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THE FUNERAL OF ISAAC MOSACKER.

ALL the Jews in Lyons were invited to attend the funeral of Isaac Mosacker.

What number of these Jews the city contained could never have been guessed by the lawyer who sent the invitations, had not the deceased left a list of them. He must have taken years composing this list, for there figured on it the names of Jews long dead, and of others but just born. The lawyer sent no invitations to the dead, but every living Jew, man or child, was bidden. From the richest banker in his gilded mansion down to the puling babies of the peddlars who hawked their wares among the poor weavers of the "Croix Rousse," all the Jews in Lyons received a black-bordered card bearing these words:—

"For the love of God you are requested to follow the body of Isaac Mosacker to its last resting-place, on Thursday, the 21st January inst., at 6 o'clock, a.m. And he shall render unto you fourfold."

The winter happened to be exceptionally severe, and at the time when the postman delivered the cards it was freezing hard and the streets were swept by a cold north-east wind cutting as a razor. It was not likely many Jews were going to turn out in such weather, and at 6 o'clock in the morning to trudge behind the coffin of an humble bric-a-brac vendor; and Isaac Mosacker's invitation conse-

quently excited some amusement. The richer Jews tossed it aside as a bad joke. Some of the poorer ones who had had dealings with Isaac, and knew him to be a cross-grained churl hard to tackle, thought that if it had been summer-time, and if the burial had been appointed for the cool of the evening, they might have gone to it for brotherhood's sake; but six o'clock in the morning of a winter, with the thermometer seven degrees below freezing-point—no thank you! Only one Jew in the whole city decided that he must attend Isaac's funeral, and that was Reuben Manasses, who owed him money and could not pay. Reuben had an idea that if he did not render his creditor the supreme homage of mourning, Beelzebub might possibly look into the matter.

On the morning of the 21st, however, it snowed so hard that Reuben Manasses resolved to let the devil do his worst. There was really no going out in such weather. In the darkness, lean, shivering Manasses peering through his panes, saw the fleecy flakes falling in soft ceaseless succession and whitening everything, so that the roofs of houses and their eaves, the doorsteps, the roadway, all seemed covered with a hoary frost. It has never been written that a debtor shall catch cold in honor of his creditor's decease, and lean Manasses was sadly liable to