

lodged the bloody knife in the pocket of the sleeping stranger, and then hastily pursued his journey.

While still asleep, two soldiers passed on the road. "Why," said one of them to his companion, "we are both of us hungry and thirsty, may we not apply to the pocket of this infidel Jew for a little money? As he is asleep, he will not refuse it." "The hint is good," returned the other, "for I am almost fainting from thirst, and I have not a farthing in my pocket." One of them accordingly approached, put his hand into the pocket of drowsy Nathan for money; but instead of a purse, they laid hold of, and drew forth a large knife, which they found covered with gore. Recovering from their surprise, and hoping to earn the reward to which the law entitles those who have delivered into the hands of justice a man under suspicion of murder, they awakened and bound him; and, deaf to his entreaties and protestations, conducted him to the nearest town, where he was cast into prison.

During the first month, his imprisonment became to him intolerably tedious. He asked the jailor whether he could not give him books to read? "There is," he replied, "in the whole house but one book, probably left behind by a former prisoner." "What book?" asked the Jew. "I do not know it," was the answer of the ignorant rude jailor. "I never have read it; but on looking into it, I have found, that it contains some historical accounts, and also several letters." "Oh!" cried the Jew, "give me that book; every book is preferable to tediousness." He gave it; it was the New Testament. He was about to return it; but said to himself,—“What harm can it do me, if for once with my own eyes I see what the Christians relate of their deified son of Mirjam? I shall thereby be enabled