Myer Joel Wigoder

MY LIFE

BY

MYER JOEL WIGODER

Translated by
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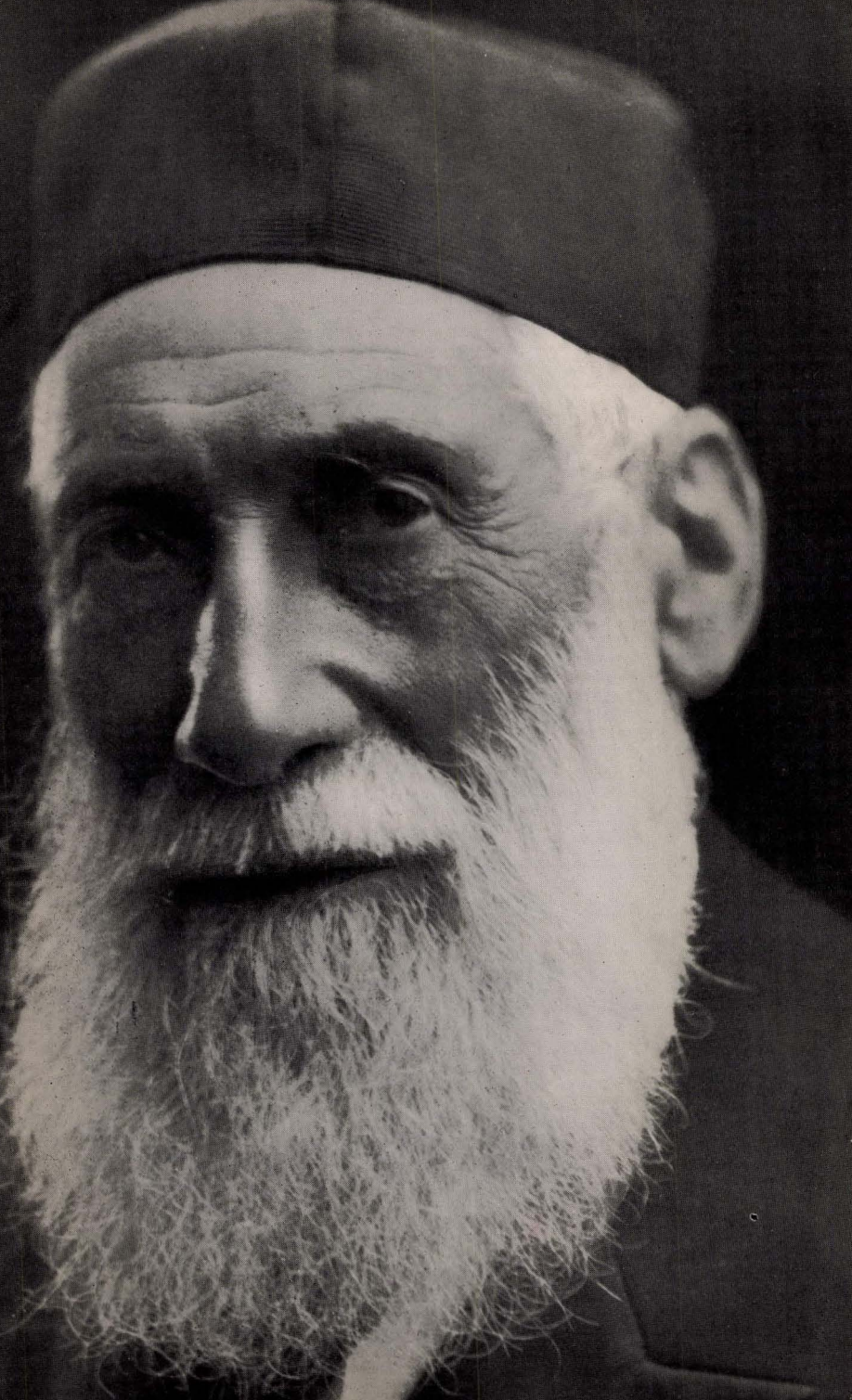
TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

The manuscripts in my possession were written in Hebrew and later translated into Yiddish by my Father.

Much of its original beauty and philosophy has of necessity been lost in this abridged translation.

L. E. W.

MY LIFE



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In ever loving memory
of my dearly beloved wife
TAMAREH GITEL
who departed this life on the
5th day of Ellul 5666
26th August 1906
Aged 44 years

—AND—

My beloved son
SAUL HARRIS
who departed this life on the
13th day of Ab 5692
15th August 1932
Aged 51 years
" Their spirit is everlasting "

A PREFATORY TRIBUTE

My dear friend, the late Mr. M. J. Wigoder ז"ל the author of this autobiography, exemplified the type of the lay תלמיד חכם of the merchant scholar and author, which had been a source of incalculable strength to Judaism since time immemorial, but which to our profound regret, is now on the wane even in those lands where the centres of the Torah, the Yeshivoth, are still "bringing up many disciples."

It is a historic truth that one of the greatest achievements of Ezra and of "the men of the Great Assembly" after him, was that through their persistent efforts the study and knowledge of the Torah, which during the pre-exilic period had been the monopoly of the sacerdotal order, now became "the heritage of the entire congregation of Jacob." מורשה קהלת יעקב

Unfortunately, the tendency in modern Jewry is for Jewish learning to become the special presetic of the professional theologians, the higher clergy, so to speak.

The departure from this life of my late friend Reb Myer Joel Wigoder ז"ל made me realise, very keenly, at the moment it occurred, how the historic, time-old type of which he was one of the best survivors in these countries, was fast disappearing. Where indeed, will you now find in the British Isles a lay member of the community, a בעל הבית a hard working business man, sitting at his counter and writing, between one customer and the next, notes and commentaries, on the homilies of our ancient sages, or solving with considerable ingenuity some enigmatic Midrash?

To the subject of this biography, we can aptly apply the words of the great Rabbi Meir:

אשרי מי שגדל בתורה ועמלו בתורה ונפטר בשם טוב

"Happy is he who hath grown up in the Torah, hath toiled in the Torah and hath left this world with a good name." For he had grown up in the Torah and had toiled in the Torah throughout his life. Not only had he been an assiduous student of our sacred lore, but he had made numerous original contributions to that vitally important department of Jewish learning—Midrashic literature. "And he hath left this world with a good name." Myer Joel Wigoder left this world highly honoured by his community, as well as by those non-Jews with whom he had ever come into contact.

May his memory become a source of perennial inspiration to his descendants for many generations!

ISAAC HERTZOG,

Chief Rabbi of the Irish Free State.

FOREWORD

The chronological events narrated in this volume will serve as a permanent and inspiring record of OUR family history. Herein is traced OUR wonderful heritage, and descent from distinguished Talmudists, scholars and authors, dating back to Isiah Horowitz and David Gans of the sixteenth century.

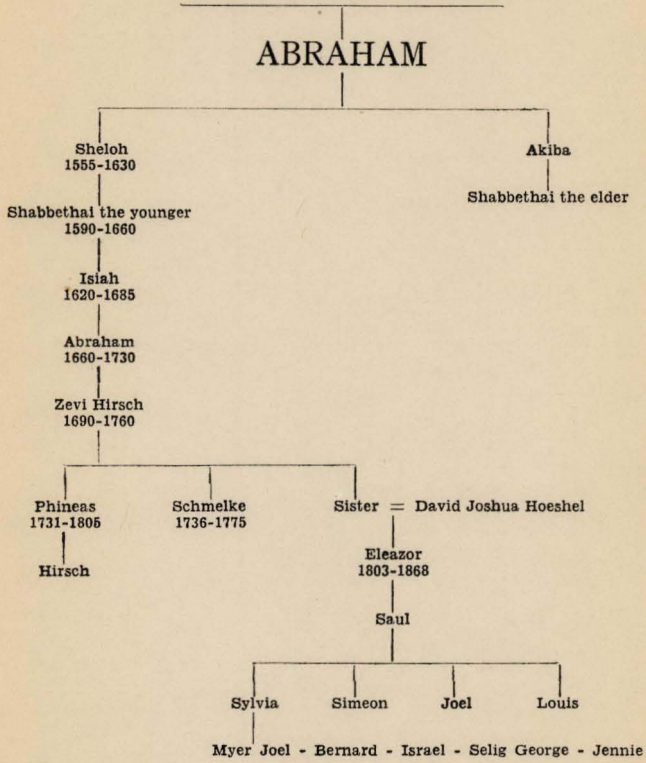
Of my beloved father, I can only say that the book fully reveals the beautiful life of a Jew wrapped up in religion, a cultured scholar, and an author of tradition and originality. He drank deep of the waters of the well of knowledge, and to the very end he retained his devotion for Hebrew learning.

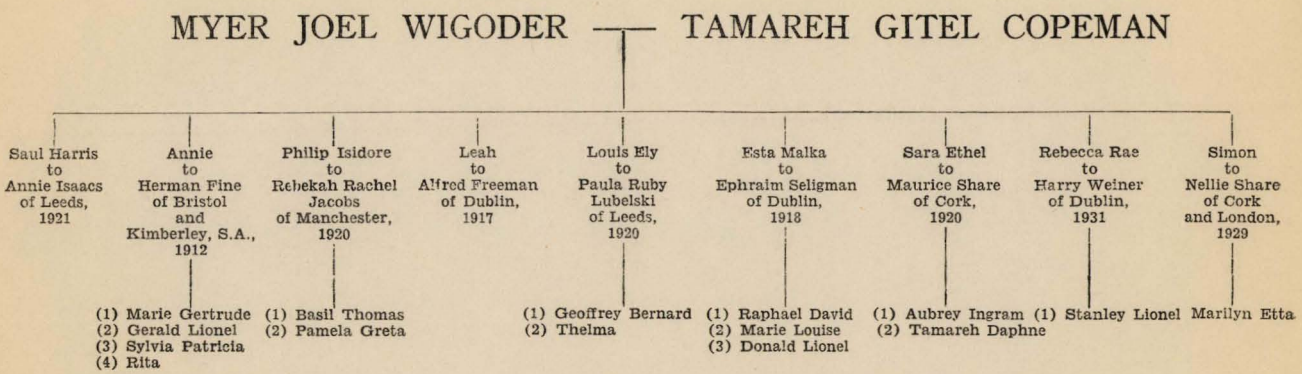
May the events herein recorded make every member of the family realise the significance of our beloved father's quotation "A good name is better than riches," and may they all follow in his footsteps. Like him, may they be honourable Jews and loyal citizens, proud of their race and the land of their adoption, ever rendering service by helping the weak and raising the fallen of every sect and creed.

The indebtedness of every member of the family is due to my brother, Louis, for his tireless energy and patience in translating this volume from the manuscripts left by our late father, and bringing this work to fruition. I must also express my appreciation to Mr. Abel for his sympathetic rendering of the book.

PHILIP I. WIGODER.

HOROWITZ TABLE




MYER JOEL WIGODER
TAMAREH GITEL COPEMAN
Saul Harris to Annie Isaacs of Leeds, 1921
Annie to Herman Fine of Bristol and Kimberley, S.A., 1912
(1) Marie Gertrude
(2) Gerald Lionel
(3) Sylvia Patricia
(4) Rita
Philip Isidore to Rebekah Rachel Jacobs of Manchester, 1920
(1) Basil Thomas
(2) Pamela Greta
Leah to Alfred Freeman of Dublin, 1917
Louis Ely to Paula Ruby Lubelski of Leeds, 1920
(1) Geoffrey Bernard
(2) Thelma
Esta Malka to Ephraim Seligman of Dublin, 1918
(1) Raphael David
(2) Marie Louise
(3) Donald Lionel
Sara Ethel to Maurice Share of Cork, 1920
(1) Aubrey Ingram
(2) Tamareh Daphne
Rebecca Rae to Harry Weiner of Dublin, 1931
(1) Stanley Lionel
Simon to Nellie Share of Cork and London, 1929
Marilyn Etta

A FATHER TO HIS CHILDREN

This record of my mortal years,
In writing I enshrine,
And dedicate it to you all,
Fond family of mine.

The vanished days, long since gone by,
Recapture life anew,
The toil and strife of yesterday
Is now revealed to you.

Blended tragedy and bliss,
Once more I do recall,
Dreams and hopes and anxious fears,
I tell you of them all.

Every season had its message,
Every day its own event,
Relentless time marched past unheeding,
Now my life is well nigh spent.

Of youth's heated aspirations,
Only memories remain,
Scars that time has failed to heal,
These alone I do retain.

What greater blessing can man have
Than over books to pour,
To leave the troubled world behind
And study ancient lore?

In the wisdom of my fathers
I found quiet content.
Alone with antique books and writings,
My early days were spent.

Alas those days are gone for ever
Past time none can capture,
In my dreams alone remains
Life's first joyous rapture.

This, my children, bear in mind,
Make time's sands run slow,
And linger over every hour,
'Ere yet you let it go.

Detain each second as a guest,
And use each moment well,
In it's brief span, do all you can,
Before it bids farewell.

Take heed when carnal pleasures tempt,
Remember life's true goal,
Banish the Devil from your heart,
And to God pledge your soul.

As ye sow, so shall ye reap,
Good deeds like beacons shine,
To light a path towards the sky,
And to God's sacred shrine.

INTRODUCTION

It is pardonable for an author to preface his work with an introduction, in order to set forth the object of his task. In this particular instance I feel it is unnecessary to pursue such a course. The title of my book ought to suffice. The scope of my work is limited to my closest kith and kin. Why should I therefore, offer apologies to people who are my own flesh and blood, and who alone are likely to read this book? Surely age and experience have impressed me with the selfishness of individuals and nations.

I dedicate this book to my children so that they may be proud of their genealogy, and realise the fortunes and trials of their predecessors. Thus, when time has removed all that is mortal of our generation, a loving record, at least, may remain, and we shall not have vanished entirely into oblivion.

I thank my dear relations and friends who stretched forth a true and helping hand in the hours of my great need and distress. I desire to record their names so that my children will never forget the many kind and generous actions which helped to lighten my great share of this world's cares.

M. J. W.

CHAPTER I

MY ANCESTORS

"MAN" it has been said "lives not for himself alone." The truth of this observation can hardly be challenged, but like all generalizations it may be overlooked. Its importance was brought home to me as soon as I determined to attempt my autobiography, for I was immediately made aware of the fact that it was impossible to start without ample reference to my ancestors.

On the paternal side, most of my information was obtained from a letter in my possession, written by Solomon Gavron of Klikow. The original family name was Gans, the line of descent being traced back to the "Baal Semach David," whose name was David Gans. The latter was a famous Rabbi in Central Europe in the sixteenth century. In addition to his Talmudic learning he was a noted scientist and published works on astronomy and mathematics, and was an associate of Copernicus and Tycho Brahe. He played a prominent part in the scientific discussions of the period and was indeed in the very forefront of the Renaissance in Central Europe. He died in Prague and his grave is one of the most celebrated in its famous cemetery, being an object of particular interest to visitors. A photograph of the gravestone, and an account of his writings is to be seen in the Jewish Encyclopedia. I still remember the family seal, which took the form of a Gosling, encircled by the inscription " Myer, the son of David." In order, however, to evade conscription,

my greatgrandfather Bernard was never registered, and forsook the name of Gans. Because of this my father came to be known as Bernard Wigoder, the surname being derived from the village where he lived, and this name was finally adopted by my branch of the family.

My mother was Sylvia Horowitz, a member of a famous family, direct descendants of Rabbi Isiah Horowitz, known as the "Sheloh." Indeed, so great was the fame of the Horowitz family, that I feel I would be guilty of injustice towards them if I did not, at this point, mention a few of the most illustrious of these, my distinguished ancestors.

Rabbi Isiah, 1555-1630, was a great German scholar and Cabbalist. He was born in Prague and received his education in Cracow, in Poland. There he married the daughter of Abraham Maul of Vienna, a distinguished scholar and a wealthy merchant. Isiah, throughout his life, held high positions among the Jews of Poland and was in turn Rabbi at Posen, Cracow and Dubno. Later he became the chief Rabbi of Prague. In 1621, after the death of his wife, he went to Palestine and after enduring the unfortunate experience of being imprisoned for ransom, he died at Safed in 1630—vide Encyclopedia Britannica.

He attained great fame as an author. His greatest work was "Shene Luchoth Habrit" more popularly known as the "Sheloh," a name which was subsequently applied to the author himself. The book was a compendium of the Jewish Religion, dealing with ethics, ceremonies and ritual. So great was the popularity of this work, that it became a household word in Jewry, and was often republished, both in full and in abridgement.

The other great work of the "Sheloh" was his "Shaar Hashamayim," a magnificent prayer book, containing religious hymns and notes on various aspects of ritual Judaism.

His son was known as Shabbethai the Younger. Shabethai assisted his father in his Rabbinic duties at Prague, and after the death of the latter became the Rabbi of the Frankfurt Congregation in 1632. He remained there till 1650, when he was appointed the head of the Viennese community.

Like his father, he was a scholar and author of distinction. He edited the "Sheloh" and also published the "Zawwa-ah," a discourse on ethics replete with exhortations to observe strictly all the ritual of Judaism. The book also contains numerous Cabbalistic studies.

Shabbethai Sheftel was the cousin of Shabbethai, the Younger. He lived in Prague, and was best known for his "Nishmat Shabbethai ha Levi," a Cabbalistic treatise on the nature of the soul. He was the author of "Shefa Tal," published in 1612, this work being a cabbalistic compendium, often reprinted and very well known.

In the eighteenth century, the Horowitz family produced several more great scholars and authors. Schmelke, 1726-1778, was a Rabbi and Cabbalist, who spent most of his life in Poland. So great was the esteem in which he was held, that he was reputed to be a saint. In 1775, he was appointed Chief Rabbi of Moravia, and his arrival broke a long spell of drought. This and similar incidents, persuaded contemporaries that Schmelke was no ordinary person, but one possessed of extraordinary powers. He wrote the "Debre Shemuel," a series of Cabbalistic homilies on the Pentateuch.

His brother, Phineas Levi, was a Rabbi and Talmudic author, born 1731, died 1805. He received his Talmudic education from his brother Schmelke, and continued his studies after an early marriage. In 1771, he was appointed Chief Rabbi of Frankfort on the Main. He figured prominently in the heated controversies ranging round the Pentateuch of Mendelsohn, being amongst those who fiercely denounced the new outlook on Judaism. Phineas was one of the last German exponents of Pilpul (Talmudical casuistry) and was famous for his deep knowledge of Rabbinical dialectics. He wrote many important books on Talmudic and Cabbalistic subjects. He was, in general, conservative, and opposed both secular education and any proposals to change the traditional form of public worship, being of the opinion that the fabric of Judaism would suffer.

Eleazor, 1803-1868, was a nephew of Phineas and Schmelke, his parents being a sister of theirs and Rabbi David Joshua Hoeshel. He studied at Presburg from 1821 to 1825, and then returned home on his father's death. He refused however to succeed his father as Chief Rabbi of the Frauenkirchen community, but in 1828 was honoured by being appointed Rabbi at Vienna, a position he held till his death.

He proved a real leader and an energetic pioneer in communal affairs. In 1828, the year of his appointment, he founded the Talmud Torah, and in the same year he established the "Hebra Shas," a society to encourage the study of the Talmud. Living in an age of change and transition, he proved to be liberal-minded and at the same time a stalwart defender of Judaism against attacks from within and without. He gave many important decisions, the validity of which was recognised throughout

Jewry. As an author, he is best known for his book "Yad Eleazor," published after his death by his sons. He was also a frequent contributor to periodicals, and his views on current topics were always both welcome and respected. The Jewish Encyclopedia contains a full history of the Horowitz family.

My uncle Simeon, eldest brother of my mother, though he had turned to commerce for a livelihood, maintained the traditions of his family. Leaving his wife in charge of the business, he used to have a Minyan in his own home, thrice daily, and his great reputation as a scholar attracted many to listen while he expounded the Talmud. He wrote many important works, including his greatest work in the adoption with comments of the Machzor Vitri "Sepher Tanye," "Beuroy Mehayrosh," and a commentary on the "Yerushalmy." In his old age, he retired from business and was appointed Rabbi of the Leipzig community. Of his brothers, Louis was a shochet, and Joel after retiring from business, went to Jerusalem.

CHAPTER II

GAMES AND STUDIES

HAVING dealt in some measure with my ancestors, I can now begin the real task I have contemplated, namely the story of my own life. I was born in the village of Wigoder, near Wexna, on the 26th Tammuz 5615. My father was the owner of a mill, engaged in the export of flour to Libau. He was also the proprietor of a wine and spirit store.

From my earliest days, I was guided into educational and academic channels by my father, who, fully realising the importance of culture, provided his children with the best teachers available. I started my studies at the age of five, and my determination even at such an early age, to make the most of my opportunities, made me popular with the teacher. Indeed I remember clearly being held up before the class by the teacher as an exemplary pupil.

I was always fascinated by outdoor amusements, fully realising that "all work and no play" was a harmful doctrine. How sweet the teacher's voice sounded, when he said "Go home, boys, the lesson is over," and how doubly welcome was such an announcement when it indicated a half-holiday and left the afternoon and evening free for recreation.

Living as we did in the country, we made the most of our opportunities. In summer we ran into the fields to play leap frog, or ball games, or to run and jump. In winter,

the snow and the frost were welcome as vital ingredients of our games. Snowballing and runs on home-made skis afforded us great amusement, but the chief winter pastime was skating on the village pond.

Besides participating to the full in games, I extended my knowledge of nature by studying botany and bird life. I also remember being interested in the designing of flags and novelties for the festival of "Simchas Torah." My particular hobby was the making of dice from lead. This festival dice was four-sided and spun on a point. Each side had respectively the letters N. G. H. S. on it, these letters representing "Nes Gadal Haya Shom," meaning "a great miracle occurred there." Each player would put a coin in the centre and the dice was spun in turn. The letters had different values: N signified nothing; G entitled the spinner to take all the accumulated stake money; H granted half the stake to the spinner: S imposed the obligation of adding another coin to the centre.

We had other games for the various festivals. For L'Ag B'Omer, I made bows and arrows, while for the ninth of Ab I made wooden swords, which would then be taken to the cemetery, broken and placed on the graves. The frequent improvising of these and similar novelties fostered in me an aptitude for mechanical work in general, and I made many interesting objects during my leisure hours.

The Jewish child, apart from being in my opinion, naturally precocious, is brought at an early age, face to face with the more important issues of life, namely by the ceremony of Barmitzvah. Already, at thirteen, one is made to feel that childish games, are mere aimless amusements. The boy, newly ushered into manhood, promises to obey the laws of his faith, and to remain loyal to his race, and

these lofty declarations make him feel most ashamed of the more trivial things which have interested him until that time.

I was no exception to the general rule. A splendid reception was given in my honour, and the Talmudical discourse which I delivered brought me congratulations from the many rabbis and noted scholars who were present. The ceremony over, I was made to realise that I was no longer a child. I was taken by my mother to Zager, to continue my studies; it was arranged that I should stay with uncle Simeon and my grandmother.

My Talmudic studies then began in earnest. My first teacher in this new sphere was Ezekial Lazarus, uncle of Rabbi Yosselson of Dublin. I then studied under Moses Peretz. Later I went to Saville, in Russia, and studied first under Solomon Bell and later under Rabbi Reuben Joseph, a most devout man, who was never without his Talith and Tephillim. Having already mastered the elements of Talmudic learning, I proceeded to study the more advanced topics, occupying my time almost from morning till night.

We found time, however, to engage in tasks other than mere study. Debates and study circles were held regularly, and I was always amongst the most eager participants. I had not yet acquired fluency in the Hebrew tongue, and I often had to call in Yiddish to the rescue during a speech.

Another of my intellectual pastimes was the compiling of notes on the Halochah and Haggodah. By the time I was nineteen, I had begun to specialise in the higher criticism of the Bible.

To us, the Talmudic College was more than a place of learning. It was a training ground for Jewish youth,

where we were fitted for the tasks before us. The burden is always on the Jew, of having to support himself, and carry on his own communal administration. The young students were made to realise that on them would fall this task in the years to come, in consequence societies and organisations of various kinds were run by the students, to enable them to acquire proficiency and experience.

At fifteen, we had our own "Literary Society," and zealously collected donations for a new library. The members all showed admirable interest and cooperation, not only in attending lectures and debates, but also in providing a steady financial support without which the Society could not have functioned. I was honoured by being appointed to the position of Treasurer, and it was therefore particularly gratifying to me when in a comparatively short time a substantial amount was raised and a splendid library established.

At the age of twenty, I was one of the founders of a Benevolent Society, which had as its object the lending of sums up to five roubles to every needy person. The loans were repayable in instalments and no interest was charged. As the result of our initial efforts, a large sum was placed at our disposal, and I acted as Secretary of this most important institution.

I was on the threshold of manhood by now, and the sheltered existence of the student was, as far as I was concerned, coming to an end. I was suddenly brought face to face with reality by being summoned to Saville for military service, and it was only after much anxiety and delay that I was declared exempt, on the ground that I had already attained the age of twenty-two. The actual incident is vividly imprinted in my memory. I had been called into

the barracks, my father being compelled to wait outside. The suspense was so great that he fainted in the street. He recovered just as I came out, and eagerly looked at the colour of the ticket I had been given by the authorities. Red meant compulsory military service, white meant exemption. My ticket was white.

CHAPTER III

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

I HAD now attained marriageable age, and accordingly from time to time, proposals were made to my parents. I myself was of course never consulted, such being the custom in those days, but my parents, anxious for a well-educated girl of good family, were not easy to please. The Jew is often accused of materialism. Nothing could be further from the truth, at least so far as the Eastern European Jew is concerned. Among them learning was esteemed far above riches. I recall my mother writing to her brother Simeon in Leipzig, praising my qualities and adding that many marriage proposals had been forthcoming from well-known Rabbinical families.

One day Bernard Kropman or Copeman, of Laizovo, a friend of my father's, visited us, and with him was his seventeen year old daughter, Tamareh Gittel. I admired her from the moment I first saw her, for she was both talented and beautiful. "How fortunate I would be to have so charming a wife," was the first thought that passed through my mind. I did not dare to reveal my feelings for fear of angering my parents. Mr. Copeman, though a wealthy merchant, was not of a Rabbinical family, a fatal objection in my parents' eyes. My grief was heightened since I felt that my admiration for Tamareh Gitel had been reciprocated.

After their departure, a close friend of mine approached my parents on my behalf, and raised the subject. I

begged of him to spare no effort, but finally, after months of endeavour, he gave up in despair, and the position seemed hopeless.

"The darkest hour comes just before the dawn." My Father had occasion to visit Laizovo on business, and he was accompanied by Reb Gabriel of Telz, at the very time when the position looked hopeless. On their return I met Reb Gabriel. He handed me some cake and wine, saying, "Drink my boy, and good luck to you." I asked him the reason for the celebration, and he replied, "It is in honour of your engagement." Thus, unexpectedly and abruptly, another milestone in my life slipped by.

At first I was so excited and happy, that I hardly knew what I was doing. Later I calmed down, and learned the necessary details, corollaries of the betrothal. I was to receive 1,000 roubles, and in addition live with the Copemans for five years, and continue my studies.

The engagement party followed. Arriving with my parents, I found the Copeman's house filled with friends, who greeted me joyfully. My cup of happiness seemed filled to overflowing at the moment when I embraced my beloved fiancée. The marriage contract was duly signed, and read to the assembled guests, Then followed a resounding crash, and the floor was strewn with broken glass, in accordance with the traditional betrothal ceremony, while shouts of congratulation came from all sides. A reception followed, at which I had the honour of delivering a speech.

The following morning my parents returned home, but I stayed for another month, during which my fiancée and I lived an idyllic existence. Day after day we went walking in the surrounding country, and nature seemed anxious to

be at her best, and to share our happiness. We lived as in a dream, a glorious dream from which we hoped there would be no awakening. With boyish pride, I realised that I was envied by every young man in the neighbourhood, who would have sacrificed all they possessed to be in my position. For me, living as I had done, a cloistered and studious existence for several years, with only male acquaintances and few real friends, I was in veritable paradise. In effect, festivities continued during the whole of my stay with the Copemans, and not a day passed without new visitors and new congratulations, until it seemed that the whole world was desirous of sharing in our joy. When at last I did return home, we corresponded regularly, and after our marriage I found that Tamareh had kept all my letters, and treasured them.

The following Chanukah my fiancée visited us, and was entertained at many receptions and parties given in her honour. Soon afterwards Mr. Copeman sent me fifty roubles with which to buy a gold watch and chain, as it was customary for such a gift to be made by a father-in-law. He sent in addition 600 roubles and suggested in the letter that I should take over the management of his warehouse, until that time, in the hands of Tamareh.

On the 10th Sivan, in the summer, the marriage took place. As we got ready to depart for the ceremony, many people assembled and bade us farewell. I realised that I was taking one more step forward, into full maturity. Would I prove capable of facing and solving the problems which would henceforth present themselves, problems which in the past had been solved by my parents? All around were shouts and cheers, and the usual bustling preparatory to a journey, but in the midst of it all I felt strangely remote from my immediate surroundings. I, too, was setting on a

journey, but one, which would not end, rather would it just begin, at the Copemans.

I remained in this introspective mood until the noisy clamour of the reception in Laizovo. We were actually met at the border, about twenty miles from Laizovo, by a crowd of young people who had prepared a hearty welcome. Wines and refreshments were distributed by the wayside, and we were driven off in a special decorated carriage.

When I reached the Copeman residence, all my vague fears vanished. A loving glance from my bride transported me into a new world, free from all care and anxiety. The house was already filled with guests representing both our families. Harry Kupyaner, my father's business partner, acted as best man. Myer Copeman, the uncle of the bride, gave her away. At the head of the procession was a band, the guests carried lighted torches. In the Synagogue the marriage ceremony was performed by Rabbi Isaac Grab. A reception followed until midnight, consisting of a dinner, speeches and dancing. Eagerly we inspected the many beautiful gifts we received, symbols of good wishes and hopes for the future. For the "Seven Blessings" which followed at the week-end, there were more receptions and speeches and celebrations.

CHAPTER IV

I BECOME A MERCHANT

GRADUALLY the "tumult and the shouting died," the exhilarating atmosphere became toned down, and life resumed a more even tenor. I was a husband, and my life was before me. There followed a period of several years during which we lived with her parents, my time being divided between continuing my studies and helping my wife in the shop.

Such a state of affairs however could not endure indefinitely. Obviously I had to make myself independent for the years ahead, and the time had come to relegate study to the background, and build up a business for myself. Nothing is more discouraging than to be dependent on others, once one has reached maturity. I also realised that the Copemans were of the same mind. The spontaneous hospitality of the early days had become a mere matter of routine, and the presence of a young married couple seemed to impose a certain reserve upon the household. In short, I had to become my own master, and acquire the means to have my own house, and other economic requirements. My wife, who understood the position clearly, was in entire agreement with me.

To what business could I turn? The problem which faces everyone, at some time or other, in this world, now faced me, and it was only after a great deal of discussion and hesitation that I finally made my choice. I began dealing in lamb's wool, and fortune favoured my early at-

tempts, so that I never once regretted my decision. The future, seemed full of hope and success, and often I reviewed in my mind, the events of my life.

I had been an eager student, a fortunate suitor, and a happy husband; I had turned to business, and was beginning to prosper. Then an event occurred which seemed a cruel check on all our aspirations and brought me back to reality. The event was the birth of a still-born child. In retrospect, the incident tends to lose its original significance, for the Almighty has been kind enough to bless me with a family. But when the event actually happened, the bitter disappointment and painful tragedy defied all description. Comforting words and sympathetic friends did nothing to alleviate my distress, for I had no confidence in the future which once I had deemed so bright.

"Time is a great healer," and the gloom was finally dispelled by the birth, on the 23rd of Ellul, of my first son Saul Harry. The initiation ceremony took place in the Synagogue on the second day of Rosh Hashonah. My father acted as "Sandek" or Godfather, and Reverend Isaac Grab, the Rabbi of Laizovo, performed the circumcision.

The joys and responsibilities of parenthood, especially in the case of the first-born, are an unique experience. One shares all the fleeting emotions, the early complaints, of the infant. The loving father and mother smile when the baby smiles, and suffer a thousandfold when the baby suffers. Little Harry in his infancy gave us many anxious moments, for in addition to the usual maladies, such as chicken pox and measles, he suffered from nose and throat complaints, and was troubled with coughs.

Many were the hours we spent at his bedside, nursing him. No expense was spared to save what was for us the

dearest thing in life, and ultimately we had the satisfaction of seeing him grow into a vigorous, healthy, youngster, able to join with his friends and share their games to the full.

My confidence having returned, I devoted all my energies to business, and was at length in a position to buy a home. We finally bought a home for 200 roubles, comprising a house and grounds, yielding potatoes and wheat. There were also stables, outhouses and a deep well lined with stone and plaster. The house had fourteen windows, four outer doors, and was painted and decorated. It occupied a central position in the town, facing the Chapel on one side and the Hospital on the other.

On the 5th of Shebat, coinciding with New Year's day, my daughter Annie was born. The following month we removed from my father-in-law's to our own house.

CHAPTER V

A BATTLE WITH DEATH

NOT long afterwards occurred an incident, which disturbed the smooth trend of our lives, and made us realise the truth of the diction "In the midst of life we are in death," and yet at the same time illustrated another saying from the Talmud, "Even when the sword is upon your throat, despair not." The circumstances of the incident I am about to relate are connected with the crudity of civilization in the district where we lived.

One day my wife drew my attention to a throat inflammation which Annie had developed. In the town there was no qualified medical man, and accordingly we took her to Eyeren. We found the doctor was absent, and his assistant prescribed an ointment to be applied temporarily. Three days later the swelling reappeared worse than before, and changes of medicine had no effect. Gradually the child sank, and her breathing involved great difficulty. My wife, completely exhausted with continuous nursing, at length fell asleep by the side of the cot. The child's death seemed imminent . . . . . .

A drowning man clutches at a straw, and I, in a position where there was nothing to lose, turned to another quarter for help. Science, in the form of a qualified doctor, had failed me; as a last resort I ran to the local quack doctor. I reached his house at dawn, but all my knockings and callings failed to arouse any response. In despair I

returned home, but could not rest for a moment. Hardly had I returned than I set out again on my race against death.

Every moment added years to my life. Upon my third visit I roused the doctor from his slumbers and brought him back with me. Imagine my maddening disappointment when he merely painted her throat with some preparation and left. Leeches were next tried, but failed to produce any beneficial results, while powders, administered by the doctor proved equally futile.

Breathing became spasmodic, and I gave her over to the care of the Almighty, since she was beyond human aid. My wife and I sat in another room so as not to witness the end, while neighbours stood silently around, in mute sympathy. Mechanically I took a book, and opened it at the section dealing with the laws appertaining to death. At the same time, I tried to console my wife, pointing out we would still have a strong and sturdy son, and our lives were yet before us.

Everything seemed unreal, like a fantastic nightmare . . . . . a neighbour entered, asked whether she should remove the pillow from beneath the child's head, so as to ease her last moments. "You must touch nothing," I replied, since it was forbidden to do anything which might hasten death. I heard the door open, and a voice said, "Doctor, it is too late."

But when God wills, it is never too late. The child was by the doctor's orders brought near the window, and he inspected the throat closely. Placing her on the table, he said, "This is the last chance, there is nothing to lose," and plunged a long scalpel into her tonsils. Blood and matter

poured forth, and immediately her eyes opened, as though she was awakening from a deep sleep, while her breathing became more regular.

All this time I was in the next room, knowing nothing of the last minute efforts, and perhaps it was better that I did not, as I could not have endured the fluctuations and suspense any longer. Suddenly I heard a cry of "Weep no more, the child is out of danger and pain." "Yes," I answered, "I know she will never be in pain again." I was proceeding to pronounce the blessing to be said after a death, when another neighbour entered and assured me that the miracle had indeed happened, and our daughter was restored to us. After a delay of a few moments, during which I recovered my composure somewhat, we entered and saw Annie alive.

Tears streamed unchecked down my cheeks. I raised my hands to heaven and thanked God for his divine intervention. For the first time for many days my wife and I had a real meal together.

I record these details so that my daughter may remember the mercy of God, and thank Him every year on the 13th day of Cheshvan. I also enjoin her to give every year on that date a donation to some charitable object. May she always recall too, with gratitude, the name of "Doctor Frederick of Laizovo," her saviour sent by the Almighty.

CHAPTER VI

TIMES OF TRIAL

THE Talmud says, "Man's feet are his security, they lead him to the places he needs to visit." To be crippled, to lose thereby the use of one's feet, is a tragedy and renders the sufferer dependent on others in respect of everything he could formerly do for himself. The man who has until then been active and energetic chafes at his enforced helplessness, and never ceases to look back, to the days when he was as others, healthy and possessed of all his faculties.

In this unfortunate position my father was placed. On the 28th of Kishlev, the day which had begun with brilliant sunshine, suffered a change, and the sky was later on shrouded in thick black clouds. My father, working in the loft in the railway station, helping to consign his goods, slipped off a ladder and fell a considerable distance on to the edge of the platform, and from there on to the railway lines.

He lay there in agony, unable to rise and perceived by no one, until he was discovered by the night watchman, who placed him in a car and sent him home. It was found that he had seriously injured his thigh, and spent a fortnight in bed. Eventually he was able to walk, but only with the aid of a stick, and generally the accident sapped his vitality, and he seemed to age rapidly. Thus by a missed step, he was transformed from an individual in the prime of life to a man on the threshold of old age.

Fate, like a human being, has moods. At times in our lives, we are propelled forward on the crest of a wave of success, and never a thought of unhappiness crosses our minds. At other times the very reverse happens, the waves instead of carrying us along, beat in our faces, and storm and desolation follow. I seem at this time to have encountered fate in one of its most malicious moods, since nothing but misfortune dogged my footsteps for many months. After it all, I emerged hardened and inured to circumstances and better equipped to face the trials which were yet to come.

In the middle of June, with summer in its proud glory, I was engaged in some minor task in my garden, when I heard a violent crackling like the noise of musketry. Turning round I saw a dense volume of smoke in the distance, and I realised that a great fire was already well under way.

My house was directly in the path of the flames, and I suffered accordingly. Fanned by the breeze, the flames spread across the road, and heedless of God or man, devoured the Catholic church facing my house. Gold and silver ornaments and statues were mingled with the smouldering débris. House after house fell a prey to the ravaging fire, before the villagers with a hosepipe and buckets of water, eventually checked the greedy flames.

The days that followed were days of gloom and despair. Scarcely anything that I had owned had escaped, but most bitter of all was the loss of my precious books and manuscripts, the fruit of years of study and labour. We spent the night in the open, kept awake by misery, and unable to quieten Harry, who cried unceasingly. In the morning, my brother Bernard came from Wexna, having heard of the catastrophe. With him was my mother, overjoyed to

find us alive. They fell upon us eagerly, for they had almost given up hope of seeing us, and endeavoured to console us.

The following day the sun shone brilliantly, and we beheld the heap of ashes and ruins that had been Laizovo. People wandered about, trying to sort out the remains of their worldly possessions. Here and there children, unable to comprehend the nature of the tragedy, were playing games on mounds of rubbish which only a few hours before had been houses or shops. The fire had proved a great leveller, and the rich and poor alike were left in dire need of the necessities of life.

We decided that the only thing to do was to live with my father-in-law until I should be in a position to purchase or build another house. The situation had to be faced calmly and philosophically, and I was greatly comforted by my father's encouragement and sympathy in this hour of trial .

Just as a stone thrown in the water creates ripples which remain after the stone has disappeared, so a catastrophe of such a magnitude had its repercussions. My house had been insured with the "Royal Insurance Company," which covered houses built on royal property. I had paid seven and a half roubles annually and was entitled to recover 600 roubles, a sum which would have been invaluable to me under the circumstances.

I had reckoned however, without the corruption among officials, particularly those of anti-semitic tendencies. Each claim had to be placed before a Jury and the policy and receipt were handed to the clerk to the justices. This latter individual demanded a bribe of twenty-five roubles, which

I could not possibly raise at the time. Thereupon he denied all knowledge of the receipt which in fact he had in his possession, with the result that my claim was dismissed. In vain I paid numerous visits to the head office at Wexna. My arguments were ignored, and my slender resources were swallowed up. Finally I gave up the struggle, and said good-bye to the 600 roubles.

CHAPTER VII

RECOVERY

SLOWLY I endeavoured to repair the losses and to start afresh in the business of making a living. My learning came to my assistance, as it was destined to do on more than one occasion in the future, and I became a private teacher of Hebrew. By dint of great efforts I managed to obtain sufficient pupils to bring in an income of sixty roubles in half a year. Gradually I replaced household furniture and the necessary domestic utensils, until I felt that once again I might have a home of my own.

My task was rendered more difficult since, as though the fire were not enough, my children had a succession of minor accidents and illnesses, perhaps unimportant in retrospect, but very inconvenient and upsetting at the time.

However, these tribulations were survived, and on the 12th of Tebeth, 15,000 bricks were delivered on the site of my burnt house, in readiness for the rebuilding. Later in the year my father-in-law presented me with 4,000 bricks. Rapidly, I felt I was recovering and would soon reach my former position. My general happiness was increased by the birth of my son Philip, on the 12th of Nisan of that year. At the circumcision ceremony I was Sandek, and Reverend Isaac Grab was Mohel.

But this period was not one of unadulterated joy. The next month I heard that my father had collapsed and was very ill. I immediately went to see him. He was in bed,

very pale and weak. He told me that while in the shop, he suddenly felt all the strength go out of his legs, and he fell to the ground. He managed to crawl into the yard, where he was later found, unconscious, by my mother.

Dr. Louis Zontzin was called in, and expressed very little hope of recovery. Meanwhile, the neighbours had heard the sad news, and thronged the house, and the streets around. Special prayers were said in the Synagogue, but it seemed to be of no avail. The last phase was present, in all its symptoms, when he began to vomit violently, and regained consciousness. There was a military doctor in the town that day, and the people at home sent for him but he refused to come. He was finally compelled to attend my father by the officers of the regiment, who often visited my father's shop, and were very friendly with him. The doctor ordered an expectorant, and after a few days my father recovered, but was still confined to bed for a long time, many months passing before he was able to walk.

Just one year after the fire, I began to build my house, and engaged a builder at the fee of 270 roubles. Though I did not in fact have anything like that amount available for payment, I placed my hope in God, and two months later the task was completed, so that once more I had a home of my own.

A few days before, my brother Bernard was married in Krupyan. The ceremony taking place in winter time, the guests arrived on sleighs. A crowd gathered to welcome the visitors on the outskirts of the town, greeting them with music, while after the ceremony in the Synagogue, a splendid reception was held.

CHAPTER VIII

HOPING AGAINST HOPE

On the 11th of Tammuz, we removed into our new house, and although the floors and ceilings were still unfinished, the decorations not yet begun and the fireplaces not properly installed, I was thankful. In gratitude to God I made the blessing "Blessed art thou, oh Lord our God, King of the Universe, who has kept us in life and preserved us and enabled us to reach this season."

People were beginning to leave their homes as I entered mine, but not because of any particular incident. The reason was the increased severity of the laws against the Jews, which deprived many of their very livelihood. Most of those who left, departed to America, which at that time, a country in its youthful development, offered the best prospects.

During Chanukah of that year I suddenly received a telegram from my brother Israel in Mozaik, asking me to go immediately to my father. He had had another attack similar to the previous one. As I approached the house, I feared the worst, and was almost afraid to ask the question which was on the tip of my tongue, "Is father alive?" My joy was boundless when mother smiled and said, "Thank God, for your father is still with us." The doctors advised him to retire from business, in order to recuperate.

I read, while at my father's house, a letter from my brother Selig, from Halle, which I reproduced in full as indicating the type of life a student had to lead, and the

nobility of character which enabled Selig to surmount all the difficulties.

My dearest father and mother,

I was delighted to receive your welcome letter, and hasten to reply. My weekly expenditure devours all my income, so that I have nothing left. I earn fifteen roubles a month, my lodgings cost five roubles a month, food, clothes and sundries take up the remaining ten roubles monthly. Nevertheless, I have succeeded in saving some of the fifty roubles you and auntie sent me.

Generally, I am very well, and hope to sit for an examination at the end of winter. If I pass, I shall have three more years of study in order to qualify. I assure you, dear father, that you have absolutely no need to worry. In fact, I think it is criminal to undermine your own and mother's health with constant anxiety.

I hope to come home for the New Year and spend a month with you. You may thank God that you have a devoted family, of which only one is away, studying, and even he is only two days journey from you.

Your loving son, George Selig.

Selig's advice to my father, not to worry, was timely, for father's health was too bad to allow him to take other people's troubles on his own shoulders. During Passover, he had a further stroke, and was completely paralysed. Once again he recovered to a certain extent, but it was obvious that he could never be completely well again. He was, however, able to visit me later on, which gave me the greatest happiness, since I had not dared to hope that he would ever recover sufficiently well to be able to travel.

Trouble arose from another quarter, when least expected. Selig, who had until that time been engaged in the study of philosophy, had begun to think seriously of studying medicine. Father was opposed to the idea, fearing it would weaken Selig's religious beliefs. The controversy continued for some time.

To me, the sufferings of my father caused the greatest pain. When I reflected that a man who had been immune from illness, should be smitten down and become a shadow of his former self, unable to carry on business, unable even to move without assistance, I was heartbroken. My father was virtually a prisoner and my devoted mother was imprisoned with him, nursing him night and day. The tragedy, prolonged and hopeless, saddened my life at a time when I should have been happy and progressing.

On the 15th of Ab, however, my spirits were raised by a visit paid to me by guests whom I had for long wanted to entertain, guests who were dearer to me than almost anything in the world. They were my beloved parents, whom we received with the greatest joy. Weak and ailing as they were, I had hardly dared to hope of ever welcoming them to my home. They were accompanied by my brother Bernard and his wife, and my sister Jennie. My joy was unbounded, and on the Sabbath I invited a number of friends to celebrate the occasion. A further happy event occurred when a little later my wife presented me with a daughter, Leah.

CHAPTER IX

THE ANGEL OF DEATH

DURING the following summer, I passed through a very trying period, being confined to bed with a most painful affliction, namely Hæmorrhoids. At times the pain was almost unbearable, and I was not able to get up and walk again until I had been attended by doctors from the town.

Selig was at this time still hesitating as to his future career, and in more than one letter to me he discussed the alternatives, which were to take up the study of medicine or continue the study of philosophy. Uncle Simeon in Leipzig had advised him to follow whatever subject he himself preferred, provided he remained a religious Jew. Father however, was much more prejudiced, and wrote to uncle Simeon, asking the latter to use his influence against the proposed medical studies, being still convinced that they would be harmful to the observance of Selig's religious beliefs.

It was most unfortunate that the worry and aggravation inspired by Selig's problems further weakened my father's health. Nothing we did seemed to relieve him in the slightest degree. Could it be really possible that he would never recover his former virility and activity? In vain did my mother nurse him through long nights of pain and suffering, while she denied herself sleep. In vain did Bernard neglect his business and his own domestic affairs, and devote all his time to father. In vain did Selig offer to take him to Berlin or Koenigsberg for treatment. The fami-

ly atmosphere, once so gay and pleasant, was now gloomy, darkened by the shadow of great grief which hung over us all.

On the 10th of Adar, Bernard wrote to me, saying that father wanted me to go at once to Wexna. On my arrival, I gathered from the general atmosphere of the home, and the fact that a group of people were standing near the door of the sick room, that the position was extremely serious. My feet seemed weighted with lead as I approached the bed, where my father lay, groaning with pain. "Every second," he said to me, "I am growing weaker, although I feel no actual pain."

I was overcome with grief, and turning away broke down and wept. Father however, revealed in his last hours the dignity and strength of character for which he was always esteemed. He said to me, "My end is approaching. Send for a doctor who can relieve my pain."

We, who watched by his bedside, knew he was beyond human aid, but this did not prevent us from sending for a number of doctors, so that within a few hours, the tables in the room were crowded with medicines.

The next day was Friday. Never have I recited the Kiddush in such a mood of grief and anguish. We ate little, and though we checked the tears which ever threatened to burst forth, our hearts were stricken with sorrow. All night long we sat up watching.

On Saturday psalms were read on father's behalf in the Synagogue. In the afternoon a friend called, and knowing the gravity of the situation, asked whether father had said his confessional prayer. To my surprise the latter overheard our conversation, and insisted on reading the prayer in question. Saturday night was the feast of Purim, the strangest Purim of my life.

While my father lay dying, I read the Megillah before the assembled members of the family, in the sick room. Yet how could we rejoice in the deliverance of our people long ago, when in that very room Death was claiming a victim? In truth we might say, "The Lord has given and the Lord has taken away."

Later father called us to the bedside saying, "Come here, my children. I want to take leave of you." He raised his hands and embraced us, calmly kissing each member of the family as though he was merely leaving on a short journey. Placing his hands on each one of our heads in turn he said, "May God prolong your years in happiness and pleasure."

His last words were, "God's will be done," following which he lost the power of speech. Two or three hours later, at one o'clock in the afternoon, he passed away . . . Boys from the Synagogue assembled at the house and recited psalms, after which we recited Kaddish. All the shops in the town were closed for the funeral, and almost everyone in the town accompanied us, to pay their last tribute. I delivered a funeral oration at the graveside.

I will pass over the period immediately following the tragedy, a period which seemed unreal, a period when all matters of routine were neglected, so great was our depression. Mention must be made however of father's will, which left 500 roubles to Jennie as a dowry, 300 to mother and the remainder to the rest of the family in equal shares.

CHAPTER X

PARTING AND TRAVEL

ONE by one the links of the chain binding me to the past were being snapped, until I could scarcely identify myself as the idealistic student or exultant bridegroom of a few years before. The death of my father was an event which was inevitable at some time, in the very nature of things, but it seemed still further to emphasise my own position, which was none too secure.

My problems were primarily economic. I had not really settled down to a consistent and lucrative trade, and there could be no further delay. After the New Year I made yet another attempt. I entered into negotiations with Joseph Freedlander, a wealthy merchant of Mosaik, and finally agreed to act as book-keeper and clerk in his grain store. Although the salary was only four roubles weekly, nevertheless I was delighted, since I was freed from the necessity of having to teach, an occupation of which I had grown weary.

I was not the only member of the family in need of money at that time, for Selig was hard-pressed to raise the examination fee of 75 roubles which he needed, and he wrote to me more than once telling me of his troubles.

Fate however, was working out a definite plan, unknown to me, and by eliminating all the possible sources of income in my birthplace, shortly afterwards compelled me to emigrate. The job I had in Mosaik proved a disappointment, for my employer himself sustained financial losses

and had to close the store. For some time previously I had been toying with the idea of emigration. At that time, great numbers of Jews were leaving Russia, and starting life afresh in western countries, chiefly England and America. They seemed to have gained by the change of home, and I saw no reason why the same good fortune should not happen to me.

I was further influenced by my persistent bad fortune in business, and I came to think that I had nothing to lose, and everything to gain, by leaving for another country. At first my objective was America, but Selig in course of correspondence argued that Holland was a more suitable land for me, being nearer, and also having many wealthy and religious Jews among whom I might obtain pupils.

"As a tutor" he wrote in one letter, "you may easily earn 900 roubles a year. When you arrive in Berlin, I will give you a letter of introduction from the renowned Rabbi Isaac Elchonon of Kovno, which will be invaluable to you."

I made up my mind to go, and a new era began for me. Before my departure, I visited my father's grave, and appealed to his spirit to intercede on my behalf with the Almighty, and to help me to find an honourable occupation which would enable me to maintain my family and myself.

A day or two later, I went away. At the station I said goodbye to my wife and family, who wept and grieved as though I was leaving for ever. I assured them that before long I would be settled down in a new land, and in a position to send for them to join me. Deep in my own heart, however, I felt no such confidence, rather was I torn by conflicting emotions.

At one moment I remembered that so many had found happiness and prosperity in new lands. If so, why should not I experience the same good fortune? Then I would recall that I was relying almost entirely on hope, and my knowledge of Hebrew which was my qualification as a teacher. Was this really sufficient equipment with which to face the future in new lands, and amongst strangers? Supposing I failed and had to return? Supposing I never returned? Dark fancies oppressed me continuously, and only my lonely communion with my father's spirit appeased me, only my unquenchable faith in God kept me steadfast and cheerful.

Inexperienced as I was, I found the actual journey a sufficient trial. At Kovno, I learned that I could not proceed further without a passport with a Consul's visa. The charge for this was 25 roubles, a prohibitive sum for my slender resources. To my relief I discovered that at Riga the charge for this was only six roubles, and accordingly I wrote to Bernard, asking him to get the passport for me in that town.

Ages seemed to have passed before I reached Prussia. At the frontier town of Silo, I met many co-religionists, who were about to leave Russia for various destinations. The small waiting-room was filled with people, herded together like cattle. They were lying about on tables, chairs and even on the floor, exhausted by long journeys.

After a terribly uncomfortable night I got a ticket to Koenigsberg, and found the boat as crowded as the station waiting-room. In the evening I saw for the first time the Baltic Sea, and as I looked around at the expanse of sea and sky, I felt truly cut off from my family and my former home. Finally the rhythmic motion of the boat sent me to sleep, and I awoke to find we had reached Koenigsberg.

All day Saturday I spent in sightseeing, admiring the majesty of the buildings and the beauty of the architecture. In the park I saw fountains playing for the first time in my life. The novelty of the scene instilled me with a certain measure of confidence, since I felt that in so splendid an environment I had little to fear.

The following day I left for Halle. When I arrived Selig was not at home, and while waiting for him I fell asleep on the couch. Shortly afterwards he came in and awakened me, and our delight at being reunited was mutual. We had a great deal to discuss after being so long separated, and we were each eager to know of the other's experiences in the past few years.

Afterwards he provided me with new clothes, and then took me round the city, which is justly famed for its beauty. I saw many wonderful buildings, including the magnificent University which attracts students from all parts.

I stayed with Selig for two days, and on the Wednesday I left him and took the train to Leipzig, where my uncle Rabbi Simeon Horowitz, a great talmudical authority, lived. I had not seen him for twenty-two years, but was pleased to find that although his hair had turned grey, he still retained youthful vitality, both mental and physical. His wife Gittel, and the children, received me most affectionately, and we spent a long time discussing my future. In passing, I may add that uncle Simeon had that very day sent his now famous commentary "Machzor Vitri" to press. I returned to Halle at midnight.

On Thursday I proceeded to Hanover, and the following Saturday I had the pleasant experience of praying in the beautiful Synagogue in that town. During all this time, I had been keeping a record of my journey, and I sent a

long letter to the Rabbi of Laizovo, describing the Jews of Germany, and their mode of prayer. After travelling by boat for two more days, I arrived at Amsterdam, which had then a total population of 400,000, including 70,000 Jews.

CHAPTER XI

A NEW HOME

I COULD scarce believe that I had reached my destination. My feelings however, were mixed in the extreme. In the geographical sense, I had come for the time being, at any rate, to a stop; in the economic sense all my anxieties were just about to begin. Already on the journey I had learned much, and been disillusioned in more than one respect.

I had realised by now that wherever one went, the problems of life were much the same, and one would never find mythical streets paved with gold. Wealth, or success of any kind, could only be achieved by hard work, and my first task was to find an opportunity to utilise whatever talents I possessed, and turn them to good account.

Shortly after my arrival, I received letters from Selig and mother, which heartened me considerably, and made me realise that, far though I had travelled, I was still within measurable distance of my family.

It was then with a feeling of hope, that I spent the first few days in sightseeing, and in getting a better acquaintance with the city which was to be my home. The dominating feature appeared to be the river which flows through the city, and is enclosed by stone walls. The streets were, it appeared to me, amazingly clean, and the main thoroughfares possessed tram lines in which the horse drawn trams operated. Great bridges of iron were almost a commonplace, spanning the river in many places, and giving to the city a most picturesque appearance.

By a fortunate chance, I met an old friend of my father's, Isaac Tetz, who entertained me hospitably, and frequently accompanied me on my sightseeing walks. The world-famous museum well repaid a visit, for I took great delight in examining the exhibits. The museum employed guides to accompany visitors round the rooms, explaining every object of interest.

I had not left my wife and family, however, as a holidaymaker, and I endeavoured to the best of my ability to secure a suitable occupation. For five weary weeks I explored every possible avenue, without result. Finally I left Amsterdam, the city which I had fondly imagined would be my home.

Antwerp was my next objective. At this time I received letters from my wife, each one telling me of her loneliness. I could only reply in vaguely optimistic terms, reaffirming my belief in the future, but at the same time I was greatly discouraged. To be separated from wife and family was at best unpleasant, but could be compensated to some extent by material benefits. In my case, separation was at this time accompanied by uncertainty and disappointment. In addition, my wife's condition was such that I would have greatly desired to be with her.

I left Amsterdam accompanied by a friend, and we reached Rotterdam by steamer. We then went to Hague through Delft. In the Hague we stayed for the weekend, and after prayers on Saturday I went to see the imposing tomb of William III. On the Monday we reached Antwerp, and prayed at the Chassidic Synagogue. I was puzzled by the complexity of the language and currency in this town. Various coins, Dutch, English and French circulate here, and though Flemish is the native tongue, other lan-

guages are constantly heard. The Jewish Community proved a disappointment to me. In the first place it was very small numerically, and in addition the Jews seemed very self-centred to the point of selfishness, with no regard or feeling for Jews from other lands.

We decided that there was more scope in this town, and determined to begin in business immediately. Our first step was to rent a room at twelve francs per month, and I was able to send my wife six roubles out of my first profits. A few days later I was delighted to hear that my wife had given birth to a son, Louis Ely, and that both she and the child were well.

I earnestly hoped that I was about to experience a spell of good fortune, and in better spirits my friend and I, after studying the conditions and requirements of the local market, decided to deal in cheese and tea. We found we could buy these commodities in Rotterdam where the prices were lower, and retail them at a good profit in Antwerp.

We each invested twelve and a half guilders in the enterprise, and my partner went to Rotterdam to buy the goods with a certificate of Kashruth. He returned with our first supply, and at last we felt we had commenced in business. Selig wrote offering me financial assistance if I needed any, and assured me that he would help me at any time. A few days later, I was further cheered by a letter from my wife, in which she thanked me for my good wishes and the money I had sent her. She said she was rather weak but regaining strength gradually. My children, I learned, were all in good health, and constantly inquiring after me. She enclosed a letter from my son Harry who wrote, "Dear Father. Since your departure I feel lonely. How much happier I was when you were at home! You

were my guide and teacher, ever showing me the right path. Now I feel deserted, for who can show me true fatherly love? Thank God, however, mother has engaged a good teacher for me, and I hope to make good progress, for our mutual pleasure and satisfaction."

I had another setback soon afterwards. Mr. Surrammer, my partner, fell ill, and I found it impossible to support both him and myself, with the result that our partnership came to an untimely end. We divided the money that was left, and with the ten francs which was my share I bought a quantity of small ware with which I travelled.

It was no easy matter to find customers. The law of the land forbade the canvassing of private customers, and the only alternative was to call at public houses and endeavour to sell my goods there. The physical strain was very great, for I was on my feet all the day, and often I might walk mile after mile and not have any success. Night after night I returned home completely exhausted; days and weeks flew past and I saw no hope for the future. I was at a loss as to what to do. Here I felt I would never make progress, yet on the other hand if I proceeded any further I might find myself in an even worse position.

After considering the position, I decided to remain where I was, for the time being at any rate, since I was at least managing to support myself. I thank God for having at least granted me good health during this most trying period, otherwise I could not have survived. For the first six weeks, I ate scarcely anything besides dry bread, for I could not afford to patronise Jewish restaurants.

Later I was able to purchase some cooking utensils, and catered for myself, but was still obliged to do without

meat, since both the meat itself, and the separate set of dishes and pots which it would have necessitated, were too expensive for my slender resources.

I recollect one occasion however, when with a friend, discretion was thrown to the winds. We borrowed some Kosher dishes, bought half a pound of meat, and cooked it. It was the first meat meal I had had for weeks, and never was one more welcome. The soup appeared to possess an exquisite taste, while the flavour of the meat seemed to surpass anything we had ever tasted before. So great was the poverty in which we existed, that the meal, which at other times would have passed without the slightest comment, almost became magnified in a festive occasion.

CHAPTER XII

A WANDERER AGAIN.

ONE can understand that I had failed to settle down, though it was not for lack of effort. I began to think of moving once more, and in the course of correspondence with Selig, discussed the advisability of returning to Amsterdam. Here the people were ignorant and progress seemed impossible. At other times I became very depressed and thought of returning home to my family. I might even have done so, and changed my whole future, had it not been for the firm attitude of Selig. In letter after letter he upbraided me for my doubts, and finally he persuaded me against returning.

Antwerp, however, was not to be my home much longer. I was able to save the sum of forty francs, by attending to an ailing man for several weeks, and this sum I supplemented by selling all my goods. With the proceeds I returned to Amsterdam, where I spent Passover.

This was the turning point of my life, for during my short stay I made the decision to go to Ireland. I was led to make this momentous decision by the fact that return home was inadvisable, while the countries I had so far visited had been barren so far as I was concerned. This being the position, there was little to lose by making a fresh start in a country which I knew had attracted some of my friends.

I wrote to my wife, telling her of my intention, and enclosing five roubles which I knew would be welcome for Passover. The Rubicon once crossed, I hurried on to my

ultimate destination, feeling more confident, and full of faith in the Almighty who I hoped was guiding me on.

On the way to Amsterdam, from Antwerp, I stopped for a few days in Haarlem, one of the most beautiful towns I had ever seen, and the centre of the bulb cultivating area. Magnificent gardens abounded everywhere, the trees were in full bloom, and a delicate perfume pervaded the entire countryside. On all sides we saw luscious fruit being packed in baskets ready for export. I had not been so happy for a long time as I was in that lovely Dutch town.

It was still Passover, and on the last day of the festival I attended the Service at the Sephardic Synagogue. The building was splendidly designed and decorated; the Ark was sumptuously carved; the interior was illuminated not by artificial light, but by hundreds of candles; the whole scene was both brilliant and inspiring. I learned that the Synagogue possessed seventy Scrolls of the Law, the work of the most famous scribes, each scroll being lavishly adorned with gold and silver breastplates. Every Sabbath a different scroll was used. I have been in many different Synagogues, but never have I discovered another to equal that of Haarlem, which was unique both for its ornamental interior and for its sacred atmosphere.

While making final arrangements for departure, I met a man named David Joab, who was also going to England (there was no direct communication between Amsterdam and Ireland). I learned that our first port of call would be Hull. The ship was due to sail on the Saturday, but the Captain gave Mr. Joab and myself permission to embark before sunset on the previous day, so that we did not break the Sabbath.

The journey was very uncomfortable, as we were disturbed by heavy weather at sea. For fifteen hours ,I lay upon

a hard wooden bench, seasick, and incapable of the slightest effort. I could not even rouse myself sufficiently to say my prayers, neither did I feel the desire for food. Late on Sunday afternoon the storm abated, so that I was able to go up on deck and profit by the sea air. Two hours later we landed at Hull.

My first impressions of England were not very favourable. The houses, built of stone or brick, were unlike anything I had seen on the continent. Most displeasing to me was the vast cloud of smoke hovering perpetually in the air over the town, pouring forth from the many factories, and discolouring everything. It seemed odd to find beautiful churches in such close proximity to blackened slums and grinding factories, but industry is no respecter of spiritual values, and the spires pointing heavenwards were, more often than not, pointing not to the blue sky but to spurting masses of thick black smoke.

Leeds was the next town I visited as I travelled westward. The journey from Hull to Leeds revealed to me the English countryside at its best, and I could scarce reconcile the green fields and winding hedges with the sombre appearance of Hull. In a short space of time, hills, meadows, rivers, moorland flashed past my admiring eyes. Never before have I seen such variety in so small an area.

Leeds, as an industrial area, dwarfed Hull. Huge factories, mainly devoted to the tailoring trade, dominated the working class districts. I found a large Jewish community there, mainly engaged in the textile industry. I found also the same pall of smoke hanging over the city, and the same blackened buildings, as I had seen in Hull.

I obtained temporary work in a clothing factory, but the work was not to my liking. Feeling that I might find

more congenial employment, more in keeping with my tastes and education, I continued my travels to Dublin.

I was not to reach Ireland for many months, however. It was at Liverpool that I came to a sudden halt, and experienced once more all the tribulations I had endured on the Continent. In the first place I was absolutely friendless. In consequence I was thrown entirely upon my own resources, and was obliged to accept whatever casual employment came my way. One day I was an interpreter, another day a foreign correspondent, a third day I rolled cigarettes.

While, however, I was thus able to provide for the necessities of life, I realised that this stage could not be a permanent one. So long as I had no alternative, so long as I had no friend to whom I might disclose my misery, my heart was heavy, but my lips were sealed. Relief came after nine weary months' delay when I was able to accomplish the last stage of my journey, in the course of a twelve hour sea trip from Liverpool to Dublin.

CHAPTER XIII

DUBLIN.

My first experiences were anything but auspicious. The only address I had was that of Mr. Eppel, so naturally I desired to meet him at the earliest possible opportunity. Meeting a small boy, I showed him the address and asked him to lead me there. My guide, however, lost himself, and we wasted several hours in searching. Unable to speak English, and not meeting any Jews, I was absolutely helpless, and followed my useless guide in sheer desperation.

It was almost mid-day, and I had neither prayed nor eaten, when I saw a Jewish boy. He in turn approached me and addressed me in Yiddish. Never were the sounds of a familiar language so welcome. I told him of my intended destination, and my relief was great when he informed me that Mr. Eppel no longer lived there, but that he knew the latter's new address and would lead me there. He insisted on paying my fare, and even carried my luggage for me to the house. To me, he was nothing less than a heaven-sent friend, and I shall never forget his kindness.

Mr. Eppel was out when I called, but his wife received me very hospitably, and laid the table while I said my prayers. Her husband arrived later and had a long talk with me. He could not provide me with accommodation, but he gave me the addresses of other members of the community who had come from Wexna. I called on one of these, Bernard Lipman, a friend of mine, and he put me up for the night.

I went to St. Kevin's Parade Synagogue on Friday night and for the sabbath meal was invited home for supper by Mr.Eppel. The following day I was introduced to various people, and found some relations in the persons of Mr. Mitofsky, and Annie Fredar, my second cousin, who insisted on my staying with her until I could make a living.

To meet friends and relations, to be entertained and invited home, to be welcomed and honoured, was all very well. I could not, however, continue to impose myself on the generosity of others, and I had to begin to earn a living. I first travelled with pictures, which I sold on the hire system, but found that unscrupulous customers took advantage of my inexperience, and in many cases I received no payments. On the other hand, it was very difficult to find customers in the better districts.

It was not long before I brought in my Hebrew learning to my assistance, and by giving lessons supplemented my earnings. By this time I was already living in a room of my own, at a rent of two shillings and sixpence weekly, and with total expenses of eight shillings weekly. Economically, I felt that the worst was over, and within a short time I was able to save a pound and send it to my wife. At about this time, I received a letter from mother, telling me that Bernard had left for America. She added that she was very lonely, and compared herself to a tree from which the leaves have all fallen and been scattered over the world by winds. She declared that she would like to go to Palestine and live with her brother Joel. My wife also wrote, bemoaning her separation from me.

For the first time for years, I felt the ground secure beneath my feet. I was far from prosperous, but my position was steadily improving, and it was with some confidence that I faced the future. I decided that the time

had come for the family to be reunited, namely by my wife and children coming to Dublin. Selig urged this course upon me, with his usual foresight. He emphasised the better prospects in Ireland for my children, and insisted that I should give them this better chance.

Bernard also wrote to me, saying that he was making very satisfactory progress, but added that the work there was too hard for many people, and would not suit me. He also had saved a few pounds which he had sent to Russia.

Selig, all this time kept writing to me regularly, informing me of what was happening to my family, and thereby supplementing the information I gained from them directly. He in turn insisted on being told everything that happened to me, and in particular how I was progressing in business, and how soon I would be able to bring my wife and family to join me.

Obviously there could be no hurry about this matter. My house and property had to be sold, my affairs would have to be wound up, and full arrangements had to be completed before the family could set sail for Ireland. At length, the negotiations, which I followed with anxiety from so great a distance, and which I understood only through the imperfect medium of correspondence, were brought to an end. I learned that my house in Russia would only realise 800 roubles, though it had cost me twice that amount. For such a paltry sum was sold the dwelling in which I had expected to live for many years. However, the object to be attained could not be held up for the sake of a few hundred roubles, and the sale was effected. I told my wife to accept the offer and set off for Dublin as quickly as possible.

Selig was overjoyed on hearing the news, and wrote to me expressing his satisfaction. He said he would meet

my wife, who was travelling via Berlin, on her way to join me. I was favoured by fortune at the time, and with my business improving, was able to send my wife twelve pounds to help pay her travelling expenses.

My wife wrote me a final letter from Russia, telling me she had been fortunate enough to meet in Libau a friend of mine, who was travelling to his sister in Dublin, and they had naturally arranged to travel together. The money realised on the sale, together with the sum I had sent, had sufficed not only for the travelling expenses, but she had also been able to buy new clothes for the children. She added that the parting from home had been very distressing, but tempered by the knowledge that she would soon join me.

A letter from my mother, which reached me together with the above, was less joyful, as was only natural, since my wife's departure left her completely alone. She concluded with a mother's blessing for the future, which touched me deeply, and which made me regret bitterly the many miles of sea and land which separated us.

CHAPTER XIV

REUNITED

THE long hoped for arrival of my family made me feel that I had really settled in Dublin. Till that moment, I had been a wanderer across the face of the world, and even the comparative success and security I encountered in Dublin had seemed to have no finality for me. Without ties, I always felt that I might easily resume my travels; I had no home in the true sense of the word.

My family with me, everything changed. Once again I felt the sense of strength that comes from kinship, once again I felt the ground solid and firm beneath my feet. Incentive to progress, genuine affection and interest, were present for the first time since I had left Russia. Selig had been absolutely right in urging the union, but I was only able to appreciate the strength of his arguments when I had taken his advice.

With all the happiness and exultation, the practical effect of the arrival of my family was the fact that I had to work much harder than ever before. I had to provide, not for myself in lodgings, but for my family in a house of our own. We took a house at 75 Heytesbury Street, one room of which was converted into a Synagogue, and I was soon to realise the extra strain of earning sufficient to maintain a family.

Still, I paid the rent for the first quarter, a sum of five pounds, and faced the future with confidence. My days were one long round of work; from early morning until

four in the afternoon I travelled, and in the evening I gave Hebrew lessons. Nevertheless, my life, arduous though it was, had its compensations. I was particularly pleased to be given the honour that year of conducting the Minchah Service in Heytesbury Street Synagogue, on the day of Atonement. In general, I found many friends in the community, and time gradually obliterated all thoughts of earlier days in Europe. In short, Dublin had become my real home.

The only matters which gave me any cause for anxiety were my mother's sadness and Selig's unsettled position. The former could scarce be remedied, since it was part of the natural order of things, and brought about by circumstances over which no one had control. Selig, however was experiencing severe troubles at this period. In the first place his loyal devotion to religion, in particular so far as it affected Sabbath observance, had restricted him considerably. He had been compelled in consequence to sacrifice more than one opportunity to earn money as an assistant, and meanwhile he was faced with the problem of raising six hundred marks, his final examination fee. He endeavoured to obtain a position in Palestine, but his efforts came to nothing.

It was then that the idea first occurred to me, that he should join me in Dublin, where the large Jewish community would welcome a doctor of their own race, and there would be no need for any violation of the Sabbath laws. Selig, once having made up his mind to do this, began to study the English language so as to be in a position to practise immediately he arrived.

Life, however, had its trials for me also, though no problem of a major nature confronted me. One evening in July my little daughter Leah scalded herself with a

kettle of boiling water. For two weeks she required medical attention daily, and a nurse came regularly to change her dressings.

In the excitement, I too scalded myself, and my left hand was sore for a fortnight. During that time my wife and I paid almost no attention to ourselves, but sat day and night by the bedside of the child. Our devotion was at length rewarded by her complete recovery. Shortly afterwards I learned in a letter that forty houses had been burned down in a fire in the vicinity of my mother's house in Russia, but by the grace of God, her home had been spared. The strange coincidence recalled to my mind the prayers offered up on the Day of Atonement, "Who shall perish by water, who by fire?"

These troubles, disconcerting and irritating no doubt, were however only of a minor nature. As if to offset them all, my wife presented me with a darling daughter, Esta Malka, while a little later, I had the great satisfaction of hearing from Selig that he had passed his final examination and was qualified to practise as a doctor. He was just at that time realising that academic troubles were not the only ones, nor was the passing of an examination the final triumph it might at first appear to be. In other words, he found himself confronted by the problem which eternally faces every Jew at some time or other—whither shall I go?

The whole world was open to Selig, but only for a fundamentally negative reason, namely the fact that he had no real home where he could practise his vocation. In turn, he thought of Vienna, Germany, the United States or Canada. The non-Jew has no such difficulties. Born in a land, in the vast majority of cases he remains there. The Jew may by a sudden impulse, or by economic ne-

cessity, transform himself from a Pole to a Viennese, from a staid German to a gay Parisian, and Selig, born in Russia, and educated in Germany, adopted Ireland as his mother country.

"My heart" he wrote "urges me to go to the Holy Land and to take my dear mother with me. But this is an idle dream, since I have not the necessary means." Yet the main reason deterring Selig from deciding to settle in Ireland was the fear of having to pass another series of qualifying examinations. We learned, however, that this same difficulty would arise in every land, and that in fact the English examinations were not difficult for a person in his position. In addition, I assured him that foreign doctors, and particularly German doctors, were popular in Ireland, people having great faith in their accomplishments.

Long and weary discussions by correspondence dragged on, and words cannot describe the cumulative effect of the uncertainty. However, one morning in November I heard a knock at my door, and opened it to see Selig on the threshold. My family were as delighted as myself to see him, for the continuous correspondence, while keeping us in close touch with one another, had at the same time stimulated a hope of a real reunion.

In our joy, we did not forget our mother, and I wrote to her, quoting a sentence from the Psalms "Behold, how good and pleasant it is when loving brothers sit down together." More and more was Dublin becoming a real home, and the arrival of my dear brother provided further proof of this, and a further link in the reunion of my family.

Selig speedily gained the esteem of the community, which of course was not surprising in view of his education

and attainments. All the years in Germany had not weakened his religious convictions, rather had he in that time augmented his knowledge of Hebrew learning. This was particularly noticeable when he participated in Talmudical discussions; his logical reasoning and skill in dialectic were unsurpassed. Fortune favoured him socially, and in the year 1893 he became engaged to Jessie, daughter of Reuben Bradlaw, one of the most respected leaders of the Dublin community.

CHAPTER XV

DOUBLE FESTIVITIES

On Wednesday, August 7th, 1895 was celebrated the wedding of Selig and Jessie Bradlaw, in the Adelaide Road Synagogue. The interior of the Synagogue was lavishly decorated with flowers, and the appearance of the Bride and Bridegroom was heralded by music. Many people attended the Synagogue to witness the marriage ceremony of so well-known a couple.

The ceremony was performed by Rabbi Mendelsohn and Reverend Leventon who delivered inspiring addresses. They blessed the bride and bridegroom, and wished them health, prosperity and happiness. After the ceremony, the guests were driven to the house of Mr. Bradlaw, where a reception followed. Blessings and congratulations were heard on all sides, and telegrams of good wishes, from many places, far and near, were read. The reception continued till midnight, and the atmosphere of happiness, the feeling of joy, gave the bride and bridegroom a pleasing start in life together.

Beneath the superficial glamour of all these festivities, the struggle for a livelihood had to continue as before. I found myself working not only all the day, but well into the night. I now decided to supplement my weekly payment business by making picture frames, a work I had never before learned or even attempted. Fortunately my work gave satisfaction, and my customers were content. I made the frames after returning home from

the day's travelling, and the result was a period of very hard work, leaving no time for leisure. I was however cheered by a happy event in the family, being the birth of a daughter, named Sara Ethel.

I did not complain, nor had I any regrets; rather was I happy to have work which was remunerative, and which enabled me to support my family. In one respect, however, I felt the loss of leisure. I, who had spent my childhood and youth, and even early manhood, in study, and who had hoped for opportunities to study still further, now found no time for cultural recreation. Whereas reading had been for me the most normal means of spending time, it was now a luxury in which I could only occasionally indulge.

The normal routine of life was disturbed by the outbreak of smallpox. Everyone rushed to be vaccinated, and Selig, of course, attended to my family and myself in this connection. He left the most detailed directions as to how to attend to the wounds while they were healing, in fact his solicitude was as great, as if we were really attacked by a dangerous illness.

On Tuesday, the 10th of Nissan, my wife gave birth to a daughter Rebecca Rae and my responsibilities as the father of a large family made me redouble my efforts to enlarge my business. The arrival of this daughter was balanced by the departure of my brother Bernard for Africa. Ever since his return to Russia from America, he had been contemplating another journey, and at last he had decided to settle in Johannesburg.

He wrote to me, saying that he was in a good position financially, and hoped to make a permanent home in Africa. He was travelling via London, and would have been

very happy to see either Selig or myself there before he sailed southwards. This was not possible, as I could not leave my business, and Selig was sitting for an examination. We wired our apologies and best wishes, and received an answer thanking us, and regretting that we had been unable to be present.

Once more I realise how true was the observation that the Jew was scattered over the face of the globe. Here was Bernard, not long ago in America, now making for Johannesburg. Family ties under those conditions may easily become a mere mockery. Children grow up together, play together, in the same household, then suddenly separate and perhaps never meet again. For many weary months I had been even separated from my wife and my own children; for years I had been separated from Selig; and now, when Bernard embarked on a six thousand mile journey, I could not even take a day off from business to meet him, probably for the last time. Strange indeed, how strongly everyone is gripped by materialism. What is a single day's business in an entire life time? What could have I possibly have lost by giving up business for that one day, to bid goodbye to my brother? And yet I did not give up business, neither did I say goodbye to my brother. Such is the penalty of the Diaspora.

It was at this time that I made an interesting discovery. It was suddenly brought to my notice that the Church in Patrick Street possessed an extensive library, containing, it was said, some old Hebrew books. Accordingly, I obtained permission, with some of my friends, to inspect the library, and the results were surprising. The library contained a large number of Hebrew books, all of great value, and some of great age. In fact, the most recent of all was published two hundred years previously, others

were four hundred years old. It appeared that the library had been founded in 1694. I could not understand how the large Jewish community of the city had remained ignorant of the existence of this library.

On Saturday morning, the first of Ab, Selig's wife gave birth to a son Lionel. It was remarkable that both in the case of myself and my three brothers, our first children were boys.

The following Saturday, on the occasion of the circumcision ceremony, the paradoxical situation arose of the father being absent. Selig was in Edinburgh, sitting for his final examination. If successful, he would be able to practise in Dublin, and the era of study, which had for him begun in distant Germany, would at long last come to a close.

The atmosphere was subdued, there being little of the gaiety which usually characterises a circumcision ceremony. I was nervous, and reminded myself of the occasion, years before, when I waited to know whether I should have to serve in the Russian army, or whether I would be exempt. This time, as on the former occasion, came good news to break the tenseness. Just as we finished grace after the meal, there came a knock at the door. It was a telegram with the good news of success, that was then read to the guests. The tenseness was broken, double congratulations were the order of the day, and Selig in the same week became a proud father and a qualified doctor. Two days later, he returned with his diploma, and the following day his house was fitted with a red light and a brassplate, the latter bearing the inscription "G. S. Wigoder, M.D."

The Jew always celebrates a festive occasion, whether for himself or for the community, by remembering the call

of charity. While we rejoice, in some part of the world our brethren suffer, and our happiness emphasises the need to assist them. A wedding, an engagement, a circumcision, are occasions when the parties concerned hope for a happy future, and seek accordingly the blessing of the Almighty. How could people have the temerity to do this, to ask God to protect them, to plead for the help of a divine hand, if they themselves were selfish, and thought not of others in worse plight than themselves!

It is only when tempered by charity that a celebration is transformed from ostentation and even vulgarity to sincere happiness and joy. Selig, mindful of all this, and thankful for the double blessing vouchsafed to him, sent a sum of money home to mother, for distribution among the poor, and to provide for a feast in honour of the occasion.

CHAPTER XVI

A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE FIRE

THE first day of New Year, I received a letter from mother, in which I learned that both she and my sister were well. Bernard, before his departure for Africa, had bought father's property for 850 roubles. He had paid 525 in cash, and had undertaken to send the remaining 325 from Africa. The shop and living apartments were to belong to mother for life, and afterwards to Bernard. Selig and I gave our consent to the transaction.

The same month Bernard wrote from Africa, and I was relieved to hear that he had already settled down. He informed me that he had already made the acquaintance of a young man from Dublin, Abe Linz, who had given him a position in a business. Of the first three pounds he earned, he sent two to his wife and one to his mother.

I was delighted to hear of the good start Bernard had made, and wrote to Mr. Linz, thanking him for his kindness and hospitality.

It was just after this that there occurred one of those terrible accidents, of which I have had my due share, which disturb the domestic calm; whether they end in tragedy or not they are never forgotten. On such occasions the insecurity of life is revealed, and the reliance we place on progress or on optimism is shown to be fallacious. Neither mechanical efficiency, nor firm conviction, can give a perfect guarantee of safety, and the unexpected will happen no matter how highly organised the world is, no matter how fool-proof our inventions seem to be.

Dublin had just been extending gaslight to houses, formerly without this means of illumination, and my house was among those to receive this benefit for the first time. One Saturday night, about Christmas time, marked the occasion when we would use the gas for the first time, and trivial though the occasion may be in retrospect, we were all looking forward to ushering in the new week with a new means of lighting, a symbol of man's gradual probing of the secrets of nature.

Gradually I felt a headache coming on, and a smell of gas began to permeate the room. Seeing that it did not pass away, I opened the windows, turned off the gas, and took the children into another room. I then asked my wife to turn off the gas at the meter, and went out for a walk in the fresh air.

By that time the gaiety which I had felt only an hour or two before had completely disappeared; the novelty of gas light had already gone, and I was faintly annoyed with the whole affair. Little did I know that the real misfortunes were only just about to commence.

I walked as far as Selig's house, and stayed there for about an hour, then, already tired and sleepy, I returned home, intending to go immediately to bed. Hardly had I crossed the threshold of my home, when the maid, pale and faltering, came towards me, and told me between her sobs, that there had been a gas explosion, and my little son Louis had been gravely burned.

I rushed upstairs to look at the child, who was lying groaning in bed. To my horror I saw no face, but a mass of cotton wool and bandages. It was then that I learned the details of what might easily have been a fatal accident. My wife, after my departure, had gone to the

neighbours, told them that there was a smell of gas in the house, and asked their advice.

Fools that they were, they told her to make a test with a lighted candle, but omitted to tell her that she must first open the windows and turn off the meter. My wife, knowing nothing of gas or its dangers, accepted their advice. Accompanied by my sons, Harry and Louis, she went upstairs to inspect the pipes with a lighted candle.

No sooner had she lifted a board, than a violent explosion occurred, and a flame leapt out from the pipes. They were all temporarily blinded, and no one knew what had happened to the others. Harry, however, retained his presence of mind, and pressed his hand over the place from which the flame had issued, thereby putting out the fire. He then ran downstairs and turned off the meter.

It was then seen that little Louis had been badly burned, and was holding his hands to his face. At that moment I had returned. We immediately ordered a carriage, and took Louis to the nearest hospital. There he received attention, and we were relieved to learn that his injuries were not serious, nor would they leave any permanent signs.

Notwithstanding this good news, the next twelve hours were a period of fearful pain for the sufferer. Every three hours the bandages were changed, and each changing was accompanied by agony, for the charred skin came off with the old bandage, leaving the face in a raw state. Owing to the swollen state of his eyebrows, he had to keep his eyes closed for many days.

Not until five days had passed did Louis ask for food, and at the same time the burns began to heal. By the end of the week, the patient was well on the road to recovery,

and was visited by his friends who constantly called, and sat with him till he was able to leave the bed and walk once more.

At the actual time, we had only thought of Louis, as the one most seriously injured. It was only later that my wife realised that she too had been burned on the face and hands, while Harry had scorched his face and felt the effects for a day or two.

Louis' recovery reminded me of the words of the Lord to Satan, "This is a brand plucked from the fire." Fortunately the accident left no lasting harm, but the memories of the night we first used gas are still vivid in my mind.

CHAPTER XVII

THE HAND OF DEATH

SELIG and I were at this period definitely settled in Ireland, and secure in the knowledge that, barring the unexpected, Ireland would remain our home for many years. It was then only natural that we thought of bringing over our sister Jennie. In Russia, her prospects could scarcely be attractive, whereas in Dublin, where her brothers had founded their homes, she would be infinitely happier, and better able to contemplate the future.

My brother Israel wrote to me about this subject, after I had invited Jennie to come and live with me. He informed me that when Bernard had bought the family house, he paid 500 roubles in cash to Jennie, 25 roubles to mother, and had undertaken to pay the remaining 325 roubles on completion. The latter amount would, in accordance with father's will, belong to mother.

"I scarcely know how much to thank you" the letter went on to say "for trying to improve the condition of our only sister, and I have every confidence that all you desire for her will be won." He concluded by expressing the hope that some suitable match would be made for Jennie, and promised to help in every way he possibly could, so as to ensure her happiness.

Not having heard from Israel for a long time, I felt moved to write him a long letter, also because not having written myself for weeks, I was pleased to have a chance to put pen to paper. Indeed, so busy was I at this period,

that I had almost given up the regular keeping of a diary, on which this autobiography is based. Weeks passed, when I neither recorded events nor put on paper my reflections and my reactions. Then would come a day when I would have time to spare; I would take up the pen and make up for lost time. In these bursts of literary activity, I felt a welcome escape from the grinding routine, imposed on me by business; I felt a return to my earlier academic, less materialistic outlook. In brief I felt at such moments that I was fighting to save myself from being completely submerged by economic facts, fighting to retain some vestige of study and leisure.

It was in one of these moods that I sat down to write to Israel, and I may say at the outset that the letter symbolised my attitude so aptly that I kept a copy. "Before discussing personal affairs" I began "I would like to tell you about the Jews here, the types of business they carry on, the social conditions, the differences with continental Jewry.

There are Jews here from all parts, Russia, Poland, Galicia, Austria. The flow of immigration into Ireland has been heavy and unsystematic, so that it is not easy to see what has been the social position of the person in his former country. In general, the changing from one land to another has played havoc with the social values as we formerly appreciated them.

Here the predominant factor is money; learning and dignity are relegated to the background. One often sees people who were well respected in their former lands, for their knowledge or their qualities of leadership, here standing outside a Synagogue during the Festivals, because they could not afford to pay for a seat. In contrast, men who were unknown abroad, but who have managed to acquire

wealth, rule the community, dominate the public institutions, and constitute the authorities in the Synagogues. The process of developing a balanced community will take two or three generations.

The ease with which surnames are changed also aggravates the confusion. No one can now tell from a person's name, his real family or antecedents. In the matter therefore of finding a suitable match for Jennie, you must bear in mind that the community is virtually in a state of flux, and accordingly my efforts must be guided by caution."

I heard some weeks later of an accident to Bernard, who had fallen from a carriage and fractured his leg. He had been in hospital for some time, but the treatment had not been satisfactory, and as there were no specialists in South Africa, he had decided to come to Ireland for treatment. I wrote telling him to come at the earliest opportunity and that Selig would see that the leg was properly treated.

Bernard wired that he would be in Dublin a few days after Passover. On the day of his arrival, I met him at the station. When he alighted I immediately saw that he limped, and had to have a stick. The sight of my brother reduced to such a state gave me a severe shock, and brought tears to my eyes; tenderly I embraced him. We went in a carriage to my house; Selig came later, and after examining the leg assured us that a complete recovery was possible, and would be achieved in a short time.

After a day of rest, Bernard was moved to Selig's house, where he could be more easily treated, and be under constant supervision.

The following month Jennie should have sailed from Russia to join us. Each time it had been arranged that she

should sail, however, there arose some reason, which necessitated a postponement. There was indeed an irritating series of delays, before a terrible blow burst on us with dramatic suddeness.

On the third of Ab, we received a letter from Jennie, in which she wrote that mother was seriously ill with pneumonia, and had been in bed for a fortnight. On Saturday, the ninth of Ab, a sad day in the history of our people, I called on Selig in the morning, but found he had no news. In the evening I called again, my mind gloomy with forebodings. I entered and found Selig and Bernard weeping. Death had taken my mother the previous Wednesday, the sixth day of Ab. The words of the Talmud came to my mind at this moment, "The death of the just is as great a tragedy as the destruction of the House of the Lord," for my beloved mother had died within a few days of the anniversary of the destruction of the Temple.

My beloved mother was of a type called into existence by the peculiar circumstance of the age, a type which will never recur. The middle of the nineteenth century saw the slow development of emancipation for the Jew in certain lands, and the consequent drift of Jewry to those more enlightened lands. This double phenomenon, the opportunity for advancement and the rising flood of immigration, placed a heavy burden on the parents of the period.

On the one hand, they were anxious to give their children every opportunity in the new world conditions, and no sacrifice was too great, so long as the children could be helped forward. Leisure, recreation, personal comfort, were never considered by the elder generation. Instead, all their energies were directed towards equipping their sons and daughters for the brave new world.

On the other hand, the same parents paradoxically enough, rarely saw the benefits of their own heroic efforts. The young Jew, once embarked on a profession, or safely anchored to a business, more often than not had by that time made his home far away from his parents and from the land of his birth. The parents, then in the twilight of their lives, had to be content with letters from afar, telling of steady progress under distant skies. They had made a supreme sacrifice, and led their children to the Promised Land, but they themselves had not been permitted to enter.

Such was my mother. Famed for her learning and piety in Wexna, the whole community mourned her passing, and the Rabbi delivered a funeral oration in which he lamented the death of so prominent a character in the town. We afterwards learned that she was buried close to the notabilities of the town, an honour which was fully merited.

CHAPTER XVIII

MY SISTER'S MARRIAGE.

My zeal for religion was still as fresh as ever, and during the eleven months when I recited the Kaddish in memory of my mother, I was honoured by an invitation from the Parade Synagogue to lecture to the members before the Services. I was very happy to be able to find the time for this labour of love, but my business being conducted more systematically at this time, I could comfortably undertake this added responsibility.

The arrival in Ireland of my sister Jennie, interrupted by the tragedy, was not long delayed. About a fortnight after the funeral, she reached Dublin, and stayed with Selig. She had with her the sum of seven hundred roubles in cash, jewellery to the value of several hundred roubles, and a number of books which belonged to my father.

The real object of Jennie's settlement in Dublin was to introduce her to a more extensive circle of society, and thereby better her prospects for the future. Her talent and culture won for her many admirers, and on the eighth day of Chanukah, she became engaged to Mr. Joseph Simon, the betrothal taking place in Selig's house.

The marriage was celebrated the following Spring, a few days before the Festival of Passover, at the house of Mr. Bradlaw, the father-in-law of Selig. They settled in Wexford, where Mr. Simon had his business. We all accompanied them to the station, and bestowed our blessings on them.

I also had my little pleasures, in the midst of these major festivities. At this time, I removed to 33 New Street, and opened a picture shop. I had at this time a number of Christian customers in addition to my Jewish clientele, and after due consideration, thought it advisable to open a second shop, at 84 Thomas Street.

The following Saturday was the occasion of the Bar-mitzvah of my young son Philip. There were many congratulations for him at the end of the Service in the Synagogue. After the Service there was a reception at my house, and speeches were delivered in honour of the occasion.

Suddenly I encountered a bad spell, and although in retrospect the incidents appear of a mere transient nature, at the time the succession of setbacks was most alarming and discouraging. My son Philip broke a leg playing football, and was confined to bed for six weeks; my little daughter fell ill; my shop in Thomas Street had to be closed down because the block of property was being rebuilt. My business suffered a slump, and in general, I passed through a most trying period, though fortunately the clouds ultimately revealed their silver lining.

At length the tide turned, and life became more pleasant. My sister Jennie gave birth to a daughter who was named Hettie after mother, and at the earliest opportunity came to visit us, and brought the child with her.

I have to record at this stage a series of calamities, which fell upon the Jews in various parts of the world. We, in Ireland, like our brethren in England, were fortunate to be living free from the terror of the pogroms, but on the continent, our co-religionists in Russia and Galicia, were victimised.

The afflictions were so great that the leaders of our people spared no effort to better the position. Baron Hirsch donated vast sums to be used for the benefit of the refugees, and many families were settled in the Argentine. A further blow was suffered by the Jews, when Baron Ferdinand Rothschild died in London. It seemed at that time that not only were the rank and file being subjected to fearful treatment, but a cruel fate was at the same time depriving us of our leaders.

These times of trial come to nations as to individuals, and perhaps they are sent for the same purpose, namely to test the character of the sufferer. I, who had passed through the fire of experience, had every confidence that my people would emerge stronger than ever.

On the continent, the anti-Jewish feeling continued to run high, culminating in what became the world famous Dreyfus case. Every Jew in the world felt that he himself was as it were, on trial, that he himself was threatened by assailants. Every Jew in the world anxiously watched the splendid efforts of Zola to bring the truth to light, and we were all rejoiced when the perjurers were revealed as such, and the innocent victim was freed, and in some measure compensated.

During this period war broke out between England and the Boers, and Bernard in consequence moved from Johannesburg to Capetown, where he continued to progress in his business.

I was grieved to learn of the death of a kinsman of mine, Simeon Halevi Horowitz, who had been living for many years in Palestine. He had maintained the academic traditions of the Horowitz family to no small degree, and his writings on Talmudic subjects were well-known.

A week before Passover, Dublin was honoured by a visit of Queen Victoria. The Jewish community shared to the full the exultation of the citizens, for we felt a debt of gratitude to the sovereign under whom Jew and Christian were alike. The secure position of our people under her rule contrasted strongly with the persecution in other lands, and the resultant joy of seeing the Sovereign in person was felt by everyone of my co-religionists. Proudly I recited the appropriate blessing for such occasion "Blessed art thou, oh Lord our God, for thou hast allotted some of thy glory to mortals."

CHAPTER XIX

INTERLUDE

DURING the summer, my sister gave birth to a daughter. As there was no Jewish congregation in Wexford at that time, I was asked to name the child Anne in memory of my grandmother, and did so at the Dublin Synagogue. The following year I went to Wexford.

It occurred to me at this time to review the many business undertakings I had attempted since I first began to earn a living. Man cannot remain permanently fastened down to a particular trade or profession, except in the most favourable circumstances. How much more so must the Jew keep changing his vocation, for at any moment he may be driven from his home, and be compelled to start afresh hundreds and even thousands of miles away.

Under such circumstances the scholar of one country becomes the merchant of another country, the rich man of yesterday is the manual worker of today. At the same time, only a determined and progressive person can survive such blows. He who becomes disheartened, or relies upon others, or hopes for good fortune, is bound to fail. The English have a proverb "God helps those who help themselves," the Talmud says, to the same effect "Do not suppose that, because you observe the commands of the Torah, God will bless you even though you remain idle, for it is said in the Torah "I shall bless you in your work."

From the date of my marriage, I have had many businesses, and I note them down in detail because they seem typical of the efforts of most of my friends to find a settled source of income. In Loiseva, I was the proprietor of firstly, a grocery shop, later a wine store. I also dealt in leather and skins for a time.

In Moiseik, I was a corn dealer. In Amsterdam, I acted as a teacher, and also travelled in jewellery and smallware. In Dublin, I travelled with slippers, pictures, picture frames and drapery.

As the Jews settle in a country, if and when they are permitted to do so; it becomes more possible to follow regular walks of economic activity. Until then, there will always be the fluctuations, the restless changes, the quick decisions, that characterised my own career.

I am certain that the Jew has lost as well as gained by the existence of these conditions. On the one hand, the continual change has stimulated a versatility and an adaptability which the Jew now possesses to a higher degree than the other nations. As against this, the more solid virtues, the contempt for ostentation, the conservative outlook, the respect for social stability, are now not so prominent among Jews, or at least are only found where a Jewish community has been in existence for many generations.

At the same time, the tragic feature of Jewish history is that rarely are we permitted to live in a land for a sufficient time to give us a feeling of security, a feeling which stimulates those qualities which are usually lacking. Ultimately the Jew will only acquire normality by being the possessor of a home of his own. In other words, the answer is Zionism. Whether this success would rob the Jew of his

adaptability and his wayward brilliance, is another matter. Security can never be spectacular, and in course of time the Jew will, by having a homeland, most probably lose some of the characteristics which have been produced by restless centuries in the Exile.

The death of Queen Victoria made many Jews, resident under her sway, think of the future. The world, one felt, would never be quite the same again. Would there be "a new king who knew not Joseph?" However, the hope and confidence of the community was justified, and the favourable treatment and toleration of the Jew was maintained by Her successor and His government.

CHAPTER XX

TRANSITION

THE year 1902 saw me engaged in a literary task which I had long contemplated. Despite the fact that I was fully occupied during the week, yet I found time, particularly on Sundays, to proceed with my book "Minchath Oni." an interpretation and analysis of the prayers.

As the years pass on, one tends to pass over incidents which would have aroused interest had they occurred in the earlier years of one's life. As a result, my autobiography was affected, and periods of weeks and even months call for no comment. During middle age, a man has had a good deal of experience, and only those events which are definitely important stimulate interest, and are deemed worthy of being recorded.

The following year, my son Louis Ely celebrated his Barmitzvah, and duly read a portion of the Law and a chapter from the Prophets. The Service was followed by a reception at my house, and after Louis had delivered a speech, I addressed him, and emphasised the importance of the occasion.

So quickly did my family appear to be growing up, that I could hardly believe it to be true. My son Harry, at this time, opened a shop in Talbot Street, and with all my heart, I wished him success in his new venture.

While one of my sons was thus already on the threshold of manhood, I had to welcome an addition to my

family, for my wife gave birth to a son, Simon. Unfortunately complications ensued which almost threatened to become fatal. For ten days, my wife remained in a private hospital in Portobello, but finally, thanks to the skilled attention of the famous physician and obstetrician Dr. Smiley, she recovered and was able to rejoin us.

Already I was beginning to appreciate the position of my mother, when she grieved at the diffusion of her family. My own son Philip, who had matriculated, and could not obtain funds to study, emigrated to South Africa in the hope of saving sufficient money, and to return home and qualify as a doctor of medicine. A public presentation was made by the Jewish Cricket Club to him before he left. With a heavy heart I took leave of him, and gave him a fatherly blessing.

My youngest son Simon was in his early days a constant source of anxiety. For the first two months of his life, he had a wound in his neck, which not only weakened him generally, but prevented his circumcision, as he was not well enough for the operation. Night after night we were kept awake by his weeping. At length, Selig was able to open the wound and clean it, and recovery after this was speedy, to our great relief.

Gloom fell on us at this period when Mr. Bradlaw, father-in-law of Selig died. The funeral of so well-known a leader of the community was witnessed by a vast assembly who came to pay their last respects.

At home, the recovery of the baby had gladdened our hearts. We were further cheered by the receipt of a letter from Philip, in which he informed us that he was very well, and enclosed £5 as a gift for me.

Although in general all change is transitional, and creeps on us before we have time to notice what has happened, yet the discovery of such change is in itself very often made suddenly. A traveller, passing from one country to another, will not notice for a time the difference of scenery, or the character of the landscape. But there will come a moment when some particular fact forces itself upon his notice, and he will realise the significance of the change. The object, however small, which arouses his interest, serves to indicate that a new land has been entered.

The transition from youth to old age is similarly unobtrusive and almost stealthy. Yet there inevitably comes the first day when one notices a sign of advancing years, a grey hair or an inability to perform a task which has formerly been a matter of routine. One is brought up with a jolt, and the truth is revealed. Thus it was with me. I saw my hair and beard take on the grey tinge gradually, and daily I watched the advances of the conquest which could never be repelled.

Physically I still felt in the prime of life, and the work during the week still presented no great difficulties to me. On Sundays I continued with my book "Minchath Oni" which I intended to submit for publication as soon as it was completed. The good news I heard from my son Philip was always welcome. His letters reached me every Sunday, and I learned that he was happy and making progress, and that above all he had been able to observe the Sabbath. It was from Philip that I received a card published in connection with the deeply lamented death of Dr. Theodore Herzl which occurred at this time. As was only to be expected, the death of the great Zionist leader plunged world Jewry into despair, and many were the tributes paid to the memory of the departed. On the card I received from Philip

was printed a poem, comparing Herzl to a struggling Titan who had been struck down at the height of his powers. I also learned that Philip was taking an active interest in the Zionist movement.

Jewry received some consolation for the death of their leader, in the death of their most notorious persecutor, the Russian minister Plehve. This individual, who wielded autocratic power over the entire Russian Empire, and never refrained from an opportunity to attack the Jews, was assassinated, a bomb being thrown at his carriage. The universal feeling of relief revived the Jewish morale, which had been seriously weakened by Herzl's death.

CHAPTER XXI

MOTLEY

MAN rarely has a long freedom from trouble. At this time, when I might well have been rejoicing to see my children grow up, the house was disturbed by the illness of my wife. Since the birth of my youngest son Simon, she had been suffering from an affliction of the breast. Being too weak to suckle the child, the trouble was aggravated, and finally an operation was decided upon.

This was performed in the Richmond Private Hospital. She remained in the Hospital for ten days, and then was able to leave for home. Even then it was necessary to have the wound cleaned and dressed every day, but we were all happy to see the evident benefits of the treatment.

It was in the following month that my youngest son was circumcised, being at that time almost two years old. The delay had been unavoidable, owing to the continual illhealth of the child, and chloroform had to be administered for the occasion. I named him Simon Levi in memory of my Uncle Simon, Rabbi of Leipsig, who was a Levi. The child experienced no ill effects, and the period of delay and suspense came to an end.

I was free then to proceed with another matter which had long claimed my attention, namely my naturalisation. Having lived so long under the British flag, I felt that the consummation of this residence, and the adoption by me of British nationality ought to be achieved. Philip very kindly sent me from Africa a sum of money to cover all the ex-

penses, and in due course, I, along with my family, adopted British nationality.

An unexpected pleasure was the visit of my brother Israel, and his eldest son, then thirteen years of age. I had not seen him for fifteen years. Selig had not seen him for twenty-two years. They stayed at my house during Passover, and after spending a few more days in Ireland, returned home to Mozeik.

In the business sphere, the most pleasing feature of the family activities was the splendid progress of my son Harry. He already employed a picture-frame maker, and two junior assistants. In addition my daughter Leah worked in the shop. My only fear at the time was lest the expenses should be too great, but happily the business prospered. Encouraged, I myself opened another shop, at 27 Capel Street, and spent £15 on improvements and decorations.

It seemed curious, to have spent my early years in trying to make headway largely for the sake of my children, whereas I was at this time actually improving my own position to keep pace with my children.

Philip's stay in Africa was not, after all, permanent. Although he had obtained a good position there, he came to the conclusion that a profession, after all, offered most prospects. Accordingly, we had the pleasure of welcoming him home again, and he lost no time in entering the School of Medicine at the Royal College of Surgeons, Dublin.

I, who had shared with Selig all the latter's troubles and anxieties before he was qualified, could not help but contrast the life of a Jewish student on the continent with that of my own son. I had the greatest hopes of Philip, and when he passed his first examination and gained the first prize, I felt my cup of joy filled to overflowing.

In general, I myself lived an objective existence, as is common once middle age is passing. My own life seemed tolerably secure, my labours had been rewarded with some measure of success, my children were growing up and making themselves useful and respected members of society. It was only natural that I should think mostly of my family, who had still to attain security; it was only natural that I should be reminded continually of my own youth, and reflect that the lot of my children was so much better. All my energies, all my aspirations, were centred round them, and sometimes I almost felt that my own particular existence was now merely supplementary to theirs.

There were however occasions when this tendency was checked, and I reassured myself. These occasions too brought me pleasure, for I recaptured the initiative of youth. At such times, whether it was a speech at a celebration, or participation in communal work, I felt that I was still capable of effort, still enthusiastic and energetic.

I was honoured by being invited to deliver the funeral oration on the occasion of the death of Rabbi Glickman. The speech I delivered is printed in my book "Beth Evel."

CHAPTER XXII

MY WIFE DIES

SINCE the birth of my youngest son Simon, my wife had never really been in good health. Even the gratifying development of Simon, who had himself been very ill in his early years, failed to rally her. It was with grave misgivings that I realised how serious the position was. Week after week passed, and there was no sign of better health returning to her.

Medical advice was sought from the very first, but despite all our efforts no cure could be found. All we knew was that the trouble was located in the liver, and that there was no known remedy for the malady.

In course of time, the illness grew more severe, and the pain increased. No longer could the housework be attended to, no longer could the familiar domestic routine be followed. Instead, the sufferer was confined to bed, not only unable to work for the others of the family, but even helpless as far as her own requirements were concerned.

I was continually depressed. Whereas my wife and I might well have been resting a little at this period, after years of toil, and enjoying in our repose the sight of our family making progress in the world, the reverse was the case. The illness cast a dark shadow over everything, and anxious hours were spent at the bedside. Academic and other achievements seemed unimportant, when my wife was reduced to such a state.

As luck would have it, a letter reached my wife from abroad, informing her that her sister Eta had died. Eta, who was only thirty-five, had left three children. This news upset my wife exceedingly, and the nervous shock she experienced on receiving it further weakened her at a time when she was already in very delicate health.

In vain, we sent her into the country, in the hope that the air would revive her. Day by day she weakened, and we brought her back home. As for myself, I walked about in a dazed state. Thwarted on every hand, every effort failing, I became desperate, but was unable to do anything. In my youth, before I had settled down, I had suffered many troubles, but had never lacked courage to fight them. At this time, there seemed no point in courage, when there was an invisible and irresistible enemy to fight. Even hope seemed a mockery, when we remembered the relentless progress of the illness.

Bernard had heard the sad news from Selig, and wrote to me, imploring me to keep him constantly informed as to her state, at the same time wishing her a speedy recovery. My nephew Saul, son of my youngest brother Israel, also wrote to me. I learned from his letter that my brother had been in illhealth, and the news of my wife's state had been kept from him. At the same time, he urged me to keep them informed as to what was happening, and ended by expressing a hope that all would yet be well.

I replied to these letters in as philosophic a strain as was possible under the circumstances. The last thing I desired was to create an atmosphere of anxiety among the members of the family abroad. Indeed it was only through Selig that they learned of the illness which was casting a shadow over us all. "Let us be brave, and hope for the best" I added "what use will it be to the sufferer, if the healthy fall ill through worry?"

Through all this fateful period, my son Harry strengthened me with his splendid fortitude and devotion. Had it not been for the bold front he displayed in the futile struggle with the Angel of Death, we would all have collapsed. As it was, his admirable example served a splendid purpose, and his unflagging optimism stimulated all the family.

At length the unequal contest came to an end, and my beloved wife passed away after her long illness at 62 Charlemont Street, where we occupied a house and shop. From the beginning, we knew that she was suffering from an incurable complaint, and neither a change of air, nor consultations with the most eminent physicians, helped. Harry spared neither effort nor expense, while Annie and Leah hardly slept for weeks, so faithfully did they nurse their mother. We were all present at the end, and I recited the Biblical sentence "Oh Lord, be merciful to her, and may she rest in the Shade of your Wings."

The funeral took place on Sunday, the 5th of Ellul, 1906, and many accompanied us to pay their last tribute. At the cemetery I delivered an oration in which I unburdened my heart. Her resting place was close to those of the most honoured members of the community. During the following week of mourning, a great many people visited my house, to express their grief, and to offer consolation in our bereavement.

More than once during that period, there were moments when I questioned the reality of the position. In my mind's eye, I reviewed the days we had spent together; the tremulous longing that I felt when first I saw her; the fateful, anxious days of parental opposition, the aban-

donment of all hope, the eleventh hour change of fortune. Once more I recalled the engagement, the wedding ceremony, the eager congratulations. The long months of separation, the trials of exile, the final reunion, all the incidents that went to make up our married life, were now obscured by a dark veil. The house, which had echoed with the sound of her voice, was now pervaded by a heavy silence, broken only by the undertones of the visitors who came to offer consolation. As I heard my sons recite, for the first time, the Kaddish, I realised how irreparable was the loss I had suffered, and the truth of the sentence from the Scriptures was made bitterly apparent "Everything can be replaced except the wife of youth."

CHAPTER XXIII

AFTERMATH

WHAT can I write of the weeks immediately following? The finality of death renders all its consequences almost unreal. All I remember are messages of sympathy, and letters from abroad, and frequent reveries about days that could never be renewed. My work hung on my hands, my will to live seemed seriously affected, since in truth there is no real consolation, and sympathy is merely transient, when a near one has passed away. Only by degrees can the loss be forgotten, and in this dull obliteration of what has been, one has to find courage to face the future.

Nevertheless, I could not spend the rest of my days on earth in retrospective brooding. Cheered somewhat by the kindly messages from my relatives on the Continent, and by the fortitude of my children, I resumed, so far as was possible, my former way of life. Gradually the domestic atmosphere also attained normality, and in a more philosophic trend of thought I paid my own last tribute to my beloved wife, by including in my book "Beth El" the funeral oration I myself had delivered at the graveside.

During the following Feast of Tabernacles, the wife of my brother Selig presented him with a son Robert, and I had the honour of being godfather, while Selig himself performed the circumcision.

My children continued to be a source of pleasure and pride. Harry was making creditable headway in his business, Philip was progressing favourably in his studies,

and Louis maintained the family standard by distinguishing himself at school, and being awarded a prize for mathematics.

Time proved, as ever, a great healer, and having concentrated once more on my business, I found fortune favourable, and was able to improve my position, so that we were able to remove to another house, 33 Grove Park. We found the new surroundings, free from tragic memories, and more congenial. I had also occasion to rejoice when my little son Simon, by this time in good health, was able to commence attendance at Hebrew School. His recovery, after the troubles he had experienced as a child, was timely and very gratifying.

CHAPTER XXIV

MARRIAGE OF ANNIE

It was no longer absolutely necessary for me to work as hard as I had been accustomed to do, neither was I capable of the exertions as I had been. Accordingly I frequently indulged in visits to the seaside, or to the country, accompanied generally by some member of my family. The fresh breezes, the long walks, and the sea bathing, invigorated me considerably, with the result that I enjoyed perfect health.

Not all my holidays, however, were personal. At times I accompanied excursions organised by communal institutions, and on one of these, I had the honour of addressing the pupils of the Talmud Torah. My speech to them is reproduced in my book "Beth Yehudah."

Philip was well advanced in his medical studies, and decided to study dentistry at the same time. After passing his second medical examination with honours, he began his dental studies, and so eagerly did he face this dual task that I had not the slightest doubt of his ultimate success.

I myself took advantage of the circumstances which enabled me to relax in my business activities, and returned with full vigour to my literary activities, which had been neglected. Now, able to concentrate once more after the lapse of years, I experienced again the thrill of academic research, the pleasure of uninterrupted study. In particular, I continued with the writing of "Beth Yehudah," and at length, in 1910 I had the pleasure of beholding in print

the first three volumes of the work. They were printed in Jerusalem, and the appendix was compiled by my brother Selig.

Within a few weeks of the publication of my book, I, in common with all my co-religionists, shared in the national mourning at the death of King Edward VII. Never had there been, in living memory, a ruler so closely identified with the Jewish nation. Not only had he appeared in Synagogue on more than one occasion, but throughout his reign he had continued and even extended the friendliness shown by his late mother, Queen Victoria. During that time, Jews had been elected to Parliament, to the highest municipal offices, and even to Cabinet rank. They enjoyed full rights of citizenship, and the fears of pogroms or persecution, which continually recurred in other lands, were unknown here. Jewry grieved at the passing of such an august protector, but faced the future hopefully, confident that His son and successor would carry on the liberal traditions.

I was by this time accustomed to academic distinctions being won by my children, and the successful consummation of their studies was merely a question of time. Philip passed the dental examinations with little difficulty, while Louis, after passing the entrance examination to Trinity College, maintained the standard set by his elder brother.

I derived great pleasure from the fact that not only were my sons distinguishing themselves in this field, but they were already displaying an interest in Jewish communal and administrative affairs which stamped them as worthy members and representatives of the nation. Philip was appointed a delegate to represent the Dublin Young Zionists at the Manchester Conference, an honour bestowed on him because of his whole-hearted participation in the Society's activities.

On the 20th of Iyar I acted as godfather to Robert, son of Dr. and Mrs. Hirson.

Once qualified, Philip determined to practise, not in Dublin but in Manchester, being helped at the outset by Mr. J. E. Levitt and Dr. Graff. Before his departure from Dublin, public presentations were made by the Zionist Association, Jewish Lads' Brigade and Jewish Athletic Association, with which he had been associated. I, who had travelled much further from my home in my younger days, put no obstacles in his way. He took up residence in a busy quarter of the city, and his letters reached us regularly, telling of his favourable progress.

It was only natural that, immersed completely in my children and their progress, I tended to look to the future, just as they themselves did. On occasions, however, there came as a reminder from the past, and I was taken back to earlier days and earlier associations.

One such reminder came when I received a letter from my cousin telling me of the death of my uncle Joel Halevy Horowitz in Jerusalem. The letter reached me from Switzerland where the writer was Shochet and Cantor at Lucerne. By a coincidence, there came to Dublin at this time a visitor from Jerusalem, who had known my uncle very well, and who told me inspiring tales about the piety and learning of the deceased.

At a wedding held in Dublin, my daughter Annie made the acquaintance of a young man, Herman Fine, of Bristol, to whom she became engaged on the 24th of June, 1911.

The wedding was not long delayed. The ceremony took place at Harrington College, and a reception followed. The bridegroom received from my sons a handsome dowry,

and in addition the couple found themselves the delighted recipients of many valuable gifts.

It was destined that Annie, too, should live in another land. The brother-in-law of Mr. Fine, a Mr. Gordon, who lived in Kimberley, South Africa, had promised to take him into his business. Accordingly the wedding was followed by their departure. Grieved as I was to say good-bye to my first married child, not knowing whether we would ever meet again, I could do nothing but wish them well.

Some weeks later I received a letter telling me of their safe arrival. I learned that Mr. Gordon had given them a warm welcome, and wasted no time in introducing my son-in-law to the business. Being parted from her, the only happiness left for me was to share hers, and to rejoice since she had settled down so speedily and was content and comfortable.

The next month I heard sad news from abroad. My father-in-law wrote informing me that his wife had passed away after a long illness. With her will she had written a long letter to me, which I found enclosed.

The letter was in brief, a request to me to honour her memory by reading a chapter from the Talmud every day during the first year after her death, in addition to reciting the Kaddish. I was also requested to give a donation to charity after prayers.

Honouring her as I did, I carried out her wishes explicitly.

CHAPTER XXV

LOUIS JOINS PHILIP

EVERY week during the following year 1913, I got letters from both Annie and Philip, and they were always telling of good fortune and progress. Since by force of circumstance I had to be separated from them, I was thankful that I could obtain news from them regularly, and that no shadows as yet had darkened their lives.

I myself occupied my time in either writing or participating in communal and educational activities. When an organisation was formed at the Camden Street Synagogue to promote Talmudic study, I was one of the original members, and was also invited to deliver the inaugural address.

These and similar organisations, claimed my attention and attracted my interest. At times, however, I felt a longing to see those of my children who had left me. To visit Africa was out of the question, but Manchester was quite accessible, and in the same year I paid a visit to Philip.

It being my first visit to him I took pleasure in being shown round the city, and in particular I was impressed by the Jewish communal buildings and the Synagogues. I also paid visits to Rabbi Yoffey and Rabbi Dagutsky. In short, I can truthfully say that the fortnight I spent there was one of the happiest I have ever known, and certainly I have never had so much pleasure in so short a time. It

was with great regret that I returned home, after having said goodbye to the many new friends I had made in the city.

Shortly after my return home, Louis obtained the degree of B.A., and not long afterwards he passed his final examination, and became like Philip, a fully qualified dentist. He decided to join Philip in Manchester, and share in the practice.

His departure from Dublin was marked by a ceremony under the auspices of the Dublin Jewish Lads' Brigade, in which he had attained the rank of staff sergeant. The proceedings took the form of a reception, at which speeches were made, describing his work for the Brigade, and then followed the presentation to Louis of a beautiful marble clock, on which was engraved an appropriate inscription, and of an illuminated address.

With Simon, I paid them a visit not long afterwards, and was delighted to find them both very well and progressing. I stayed with them for some weeks. Louis took me to Leeds one day, and we were received and entertained by Dr. Samuel, a very great friend of my sons.

Pleasant though my stay in England had been, I could not stay indefinitely, and after a visit which had lasted more than a month, every moment of which I had enjoyed, I returned home with my young son. We had had a splendid time, in a fine summer, and like millions of people all over the world, had no idea of the fearful calamity that was shortly to engulf us all.

CHAPTER XXVI

SIMON'S BARMITZVAH

I AM not a political historian, and it is not my purpose or intention to discuss the causes, the outbreak and the events of the Great War. Sufficient for me to say that I shared to the full the pain and anguish of all who lived through the horrible period, when the world went mad, and the youth of every land were sacrificed on the altar of Moloch.

I was thankful that the conflict did not take my children from me, though all the time I lived in fear, not for myself but for them. They visited me as often as they could, and while they were with me all my secret doubts and fears were set at rest.

During 1915 my daughter Annie gave birth to a daughter and named her Marie Gertrude in memory of my beloved wife. I received the good news by telegram, and in a letter which followed learned that both the mother and child were very well.

Philip was rapidly coming to the forefront of his profession and found it necesary to open a second surgery in the city. During all this time he had continued with his medical studies, and took his examinations periodically in Dublin. In this same year he passed his final examination, and obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine, a splendid consummation of a distinguished academic record.

Not all my interests were focussed on those of my family who were abroad. In Dublin I also found cause

to be pleased. My daughter Sara, determined to emulate her brothers, decided to study medicine, and successfully passed the preliminary examination of the College of Surgeons, after having been compelled to apply for its postponement because of an accident in the laboratory in which her hand was injured.

The Barmitzvah of Simon brought home to me very forcibly the fact that my family had all grown up, though at times it seemed only a few years since I myself had been a youth, in a far distant and very different environment. At all such times a father is immensely gratified; on this occasion, there was even more than the usual cause for rejoicing. Firstly, Simon had suffered much as an infant, and his early years had been overcast by the death of my wife. At times we had well nigh despaired of his ever attaining healthy manhood. Further, I was thankful to be alive and well for the Barmitzvah of my youngest son, and in my heart thanked the Almighty for having spared me for this moment.

The portion of the Law was read at the Adelaide Road Synagogue, and a reception followed the day afterwards at Harrington College. All the family assembled to share in the festivity, with the exception, of course, of my daughter Annie in distant Kimberley, who had recently given birth to a son Gerald.

Philip and Louis stayed for Passover and it was with great delight that we all sat down together for the Seder nights.

CHAPTER XXVII

INNOCENT VICTIMS

ONE may be assured that when any calamity visits a country, the Jews of that land are amongst the first to suffer. Either they are accused of being responsible for the troubles, or they are attacked on the pretext that they have escaped and are in too favourable a position. Every great war in history, from the Crusades and the Thirty Years War to the Great War, has seen the Jews suffer.

My brothers Bernard in Wexna, and Israel in Mozeik, lost their homes and possessions during the vast upheavals in Central Europe. The Russian forces, disorganised and in retreat, began to destroy all the villages and small towns as they retired, with the idea of leaving the enemy in a deserted area. In such a case, military strategy was no respecter of personal fortunes, and my brothers found themselves homeless in the midst of devastation.

Bernard and his family finally reached a village called Palaga, near Ekaterinoslav, while Israel was able to settle only when he reached Vitebsk. Thus, within a space of a few months, they were driven from Poland, where they had lived so long, and found refuge in places of which they had scarcely heard. My aged father-in-law Mr. Copeman, then ninety, was also driven from his home, and joined Bernard at Ekaterinoslav, completely destitute, along with my family. I helped them as much as I could, but one could not stem the tide that swept over an entire continent, and our assistance could hardly alleviate those of my relations who had lost everything.

Bernard did not survive the disasters for long, and some months later, I received a postcard from his daughter, in which I learned that he had died at Ekaterinoslav. I said Kaddish for him, and mourned for his passing, a victim of the madness which had convulsed humanity.

The Irish rebellion started on Easter day, 1916. There was an acute food shortage. We managed to carry on with the matzo which we had in the house for Passover. When this was exhausted and there was no bread in the house, it became vitally necessary to seek food. Harry, defying the dangers which existed during this period of turmoil, when one was never safe from a stray bullet of a sniper, concealed amongst the housetops, went forth to Ballsbridge on foot, a distance of four miles and managed to return with a supply of bread, sufficient for the family's needs.

CHAPTER XXVIII

MARRIAGE OF LEAH

As I have already said in an earlier chapter, I tended to withdraw from business and spent most of my time in visiting my family or continuing my literary work. At my age the seaside was a most agreeable environment, and very frequently I went to resorts near Dublin, generally accompanied by one or more members of my family. When they could, my sons Philip and Louis crossed over from England to spend a few days with me.

During one of these visits in the autumn of 1917, my daughter Leah made the acquaintance of a young man from Dublin, Mr. Freeman. They fell in love with each other and an engagement soon followed.

The wedding ceremony was performed by Reverend Gudansky, the minister of the Adelaide Road Synagogue.

I was overjoyed at the wedding. For one thing, the bride and bridegroom were so suited for each other, and in addition I was not saying goodbye as I had said when Annie left for South Africa. Not only would Leah live in the same country as myself, but she had chosen a house not very far from my own. I could not have been so content if fate had deprived me of all my children and left me lonely as I grew older, with only the consolation of receiving and writing letters. The loneliness of my own

mother in her later years had always impressed me forcibly, and I thanked God that my own later years would not be similarly dominated by solitude.

Sara was finding her medical studies quite congenial, and passed her examinations with pleasing regularity.

CHAPTER XXIX

ILLNESS AND DEATH

It seemed as if the Almighty, in his desire to punish the world for its sins, had not been content with the calamities produced by the War, but sent also the dreaded epidemic of influenza. The devastating progress of the scourge through Europe is a matter of history, and as in all these cases, the main concern of the individual is with the contact of the general tendency with his own particular case.

My family had their full share of illness, not a single one of my children escaping, but fortunately they all recovered, and seemed little the worse for their alarming experience. Curiously enough I myself was not affected, a tribute to my good health and a vindication of my frequent visits to the seaside.

Gratification at these recoveries was rudely dispelled by tragic news from abroad, for we heard, to our amazement and grief, that my brother Israel had passed away. I was grief-stricken, for Israel had been my youngest brother, beloved by all who came in contact with him for his learning, his piety, and his great goodness of heart.

And this was his end! Broken in body and spirit, exiled from his early home, a victim, with millions of others, of the madness called the Great War. He had died in Leningrad, in the fifty-third year of his life, amid the turbulence and violence that accompanied the making of the new order of society in Russia. Following so soon after the death of Bernard, the tragedy left me with a sense of bitter despair, which was not quickly dispelled.

CHAPTER XXX

FOUR ENGAGEMENTS

THE blows I had suffered had taken a heavy toll of my strength, and I was pleased to receive a most opportune invitation from my friend, Mr. Joseph Levin of Cork, to spend a few weeks with him at the seaside. I took Simon with me, and we enjoyed ourselves bathing, walking, and visiting the surrounding neighbourhood. Our hosts entertained us royally, the weather was kind to us, and a month of undiluted happiness was spent.

Shortly after our return to Dublin, I was pleased to receive from Jerusalem the four printed volumes of my book "Beth Yehudah," which had been published in the sacred city four years previously, and had been kept back from me owing to the disturbance of communications in the War. The British occupation of Palestine had restored communications, and my books were accordingly sent to me. My pleasure at seeing the works on which I had lavished so much care and attention can readily be imagined.

During the festival of Tabernacles, the engagement was celebrated of my daughter Esta to Mr. Ephraim Seligman. A few months later the wedding took place. The ceremony was held in the Adelaide Road Synagogue, and performed by the Reverend Gudansky. A reception followed at Greenville Hall. Among the guests were representatives of many Dublin literary societies, and I was presented with a beautiful "Menorah" candlestick and an

illuminated address with my portrait, as a token of appreciation for the lectures I had given daily in the Synagogue. I acknowledged the presentation in a speech which is published in my volume of speeches. The bridegroom was presented with a silver tea set from the Dublin Board of Trade. My son Philip having obtained my consent, became engaged to Ray Jacobs, daughter of a highly-respected and well-known Manchester merchant.

Further celebrations were foreshadowed. My son Louis wrote telling me that he had purchased a house in Leeds, and asked for my consent to his engagement with Ruby, the charming and talented daughter of Mr. Lubelski, a prominent Leeds manufacturer. Almost simultaneously my daughter Sara was engaged to Mr. Maurice Share, a dental surgeon from Cork.

The treble engagement was announced, and messages of congratulation came from many quarters, though a rough sea prevented me from visiting England and being present at the engagements.

I went to England as soon as the weather was favourable, and had a very enjoyable stay in Manchester, in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs. I then went to Leeds where I was entertained by Reverend Samuel and Mr. and Mrs. Lubelski.

I returned home in good spirits, delighted with the new friends I had met, and assured of the future happiness of my children.

CHAPTER XXXI

PEACE

In July 1919, the Peace Treaties were concluded, and the world sighed with relief after a ghastly nightmare. Everyone who had lived through that period sincerely hoped that a new era was about to dawn, and that arrangements would be devised to ensure a lasting peace, and a new and better world order.

Little did we realise that we were to be bitterly disappointed, that the peace treaties were vindictive rather than conciliatory, that the old passions still agitated human beings, and that the millennium seemed as far off as ever.

However, the individual felt infinitely more secure and content now that the battle was over, and every parent who had been spared from the tragedy of mourning the loss of a son, was doubly grateful.

I received a letter from Annie, acknowledging the book I had sent her. She expressed particular satisfaction that the book reached her on the anniversary of her wedding, and added that her family were all very well.

From Jerusalem on August 15th, I received the first volume of my book "Dibre Chachomim," which had been published there.

The following month, Dublin welcomed Rabbi Dr. Hertzog when he came to take up his ministerial and communal duties. He was fêted as befitted a man in his position, and I was privileged to be amongst those who

entertained him. My son Harry, at the head of a section of the Boys' Brigade, was present at the official welcome.

On November 13th I removed from Grove Park to 84 Leinster Road, the residence of my daughter Leah.

The 3rd of Kislev welcomed a further addition to the family, for my daughter Esta gave birth to a son who was named Raphael David. Rabbi Dr. Hertzog officiated as godfather and Selig performed the circumcision.

Happy as I was with these celebrations, I was even more delighted to get a letter from Kimberley, telling me that Annie was coming to Dublin to visit me. Remembering my doubt as to whether I should ever see her again, I was more than pleased at the certain prospect of seeing her.

She arrived safely, with her two children, and broke her journey at Manchester. When they finally reached Dublin, I pronounced an appropriate blessing, thanking God for having spared me for that moment.

Louis came over from Leeds during the following Nisan, having been awarded his M.A. degree. Leah came from Manchester the following day, to assist in the preparations for the wedding of Sara to Maurice Share.

In the midst of these domestic rejoicings, I, in common with all my coreligionists, welcomed the Balfour Declaration. The barrier that had stood between the Jewish people and the Holy Land seemed on the point of destruction, and the hope, suppressed during the many centuries of Exile, seemed to be on the point of realisation.

When Mr. Sokolow and Dr. Weizmann returned to London from San Remo, they had a tumultuous reception. Every section of the Jewish community was represented.

Dayan Rabbi Chaikin presented an illuminated address, and Dayan Feldman delivered a speech filled with hope and fervour. As the crowd sang the Hatikvah, the patriotic phrases found an answering note in every Jewish heart, and echoed round the world. We older Jews, who had known full well the terrors of persecution and repression, earnestly hoped that our children would, in the security of their own land, enjoy freedom and peace for evermore.

CHAPTER XXXII

WEDDINGS AND FESTIVITIES

On the 33rd day of the Omer, 1920, the wedding of Sara to Mossey took place at the Adelaide Road Synagogue. The bride was given away by Esta and her husband, and Rabbi Dr. Hertzog officiated. A reception followed at Greenville Hall.

The marriage of Philip to Miss Ray Jacobs followed a month later, June 2nd, 1920. All my family were present in Manchester for the wedding, which took place at the Higher Broughton Synagogue. Rabbi Dr. Salomons and Rev. Rabinovitch officiated. A dinner followed in the Synagogue hall, while the subsequent reception and dance was held in the Midland Hotel.

On June 30th, the marriage of Louis to Miss Ruby Lubelski, was celebrated at the Belgrave Street Synagogue. The whole family was present, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Abelson and Rev. Diamond. A dinner followed at Powolnys in Commercial Street.

On January 5th, 1921 was celebrated the wedding of Harry and Miss Isaacs. I was entertained by Louis, while I stayed in Leeds. The ceremony was performed at the Belgrave Street Synagogue by Dr. Abelson. A reception followed at Lyon's Café, and in the evening a supper was held.

On February 17th, I went to Manchester to attend the circumcision of Philip's first-born. The boy was named Basil Thomas. Annie's stay in Dublin was also the occasion of a further happy event, for she gave birth to a daughter, Sylvia Patricia.

CHAPTER XXXIII

A SILVER WEDDING

THE long series of festivities was checked by the departure of Annie and her children for home. I said goodbye with even greater regret than I had said it when she first left after her marriage, for this time it was less likely that I would see her again. However she could not remain with us any longer, and with tears in my eyes I accompanied her to the station. Louis and his wife went with her as far as London. We heard in due course that she had arrived safely home.

As the Festival of Passover approached, I was pleased to learn that, as on previous occasions, members of my family would be staying with me. Indeed, I had come to look upon the festivals as a family reunion in addition to being a time of religious rejoicing. On this occasion, Leah and her husband stayed with me for the whole period, while Esta and her husband spent the first two days with us.

Some weeks later, the first day of Iyar, an event of especial interest occurred in the family, namely the silver wedding of my brother Dr. Selig Wigoder. While nothing can quite equal the thrill and pleasure of marriage in the ordinary sense, and I had been fortunate to celebrate the weddings of my children not long before this time, the silver wedding gave me quite a different kind of enjoyment.

Having spent the best, and perhaps the happiest years of his life, in Dublin, my brother was held in the very highest esteem by every section of the community. The

celebration took place in the Hall of the Adas Yeshurun Synagogue, and among the guests were representatives of every Jewish institution of note in Dublin, while the guest of honour was Rabbi Dr. Hertzog. Many speeches were delivered extolling Selig, and an illuminated address and silverware were presented to him.

During the following months of August and September, I spent a very pleasant holiday in Skerries with Rae and Simon. We received visits from the other members of my family, Philip and his wife, Louis and his wife, and Leah and her husband, spending a few days with us. My visit being prolonged over the Festivals, I contrived to build a Tabernacle adjoining the house where we stayed.

During that week, which was the feast of Chanukah, I was delighted to have the pleasure of having my family with me again. Leah and her husband, Sara and her children, all joined me. The week was a succession of entertainments for us all, and on different evenings Selig, Harry and Esta held suppers at which we were all present. Simon, on the other hand, had gone to England for the week, and was entertained by Philip and Louis.

CHAPTER XXXIV

A CONTRAST

REFERENCES have already been made on more than one occasion to my intense grief with regard to the sufferings of my old friends in Poland. Economic horrors had succeeded military barbarism, and as usual the Jews were among the first and most unfortunate victims.

Every community in more fortunate circumstances did its best to collect funds for the destitute in Central and Eastern Europe. My own feelings can readily be imagined. Though I had long since adopted Ireland as my home, I could not forget the land of my birth. In the Dublin effort to raise its quota for the relief fund, I took a prominent part, for otherwise I would have felt guilty of treachery towards my race.

Shortly afterwards I received, with mixed feelings, a letter from the rabbi of Wexna. The latter thanked me for my share in the collection of money. On the one hand I was pleased to get an acknowledgment of my services, but on the other hand I was depressed to learn that the villages and towns I knew so well were at this time ruined, and their inhabitants on the verge of starvation.

The contrast between Dublin, and the distressed lands, was for me further emphasised when Simon passed the first part of his final examination. I thanked the Almighty for having spared me for the consummation of the academic studies of my children. In addition to being my youngest child, and consequently the last to qualify,

Simon had passed through a disturbed infancy and childhood, darkened by the death of my wife. That he would soon be able to join his brothers as a professional man, gave me intense gratification.

A fall from a tramcar served to remind me that joy and misfortune are always blended. I had a very narrow escape from death in the traffic, but luckily suffered nothing more than slight injuries, from which I soon recovered.

Passover saw me once more entertaining members of my family during the Festival. Harry, Esta and her husband, were my guests. Other members of my family were united at Southport, where Louis and his wife, and Sara and her husband, and Leah and her husband celebrated together.

CHAPTER XXXV

CIVIL WAR

THE repercussions of political strife were not confined to the continent. In Ireland the party warfare, which had been dormant during the War, flared up with renewed vigour. In a country which has never been noted for moderation in the political arena, civil war broke out once more.

For us in Dublin the period of actual conflict, when the streets were bullet-swept, and the city was filled with lawless bands, was one of continual suspense. On the night of the 21st of April, the battle was at its height. We were confined to the house, and when dawn at length broke, none knew what had happened to his neighbour.

The storm passed at length, and I welcomed a holiday at Skerries, where I could rest after the unnatural tenseness of the previous few days. While I was there, Harry and his wife, Simon, and Selig visited me. Another visitor we were all very pleased to see was Dr. Samuel from Leeds who was accompanied by his wife, the daughter of my late wife's cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Hayman of Dublin.

Labour troubles resulted in a railway strike and my daughter returned to Dublin by taxi as no trains were available. Business in Dublin was seriously hampered, nobody venturing out into the streets.

My children in England were most perturbed, and continually wrote asking me to join them. Simon went to England, but I decided to remain where I was, confident that normal conditions would soon return. I was fortunate in that my shop in Capel Street was not damaged by rioters, so that I was able to resume business immediately the disturbances ended.

CHAPTER XXXVI

A FRUITLESS JOURNEY

LATER on when matters had quietened down, I went to England for a change, and visited Louis in Leeds, and saw for the first time his son Geoffrey Bernard, and Sara's baby son Aubrey Ingram.

In October I left Leeds and went on to Manchester, where I was entertained by Philip. I enjoyed myself very much and in particular, spent many happy hours with his baby son, a child of remarkable intelligence. I also visited my son-in-law Mr. Freeman, who had just moved into a new house. In Dublin Esta gave birth to a daughter Marie Louise.

I returned to Dublin in November, sorry to part from my children, but none the less ready to settle down again. My health however was not good, and in particular I was troubled by inflammation of the throat, and consequent coughing. I gave up smoking in order to alleviate my condition, and found this decision a very wise one.

While my children in England and Ireland were experiencing good fortune, my daughter in Kimberley had been passing through a very trying period. The depression in the diamond industry had seriously affected her husband's business, and as a result he decided to come to England in the hope of being able to settle down and start afresh. Annie in the meantime had given birth to a daughter, Rita.

Herman arrived in January 1924 with his daughter Marie and his son Gerald, the other two children remaining in Kimberley with his wife. Rachel and Harry went to Leeds to see him as soon as Louis informed us of his arrival. One can readily understand my anxiety for the welfare of my daughter thousands of miles away, and I was deeply concerned to learn of the temporary hardships her family were experiencing.

My son-in-law's real aim, to find some suitable business which would enable him to support his family in England, was not, however, to be realised, though at the outset we were all hopeful that this would be achieved.

My own troubles faded into the background at this period. I was suffering from eyestrain, and regretfully had to abstain from writing and reading. In consequence the days when I proceeded with my self-imposed task of writing my biography were few indeed. The relentless march of the years was indeed taking its toll, and I was made to realise that my energy was no longer equal to all the calls I would have liked to make on it.

CHAPTER XXXVII

A VISIT TO LONDON

THE custom, so dear to me, of having a family reunion for the festivals, was never allowed to lapse. There was always some member of my family who was able to join me, in addition to those of my children who lived in Dublin. For the feast of Pentecost, 1924, Philip was my guest, and I was delighted to entertain him.

On June 19th, Simon passed his final examination, and became a qualified doctor, maintaining his splendid record of never having failed. This success came at a most opportune time, since coinciding with the height of summer, it enabled us to take a holiday. At Bray we were joined from time to time by members of my family. Mr. Share and his family spent several happy days with us.

I celebrated my birthday during this stay at the seaside, and received telegrams from friends and relations, so sincere in their good wishes and congratulations that my one regret was my inability to answer them personally and individually. While in a happy frame of mind, I was also pleased to receive from New York a cheque on account of the proceeds of the sale of my books. Though my literary efforts had never been influenced by the hope of worldly gain, I was nevertheless gratified by the appreciation of my work symbolised by the cheque.

The following week Sara and her baby Aubrey joined Simon, Rae and myself, and we stayed

together till August 13th, when we returned to Dublin. Not long after our return we had to say farewell to Mr. Fine, who had decided to return to South Africa. He had spent several months in England, but his efforts to find some useful field for commercial activities had proved fruitless. Under the circumstances the best course for him was to return home to his wife and his other two children.

I accompanied him as far as Manchester, and after an all too brief meeting with his children, said goodbye. I myself remained in Manchester as the guest of Philip. I was fortunate during my stay to be introduced to Rabbi Schachter and Rabbi Shloshberg.

Louis came over to Manchester a week after my arrival and I was glad to learn from him that he and his family were all well. The day after his arrival I set off with Simon on my first visit to London. Though I had been so long an inhabitant of the British Isles, I had never yet seen the capital.

Our visit would have given us great pleasure at any time. It so happened however, that we were able to visit the great world exhibition at Wembley. My humble pen cannot do justice to the vast panorama of the British Empire, and I will only express my wonderment and admiration. The Palestine section held most interest for me, and its exhibits and contents convinced me of the real regeneration of Israel in our ancient home.

Back in Leeds, I was entertained by Louis and Sara, and found great pleasure in the company of my grandchildren Geoffrey and Aubrey. We went on to Manchester, where Simon stayed in order to find a position, and I then returned to Dublin.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

A NEW SYNAGOGUE

THE winter months were very trying for me, and I contracted a serious chill which kept me indoors during the week of Chanukah, so that Rae was obliged to manage the shop for me. However, I recovered shortly afterwards, and another winter slipped by. During the year I received welcome telegrams informing me of the births of three granddaughters, Pamela Greta, Thelma and Tamareh Daphne.

Simon stayed with me for Passover 1925. I also was glad to learn that in Kimberley my daughter was experiencing better fortune.

These happy tidings paved the way for the major celebrations which was fast approaching, on the occasion of my seventieth birthday. On July 16th, there was a complete family reunion in Dublin, with the exception of my daughter's family in South Africa. Among the guests was my uncle Mr. Wigoder from Belfast, who told me that he still remembered, quite clearly, my own father's wedding. On the Saturday, we all attended the service at the Greenville Synagogue. At the reception which followed, Selig acted as chairman, and speeches were delivered by himself, by members of the family, and by old friends of mine.

I myself gave an address, in which, having thanked God for having spared me to enjoy my later years in so happy an atmosphere, I outlined my life story, and indicated my belief that the Almighty is ever watchful to

protect those who keep faith with Him. At the close of the reception, I presented a special edition of my writings to each guest, and the celebration ended on an optimistic note in harmony with the proceedings.

A few days later I went for my annual holiday to the seaside. This time, we went to Skerries, and for a time Rae and I were joined by Simon, and Leah and her husband.

In common with many of my friends, I had long been looking forward to the day when our great new synagogue on the site of Greenville Hall would be opened and ready for Service. Anxiously we awaited the consecration of a building which would grace the Dublin community. Naturally the task of raising the necessary funds had proved severe, and had necessitated wholehearted co-operation on the part of everyone concerned.

I myself assisted in raising a substantial sum towards the £14,000 which was required. My brother Dr. Selig Wigoder played a leading part and shared in the universal exultation which greeted the opening of the synagogue. At the inaugural ceremony, Rabbi Dr. Hertzog and the newly-engaged cantor Reverend Rosenfeld, officiated.

Simon stayed with me for the festivals, his intention being to return immediately afterwards and negotiate for the purchase of a practice. He duly returned to England when the Holy Days were over. I found myself facing another New Year in the Jewish Calendar, in the best of spirits and in fair health.

CHAPTER XXXIX

REWARD FOR LEARNING

In April 1926 I went with Rae to England. At Manchester we were met by Simon, Leah and her husband. At Philip's home I received a royal welcome, and after spending the next day or two renewing old friendships, I proceeded to Leeds, where Louis and Sara awaited me. I spent a very enjoyable time with my friends Reverend Samuel and the local clergy.

Excitement was created at that time by the General Strike, and I who had lived through so many political and economic upheavals, could not but be pleased when the dispute was brought to a close.

I returned home soon afterwards, and was pleased to receive on my birthday many telegrams of good wishes from my family and friends. I was also glad to learn that my son Simon had at last settled down and had with the help of his brothers purchased a practice in Morley, near Leeds, where Louis had a dental practice.

I spent my summer holiday at Bray, with Rae and Harry and his family. Sara and her two children joined us later, and brought me good news as to Simon's progress. While still on holiday I received the first copies of my books "Meir Aynayim" and "Midrash Pliya" from Jerusalem, where they were published.

I was singularly honoured in that these publications were very well reviewed, and commended by such eminent

authorities as Chief Rabbi Kook of Palestine, Rabbi Dr. Hertzog of Dublin, and Rabbi Daiches of Leeds, and other famous scholars. In addition, the press reports were most encouraging, and I felt indeed that my lifelong devotion to learning had not been entirely fruitless. The reviewers all emphasised the fact that the most remarkable feature of the books was that they were written not by an accredited clergyman, but by a humble scholar whose love of Jewish culture had not been quenched by economic factors. One may imagine the emotions which such praise evoked in my heart.

CHAPTER XL

A FAMILY REUNION

FOR Passover of 1927 we decided to have a family reunion at Southport, and the suggestion proved most successful. The family circle assembled almost as it had done years before, when all my children were younger and in my care. We spent the Holy Days in a spirit of exhilaration most appropriate for the Festival of Passover.

During the intermediate days of the Festival we visited other seaside resorts along the coast, and the sea breezes invigorated me considerably. I was glad to have the opportunity of attending the Services in the splendid new Southport Synagogue, an outstanding example of modern religious architecture.

The Festivals over, Louis drove me back to Leeds, where I was entertained by Sara for several days. I went to Morley and saw the respective surgeries of Louis and Simon, and was very gratified by the continued progress my sons were making. I was also taken on pleasure drives to Harrogate and Ripon, famous resorts near the city.

On my way back to Dublin, I stayed with Philip for a day or two, and then with Rae, sailed for home.

The following Pentecost it was my turn to act as host, and Leah and Sara with their husbands, visited me.

In June Dublin was honoured by a visit from the renowned Zionist leader, Nahum Sokolow. A civic reception was arranged, attended by the leaders of the community

and representatives of the institutions. The subsequent propaganda meeting was a great success, and captivated by the eloquence of the visitor, a magnificent sum was raised for Zionist funds.

Having been an admirer of Mr. Sokolow for many years I took the liberty of sending him copies of my recent publications, and was gratified to be thanked personally by so great a Jew.

CHAPTER XLI

IN EVERLASTING MEMORY

DURING August of that year Leah and her husband, Louis, Harry and Esta stayed with me. I then went to England with Louis and Leah to attend the engagement of Simon to Nellie Share of London, the sister of Sara's husband. I thanked God for having granted me a full span of life on earth, so that I was spared to see all my children attain maturity.

The months at this stage flew past without any event, save that during the winter I suffered from a severe cold, and was confined to bed. Naturally the weather found me less able to resist than had been the case formerly and in consequence I awaited the Spring eagerly.

For the feast of Pentecost 1928 my family joined me once more, and a tombstone was consecrated at the grave of my beloved wife. Dr. Hertzog delivered an address which touched the hearts of all who were present, extolling my late wife as a perfect example of a mother in Israel, and setting her forth as an example to be worthily followed. I also delivered an address which is included in this book.

Though years had passed since the tragedy, time had not dulled our sensibilities, and in the recital of her virtues the past was relived over again, and we were once more reminded of our irreparable loss.

A few weeks later, in July, came happier news, for my daughter Esta gave birth to a son, Donald Lionel. Rabbi Dr. Hertzog acted as godfather for the circumcision ceremony.

For the summer holidays, Harry, Sara, Leah and Esta were with me at Bray. The weather proving most favourable, I bathed frequently, and the constant open air life stimulated my health so that I felt very well.

After my return to Dublin, I bought the house and shop in Capel Street where I had carried on my business.

Bad news reached me from Annie in Kimberley. Her husband was experiencing business difficulties and inevitably these reacted on his family. Their daughter Rita had been knocked down by a motor cycle. I was very depressed at having to witness or hear of these setbacks, and my health suffered accordingly. I grew weaker, and my legs could no longer respond to the demands made on them. Walking was now a matter of difficulty.

I was however not unduly pessimistic. Fortunately I was well provided for, and my children could not have been more attentive.

In Belfast, a little later there died Mr. Wigoder, the only son of my late uncle Isaac, at the age of eighty.

On the twentieth of May, 1929, I brought to a conclusion my series of lectures on the Talmud, which had attracted much interest and always commanded good audiences. A reception was held to mark the occasion, and Rabbi Dr. Hertzog, as the principal guest, delivered a speech in which he stressed the importance of studying the Talmud.

Meanwhile the date was drawing nearer of the wedding of my son Simon. Luckily events occurred that put me in a better frame of mind. I received a letter from South Africa, and learned that my granddaughter Rita was making a favourable recovery from the accident, while my grandson Gerald had celebrated his Barmitzvah. I sent him a praying shawl as a gift.

CHAPTER XLII

WEDDING OF SIMON

A FEW days before Simon's wedding, I went with my daughter Rae to England. We visited Manchester first, and stayed there with my daughter Leah. We then travelled to Leeds, Simon having come in his car for us. We stopped at Morley, and Simon showed us his house and surgery. At Leeds we were the guests of my daughter Sara.

I was very pleased to see that they were all very well, and the children in particular, Aubrey and Maureen, delighted me with their ready wit and good looks. I was however prevented from visiting Louis, as his children were suffering from severe colds which might have proved contagious.

We left for London by train, and at Doncaster I had the unwelcome experience of a railway accident. Our train had collided with another one, and a fire flared up immediately. At the time of the collision I was in the corridor, and rushing back to the compartment, was horrified to find it empty and the door open. My fears for Simon were however set at rest when I learned that he was unharmed but was attending to the injured. The fireman was very seriously injured, and twenty passengers suffered minor injuries. The accident caused a delay of an hour, and Mrs. Share and Nellie had an anxious time waiting for us in the station. Happily, the accident, while very disturbing, did not affect us in any way other than in the delay.

The next day, June 10th, 1929, the wedding was celebrated of my son Simon to Nellie Share at the Brondesbury Synagogue. A reception followed at Westminster Palace Rooms. The couple departed later to spend their honeymoon in Europe. In Paris they visited Rabbi Hertzog. In Lucerne they visited Reverend Michael Horowitz, son of my uncle Joel. They found him a very charming and learned gentleman, the father of two sons, both of whom were dentists, and two daughters.

On the 26th of June, being still in England, I was present at the marriage of George Lubelski, brother-in-law of Louis, to the daughter of Mr. Lyons, a Leeds manufacturer.

CHAPTER XLIII

ACCIDENTS

An accident marred my stay in England. While in my daughter's house in Manchester, I fell down the stairs and hurt myself severely. With great difficulty I was moved to a sofa, and rested there till Philip returned, accompanied by Dr. Hirson to whom I am grateful for his kind attention.

I was speedily reassured, and informed that my injuries were nothing more than a broken rib, but my discomfort and pain were however, very great, and I could not move. Realising that I would not recover in a day or two, I advised my children to engage a man to look after me. A learned companion as male nurse, Jacob Silcovitch was obtained from the Home for Aged Jews.

I stayed in bed for several days, until the pain left me, and within less than a fortnight I was able to walk out by myself. Considering my utter helplessness immediately after the fall, my complete recovery seemed almost miraculous. After my recovery, I was anxious to return home to Dublin, and early in August, having been able to take off the bandages and plaster, I set off.

In October, my daughters Leah and Sara visited me, and I was very pleased to have them with me. They stayed for a week, and called on all our friends, renewing many old friendships.

The winter was somewhat of a trial to me, for ever since my fall, my side had been a frequent source of anxiety. In January 1930, I fell again and hurt the same side, and the pain returned at its very worst. Although I recovered once more, each attack left me weaker, and I found myself without the necessary energy to leave my house, so that my presence at the shop was the exception rather than the rule.

In January of the same year, occurred an incident which amounted to a remarkable, and for me a very pleasing coincidence. Dr. Hertzog had examined the Hebrew classes in Dublin, and had found my grandson, Raphael Seligman, the best boy in the class. A few weeks later, Dr. Hertzog met me at the Synagogue and told me that he had conducted examinations at Leeds and Manchester, and on each occasion the brightest boy had been a grandson of mine, Geoffrey, Louis' son, in Leeds, and Basil, Philip's son, in Manchester.

My health continued to be far from satisfactory. In particular I had developed an alarming tendency to lose my foothold, and more than once I fell and hurt myself. A few days before Passover, I slipped at home, and in doing so fell against a window, injuring my face. Luckily none of the glass reached my eyes, and I did not lose much blood.

I recovered in time for the Festival, and spent the Seder nights with Harry and his family.

CHAPTER XLIV

SEVENTY-FIVE.

DURING the following May and June, I stayed at Bray with Rae, and from time to time, Harry and Esta visited us. We were favoured by splendid weather, and I took advantage of the glorious conditions by bathing in the sea almost every day. Naturally I felt the benefits of the outdoor existence, and my health improved in a most gratifying manner. Harry, who had purchased a motor car, took me out for long drives whenever he joined us, and in short, what with continual bathing and beneficent motor trips, I felt very well indeed.

As July 22nd, 1930, the date of my seventy-fifth birthday, approached, all my children were anxious to give a party in my honour. It fell to Philip and Rae to be my hosts for this occasion, and on Sunday, July 20th, they held a dinner at their home in Manchester, attended by all the family, with the exception, of course, of my daughter in Kimberley. A reception followed in the evening attended by a large number of friends. I feel deeply indebted to Rae for the kindness and hospitality with which she organised the celebration.

I addressed the assembled guests, my speech partaking of an autobiographical strain, in the course of which I outlined the story of my life, and concluded with a thanksgiving to the Almighty for having spared me until that moment. I summed up my life in verse form, and the poem is included at the end of this book.

From Manchester I went to Leeds, where I was entertained by Louis, Simon and Sara. I remained in Leeds

till July 30th, and then, after a most enjoyable fortnight in England, returned to Dublin. A few days later, Sara and her two little children joined me, and stayed for a few weeks.

During the New Year Festival, Harry and his wife, and Esta and her husband, dined with me, as they had done every year at this time. On the Day of Atonement, I was honoured by being given the privilege of taking out the "Torah" from the Ark, and opening the Ark for the concluding portion of the Service. My health being good, I was able to remain standing for the duration of the Service, though Dr. Hertzog repeatedly asked me to be seated.

A burglary was committed at my shop on November 12th, four pounds in cash and various appliances being stolen. Although we communicated immediately with the police, no trace of the thieves or the stolen goods was discovered. A few days later, thirty-two shillings was stolen by the shopgirls, and as I could not find the guilty one, I had no alternative but to dismiss them all.

One can understand that irritations and disappointments of such a nature took their toll of my health. I had already lost much of my energy and enthusiasm, and gradually I gave up many of the duties and obligations I had once so joyfully undertaken.

More than anything else, I regretted having to stop lecturing at the Synagogue in the afternoons. This labour of love, which I had attended to for thirteen years, had became almost a part of my life, and when declining health compelled my resignation, I was deeply grieved. Selig was at this time also suffering from illhealth, and constant anxiety as to his condition only weakened me further. Philip and Louis came to see me, and stayed till March 1st.

CHAPTER XLV

ENGAGEMENT AND MARRIAGE OF RAE.

SOME time previously, my daughter Rae had made the acquaintance of Mr. Harry Weiner, a young man from Dublin, a chemist by profession, and they fell in love with each other. The engagement was celebrated on the 1st of March at the home of my sister Jennie. The parents, brothers, and other relatives of Mr. Weiner were present as well as my sons and daughters, and shared in the festivities.

Passover followed, a few weeks later, but the family celebrations were only a pale reflection of what they had been years before. In place of the eager, joyous, gathering of my entire family, and the cheery conversation befitting the season of the year, I had only Rae to keep me company. Accordingly I invited her fiancé to spend the first two "Seder" nights with us.

On the seventh day of Passover, there was great rejoicing at our Synagogue, to mark the return of Selig, who had been ill and confined to his home. He was called to the Torah, in honour of his recovery. He left for Bournemouth immediately after the festival, and wrote to me later telling me that his health was improving.

I published a brief autobiographical sketch in Hebrew, a series of precepts to my children, and verses in Yiddish, named "Sefer Zikaron," outlining my life story

to the date of publication. These latter verses, translated into English, are included at the end of this present work.

A week before Rae's wedding, Leah and my daughters-in-law, Ray and Ruby, came to assist Sara in making the final preparations.

The ceremony was solemnised in the New Greenville Synagogue on June 28th, and the reception and dance followed at the Greenville Hall. All my family were present, with their wives or husbands respectively. Rabbi Dr. Hertzog officiated, and Reverend Joffe was the cantor.

After the dinner, my brother Selig and Dr. Hertzog addressed the bride and bridegroom. I myself had the privilege of following two such distinguished speakers. After addressing my initial remarks to the happy couple, I took the opportunity of thanking all my family, both my children and those related to me by marriage, for the love and affection they had always shown towards me. Philip paid a special tribute to my eldest son Harry, to whom he attributed all the success of the family. The following day, the young couple left for Paris and Switzerland, on their honeymoon.

My appreciation of the unity, and mutual affection of the members of my family found an echoing note in a letter I received from Lucerne, Switzerland. The writer, my cousin Michael Horowitz, thanked me for the invitation to the wedding, and wished the bride and bridegroom every happiness and success. He added that his wife and children were very well, and concluded by sending me his very best wishes.

CHAPTER XLVI

DECLINING YEARS

I SPENT part of July of this year in Bray, with Harry and Rae, and partook of many seabaths which benefited me considerably. When I returned home, I was not left alone for long, as my daughter Rae and her husband Harry Weiner returned from their honeymoon, and told me of their travels. They had spent twelve days in Paris and six days in Switzerland.

While in the latter country they met my relation Michael Horowitz, then about seventy years of age. He had a cultured and talented family, and the atmosphere at his home was distinguished for learning and piety. He entertained Rae and Harry for some days.

The seabaths I had taken in July did not prove as beneficial as I had hoped. On the contrary I developed a pain in my side, and inflammation of my throat. My brother Dr. Selig, who attended to me, recommended that I should take a course of baths at Kingstown. I did so, and felt much better as a result.

In October, gloom fell on the family when my brother-in-law Mr. Simon, husband of my sister Jennie, died, following an operation. A great number of people paid their last respects to so well-known a figure in the community, and I delivered a funeral oration.

My own strength was visibly less. I suffered frequently from trivial maladies, and though I had no serious com-

plaint, yet I realised that I needed plenty of rest and leisure. The day after the Jewish New Year, I stumbled and fell in the traffic, but by a miracle escaped unharmed. In November the pain in my side reappeared, and Selig once more treated me. For December I had a pleasant surprise, when Philip and Louis visited me and stayed for a week end. In their company I felt much livelier, and forgot my minor ailments.

The year 1932 began with an alarming accident. During the night I heard a strange noise, as of falling woodwork and masonry. Hastily I awoke, and on investigation discovered that the damage was in Rae's room. Part of the ceiling had fallen, and a large piece of debris had narrowly missed the bed. However, no one was hurt, for which we were all thankful.

In March I had a visit from Sara and her two children, but it was scarcely a happy holiday. They found me ill, and soon afterwards the children themselves fell ill with chicken pox. They returned home for Passover after an unfortunate stay which had been intended for a pleasure visit.

On the eve of Passover, Mr. Weiner, the aged father-in-law of Rae, passed way, so that the festival was ushered in with little gaiety as far as I was concerned. Selig and his family celebrated the festival in Manchester. I however had guests in the person of my sister Jennie and her son Henry, for the Sedar nights.

I felt much better as summer approached. On the 15th of May, Rae gave birth to a son, Stanley Lionel, and the family came to Dublin for the occasion of the circumcision, and redemption of the first-born. Leah and her husband,

Louis, and Simon, were present. At the redemption Dr. Hertzog was the guest of honour.

The following July I was again at Bray with Harry and Rae. Regretfully I had to abstain from sea bathing, while owing to the intense heat I was compelled to spend most of the time in the shade. Still, the splendid weather was not without its benefits, for I returned home feeling very well.

CHAPTER XLVII

A MORTAL BLOW

On the 15th of August I was in my shop, attending to the business, when one of my girl assistants approached me, and with her first words flung a dark veil over the rest of my mortal days. For a few moments, I staggered about, on the verge of a collapse; the world danced madly around me, I could not breathe, I could not speak. The greatest tragedy of my life, doubly tragic in its suddeness, had a few hours previously been enacted. My son Harry had died in Bray.

A few hours before, I had been in his company, and he had been apparently as well and as cheerful as ever. And yet I would never hear his voice again, never feel encouraged by his presence, never enjoy his intense filial devotion.

Even the death of my wife had at least been inevitable for some time previous to its actual occurrence. In this case however, there had been no warning of impending disaster, no hint of tragedy. I could only look on, dazed and silent, while the family, hastily summoned, gathered together to pay their last respects.

Harry had been more than a son to me, more than a brother to my children. Ever since he attained man's estate, he had willingly shouldered more than his share of the burdens in the family. He had sustained us all by his resolution in the dark days when my beloved wife passed away. He had helped his brothers and sisters each to get a firm foothold on the ladder of life. He had been

a magnificent companion to me in my later years. And now he was gone, and we could only accept the judgment of the Almighty, and say " The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away."

The funeral took place on the following day. Never within living memory had there been so vast a concourse of people at a funeral in the community. So widely known had Harry been, so varied his activities, that Jew and Gentile alike came to pay their last homage. At the Greenville Hall Cemetery, funeral orations were delivered by my son Philip, in the presence of the Lord Mayor, members of Parliament and a host of mourners, recognition of the fact that his death was an irreparable loss to both family and friends.

During the sad days that followed, I received hundreds of letters of condolence, and Rabbi Dr. Hertzog, who had been abroad, called on me at the earliest opportunity. He had been abroad when the tragedy occurred, but by some supernatural means had already learned of it. He had experienced a fearful nightmare at precisely the time of Harry's death, and awoke with a feeling of impending disaster. Moreover, in some inexplicable way he associated his dream with the Wigoder family. He wrote to his wife in London who met Annie Simons, my niece, on the underground railway, and surprised her by her foreknowledge of what had occurred. When the Shiva week ended, and the members of my family took a sorrowful leave, I was left to face a future, harsher and lonelier than I had ever contemplated. Only the courage of my children, embodied in a letter written to me by Philip, sustained me, after a blow, which might well have brought my own span on earth to a close.

CHAPTER XLVIII

FINIS

ONE does not recover easily from grievous wounds after middle age; the vigour, which helps to combat misfortune, is itself assailed by advancing age, and the result is that each successive turn of destiny, if for ill, leaves the individual weaker than before.

So it was with me. That my parents should die before me, was in the natural way of life. That my beloved wife should die so young, was a tragedy that might befall anyone. But that I should be predeceased by my eldest son, on whom I had so often myself leaned for aid, and who had helped me to bring up the rest of the family, was a calamity not easily to be borne. Though I had always enjoyed good health and possessed a great deal of energy, my powers were affected despite all my efforts to rally.

At the same time, like King David, I realised the futility of mourning an irretrievable loss, and made every endeavour to settle down again. A letter I had from my nephew Myer Wigoder, the son of my brother Israel, served to remind me that the angel of Death visited other homes besides my own. I learned that the writer of the letter, and his sister Tsivya were the only surviving members of the family, and were living in Leningrad. Both were married and had children.

A few months later, rejoicing came to the family, and banished some of the clouds from our horizon. My grandson Raphael Seligman, son of Esta, celebrated his Bar-

mitzvah, on the 2nd of December, 1932. Raphael recited a portion of the law at the Adelaide Road Synagogue, and was later addressed by Reverend Gudansky, who congratulated him, and urged him to follow the peerless family traditions embodied in his grandfather and his ancesters.

Distance prevented me from attending the Service, but I was called to the Law at the Greenville Hall Synagogue. In the evening a reception was held at the home of my daughter Esta, and many relatives and friends were present. My brother Dr. Selig officiated as chairman, and Rabbi Dr. Hertzog, Reverend Gudansky and myself delivered addresses.

In my speech I recalled the parable that in the beginning the difference between a rose and a weed is not always apparent, but with development the contrast becomes clearly marked. Thus Jacob and Esau seemed very similar in youth, and only in manhood did their respective virtues and vices become obvious. A child of a family where piety and culture predominates, I concluded, cannot show its distinctive qualities at once. With time, however, these become easily perceived. I applied the parable to Raphael, as an incentive that he should strive to reveal his finer qualities now that he had reached man's estate.

Raphael replied both in Hebrew and English, and my sons Philip and Louis spoke after him.

Some weeks later I received a letter from my nephew Louis, son of my brother Bernard, living in Rhodesia, South Africa expressing deep regret at the death of Harry. Not for twenty years had I heard from him, and I was deeply moved by his sympathy. He also asked me to send him copies of my books, a request with which I immediately complied.

In February 1933 I decided to retire from business, a decision rendered inevitable by my failing health. Regret-

fully I said goodbye to the years of striving and effort, and wished my son-in-law, Mr. Weiner, every success in my place. Not easily does one relinquish the associations of two score years, but the march of time is invincible, and I bowed my head to its victory. I received many pleasing tributes from my business associates with whom I had dealt for so many years.

I received many tributes from business associates on my retirement, in particular one from Messrs. Cunliffe & Ward, with whom I had dealt for many years. They sent me a present of a cheque in appreciation of our association and wished me a happy life of leisure.

In March I received a wire from Simon, informing me that his wife Nellie had given birth to a daughter, Marilyn Etta. That my youngest son, who had himself had a troubled infancy, should at length become a happy father seemed to bring home forcibly to me that many many years had passed since those times, vivid though the memories still remain.

It was in a wistful, retrospective, mood that I celebrated Passover, with Leah and her husband, and Rae and her husband, as my guests. Sad memories filled the air, and dominated our minds, so that even the miraculous delivery of the Jews from their oppressors did not entrance me as of yore. Prayers, symbols, legends, seemed to fade into a grey, dim background, and blend with my own memories and recollections, into some strange, mystic unity . . . . .

MYER JOEL WIGODER
passed away
Thursday, the 18th of May, 1933
22nd Iyar, 5693
Aged 78 years

ORATION DELIVERED AT THE CONSECRATION OF A TOMBSTONE OF MY WIFE.

The Talmud relates a story concerning Rabbi Meir. The Rabbi went on a journey to Asia, and stayed at a certain place for the Feast of Purim. The honour of reading the "Megillah" was, by virtue of his great fame and learning, given to him. It so happened however, that no copy of the Megillah could be obtained in time to be of use for the Feast.

Rabbi Meir, as a profound scholar of the Holy writings, was of course well acquainted with the Megillah, and could recite it from memory. According to the Law this could not be done, therefore the Rabbi first wrote down a copy of the sacred scroll and then proceeded to read it to the assembled congregation.

So it is with me today. I know full well everything I intend to say to you, for the memory of your departed mother is undying, and her virtues are written on my very heart. It is for your sakes that I have written down my oration, that my words may be treasured by you for ever, to render immortal the memory of your mother.

My dear, beloved children. In a few months it will be two and twenty years since the kind and gentle Tamareh Gittel passed away, and her remains lie here in the grave. Her unparalleled virtues and qualities you know full well, and in every way she represented the highest type of Jewish womanhood and motherhood. She shared my life in joy and sadness, comforting me in those dark periods when the future seemed to hold nothing but despair.

To you, my children, I need scarce speak of her qualities as a mother, for you all know how zealously she strove

for you all, how earnestly she toiled, to set you all on the right path. No task was too hard, no labour too strenuous, so long as the outcome benefited her beloved family.

The Almighty in his infinite wisdom which we cannot question, granted her but a short stay on earth, and took her from us all too soon. And now she sits above us all, enthroned in heaven, guarded by God's sacred presence.

We can never forget her, and you, my dear children, as some symbol of your devotion, have erected this beautiful monument. In doing so, you have observed the Talmudic precept, that children must honour their parents, not only in their lifetime, but after their death.

I must remind you of what you already know, that a monument, however splendid, is lifeless, and the inscription, however inspiring, cannot be adequate. "The Talmud says that the greatest monument to any mother is a family of righteous, godfearing children. It refers to the words of the Bible which say that David, who left a son to take his place "went to his rest," Joab who left no successor "died."

So it is with you, my children; the immortality of Tamareh Gitel lies in your hands. Carry on the traditions in which you have been raised, transmit them in turn to your children, and your mother's name and memory will thereby endure for ever.

I beseech thee, Almighty God, that my voice may not be as one calling in the wilderness, but as one addressing a multitude. May my words live for ever in the minds of my children, and be repeated wherever the family tree spreads its branches. Your reward, my beloved children, will be a life of honour, of esteem and of joy; a life bringing happiness to me and lustre to the memory of your mother.

Amen.

Address delivered by Rabbi Israel Abrahams, Minister of the Manchester Great Synagogue, on February 25th, 1934, at the Synagogue of the Manchester Home for Aged and Incurable Jews on the occasion of the Presentation by members of the Wigoder family of their Father's Library in a bookcase inscribed as a memorial.

My Friends,

We are holding service here today on the occasion of the presentation of an unusual gift to the Home. So unusual and even unique is the nature of the presentation, that at first some hesitation was felt in regard to the most suitable form of service. Yet, if we consider well, no more appropriate or intrinsically valuable gift could have been made to this institution. It is a gift of Hebrew books, comprising the collection and works of Rabbi Myer Joel Wigoder, זצ"ל in whose memory we hold this service. Surely, we, who have been called the People of the Book, have at our command no worthier way of perpetuating the memory of a life lived in accordance with the sacred ideals and divine precepts of our great Book, the Torah, than such a donation of Hebrew literature.

I recall hearing, as a child, from the lips of those who belonged to the generations of R. Myer Wigoder of a great "Paper Bridge." It was the "Bridge of Jewish Life," they said. Other peoples built for themselves "Iron Bridges" whereby to cross the years, whereby to make the

passage from birth to death. Iron they thought would be safer; the sword they deemed to be stronger. But again and again the Iron Bridges collapsed and crashed to ruin. Only the Jewish Bridge of Paper, of Hebrew literature, of the Word of God, has endured despite wave and wind, in face of storm and stress. Our books are indeed our strength ; they have preserved our religious and national existence; they remain for ever, the noblest token of respect and reverence wherewith we can honour the memory of our beloved ones who are no more.

But if such a gift of Hebrew books is a fitting commemoration of any truly Jewish life, it forms in an especial degree a worthy monument to the life of R. Myer Joel Wigoder. He was a scion of two illustrious Jewish families. Through his saintly mother, he could trace his lineage to the של"ה the renowned author of the שני לוחות הברית whose fame as an authority on Jewish law, and as a pietist has preserved for him a place of honour among the great men of Israel. His father was likewise a descendant of great Hebrew scholars, including in his family tree the famous author of the צמח דוד It is not surprising, therefore, to find in R. Myer Wigoder exceptional qualities of heart and mind.

I have had the honour and delight of reading his works. From his writings, his spirit and personality shine forth clearly, so that one can visualise his character and attainments. He was a man of profound piety; he was a cultured scholar, deeply versed in Jewish literature; and he was a gifted Hebrew writer who could express his thoughts with admirable ease and lucidity. In addition, he was blessed with a characteristic sense of Jewish humour, which lent to the flavour of his works the spice of kindly wit and gentle irony.

R. Myer Wigoder's works are chiefly in Rabbinical Hebrew, though he could also write in charming, cultivated Yiddish.

He was an undoubted master of the Talmud, who could unravel the difficulties and problems of the Gemara with enviable ease. He was able to probe beneath the surface of the words, fathoming its spirit, and shedding light on its interpretation. If the Talmud has rightly been compared to an ocean ים התלמוד then for him its seas were charted. He knew all its currents and all its shores. He was able to navigate its waters like a master-mariner, with skill and certainty.

His Talmudic expositions, his Rabbinic homilies, his ethical teaching, even his stories and 'bons mots' breathe in every word the spirit of a man who was at once learned and God-fearing. His books are a worthy monument to their author as a תלמיד חכם and a ירא שמים

I have yet another reason to mention, which makes the gift presented by the family of Wigoder to the Home befitting and appropriate.

The Home is a haven of rest for those whose life is already well past its noontide. For most of the inmates the sun is setting; some already see the twilight. Old age is a beautiful thing in itself. In our youth we pray for it, and call it a blessing. But old age can, all too often, be hard, lonely and unlovely. It can be full of pain and misery. It is surely the duty of those of us who still enjoy the privilege of youth, of those who rejoice in health and strength, of those who are blessed with means, to help to give comfort and happiness to the old and the needy.

Surely, to bring to the last days of life—above all to the life of the poor and destitute—something of the brightness and warmth of an Indian Summer, is among the noblest endeavours to which the human heart can devote itself.

The achievement of this noble purpose forms one of the great and most sacred aims of the Home; and today the family of Wigoder may rejoice in the knowledge that they have helped the Home in its object. They have provided an unfailing source of spiritual and intellectual pleasure for many of its aged people. For, the elderly community here includes a number of scholars and men of culture, to whom the new books will afford delight through otherwise long and tedious hours. To give bread to the hungry is a great 'Mitzvah'; but it is well to remember that "it is not by bread alone that man doth live!"

In conclusion, I should like to refer to a speech made by R. Myer Wigoder not long before his death. On his 75th birthday, he addressed his children in words that were marked not only by charm of diction and beauty of sentiment, but also by a wonderful serene dignity—the natural dignity of one who has lived life fully and worthily. In this address, he quotes the beautiful saying of the Rabbis that human life is crowned with two garlands—

ינקותא כלילא דורדא, סביתא כלילא דחילפי

"Youth is a garland of roses, old age is a garland of thorns (lit. reeds). He was already wearing the crown of thorns, but instinctively one feels that some of the roses were also there; for there is a freshness in his words that breathes the spirit of youth.

But, today, thinking of the wise Rabbinic simile, I wish the two garlands could become twined and inter-

woven in another sense—I mean that the young and the old could meet, that they could have spiritual contact.

Yesterday, the Wigoder family celebrated a Simchah. One of the youngest members of the family—Basil—became Barmitzvah. The linking of today's dedicatory service with the Barmitzvah celebration seems to me not merely coincidental, but significant. I should like to hope that it is symbolical of youth stretching out its hand to age, of the future linking itself to the past. I should like to think of the Barmitzvah lad, and other grandchildren coming from time to time to look at the presentation. I should like to believe them filled with pride by the thought of their ancestry, and inspired by the memory of their forbears' achievements to learn the Hebrew language, and to study our great and sacred literature. I wish—and I know you wish with me—that all this may come to pass. I pray—and I know full well that you all pray with me—that Heaven may fulfil our wish. For them, R. Myer Joel Wigoder's memory would not only be honoured, it would be blessed. Then, youth would remember and revere the past, and the past would inspire and bring spiritual enrichment to youth. Amen.

THOUGHTS ON MY SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

How speedily the years rush by,
Since my own life began,
By five years have I passed already,
Man's allotted span.

Yesterday I was a child,
And yet today I find,
That the years of an entire lifetime,
Have blown past on the wind.

Where are they now, friends of my youth,
Whom I recall full well,
The friends with whom I used to play,
Who knows what them befell?

Playing with sticks and beating drums,
A band of happy boys,
Prancing about in childish glee,
Splitting the air with noise.

With paper hats of curious shapes,
Perched upon each head,
We fought and jumped and ran about,
Like soldiers "seeing red."

How well do I remember,
My early days at cheder,
How I learned the blessings,
And the questions for the "Seder."

My father having blessed me,
Left me in the teacher's care,
My mother shedding tears of joy,
Followed and kissed me there.

From that first day, did I attend,
No matter what the weather,
I might miss food, I might miss sleep,
But Cheder I missed never.

When first I learned Talmudic lore,
And made a bad mistake,
The teacher sternly called me out,
And did his vengeance take.

How well I faced the ordeal,
Of my Confirmation,
How proud then were my parents,
How great their exultation.

The service ended, at my home,
Was held a celebration,
And many people came to give,
Sincere congratulation.

How skilfully did I unfold,
The discourse I had learned,
So that the cheers which followed,
I felt I fully earned.

Soon afterwards came parting,
I left with aching heart,
And went to a Talmudic school,
My studies there to start.

Out of mother's hands I passed,
Into the Rabbi's care,
Oh, how I loved the Talmud,
And the learning hidden there!

The nights were long and weary,
The beds were hard and rough,
And as for food and sustenance—
Herrings were enough.

Then came another trouble,
The horrors of conscription,
The sufferings of my parents,
Defies any description.

My father strove unceasingly,
No effort was too great,
To "fix" my age at twenty-two,
And save me from this fate.

Scarcely had the danger passed,
That I might fall in strife,
That marriage brokers sought me out,
Each offering me a wife.

The best of those suggested,
Was the one I took for wife,
Her piety and beauty,
Made me want to share her life.

In a splendid horse drawn carriage,
Her relations came to meet us,
Learned men, grave and bearded,
Waited there to greet us.

How happy were my parents,
How their hearts throbbed with pleasure,
How delighted they appeared,
As they danced in stately measure.

But hardly had I settled down,
When black clouds veiled the skies,
And the shadow of a tragedy,
Darkened my very eyes.

A raging fire consumed the house,
Destroying all I cherished,
I wandered lonely and forlorn,
All that I had loved had perished.

When first in Dublin I arrived,
I shed hot, bitter tears,
Penniless in a foreign land,
I faced the coming years.

Upon a frugal scale I lived,
So as to pay my way,
How hard I toiled that I might earn,
A few shillings each day.

I did not scorn to carry a bag,
And deal in humble wares,
My back bent low, I carried on,
Heedless of stones or stares.

In such a way I struggled on,
Scarce knowing what to do,
I changed my trade a score of times,
Ever trying something new.

Still, my spirit was unconquered,
And my confidence survived,
I forgot my previous failures,
And as a shopkeeper I thrived.

Pictures, frames or writing paper,
I have all one may require,
Come to me and give your custom,
If these things you do desire.

My wife, who bore my children,
I loved with tenderness,
May God Almighty grant them,
Lives of happiness.

A mother's love she gave them,
And clasped them to her breast,
But 'ere they reached manhood's estate,
She found eternal rest.

Age kept creeping on apace,
Closing my earthly span,
Just yesterday I was a child,
Now I am an old man.

Already could I hear faint rumours,
I heard mocking people say,
That my days on earth were numbered,
That my hair was turning grey.

How I fled from them, in anger,
For I could not bear their spite,
But they met me, not long after,
And said my hair had turned snow white.

Today I look back and reflect,
How quickly years have flown,
Not long ago a child, I have,
Grandchildren of my own.

My tale has reached its end,
We await the Messiah,
This is the record of my days,
Your friend, Joel Myer.



"VALE"

FAREWELL

Children mine, come to me now,
Death's cold touch is on my brow,
Wives and husbands, pray draw nigh,
I must bid you all goodbye.

A weary road before me lies,
My goal unseen, far in the skies;
Small sustenance have I with me,
On this path to eternity.

To lands immortal now I go,
A world that knows not grief or woe,
A world where none seek gold or gain,
But where sweet joy doth ever reign.

There savage conflict is unknown,
Men do not slay for lust alone,
The arts of war there none can tell,
In harmony the spirits dwell.

Bliss is there, kindness beside,
The prayers of Israel there abide,
All goodly deeds receive their due,
And sanctity lives on anew.

All around Seraphim stand,
Awaiting the Divine command,
With exultation they obey,
And joyfully speed on their way.

Eager sounds of freedom ring,
Music thrills, soft voices sing,
The righteous with the Godhead dance,
Where Paradise doth them entrance.

A final kiss before we part,
The greetings that with eager heart,
Unto your Mother you do send,
I shall recall, at journey's end.

My children, lifeblood of my veins,
How much the thought of leaving pains,
Your messages I shall repeat,
When your grandparents I shall meet.

Friends of mine, I wish you well,
With you my thoughts shall ever dwell,
May happy fortune shine always,
On those with whom I spent my days.

My bosom friends once more I'll see,
Who danced and sang and played with me,
When we were young and life was gay,
And troubles did not come our way.

My Mother do I see once more,
Who tended me in days of yore,
Beloved father doth await,
My homecoming, at Heaven's Gate.

The world of life is left behind,
Where things of splendour one can find,
Fond messages I now recall,
From your children, each and all.

From your grandchildren, good and fine,
Who follow you on paths divine,
Their spirits clear, from all faults free,
Know not of sin or knavery.

Angels, I am pleased to be,
With you, who live eternally,
Who hover round in endless flight,
Since first the earthly world saw light.

Cherished angels, hear my praise,
Basking in the sacred rays,
Mystic heralds of the skies,
Take me, too, to Paradise.

In your holy dance I'll share,
With God's halo shining there,
My very heart shall I out-pour,
And sing in joy for evermore.





SAUL HARRIS WIGODER

AN APPRECIATION

Myer Joel Wigoder wrote in Hebrew these words of Saul Harris, his son :

My life you made a joy indeed,
My sons and daughters you did guide,
Your hands were stretched to all in need,
The wretched found you by their side.
You banished woe, and brought sweet rest,
Your splendid fame like gold did shine,
May God enfold you to His breast,
There you shall sing refrains divine.

ש מחת בחייך ימי ושנותַי

א מן חיית לבני ולבנותַי

ו ירך פרושות לכל דורשך

ל צרת רבים אח הייתָ

צ לליהם פזרת חייהם רויתָ

ב שם טוב עזבת עולמך

י אספך ארונך אל חונן

תחת כנפיו תחסה ותתלונן

שם תשיר שירת אלהיך

ת נ צ ב ״ ה

SAUL HARRIS WIGODER

On Monday the fifteenth of August, 1932, that is to say, the thirteenth of Ab, 5692, Saul Harris Wigoder, eldest son of Myer Joel Wigoder, died suddenly in Bray, at the age of 51. At that time he was "Barney" Wigoder to almost everyone in Ireland who was interested in games. The name had come to him as a token of affection and intimacy from the Irish people among whom he lived, for they had found in him a love for a game and a capacity for the judgment of its fine points which excelled their own. But it was not only his public work for sport that had endeared him to them. They had found in him also a tremendous affection for people, and especially those who were in trouble or unfairly handicapped and kept down.

For he had one fundamental characteristic. He had faith in people, and believed that no one, however unfortunate, ought to lose any chance of goodness. He could not accept misfortune as part of the nature of living; and this feeling was radiant in the man. So far as he could he would put aside with a serenity which was unspoiled by anger, every obstacle that might be in another's progress towards freedom and happiness. All his life he acted from the belief that the best was deserved by everyone.

It would be hard to say whether in the world of sport he was better known as a player or as an administrator. He had always been an athlete and a player. Early in his career he won the Leinster open cycling championship over the quarter-mile. The Adelaide Football Club, a Jewish team, was founded by him, and fought its way to become one of the leading teams in the Leinster Junior

Football Association. He played cricket with as great a zest. He was captain at one time or another, of the Clontarf Cricket Club, and the Railway and Steam Packet Union Cricket Club, and had played with Pembroke. Wherever cricket was discussed near the capital he was known as a steady opening bat and a useful slow bowler. His favourite position in the field was at cover point, where he was extraordinarily safe and swift. He became chairman of the Shelbourne Football Club, president of the Leinster senior and junior football associations, and was made a member of the Irish Football Association, where he gained the reputation of being a fine judge of a player. He was one of the organisers of the Tailtean Games. Golf was one of his recreations.

Though these distinctions were among the great successes of his life, they may not be, perhaps, the most important. There is a story told about him, that once a party of poor boys came to the shop in Talbot Street, when they were working a house-to-house collection to raise enough money to buy football jerseys for "the team." He asked them some questions, and at last said: "You can leave the box on the counter, and come back tomorrow to see what's in it." When they had gone Barney took off the ill-written label and opened the box. There was 1/1½d. in it. The box remained with him all night, and when "the team" came back next day they found it gone, and a dozen jerseys in its place. The end of this story is that the boys reappeared, this time as a deputation, and begged him to be their president, and so he was, for some time. This sort of help and generosity was known of him everywhere. Others, first-class players now, will tell how he encouraged them, found them places, and even saw to it that upon their first great opportunity they had good clothes and boots to wear when they crossed the Channel

for some big English match. Or one may recall another incident typical of him; he came to the Pillar one night late, seeking a tram home. It was very cold. There was a poor newsboy there trying to sell afternoon copies of the "Herald" and "Mail" at something past ten o'clock. The boy had no overcoat and no waistcoat. Barney Wigoder took off his overcoat and put it over the boy's shoulders. "Comfort yourself in that," he said and went for his tram.

One can expect of him the sort of bravery which would go with such impulsive generosity. Five years before his death he was in Bray, walking along the front in the morning. Looking out to sea he saw in the water not far out, a bather who seemed ill at ease; but still watching, he heard no cry for help. The girl went down again and came up floundering heavily. At once he went in, dressed as he was, and caught the swimmer before she had completely gone. When he had brought her safely to land he spoke to her, and getting no answer found she was a deaf-mute.

His nature is suggested in these few examples, which are no more than reflections of his natural love for people of whatever kind. There are two outstanding examples of this in his public life. He was made a Peace Commissioner by the Government of the Free State, and might have become a member of Dail Eireann, so well was he liked by people of influence and by people of none. But he steadfastly refused to stand for any constituency, and his reason for this was that he feared it might force him to become a partisan, or appear upon a partisan side. A stand that he made in the government of sport exactly illustrates this view. He represented Leinster and Munster alternately in the Irish Football Association which selected the Irish international teams. The association worked from Belfast. The political differences which lay between the Six Counties and the Twenty-six had their effect even in sport.

Persistently Barney Wigoder urged the claims of Southern players to places in the teams, and he was effective in so doing. Many players owed their chances to his pleading. When the movement for nationalism forced a split in the association, he was equally opposed to division, and fought to preserve a single government based simply on the quality of players and the interest of the game. But he was unsuccessful. The split became definite and established. Thereafter he withdrew from the government of the game, for he would not take a party side. But the game itself remained a passion with him.

To-day some may think it is odd that a man of these interests, travelling the length and breadth of Ireland, and into England too, with the players whom he loved to see, should preserve always with the most exact scrupulousness the observances of Judaism. Unless he could eat of food prepared according to the law, he would not eat. He never forgot to lay Tephilin and Daven, or to say grace at meals. His anger scarcely ever rose to the surface of his behaviour except for the sake of Judaism. Judaism was vital in him. So strongly did it move him that he put these words into his will: "I declare that if any beneficiary under this my will shall cease to profess the Jewish faith or shall marry out of the faith then his or her share shall forthwith lapse and be devested and shall fall into my residuary estate and my trustees shall have the same powers said share as if the said beneficiary were a nephew or niece who had died without issue." For those who were Jews and denied their race and religion before him or to his knowledge he had nothing but contempt, and a sort of surprise. He could not understand how anyone could wilfully ignore so rich a heritage. One day at a race meeting a sportsman and a bookmaker, both Gentiles, had some sort of a quarrel. The bookmaker made some in-

sulting remarks about Jews and the Jewish faith, and the man answered for them with some heat. Blows followed words. The sportsman was brought before the magistrate and fined five pounds for causing a breach of the peace. This incident came to Barney Wigoder's ears. Soon afterwards he saw the man passing his shop. He called him in and gave him five pounds and thanked him for defending the name of the Jewish people.

When he died the Lord Mayor of Dublin attended his funeral with many public men, members of the Dail and of sporting organisations, and many poor people who had good reason to love his name. Some of the teams he had led and fostered stood for a moment in silence upon the field, to honour his name, and a number of them ended the year with black mourning bands upon their arms.

This then, is a description of Saul Harris Wigoder as he was known publicly in the year of his death. Only a part of the man is revealed in it, although it is a sufficient part to show what sort of a man he was. But by the time his public life began he had almost accomplished the first great work of his life. This was to be the guide and support of his father and mother, emigrants from the darkness and uncertainty of Russia, whence he came as a little boy, and later to be a devoted elder brother to his brothers and sisters.

No one knows at what hour he died. He was only 51 years of age, but perhaps he felt that his work was done. So far as a human being can, he had accomplished all that he set out to do. He had created happiness for them all. Although the task had been most arduous and difficult he had never hesitated over any one step. He would have said it was not so difficult, perhaps, and that it only meant going on, one step after another, accepting every little chance that presented itself. For that is the way such

great work was done. Creating happiness had meant an infinite number of struggles, and he had never neglected or put off or ignored the least of them. Out of these innumerable acts he had made his completed work and his completed example. His death, from heart failure, came between the end of one week and the beginning of another, upon the night between the 14th and 15th of August, 1932. He was staying at an hotel in Bray. It is somehow like the life of a man that on that day the Jewish Cricket team had beaten Leinster for the first time, and he had promised them a dinner to commemorate their happiness in the game. The players had been with him all evening. He went to bed thinking of victory, and he died in the night.

When they found him in the morning he had such an expression on his face as it used to wear when someone had told him something pleasant and human. He looked as though he were still in the world, and happy, but he had gone, leaving nothing further to say or do. Out of the fullness of his life his father found these words to be written upon his tomb:

Here rests
A good and charitable man
coming from a good family
SAUL HARRIS
son of
MYER JOEL
who was cut off
in the prime of life
aged 51 years
13th Ab 5692

AUTHOR'S BIBLIOGRAPHY

ואלו המה שמות הספרים אשר הוצאתי ב"ה לאור, ספר **בית יהודה**, אשר חלקתיו לעשרה חלקים, הלא המה :-

א) **בית היין**, יכלכל מאמרים לברית מילה, ולפ"ה ולבר מצוה.

ב) **בית משתה**, יכלכל דרשות לתנאים, לחתונות ולשבע ברכות.

ג) **בית ישראל**, יכלכל דרשות לשבתות ה' ולמועדי השנה ונחמת ציון, ועוד ועוד.

ד) **בית טוביה**, דרשות לראש השנה, לכל נדרי ולנעילה.

ה) **בית העמק**, לסיום מסכת ברכות ולכל מסכת מסדר נשים ונזיקין ועוד.

ו) **בית אבל**, הספדים.

ז) **בית הרואה**, באורים לדברי רבה בר בר ר' חנה (ב"ב בפרק המוכר את הספינה) ומאמרים פליאים בדברי התלמוד.

ח) **בית ארזים**, באורים לאגדות חז"ל כסדר הש"ס.

ט) **בית יער הלבנון**, באורים למדרשים ואגדות פליאות.

י) **בית מלא**, באורים בתנ"ך.

י"א) **ספר "עטרת תפארת,"** צצים ופרחים על כל התורה שבכתב.

י"ב) **ספר "בית המדרש,"** כולל חמשים דרשות לכל מיני שמחות, ולסוף קונטרס אשר הכנותיו בשם "עומר מיהודה."

י"ג) **אוצר פתגמים טובים ומכתבים נעימים**, אשר שמעתי בשם גאוני עולם, קבצתים וחלקתים לד' חלקים הראשון קראתי בשם "דברי חכמים."

י"ד) **שיחה נאה.**

ט"ו) **לשון חכמים.**

ט"ז) **רוח חכמים,**

ואלה המה אשר צבורים ומנוחים אצלי עדיין בכתובים:

י"ז) **ספר "מנחת עני,"** באור רחב לכל תפלות השנה וגם באורים רחבים לברכת המזון, ולק"ש על המטה ועוד ועוד.

י"ח) **ספר "חיי עולם,"** מסודר על כמה מצוות שבתורה והוא כעין ספר "מנורת המאור."

י"ט) **ספר בית הכנסת** ח"א, ג"כ דרשות שונות לשמחות שונות וחלק ב' באורים לאגדות פליאות שבש"ס.

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ועל כלם, אתן שבח והודיה לה' אלקי, על החיים והחסד שעשה עמי והביאני עד הלום, וזכות אבותי היקרים יעמדו לי להוציא גם יתר כתיבת ידי לאור.

אני תפלה שיצמח פורקנא, ויקרב משיחא, ונזכה לראות בנחמת ציון וירושלים, אמן!

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*) ומהם יצאו לאור "מאה וששים" בשנת תרפ"ו בירושלים.


פה ינוח
הרב המופלג הישר באדם
מוה"ר מאיר יואל בר
יהודא ליב העמיק וצלל
בנבכי דעת חזל והעלה
פנינים ברפום בחבורין.
הרבים נפטר בשנת עז
לחיין כב איר תרצג
IN LOVING MEMORY OF
MYER JOEL WIGODER
DIED 22ND IYAR 5693 - 18TH MAY 1933
AGED 77 YEARS.
"I WILL WALK BEFORE THE LORD,
IN THE LAND OF THE
SCHOLAR
SCRIBE
POET
PREACHER
תנצבה