mephistopheles.

"Has it really been the case that the Jews dared to tear the portrait of the Czar?"

"No," replied Trepoff, "they were
police officials disguised as Jews, who had to act in such a manner, so as to give a pretext for a pogrom, and justify the actions of our orthodox Russians in the eyes of the European correspondents."

"It was a clever idea," said Mephistopheles. "Who was the author of such a skilful plan?"

"Your humble servant," said Trepoff, bowing.

"Your patent for justifying a pogrom can put even Edison in the shade."

"Your Holiness pays too high a compliment. The most interesting report," continued Trepoff, after a minute's silence, "was sent to me by the Governor of Odessa, General Caulbars. If he had come off as victorious in the war with Japan, as in the Odessa pogroms, our Russian flag would have been long since flying over the Japanese capital."

"I should be pleased to hear Caulbars' account of the Odessa pogroms."

"With pleasure." Trepoff pulled out
from his pocket a long document, unfolded it and began to read the following:

"Dear General,—It is with great pleasure that I have the honour to inform you of our great victory over the Jews. Our brave Prefect, Neidgard, after receiving your instructions, posted our counter manifesto all over the city and districts. On the day of the publication of the manifesto, Neidgard got together over five hundred bossiakoff (hooligans), entertained them at the city hall with vodka and zakoosky, explained the object of their gathering, read to them the counter manifesto and supplied them with arms. They were then led by disguised police to attend divine service. After this they walked in procession, headed by priests who carried portraits of the Czar and Czarina, and some carried crucifixes, Ikons and images of the Saints. Several police officials, who were disguised as Jews, waited on balconies, and as the procession was passing they fired at the Czar's portrait. After the signal, 'Death to the Jews,' was
given, our patriots began to work. By the early hours of the morning three thousand four hundred and sixty-five Jews were killed and wounded. On the following day nine hundred armed students paraded the Jewish quarters and attempted to repulse the attack of our patriots. Troops were called out and the students lost a fair number; this will teach them to remember not to defend again the Jews. On the same evening I received a telegram from Witte, to stop the pogroms, but soon came your orders to continue. The battle went on for five days without interruption. The number killed and wounded was twenty-three thousand seven hundred and thirty-five Jews, including intellectuals, liberals, socialists, revolutionaries, parliamentarists, and students. Trusting this will meet with your approval. Yours obediently.

CAULBARS.

"Neidgard deserves high promotion for his excellent service," said Mephistopheles.

"I have spoken on the matter to the
Minister of the Interior. He told me that Neidgard will be promoted to the post of Governor of Nishzni-Novogrod."

Both were silent for some minutes.

"What is the result of the Blumenthal affair?" asked Mephistopheles.

"Marcus Blumenthal was executed this morning in Petrapavlosky Krepost (Fortress of Peter and Paul). His father had the impudence to send a proshenia (petition) to the Czar, complaining of the imprisonment of his son, which had caused the death of his wife and ruined his family. I, of course, intercepted his proshenia, and gave him twenty-four hours notice to leave Russia."

"Dmitry Ivanovich will be under an everlasting obligation to you for saving his son from being completely ruined by that fellow."

"I would have been equally pleased to have seen Paul accompany his friend to the scaffold."

"What makes you say that, General?"

"Because he has been very troublesome."
Not being content with mortally wounding, in a duel, Captain Brutovsky, who died of his wound at five this morning.” (Mephistopheles made the sign of the cross.) “He caused a great disturbance at the University, telling the students of the arrest and imprisonment of his friend, and made inflammatory speeches, and on the same evening he, with five hundred students, marched to my official residence, where they demanded the release of Marcus Blumenthal, shouting, ‘Down with Trepoff! Down with Pobiedonostzeff! Down with autocracy! Long live liberty! Long live Tolstoy! Long live Parliament!’ However, the Cossacks silenced them, and fifty-three were arrested and imprisoned. I ordered the immediate execution of Marcus Blumenthal. Had it not been for the regard which I have for Paul’s aged father, I would have settled with him as with his friend.”

At that moment an old man rang the front door bell, and in a few minutes he rushed into the room where Mephistopheles
and Trepoff sat. It was Count Dubasoff.

"My friends! my friends!" cried the old Count, ringing his hands. "A great misfortune has befallen me. My son is dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed Mephistopheles. "Holy Mother protect me," he muttered, making the sign of the cross. Trepoff, though inwardly glad at the Count's news, assumed a sympathetic expression.

"He shot himself this morning in his room," said the old Count, in a sobbing voice.

"Holy Mother! What is the cause? How did it happen?" asked Mephistopheles.

"Since the imprisonment of his friend, he continually implored me to procure his release. I told him that I was powerless to do such a thing. This morning as I was busy at my writing table, Paul, as usual, came into my room, holding in his hand a copy of the counter manifesto, and pleaded that I should only procure for him an interview with his friend. I told him that I would gladly do so, but it was too late now,
as Marcus had paid the death penalty."

He let the paper drop from his hand and slowly walked out of my room. Scarcely had five minutes elapsed, when I heard a shot from a revolver. I quickly rose from the table and entered his room, where my son lay on the floor bleeding from a wound in his heart. "Oh! Holy Mother, Holy Mother," cried the old Count, covering his face with his hands. "I wanted to telephone for the doctor, but he beckoned me to come to him. I bent over him, and he placed his right hand in mine;—

"Father," he said in a feeble voice, 'promise to comply with the last wish of your dying son. Lay me at the side of my friend, Marcus, and no priest nor any man wearing a uniform dare to attend my funeral!'" Here the Count broke down.

"Bear up, Dmitry Ivanovich," said Mephistopheles, sympathetically. "It was the anger of our Holy Mother and our Saints against him, and, therefore, you must bear it bravely."
“Cheer up, Dmitry Ivanovich,” said Trepoff, who could not very well sit all the time without expressing a word of consolation. “Your son is dead,” he added, “and with your grief you will not bring him into life again.”

“His last words, my friends, when I think of his last words, it breaks my heart.”

“What did he say, Dmitry Ivanovich?” asked Mephistopheles.

“Proshtchy otietz! proshtchy nieschastnaya Rassieah!” (Farewell father! farewell unhappy Russia).