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"A light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of thy people Israel."

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THE RELATION OF THE JEWS TO THE NATIONS.

BY REV. H. M. PARSONS, D. D.

I. Their Origin in Abraham. Genesis 17:4-8; 18:18.

"As for me, behold my covenant is with thee, and thou shalt be a father of many nations.

"Neither shall thy name any more be called Abram, but thy name shall be Abraham; for a father of many nations have I made thee.

"And I will make thee exceeding fruitful, and I will make nations of thee, and kings shall come out of thee.

"And I will establish my covenant between me and thee and thy seed after thee in their generations for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee."

"And I will give unto thee, and to thy seed after thee, the land wherein thou art a stranger, all the land of Caanan, for an everlasting possession; and I will be their God."

"Seeing that Abraham shall surely become a great and mighty nation, and all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him."

Christ the seed. The Oracles of God by the Jews.

II. Mark of their Separation from the Nations. Exodus 33:16.

"For wherein shall it be known here that I and thy people have found grace in thy sight? Is it not in that thou goest with us? so shall we be separated, I and thy people, from all the people that are upon the face of the earth."

Father of many nations and of kings.

Covenant with him and his seed to be their God.

Covenant with him and his seed for the land of Caanan for an everlasting possession.

"So shall we be separated"—
By this abiding presence—Rebellion, cause of His departure.



Esarhaddon, King of Assyria.

"In the beginning of my reign, the city of Samaria I besieged, I captured; 27,280 of its inhabitants I carried away; fifty chariots in the midst of them I collected, and the rest of their goods I seized, I set my governor over them, and laid upon them the tribute of the former king (Hoshea)."

This not only confirms the Bible account, but it sheds new light upon it. Sargon did not carry away the ten tribes, but only their influential and representative men. A large number of the people remained where they were, but they were left without leadership and were ground down by foreign gov-

ernors and burdensome tribute, and mixed with a new and strange population which speedily eliminated most that had been characteristic of them as a nation.

We have Esarhaddon's portrait with Baal, king of Tyre, and Tirhakah, Ethiopian king of Egypt, kneeling in submission and held by cords passed through their lips. This same Tirhakah we meet in 2 Kings 19:9 and in Isaiah 37:9. We have excellent record of the reign of Assur-banipul, under whom Assyria hastened toward its well-deserved doom, for it had been a brutal and wicked nation, and its policy of transporting subdued peoples had wrought incalculable sorrow.

But we have skipped over one exceedingly interesting event in the history of Judah, and it is one on which the monuments afford us new information, the invasion of Sennacherib in 701 B. C.

Oak Park, Ills.

"HIS WAYS ARE PAST FINDING OUT."

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY REV. LOUIS MEYER.

The following sketch is based upon a rare book entitled, "*Henry Luria; or, The Little Jewish Convert: being contained in the Memoirs of Mrs. S. J. Cohen, Relict of the Reverend Doctor A. H. Cohen, late Rabbi of the Synagogue in Richmond, Va. New York: James Miller, publisher, 1864.*" The book aroused much attention at the time of its publication, and many papers, especially "The Israelite Indeed," gave it lengthy and favorable notices. We have thoroughly investigated the statements of the book, as far as it is possible more than seventy years after the hap-

penings narrated, and have also succeeded in locating the direct descendants of Mrs. Cohen in the South. We therefore announce the history of Mrs. S. J. Cohen WHICH WE OFFER OUR READERS TODAY, AS A TRUE STORY.

Jane Picken was born on the broad Atlantic ocean, on board a British sailing vessel, in 1788. Her mother was an only daughter of Sir Charles Burdette, of London, and his first wife, the daughter of the Earl of Wyndham. When eighteen years of age, Jane married, against the wish of her proud father, Andrew Picken, son of a younger branch of a noble Scotch family. Efforts of the young couple at reconciliation with Sir Charles Burdette were in vain, so that after four years Andrew Picken and his wife resolved on emigrating to America, rather than encounter the frowns of an enraged father. The voyage across the ocean was a very boisterous one, and lasted nine weeks and three days. When the ship was six weeks out from fair Albion's shore, Mrs. Picken gave birth to her third child, the subject of this sketch, which at the time of her baptism received the names Jessie Jeannette Burdette. The family settled in New York, where Andrew Picken seems to have engaged in the practice of law. Soon, however, his health began to fail, and the summers were spent on the sea shore or in some watering place, like Flatbush in 1795, by the whole family. In April, 1796, Andrew Picken died, leaving his wife and six small children in not especially brilliant circumstances. He had lived in an easy style and fully up to the extent of his not over-large income. Andrew Picken, according to the testimony of his daughter, was a good and pious, benevolent and charitable Christian, who gave his children as faith-

ful religious training as he could with his quickly declining health. He was a member of the Old Presbyterian church, at that time standing on Wall street, and took his wife and three eldest children to church every Sabbath morning when he was able to go. Mrs. Mary Wyndham Burdette Picken was a member of the Episcopal church, but not a regular attendant during the life of her husband, who was somewhat arbitrary in his opinions. After his death she took her children regularly to the Episcopal church and trained them well in religion. "She used to read regularly to us from the family Bible, and we knelt to her in our daily prayers, with clasped hands. On Sunday evenings she read to us from a favorite volume of Sterne's sermons." In the spring of 1797 mother and children removed to Philadelphia, because Mrs. Picken preferred to face the ills of life in a strange place. She opened a boarding and day school and met with slow, but quite encouraging success. In 1799 rumors of the approach of yellow fever came. Soon the scourge was upon the unhappy city of Philadelphia. All who could flee, left, and the busy streets of the city were deserted. Mrs. Picken could not leave the city at once, but she sought an asylum of safety for some of her children in the country with friends, intending to join them as soon as possible with her eldest daughter and youngest son who remained still with her. Less than twenty-four hours after the flight of the children, Mrs. Picken was a victim of the fever and was buried, and soon her little son followed her. Thus Jane Picken was left without father and mother, a delicate, petted child, alone in the wide world, with no relatives near but her sisters, all children like herself, one only 19

months older than Jane. The guardian of these children became Malcolm Campbell, Esq., of New York, an old and dear friend of the father. Severe sickness kept him from watching personally over the children, and he entrusted them to the care of the Rev. Dr. Janeway. Jane was at that time eleven years old, with flaxen hair, blue eyes, and very near-sighted, the counterpart of her grandfather, Sir Charles Burdette. Why the orphaned children were not sent to him we do not know; but they were cared for by different friends in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. Jane made her home with "a dear old lady, Mammy Jones," who was like a kind mother to her. Alexander Lawson, an artist, native of Scotland, who had taken refuge from the fever in Mrs. Jones' house also, became greatly interested in Jane Picken and finally adopted her. He was truly a second parent to her, and won her affection and gratitude by his kind attention to her. With untiring care, as a fond parent would a beloved child, he directed her studies. With him Jane returned to Philadelphia, and rapidly developed in mind and body. But, alas, one thing Alexander Lawson neglected, the child's religious training. He was a confirmed deist and a worshiper of nature. With the child in his arms he would rush into the open field or garden, proclaiming the glory and goodness of God as displayed in all His works—the storm-cloud and lightning, tempest and rain, teaching her to worship these as the manifestation of the glory and goodness of an Almighty hand, viewing in this all that was necessary for man to embrace, and utterly rejecting revealed religion. A most accomplished parodist, he exercised this talent in the most ingenious manner, ludicrous in the

extreme, on those beautiful religious songs which Jane loved to sing when a child. The influence of this training upon the youthful mind became quickly apparent. Jane adopted his mode of free thinking, lost gradually all desire to go to church, and seemingly forgot the faithful training of her pious parents. At the age of fifteen she knew less perhaps of Christianity than children of the present day at the age of five or six.

At that time Mr. Lawson was married, and Jane was left to herself. She was a beautiful, interesting and attractive girl, fond of dancing and other amusements, and greatly loved by the gay and thoughtless crowd with which she mingled. The yellow fever once more invaded Philadelphia, and the gay crowd was scattered in 1803. Jane herself was dangerously sick with the fever and suffered from its consequences for more than two years. But the time of sickness and suffering did not bring her back to the God of her youth. When she was fully restored, she returned to her old friends and pleasure.

One bitter cold evening in the month of January, 1806, the gay company had met. Some were at the whist-table, others in conversation, whilst Jane Picken was seated by a young friend at the piano singing to a favorite piece she was performing. Suddenly a whisper ran through the room. The Jewish rabbi's son was ushered in and was introduced generally. His eyes fell upon fair Jane Picken, and he requested a special introduction to her. Thus Abraham H. Cohen and Jane Picken met for the first time. He took a seat near her, entertained her with his enchanting conversation, and finally asked permission to take her home. While adjusting

her shawl, he contrived to rob her of one of her flaxen ringlets which flowed on her shoulders. This ringlet he put in a golden locket which he displayed already the next evening attached to a blue ribbon, peeping occasionally from the bosom of his vest. He openly displayed his love for the fair Christian maiden. She herself was careless in the matter of religion. Her friends attached little importance to the difference of religion. She accepted his wooing, and in less than three weeks from the time they first met, with the encouragement and advice of her friends, she had consented to become the Jewish lover's wife.

Unexpectedly, however, an obstacle to the proposed union of Jew and nominal Christian arose. Abraham Cohen's father, the rabbi, heard of the love of his son, whom he hoped to see as his successor when he was no longer able to discharge the duties of his sacred office. A marriage with a Christian would make it impossible that the son could ever be a rabbi. The father was vexed and angry. The son was called before the elders of the synagogue, and an affecting scene ensued. The father fell into a violent paroxysm of anger, agitation and nervous excitement. The elders entreated the son to satisfy the aged and feeble pious father. And the son felt in honor bound to fulfil his pledge to Jane Picken. At last the pleading of the elders prevailed, and Abraham H. Cohen swore a solemn oath that he would marry none but a Jewess.

He could not bear the idea of unfolding his trouble to his beloved Jane, and determined for a while, at least, to keep it locked up in his own bosom. But the world was not so tender-hearted, and soon in part the matter was disclosed to her. She decided to release him

from his promise, but he opposed this firmly, assuring her that he would overrule all obstacles and difficulties. Then he began to portray to her in glowing colors the beauties of the Jewish religion and to speak of its divine origin, being the first and only true religion. The girl, not grounded in her own religion, believed all he said, and felt the utmost admiration from the descriptions she received. She was lost in wonder that she had lived in ignorance so long, and finally she consented to adopt the Jewish faith, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Cohen.

The elders of the synagogue immediately prepared to receive the proselyte, whose motive or former belief was not questioned. Jane Picken was invited into a Jewish family, to spend one month, thirty days of purification being the term ere entering the Jewish church as proselyte. During this period she was instructed in the rites and ceremonies of Jewish household duties, with dietetical prohibitions and usual modes of living. She soon learned all these, for she had made up her mind to endure even privations, "provided," as she says, "there was nothing to interrupt or violate those early precepts grafted on my heart in my childhood; for these were only slumbering. I felt this, and cannot excuse myself entirely from practicing a species of deception, even at that day, for something continually admonished me that even then I was doing wrong."

But Jane Picken had no loving, pious father or mother to counsel her. She knew that she was soon to be united to one of the best of men, who idolized her, and she was hurried on. In the month of May, 1806, near the termination of the thirty days of her purification, she was solemnly immersed three

times in living (*i. e.*, running) water, and thus by baptism received into the Jewish church. A week later, on May 28, 1806, Abram H. Cohen and Jane (now Sarah Jane) Picken were united in marriage with all the beauty and solemnity of the Jewish ceremonial.

The young couple settled in Philadelphia, where, to her great distress, Mrs. Cohen found herself at first cut off from all former acquaintances, yea, even from her sisters. Her new Jewish relations feared that she might regret her step, and had advised such a course. But Mrs. Cohen rebelled and broke down this great barrier of her peace at least in part. A daughter was born to the couple, and they were seemingly happy. Then a boy was given them, and Mrs. Cohen was a happy mother, until the preparation for the circumcision of this, her first-born son, were made. She dared not object, for she had promised obedience to this law, and in the fulfilment of such promise, must submit. In that dark hour conscience awakened, and she wept over her son, instead of glorying as the Jewish mother does, in the dedication to the Lord. She began to examine herself, and slowly the conviction came to her that she had grievously erred in forsaking her people and religion. She felt that the anger of the Lord was upon her, and she considered every little trouble that assailed her a judgment from Him for her departure from the religion of her childhood. She suffered, and suffered alone, having none to whom she could unburthen her sadness. Thus she lived on until in 1814 her son died. Her former Christian friends looked upon this as a judgment on her; and, alas, she felt it so. Thus she became still unhappier.

In 1816, Mr. Cohen, who had become some years before the suc-

cessor of his deceased father, became the rabbi of a Jewish congregation in Baltimore. Here Mrs. Cohen was not at all restricted, as heretofore, in regard to Christian society, and she was consequently much happier than before. Among her friends was the Rev. Mr. Brooke, a Baptist minister, and his most excellent wife. He took a deep interest in the convert from Christianity to Judaism, and his conversations were most helpful to her. But he soon died, leaving his lovely wife and interesting little daughter in rather straitened circumstances. A deep friendship sprang up between the pious widow and the rabbi's wife. In 1821 Mrs. Cohen unfolded to her friend her heart's deep sorrow, and was greatly helped by her sympathy and love. Still she remained in greatest agony of mind, so that she became dangerously sick. Her doctor was a Christian man, in whom she finally confided. His prayers helped her, but, alas, only for a short time. One day Mrs. Brooke came and sat by her, talked and read to her, and wept over her, for death seemed to be near. After she was gone, during the silent hours of the night, there came a wondrous vision to the sufferer. She saw her Saviour, heard His voice, and felt His blessing upon herself. When early dawn came she felt happy and well. Her load of sin was gone, and she was lifted up by the wonderful power of God. From that time she regained her strength rapidly, and was soon able to rise from that bed to which she had been confined for nine weeks.

One thing, however, caused much distress yet to the woman who had found the Saviour whom she had denied so long. How was she to break the news to her husband, the rabbi of a Jewish synagogue? Finally she summoned all her

courage, and told him as briefly as possible of her sufferings and of the beautiful vision. He would not listen, but rent his clothes, and called it blasphemy, declaring that if she adhered to such belief he would cast her off forever. The deeply painful scene ended with his avowal that if she would not recant they would never meet again as husband and wife.

The distress of mind caused Mrs. Cohen to be prostrated again and to become dangerously ill. She became very weak, and finally sent for her husband, who kept away from her, to come and see her. He came, and then and there they entered into a understanding which from a Christian standpoint can hardly be approved. But we must not judge Mrs. Cohen harshly, for it was love of her children that caused her to give her consent. She was to keep her faith within her own breast, locked up from the world, from society, and from their children. Mrs. Cohen said to her husband, "I will, in as far as practicable, conform to that you desire, and when I can no longer do so I will honestly confess it to you, and this not only in consideration of your position, but for the sake of our dear, dear children."

Thus matters rested for the time, in an amicable manner; but it was a great trial to Mrs. Cohen to quench the Spirit who invited her forth. Mrs. Brooke comforted her much and frequently, until in 1823 Rabbi Cohen accepted a call to New York, where he remained until 1828. It was during their residence there that to Rabbi and Mrs. Cohen was born on Nov. 21, 1824, the son, after whom she has called her interesting book, Henry Luria; or, The Little Jewish Convert. Henry Luria was by her dedicated to the Lord before he saw the light. He was circumcised on the

eighth day, whilst his mother's tears were flowing as abundantly as they had done when her first-born was circumcised. The child grew quickly and developed well. In 1828, after the rabbi had obeyed a call to Richmond, Va., his mother began to devote herself especially to the care and instruction of her children. She even was teaching them how to pray, having them repeat, "Now I lay me down to sleep," to which she added the Lord's prayer. One evening the children were preparing for bed and Henry was repeating the Lord's prayer, when his father entered and arrested his further utterance, by asking who taught him that prayer. The child promptly replied, "Dear ma." Then the father angrily forbade the repetition of the prayer, which he called blasphemy, and the prayer of a dead Jew who wished to make himself God. He exacted from the little boy a promise never to repeat it. The mother dared not interfere, and the father promised to teach the boy the Hebrew prayers instead of the one he knew. Soon after the boy became sick, and at the recommendation of the physician was for a time taken to Baltimore. Mrs. Cohen accompanied him, and they made their home with Mrs. Brooke, who had made a second marriage with a most exemplary man. In this home family worship was regularly observed, and Henry, young as he was, took a strange interest in the prayers and praise, without being in the least led on by his mother. He could read very prettily at this early age and took great interest in the stories of the Old Testament. His mind was well developed, and he differed, in all respects, from other children, exhibiting extraordinary peculiarity of character and disposition. Thus two years went by, when in June, 1831, the scarlet

fever began to rage with violence in Richmond, Va. Whole families were swept off in a few hours by it, and it was most fatal, especially to children. Henry's good friend and neighbor, little Benny Richardson, became a victim of the disease. At his funeral Henry heard a solemn and instructive Christian discourse and also caught the dread disease. His sufferings were most intense, yet he uttered no complaint. At times he called himself a little disciple, because his mamma was bathing his feet as the Saviour bathed the disciples' feet. One day he asked his mamma, "Will God forgive me if I disobey pa? I can't help it, ma, I can't help it; I'm saying it all the time, that beautiful prayer you taught me." And then he would lie, for hours together, his hands folded on his breast in silent prayer. Oft-times he called on his mamma to sing, "O, when shall I see Jesus?" telling her the words verse after verse.

Thus the morning of February 19, 1831, came, and with it approached the end of the sufferings of the little disciple who had found Christ without the help of any Christian instruction. It was a touching scene when the aroused family and friends and neighbors—Jew and Gentile, surrounded the bed. He greeted every one with a smile, spoke to each by name, prayed aloud, and called on all to be baptized. "Come, all of you, and be baptized, and go where I am going—Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!" Then speaking words of love once more to his mother, he died without a sigh, or struggle, or movement of the muscle. None knows the thoughts and feelings of the father, when he saw his child thus die a Christian death. In spite of the father's strict prohibition not to enter any church, Henry and his favorite sister Ellen had gleaned a

little knowledge by standing at the doors of churches on Sabbath morning. By the grace of God the tiny seeds bore rich fruit.

After the funeral, which was held according to the Jewish ceremonial, Mrs. Cohen soon decided to do her duty fearlessly and faithfully and acknowledge publicly the power of the Saviour. She made known to her husband that she would study his comfort and observe the Jewish ceremonials in the household, but that she must be at liberty to go to church and profess her faith in Jesus. He would neither listen nor consent to anything, and was determined, unless Mrs. Cohen would recant, to leave her. Finally separation was determined upon. The three unmarried daughters were requested to decide for themselves whether to remain with the father or mother. Two remained with the mother, one accompanied the father to Philadelphia, but soon after joined also the mother. Mrs. Cohen opened a school and boarding-house in Baltimore, where she and her three daughters united with the Episcopal church.

Rabbi Abraham H. Cohen spent ten years of loneliness in Richmond, Va., where he died in 1841, after a short illness. He had not seen again the wife whom he had loved in the days of his youth, whom he had idolized, and who had proudly admired him. Mrs. Cohen hastened to Richmond when the news of his severe illness reached Washington, D. C., where she was then living. When she arrived in Richmond he was dead and lying on the silent bier.

Mrs. Cohen was a highly talented woman and of great poetical talent. Until her death in 1862, she remained a faithful and active member of the Episcopal church.

Hopkinton, Iowa.