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FOUNDED BY SAUL HAYES, O.C., Q.C., LL.D., F.R.S.A.
FIRST EDITOR LOUIS ROSENBERG, F.R. Econ.S., F.S.S.

Nous nous souvenons

NEW SERIES 47

Forgetfulness leads to Holocaust;
Remembering is the root of redemption.
(*Baal Shem Tov*)

THE CANADIAN STORY OF REUBEN BRAININ PART 1

Compiled by
DAVID ROME

NATIONAL ARCHIVES
CANADIAN JEWISH CONGRESS

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WITHIN HISTORY

To understand the history of Jewry in Canada between the decades of 1880 and 1950 -- the world culture which flourished as greatly in this country, as brightly, as in any of the world centres of America or Europe, the particular human atmosphere of the Exodus-from-Nile which was the migration universe now propelled by the Napoleonic revolution -- it is necessary also to examine the multiple biographies of that complex man Reuben Brainin, to examine his impact on the man of the streets of Montreal, and the impact of Montreal on him.

His European background, his appreciation of western culture, his attachment to the bourgeois lifestyle, his sympathy for its social values and his dedication to Hebrew had made this literary aesthete a natural leader.

The arrival here of Reuben Brainin, one of the great figures of Hebrew literature from Vienna marked the opening of a Canadian drama.

Brainin was one of the recognized great men of Jewry, a scholar, an editor, an organizer, an orator, an impressive personality. He made his home briefly in Montreal, but he made an even more lasting impression on Canada than he had on the world scene.

It is a strange coincidence that Canada should have known Brainin, and a remarkable fruitful conjunction it was, too.

These seven years of his life here were, in a sense, his most fruitful years, but not necessarily the happiest.

This meeting came at the virtual end of Brainin's creative period in Hebrew literature, but it endowed his biography with a creative influence in another area -- the communal.

This chapter began in Canada and its fruitfulness ended in Canada. In a sense the many years that followed Brainin's all too brief Montreal interlude were anti-climactic.

His is not an easy biography to look at because it is a shattered tale, each shard belonging to another jig-saw puzzle. Each fragment fascinates some sectors of Jewish history, but historians have seldom been interested in the entire man; he has alienated many of the nation which he loved and sought to serve as prophet.

When he came to Canada Brainin found here a distinct lack of interest in matters of cultural concern. He missed here the revolutionary Hebrew excitement and the populism of European Zionism, and he unwillingly drifted into the more Yiddishist cultural world, into Labour Zionist circles and even the Bundists with whom he had relatively little in common.

Quebec was not strong enough to maintain him in the most intense battle of his life. He made peace and love with the Yiddish city and was loyally associated with the daily Adler, but he broke with the publisher, Hirsch Wolofsky, and established his own Der Veg.

His patriarchal manner in the continental tradition of the intellectual leaders of opinion and of taste won him the admiration of the newly immigrated. Montreal was elevated by his dignity and took pride in the regard which he enjoyed among the great men of Europe.

Thousands of Canadian Jews came in contact with this man of high intellectuality and of dedication to the Hebraic revolution. He represented concerns of modern literature and the great world of European art. He endowed with this high spirit the Jewish institutions which, before his coming here, still bore the marks of the steerage passengers who had founded them.

Brainin was fired by their enthusiasm. It was more than mutual support. It was more nearly a continuing chain reaction producing social and cultural energy. During the half-decade that he spent in Montreal, socially the most creative in his biography, he represented the flowering of Canadian Jewish journalism. He inspired the Yiddish school system. He organized the Jewish Public Library and set high standards for it as a cultural institution in world Jewry. He worked for the convening of the first Canadian Jewish Congress, stamping it with his colouration and with his warmth. It came to distinguish the ambience about the Canadian community with a particularity all its own.

In the tragic odyssey of this brilliant man, Montreal was too brief a stopover, but it was among the satisfying and creative of his periods. He appreciated this and, at the end he asked that his papers and his memorabilia remain permanently in this city.

The end of his days placed Canada as his truest home. At times he was certain that his cultural and emotional home was the Jewish immigrant society of Quebec. He chose to rest in Montreal for all time, in the city of his most devoted friendships.

Each town in Yiddishland had a rich history which resounded in the annals of Jewry: thousands in Canada to-day echo the warmth of the name of Liadi because it had been the residence of Chassidic Rabbi Schneour Zalman, author of the Tanya, who, at the opening of the nineteenth century was martyred in a Russian fortress where he is supposed to have impressed the emperor in a face to face meeting and won his freedom (as narrated by Yiddish novelist Zalman Schnoeur - the confusing similarity in names was not haphazard -- in his Der Kaiser un der Rebbe).

But Brainin, half a century later, had read the first modern Hebrew novel Ahavat Zion by Lithuanian Abraham Mapu a few years after the saga of the Baal Hatanya and the new literature in the now reborn language. He was the son of the "Berlinerdom",

enthusiastic Judaism of the century to come. His amateur youthful correspondence to the Hebrew papers was already not imbued with reverence for the Chassidic community.

THE FAMILY IN LIADI

In the town of Liadi, which gave its title to Rabbi Schneour Zalman, the founder of Lubavitch Chassidism, Brainin naturally developed a intense personality of Hebraic concern.

His biography runs the range of cultural time from mid-century to mid-century, 1862-1938.

Reuben Brainin (1862-1938) was the eldest child of Mordecai and Cheshe (Rechlin) Brainin.

Reuben Brainin's siblings were Nechemiah (1863-1920), who married Chanah Gitel; Chayah Blumeh, who married Mr. Grotwohl; Isaac (1874-1933) who married Nelly Vogel; Marie (1876-1958) who married Isaac Lubetzky; Salmen (1880-1971) who married Irene Beck, who settled in Montreal between the world wars, engaged in real estate development in the city and is said even to have marked one of his apartment buildings on Queen Mary Road with the Brainin name; Ida (1884-1943) who married Maxwell Springer; Sigmund (1886-1963) who married Grete Beck; and Liesel (188-1960) who married Dr. Samuel Ortenberg, a distinguished figure in the medical, communal and Zionist spheres of Montreal Jewry early in the century.

Mordecai Brainin, in his way, was an artist. Members of this branch of the family -- the Lenbergs and Teflers -- who reside in Montreal recall "he used to build and decorate those big tiled ovens that the wealthy Kulaks used to have, and he would have to leave home for two or three months to go there and build these decorative tile ovens; and great-grandmother used to go with him. Sometimes she'd give birth there; sometimes she had just given birth and she'd take the infant with her. Whom she left the other children with, we don't know because Reuben was the oldest of 14 of whom 9 became adults, the other 5 died early."

Reuben Brainin married Masha Amsterdam, the daughter of a rabbi in Vitebsk where young Brainin had proceeded to continue his studies. The rabbi's daughter was but 15 when she met young Brainin, a year older than herself.

Family tradition preserved by Mrs. King, daughter of Judy Ortenberg who was Brainin's granddaughter, describes her as the major figure of Brainin's family which the couple founded in the House of Israel, "An amazing woman, she was a women's libber 100 years ahead of her time, very strong, very principled, outspoken; not a shrinking violet. It was a difficult role to play since he was so charismatic and attracting not only women but all sorts of people to him. She could weather it all. She was a strong woman. She had a marvellous personality, she wore makeup, she smoked cigarettes in a long holder. She was a very sophisticated, international type.

"They met Calvin Coolidge and all these people. So she wasn't a sort of an untutored Shtetl type of woman; she had been around."

Mrs. Judy King, Brainin's granddaughter, records, "Her father also must have been very modern, because she told me that when my grandfather was smitten with her, he asked her father's permission to marry her and her father asked him, 'Have you asked her yet?' and he said 'No'. He said, 'Then you must ask her first. That's very modern...'

"My grandmother was so furious that when he pushed letters under her door, she'd read them, she told me, and then push them back out under the door. She finally married him.

"She was very, very blond and blue eyed with white skin. The name Amsterdam, the family suspected, came from Holland to Russia during the anti-Semitic times in the Netherlands. My uncle claimed that Maurie Amsterdam, the comic, was distantly related.

"Grandmother told me she was brought up like a gentle woman. She went out with a parasol, so as not to darken her skin, although I imagine with the kind of father she had, there was discussion in that home; she wasn't treated as a girl was treated in those days.

"She had two brothers, Volodya and Abrasha. One of them, I don't know which one, was murdered by the Tzar's secret police in 1905. His wife and child were in Leningrad during the siege, and we have never been able to find out where they were and what has happened to them. I think they were a liberal family from what I could gather.

"She went to work when they moved to Berlin. But the day she was to go to work for the first time, she told my grandfather and he shouted, 'No wife of mine is going to work' and as she walked down the street he stood on the steps and shouted; 'she needn't come back home'. She went to work. But he happily used the money. She said 'If I had it to do all over again, I'd do it again,' because she was very much in love. He loved her too in his egocentric way. So she earned the money for a while.

"They travelled much in all the capitals of Europe -- in Geneva, Vienna, Berlin, Liege. Brainin's son, Moe Brainin (1893-1963), was a close collaborator of his father. He and his brother Joseph served in the Jewish Legion during the first world war.

Clearly Reuben Brainin struck profound roots in Montreal as he settled in America.

"He used to write things that he would get a small amount of money for.

"She was very good at managing money, making her own clothes, repairing them, buying cheap things; but she always looked like a queen whatever she wore, even towards the end when they had even less. I remember a woman coming to the house, and she'd buy dresses for seven dollars or something and sit there with the dress inside out, binding the raw hems so it should be nice on the inside. She was a very capable woman.

"When they moved to Berlin they had very little money. These are all the stories my grandmother told me. My grandfather was a journalist and was making little money.

"When my mother died in the flu epidemic I was 3, that was in 1918. My mother's parents, Brainin and Masha Brainin were a very big part of my life, having lost their oldest daughter so suddenly. They became closer maybe, than most grandparents. I went to live with their other daughter, Aunt Bertha Shiller for two years until my father remarried into the Brainin family again, which strengthened the relationship.

"During her later years in New York, Masha fell twice on her polished floor and broke her hips. She limped very badly, but remained beautiful until she died in 1934, at 64.

They had six children.

The eldest, Mitzi Miriam, born in Russia in 1880, was brought to Vienna at the age of two and lived there for quite a few years. Like her sister, she attended school at Geneva and later at the University at Liege. She married Dr. Samuel Ortenberg in Montreal and gave birth to a daughter in 1915, named Judy. She passed away in 1918.

Reuben Brainin and his wife had become closely attached to their son-in-law, Dr. Ortenberg, and Mrs. Brainin arranged for Brainin's youngest sister Leah, then 30 years old, to come from Europe to Montreal where she married the widower of her niece. As the orphaned granddaughter told it later, "She wanted to make sure I stayed in the family and that he didn't marry someone else who would take me away from the family. It is what happens when couples divorce. The grandparents lose their grandchildren who move away or get absorbed into another family.

"This was their first child. Descendants of Mitzi Brainin, Baxts, Kings, and Pullens, also reside in Montreal.

"When I was a teenager, my friends would come to visit, but they would be with her, talking to her."

Two younger sons of Reuben Brainin, Max (1897-1898) and Ferdinand (1899-1900) died in infancy. (Genealogical information from Karen Tefler, Montreal).

"They were alone a great deal since my grandmother was so occupied with him. He was a prima donna. They became very close as a result, the four children were very close to each other.

"My two uncles were a handful. She had a hard time keeping them in school; they ran away to bicycle races, etc. But they survived all this; eventually the Kanader Adler persuaded my grandfather to cross the ocean. He was afraid of going on the ship, the way people are afraid of airplanes today. But he finally came", the family remembers.

Another daughter of Reuben Brainin, Bertha (born in 1892) married Oswald Schiller. Their daughter Anita (born in 1916) married Ben Schechter in Montreal; their son Max, (born in 1922), married Rose Garson.

For years Joseph Brainin conducted the Seven Arts feature syndicate.

In his last years, Reuben Brainin lived in New York in the home of his eldest son, Joe Brainin (1895-1970). He, too, like his elder brother, Moe, served in the Jewish legion. He made his home in Montreal, where he was well known in French Canadian society. Brainin was associated with a major Canadian textile firm.

Judy Kings's recollections; "My aunt Bertha met her husband at a Purim ball, his first grandchild, I was born on Purim. So our custom in the family was to get together in my grandfather's house, everybody here in our house and everybody would speak to everybody on the telephone. The telephone line was opened for about an hour so that everybody spoke to everybody. It a nice thing to remember."

HIS EARLY CHANUKAH REVOLUTION

"He always said his first article that he published was called 'My Mother', and it was published on Purim, his birthday. Brainin recorded "My Chanukah Miracle" of his early childhood in the 1912 Adler.

"Since childhood a single thought became a philosophy, a sort of faith: The minority can and must conquer the many, the majority, when in this majority a few have faith and when the majority's hopes are lost. This kernel has been covered within me by numerous vestments and forms, but centrally it has remained identical, alive in my blood and flesh -- hopefully to my last breath.

"It was born on Chanukah in my Cheder long ago. It is easy for the rational mind to find the faults of the old Cheder which is constantly disappearing everywhere. Another generation and all its Jewish specificities will have been forgotten. But my Cheder years are a part of my true Jewish existence.

"As I know now, it was not far from home but, as I recall, it the Cheder was at world's end. I would return home at night fearfully. The lantern in my trembling hands showed only dead bodies crawling out from their graves, and spirits and devils; but there was something fine, poetic, mysterious within the fear.

"The rebbe was quite old, almost blind, but he knew everything by heart. He lived rather in the world after death, beyond the grave, in another world, prepared at any moment to step into that other world. Yet this blind old man was our pal. We loved him and his stories of ancient faded generations. His long white beard and his eyes which barely saw identified him with the patriarchs. In his perceptions we who were only barely hewn from under the seat of Glory, had just arrived from the distant unknown, mysterious spheres where he was himself preparing to return.

"The Cheder was located in the home of an old widow. In that narrow crowded room the rebbe opened for us a distant vast universe of patriarchs, dreams, fears, hopes, angels and spirits. When he would leave us late afternoon for the Minchah prayer in the chapel, we would cling to each other in the darkling corner and exchange tales of other worlds, fantasize of things that never were, frighten each other, sing, and then become serious again. We had our own spheres.

"The surrounding world terrified us, the Jews of the diaspora, the few, weaker than the others, sheep among wolves; as he taught us, who are we, and what is life?

"Suddenly there came the revolution in my thinking, on Chanukah, when the half blind rebbe experienced the miracles in the prayer book; in his fading eyes a fire flamed. His trembling voice became strong and clear as he recalled, 'He places the

strong in the hands of the weak, the many in hands of the few, the polluted at the mercy of the pure, and the evil ones at the mercy of the saints.'

"For the first time I saw the rebbe truly alive."

In response to a dithyrambic address on Chassidism at the Baron de Hirsch Institute before the Hebrew Circle, in 1913 Brainin told Yehudah Kaufman,

"I know all this. I was born in Liadi; I was brought up on the Tanya, but Chassidism is only a rebellion against Judaism; it is a sect which is revolting against the Jewish people; it is therefore a denial of Judaism."

Long afterwards he recalled the synagogues of his youth in Liadi on Yom Kippur Day: "Jews aflame, weeping, crying out, praying with deep intent, confessing and sighing; the faces of honoured men, evoking deep respect, white beards; white robes and kerchiefs worn by the girls; straw on the floor of the Beth Midrash; waxen candles dripping; Jewish melodies with ancient themes descending to the abyss of the heart."

Thus Brainin in 1914 recalled the Day of Atonement after thirty-five years of absence from Days of Awe services. With similar respect and richness did emigrants -- sceptics, atheists and agnostics -- embellish their perception of old Judaism as they were living their lives in the New World.

He would say of the religious practices in his birthplace and later in Montreal, "I have seen the real thing."

Indeed he had experienced "the real thing" in Liadi at age 13. The story of his Bar Mitzvah had fixed the stormy, creative career of Reuben Brainin. As he recalled it in Montreal to B.J. Goldstein. "he was caught with Treifeh books in the Yeshivah and had to leave home. He had written a local report to Hamelitz about the Lubavitch Rabbi Dov ben Zalman Schneurson.

"The 'first Chassidim' called Brainin's father and threatened that if the young man would continue to write critically about the rabbi in Hamelitz they would tie a rock about the young man's neck and throw him into the water, in accordance with Jewish law and judgment."

The report in the Hamelitz, the "information laid against the rebbe," the threats from the "first Chassidim" and the Black Office placed him among the many who at this time walked out from the ranks of the orthodox militants, into the army of agnostics who set about to revolutionize modern Jewish times. Individually, each of these maskilim recognized that staying in the established thought and life pattern of the old society was personal and national suicide.

ENTERING THE NEW WORLD

Brainin's literary flowering coincided with his great search in the essays and in the linguistic eclecticism of fin de siecle Judaism which merged with Herzelian Zionism as he passed through traditional Talmud studies and investigation into medieval Hebraic lore and entered the revolution of the Modern Hebrew Haskalah.

His biography ran the full current of White Russian poverty, Yeshivah, the rebellion from orthodoxy, the quest for academic and for worldly scholarship and the escape from Moscow to Western Europe, through initial auto-biographical journalism which was also an analysis of the universes through which he was passing and which were reacting to him, while he was being observed by those who were themselves experiencing the same course of life.

This epic personal voyager represented the Jewish migration which was leaving the Shtetl, the Europe of the Yiddish centre, the family, the religion, the economy, the language, the exile, the poverty and the desperation, while they were bearing selected portions of their ancient heritage, the selected dreams of the future they would build.

Brainin brought the taste for Hebrew and its learning, the aspiration of Jewish survival, the Messianic dream of the ideal, the measure of European aesthetic -- all this uncompromising beauty in personal incongruous splendid shaping, as he voyaged across nations and oceans and dominions and ghettos, proud of his Liadi, of his Hebrew which he shared with the prophets, with the poets and the men of prayer during millennia and with those who are about to shape with him the inevitable Messianic age.

Brainin's first language of course was Yiddish; his second was the combination of Yiddish and Hebrew which was the single language of the educated men of Europe. From childhood, he was a scholar in Yiddish and wrote the language with talent and care.

His aesthetic and Zionist inspiration helped to create the nationalist and cultural idealism which marked the Jewish Pale and Jewry in western Europe about the middle of the century. His influence ranged throughout the Zionist movement, but most effectively in the rebirth and in the modernization of the Hebrew language and literature. With this fulcrum he elevated the aesthetics, culture and sophistication of the entire Jewish people.

It is just possible that the romance idea of Hassiduth legitimized, if it did not actually endow, in the mind of the young man the concept of a high priesthood of beauty as a career and as a contribution to the Jewish universe.

His idea content was not his major contribution to Jewish life. It is not for what he said that he will be long remembered in the annals of the Hebrew people. Rather, it is for the manner of his saying it in Hebrew, and for his legitimizing form and beauty in the new emerging universe of a reborn, revolutionized Jewry. At a historic moment, when so many new and revitalized realities were being examined and related, Brainin was the champion of aesthetic values.

He was the deliberate sponsor of the literary and artistic movement at a time when Jewry was reconsidering the value of religion and nationalism and socialism and historicity. He was more than a literary critic and editor; he ensured that formal reason was sweetened with humanism, that Herzelian Zionism was wedded to Bialik, that doctrinaire socialism was complemented with the softness of modern Yiddish poetry, that the pantheon of twentieth-century prophecy counted Raisen as well as Zhitlovsky and Weizmann and A.D. Gordon.

This historic function he performed in his biographies and in his editorial work in Russia and in Austria. His name became a byword, and he was the teacher of more thousands than he ever met.

THE AESTHETIC ADVENTURER

As a young man Brainin's sensitivity searched out the high centres of intellectual concern, from Chassidism to communism; in each phase he created intense loyalties and some hostilities, and everywhere established the durable memory of his personality, a combination of stage star, guru, prophet, political leader, poet.

In 1892, he reached the freedom of the Western world, Vienna, and began to keep the promise. Even as he studied it in its modern perspective, he began to interpret the Abrahamic heritage of the Gaon of Vilno at the side of Herzl and Nordau and Zangwill and Smolenskin and Mendele Mocher Sefarim. The flag that flew over the fifteen years of this Brainin bore the meaningful ensign of East and West, more than the symbiosis of the two Europes; rather the identity of the Jewish civilizations across one globe. One of the lesser marks of this examination of the last century was also his fondness for prophesying the century ahead.

When Herzl enunciated political Zionism Brainin was among his articulate apostles. To serve the Hebraic cause Brainin determined to utilize the Yiddish media in Warsaw, Lodz and later in Montreal.

Some time after leaving Liadi to study he affirmed his passion for the Hebrew language as the instrument of Jewish survival and of elevation, the peer of other world civilizations. He settled in Vienna whence his fame emanated over all Europe as a spokesman for Judaism, as a literary stylist and moral leader. He published a series of Jewish biographies and essays. In this universe of Jewish seekers Brainin became one of the preeminent.

In an age when Judaism was redefining its future with the spoken and written word, Brainin was among the stylists in both verbal media, a tireless writer and orator, with no absolute commitment to detailed program, welcoming new ideas and fresh methods in art, poetry, science, social problems, living style. He was the stylist of the novel, drawing from the world of the new without descending into these wells, watering all for the enrichment of the spectators and enriching their perspectives.

He was himself rich in invention, in language, in words, founder of phrases and thought, which he institutionalized in rhetoric, in sources and tongues, drawing upon recollections from literature, life and the arts, in varying experiments from song and from science, expanding art from experiences of the sciences. His images from belles lettres combine with rational ideas.

His essays on art have a logical foundation based upon the imaginary, and an easy flight from thought to thought, from level to level, addressing himself from time to time to himself and to the popular public audience.

So in his many biographies he sought to compile much detail, to seek out influences of race and of blood, educations and environments in free associations. The science which he applied here was only a new form, which he sought to assume, to impose and to announce. He did not pronounce himself on the artist, rather on artistic writers or men of spirit in general, on the colourful and conflicting world of the spirit and of art. (F. Lachover, Essays, Shirah U'Machshawa. Tel Aviv, 1953, pp 200-26).

Brainin proceeded to Moscow where he intended to enter the university. But fate wished otherwise, to cite Goldstein, and the Jews were to have Brainin; so he was not accepted in the Christian school. At this point he affirmed his Jewishness with acuity. More than ever he came to feel, "You are not a goy." His Jewish pen was never silenced since that day.

Those who walked out from the Yeshivoth began their own search in thought and in action. Their migration to Canada and elsewhere is the anthology of the lives of some of these revolutionaries. Their biographies constitute modern Jewish history, millions of them in exodus and in migration, in a vast array of diverse talent, diverse educations, diverse dedications to Jewish public service, to the matter of Jewish survival. Their capital, of course, is our Jerusalem.

Those militants set out to examine with despair the current anti-Semitic world scene. Some old Jewish authorities saw this wave of hatred as ordained by destiny; there are thousands of their heirs who survive and still see the Arab enemy as being divinely placed in the Holy Land.

Among the millions who rebelled against the status quo society and who individually translated their life style on the old continent or in lands of migration were remarkable leaders who steeped their thought deeply, not by simple mechanical responses to the daily questions.

Naturally, there were leaders among them, as they shaped their own lives and the lives of their people. Some were national prophets with profound vision, dedication and faith.

Fischel Lachover, historian of European and Hebrew literature, noted that Jewish authors of the end of the nineteenth century were passing through stages of naturalism, impressionism and symbolism (Toldot Hasifruth Haivrith Hachadashah, History of the New Hebrew Literature, Tel Aviv, Dvir. III.)

Some of them saw their immediate overwhelming problems as profound elements of Jewish existence, and sought responses as philosophical as well as the universal issues and challenges all about them.

This Jewish period was one of magnification. The noblest Jewish thinking of the age placed resolutions to the Jewish people in the face of its threatened destruction which were in the traditions of the earlier Hebrew prophets.

THE PROPHET OF HEBREW

Brainin's migration from Russia to Vienna in 1892 was not total; he continued his liaison and dialogue with the Russian prophets of Hebraism, even paradoxically, with the Yiddish literary prophet-philosophers. The dialogue in very title of his journal From East to West became the breath of Achiasaph almanac.

His articles on the Gaon of Vilno and on Hebrew literature situated Jewish thought in the context of world literature, and those on Tolstoy, Nietzsche and Ibsen perceived western literature in the perspective of a Jewish thinker.

His biographies of Peretz Smolenskin, (1896), Abraham Mapu, (1906), Alexander Zederbaum, his translations of Nordau and Herzl and his writings on S. Frug, I. Zangwill, Ben Yehudah and others established a hagiography of the cultural heroes of nineteenth century Zionism.

He added contemporaneity to his reading of the Jewish classics by examining the writings of the younger Hebrew poets of the new century. Brainin the prophet saw the reality of the world in which Jews were living, the principles of Judaism which make sense of the world in which they should be living, the direction which should be theirs in their difficult exile, the ease of their compromises, the nobility of their immediate idealisms, and the relationship with the purest of the contemporary non-Jewish environment. As scholars of the period put it, "so we are accustomed to see Brainin as the man who could announce and arouse hope rather the man who realizes. He always stood beside those who promise rather than those who fulfil. He was near to the annunciators only until they began to keep their promises; even as long as the poets whom he discovered were promising; until they began to fulfil and to create what he had foreseen as their possibilities.

Thus the elitist from Russia, aristocrat by inclination, rejected the class of the comfortable and privileged as he reached the Canadian frontier.

"His brightest passages list his initiations of great movements in modern Judaism, and the tendencies which he was among the first to promote, which also contained the forces hidden from the eyes of the gross; changes in opinions, in sentiment not yet vested in deeds, in precise images and dreams; changes which once took centuries to appear now became apparent at a tempo worthy of our electric birth of hopes and programs.

"Brainin was possessed of the orientals' imagination which faced the future, of the magician's sense of matters not yet born. In an age when the future contested the old, Brainin was the leader of those who carried the standard to the New Times, the western times."

In his generalizing, philosophical metaphor he was often near the proclamations of the Science of Judaism and seized and encouraged the new essence of the developing Torah, Kaballah, historic poetry within Judaism.

The winds that blew in western Europe swept and captured the heart of the seer.

As a thinker he was distant from the concrete environment, from the mechanisms of daily living. Even his fiction was more often symbolic and was read as a representation of the reality of the universe.

But this limitation became catastrophic when, in his biography, he was tested, by situations which he was not skilled at avoiding, when he found himself forced to exercise the frequent challenges of human relations and practices; skills at which those infinitely lesser than himself proved much wiser, not to say effective.

A. Coralnick paid tribute to Brainin, together with Achad Haam and Sokolov, "for developing a clear and rich Hebrew language which fulfils its high function -- to be precise, to the point; where a cat is a cat and a sword is a sword." (in his essay on "Michah Joseph Berdichesky, 1864-1921")

The poet and essayist Jacob Fichman recalled Brainin's "appearance on the Hebrew arena, of the many promises that life assures us: Eventually what survives is only what we snatch with our violence from the teeth of fate. In our youth, when the voice of God calling reaches us, we spread our wings wide, but soon enough they tangle in the surrounding empty space, and from the much that remains we do well to retain a little.

"The 1880's were years of Hebrew hopes, of the scent of festival to come, of much about to be born, soft and light and pleasant extract of longing, hearts open to welcome the new pleasant poetry, unclear in the clouds of dawn. Even prose was garbed in lyricism, the sentiments of adolescents in the literature of youth."

Brainin was associated early with the ideal of the Jewish redemption through the Hebrew language, of Jewish civilization based on European, and particularly on German, Zionism.

The young man from Liadi was born with an understanding of the mystiques of the divinely chosen language, of God's use of Hebrew, of its expression of law, of its role in Massorah and in fidelity to tradition while simultaneously continuous in our own time, to Kaballah. The Hebrew prophets spoke for his contemporary prophets of Hebrew.

He was not alone; in his time arose many Hebraists who began to speak Hebrew with their children at home, who "corrected the Cheder" and made Hebrew its lingua

franca; who established Hebrew libraries as did Alexander Harkavy in Montreal. Aficionados of Hebrew grammar, like the grandfather of Leonard Cohen, toyed with Hebrew dikduk and its morphology.

The total biography of Reuben Brainin, debatable ever since his beginning, is largely unanimous in recognizing that his first years represent the time of his glory when, if ever, he established his claim to greatness in Hebrew - in Hebraism, and consequently to the title of the standard bearer of the sacred tongue, and therefore to the title of prophet. Those who would derogate him called him "one of the singer-Levites of our literature", others, "one of the High Priests who served in the Tabernacle, one of the leading figures of our literature to whom the eyes and hearts of all who read in faith and in hope, looked the flowing writer, the orator artist who speaks from strength of heart and confidence under the high flag of literature. It was a new rhetoric, rather European, enriched with highly polished locutions, replete with Torah".

Even if he was never able to find the hyphen between ideal ancient Hebraic tradition with the universalist ideal, his spirit was always engaging the east and the west which he formulated best in his manifesto which opened his From the East and from the West.

"Came Brainin, but not alone; the man of hope, fiery faith, knowing nothing of the sharpness of analysis, apotheosis of the writer. This critic was himself revealed as a friend, a poet full of love and compassion.

"Brainin introduced the battle, not against philistinism, but against falsehood, hypocrisy, schools or ideas, but for poetry itself. Henceforth, the kingdom of poetic creation came from blessed internal well hidden from the eye.

"Brainin proclaimed it passionately, in a youthful voice full of faith. He not only responded to the young; he called them forth, awakened a thirst for them. Henceforth they needed no opening of welcoming gates.

"He was the ever remembered, the constant friend of young poetry, joyful in their victory, contributing to this victory. He stood unconditionally between poet and the public; he educated the reader, broke down walls.

"At need he was the conciliator whose very name lighted hope. His affirmation of life both energized and reposed, as it intoxicated all of us with the humanistic calling of the new renaissance of the western world. He studied it and he taught it, gathered it preciously, to garner it within his people's vineyards. Not always successfully; not always did his strength suffice to transmit the richness of his booty.

"He was literary historian, biographer, poet. If only he had confined himself to these gifts and did not scatter his inner thirst for creation and renewal, in the fragments of

newspaper clippings. His longing for new poetry fed the fruitfulness of his early years and his teachings that were always proclamations from a Shofar.

"Only this fire in his stormy heart implanted the glowing word, the fire to preach, to prophesy and to announce.

"He was among the first when he came, the pioneers, but he knew that soon others would follow, and his wants were therefore accompanied by dreams of triumphs. Such men are always born at the threshold of a new age. These are the messengers, the beacon carriers when darkness still covers the earth. They build the temple of their time and are built by them at the same time. They are the morning sounds that awaken us, arouse us, make us rise to our feet. They belong to no sect, no party. Their flag is their will." (Terem Aviv, Tel Aviv, 1959. pp 80-85).

Brainin's high perception of Hebraism as an instrument of national redemption of the exiled Jewish people was one of the Jewish nationalist philosophies current in the nation which were annunciatory of the publication of The Jewish State. When Herzl appeared in 1897, Brainin accepted and joined the broader vision of Zionism as one of its political fervent disciples.

He became another Achad Haam, another Herzl, another Bialik.

Before Herzl these Hebraic prophets of the nineteenth century had no single message. Each of them was directed at different central objectives, all for the salvation of the threatened and doomed Jewish people; each with his own instrument, or combination; until Pinsker and Herzl codified it largely in Israel.

They joined the scientists of Judaism in the western style, rewrote the history of the Jewish religion, of the law and of the Talmud, began the chain of Jewish journals and press and of the Hebrew poetry and fiction. The radical Eliezer Ben Yehudah made Hebrew speech more vivid in the Holy Land than it had probably been for 2500 years -- all this "as the beginning of the flowering of our national redemption". All of them saw themselves and were seen by contemporaries as profoundly relevant to the European revolution.

Brainin's name appears on the honour roll of the generations, the list of those present at the first Zionist Congress at Basle in 1897, as coming from Berlin (The Jubilee. The First Zionist Congress, 1897-1947. Jerusalem, Executive of the Zionist Organization, 1947).

For more than four-score years the family has been treasuring the formal photograph of the Zionist Congress with Herzl and Brainin.

It is a reminder of Brainin's place in the Chain of Ancestry of the Jewish State. The subjects of his biographies were his own teachers in spiritual and political Hebraic Zionism. In turn he was the Hebraic mentor of the Russian generation which grasped at Herzl and made him significant and concrete in building the Holy Land society which realized, in Ben Gurion, the restoration of Israel and the end of Exile.

Brainin was a philosopher of Judaism whose core of concern was artistic, linguistic, humanist, talented instead of political or administrative geopolitical.

Throughout his life, long before his Bar Mitzvah, the treasury of the values of the Hebrew language were central in his ideology. His passion for it was rooted in the language, in his ability to evoke universes with it, in the liaisons he created with the cultures and philosophies of the west.

Before the Jewish state came into being Hebrew thinkers had links with French and Russian linguistic and literary sources.

As early as 1907 he formulated in retrospect, "I have sought to destroy the temple and in its stead to build a new temple to the God of Truths, to the God of Beauty. I believed that the spirit of the Jewish people can be revived by the revival of its literature." (Works, Vol. 3, p. 137).

THE EUROPEAN JEW

Brainin's years in western Europe formed him physically and culturally, in appearance, language and mannerism; and those years in the capitals shaped Jewry through him. They may have been his happiest years, although happiness was not always the mark of his life.

Hebrew intellectuals became his loyal followers when Brainin directed public attention to "the state of the young Jews whose talents are being lost", as he entitled his early appeal. His intention was not purely artistic or social, or even aesthetic; just as, when at the same time, he sought to enrol in the school of agriculture, his aim was not vocational or economic.

Vienna and Paris became the seats of his Hebraic activity; Europeanization was his standard since the days of his first thoughtfulness. Most seriously and profoundly it marked his mannerisms of a western or central European aristocrat and scholar; in his idiomatic German speech, in dress, in humour and in allusion; magnetic, authoritative, gentlemanly. His Yiddish native speech became so Germanized that it became difficult to say when or if it was an affectation.

He dressed and lived in the continental style which became his personal mark; he was always "Herr Brainin", never "Mister Brainin", even in English or Yiddish converse. Never was there a moment's break in the decades of his German life with all classes of Jewish confreres from a score of geographies and cultural backgrounds.

The literature of Jewish recollection speaks unanimously, "As a child in the Hebrew school in my Shtetl I was deeply impressed by the clear pure words of Reuben Brainin - and by his beautiful, dignified beard. I would pore over his photographs and see a Jewish scholar, a sage, an erudite - Torah and wisdom together.

New Yorker S. Margoshes referred to Brainin as "our window upon Europe in person, in manner. He evoked the large cities as he spoke, in private or addressing his public. His writing was borne by the elegance of the old continent; its content and refinement were windows into the newest ideas. He promised new times and new concepts. He opened the doors from the pre-war Shtetl which was virtually still bound by medieval Slavic traditions. But for him and his fellows of the Haskalah, it is fair to ask: where would we, the Jews of modern times, be today if they had not shaken the walls which were confining all phases of Judaism? We would all be intellectually where the Neturah Karta are.

"Brainin led us into the exodus from the Ghetto." (The Day, March 10, 1962).

A vivid document of the Brainin of Vienna age has come down to us from the pen of a brilliant and loyal peer-colleague, Dr. Abraham Coralnick. Twenty years later

the essayist recalled from New York the dream of the Austrian age in a letter to Brainin when the Hebraist in Montreal was initiating his Der Veg in the fall of 1915, "their European days of hopeful, youthful joy when they had found the way for our people -- a secure, shining, clear way.

"Just as in ancient Rome on the Forum Romanum there stood a white stone where commenced the endless roads of Rome, so the Jewish way began from the white stone in Vienna. There had sat the first planter of the white stone, Dr. Theodore Herzl.

"Years have passed since. What had once appeared so clear and easy has become complicated. The white stone has been carried from Vienna to place after other place and has found no rest. The old simple faith has been overgrown by doubts. We have separated to all the corners of the world. Where do we meet?

"You are in distant Canada; I am a guest in America. We meet again and we realize that it is all an illusion. We have never really separated. The old shining road still lights our life as it had in our youth. Nothing has changed. In America, as in old Europe, the same question stands: How to rebuild the ruins of our people. It matters not whether they live in Russia, in New York, in Canada, in Lithuania, in Poland, whether their economic conditions are better or worse.

"What counts is the future of our people, the historical path it follows. Wherever our spiritual leaders may be living, our duty is to point to their true path. I still believe that the road that began in Vienna was the correct one, and that our dreams were not empty. The road is real; only the will is lacking. Where there is a will, there is a way. It is my wish that you become that will."

B.J. Goldstein, Montreal journalist of the Adler staff, remarked, "It is difficult to identify Brainin; is he a Russian Jew and German, or an oriental sage? But certainly he is an interesting person. By his first words he forces you into a friendship. In every conversation he casts you in some historical situation, in a story, a bit of humour which evokes a smile from you.

"He has travelled widely, met many people. A family man with four children in school, he still acts lordly. As they say in America, green in the business. His wife complains that he is easily led. In money matters too he is always the same Brainin, the idealist of his writings. A Warsaw publisher seeking a deal with him does it in his absence." (Adler, January 24, 1910).

Years later a Montrealer recalled his Berlin days when Brainin represented "all that was noble and free to his student world, when you raised the battle cry against the Russian-Jewish students in Germany; when you uncovered that relations between them were morally not as high as they might have been. I remember your pamphlets

at that time that you flouted in their faces. I remember how the nationalist students listened to each of your words." (Meir Schneour in Adler, July 17, 1912).

WANDERER IN WESTERN EUROPE

There are blanks in the Brainin biography, some of them on the economic plane. It is not quite clear why, at the end of the first decade in century, he turned from his prime field of Hebrew writing and began working on another level, and in Yiddish, nor why he suddenly felt he could not remain in Europe. He began his classic exile wanderings in search of a Jewish community which would receive him and his idealism.

The precise circumstances of Brainin's leaving Europe are not clear; just as the personal circumstances of each of the hundreds of thousands of other immigrants of all classes require individual study.

But Jewish economic geography and sociology were not among his fortes, and America was not waiting for him with open arms. In his terminology, New World Jewry was so different from European, so gross, so materialistic, so unappreciative even of his Germanic culture.

For reasons unclear Brainin ceased to write in Europe in 1902. Lachover does not seek to explain the drying up. Any number of circumstances connected with the opening of the century might be related with such a sudden development in a sensitive scholar-philosopher.

The granddaughter remembered a family tradition, "In Europe before he came here they never had money, but they tended to live fairly well and feed all the poor students who flocked around them. They came for dinner, they borrowed my dad's clothes and my mother's clothes, and they were always around the house, like Sholom Aleichem, Steinberg.

"Their house was the same in New York and here in Montreal. I remember many of those people in our house. I have a picture of Sholom Aleichem which he gave my father. Louis Fisher the journalist, Maurice Samuel, all these people were around when I was a kid, and it seemed very natural.

"My grandfather and my grandmother, I suppose, had a special feeling towards me because I was a relic of my mother who was like a little mother to her two brothers and sisters.

"I know they left Vienna when the kids were small in the middle of the night because they owed a lot of money, and they went to Berlin -- my grandparents and their children. Then, from Berlin my grandfather was to go to Liege but they couldn't leave immediately, so they sent my mother who was all of 17 or 18, to Liege, to find a house for them to live in. She found a cheap room to live in while she was looking for a large house for the family.

"What she didn't know was that she had moved to a street of prostitutes. I went back to visit the area years later and it is still a honky tonk area.

"She rented a room and the first morning she woke up and saw women sitting on the doorsteps, on both sides of the street, in their nightgowns, brushing their hair and calling to each other. They ended up calling her La Vierge. The quarter is still there in Liège and she was the virgin of the area.

"She found a home for the family to live in, and then my grandmother promptly sent the three younger children to her to look after. I think it was three months before they actually moved, and my mother was made responsible for the younger ones."

His last days in Europe in 1908, were depressing. He seems to have lost all hope for Hebrew, according to his diary. His Warsaw experience in Yiddish was not satisfying, meeting a responsibility to the 40,000 readers of his Unser lebn, with his free time spent visiting the poor and ill.

In Europe he was socially if possibly not economically, established as a prime figure in Hebraic society, the spokesman of a world-wide group centered on Europe, constantly examining European culture. He did have critics and even opponents, but the debate was on European terms, and he had few overseas cultural or social connections.

The move to America was painful. Indeed he returned to Europe after one failure and then came back to the U.S. One evening during a storm in London, after a visit with Achad Haam during his peregrination was almost tragic, according to his own terrified diary.

One of his horrible dream-and-nightmare-laden voyage experiences came in London after dinner as the guest of Achad Haam in January 1909. His host accompanied Brainin that stormy midnight to the tube, but the visitor entered the wrong carriage, not the one destined for Parliament Hill. When he descended, every passerby directed him to another compass point in the foreign streets, not knowing where he really intended to go. He ran after his hat which the wind had blown away over the empty streets, until he found it soaked and muddied, his feet soaked. A lonely restaurant was open; the keeper told him that there are seven routes to his lost destination.

A strange youth offered to guide him to the nearest crossing whence Brainin could find his way. In the soaking storm Brainin was unable to keep up with the youth pacing ahead, and separated with thanks. He found lone souls in lanes and paths, but everybody sent him in opposing streets.

On one of these streets he came upon a young sportsman, built like an oak, who by chance was also on his way to Parliament Hill. They walked together in silence, turning many corners until Brainin became convinced that he had met a midnight robber. But he was assured by forthright voice, certainly not the voice of a robber or a gangster. They walked across fields and orchards, empty lots. They talked somewhat with no understanding or a common speech.

At a crossroad, his companion pointed to the street Brainin was seeking and went off another street. But even then Brainin remained lost; all the houses were alike; the numbers were invisible in the night. A tipsy tramp who knew French and German helped him locate the right house, his electrically lit room was the true island of happiness.

But he persisted almost desperately in his search across the continent before, almost at the end of his powers, he was found by Montrealer H. Wolofsky.

In Paris he noted in his flowing Hebrew text, "I am certain that I will never write my interesting book, the book that will die with me. It is living and preserved in my heart, in my mind. I could write it and I am writing it. I have been wondering these several years in space and in my spirit. I have no repose for this book in my life. My existence and those of my family are floating in space. God has punished me with health in body and spirit. I feel a powerful desire and energy to work, to create, to fight the battle of my people, and that is my misfortune. If God had pity on my plight he would send me sickness. My friends would appeal to the press for money. Then help would reach my family in their present straits. But I am alive and well.

"I have worked endlessly for twenty years in Hebrew literature (and in Yiddish and Russian-Jewish). Now I have no place, not even a pittance of hope, for Hebrew literature itself is at its last breath.

"One of our best talented poets wrote me recently that he had decided to train to become a barber among Jews. Shall I become a tailor to sew shrouds for my people, white shrouds for the black dreams which I weave for my people and literature?

"Life rises against me, the proud prophet who has no source of a poor substance, water or bread, in this isolation in the Hebrew world; there is no such world, only several scattered Hebrews weeping; no one glances at the shattering of our nation. The rest are gypsies, people betraying their Hebrew national treasures; hungry begging suicides, and overrated Jews seeking sources of pleasure of which their ancestors had never heard.

"Hebrew literature was a spark in the dark, and disappeared in the instant, a morning dream, a fata morga for a wanderer in the desert, and I was this Don Quixote, who spent my best years in this vain quest. I believed in my heart that we, the Hebrew

authors, will waken the Hebrew people to rebirth, that we will battle and will win, though the road is long to the last end."

"KNOW THY PEOPLE"

This was indeed a great need a century ago in the absence of media of communication, of Realism and international organization and of the science of contemporary social organization. Brainin was a discoverer of his Jewish people.

To whatever degree he was aware of it, it may have been a motive in his new travels.

When he reached America this was often the theme of his lectures and personal discussions; indeed, it became the mark of his discourse.

In one of Brainin's first communications with the western world, he wrote on "Jews do not know their own People". It reached the readers of the Adler through an "A.L. Agency", as did an essay on Sholom Aleichem by Mordecai Spector on November 9, 1908.

Brainin remarked that the Jewish reading public everywhere was poorly informed on communities outside their borders, even in Yiddish land. One of the most misunderstood communities was the Galician which he had himself come to know better only recently. Certainly the Jews of China, Japan, Georgia, Ethiopia and even Scandinavia are virtually unknown, and the common impression, disseminated by Jewish authors, is grossly outdated. This distortion helps to advance anti-Semitism outside Jewry and self-hatred and alienation among Jews.

"An additional element in this situation is the constant transition within all of Europe, including the western countries, where new forms of anti-Semitic discrimination and revolution have heightened Jewish solidarity.

Brainin's first articles in the Adler reflected a major Zionist concern, to inform Jewish communities about other Jewries, to create a reality of brotherhood between the far-flung Jewish societies, an awareness of the differences between their backgrounds, histories and local conditions and the many ancient and new circumstances and commonalties.

"How little do Jews in one country understand their brethren in other lands. Two Jews, brothers in one nation, stand as living riddles face to face. Western European Jews know so little of their brethren in the faith in Russia and in Poland, and the latter know even less of the former.

"On both sides stand false and outdated opinions, founded on ancient anecdotes, proverbs and frequent jokes. This is one of the psychological causes, as is well known, of external, gentile anti-Semitism, but also of inner, domestic Jewish anti-Semitism. External anti-Semitism wants to be blind and rushes not to know the truth.

Internal anti-Semitism is blindness that is not deliberate, it is a falsehood that is not sought, but comes from the absence of the sources of truth.

"It is not only that we are ignorant of the Jews in China, not of their numbers as of their life. Some have written that there are forty million of them, others number them at several thousand. In regard to Japan, we are not sure that there are any Jewish natives of the islands. We know as little that is truthful of the Falashas as of the Caucasian hill Jews. But to our shame, our educated speak without knowledge of the great masses of Judaism. So in Scandinavia the men of learning and the leaders of the community speak without knowledge of what is beyond their immediate household.

"There are great inventors, writers, artists who are our brethren. Some are brothers - yet not known as such to us. Only a rare few among us recognize some of these celebrities as warm brethren.

"Hebrew and Yiddish literature have depicted hitherto only Russian and Polish Jews as Jews. Jewish men and particularly Jewish children from other lands are unheard of. In the rare cases when a German Jew appears in a Messianic story by Sholom Asch or in one of the sketches by Sholom Aleichem he is invariably represented as a caricature.

"In The sketches, plays and short stories dealing with Jewish life from the pens of such Jewish natives of Western Europe as Carl Emile Francois, Zangwill, Yakubovsky and other portrayers of the ghetto in languages alien to us, Eastern European Jewish personages are drawn upside down, without his true virtues or true vices.

"When I first arrived in Germany, I had to realize that what I had thought I knew of them had been false. I slowly had to unlearn and realize that within Germany there are a variety of types, all of them distant from what I had learned, from what I had read in books and articles.

"Close in space and spirit as Galician Jews and Russian-Polish Jews were to each other, it is remarkable how distant were the impressions of each entertained by the other -- not to speak of Western European Jews' impressions of the former.

"I had believed that I know our Galician brethren well. I had met their intelligentsia frequently through collaboration in Vienna; I had formed a higher measure of their quality as colleagues than I could form of them in Russia.

"Yet it was only after I had occasion to visit many Galician towns and carried out various studies of Jewish life there, did I secure a much better impression of our brethren. Theirs is a golden youth; their students evoke true respect. I had to admit that my perception of them was not as high as they truly deserved.

"The little that had been written in various languages in Western or Eastern European Jewry is antiquated. The spiritual and moral physiology of these Jews has altered during recent decades. The speed of Jewish life, the social and moral movements, and the many and frequent revolutions, catastrophes, the new hopes and blows which struck our Jewish world created a new type; a new Jewish physiognomy has been created.

"Everything in our world is in flux. Nothing is any longer firm, strong, fundamental. Everything floats in the air. All the events in the world alter our life and our intentions. We live in a sunset time, between two luminaries, two epochs.

"We need sharp eyes to see clearly, sharp ears to hear something precise. The seething pot of Jewish life is profound; it is boiling at the bottom, steaming on the surface. The old characteristic physical and moral Jewish type is speedily lost and its memory is erased. Even our orthodoxy and conservatism find a new form, ancient qualities are being uprooted and driven away.

"On the other hand, with eyes open we see the fraternity of the Jews of various lands become firmer and more vital. A new renaissance Jewish type is appearing as a living protest against the exile Jew, with varying signs in different countries. The man in the Jew is affirming. He has desires; they must be born in modern Judaism, as surely as that something is dying in the Jew each day."

Brainin may have undertaken the voyage to the west not only to reach an indefinite destination but to study the Jewish people even as the age was being shaped, as an immigrant and as a teacher of the generation of the immigrant who had set out to create the new nations in the lands of migration.

So the literate explorer noted the condition of the Jewish nations he was leaving and the nations he was passing through; always the scholar, the Hebraist, the linguist, the nationalist, he found them "The Modern Generation of Confusion". (Adler, Dec. 4, 1908).

"European Jews speak all living tongues and dialects which dominate the continent. Yet they constitute a phenomenon unique among peoples: they speak the languages of the world, yet in such unprecedented linguistic wealth the people is impoverished in not having a single living tongue for common usage for all the nation-in-exile, to unite them in the lands of the dispersion.

"As we travel among them from land to land we experience the same conclusion; materially they are all poor, in exile, landless, disunited stepchildren in the land of perfect freedom, even when they do not suffer from practical anti-Semitism (for theoretical anti-Semitism is perpetual, even if in most refined forms). But the native Jews, who are few, have assimilated, at least externally.

"Spiritually they have no language and must speak in alien tongues. When they gather in congress the confusion becomes apparent. We have seen brethren in the blood who were brought up in different lands unable to communicate. I have met immigrants in Paris unable to converse with their children brought up in French. Within the five years the parents have not acquired the language. Some of these parents have been in the capital for twenty-five years; their children learned French in school and have been playing with Christian children. I have seen the tragedy in my mother's home in Vienna, how difficult it was for her to talk with my younger sisters and brothers brought up in German. When you see it with your own eyes, you appreciate the tragedy of exile which alienates brothers and parents from grandparents.

"I have seen Jews who speak no tongue, not even the maternal language, among young people born in Russia, Galicia and Rumania, who emigrated young, wandered with their parents in country after country in search of repose or sustenance and never stayed anywhere long enough to learn a language; they learned German long enough to forget the maternal tongue before they were driven to Paris where their baggage of German dissipated and the French which they picked up was of little value to them in England where they forgot the little French that they had learned or combined it with some English, etc. Life knows such combinations. Their language became a mish-mash of tongues, scraps of German, French, English or Dutch, Swedish, Polish, Italian, etc. All these words became twisted errant in their mouths. Such cripples in linguism are increasing in our time. We see many polyglot Jews in Western Europe while on the other hand other Jews who know no language well.

"Our only language, our own present Esperanto, which to a degree, unites Jews in various lands to this day, is our Sacred Tongue. We can find in every city, in every land, even among the most assimilated, some Jews, particularly among the rabbis and scholars, with whom we can converse in Hebrew. The genuine French, English, Italian and Spanish know not a word of Yiddish. Where the Jews speak or understand German, such as in Holland and Scandinavia, jargon serves the immigrated Jews from Russia, Galicia and Rumania as a means of communicating with the native Jews.

"But in Western Europe Yiddish is considered by the locally born as a jargon without the right to be considered an independent language. They are ashamed of it and hate it when they hear their brethren in the faith speak 'Moishe's' tongue, especially in the presence of gentiles when they seek to earn a living. The new generation of Jews there forget it completely as their elders adopt Yiddish-German, Yiddish-French.

"As a Yiddish-speaking Jew told his neighbours, upon his return from a visit to Germany; 'The Germans are quite nice people, but the way they speak their language

is killing them.' Of course it is not the Germans that are killed by the language but the immigrants who come to the country without knowledge of the nation's tongue or tongues and must suffer materially and spiritually. The refugees must work in Russian-Jewish shops where Yiddish is spoken, at lower wages.

"It is no wonder that these parents strive to have their children learn correct German. Language courses teach adult immigrants in Offenbach and Frankfurt and in universités populaires, but attendance is not very large.

"Intellectual native Jews in Western Europe are distinguished for their higher linguistic expertise and for their literary translations and for their participation in bureaus where foreign languages are required."

THE LOWLANDS

The order of Brainin's writings insofar as they concern Canada are also the order of his learning, from the immigrant bourgeois European academician intellectual to the researcher of the Lowlands, now meeting the desperate Polish refugees to America, settling the lands en route -- Germany, Belgium, France, England -- with east Europeans who were now overwhelming the earliest older and unfriendly communities. In the meantime Brainin was having a painful preview of the realities of American immigrant life before even gazing at the western shores of the Atlantic.

The readers of the Adler were sharing his lessons as they were learning of the student Reuben Brainin and preparing to live with him.

"Brussels is an ancient city; historians trace it back to the fishermen of the sixth century. It is full of antiquities and treasures, its old customs as much as its modernity. The French and Flemish tongues dominate, and the Belgian people are generous, happy and lively. The many theatres are full; the season is summery; people eat and drink outdoors.

"This time I sought out the life of our brethren. I had seen few Jews during my first three visits. I had seen a few in the exchange, one of the city's most impressive structures, in the Louis XIV style; they sounded so exhausted and hoarse that I did not dare ask about community life in the impressive synagogue. Saturday I saw fewer familiar scholars, bankers long resident in the city who spoke of Brussel's political and economic life, but they had little to say of the community.

"But during the present visit I sought to inform myself of the reality which was sad: there is no Jewish life. Judaism is dead. Elegant Rabbi Dr. Schwartz of Alsace, with all his education, is as distant from Judaism as if he lived on the moon; his reading of Hebrew is stilted and he knows nothing of the Jews. Touching the Jews of Belgium he explained that there is no information about their numbers. They need not pay taxes to the community as do the Jews in Germany. They contribute as much as they desire, and only those who are able contribute.

"No one is inscribed by religion, so that not even the police have any figures. The rabbi was kind enough to ask the secretary to send me the figures on how many have been buried according to the Jewish rite each year. I have not received them yet.

"Well known members of the well to do community have told me that they number some 15,000 natives largely of Holland, Alsace and Germany. During the last three years Polish Jews have arrived from Poland, Warsaw, Lomze, Lodz and Cracow. Rabbi Schwartz told me that he has visited some Polish working Jews. Some 2000 live in Brussels.

"There are no serious communal workers in the city. Among the important Jewish citizens are the only Jewish rector of a Christian university who is chairman of the Alliance universelle Israélite in Belgium, a man of broad scholarship who is involved in Jewish affairs; Senator Dr. Samuel Weiner, solicitor for His Majesty; a professor in the conservatory of music and the conductor of the orchestra.

"Jewish associations confirmed with the authorities include the Society for the Consolation of the Mourners, the Jewish Mothers' Association, another for the Assistance of the Poor, and the Chevrah Kadisha. None is involved in the awakening of Jewish awareness or disseminating Jewish learning, history or literature.

"The wealthy dispense substantial sums for the poor through the chancellery of the synagogue, for native Jews or immigrants from Holland. I saw some seventy francophone applicants. They are mostly aged and treated as paupers by the rabbi who is cold as ice as he examines each beggar in the hallway of the chancellery."

On the 23rd of November Brainin examined the several thousand "Polish and Rumanian Jews in Belgium (including a few Sephardi) who settled here within the last four years.

"Among them are only several wealthy, including Ignacy Bernstein, the author of Yiddishe Sprichwörter (Jewish Proverbs), who live off their investments. They have chosen Brussels because it is the capital with many qualities desirable for those who would live in peace, in culture and in freedom. Nearly all the others are poor; only few have achieved anything.

"Some of these Polish Jews have become door-to-door peddlers and salesmen at fairs. But it is difficult to earn a living, for Flemish is essential here, and Polish Jews are people without a tongue.

"Polish Jews have no contact with Belgian Jews except that the very poor receive some support from the rich and secure; they have false, distorted notions of the Poles.

"Among the newly immigrated from Russian Poland are a few small scale carton manufacturers, some keepers of small stores. The rest work in various factories or are tailors, carpenters, glove makers, leather workers and salesmen.

"Women and girls among the Polish immigrants -- few are Lithuanians -- work at jackets, scarves, gloves or in fashion shops. The most distinctive style shops (A. Hirsch and Mitz) are in Jewish hands. Wages are no higher than in Warsaw or Lodz.

"Immigrants must learn two languages, French and Flemish, in order to exist or to reach a higher position. All of them study French more assiduously, even though

Flemish is much easier to learn for those who know Yiddish. The Jew does not know what the morrow will bring; he believes instinctively that French, the universal tongue, will be more useful to him in the future than Flemish which is limited to Belgium.

"I have visited some of these working families and have met gentle and very refined people among them. Some had studied in Yeshivoh and are still attached to all that is printed in the dotted alphabet. I have met some who receive Unser Lebn from Warsaw and recent Yiddish literature. Others have Hebrew books. But there is no Jewish bookstore in the city. You cannot even secure a Bible or a prayer book here. Purchasers have to turn to Antwerp where Cohen and Colt have set up a decent Jewish bookstore, or directly to Warsaw. Brussels has no Yiddish or Hebrew library or reading room. Some have complained that there is no centre of discussion for those interested in letters, so that it is no wonder that a part of the Jewish youth has become corrupted by the merry and light social life of Brussels; are swallowed by the alien society and estranged from Judaism and from family life, even as they make no real contact with Belgian society among whom there are many who utilize their leisure for self-education.

"On Sunday I visited a capmaker who had been a scholar of the enlightenment at his small two-room apartment. His neighbours with their wives and small children, craftsmen from Warsaw and Lodz who had arrived a year or two ago, came in the evening as guests. One of them read from a new Yiddish book. They asked me endless questions about the Czernowitz conference on languages and about the new secularism.

"I asked them of their experience with Russian students new in Belgium. They are a disgrace to us and they are not interested in us, nor have they any sense of idealism, they responded unanimously. I was not long enough in Brussels to confirm the accuracy of their statements.

"The newly immigrated established a new community by the name of the Guardians of the Faith, of the German rite in Poland. Their Rabbi, Dr. Bamberger, a German, is beloved of them. Its 120 members have established a Welcoming of the Guests and a Ladies Aid Society as a lying-in centre for poor women.

"On Sunday evening I again visited the Belgian Maison du Peuple, founded by Social Democrats where Russian Jewish students, and workers of different nationalities eat, hear lectures on various subjects and attend theatre. Remarkably the workers sit in their own sections: Belgians, Germans, Russian Jews each at their own tables, the latter speaking or attempting French. The room is smoke-filled, and mothers bring many infants with them.

"A Yiddish troupe visited in Brussels on their tour of the countryside. Tickets had been sold during the week in the immigrant ghetto "for the world famous actor Berman and the prima donna Mme. Merban in the comedy Orphan Chassya." I arrived on time, at 8:30 but the cast awaited for their audience till 10:00 when the proceedings began. (I had been told that in the past, companies had sold tickets and fled with their 'take' without performing).

"That Saturday evening there were some twenty in the audience in a small room in an inn; the audience applauded the actors and the orphans, and commented as the children played loudly. I wondered whether the cast was able to return to Antwerp fifty miles away.

"Some time ago a Zionist group had been formed, but the sponsoring officers left the city and Brussels' Zionism is showing no life, contrary to the Antwerp situation."

CLOSER TO THE MIGRANTS

One of Brainin's earliest contributions to the Adler (Dec. 18, 1908) was a richly linguistic folkloric sketch which he allegedly overheard,

"Luck is essential! Without it you might as well lie down and cry to the Lord, without Him there is no success.

"I have done every possible thing in my life, but poverty pursues me (may this not happen to you), like a brother in the flesh who watches over me incessantly.

"You may possibly think that I am of no significance, a foundling on the street or descended from plain people. Feh, nothing of the sort. I do not like to boast. Fine family, they say, is a matter for cemeteries. But as an aside I can tell you that I am kneaded only from rabbis. I am a grandchild of the composer of "Him who assists the poor" and a great grandchild of the author of "The Supporter of the Best". And do you know who my grandmother was?

"But what is the value of all this? I'll give you a blown out egg for my genealogy. In this land everybody is an esquire: everybody tells the wonder tales of his genealogy. But who believes us or considers us? We are all beggars here, paupers. Is this not true? The family chart keeps you neither cold nor warm.

"But you think I am ignorant or not very clever and that is why I am a peddler. Excuse me, uncle, but you are wrong. But it makes no difference if you do not believe me. I would not become Rothschild if you did believe me. But since we are chatting, I thought I would tell you.

"For no reason I am telling you I know the Talmud thoroughly, not to speak of Maimonides, and you do not know philosophy and all its questionings and refinements. I should be so lucky as I am -- thanks to the Lord -- a bit of a questioner and one of the enlightened. My Hebrew is still sugar sweet. But who needs it here? Here all is cash, ringing cash. Without that you are nothing, a nothing of nothing.

"You might think I am lazy; that is why I am of ill luck. But where have I not been? At all the worlds' ends; America in all its lengths and breadth. But where ever I came my poverty was with me. We were a couple like other couples.

"Some people were fortunate. Servants become masters; craftsmen became manufacturers. But I.... You cannot help me, nor do I want your help. No man can help. I am only saying the Creator of the universe has punished me, so how anyone can ask Him questions, why did He pick on me? Am I such a saint? I am no saint, for how can you be a saint when your world is managed upside down? My troubles

have turned me into an agnostic. I see clearly that neither Torah learning nor wisdom, neither energy nor piety -- nothing helps in the absence of luck. And, uncle, you might think that I have travelled only through America? I have searched for luck in England. Should I list the trying at everything, the skills and trades I worked at? But why fill your head when it has its own troubles? But who does not have his own?

"I only want you not to believe I am lazy. When I saw that there was no slice of bread for me in England, I jumped to Paris. Does a lazy man do this? These Frenchmen are nice enough people and Paris is a free city, but they do not know English and I have no French.

"In short, I wandered over the streets and boulevards of Paris and among the Jews there. But nothing helps when there is no luck in Paris. Things were so bad in Paris that I had considered putting an end to all my troubles and jump into the Seine. But as the Book says, you live perforce.

"If you ask me why I live and what I expect from living, I will answer -- nothing but troubles greater than the last ones. But strangely when I was about to jump into the Seine, something kept me back. There must be a spring in the life machine that does not permit you to end life suddenly before the time has come.

"You laugh at my questionings. I don't mind. Let a Jew enjoy himself. I only mention that the life that is in us is a sort of electricity in a hidden little machine and if the wheels need to turn they cannot be stopped perforce. Isn't it so? For it is a well known fact that when you hide, you want to eat. And I tell you, uncle, that eating is a nasty thing, that when you want to eat, you must find bread. And when I did not find my piece of bread in Paris -- and I needed so little -- and I did not want to starve or to jump into the Seine, so what did I do? I packed myself off to Germany. That is a long and sad story. Feh, it is an ugly thing to be a poor man...

"I tried to earn something in Germany, but they simply sent me out. All sorts of arguments did not help. Some committee gave me a ticket to the border. You are a sort of brother, so you will understand what happened at the Russian-Polish border. I had been born there and spent my youth there and did not want to go back there. What will I do there? Explore the walls, knock on doors for alms, where everybody eats everybody. Some country, Poland! But a Jew has no choice. When he is told to go, he must go where his eyes direct him as where he is pushed.

So in the middle of the night I left Germany -- some country, Germany, long may it burn, please the Creator of the universe! I tell you, uncle, the Germans are wild animals, torturers of Jews. Please try to be a saint and not become an agnostic.

"You tell me, we the Jews, the chosen people, must wander as aliens, eternally, and the Germans, eighteen dimensional pigs, eaters of forbidden sausages, cannibals, should ride on all and play such a part in the world.

"But all questionings aside, I had to take my prayer shawl and my phylacteries, some old books and my feet on my shoulders -- and off, where? to Belgium. If I had not been there before, so you find me here too.

"So here I am in Antwerp, as you see, some two years; I live and I trade and no one bothers me. The Belgians are dear gentle people, love to live and let live, the police look and are silent, and our brethren, the sons of Israel, mostly Polish Jews are good people who do not hate a poor man. They wanted to turn me into a diamond merchant, a traveller. They wanted to give me a package of diamonds to peddle them in the cafés where merchants sit and do business. Very many live from this trade, and some are well to do.

"So what does mine do? I repeat No, even though I am honoured to be considered as an honest man; they trust me with a package of merchandise that I pray that you and I may possess its true value. But I repeat No. I would not be a diamond dealer, I would not abet a sin, you understand? Some do-nothing wants to present some female a diamond to influence her to a sin. Do you hear? I need to be a broker to the dead? May he never live to see the day. This is no business for me.

"I began dealing with other objects - prayer books, hooks, buttons, knives, matches, shoe laces, etc. Useful things that both gentiles and Jews need. Buy, uncle, I will not overcharge you. I am not forcing you to buy. The Blessed God will send me other customers. But I do need luck. You want to know about my children? That is quite another story. But please buy something. I haven't made a sale to-day. I do need luck."

The Jewish political movements have been recalling this phase of national mobilization, drawing from the well of Jewish theology where one of the central definitions of God is that He loves the Jewish people, a motif possibly unique in theology. For years this element had been repeated almost as the world's dogmas. In the presence of the migrants, Brainin notes, one is awakened to the masses and is born anew.

"There is no mass of people in the world as intelligently prepared for sacrifices and for ideal causes as the Jewish masses.

"In order to love the Jewish people and to learn to believe in its ability to live and to create its autonomous existence, it is essential to penetrate into the lives of our poor brothers, our workers, our tradesmen, our proletarians, our petty merchants in their sad, depressive lives. Yet, how many bright spots there are there, how much

spiritual riches there are within their poverty, how many healthy seeds of development are to be found on these poor Jewish streets!

"I do have occasion to spend some summer months in various resorts in the proximity of wealthy Russian Jews, to observe their relations with each other and to enter their poor world of emotions and ideas. In their company I feel myself in the Tohu Bohu of people with no heavens above their heads or ground under their feet, people torn from their nation, from their past, with no dreams of future. As a writer among them, I feel afloat in an abyss, a peculiar creature in my own eyes.

"As a writer my duty is to hold a mirror up to all classes of my people, to show all the weaknesses and flaws, the wounds and ills that plague the poor and the workers as well as the rich and the powerful.

"At this point I direct myself to our poor and to our pale and powerless intelligentsia, to evoke energy, faith and courage, and to appreciate that they can live and work only in the true love of our poor brethren, intimately bound with the Jewish masses.

"We must stand in the midst of their life, and we must turn over all that we possess -- all that is luminous, aware, cultured, Jewish educated -- to them voluntarily, with pleasure. By frequenting them we will become the richer and vitally more powerful.

"Ask not the doctor; ask the patient. I, too, was torn for many years from the Jewish masses and lived in a universe of abstractions and theory, a world of shadows without reality, without action, a world of peelings, without seed.

"Five years ago I went to Hamburg to study the migration movement. For weeks I lived the lives of immigrants day and night, shared their troubles.

"I was newly born; I recognized my unfortunate brothers and their true qualities and faults. I realized that our literature, the art and dreams of our future are justified only when they are nourished on our true life, the life of our Jewish masses."

JEWS IN FRANCE

A few months later, on Feb. 3, 1909, Brainin wrote for the Montreal daily on "The Jews in France."

"In recent years French Jewry sank to a lower level, its Judaism has become a peel, devoid of name or content.

"Several causes led to this catastrophe. The Dreyfus case led the petty merchant souls of French Jewry to fear anti-Semitism, persecutions and false accusations; they avoid the French and fear radicals as the mortal enemy.

"There are probably more profound, psychic, historical and racially instinctive reasons why the Jews of France, who have severed their strong and the fine threads that bind them to Judaism, have not baptized.

"Another element is the separation of church and state and the fact that the present government is liberated in matters of faith. French Jews conceive of Judaism only as a religion, not as a national reality. They sense instinctively that the black clericalism can bring them only troubles and persecution, possibly pogroms à la russe, consequences of the black poisonous hatred which are appearing in the corners of the nation which had never been close to Judaism. These Jews suppress and hide increasingly all signs of Jewishness, of tradition which had remained in their midst. They accepted the ostrich policy which believed that if they bury their eyes in the sand, if they will not openly see the enemy then that foe will not see them.

"Conversion is not a French style and, of course, style is the queen of French social life. Her Majesty la Mode forbids conversion and ridicules it.

"So most of intellectual French Jewry entered the ranks of libre pensée and freemasonry and are more distant from Judaism than even a few years ago. When a western European Jew discards religion he tears all bonds which unite him with his brethren and alienates himself from Jews.

"Significantly, the late Rabbi Zadok Cohen was one of the greatest Jews of his time. I have known him for twelve years, and my admiration of his great Jewish soul grew with time as of a wise man concerned with all developments in Judaism, who was in constant contact with the great men of Israel. He responded to every appeal; he utilized his influence on wealthy French Jews and led Baron Edmond de Rothschild into the Chovevei Zion. Himself no minor Hebrew stylist, he followed current literature and science. A perpetual gentleman, he conversed with Anatole France and Rabbi Samuel Mohlever.

"His successor as chief rabbi, Alfred Levy, is the contrary to Rabbi Zadok Cohen. Like most Paris Jews, the Rothschilds opposed his appointment and supported the candidacy of Rabbi Cohen's son-in-law, Prof. Israel Levy. But the Jews in the province disliked his relationship with the alien Russian Jews.

"The present chief rabbi is a nullity, without learning, Torah wisdom, or deeds, very distant from Judaism, deliberately ignorant of Jewish affairs; a reasonably adequate speaker but devoid of content. Jewry had never heard of him. When a prominent Zionist quite properly slapped his face in public, the community in Lyons said that the event resounded throughout the Jewish world. Nearly seventy years old he has never published an article or achieved a single act on behalf of Jews or Judaism."

Brainin continued his series on "French Judaism" on March 2, 1909 by recalling his conversation with philosopher Max Nordau who was even more pessimistic on this subject than Brainin. With his fiery temperament he cried out,

"Judaism is passing away rapidly since the days of Rabbi Zadok Cohen. Assimilation is devouring everything. The great men of Paris know of only one manner: to beg Baron Edmond de Rothschild to care for all Jewish needs, even the pettiest; they are free of all responsibilities."

But Brainin was more optimistic of the future as he witnessed "the arrival in recent years of intellectual Russian Jews who will introduce fresh movement into French Judaism, a hope that had also been entertained by Rabbi Zadok Cohen during the last year of his life.

"One of my Parisian friends who is connected with political and learned clerical circles and their confidential apparatus warned me of new conspiracies against Jews, of new poisons to indoctrinate the masses which, in comparison, will make the Dreyfus case seem like child's play.

"As we read the most recent description by the eminent author Anatole France of the black monarchist nobility we sense that anti-Semitism has become a pathology. In his The Most Wonderful History in the World we read of a diabolical creature conversing with a clerical aristocrat who accuses the spirit of having upset his father's library and stolen books. The spirit admitted he had been studying Hebrew texts from the literature of Judaism.

"So you know Hebrew?"

"Hebrew is my first language."

"So you are a Jew! I could tell by your conduct."

Brainin referred to the Bernstein's play Israel, produced this winter, which indicates that anti-Semitism is a lively social political problem. "It can be assumed that if this disease will assume dangerous forms the Jews of France will awaken to their plight and their tradition will be aroused. The cowards and the weak among them will conceal the last signs of Judaism within their hearts and will disappear from the Jewish people. But the firmer among them, the more real, the gentler will search for a content, a sense, a living seed in Judaism, a bond with earlier generations and with their scattered brothers in contemporaneity.

"As we study our old annals and our current history we find many such instances, enough to establish a historical law. Bernstein's baron is an example of this phenomenon; a French patriot, a product of Gallic aristocracy, yet more Jewish than French, an adherent of the tradition with a sense of our ancient past. Yet a man of long vision of our future; his thoughts roam in a high Jewish space."

Brainin had spent five weeks in the centre of London eight years earlier, after the Fourth Zionist Congress, to study the city, its libraries, its meeting places, and its ghetto, superficially, "like a reader who glances at the pages of a book before reading it attentively.

"Now, (March 31, 1908) I have been here for eleven weeks studying the great book of London and its East End, chapter by chapter, line by line, letter by letter. Every detail interests me, every point in this notable book...

"The Jews of the east end leave the impression of passengers at sea who have met with catastrophe; many had drowned; others were saved by good fortune on an island. They seem to be awaiting for the happy accident of a ship that would take them elsewhere. Accident had brought them to an island, blind fate will carry them elsewhere. Life on the island is temporary. The more capable somehow earn a living, the others, unhappy, walk like shadows, they seize every opportunity of hope for minimum income. They are with skills. They do not like their occupations. Those in the trades do not know how to deal honestly with their customers. I wanted to know why so few Christians came to the east end stores or even to the Jewish areas of older established stores. I was told. 'This is no anti-Semitism, but the English are English, and even the poorest classes are accustomed to shop in well swept stores, where the merchandise is orderly, the storekeepers are skilled in their trade and are well served, where the purchases are neatly wrapped. The Jewish stores are in hopeless confusion.'

"The Hebrew teachers and the religious clergy do not know their profession; they are in their function by chance. In this uncertain society of east European Jews there can be no flourishing of culture blossoms. Some hundred thousand Jews live in this uninteresting, vacant east end of London's ghetto. The more capable, healthier among them move slowly to America or to London's west or north, and the ghetto

remains the home of the less skilled and the less capable, the less cultured, in the struggle for life.

"The upper layer of intellectuals is distant, in every sense, from London, in an exile within an exile, with no contact with the eastern Jews of London. It is a sad report, but leads us to thinking."

TEACHING MONTREAL READERS

Brainin began his systematic introduction of Canadian readers to the heights and profundities of Jewish literature on Dec. 1, 1908 with a summary of the work of Gustav Karpeles, editor of the Algemeine Zeitung des Judenthums, on his sixtieth birthday.

For forty years he has been the foremost scholar in his field, having begun the research on the life and works of Heinrich Heine, thus establishing a prime position in Germanic and in Jewish studies. Among his best known works are his giant history of world literature and his annals of Hebrew literature.

One of the first of the Jewish authors whom Brainin introduced to the readers of the Adler, on Dec. 7, 1908 was his kindred spirit in Zionism and Hebraism Nahum Sokolov, who was to climax his career by leadership in world Zionism; "the incomparably talented prolific writer, by his appearance no less than by his gifts in personality and in power; the European aristocrat who considers each word that streams from him, courteous and gentle to the noble and to the simple as he pours out his endless lore of authentic Jewish humour and science.

"Active as he was in the numerous institutions of Warsaw Jewry, he found time to write endlessly wherever he happened to be, in solitude in his own newspaper, formerly the Hatzefirah, but no less often in the foreign press in their own languages.

"He wrote rapidly, like a machine; apparently directly from his draft to the editor, without correction, on his large sheets in neat rounded lines as was the manner of our rabbis of old, in tiny letters requiring magnifying glasses; equally rapidly in several languages; but mostly at his ease in Hebrew.

"As he wrote in Yiddish he was careful to avoid Germanic turns of speech and foreign words, expressing himself in popular usage.

"He insisted on the hours of his solitude of his office, pausing only to wait as he warmed his coffee; then continued on everything in the world, science, translations, poems, even novels.

"His colleague David Frishman once said that he would not be surprised to see Sokolov break into music.

"After five hours of writing he appears promptly at meetings fresh as if he had just risen from bed, speaks at length and continues with his friends in the café or in private homes, late into the night, as all wonder, where does he find time to write?

"In company he is never pensive, always neatly attired, cool, considerate in his expressions and in his choice of words and in his gestures. He thinks about his writing only in his office. The rest of his time he is the communal figure and the leader in Warsaw Jewry."

"The old men call Nomberg a young writer, but the young call him an old author steeped in Chassidism. He sprang away from that tradition and became one of the free thinking illuminati, and then a Yiddish writer. This type of the enlightened, who never severed completely from their Chassidism, are not rare in Wohlynia and Lithuania where the enlightenment began some fifty years before it appeared in Poland, where it dates but a few years back.

"Nomberg did not merely sever himself from Chassidism but devoted himself to his new studies and soon appeared as a serious scholar and intellectual.

"Among the young literary figures he was distinct for his avoidance of self deception; his powerful sense of reasoning militated for intellectual honesty. He never simply sat down to compose a work. His mind was always full of many themes, but they are distant, and would never be written except for the need which, evil as it is, nevertheless often creates great things, often forces a man to sit down and to write.

"Nomberg has worked for the daily press; there is no delaying here, and a man must write.

"So Nomberg was able to write for six or eight hours on end. He loves life; he loves society, and after passing hours in company he can settle down to work for hours; mornings, when the entire world works, he loves to sleep. In the evening he loves to walk, to sit in cafés with friends. Then, when all are in repose, he works.

"He seizes truth in peculiar ways. He saw a painting of Eugene Shapiro on display and wrote the sketch 'Be Silent, Sister.'

"To clarify my instant photograph of Nomberg, I need to add: he seems to dismiss everything lightly, but at work he is unrecognizable; we deal with an earnest, considerate and practical man; the most serious of all the young writers because of his intellectual, wise simple mind, a heritage of his old time orthodox days." (Brainin in Adler, Dec. 7, 1908).

On Dec. 30, 1908 Brainin published an article on the recently deceased lecturer Meir Freedman, the outstanding interpreter of Aggadah and other ancient texts. "When I was studying in Vienna I was privileged to attend his unforgettable lectures on the Midrash for two years. I heard him two years ago in Carlsbad in the company of Jewish scholars then in the resort. The old lecturer led a tour of Kaiserpark. His

spirit was fresh and lively, pouring out colourful wise playful Midrash-rockets. He was young with the young".

Brainin's "The Elders" deals with the rare old men who are wise and can teach our society. Among them: Andrew Carnegie. "I wish I knew him. Intercourse with men like him would be more revealing than books.

"He is the philosopher of money, a man of large plans, and strong will. From a simple worker he has become a billionaire, the Napoleon of labour and business for whom money is not an end but a means of creating cultural values, of accumulating knowledge and of refining his own soul. In his sixties he left for England to sit at Oxford with young students and to live like a philosopher, simply, while the income from his assets was dedicated to libraries and to artistic creation, to peace and education. He still has vigour and the power of fantasy.

"Our people have seen Baron de Hirsch bequeath to us 200,000,000 francs to establish something great and truly good, but these moneys unfortunately proved little use to our nation.

"Count Zeppelin has always sought victory, often at risk to his life. At seventy he still displays vigour and energy as he seeks channels for new triumphs for mankind crawling on the earth, beyond space.

"The third of our durable heroes is Tolstoy, at eighty, near death, with pen in hand fighting mankind's opinions and injustices and the wrongs perpetrated by the powerful. He is the founder of a religion, a martyr, the destroyer of universes, a builder of a mankind, the prophet of his generation who strives for our immortality.

"I think of these old men and of the youthful leaders of our time. These are invalids, past their time. The aged men grew stronger with time; their will became steel and their horizons grew larger with time. Our Jews have no great elders, and our young have traded their vigour for trivia, for they are too aged and too clever. Jewish life devours and deranges talent, wastes its energies. Our newborn is old and our older men are childish.

"I am always saddened to think that Jews have no business men who would bequest their capital for our great cultural ends." (Dec. 24, 1908)

By 1909 we find him in North America, already particularly attached to Montreal. He had expected that the less competitive on the continent would seize upon his rare culture and his potential leadership.

His European fame preceded him to America and his very name evoked old country idealism among the Zionist immigrants. One of them recorded his public appearance

in New York. "Those who did not attend the farewell to Brainin at the Cooper Union cannot imagine the enthusiasm which reigned that March evening.

"Some of the speakers did not rise to the occasion, it is true; but there were cries of 'Yiddish' and 'Hebrew' (reflecting one of the great cultural issues of the period in Jewish society). Joseph Barondess aroused his audience by telling of a dream he had about a Hebrew university in New York, with Brainin as principal. He would be the first to enrol."

His departure from Europe and his several years of residence in Montreal constitute a dramatic chapter in his biography and a significant case history in the epic of Jewish migration.

In no sense was Brainin typical of the movement of the millions.

Moishe Dickstein always the colourful editor of the Yiddish Ovnt Courier, recalled meeting Brainin in Berlin by chance when both were en route to the New World; Brainin, the renowned, established intellectual; Dickstein, the street-wise, Warsaw youth with aspirations towards journalism and a sharp admiration for writers of distinction. During the voyage Brainin was not typical of the migrants -- aloof, as if comfortably provided, driven only by his own conviction that flight from Europe was an overriding need for him as well as for the proletarians. Even then Dickstein sensed the adventures that Brainin was bound to meet in his crowded, ill organized voyages across the ocean, where millions of desperate variegated harried pursued Jews were seeking security, places in a New World peopled by hundreds of millions of a dozen nationalities who were promised life or fortune or anonymous demise in an unprecedented lottery; this clearly talented Jewish family man; armed with the seriousness of Judaic history, idealism, community, honesty, poverty, in relationships with the hosts of masses of the lower decks.

Dickstein, always a man of respect and vision, from infancy the man gifted with the skills of the insurance professions, followed the Canadian Brainin in ideologies and in Zionism with perspicacity and respect, as he himself became the great leader of education, of Poale Zion and of the Canadian Jewish Congress, established the Canadian Actions Committee of the Labor Zionist Movement in Canada, and collaborated with A.M. Klein in the English-language version of the historic From Palestine to Israel in 1951.

Because of his person and the condition of the intellectual class of immigrant Jewry in pre-war America, Brainin was doomed to great difficulties in the New World. This Jewish society had no established refined upper class to relate to the European Jewish or to the cultural Hebraic society of publishers, professors, journalists and philanthropists in which the Brainins had moved in Berlin and in Vienna. The leaders of the new world, even the wealthier and the public spirited, openly bore the

marks of the crudeness of a frontier society. Nor did they pretend to need the leadership or the ornamentation of famed foreign celebrities to affirm their position.

But Jewish economic geography was not his forte, and America was not waiting for him with open arms. In his terminology, New World Jewry was different from European, so gross, so materialistic, so unappreciative even of his Germanic culture.

A WANDERER'S SELF ANALYSIS

His relationships with people were spun of the fine substance of cultural affinity or cultural differentness. In the sphere of Jewish affairs his activities and contributions took place on the lofty planes of theory and intellectual values. He was a leader among the creators of the cult of secular culturalism -- a school which had in the course of time been superseded by the practicalists. In New York Jewish life was, to be sure, multi-hued and vibrant. It teemed with ideologies and their disciples. But among the latter Hebrew occupied a minor place. The scene was preempted by Yiddish, and the processes of Jewish integration found vital expression in a richly flowering literature in the Yiddish language. And the thematic urges that had given birth to the burst of Hebrew writings in the Haskalah period now redeemed themselves in the exercises of the Zionist mechanism.

His "Jewish Caprices" (Adler, Jan. 21, 1909) dealt with the national fault of impatience. "National causes and interests, which normally require patience, time and continuous labour, are expected to produce radical results immediately. Once planted we expect flowers instantaneously, to be plucked a moment after the seeding; within the hour we pluck the most precious of our possessions, pull at it, tear it and discard it. We are not a people but nervous spoiled children, requiring new dolls.

"To cite the history of Zionism and our national cultural movement: a new development. We who are middle aged stood at its cradle and experienced all its escalations. We see our people play with words, play a while and cast them away; we begin and do not conclude; we skip the beginning and commence at the middle; our will is sickly. When a new strong man would lead us, we tear from his hands; we prefer to lie in the mud. As children we like dwarfs. We chatter slogans which we copy from our elders and from adult nations; some, hearing us, think we are wise. We err and we do not learn from our mistakes.

"What have we made of Zionism, our living great concept of liberation from bitter exile? We changed the gold of the salvation of the nation for small coins. After a sudden awakening we have dozed off again. After a sharp attack we fall asleep again. As Zionists we have made mistakes. This is human, but we have not learned to use errors to teach us great wisdom. We have not learned.

"Unexpectedly new conditions arose, new events in Turkey, new possibilities for the dream of our salvation, days for our ancient people's dream. But our childish nervous caprice came in the way. Instead of the living powerful acts, instead of seeing our reality in its entirety and significance, we sink in pettiness; half hoping and half despairing. We do not seek new ways.

"The political world scene, the condition of Jewry everywhere seems to have been made to our measure. We are rich enough, strong enough to create great deeds.

But here comes our weak, sulking pessimism, always alien to the Jewish soul. It places leaden weights upon the wings of our people's imagination; false prophets teach us not to act. Impatient communal activists with the vision of house flies repeat our ancient errors.

"But a nation that wants to live is never despondent or despairing. Creative force and creative passion are sisters and children of the instinct for life."

An extraordinary and surprising "Sketch" by Brainin written in the midst of this wandering for the Montreal Adler (April 15, 1909) is all the more confusing for being composed in the first person; but not as from the pen of a highly regarded 47-year-old thinker with a following in society but as from an inarticulate, callous lone villager contemplating his next steps, -- of whom there were many during these generations, to a friend long separated.

"What to do?" The monologue assumes a remarkable mask of an innocent, possibly the wanderer of the London night storm, "You ask me to write you, but I do not know if I can describe what I wish, what I really want to tell you, as one tells a friend. Somehow the pouring out of my heart to a friend does not come in words or in a letter; I am not sure you will understand me completely. You are a little distant from our spaces, and in the meantime all has changed and become other. "I sometimes sit for long with my thoughts, no one to address a word; everyone has his bundle, his problems and worries and is carried away in his own issues.

"There is nothing to do, and I have no idea where I should turn.

"I have no notion. Every moment a new thought is born, a new plan, a new project. But instantaneously it becomes clear that they are all silly dreams and fantasies. I seek a purpose, an aim in life. Life is indeed aimless, a burden, a nightmare, a bluff. So, why do I live? Why do others live?

"So the hours drag on, the days, the months. Life is a mud puddle, stagnant, with no release or relief, mud to the neck, ugly to myself or to my beholder.

"I want to flee to Palestine, to become a simple worker there, to fight for our future, for the independence of our people. At such a moment, it seems to me that a great hour has come, with Turkey free; we the young Jews can create great things in Palestine. Twenty-five years ago, the Biluim were Chalutzim. I could run barefoot to the Holy Land, to this sacred task. At such a moment I look at the young people and ask, what are they doing here? Who needs them here, and whom do they need? Why are they not where they are needed? Where every drop of their perspiration can serve coming generations?

"Yet at such moments of historical wonderment another, a contrary thought arises. Why not America, why not earn a living in America, with the million Jews in New York, with advancing Jewish culture there, in Yiddish, where intelligent communal workers are needed; establish a Jewish paper in that city, reform the Yiddish theatre, true Jewish art?

"I no sooner form this thought than another pushes it away: to remain in the village, become a Jewish teacher. How can I desert my oppressed poor brethren who are being deprived of all their old homes in darkness, without a proper teacher for the next generation who will grow wild with no culture or ideals.

"I spent years on the world's problems, pamphlets, agitation, a little on fine literature. So I consider studying in Berlin, Paris. But for what end? What will become of me? If I am to teach I must teach myself.

"And then I think: Can I return to Switzerland, to Germany? My recent years were passed in community work, mostly in propaganda pamphlets. I have not even read much, except a little fiction that has come to hand. So I decide to begin to study. I am prepared to return to Switzerland, to Paris but not to study; to make something of myself before I begin to teach, to become a bearer of culture. I must know. I see myself drawn with all my powers to study.

"But this only a brief moment. Questions and doubts as to what to study, without preliminary certificates, without money, without the skills to resort to the dry books essential for study. And, at best, what after I have studied? How many of my doctor friends who are still without knowledge or skill or employment, passing their lives with no purpose. Is a diploma necessary?

"Perhaps I should devote myself to literature. My talents are no lesser than all my friends who have become well-known and my knowledge greater and purer. So I begin to write sketches, short stories and it seems that they are not bad, at least not worse than others that now appear; sometimes better, more profound, more artistic.

"The trouble is that I begin to write and do not finish. I remain at the beginning, for as I enter the theme there comes the bitter question: who will read it, who needs it, who is the expert in this literature? Who will sponsor it? For I know that without it the written word will not enter the Temple of the muse. For this we owe the protection of a great writer, we need to be the Chassid of a great Rebbe, and I know not how.

"For when a man is alone it is hard to reach a higher degree. It is hard to live alone. So I decided to marry. But to marry poor is like two corpses dancing. So I decided to marry a rich girl. When there is money I will be able to study, to publish.

"I will write you more of this. In the meantime I remain your friend, Reuben Brainin." (Submitted to the press by A.I., apparently a literary agency which distributed his writings to the Yiddish press).

The realistic publisher of the Montreal Adler wrote, long before Brainin settled in the dominion, that "Brainin should have settled in America long ago, There were various reasons why he could not live in Russia, in the heart of Jewry."

"A Zionist leader of long standing, an intimate of Mendele Mocher Sephorim, of Sholem Aleichem, of Chaim Nachman Bialik, of Dr. Theodore Herzl and of Max Nordau.

"A world traveller, the road of his life brought him to Smolensk, Vilno, Warsaw, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London, Montreal and New York". (Baer Green)

In Europe he was socially if, possibly not economically, established as a prime figure in Hebraic society, the spokesman of a worldwide group centred on Europe, constantly examining European culture. He did have critics and even opponents, but the debate was on European terms, and he had few overseas cultural or social connections."

The move to America was painful. Indeed he returned to Europe after one failure, and then came back to the U.S.

IN CANADA

The Canadian Jewish Times interviewed Brainin on January 28, 1910 on a few topics of interest.

In these complex ideological controversies of the time the language issues were often brought in, as they were by Brainin, in most extreme terms at this period. His long interview with the Canadian Jewish Times on January 28, 1910, informative of the linguistic condition of Jewry was characteristic of Brainin's views at the time.

The language of our fathers has obtained an impregnable stronghold in the heart of Mr. Brainin. There is no one who could speak with greater authority on this subject, and few with equal knowledge. Yiddish, on the other hand, finds no favour with him, and in this he is supported by the vast majority of those who have given the matter thoughtful study, and have found it nothing but a make-shift, or as Dr. Nordau terms it, "a galuth-flower."

On the Hebrew language, and the future of Yiddish, Mr. Brainin said: "I have thoroughly studied this problem, and am against the use of Yiddish. True, it is spoken extensively in certain parts, but it is gradually dying out. In south Russia, the Jews speak only Russian, and do not understand one word of Yiddish. In Germany, there are no Russian Jews, and, consequently, the natives do not know the jargon; they speak German.

"The French Jews do not know this language either. In England, Yiddish is dying out. In that country there are only two papers printed in the jargon, and these only cater to the immigrants. In Scandinavia, Danish and Swedish are spoken; after five years residence in either country the Jew completely discards Yiddish. In Holland, they speak Dutch. This applies to both the immigrant of but a few years and to the born Dutch Jew.

"In Russia, however, there is a new movement today, and that amongst the intelligent classes that prefer speaking the Yiddish language to that of the Russian. This idea has as its followers the educators, lawyers, doctors, engineers; not for their love of the tongue, but as a protest against Russian tyranny. These people, whenever possible, glory in their recognition as Jews. On the street cars they will pull out a Hebrew or Yiddish newspaper to attract attention; at cafes, restaurants, and other public places, they converse with one another in Yiddish. All this is not carried on in the small towns or villages, but in the large Russian cities, such as St. Petersburg, Moscow, Smolensk; on the other hand in south Russia, as I have said, they speak Russian. Even the daughters of the Chassidim, strange as it may seem, prefer speaking Russian or Polish."

He had returned to the Slavic empire briefly to assume the editorship of a Yiddish periodical, and not very successfully at that.

It is as if Brainin had prepared Yiddish Montreal for his arrival, although he cannot have foreseen the role that Quebec would play in his life. From Brussels he contributed an article to the Adler of November 20 and 23, 1908 on "the Brussels community which I know from several visits, but I learned more from my fourth visit; this time beyond its museums with their art treasures, the libraries, the wonderful botanical garden and its unique court house.

He wrote an autobiographical sketch on his literary career to the time of his decision to leave Europe for the new world, for the Adler of April 15, 1909.

An article by Brainin was translated by the Adler editor A. Landau, for the issue of December 29 on the Polish and Rumanian Jews in Belgium. He reported that Jewish cultural life in the community was neglected by the native Jews, and that the immigrant community was only at its beginning. He published a sketch in the issue of January 29, 1910.

He contributed another article on literature to the Adler in January 1910.

Another of his recollections, "The Prophet" appeared on July 14, 1910. Complex and difficult years in the American quest, broken by a voyage back to Europe, were spent in search of a stable spot in the New World. Montreal was one of the centres where he was most comfortable, though it is difficult to reconstruct his impressions of the Canadian centre and its Jewish citizenry. There exists printed documentation, but the rencontre is unclear.

An autobiographical sketch written while he was among Jewish westward immigrants in Hamburg may be very significant. "Among Brethren" appeared in the Adler of January 9, 1910. It deals with a theme which has since become hackneyed: the love of the people was ideologically pragmatic, furthered by the Zionism of the age.

"The psychology of it is that the more educated classes, who had already experienced assimilation, and had already been through the entire process of being like their Christian neighbours, are now returning to their Jewish self-esteem, and protest against their former assimilating tendencies, whilst the less educated, who have not as yet gone through the process, have not yet become as nationalistic. It is interesting to note that even the converted Jews have joined in this campaign and are averse to speaking Russian; we often hear one telling the other to speak 'mamme loshen'.

"In St. Petersburg, there is a Society for the Advancement of Hebrew of which the very highest Jews of the city are members and in which they have taken an active and lively interest.

"This society is ahead of any other Jewish organization of a like nature, and the only medium of conversation within its walls is Hebrew.

"When I was in that city recently, I delivered a lecture before that body in Hebrew, and in conversing with them I was pleasantly surprised to see such a large number of Jews all of whom speak our ancient tongue so fluently. This Yiddish movement I have just referred to, is purely a stepping stone to the use of this language. Wherever and whenever possible they lose no opportunity of introducing Hebrew words into the jargon. In Galicia, the cultivation of the Hebrew language stands on an exceptionally high level, and is spoken and read by the highest and lowest, male and female, student and workman alike.

"It is humorous to see and hear Jewish workmen on a church steeple putting up a cross and singing Hebrew melodies.

"In the universities the Jewish students, until recently registered as Polish speaking; now they place themselves on the rolls as Hebrew speaking. In the largest Jewish business houses, banks, factories, etc., all the correspondence, books, telegrams, and so forth, are carried out in Hebrew. Since the Russian revolution there has been a marked revival for the study of the Hebrew language.

"Yiddish as a language has no future at all, because it is being forgotten and ignored by the rising generation. For that reason alone Hebrew must be cultivated and propagated amongst us, and must be recognized as our living language. For, if this be not done, the Jews will have two dead languages -- Yiddish and Hebrew. We must have one common language, Hebrew, to unite us, even when we are scattered amongst other nations of the world.

"In Germany, at present there is a new development amongst the better class families. These are anxious for their children to receive a thorough Hebrew education, and even go to the extent of engaging Jewesses with a thorough knowledge of the Hebrew language as governesses. The Society for Hebrew Culture in Berlin, of which I have the honour to be president, and which is composed of students at the universities, till recently had ninety-five percent Russian Jewish students who had come to study in Berlin, whilst today it is the reverse, ninety-nine percent of its members are German Jews. Such a stronghold has Hebrew become amongst our people in Germany.

"In Palestine, and all the oriental countries, Hebrew has always been, more or less, a living language; but of recent years there has been a marked further renaissance. Since the Young Turk movement has started, there has also been the 'Young Jew'

movement, in a sense that the rising generation has taken up the revival of the Hebrew language and the Hebrew culture. The Spanish and the Portuguese Jews are now cultivating the language, are speaking it, and are teaching it most energetically to their children. In the schools, Hebrew is the medium of instruction, for both Jew and Arab. Even the servants who came out with some of the Russian emigrants, speak nothing but Hebrew, for the very good reason that in many localities they could not be understood in any other language. The instances I relate must convince the most pessimistic and lethargic Jew.

"I paid a visit to the Talmud Torah in the Baron de Hirsch Institute, under the Rev. Levin, and I found the children all enthusiastic and eager to learn. I asked them questions in Hebrew, and they answered them in the same tongue. They, naturally, have a great deal to learn yet, but it is a beginning; the spirit is there and they stand in the right way of acquiring a good knowledge of the language.

"I am greatly optimistic. The Judaism I see is neither strictly reform nor entirely orthodox. I see the 'via media'. Those of the ultra reform element, who shall not become entirely assimilated, or indifferent, will become more conservative; but orthodoxy will also have to approach nearer the middle way. There will of course, always be parties in Judaism, all in accordance with the countries where we dwell, but there has been a distinct revival all over the world."

In country language Brainin painfully discovered the new Montreal Yiddish workers, their press and its readers. Strangely, they took to him in a manner he might have dreamed about. But he found it difficult to adjust to his own social leadership and to his new associates. His diary records his pain.

The Jewish World in England carried an interview with Brainin, then in America, on "The Doom of Yiddish". This report was so violent that it may represent the words of the journalist more than the thought of Brainin, but it certainly reflects the attitude to this language of a not inconsiderable element of the thought of Jewish people.

"Reuben Brainin sees no future for the Yiddish language in England. We heartily agree. He declares that it is dying here; we wish we could say that it is dying fast. Unfortunately that is not the case. But all who are anxious to see a revival of Hebrew should strenuously assist in killing 'jargon'.

"Yiddish has been responsible for the cruel and criminal neglect of the beautiful Hebrew language. What a tremendous difference it would have made to Hebrew learning and literature if the inhabitants of the Pale of Russia and of the Ghetto of Galicia learnt the real Jewish mother tongue instead of the step-mother dialect of German origin. There are hundreds of thousands in Russia and Austria today -- and there have been larger numbers in the past -- who scarcely ever speak any other

language than Yiddish, although they may know Russian or Polish. They have spread its use to England, to an infinitely greater extent to America, and also to South Africa.

"Judaism here, in America, and even on the continent of Europe, would have been in a far stronger position today had Hebrew been diffused instead of Yiddish. We should not now have to deplore the lack of learning, the decay of Jewish consciousness, and should not have to struggle to implant a new desire in the hearts of the people for the grand old language of the Bible and of scholars in all ages.

"The use of the 'jargon' has not only been responsible in a measure for a good deal of the contempt of the Jew; it has fostered in us a certain contempt of ourselves. A glorious treasury of literature was neglected, and a bastard language usurped its place without a literature, or a tradition.

"It is the height of irony that only now is a Yiddish literature springing up; but it has come too late to save the language. In England at any rate English born Jews dispose of the jargon. Only few know it, and they discourage its use by their elders. Young immigrants also discard it, and with the continued decrease of the inflow from the continent, "jargon" here is doomed. The only thing to be regretted is that the dying process is very slow". (Canadian Jewish Times, March 4, 1910).

The respectful receptions Canadian leaders tendered Brainin did not imply a place in their council, leave alone leadership.

Long after, while still suffering from the pain which closed his exciting Montreal experiences in press and community, he was able to record gratefully and without recrimination that "thanks to the Adler I came face to face with the working men, with the broadest classes of the Jewish people, for the first time. And coming in touch with them I came to love them with all my heart. I found their virtues far outweighed their faults. In their generosity, culture, hospitality and readiness to sacrifice they exceed their brethren elsewhere. I came to appreciate the importance of writing their Yiddish language." ("My Recollections", in 1932 Souvenir Edition of the Adler, p. 60)

He named his associates, a roll of honour of the period: Michael Garber, H.M. Caiserman, A.B. Bennett, A.A. Roback, Y. Kaufman, B.G. Sack, Konrad Bercovici, L.M. Benjamin.

"I find myself in cold Canada, distant from any literary or poetic environment", he wrote early during his stay in this country, "in an alien and frozen land".

He began to feel more at home when he came in contact with the populous migration which attained its peak shortly before the war. It bore a mass of young

people who had been inspired by the ideals of the new age, as Israel Rabinovitch described it.

They centred about the Poale Zion, the socialist circles and the new labour unions which had already founded the National Radical School, later became the Peretz School. McGill University student Yehudah Kaufman, Hebraist, introduced Brainin to these circle who, to his own surprise, won his affection. ("On Reuben Brainin", in Eagle, April 13, 1962)

He was known by reputation to the leading citizens of Canadian Jewry, all Zionists, some of them Hebraists. They received him at the Baron de Hirsch Institute. The Jewish Times interviewed him. It honoured him with a front-page personal presentation.

"In the interesting ensemble of the modern Hebrew writers, Mr. Brainin is a dominant figure who was largely instrumental in effecting the transformation of the old Hebrew language -- beautiful and melodious as it undoubtedly was, but unwieldy and useless for all practical purposes -- into the newer, more simple language employed today. He also introduced the modern European spirit into the boundaries of the Hebrew literature from which, up to his time, it had been conspicuous by its absence.

"Like all pioneers, like all who choose not to walk in the beaten path of convention but rather to cut through one of their own, Brainin is a literary 'Jack-of-all-Trades', one who has tried his hand in many varying literary departments, he has been rewarded with a fair degree of success in all of them. He has written stories -- short ones -- which are distinguished by much originality, vivid imagination, truthful realism and descriptive powers; so that we are led to think that he may have become a really great novelist or short story writer had he but chosen to devote his whole talent to that field. He is also a good psychological critic, whose judgment is invariably correct and decision logical. His perception and analytical powers keen and incisive, his courage of the highest order, and his aesthetical tastes are highly developed.

"He is also the author of many very interesting monographs on famous men, which are distinguished by their lucidity, their consummate knowledge of their subject and their times; their ability to detect the most salient characteristics of the people treated, as well as the daring criticism of the shortcomings of his heroes, such as is abundantly found in his biography of Mapu, his Peretz Smolenskin, his Yehudah Leib Gordon and others. Altogether he has written more than one hundred such works.

"Recently he has been engaged in a crusade for Hebrew culture, for which purpose he travelled much, delivering lectures in many lands where our brethren sojourn."

If Brainin anticipated a warm haven in Canada, he had legitimate reason to count on Clarence I. de Sola.

But this was not Brainin's fate either in Montreal or, for that matter, anywhere on the American continent. It was not structured in his pattern or in de Sola's.

For one, de Sola was not a member of the establishment leaders who derived from Lithuania -- the Cohens, Jacobs, Vinebergs, Kellerts. He was not sympathetic to the Yiddish revolutionary migrants.

The established social structure, including the Zionist, had another conception of a spiritual leader, nearer the model of Rev. Abraham de Sola or his son Meldola, possibly scholarly, articulate, but distant from the policy-setting process, respectful of his laymen officers.

So S. Belkin later examined Clarence de Sola's attitude to Brainin when the overseas relief issue was in question. "Paradoxical as it may appear, unity in Montreal Jewry was foiled by de Sola who was the dominant figure in the Federation of Canadian Zionist Associations. His prestigious descent and his influence among the rising leadership (the second generation of Lithuanian immigrants) made him not only the spokesman of the federation but its autocratic leader. He and his associates developed a theory that Palestine is their affair, not subject to intrusion by any outsiders. His was the only national Jewish organization in Canada. He simply did not wish any other institution to concern itself with overseas Jews. De Sola did not welcome Brainin or Kaufman or of other leading personalities among the immigrants, nor did his anglophone followers and even some Yiddish-speaking immigrants. The Brainins and the Kaufmans had to be fought to the end". ("Forty Years of National Relief Work in Canada" in Adler, February 6, 1955)

"I am enthused with the work of Morris Rosenfeld. I find there intense feeling, a profound Jewish soul, healthy thinking, a rich language, excellent portrayals, and a pure fraternity with the poor and the unfortunate, the persecuted and the lowered among men," he had written in 1901.

He was personally acquainted with Mendele Mocher Seforim, Peretz, Sholom Aleichem and Morris Rosenfeld, "brothers in the pen", about whom he wrote important critical articles.

"Yiddish may be very poor and too limited for our new thought and emotions. Nevertheless it is our Mamme Loshen, the language of millions of our poor unfortunate brothers.

"We envy the Yiddish authors who write for our masses, as they envy us who write in the language of our glory."

When he had stayed for a time in Warsaw in 1908, virtually on the way to Canada, he was impressed by the family of Yiddish writers in the Polish centre, not with their Yiddish linguistic medium. That year already he was shocked by the impertinence and menace of the Yiddish ideologists who declared that language the national language of the Jewish people.

Brainin chose to develop, in his public addresses at this time, his negative thinking about the Yiddish language and the Yiddishist ideology. Although already an outstanding Yiddish as well as Hebrew author, on the ideological level he was a militant Hebraist.

Readers of the history of the period differentiate widely between, on the one hand concern for the values of the languages and for the many attachments to them, and, on the other hand, deep adherence to the far ranging ideological philosophies which political thinkers were developing about each of the Jewish tongues.

Brainin's comments on Yiddish derived from a complex relationship. He was passionately devoted to Hebrew from his earliest days, having been schooled in that language; Hebrew was the tongue of the Bible and of millennia of culture, mysticism, prayer and chronicle, and the language of God's communication with the Hebrew people. His Zionism led him to see Hebrew as the sound foundation of the culture and unity of the imperilled Jewish people and of the geographic, moral and spiritual base of the restored Holy Land.

When Yiddish developed to the measure of claiming formally the status of a national Jewish language -- and even as the national language -- he rallied the Zionist camp to oppose these claims. The languages came in conflict, especially as Yiddishism became a militant ideology, often competing or even opposing nationalism and Zionism.

Nevertheless, Brainin had begun to write a good deal in Yiddish before he came to Canada, sensing no contradictions. Nor could he envision anyone "opposing" a language. He wrote it magnificently, especially as belles lettres. He utilized it naturally, as a person breathes through two nostrils, to cite Mendele.

But he was aware of the ideologists of Yiddishism and condemned their rejection of Hebraic culture which, finally, were anti-Zionist, anti-religious, anti-Hebraist, and anti-nationalist. In sociological fact the Yiddishist ideology was proletarian and attached largely to socialism in its various denominations, and opposed Jewish middle class thinking.

The American migration being so largely proletarian, the New World in 1908 was already a conquered field for Yiddish, a lost battle for Hebrew. Not until his

wanderings brought him into close contact with Canadian populists did Brainin become more positive towards the Yiddish tongue.

His passion for Hebrew and his fear that "the housemaid Yiddish" might displace the "Chatelaine" Hebrew slowed his appreciation of the vulgar tongue.

Even in 1910 when Brainin was already in America, Brainin's collection of Hebrew poems, Sinunith appeared in Jerusalem.

CROSSING THE OCEAN

Before the first world war a series of portrait postcards issued by Carmel in Odessa and elsewhere circulated widely in eastern Europe, charming young children and their grandparents alike: Tiomkin, Bialik, Herzl, Nordau, Sokolow, J.L. Gordon, Ahad Haam, Weizmann and hundreds of other leaders of the new Judaism, together with photographs of Jewish colonies in Palestine.

M.Z.R. Frank remembered the Brainin postcard, "His likeness which I saw there for the first time has remained with me; I could not forget his dark cape, his black beard, his purple necktie, the image of an energetic man of faith and directness; above all, the refined lines of his face, his noble eyes. It was a new name for me; I had not read a line of his. But his portrait touched me more deeply than those other Hebrew writers whom I knew and loved.

The literature of Jewish recollection speaks unanimously, "As a child in the Hebrew school in my Shtetl I was deeply impressed by the clear pure words of Reuben Brainin -- and by his beautiful, dignified beard. I would pore over his photographs and see a Jewish scholar, a sage, an erudite -- Torah and wisdom together", wrote M.Z.R. Frank.

M.Z.R. Frank noted that one of Brainin's sons had facial traits that corresponded exactly with his father's, but lacked the father's magnetism which welled out from his inner appearance.

"The aesthetics about the man extended to all he touched. Later I came across some numbers of his Hador which reached us from New York. I was impressed by their graphic beauty which was not to be found in other Hebrew periodicals of the time".

Soon young Frank met Brainin in the office of the Adler, for an opinion on Frank's Fantasia, "He was more beautiful than the postcard which I had carried in my mind. His hair was not all black, with a touch of time which was also reflected in his eyes and in their dreams, wondrously beautiful. He was more masculine than on the card; there was less of the softness in his face which testified to weakness, and his eyes and movements spoke of vitality and mobility. His voice was hearty and heartening, the movements of his hands and body were fine and gentle, his dress neat; at the time he was wearing a summer suit.

"Brainin was very short-sighted. When he rose to speak from the platform he would look very closely at his watch, so closely that it seemed to touch the pupils of his eyes. But I never saw him wear glasses, and I am sure that no one else ever did either. In any other man such vanity would arouse a smile, but there was no such temptation with Brainin.

"I had never seen so fine a man in my life before or since, and it seems to me that he had never appeared to me as beautiful as at that meeting in the editorial office when I sought his opinion of my work.

"I remember another situation when he appeared so wonderfully fine. This occurred in the summer of 1914 at the Herzl memorial observance at the Baron de Hirsch Institute. Brainin spoke in Yiddish, an extraordinary outpouring of his soul. He was so deeply moved by his subject that for once he put aside his usual Germanized Yiddish and reverted to his native Mohilev Ruthenian dialect, free of Germanic terms and expressions."

We have a vivid description by M.Z.R. Frank, "Clarence de Sola was the presiding officer of a solemn event. He was the acknowledged leader of the community for many decades; heir to his scholarly father, Abraham de Sola; descendant of the Josephs who came to Canada no later than Aaron Hart; Belgian consul; head of Canadian Zionism since before Herzl; architect of the third home of the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue; interlocutor of Lord Balfour.

Clarence de Sola was listening to Brainin. This man of culture could -- and probably did -- appreciate the Jewish scholar who bore the cape of Germanic culture and the semantics of Hebrew phraseology. My eyes wandered to Clarence I. de Sola of Sephardi origin. He had known Herzl in his time, as de Sola was president of the Federation of Canadian Zionist Society for twenty-five years, and had attended Zionist congresses.

"This cold, dry man kept looking at the orator like an amazed child overflowing with respect and wonder. He knew some German, but his Yiddish was faint.

"It was not the Yiddish words that amazed him but the theme and the voice and the song that was pouring out from the heart. They captured him.

"That evening -- not always, for later de Sola turned on Brainin and persecuted him -- he looked upon the speaker with awe as if he saw in him the incorporation of the inner and outer beauty that was Herzl.

"Brainin was short, but I know this only by reason, and when I look at him in a group photo, such a document aside, it is impossible to remember this. The impression that remains is of a tall man; it is impossible to describe or remember him otherwise. (Adler, July 10, 1914)

COMPLEX YIDDISH

Could the great scholar of contemporary, historical and future Judaism have anticipated the complex relationship which he would encounter, this time with a very familiar subject: his other sacred Jewish language, Yiddish?

The fateful attitudes of Ashkenazi Jews, individual or in ideological groups, towards their languages are not to be expressed in simple blacks and white. They emerge from biographical and class circumstances, from personal semantics, the developing social histories in each mind, from attitudes towards religion, from folkloric experience and from a score of other elements that compose the vectors of opinion.

At the same time the Jewish communities of the entire world -- but most often in countries where they enjoyed maximum freedom -- almost by free decision, surrendered their loyalty to Yiddish; particularly with the first generation after migration.

Himself an intense lover of the languages of the Jews, Brainin always wrote much in Yiddish. As early as 1891 he had published a weighty article on Yiddish in the collection The Holy Land. Although the riches of Hebrew naturally led to an unquestionable priority for the Semitic tongue, he was surprised at the emergence of claims and the aggression of the Yiddish ideologists. In this conflict, on the European arena, he automatically found his place on one side.

The desecration of Hebrew in the competition between Hebraism and Yiddishism and Zionism, highlighted at the 1908 Czernowitz conference a year after the Adler was founded, "had stirred his soul in cold despair to the very root," even though he loved Yiddish and wrote much in that language.

I. Yampolsky saw the long debate regarding the durability "jargon" and of Hebrew connected with the future of the Jewish people. ("Does Jargon have a Future"? in Adler, Oct. 7, 1908.

"An examination of the basic question leads to the conclusion that, even if our people will endure, the fate of Yiddish is still problematic.

"We nationalists see that our future rests in a distinct territory for our people, whether it be in Palestine or another land. We have no faith in our fate in the lands of exile.

"It is clear that the assimilatory process works in two directions. In the lands of the half-freedom, such as France, Germany, Italy and Britain, assimilation already crouches on our doorsteps. We are already finished with those born there; they are French Jews, German Jews, British Jews; they are not simply Jews.

"As for those who have fled to these countries from other exiles, they throw out their infants with the dirty water. They cast out not only Yiddish, but all that is Jewish. From the moment they first arrive there they devote all their efforts to learn English, as if each of them regards Yiddish as a hump on his shoulders; he clings to a Yiddish paper and sometimes he goes to the synagogue, for he remembers the old country. But his children are free from humps. They know not a word of Yiddish, have not a touch of religion and nation; they become Americans, not Jews.

"It might be argued that we have Yiddish papers, books, theatres, synagogues, study chapels, schools. How can we fear that Judaism is declining?

"But why should we deceive ourselves? These institutions are illusory, a candle for extinction, blinking for a moment before it expires. The moment the immigration will cease, they will all expire with the kiss of death, hopefully leaving a monument in Jewish history.

"It is futile to hope for a future for our language in the lands of freedom. There remain only our communities in the true exile, in Russia, Romania, Galicia. Assimilation is not at their door step, but one need be a pessimist to see this assimilation devouring the young generation like a flame, scourging the land like the cholera. They are adopting the ways and the languages of their country, become agnostic, a large percentage without a single word of Yiddish.

"This being the case to-day, while they are suffering severe discrimination, what will happen to them when they will be partially or fully liberated, and this must come about. The struggle for freedom in Russia must be won and, with the liberty for the Russians, liberty must also come for the Jews there. What will happen to Yiddish there?

"Some will argue that orthodoxy is sufficiently strong there and that they will maintain Yiddish. These need only travel to Hungary to see that strong as fanaticism may be there, Yiddish is nevertheless totally lost. The classic Kav Ha Yosher and Reshit Chochmah are studied in German.

"We do not deny the value of Yiddish as a language and as a contemporary instrument even when we note how it is choked under present conditions, and clearly that it has no place in the future of free societies.

"There remains the question of which language we shall use in any territories we may acquire.

"At the beginning Yiddish may dominate, but it will meet with stumbling blocks in administration, in foreign affairs. These cannot be conducted in Yiddish. Our own capitalists, aristocrats and intellectuals hate the language. Admittedly the best hope

of Yiddish, realistically, lies in such a territory, on a site we do not have to-day, other than in Palestine.

"But if Palestine is our fate, it is barely necessary to recall the likely fate of Yiddish there. The controversy between Herzl and Achad Ha'am, the spokesmen for the soul of our nation, proves that the linguistic conflict there is so sharp that the outcome is evident even to all who cherish Yiddish.

"Clearly we conclude that Yiddish must be seen as the means to our end, as such it deserves sanctification as the only tongue through which we can reach the masses of our nation and as the language which carries some original treasures.

"But the greatest of these treasures of the Jewish spirit reside in the Hebrew language. Whoever of the jargon sages belittles Hebrew deludes himself and his listeners. One page of the Hebrew from Yehudah Halevy, Maimonides to Bialik and Achad Ha'am is more precious than the entire Yiddish literature, excepting Mendele, and this author is more Hebraist than jargonist....Our jargon is our contemporary language, but not the language of our future."

Yampolsky believed that Yiddish would lose ground in the free countries, and the same fate was awaiting it in the lands of exile, not because of the efforts of Hebraists. The masses are not awaiting the arguments of the ideologists.

"Those masses are largely assimilationist by character, and in our free countries we are losing our populist nature, and Yiddish with it. We are becoming a sect without a confession.

"The Hebraists are convinced that an independent Yiddish culture has no foundation in the lands of exile, not even in some arbitrarily selected territory for our people -- other than Palestine.

"Only there can we have an autonomous language, and that can be only Hebrew; again not because of the efforts of the Hebraists, but because such will be the will of the nation. Hebrew unites the people with its great past, with its sanctities, and must inspire its future.

"The Jewish people can have a future only in Palestine. It has a thousand times less future in the exile, and in exile Hebrew has a thousand times less of a future, and Yiddish has a thousand times less of a future. (Nov. 8, 1908).

But the conflict assumed another phase in the Brainin biography. It coincided with his arrival in the New World where the debaters within the Jewish people were totally different. Unlike the European scene, America virtually had no Hebrew speakers, spokesmen or defenders. The Jewish press was entirely Yiddish. The immigrant

society spoke only the language which was as old as English or French, not that which was as old as the Bible, Greece -- or the Speaking God.

Fate soon willed that Brainin became an unwilling and unwitting champion and prime editor of Yiddish. This became his major breathing test during the last decades of his biography.

Six years later Brainin, by then editor of the Yiddish Adler for more than two years, confessed to his diary that, even during his years of writing Yiddish in the daily Warsaw Unser Lebn, he had never read much Yiddish, not even the original Sholom Aleichem or Mendele Mocher Seforim.

Only on May 30, 1914, when he received Reisen's Lexicon fun der Idisher Literatur un Presse and S. Niger's annual Pinkos, did he discover "pages upon pages of authors and journalists, some of their work had been collected and translated. A new world flowered before my eyes. Each generation with its authors. Yet I cannot accept Yiddish writers as authentic, that it is to be a genuine language, with a style of its own. Very soon the maid will be the mistress, and the mistress become a housemaid."

In the violent historic workings of the events of the last two centuries, linguistic attitudes and realities have been shaped by brutal wars, holocausts and demographics writ in blood, as Jewish societies which were wedded to Yiddish by a thousand years of identification were exterminated as if by national "human" armies, acting like insentient forces of nature against the Jewish race.

At the same moment, again almost with no planning, Hebrew forged to a spiritual prophetism, even in days of mourning their kinsmen, as they witnessed the triumph of Hebraic Zion restored. In this fateful linguistic prayerful century historians again witness the deepest Jewish tragedy mingle in time with ineffable glory of fulfilment.

BRAININ 1910

A very important work in the literature of Brainin, Chava Shapiro, a Woman before her Time, an M.A. thesis at McGill, by Naomi Caruso. (July, 1991. 202p.) has just appeared in Montreal which should shake a half of the human gender, and may particularly the two Jewish genders. It is the story of the strange relationship between Brainin and the remarkable feminist and Hebrew author.

For decades men and women have had uneven, even inexplicable roads to, with, and from each other, along highways of glory and paths to inferno, but as Chava Shapiro recorded this great twentieth-century which ended in Terezin for this Mother of All Life. But as Caruso recorded, "Brainin's ultimate betrayal came in 1910 when he left for Canada.

"Who expected this? I once had a dream, a beautiful wonderful dream. Or perhaps -- it was not a dream but a strong and beautiful reality and so I called it a dream. An unfulfilled dream that had faded away, disappeared like a mist in the night.

"What was lit from the start with such a flame! With such innocence and purity is impossible to extinguish or diminish. Actually, a great deal has changed, the situations, the outlooks, the opinions and especially the object! How the object has changed! How he has been weakened and squeezed dry by the obstacles, the hard struggle and his compromises. And all this because 'he was fulfilling his duties'! How he has changed and yet for me he has remained the same as he used to be!

"How he has been bent and twisted. They stole his physical and spiritual strength, they oppressed and broke him! and still, the same spark in his innocent eyes! If I could only erase the many difficulties that he has known, if they could be forgotten, skipped over, blotted out -- and there would emerge that strong mind that I had once known and liked so much, the mind which won my heart forever!"

The invitation to Brainin to visit Montreal came from the Zionist federation on the initiative of the distinguished Canadian author Isaac Yampolsky "who very greatly longs to see you".

Adler journalist Isaac Yampolsky wrote Brainin, "Long live your pen. Your sublime article on Simchat Torah stirred me so deeply that I could not resist translating it into our spoken language for the Yiddishe Velt which Rabbi S. Glazer is publishing here. I make bold to ask your permission for him to publish it. Forgive me, for my intention is good, and the golden article should redound and resound from mouth to mouth and from ear to ear".

The Montreal journalist extended the formal invitation and indicated that Toronto Zionists would also arrange for a lecture during the same weekend. The Canadian

trip would enable Brainin also to visit Niagara Falls and Buffalo across the border and "to see the statue of the late Emanuel Noah, the American Herzl" (Jewish Public Library. Brainin Archives)

The young Adler had received Brainin's letters and articles from Poland and later from Berlin and from Belgium. Now they welcomed his person. The brilliant Adler journalist and drama critic B.J. Goldstein wrote a lyrical introduction to the illustrious visitor, "The scattered Jewish people, living under various crowns, on all continents, are alien to each other and know little of each other, and what little they know is haphazard, suppositions and superficial; usually that little is not even of their country but is confined to their neighbourhood. Rare are the Jews who can report on a large portion of Jewry, report in depth, report on the profundity of the Jewish soul.

"Reuben Brainin can tell of the state of the Jewish spirit, of the thoughts of the people, of the manner of their life. He has devoted the last several years to the lands of the dispersion. He is the great wanderer, the writer of the exile, his pen in hand recording what his Jewish heart, sharp perceptions and distant gaze have told him about land after land and about these Jewish brethren of his."

Brainin arrived in Montreal on January 14, 1910. "He stood at the cradle of modern Hebrew literature and assisted in the development of the fine new language and the corpus of artistic writing", the Adler welcomed Montreal's guest. (January 14, 1910)

Sunday, January 15, 1910, was a fateful day in Brainin's life, his first public appearance before the Jewish community of Montreal which was to become his home and the scene of his most fruitful activity -- certainly the most fruitful in the New World.

Three hundred attended his first lecture in the city sponsored by the Zionist Federation, under the chairmanship of Rabbi H. Abramowitz and Clarence de Sola at the Baron de Hirsch Institute. (Adler, Jan. 5, 12 and 14, 1910)

Superficially, the Hebrew writer said, it appears to many that ancient vibrant Judaism is dead, or at least rigid and frigid, but in its centre Jewish life is vibrant and stormy.

Among its most lively forces are the search for God, for a single language and for its own land.

In Poland, he reported, the religious sentiment among the young is very powerful, but in southern Russia young Jews convert not for reasons of career but because they search for an ideal which will fill their souls with meaning. The establishment of a Jewish culture in their own homeland can resolve their problem.

Jewry is forced to speak in many languages, and cannot know one intimately. Therefore it cannot communicate in complete intimacy because they are so polyglot; they spring from language to language. Today they speak German in Germany; tomorrow they are in France. He cited George Brandes, a Danish Jew lecturing on the Englishman's Shakespeare in Russia in French. To free themselves from this knot the Jews must acquire their own language, and that must be the language of their own prophets -- Hebrew, with its home in Jewish Israel.

Brainin's second Montreal lecture the following day was even more successful with five hundred on January 16, 1910 in attendance, under the presidency of Clarence de Sola, the head of Canadian Zionism.

The lecturer faced one of the problems of his life at this meeting with his Canadian community -- his language problem, which he had touched upon the evening before. In Brainin's life his transition from Europe, where he had steeped his Hebraic vision, to America where Yiddish-speaking Jewry virtually had no Hebrew audience, was crucial and became daily more critical than he had been prepared for.

In his second lecture this became tangible. He began to speak in Hebrew and changed soon to Yiddish with a witty tale which contained, among other morals, a chapter out of the story of the development of Yiddish literature of the time, particularly of the conflict with Hebrew.

During "the re-evaluation of values" which created storms among the thinkers of these revolutioning decades, lines were drawn between the partisans who centred their philosophies about the histories of the two languages become sacred to the Jewish people. But another "party" was passionately devoted to the two languages and sought to avoid being tagged by either linguistic party, literary figures who insisted on publishing in both. Their discomfort is illustrated in the Sholom Aleichem letters to Montreale I. Yampolsky.

This utilitarian resolution of the linguistic issue was followed by a number of Jewish literati and even political figures whose beginnings of expression was in Hebrew but who decided to reach the less learned audience in Yiddish and in time became among the most creative of Yiddish writers.

A more complex illustration of the reluctant utilization of Yiddish during this period may be seen in the proletarian assimilationist, the Ab Kahn of the New York Forward.

Brainin was not neutral in his ideology, but was uncomfortable in Montreal before an audience who were certainly not Hebraist in expression or in comprehension.

He opposed and even combatted the Yiddish culture movement, the literati such as Mendele Mocher Seforim, Dr. S. Niger and S. Asch, as he developed the most successful Yiddish newspaper in Canada, even as he announced far and wide that he had no faith in this press or language.

His Montreal lecture may have been a further implicit sad revelation of silence in the midst of his attempted communication as he continued his lecture -- on Herzl.

He told of a debate as to whether silence is more precious than speech. After the protagonist of quiet had eloquently proved his case, the advocate of speech responded that his opponent had resorted to speech to establish the adequacy of silence. Brainin explained that to prove the absolute necessity of Hebrew he would speak in Yiddish. In fact, the Brainin biography after this day became the tale of Hebraist become the Yiddish speaker and editor, particularly since the Hebraic establishment in America, and specifically in Montreal, failed to seize the prophet of Hebrew to its heart.

Brainin recalled the transition of Herzl, the columnist, the editor of a Vienna humorous magazine, into the giant figure of the Zionist congresses. During the fortnight of composing the Judenstat he scarcely left his home, pacing about like one not in his own world. After completing his text he sent a mysterious note to his Dr. Schiff. The medical man found him distraught, fatigued, with a considerable loss of weight, barely recognizable, exhausted by his birth pangs, having given birth to one of the greatest of thoughts.

The doctor shared his discovery with Max Nordau who read the book and then told Herzl, "You are indeed insane, but you have infected me with your madness".

Herzl evaluated his originality fully. When a friend compared him to Kaiser Wilhelm, the founder of Zionism protested, "The emperor has inherited his greatness, as I did not."

During his Montreal visit the Brainins were pleased to meet Carl Rosenberg, who was connected with H. Wolofsky in establishing the Adler. Rosenberg and his brother had studied in Europe with the late Hebrew author Yehudah Steinberg who had been a close friend of the Brainins. During Steinberg's convalescence in Germany Mme. Brainin had cared for him.

I. Yampolsky, as well as B.J. Goldstein, spent some time with Brainin who confirmed to them that he was preparing a play on the life of Herzl.

The staff of the Yiddish newspaper received him. Together with him they made a tour de horizon of the Jewish conditions in Europe. (January 21, 23, 1910, Yiddish Tageblatt, N.Y., report by Sack, "Brainin Visits Montreal for First Time", January 20, 1910)

Like Yampolsky's experience that day with Brainin in Montreal, Goldstein's was Canadian Jewish literary history.

Goldstein describes the occasion in the editorial room,

"It seemed to me that we were sitting with my friends in the old home under a broadly spreading tree, around a man seated on a stone as if he grew out of it, his face somewhat pale, covered by a transparent light cloud, his greying beard combed down, his friendly eyes glancing about him from time to time, with an old book in his hands telling of an ancient people.

"He is reading from this book, and we, his thirsty pupils, swallow his words eagerly. As he turns the pages occasional sheets fall from the volume, but the book that he reads does not become more slim.

"His words link in a chain of episodes, each stroke a new legend in the old-ever-new people. The eyes of the man grow into a smile at the anecdotes, as the smiles grow on our own lips, as the man on the height becomes more hopeful, as he reads the precise promise of prophecy; and a cloud covers his patriarchal features when the sad page comes to the fore.

"The winter sun shines mildly on the street. Golden rays come down but do not reach us. For we are not sitting under a spreading tree but in the tiny office of the Adler, and we are friends who love to pore over the ancient book of our old people, who love to turn pages, to steep into the learning of the past, into the present and the future of the Jewish people, and Reuben Brainin was with us.

"I have been with Brainin in hotel rooms, in different types of company, but I really saw him only in the narrow office of the Adler, separated from the outside world, surrounded by a spiritual thirst of the assembled metallic grey of the lines of type and the pages. Here the fleshly and external which covers the soul was shaken off, and there was revealed the ideal which is incorporated in the Brainin whom we can see in his lines and between his lines.

"Brainin raises the curtain to reveal the poverty of the immigrants in Paris, and soon we are in cloudy Scandinavia. We are no longer in an office but are walking past Jewish stores and homes as we meet our brothers to whom we extend an inquiring Sholom Aleichem, discuss storekeeping, and soon it is Jewish affairs that is our topic, Copenhagen Jewish schooling and the Jewish sentiments of the coming generations.

"We embrace Jews from Warsaw, Galicia and Russia; our room extends and we are in a broader Jewish world, Jews from home, long beloved images of many dimensions, dancing portraits.

"He tells us that he has learned very much from his dispersed brothers and that there is much more to learn from them. He recalls Whitechapel with its Jewish wandering and trading adult community, but also its children, the citizens of tomorrow, with their plans and intentions.

"Here he presented to us our brethren in Germany approaching us ever closer; our Jewish students, their faces cut by duelling swords, sitting at the Seder table or reading Hebrew newspapers; our nationalistic groups at their work, demonstrating that the sweet voice of Jacob is to be heard in our synagogues but, when the time is for arrows and sword, Jacob no longer hides but strides forth to redeem the honour of his people.

"We want this to remain long; that Brainin sit so, that his pictures flow, and the old pages of his book of the antique Jewish people keep turning.

"In the school he told the children happy tales. Suddenly he became a child sharing their minds and interests, at the same time he learned the measure of their Jewish spirit -- and also of their teachers.

"Our time is up. It is Yampolsky who interrupted it. Unwillingly we all rose from our seats and came down from that other world, uprooted from the green widely branched forest, cast perforce outside the glass paned door which had until now served to separate sanctity from the profane, body from soul.

"I could not forgive Yampolsky, and I spoke to him of it in later days. As we walked to the Anshei Sefard Talmud Torah we continued to converse. He narrated several humorous episodes on mixed marriages".

The following day Brainin went walking with Goldstein, A.A. Roback and Elimelech Levine, the principal of the Talmud Torah and the author of a veritable Jewish encyclopedia of education.

"This is no longer the Brainin of yesterday, the world traveller or the friend of the children in the Talmud Torah. It is the eternal student preparing for an examination", Goldstein reported.

"He paced through McGill University where Roback was endless in finding for him museum objects, art, tradition, etc. Brainin was tiring. If only these were Jewish; if only these were Jewish institutions.

"In the Jewish streets our sleigh swept past a variety of posters, 'on sale here: herring, flour, and other grocery.' 'Sacred Books on sale, cheap, Mezuzoth, Bibles, Taleisim, Tefilin.' 'Room to Let with all conveniences', and last year's placards, 'Dr. Syrkin's Lecture', 'Remember, Dr. Zhitlovsky is coming'. 'Our Guest, Comrade Vladek is coming', and other notices which do not get blown away or torn down -- a panorama of poverty.

"Our French Canadian driver is surprised at Roback and Levine directing him to strange streets where the three peculiar Jews will show the oriental scholar the very ordinary Gravel Street, Vallee Street, St. Phillippe Street.

"But Brainin is not content with looking. He wanted to see how his brethren live in these dark, narrow, unclean houses. We came into a house on Leroux Lane where we met a solid Jew, his beard combed, with a satin Yarmulke.

"Three low neat rooms. The kitchen full of frozen fish whence the family draw their livelihood; the woman engaged over her laundry, her head covered.

"I am a Jewish writer,' he told her, 'a traveller. I wish to see how my brothers, my people live here, if I may.'

"She adjusted her head covering. Within a minute or two I saw a different Brainin again, no longer the student nor the researcher, nor the traveller; now a simple Jew from Leduc Lane come in from next door to inquire on details. 'So how are things? You have to do your own laundry; life is harder than in the Bukovine!... and your children, where do they sleep? I know \$9 is rather high rent for such small rooms ... I see you have Mezuzoth on all your doors.'

"I was wondering whether this is really Reuben Brainin or a resident of Leduc Lane. As he chatted at length with her, she complained that things are not like in the old country, 'you do not know who is the Shochet and who is the butcher!'"

A humorous version of Brainin's tour of the Jewish ghetto appeared from the pen of Isaac Yampolsky in the Adler July 24, 1910 where the woman whom Brainin interviewed narrates their session.

"The nerve of a man! One day recently the Adler columnist Reb Boruchel (Baruch J. Goldstein) comes to my house with someone like Mr. Reuben Brainin, a landsman of ours, who asks me how we are doing, whether I like America, whether I miss home. I think he wants to send regards from me back home. So I tell him all my troubles as a friend. How was I to know he would write all this in the Adler, may he never set foot on the good place?

"I forgot to say goodbye to them and left them."

As Brainin was leaving the city Rabbi H. Abramowitz, Leon Goldman, A. Rosenberg, Mr. Darwin, I. Yampolsky and others came to the railway station to bid him farewell with cries of "Bon Voyage, We'll see you in Palestine, Adieu". (Adler, January 24, 1910)

Brainin lectures were sponsored by the Zionist groups in Toronto at the Agnes St. Theatre on February 20, 1910, under the chairmanship of Rabbi Jacobs, with the participation of Louis Singer, Talmud Torah principal Nathanson, Hamilton Alderman Farber and Adler publisher H. Wolofsky. Similar receptions took place in Ottawa, Niagara Falls and in Kingston.

Late in 1910 the Adler announced that Brainin would visit Montreal again under the auspices of the Montreal Zion League.

Dr. E. Wortsman, editor of the Adler, was in charge of arrangements.

Brainin spoke in the Baron de Hirsch Institute on January 1, 1911 on "The Macabbees of Old and To-day".

The following evening, on January 2, 1911, Rabbi Abramowitz wrote to his future wife, Miss Tess Rokar in New York, that "Tonight Mr. R. Brainin is being entertained by my sister (Anita), and after that a little reception is being given him at one of the hotels. I shall try to wedge in an hour's private chat with M. Kellert."

On January 9, 1911 Rabbi Abramowitz wrote his bride Theresa Rokar in New York, "Will you like a good girl also add these names to your list...? Dr. Reuben Brainin, Fulton & 175th, Bronx... Keep a list of the names and send them from time to time; we may need it from time to time for the wedding." (Allan Raymond Collection, Jewish Public Library)

An inexplicable near absentee from this welcoming gathering in honour of Brainin needs to be noted. The Yiddish literary society of Montreal had included Moshe Shmuelson for several years; we meet him at public gatherings, and beyond Montreal. The flimsy American Jewish book circles knew him and included his writings as representative of Canada. He was edited by David Pinsky in the Yiddisher Kemfer in 1907, leading critic of Yiddish American literature. Indeed, when Brainin came to Montreal he brought to the attention of Adler readers, on February 6, 1910, a collection of Yiddish poems Ghetto Klängen.

Nevertheless, during the entire Brainin period there are faint few references to Shmuelson in the documentation, until Brainin's disappearance, although Shmuelson was well known to such friends of Brainin as L. Zuker and H.M. Caiserman; Shmuelson was preparing his first volume of Yiddish texts soon to appear.

Shmuelson was the respected leader of the Yiddish coterie who soon welcomed the young J.I. Segal.

To anticipate at this moment his first arrival in Montreal; five years after 1910, Brainin left Montreal in 1916 and the city was orphaned. The Adler came to be edited by others whose talents were not negligible.

Shmuelson wrote much for the Adler that proved valuable. His 1916 collection of sketches from the old country and from American immigrant life published in New York is a strong early monument to Canadian Yiddish literature.

For whatever reason, months after Brainin left, Shmuelson came to the Yiddish fore in Montreal and began his voluminous writings -- which are still not adequately known which but include his novelized saga of the social migration of Canadian Jewry precisely of their arrival in Montreal -- through the United States.

HADROR

After six months in North America the Brainins sailed for Europe early in the summer of 1910. He had visited twenty-two Jewish communities in the New World, and was not able to make his own clear decision on his plans. (Canadian Jewish Times, May 13, 1910)

Early in 1911 Brainin was in the U.S. planning the publication of a Hebrew weekly to be named Hador which had aroused great expectations.

The first issue was to be out by the new year, but publication had been delayed, and the Warsaw Unser Lebn (No. 54) wrote to deny that a shortage of funds had prevented its appearance.

Brainin wrote to the editor explaining the delay. His letter also appeared in the Montreal Adler of May 3, 1911.

"The report that Hador has not yet appeared, even though it was scheduled for publication on February 1, because of lack of funds is false.

"A substantial sum of money has been set aside for me (five Hebrew weeklies could be founded in Russia with this amount) for the establishment of Hador.

"But the entire literary and material responsibility for this periodical has been placed upon me. I would not risk moneys which are not mine until I was fully convinced that an independent modern Jewish national Hebrew weekly, which would address all parties with the truth, that such a weekly could sustain itself after its first year without further material support.

"It is true that the Hebrew public in the North America is awaiting Hador with considerable impatience. All Jewish groups in American Judaism, from the orthodox to the extremist and the radical, have received the announcement of Hador with enthusiasm. But I doubt whether America has done enough for a great literary and scientific weekly which will free itself from its beginning from American press methods and will be independent in all senses.

"If Hador will not achieve this within a year, I will have done more harm than service to Hebrew in America. For if the only Hebrew paper in America with a substantial founding capital, which proposes to invite the best Hebrew authors from the diaspora and from Eretz Israel -- if such a paper cannot sustain itself, it will serve as proof that Hebrew is dead in America beyond hope of revival.

"In view of this onerous responsibility, I need to acquaint myself with the land, to organize the Hebraic and nationalist circles before I initiate Hador. Beyond this

there are technical and other difficulties on the road to a Hebrew paper. Printing here is four or five times as expensive as in Warsaw, and subscribers pay at the end of the year, when they pay.

"I am making every effort to ensure that Hador will appear soon, that when it appears there is a foundation and an atmosphere for it. We must also remember that the enthusiasm, promises, etc. of the American public have no particular value; battles will need to be waged and sacrifices offered before a true interest is awakened for clean literature and national ideals."

Brainin's letter was reprinted by the Adler on May 3, 1911 with its additional comments,

"Without any doubt one who is no longer a 'greenhorn' will smile as he reads Brainin's explanations for the delays in the appearance of Hador."

"He is naive when he speaks of the damage he might do to Hebrew literature in America in the event of its failure after a year. Such a failure will indicate only its poor editorship or its poor management. No one doubts that there is room in America for a Hebrew weekly."

"He is naive again in insisting on creating the best and the finest from the beginning -- or on nothing at all. In America we do not need a periodical for the literati in Europe to glory in, but one that will reflect life here and that will seek to guide those who long for the Hebrew word. It seems that is just what Brainin forgets."

"At least in Montreal he was not searching for the Hebrew readers but for 'the fine citizens.' Instead of assembling the local Hebraists, he placed the interest of Hador in the hands of persons, many of whom know not a word of Hebrew. If Mr. Brainin is acting similarly everywhere, he is assured of failure."

"Naturally all are prone to err, and Mr. Brainin may make mistakes. But he must not forget that, if because of his errors, or for other reasons, his Hador will not survive -- if it ever appears -- it is not American Judaism that will need to be held responsible."

The Montreal editorial was unsigned. It might have been written by the editor, Dr. Wortsman, or by H. Wolofsky, possibly by one of the very capable journalists on the Adler staff. Future developments in the Brainin saga affected the careers of both Wolofsky and Wortsman. It is less likely that Wortsman guessed that within the year he was destined to leave Montreal in consequence. He might have wished Brainin's Hador better luck.

The Montreal Adler regretted the implication, in the prospectus, that the periodical would consider both English and Yiddish alien competitors of Hebrew, to be deposed from the Jewish cultural environment. Brainin's weekly should join in the national effort on behalf of Jewish culture and in opposition to assimilation.

The Montreal editor admits that Yiddish can survive in the New World only as long as immigrants who speak that language continue to come. Failing that inflow, the older immigrants would take the language to the grave with them, for the younger element would speak only English. Anglo-Saxon culture is not prepared to cease its natural and healthy development. With the Jewish people in exile, both Yiddish and Hebrew are doomed. Hebrew has some advantages in this struggle for survival. Hebrew is increasingly popular in English-speaking circles as the national and sacred tongue. Hebrew and Yiddish have a common competitor in the assimilationists.

In accordance with Brainin's announcement his Hebrew weekly Hador, (24p.) appeared on September 1, 1911 in New York in large format from the Hador Publishing Co., with Caspar Levias as president, and Israel Shapiro as vice-president and Brainin as editor and secretary treasurer; Levias and Shapiro were also important scholarly contributors.

The contents were weighty, on current Zionist developments and current Hebrew literature. Among his other contributors were Zalman Schneour, E. Lisitzky, Prof. N. Slouschitz and N. Syrkin. But Brainin himself wrote a good portion of each issue. Among his writings was a serial novel, "Dreamers and Fighters." His daughter Miriam Brainin, who was studying in Liege at the time, wrote an article on the Jews in Belgium.

Isaac Yampolsky contributed "A letter from Canada" in the issue of September 15. "A reader from Montreal", M.N. Sack, the brother of journalist-historian B.G. Sack, sent a letter to the editor of Hador, to correct a local report on current politics in Quebec.

Brainin wrote a remarkable article on the American philanthropist Jacob Schiff who exhibited pride and statesmanship in his Judaism which were worthy of the wider appreciation which were even then enjoyed in popular circles by Moses Montefiore, Baron Edmond de Rothschild, Baron de Hirsch and Herzl; in particular for his wide generosity to institutions distinct from his ideology. But this breadth of evaluation of the statesman in philanthropy, Brainin noticed, fails to appreciate the historic perspective of Palestine's Jewish past and the distant perspectives of those who laid the foundations for the Hebrew which was demonstrated by Rothschild. Nor does he appreciate the heroes of the Hebrew builders of modern thought and its visionaries. (Dec. 22, 1911)

The pages of Hador, read in the context of the American Hebrew periodical press, were quite impressive, but seen in the perspective of his prospectus, which promised to revolutionize Jewish life in the New World, must have proven disappointing to him and, presumably, also to his backers.

For after several months of sustained and not unimpressive effort, Hador ceased.

To situate the pages of Hador with Brainin's promise to Jewish society as he left Europe for America, the outcome was indeed disappointing. All the more impressive, if we may anticipate, is the record he was to chalk up when, within the year, he came to Canada, a bitter and deceived man, and assumed the editorship of the Yiddish Adler, this time a much more popular periodical in a social context of a more vivid, lively, daily newspaper, in a responsive environment, a society presumably newer to Brainin than his more profound Hebraic European Hebrew context had been.

YIDDISH QUÉBÉCOIS

Of all the groups, moving in tandem with all Canadian ethnic societies, the Jewish group was unique not only in being the Canadian first, but in another significant sense: the others had come from a national society which continued its existence in the land of their origins as a national centre, with its own history, institutions and responsibility for its continuous existence.

These other emigrants to Canada did not have a central function or responsibility for the survival of their nations in the lands of their origin.

The Jewish group was the only one which, for eighteen centuries, had not had a permanent homeland. Wherever they had been living, always as minorities, was the current arena for their continuity. So, as they moved westward - in the immense migration by the millions from what had become their heartlands of many centuries, from the European Yiddishland largely to new continents and to the New World late in the nineteenth century, each Jewish migrant bore the personal mission of implanting in his heart, in his family, in his society in the new homeland, a continuing permanent Jewish world, integrated into the new geography and civilization.

This Jewish group of migrants was the first to settle in Montreal, on the narrow belt near the harbour, tightly squeezed between the solidly packed French and English societies. It moved northward towards the mountains, after 1930 it ran beyond it, permitted by its slope. The Jewish migration broke its northern restraints and ran freely westward, beyond St. Laurent, even to Dollard des Ormeaux.

The successive immigration groups of Chinese, Greek, Portuguese and others followed the Jews closely, each establishing, in peace, its parallel settlements of residences, shops, plants, houses of worship, unions, associations, bookstores, theatres - all adapting to the English and Yiddish pattern, as they integrated into Quebec society.

This polychrome Montreal geography, peopled by elements which had experienced ethnic conflict in their lands of origin, together led a peaceable life. Of all these peoples, the Jewish migrants were grateful for the tranquillity of their Montreal homes, even when Quebec was racked by a dangerous anti-Semitism.

Such was Montreal - not much less than New York - a new Warsaw, Vilno, Odessa, a new Jerusalem, created deliberately, spontaneously, unanimously - in various forms linguistically, religiously, sociologically, literarily, politically, poetically, socialistically, syndically, educationally, with many etc.; led by a remarkable intellectual intelligentsia - risen from the mass - since forgotten, only now being reconstituted a historic memory. This group in articulation was led by some thirty persons. It found itself in a Jewish environment which had been based on a small Jewish element who

had arrived more than a century earlier from Britain and from the western continent and which had struck deep Jewish Canadian roots, but of a Judaism distinctly its own.

All this occurred greatly, perhaps centrally, in the social geography of Montreal, Quebec and Canada, in the human environment of Laurier, of the Tardivels, Henri Bourassa, Abbé Groulx, Godefroy Langlois, L'Action sociale catholique, Le Devoir, Omer Héroux, Paquet, Father Perrier. All this without a leadership, with no planning, no financing, no organization. Only now, a century later, is this remarkable creative, dramatic phenomenon of world wide significance coming to be perceived in all of its many dimensions.

During the first two decades of the century this migration added some 50,000 to the city's population, most of them residing in a central area with, naturally, its own specific cultural and visual character. The streets and its people suddenly acquired a new visage, as all of Montreal -- as for all major centres in the world of immigration -- altered in appearance and in life style.

The immigrants went to work and created their occupations and even industries. Their disparate non-economy of the shtetl, in the face of their unpreparedness in the fertile New World, branched out into two inventions: (a) the garment industry, where unskilled and inexperienced men and woman could learn one movement of the needle which might cumulate into a ready made garment -- at the cost of endless hours of starvation in non-factories manufacturing a major industrial product of the nation's economy, and of tuberculosis; on the other hand, the despairing terror of the garment shop, and (b) the ingenuity of the petty merchant who hoped to eat bread by selling enough bread to his hungry peers.

These rootless economic endeavours did bring the immigrants into some sort of world contact with their native neighbours, when some of these French Canadians, themselves new to their new urban proletarian status, looked to their different fellow slaves and recognized the commonality of fate.

Of all the forms of Jewish culture that live and lived in Quebec the most challenging one had developed in Yiddish. It was the most authentically Jewish in that its language was not utilized by any other people. Its idiom was therefore the most genuinely Jewish, and the tongue itself assumed the nature of a religion for many who were agnostic, a competitor to the senior in sanctity -- Hebrew. In a world that has come to cherish and protect languages there is no parallel to the Jews' reverence during thousands of years of Hebrew and, since eight centuries, of Yiddish; yet the quick decline of Yiddish was scarcely noted.

Other immigrants found a community with the peddlers climbing their curving staircases to collect the monthly cents. Sometimes there was conversation and mutual sympathy growing out of humanity. With all the double walls between peoples there

was communication, often without words. If Quebec has a heritage of syndical militancy and of social innovation, some of its roots must have had birth in the extraordinary Jewish radicalisms such as the Bund and the Israeli Chalutzism that grew loud and clear on Main Street and spoke many languages.

With all the contempt they heaped upon peddlers, the comfortable Jewish merchants who disdained to visit them extended them credit and even cash loans, discreetly gave them wise counsel and kept them from the taverns. These peddlers in the countryside and on poor city streets, eventually dressed their customers better and put newer furniture in their apartments -- until the biggest department stores appropriated the Jewish discovery of mass credit and made the technology of instalment and catalogue selling more respectable than peddling.

But this was in the primitive period of oral communication, difficult to track. The corner stores altered, as did shopping habits. Vast industries were created with Christian workers at the side of Jewish. A new relationship between labor and employers, the beginning of a new shared social philosophy. The city's playgrounds changed and the school systems and the intellectuals' sophistication and the attitudes of the non-intellectuals.

These social changes led to complex consequences, some of them mutually gratifying, others painful and regrettable; all were inevitable. There was much enrichment, some conflict; some of this is entered in the annals of Quebec group relations. When the intellectuals of church and nationalism intruded, fermenting cultures produced durable myths of Jewish international financiers who applied the tools of freemasonry, of Jewish architects of class warfare, of Jews continuing to kill Christ and drinking the blood of children -- a dogma denied by their church only much later, too late.

This culture of Montreal was an important phenomenon of more than local significance in the Yiddish universe which was then similarly flourishing in the Jewish communities of the world, notwithstanding the medium size of the Jewish group here, which was not to be compared with other centres in Israel, North America or Europe.

Quebec was the spectacular major centre for this Jewish cultural development on the continent since before 1900 and had benefitted from this accordingly in many areas. Quebec soon became the home of great poets, educators, orators, lecturers, painters, actors, political thinkers, publishers and linguists and of Yiddish institutions.

Québécois concern with the Montreal Yiddish heritage is not related to the Jewish experience with the Biblical Massoretic science, with the Cabbalistic tradition of Genesis and the Hebrew alphabet, nor even with the Israeli success in the revival of Hebrew.

A hundred years ago Yiddish became the tongue of one of the minor groups of Quebec society, that they lived here in Yiddish, wrote here and breathed its social, cultural and spiritual life.

Fewer Yiddish scraps of writing survived in Canada from the first three quarters of the nineteenth century than from eighteenth century!

This culture grew here slowly at first. For nearly a quarter of a century after the arrival of the first Yiddish immigrants it was virtually silent. B.G. Sack remembered the printed constitution of a maritime Jewish association in English and in Yiddish. Because there was no Jewish printery in Canada -- or because none was known to the members -- this pamphlet had to be printed in the United States.

There is a mystery to the timing of the arrival of Yiddish in Canada, possibly because of the low prestige of the tongue which didn't even have a name during its periods of low esteem; it was referred to as German, Yiddish German or Jargon. Often those who spoke it claimed to be expressing themselves in German or in a dialect of German or in German as Jews spoke it.

During these stormy exciting years of movement, enthusiasm, dissidence and confusion not even an archival document mirroring the cradle days in Quebec seems to have survived. Everything has disappeared into oblivion. The shipboard sentiments of the moments, their perception of their new homeland and its welcoming inhabitants, the first toil of their family and women, even the later recollection of this generation only call for reconstruction. This immigration phenomenon of oblivion may not be a uniquely Jewish condition; it may have been shared in Canadian experience.

Not until the last of the eighteen hundreds did a printed piece appear in Canada in Yiddish, and this from the Christian firm of Ogilvy- a Hebrew calendar for the usage of Jewish peddlers, thirty years after the arrival of the notable Yiddish Cohen family!

A 32-page pamphlet survives, from the shop of the pioneer printer A.L. Kaplansky on the order of Ogilvy's -- suppliers of miscellanies to Jewish peddlers. The pamphlet includes an informative calendar in the Jewish scholarly tradition and mirrors the time-keeping of an old civilization. It gave life to these lonely salesmen of the trivia carried on their backs along Quebec's roads.

Suddenly the first Canadian Jewish book appeared in 1910, a one-man mini-encyclopaedia on education by E.M. Levine, principal of Montreal Talmud Torah school, in Hebrew and Yiddish. That was Canada's Jewish culture explosion.

No mention is made of Yiddish instruction in the Jewish schools which had existed since 1850, until the Yiddish educational world revolution which was launched in Montreal in 1910.

In this Yiddish universe, as if in outer space, there was the surprising appearance in Montreal of the young Hebrew teacher at the Shaar Hashomayim synagogue. Alexander Harkavy, whose existence seems to have been a secret from his synagogue and his school, wrote voluminously in the daily English press and in a scientific pamphlet about Yiddish and about phases of the historic science of Judaism. He torturously prepared a hand-written issue of what was to be a Yiddish periodical on lithograph stone, the first in Canada. Not a single copy survives.

In the closed Jewish society of Quebec there developed a minor but fascinating immigrant culture extending in strangeness by far the linguistic and literary. Influenced as it was by pregnant developments in the Central Europe of century-end Judaism -- which dealt with nascent racism, ultramontane Catholicism, exploding Russia, developing Hebraism and Zionism, the flowering of Yiddish, the Russian Black Hundreds, the flood of American immigration, political Marxism and a score of real and unreal messianisms -- the sensitive, threatened nascent Jewish ghetto societies in the New World, such as grew in Montreal, built a score of structures on new social realities.

They were all reflected strongly in Montreal Jewish life, in its leading personalities, in its Zionism, unions, in its ghetto synagogues, its schools, its reading circles, its libraries, its civic politics, its semantics, its street corner conversations and ultimately, subtly, in the total life of Quebec.

In their time they influenced and still shape their community's future notably through the social institutions which they inspired and guided, through the schools they established, and through the Jewish Public Library which they created as a temple of Yiddish culture and as a cynosure of pilgrimage, but also through an ethic and a treasury of later personages that peopled their progeny for decades and guided their actions in family and social life into predictability. When that faded they left Canadian Jewry in a present which is difficult to define and to foretell.

Quebec became the refuge of thousands of Jews fleeing Poland, Rumania and other lands in Eastern Europe, and then from Hitlerite Germany. Even during the war a number of refugees managed to reach Canada from Iberia and from Japan. But it was after the hostilities ceased that Canada welcomed the largest flow of Jewish immigrants, almost all of them familiar with the Yiddish language; a flow that doubled its Jewish population. Among these survivors of war and holocaust were men and women of renowned literary talent, including Melech Ravitch, Yehudah Elberg, Rachel Korn, Mordecai Husid and M.M. Shaffir whose Yiddish works composed in Montreal made this city one of the greatest centres of the Jewish genius

of the pen. A dozen or more poems of J.I. Segal, translated into French and annotated by Sister Marie Noelle de Baillehache have remained in manuscript for some twenty years. Professor Pierre Ancil has prepared a volume of his poems in the French translation.

A bookshelf of several score of other works in prose and poetry by Quebec authors in belles lettres, in music, art, history, Zionism, religion, Canadiana, biography, community affairs, institutions, education, memoirs, travel, Talmud and Midrash, and reference works are a permanent repository of this Quebec culture in the Yiddish language.

Nor have we located a single issue of the dozen other early Canadian periodicals that probably appeared in Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg before 1907 -- until the magic H. Wolofsky. They all occurred following the crisis in Zionism after the death of Herzl, the failure of the Russian revolution in 1905, the clash between Lenin and the Yiddish Bund in 1906 -- and the altered character of the Jewish migration movement to Canada.

H. WOLOFSKY

Probably the most influential of the instruments of the Yiddish world in Quebec was its press. Remarkably, only the Jewish group, of all non-French societies in Quebec, had an excellent press to serve it since 1907.

A historic stream determined the invention of the Yiddish press in Canada within days, and like omniscient nature certain of long periods of sterility before promising fertility, it shows one abortive incident after another, before the great inevitable phenomenon.

In 1897 printer Kaplansky had set some of the type of his Yiddish Licht but the paper never saw light.

In 1897 two young leaders of the Jewish community had established on their personal responsibility the weekly English language Jewish Times which were succeeded in the course of time, by the Canadian Jewish Chronicle to the 1960's and by other periodicals in the English language, notably by the Jewish Standard and the Canadian Jewish News, to this day.

The Yiddish press has a particularly important role in the history of Quebec as the mirror and the voice of its immigrant society in view its cultural developments during the preceding century in its history which had led to the migration movement. This epoch had formed a society which was emerging from the medieval into the modern secular, revolutionary, idealistic, romantic, nationalist, cosmopolitan, even futuristic; which was discovering languages, America, Quebec and daily life in industrial Montreal. The members of this society proved to be able, far sighted, energetic and devoted, yet totally unprepared for the historic tasks which they assumed, initially by the very process of migration. Their challenges were multifarious and daunting. Not the least when they attempted to create a Yiddish press.

There were a number of attempts late in the century.

When the Jewish Times was barely two years old it had occasion to report on a mysterious Yiddish competitor.

"A jargon paper, printed in New York but dated at Montreal and sent here for distribution has made its appearance. We cannot say that it is any addition to Canadian journalism, for there is nothing Canadian about it but the date line, and that is not a truth. Another thing which is not in accordance with fact is the statement that it is the only Jewish paper published in Canada. As it is not published in Canada and does not comply with the law of Canada governing newspaper publications, the publishers are in a curious position both legally and morally, as they may discover to their cost some fine day. Benevolence, or some other object may

have prompted the issue of the paper to Yiddish readers in Montreal, for certainly there is not much money to be made out of them." (Nov. 24, 1899)

This unidentified publication was another precursor of the great Yiddish press of the nation.

B.G. Sack records fellow historian Abraham Rhinewine who narrates that Getzel Zelikovitch had issued four issues of a Yiddish paper in 1901, only to have Zelikovitch deny the incident.

In 1905 Hershman's Telegraph appeared, with no significance, for only two months.

The weekly Der Yiddisher Shtern struggled for a year in 1907 before failing. Their doom seemed to indicate the promise by H. Wolofsky of another effort -- the next time.

The outstanding source of information on the decades of this Yiddish culture of Canada has been the Canader Adler itself, the remarkable daily which continued for some seventy years.

The year 1907 witnessed a great event in Canadian journalism - indeed in Jewish history on the western hemisphere - in the founding in Montreal of the Yiddish Canader Adler (Canadian Eagle), a daily paper of rare quality, reportorially, journalistically and literarily. It has survived almost entirely on microfilm through the initiative of the New York Public Library, the Jewish parallel to its francophone contemporary Le Devoir.

The Adler was an epic in journalism and a valuable document on the country. It reflected the social segment it was established to serve, especially in politics, the arts, labor, religion, Zionism, civics, nationalism, education, commerce.

The institutional, historical and literary history of the periodical is itself a vast Canadian cultural saga which deserves full detailing. Suffice for the present to note that it is a monument to press probity and a testament to the totality of Canadian and Jewish experience and culture. From its first day it has been the platform and the diary of some fifty authors and spokesmen of the community. Dozens of them, some of world renown, deserve recording in individual volumes.

The unquestionable hero of Canadian Yiddish publishing and the outstanding source of information on the decades of the Jewish culture of Canada was Hirsch Wolofsky (1878-1949) who fulfilled the social function of this press founded in 1907 and which continued for over sixty years on the North American continent more effectively and for a longer period than any other Yiddish periodical outside New York.

The manageably smaller scale of the Canadian city helped him achieve his end as publisher in the community as not even Ab Kahn of the New York Forward could not do for the totality of American Jewry. On the Canadian scene, where the Yiddish press had better fortune, neither Mark Selchen of the Israelite Press of Winnipeg nor the Daily Hebrew Journal of Toronto could match the Montreal daily of Wolofsky and later, of Israel Rabinovitch.

Wolofsky came to Canada from Warsaw and Lodz in 1900 to join his brother, Aaron, an insurance man. He came alone; his wife Sarah (née Bercovitch), joined him a year later. His first occupation in Montreal was as a fruit dealer.

Mrs. Sarah Wolofsky (1880-1941) was born in Pavianitz, Poland. She passed away in the Jewish General Hospital in Montreal on May 7, 1941, survived by three sisters as well as her children and grandchildren. (Obituaries, Montreal Star, May 7, 1941 and Gazette, May 8, 1941)

Philip (Felix) Wolofsky, (1901-1947) the eldest son of Hirsch Wolofsky, was brought to Canada at the age of six months. He graduated from Montreal High School, where one of his friends was Dov Joseph. During the First World War both of them enlisted in the Jewish Legion. While serving in Egypt he acquired encephalitis and later Parkinson's disease. With the coming of peace Joseph settled in Palestine and quickly became one of the political leaders of Palestinian Jewry.

Another of their Canadian friends in the Legion, Leon Cheifetz, returned to Montreal where he assumed leadership positions in the Canadian Poale Zion; he served as city editor of the Adler for many years. Later he returned to Israel and administered the veterans' Beth Hagdudim at Avichail. Young Philip Wolofsky remained office manager of his father's daily newspaper and of the Canadian Jewish Chronicle to the end of his life.

Wolofsky's other children were Daniel; Sophie, who married Leon D. Cresthol, M.P.; Max; Dinah who died in an accident at the age of seven; Moe (or Moses, or Bill Walsh) and Sholem (or Saul or Sam), labour activists, and Miriam, the wife of a doctor who, as a child, had been one of the orphans brought to Canada after the First World War by H. Hershman and by his associates Dr. J. Leavitt and Mrs. Lillian Freiman.

Hirsch Wolofsky was succeeded as managing editor of the Adler by his sons Daniel (1947-1956) and Max (1956-1967). Max Wolofsky was a graduate of McGill University ('25) and held the LL.B. degree from St. Lawrence University ('28). He practised law in New York City from 1930-1947.

After his visit to Israel in 1954 he published his impressions under the title, "And the Desert shall Blossom like a Garden." (40 p.)

When its remarkable H. Wolofsky suddenly became a publisher, unpredictably and unpreparedly, in a city with barely a resident who had been hitherto known as able to hold a pen between his fingers, the world suddenly found that Montreal was home to scores of *littérateurs*, enough to publish a good Yiddish periodical, able to function in the world which was also the home of the competing New York Yiddish press, not very far away.

Indeed the several editors Wolofsky first imported from New York did not prove illustrious. When in due course of time he invited Reuben Brainin, one of the great European literary and philosophical talents of Jewry, to edit his daily, the heroic attempt proved all too successful and Wolofsky, and possibly Montreal, nearly lost the paper. Montrealers A. Roback, H. Hirsch, and eventually the great Israel Rabinovitch, established the Adler on the great scale. The key to Wolofsky's secret resource is documented in the biographical compilation of the hundreds of Canadian Yiddish writers put together by H.L. Fox. Among the miracles of that culture: virtually none of them had attended a school where they might have learned writing or any of the other elements of standard communication.

The Adler was an epic in journalism and a valuable document on the country. It reflected every social segment it was established to serve, especially in politics, the arts, labor, religion, Zionism, civics, nationalism, education, commerce.

Shidlowitz-born Zvi Hirsch Wolofsky (1878-1949) founded the Adler together with several partners, aided at one time by loans from Mortimer Davis. But he soon became the sole owner and managed it to his last days with great energy as a commercial undertaking as well as an instrument of expression and combat for ideas and for a philosophy-based way of life which were very dear to him and to the Yiddish-speaking immigrant society.

A.B. Bennett, historian of the early Jewish migration whose life span of community observation and leadership paralleled the annals of the Yiddish newspaper, later recorded his memories of the founding of the Adler as it registered in his mind while a youth in Kingston,

"As a fledgling, it had limited its soaring performances to a single effort, once a week. After a while, as its wings had gained strength, it launched its flights on a daily schedule, and performed at this frequency until its ebbing vitality forced it to confine its activities to three appearances a week.

"By a coincidence I happen to have been in the know about the expected materialization of the aviary entity for some little time prior to its emergence from its hatching egg.

"I was then living in Kingston. The more intelligent members of the small community managed to keep in touch with the outside Jewish world by subscribing to the Yiddish newspapers appearing in New York. The economic principles governing these journalistic enterprises seemed to call for the maintenance of a staff of 'reisende agenten', or travelling representatives, whose business it was to make periodic visits to the scattered communities and look after the fiscal arrangements as between the subscribers, old and new, and the publishers in New York. My father was a reader of the Yiddishe Velt, published and edited by the great Jewish tribune, Zvi Hirsch Masliansky. The accredited emissary of this journal was a Mr. Willansky of Montreal.

"Now, I recall an evening when Mr. Willansky, presumably after a hard day's work, had chosen to spend a few relaxing hours at my parents' home, sipping tea and engaging in pleasant conversation about current topics in the realm of Jewish affairs. My father, an avid reader of the Yiddish press, was eager to get some inside information about the lustrous personages whose wit and wisdom had illumined the pages of his favourite publications. He plied his guest with questions about Leon Zolotkoff, 'Prof.' Getzel Zelikovitch, Tashrak, Morris Rosenfeld, Yehoash, A. Tanenbaum, M. Seifert and others whose names adorned the columns of the journals that claimed his readership.

"Mr. Willansky was generous in dispensing oddments of information about the notables in question. Tashrak, the great humorist, creator of the 'Chayim the Custom Peddler' and 'Joe the Waiter' series, was a deformed little hunchback. Getzel Zelikovitch had been interpreter in General Gordon's army in Khartoum, and was reputed, for some reason or another, to have been obliged to flee for his life. Report also had it that for a short time he had delivered some lectures in Temple University; hence his never-failing title of 'professor'. Leon Zolotkoff, editor of the Velt, was in reality a lawyer with some professional experience in Chicago. John Palay, editor of the Tageblatt, the Orthodox organ, had, according to whispered rumour, been guilty, at one time, of a bit of apostasy.

"In the course of these literary conversations Mr. Willansky vouchsafed the information that he and a group of associates had made plans and preparations for the early appearance, in Montreal, of a new Yiddish publication. The proposition had gone beyond the stage of mere wishing or hoping. The necessary steps had been completed for the definite launching of the proposed journal.

"He informed us in a sort of confidential whisper that he, together with a group of Montreal entrepreneurs, were planning to start a paper of their own in Montreal... They would get some good stars to make the Canadian venture worthwhile. Besides, there is something about the atmosphere of a 'redakzie' (editorial office) which creates a halo around the head of anyone associated with its enterprise.

"He mentioned then the connection with the project of Mr. Wolofsky. We in Kingston had met Mr Wolofsky before. He had functioned once on the occasion of the High Holy Days, when the congregation happened to be without a regular official, as the 'ba'al tefilah' pro tem.

"In due course, not long after Willansky's visit, the Canader Adler came into this world, a bird of good omen." (Jewish Standard, July 1, 1967)

Even as Wolofsky was planning his historic initiative, in 1907 a Mr. Hyman of the strict orthodox began issuing a weekly by the name of Yiddisher Shtern (the Jewish Star).

Later Bennett wrote,

"In Montreal, the local product, the Canader Adler, in the pre-Brainin era, could by no stretch of the imagination be considered to have been an outstanding success. It was fortunate to have at its helm so brilliant and devoted a leader as was H. Wolofsky.

"Several other gentlemen were associated with Mr. Wolofsky in the ownership of the paper but the major backing was supplied by a wealthy real estate operator, Carl Rosenberg. However the brains of the enterprise were furnished by the rare little man, Hirsch Wolofsky.

"I got to know Wolofsky rather intimately in later years, through my association with Brainin.

"Wolofsky loved the game for itself. As a matter of fact, through the years he developed quite a style of his own and wrote many interesting and perceptive articles and columns for his own paper. He was a good judge of writers and writing, and always strove to get the best possible material obtainable within the limitations of his budgetary capabilities."

In his memoirs Wolofsky recalls that early in 1907 rumour had it that the government planned to impose a tax on foreign papers. This impelled him to establish a Yiddish newspaper. He convened some friends on July 1, 1907 and proposed to form a company to this end. (His "Twenty-five Years of the Canadian Jewish Adler" in the 1931 Souvenir Edition of the Adler, Pp. 23-25)

"The historic gathering took place in the home of the late Mr. Willansky who was supposed to be an 'expert' in the publishing business. It later transpired that his experience consisted of pasting the addresses onto the newspapers."

(When the Adler appeared, the first issue carried Willansky's advertisements for his "largest Jewish bookstore in Montreal offering religious books".)

"Seven of us were who attended the meeting. Two immediately fell out, their optimism being unequal to the prospects of the paper. The five who remained -- myself, Willansky, Sam Greenfeld, Jacob Lecker, and Sam Sternklar -- decided to contribute a thousand dollars each; and with the capital of five thousand, to proceed to the publication of a journal to be known, in accordance with Rabbi Glazer's suggestion, as The Canadian Jewish Eagle. Within a month, the Adler was a functioning journal, located at 508 St. Lawrence Boulevard, and boasting the first Jewish linotype machine in Canada.

"When I consider to-day what a paltry pittance a sum of five thousand dollars constitutes in the publishing business, I am amazed at the temerity of the five entrepreneurs. We were, as a matter of fact, like tyros, undertaking to swim across a river, little realizing either its width or the perils of its currents. Indeed, apart from Mr. Sternklar, who remained as the last of the Mohicans, none of the other shareholders ever reached the other side of the river.

"And so the first issue was about to appear. We had calculated that the Adler would swoop down upon the world, under the direction of Mr. Aaronson, our first editor, on the seventh of August. But such was the skill and prowess of our first compositor, whom we had imported from New York, that we barely appeared on the thirtieth! When the pages were taken over to The Herald for printing, there wasn't a cent left of the original five thousand dollars. We each had to contribute an additional fifty dollars to meet unexpected expenses."

The first years of the Adler were complex.

B.G. Sack, a witness and a careful historian of the time, confirms that H. Wolofsky and S. Willansky, bookseller and Canadian agent for the New York Tageblatt, were its first guiding spirits. When the paper was established as a weekly, Willansky moved his bookstore to the Adler.

To import the technology of a modern Yiddish newspaper into Canada was the complex technological process undertaken by Wolofsky.

Wolofsky had problems organizing and financing his newspaper, but not in staffing it. By 1907 the immigration had brought thousands of educated men, revolutionaries, Zionists, nationalists, folklorists, musicians, Talmudists, teachers and orators from Europe, radicals, politicians and writers, journalists. A number of important magazines and papers had been established as Jewish media; living standards were as low as sweat shops; idealisms were widespread.

Within the year or two of 1907 the Adler already had B.G. Sack, Isaac Yampolsky, A.A. Roback, and B.J. Goldstein on its permanent roster, but equally impressive were the several editors-in-chief.

The first was Michael Aaronson (1879-1963) whose contributions to the Adler had scarcely remained in its files, but the American Jewish press honorably marks early Yiddish literature. His Yiddish work in America was noted by the Zionist and religious press, and included ghetto songs (1901), and Zion's Vineyards, poems and ballads had appeared over the years in the Tageblatt and Morgen Journal, at the side of Talmudic legends. He shaped the national awakening of Canadian Jewry.

C.H. Fox records that he filled the first pages of the Adler with his editorials, political news and general events.

Even the arrival of Michael Aaronson in Montreal to assume the editorship of the Adler in 1907, on the midnight excursion train from Burlington, was adventurous. A group of Canadian merrymakers returning from New York noticed the young, puny Jew and decided to conclude their festivities with him. They exceeded the limits of their heroism when Aaronson knocked the most impertinent of them to the floor and bloodied him. The conductor arrived and put the young Jew under his protection for the remaining miles. When Aaronson descended from the train at the Victoria Station, with his slim parcel, he hurried from the stream of passengers not sure that he was not being followed by his French Canadian assailants.

In Montreal he knew only H. Wolofsky and a Mrs. Star (Sternklar?) who had engaged him on the recommendation of Gershon Rosenzweig, the New York restaurateur.

He saw his Montreal appointment as fortuitous, in a city with a considerable Jewish population, where he could work with a respectable staff of news editors, journalists and writers of sketches. It was a fantasy that bore him well -- until he found that in fact he was the editor and the author of news, journalism and of sketches, the serial novel writer and proofreader; he would also need to quarrel with the typesetters as well as with the publisher for his rights as editor.

The Adler's pioneer editor B.G. Sack drew upon an early issue of the Adler of September 20, 1907 to document the newspaper's dedication to common interests, to advancing the interests of charity, and of education to the higher sense of justice and nationhood. "Editor Aaronson was walking on Kol Nidre night on the streets of Montreal when he saw a group of immigrants just arrived carrying heavy packs on their arms wandering aimlessly without an address, nowhere to go. When he approached them, he was surprised to learn that no one of the responsible officers of the community had arranged to meet them, to relieve their burdens on Yom Kippur and to provide for them for the night.

"He took them to a police station but the sergeant said it was not his affair; he told them to search a night's asylum elsewhere. Aaronson took them to the Beth David Synagogue where he left them."

The incident goes beyond the proclaimed program of the newspaper. From its first issue the Adler was physically present at the scene of Jewish suffering and oppression. Its Aaronson and, above all, its H. Wolofsky, its Medres, its J.I. Segal, its Sack, its N.J. Gotlieb, its Israel Rabinovitch, its Petrushka, its Konrad Bercovici, its Samuel Kaplan, H. Hershman and its other associates were on the scene of pain, the crying conscience of the man and the woman of the community who assumed responsibility for the public. In Canadian Jewish history the team of Wolofsky and Ottawa's Lillian Freiman sits as a monument of compassion-not-yet-become corporate which saved men, women and children by the hundreds in decades where lives were becoming more cheapened wholesale by the million.

From its early times the Adler had an English section edited by M. Rosenberger.

Significantly Rosenberger appears in the Jewish record of the day as an activist in the defence of Montreal Jewry. The Montreal Herald of the summer of 1909 headlined that "Anti-Semitic Rowdies Made Bedlam of St. Lawrence Street. But when the Arrests were over No Gentiles were in the Cells. Original Victims. He was in Court this Morning with a Host of Witnesses but the Police were not Ready.

"Come and help me kill the Jews,"

The Herald reported, "With such cries from a mob, St. Lawrence, near De Montigny, was on Saturday night turned into a perfect bedlam.

"The traffic was held up. Policemen made repeated attempts to force a way through, and for a long time their attempts were ineffectual.

"The trouble arose over a man who was walking along the main street. He is J. Lefson, aged forty-two, of 9 Leduc Street. He is a rather short man, not more than five feet two or so, and he wears a red beard.

"I was going quietly along the street,' he said, 'when some young men, speaking French, insulted me. One of them struck me in the back of the neck, and another tried to pull my beard. I asked them in French what they were doing that for, but their only reply was to call me names.

"I tried to beat them off, to defend myself, but they only insulted me the more. Then a young man of my own people, who was coming past, came to my assistance. But that only fetched more rowdies round the scene. One of them shouted: 'Come

on and let's kill the Jews,' and immediately people were rushing out of the stores, and there was a general fight.'

"Ultimately Constable Desmarteau appeared and arrested Larry Lobovitch, 826 St. Lawrence, charged with refusing to move on; Joseph Kingburg, 9 Jubilee Court, charged with fighting, and Joseph Voneberg, 891 De Montigny Street, charged with obstructing the sidewalk.

"Apparently none of those engaged in the original mix-up were arrested. In explanation, the police say that by the time Constable Desmarteau had reached the scene, the combatants had had time to mix up among the crowd, and that so many contradictory stories were told, that the course taken was the only one possible under the circumstances.

"This morning the three men appeared before Mr. Recorder Weir, and all pleaded not guilty. They were represented by Mr. Marcus Sperber, who brought a cloud of witnesses, from Lefson to the young man who interfered in the assistance of his countryman. The police however were not ready for their case, and an adjournment was made till Thursday to permit further investigation to be made into the affair."

The following day the Herald announced, "Vigilance Committee to Protect Hebrews. Outgrowth of Attack on St. Lawrence Street Saturday Night. Jewish Merchants and Men of Influence do not Approve of the Idea, However.

"There is a division of opinion among the Jewish citizens of Montreal.

"Mr. Rosenberger, of the Eagle Publishing Company, heads one side; while numerous prominent Jewish merchants are on the other.

"Mr. L. Cohen expressed the views of the second party to the Herald this morning, while Mr. Rosenberger explained the plans of his faction.

"Mr. Rosenberger and his supporters have come to the conclusion that conditions here are such that they must organize to protect themselves. On Saturday as was told in yesterday's Herald, a venerable Jew was attacked by some youths on St. Lawrence Boulevard, and, when two young Jews came to his assistance, a row broke out, which resulted in three young Jews being arrested by French policemen, while none of the French-Canadian disturbers of the peace were interfered with. This led Mr. Rosenberger to express himself as follows:-

"I am organizing a band of 500 young Jews to act as a vigilance committee. Our motto is 'Loyalty to Great Britain and Defence of Our Own Nation.' The trouble of yesterday was but the climax to a long series of insults which have been put upon our race. Wherever we go young rowdies cry 'Sacres Juifs' at us. Our women and

children are insulted, and our old men, who believe in following the custom of their fathers, are attacked.

"On Fletcher's Field, and at Lafontaine Park there have been many cases of respectable Jews being attacked. Their whiskers are pulled, their hats bashed over their eyes, and themselves rolled unceremoniously down steep hills. Still the police do nothing. They appear to think it a great joke! There is never any talk at the City Hall of bettering this condition of affairs. We must take the matter into our own hands, and unite against these indignities. It is our duty to protect our aged, our women, and our little ones. We are not a fighting people, but we can defend ourselves if we must.

"Already 150 young men have joined my corps. I myself will lead them. Five hundred volunteers will easily be raised. Among the Rumanian Jews, especially, the spirit of freedom is strong. We will not break the laws of the land by carrying weapons. Every member of our band must be a British subject. We will fight with the Britisher's own weapons, our fists; and it will not be long before the cowardly insulters of the helpless will be silenced. Our band will be divided up into sections of twenty to watch the streets continually, and Lafontaine Park on Saturday afternoon will be very heavily patrolled." (Canadian Jewish Archives, no. 41, p. 53-55)

Lyon Cohen expressed a desire that the Vigilance Committee not function on an ethnic basis in regard towards the French but against the few irresponsible rowdies. (L.F. Tapper. A Biographical Dictionary of Canadian Jewry 1909-1914)

The typesetters sent by the New York union were not quite apprentices. They certainly did not know how to adjust the linotype or to assemble the type.

Wolofsky had to deal with his workers on daily strikes and with the business end of the paper, a veritable salamander tree that feeds on itself, consuming itself. He was not always prompt in paying the editors their salaries. But what provoked Aaronson even more, as the editor recalled fifty years later, Wolofsky fancied himself a humorist and a connoisseur of jokes that he heard. He insisted on placing his contributions on the front page. One of his partners, a Dr. Stern (a dentist?) also intervened, and this led to Aaronson's resignation. (M. Aaronson, "Fifty Years Ago and Now," in Adler, Nov. 27, 1957. Pp. 26, 53)

In June 1907 Wolofsky had advertised in the New York Tageblatt for a typesetter for his forthcoming Montreal newspaper. Young Meir Kastoff, an inexperienced printer, volunteered for the venture, hoping to perfect himself on the job. Wolofsky accepted him at the going union scale of \$15 a week.

On his arrival in Canada Kastoff learned of the complexity of his task at the decrepit machine, short of matrices. The linotype had been placed in the front window of 508

St. Lawrence and Kastoff struggled with it in the view of all Montreal gaping at the young man trying to make good with the machine, giving birth to the Canadian Yiddish press. It was too much and he had determined to return to New York. But Wolofsky paid another visit to the American metropolis, met with Kastoff's bride and persuaded her to come to Canada as well; she "will never miss the large city", he promised her. The couple married out of the Wolofsky home at 49 Cuthbert St.

The typesetting team was not complete. The paper, soon a daily, also required a hand setter and another linotyper. Mr. Ratner and Kastoff's friend of many years, Ben Small, filled the ranks.

The New York printers' establishment even attempted to organize a Yiddish local of the great International Typographical Union, but they never acquired the needed seven charter members.

Kastoff became one of the outstanding figures in the craft of the "Men of the Sacred Work". In his memoirs he recalled "a strike that setter Ratner led in the shop against author S. Schneour in which Ratner refused to set Schneour's articles.

Kastoff was an old friend of Schneour's from their days at the St. Petersburg Der Freind where Schneour had been a travelling agent for the Yiddish paper. Now they were comrades in the Poale Zion. The printer admitted that the writer had an atrocious script but this did not justify a boycott of his articles. Ratner and Kastoff came to blows, but Schneour won the strike.

Kastoff also ran into difficulties with Ben Small, who also married in Montreal. Small was active in the Jewish Public Library, in the Peretz School, in the Jewish National Workers Alliance and in the Kropotkin Literary Society before he joined the Communist movement.

B. Small, printer in the Adler, was a highly cultural literary figure on the Yiddish culture in North America.

Their personal differences became complicated by the political element and lasted for many years.

Small wrote to the Adler on March 19, 1909 announcing the opening of a night school for the study of English for immigrants, fulfilling existing needs.

The public night schools are few and are poorly equipped for older pupils; private instruction is expensive, even exorbitant, so that the immigrant remains "green", or is attracted to the missionaries who promise to teach the language, but at the same time seek to influence him in the lore of Jesus.

OVERTURE

The Canader Adler issued Tuesday and Friday at 608 St. Lawrence Boulevard, price 2 cents, vol. 1, no. 1, Friday, August 30, 1907, "Our program to the Jews in Canada. Some words on the appearance of our newspaper and how it hopes to secure a sure existence and the confidence of the public.

"It is customary for the publishers or the editors when it begins to appear to issue a declaration of their intention and its direction. It is therefore the duty of the publishers of the Canader Adler to state their fundamental program on which it will constantly rely.

"The press has recently become as vital a need in daily life as bread and water. A city without a newspaper is an impossibility. In the large city consisting of various nationalities each colony has its newspaper, and we therefore observe German, French, Russian, Armenian, Polish, Arabic and even Chinese papers.

"The Jews in Canada constitute a sufficient proportion to require several Jewish papers. But regrettably, hitherto, there has not been a Jewish paper. Jewish interests are neglected here. Jewish charity, brought forward as a model for the entire world, stands here at a very low level. Jewish citizenship plays a very minor part, for there is no newspaper to represent the interests of Jewish citizens.

"The Canader Adler will faithfully represent Jewish interest in Canada.

"The Canader Adler will represent without fatigue that the Judaism which has maintained our unfortunate people in dark years of exile shall not be weakened, that the education of Jewish children shall continue in the natural spirit and that its youth shall develop as a pride for our people.

"The Canader Adler aspires that Canada shall have the best Jewish charity institutions to serve as a model, and this newspaper will be pomilgated to realize this.

"There is no nation in the world which has as many who have suffered as victims of pogroms at the hands of anti-Semitic persecutors. As a result of such needs, the ill and the oppressed shall find comfort and support in the columns of the Canader Adler.

"Canada is a wealthy land. There is space here for hundreds of thousands of Jewish immigrants. On our side we shall strive to labor energetically to make Canada a new Jewish centre for our wandering brethren to find safety and freedom.



"A proper Jewish education, national self-awareness, security, and a true Jewish system of universal justice are the basic programs for which the Canader Adler shall not cease to labor.

"Our columns shall always be for honest, but not sensational letters, reports, proposals and opinions.

"The Canader Adler shall take the part of Jewish labor. Union reports will be welcome and their just demands against the bosses will be supported by us.

"We shall give our best attention to daily events in Canada and the entire world and Jewish news in particular.

"We trust the Canader Adler shall win the confidence of the public and that it will be supported by the Jewish population of Canada."

Rabbi Amnon, the saintly German cantorial composer of the High Holy Day prayers, "And He shall accord strength," (Untanne Tokekf) is the theme of the Yiddish poem by Michael Aaronson in the first issue of the Adler, August 30, 1907,

"Rabbi Amnon was not rich in gold
nor did he own palaces.
His treasures were not as earthly riches
but he knew hidden secrets and could convey them.
His brain was at work, and in his breast a sacred flame blazed!
When sleep would cradle men, from infant to adult, with his song.

"And a nobleman would leave his home and proceed to Rabbi Amnon
to counsel on many questions.
When all questions had been heard
the words of the sage,
And all the doubts at rest.
The night ever disappeared in speech.
The day peered from out the windows and the court sat in wonder
and regarded Rabbi Amnon's lofty and rare consideration.
The baron counted the hours of wisdom
as they poured happiness from the rabbi's universe,
and he would return elevated to sleep in his bed.
When the baron's head rested
In dreams sweet reposeful.
Then Rabbi Amnon was awake without repose
His clear thoughts like cherubim shaking in vast space,
Examining the Talmud pages and their sweet secrets.

"He ponders, Rabbi Amnon, and strains of his forehead to line his broad forehead,
 and thousands of armies come flying,
 Thoughts after another....
 Thoughts flowed the course of his life.
 In the course of days, marking his eternity as they indicate the stamps along the Rhine and its summer nights,
 Along the knights' treasuries and the kings,
 With his presents to noblemen, to knights and generals,
 Honoured by prime counts, honoured magnates,
 Counsellors, gentle counsellors of state.

"But time altered, heavy burdens,
 weighted down the king like clouds in fine mornings.
 Betrayal warned the king of repetitions,
 when neighbour warred upon him daily,
 With mightier arms and richer gold.
 With every plight and every need, and questions, hard and complex.
 The count and lord sought means and instruments and divine lore,
 and hope shone.
 Sadness passed away,
 and fearful enemy disappeared with king's fright.
 Courtly men wondered quietly.
 When they discussed the count, and magnates and men of the court analyzed his great estate.

"Time proceeded its further way.
 Noting what enmity awakens.
 The count was highly regarded
 until the truth was revealed.
 The count was cheerful as they ate and drank.
 While the guests stand afar.
 As at times far gone.
 The brows are deeper, and the stamp of age furrowed.
 The eyes are hidden, feet laden.
 The truth to the king sits there.
 Once the custom was guarded.
 But what now? Only one equals the king.
 A youth had just sat, with golden locks,
 and proposed a toast in the golden hall.
 They drank in his honour.
 His name is repeated afar,
 Sung in a thousand hymns,
 But who is this stripling?

What deed won all honour without merit,
 Who with wise counsel strengthened the majesty of the throne?
 The grand ball at the court in its glory with numerous ladies and lords, with
 wines, much food and laughter
 all in a mixture,
 Only one man of the court neither eats nor laughs,
 sombre or downcast.
 His head deep in thought,
 His glance wonders here and yon
 He is the beloved of the king, the duke who is separated
 from joy.
 The count noticed all this in his beloved,
 and asked in wonder,

"Tell me your pain, a friend of mine, do not hide your anxiety from me.
 I sense a worry consumes you.
 Your eyes are darkened within you.
 Your honour is stained and insult has touched you.
 Perhaps you are displeased, my love
 With my grace offered to you.
 So tell me,
 and you may ask greater riches, more boldly.
 If power is your objective -
 Ask and you will receive all.
 Comfort mine, for nothing is too much for you to ask,
 Or for me too much to grant to you....."

The first issue of the Adler contained early humorous sketches by G.B. (sic) Sack, entitled "An Entire Kingdom for Sale", and another "Bargains". These are among the only sketches of that type by Sack, for he soon began his serious writings on Canadian and Jewish affairs.

Gershon Rosenzweig contributed six light Hebrew poems under the title "The Canadian Eagle." (Reprinted in the 1932 Centennial edition of the Adler)

Front page of first issue Adler, August 30, 1907:

The Tailors strike, and the justified demands of the workers. They seek shorter hours and higher prices; that wages be paid weekly; many contracts settled.

The tailors strike began several weeks ago created a sort of an impression in the Jewish community of Montreal. The unions are quite weak and the workers' courageous stand against the manufacturers and contractors has surprised all classes.

Shop after shop declared strike. The sad condition of the workers brought them to despair and eventually they called for demands for better wages and shorter hours.

In no city are shop conditions as sad as those in Montreal. Work is carried on in basements, in shops without light or fresh air. Workers slave from early to late at night, and then they need wait for the good grace of the bosses for their pay.

The Montreal branch of the United Garment Workers of America have been waiting for the contractors to unite with the workers against the manufacturers for common interests. But the contractors have other interests, and nothing came of the deal.

The workers are courageous and feel that their victory is close. Manufacturers are surrendering one after another, and only the stubborn are persisting.

Local 134 meets every Tuesday in the Labor Temple, the pressers meet Saturday evenings, and the waist local 116 on Monday evenings.

Mr. Miller has also organized a ladies' union which meets at the same place and a charter has been sent for.

The following manufacturers and contractors have settled on labor terms: Montreal Waterproof Co., the Vineberg Co., H. Kellert and Sons, and Freedman Company. Strikes continue at A. Golub, Feldstein and Stegal, Cohen and Levinson and Standard Clothing Company.

Advertisements:

Post office Branch 118.

R. Jacobson, ticket office open evenings for all postal matters, shipping tickets for Europe at lowest prices, reliable rates, in the Jacobson grocery and liquor business, 142-144 St. Dominique Street.

Another front page of the first issue of the Adler appeared in English, edited by M. Rosenberger, and included an article on the pioneer Jews of Canada, probably from the pen of B.G. Sack. It opened with Captain Aaron Hart on the staff of General Amherst who marched into Quebec.

The article included Col. Frank, one time aide de camp of Washington, Lazarus David, David David, Moses J. Hayes, Andrew Hayes, Ezekiel Hart and Abraham de Sola.

Dr. M. Wiseman promised to write a regular popular column on medicine (Reproduced in 1957 Golden Jubilee edition of the Adler).

Advertisement:

To hear the song and the prayer.

The famous Odessa Cantor, Meir Rabinowitz with his well trained choir will officiate during the festival at the Laurier Political Club, at 64 Main Street. Seats at reasonable prices, available evenings from 6 to 11.

The Odessa Committee.

The world famous cantors, Lande Brothers have composed the musical "I bet you will get your money's worth", that is you will get your money's worth because we are the greatest furniture dealers in Montreal for years. We have the best antique furniture - parlor sets, office equipment, carpets, oil cloths, stones, etc., for cash or in payments at 234 St. Lawrence.

Ticket agent, Elias Ilief, by rail and across borders. Mortgage, money, documents, cash transfers all over the world, according to daily rates, agent for fire insurances, accidents and plate glass, 500 St. Lawrence Street.

J.U. Meunier, notary 44 St. James Street, legal papers, marriage contracts, citizenship papers, at evening office, 500 St. Lawrence at Mr. Ilief's ticket office.

Wanted: Cigarette makers for Toronto, free expenses. Contact Standard Tobacco Company, 58 Widmer Street, Toronto, or inquiries in Montreal, 101 St. Jean Street. Guaranteed steady work.

News:

Survey of Zionist Congress at Hague

Japanese engineers arrived in Montreal to begin their world tour of telegraphy.

Edward Promager, age 7, was killed by a car.

Abraham Klebusky, 64 of Inspector Street is in the General Hospital suffering with a broken leg. Last week he fell off as he attempted to jump on a Lachine car.

Crime news includes shooting between an Italian and a Syrian, and a knifing between prize fighters.

EARLY DAYS

One of the Adler's early contributors, B. Sheps, devotee of Asiatic mysticism who adopted the name of Almi from Montreal's Almi's Department Store, remembered that his father had left his Polish family in 1905 to search for a more hospitable exile. In a European Atlantic port he was, to no one's surprise, unable to buy a ticket for the United States, but tickets for Canada were much lower. So he found himself, one stormy winter night, on the docks of Quebec and on the sleepy streets of the city, with not a penny, not a word in any of his languages - Polish, Russian, German, Yiddish, or pure Hebrew - which the lone municipal policeman could understand. But his chattering teeth, frozen nose and face and small parcel told the policeman enough, and he brought the lone Jew to a warm place, and eventually to a Quebec Jew. (A. Almi, "Between Two Sevens," in Adler, Nov. 27, 1957. p. 30)

Researcher Eiran Harris wrote, "After the third daily issue was published all the money was gone and so were three of the five shareholders. And, although Sternklar remained a shareholder until 1925, Wolofsky undertook the publication of the paper himself."

With the fourth issue the Adler began to appear twice weekly and then as a daily. At the beginning it had an English page, edited by Mr. Rosenberger.

"Carl Rosenberg, respected banker, whose offices were also at 508 St. Lawrence Boulevard, was constructing a building next to the rented premises of the Adler. He offered the paper a new home and a loan of ten thousand dollars. As security, Wolofsky surrendered title to his house and all his shares in the Adler," Harris found.

"With the infusion of new capital the paper again became a daily. Conditions improved but the fate of the Adler remained precarious for a while longer. An indication of the financial expectations was the attitude of Jacob Lecker. A coal merchant and former shareholder, Lecker would only sell Wolofsky coal by the bucket because he, and many others, did not believe the Adler would last a ton."

Sack notes that during this period banker Rosenberg was the virtual publisher of the Adler. His name appears frequently in its news columns. (Golden Jubilee Edition of the Adler, Nov. 22, 1957)

On November 3, 1908, the Adler triumphantly proclaimed a great day in its young history when it became able to issue its daily newspaper in eight pages, with an enlarged staff.

By this time the staff included A. Wohliner as editor, A.A. Roback, I. Yampolsky, B.J. Goldstein and S. Schneour. Eliezer Landau, a native of Old Constantin in the

Ukraine (1877-1942), was influential in enticing emigrants to come to Canada by his attractive articles in Europe and in the Adler which he served as first editor until July 1910. He lived in Montreal until 1912.

He was followed by Dr. Ezekiel Wortsman (1879-1938). Like his predecessor, Dr. Wortsman was an active worker in the Poale Zion and wrote considerably on the syndicalism and on the theatre.

Reuben Brainin contributed articles from Europe, as did Mordecai Spector and other great writers from overseas.

The Adler reiterated "its editorial objectives: to introduce Canadian Jews to their new homeland, and the rights and duties, incumbent with their new residence and citizenship, to raise their national awareness, to lead their communal development, to reflect the institutional life of the Jewish group and to organize healthy activities in their society, all this on a high level of expression; even literary."

Harris reports that "Montreal witnessed a real estate boom in 1912 and the Adler prospered as well. Wolofsky repaid Rosenberg's loan and regained total control of the paper with great vigour. At this time he ventured boldly. He travelled with Peter Bercovitch to New York and secured the collaboration of one of the great leaders of world Jewry, Hebraist Reuben Brainin, as editor of the Yiddish Adler, summarily dismissing the incumbent editor, Dr. Ezekiel Wortsman.

"Prosperity also affected the company's total structure because in February, 1913, the company's assets and liabilities were taken over by the Eagle Publishing Co. with a capital stock of \$45,000 divided into 450 shares of one hundred dollars each. The major shareholders and/or directors who remained for many years were: Samuel William Jacobs, Lyon Cohen, Harry Wolofsky, Israel Rubenstein, Sam Sternklar and A. Wexler. Louis Rubenstein was welcomed in 1917 and remained until his death in 1931.

"Monetary matters were the major topics of discussion at both shareholders' and directors' meetings. The weekly salary of editor Reuben Brainin in 1913 was \$50 and that of Wolofsky was \$60. A lease signed that year with Carl Rosenberg called for an annual rent of \$2,000 during the first five years and \$2,500 during the next five.

"The year 1923 saw the paper move to 4075 St. Lawrence and Harry Wolofsky's weekly salary move to \$150.

"Two of Harry Wolofsky's sons were brought into the business - Daniel in 1922 and Felix in 1927. By May of 1932 the three Wolofskys were sole directors and major shareholders of the company."

The physical quarters of the Adler, not less than its pages, were a centre for action as well as information and inspiration. In its earlier years the Adler editorially urged political unity and action, and its offices were the locale for the choosing of aldermanic candidates, with the anticipation of Jewish provincial and federal legislators.

The day of Mendel Beilis' liberation in Kiev from the accusation of ritual murder entered into the annals of the Adler as thousands of Jews assembled outside the editorial building on Main Street to gaze at the bulletin board with its foreign dispatches. The extra edition sold by paper peddlers for as much as a dollar a copy to lovers of souvenirs. Strangers shook hands and wished each other Mazel Tov.

One young man became hysterical and required medical treatment.

Even the walls outside the Adler characterized and displayed the economics and the rare culture of the immigrant society.

The building was constructed by the Eagle Publishing Company at a cost of \$150,000 under the presidency of banker Carl Rosenberg who was also known in the community, together with Mrs. Clarence I. de Sola, as the supporter of such artists as Pauline Lightstone, daughter of the cantor, who became world famous as Pauline Donalda. (Adler, March 14, 1910)

Other tenants of the Eagle building included the Bank of Toronto, clothing companies, peddler supply firms, law and doctors' offices, and real estate bureaus.

"The Adler in the new five storey Eagle Building on St. Lawrence Blvd. installed a new press which enabled it to produce the paper more rapidly. The new equipment will ensure that press time for the Yiddish morning paper, like the Gazette, will be 6 a.m. instead of late in the afternoon for the next day."

During the installation there were inconveniences and some country subscribers received the paper later. (Adler, April 30, 1911)

Years later Jacob Zipper described his first visit to the Adler offices when he arrived in Montreal in 1925. "Loiterers outside the printing house loudly discussed the posters conveying the headlines from the morrow's front page. They were arguing whether they're typeset or hand lettered. One suggested that the lettering was that of a scribe. Another argued that no honest scribe would desecrate his profession to do this. 'In America they do anything.' One thing is certain; it is easy to read.

"In fact, the lettering was done by Nehemiah Segal, brother of poet Isaac Jacob Segal, the son of a scribe of Koretz of Chassidic fame."

But the Adler was only one very important, nearly complete item on microfilm in the collection of Quebec Yiddish press. There are other press serials, such as Der Veg and the Folkszeitung, Maccabean, and together with the small library of Yiddish books, many of them in great poetry, others on Quebec history, short stories, literary history and religion. After its long life span as a daily, it continued for several years as a weekly, and expired only very recently.

This early press medium has suffered the most with time. The very names of these periodicals, which may go back a century, are uncertain as are their locations. There may have been a score of titles, but we cannot be certain of even half their number.

Not even Alexander Harkavy, the publisher, had a copy of his own Die Zeit, the first Yiddish publication in Canada, which he lettered on lithograph stone. Of the Telegram issued by Hershman nearly all we know is the name and that it was printed by A.L. Kaplansky, who had also put together the Ogilvy calendar, according to a reference by B.G. Sack. Kaplansky also set the type for his own Licht, but scattered it for lack of advertising.

Even of the most important of the journals which we have many, crucial numbers are missing, and these with the signatures of classic editors and contributors. Whatever has been microfilmed has been preserved by chance, not on Quebec or Jewish initiative.

The Adler was a wonderfully crafted mirror which reflected a remarkable Montreal not otherwise known to exist. When it ceased as a daily, into limbo, the world that it served as a newspaper ceased from memory, virtually with its language -- among the phases of the Jewish world which it had served by reflecting them, the recording and perpetuating the civic life of the broader Greater Montreal.

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