

once of any one before. He was for some minutes silent before he could reply at all, and then in a hurried and embarrassed manner, he began the excuses which had appeared so satisfactory to him the afternoon before—the hardness of the times, the difficulty of collecting money, family expenses, etc.

The stranger quietly surveyed the spacious apartment, with its many elegancies and luxuries, and without any comment took from the merchant the paper he had given, but immediately presented him with another.

"This is your subscription to the Tract Society. Have you anything to add to it? You know how much it has been doing, and how much more it now desires to do, if Christians would only furnish means. Do you not feel called upon to add something to it?"

Mr. Absum was very uneasy under this appeal; but there was something in the mild manner of the stranger that restrained him, and he answered that, although he regretted it exceedingly, his circumstances were such that he could not this year conveniently add to any of his charities.

The stranger received back the paper without any reply, but immediately presented in its place the subscription to the Bible Society, and in a few clear and forcible words reminded him of its well-known claims, and again requested him to add something to his donation. Mr. Absum became impatient.

"Have I not said," he replied, "that I can do nothing more for any charity than I did last year? There seems to be no end to the calls upon us in these days. At first there were only three or four objects presented, and sums required were moderate. Now the objects increase every day; and all, after we have given once, want us to double and treble our subscriptions. There is no end to the thing; we may as well stop in one place as in another."

The stranger took back the paper, rose, and fixing his eyes upon his companion, said, in a voice that thrilled to his soul.—

"One year ago to-night you thought your daughter lay dying; you could not sleep for agony. Upon whom did you call all that night?"

The merchant started and looked up. There seemed a change to have passed over the whole form of his visitor, whose eyes were fixed upon him with a calm, intense, penetrating expression that awed

and subdued him. He drew back, covered his face, and made no reply.

"Five years ago," said the stranger, "when you lay at the brink of the grave, and thought that if you died then you would leave a family of helpless children, entirely unprovided for, do you remember how you prayed? Who saved you then?"

The stranger passed for an answer; but there was a dead silence. The merchant bent forward as one entirely overcome, and rested his head on the seat before him.

The stranger drew yet nearer and said, in a still lower and more impressive tone: "Do you remember, fifteen years since, that time when you felt yourself so lost, so helpless, so hopeless; when you spent days and nights in prayer; when you thought that you would give the world for one hour's assurance that your sins were forgiven you? Who listened to you then?"

"It was my God and Saviour!" said the merchant, with a sudden burst of remorseful feeling. "Oh yes, it was he!"

"And has He ever complained of being called upon too often?" inquired the stranger, in a tone of reproachful sweetness. "Say," he added, "are you willing to begin this night and ask no more of him, if he from this night will ask no more from you?"

"Oh, never, never!" said the merchant, throwing himself at the stranger's feet; but, as he spoke these words, the figure of his visitor seemed to vanish, and he awoke with his whole soul stirred within him.

"Oh my Saviour? what have I been saying?" he exclaimed. "Take all—take everything! What is all that I have to what thou hast done for me?"

MOUNTAIN JEWS.

Prof. Muller, who is occupying himself with inquiries concerning the Jews in the Caucasus, stated in a recent address to a Russian Academy that the Jews who dwell in Daghestan number about 16,000 souls. Inhabiting a mountainous district extending from the Caucasus to the Caspian Sea, they are known as "Gorubie Ewrei," i. e., Mountain Jews. They themselves aver that they have settled in that region since the time of the Babylonian captivity. They observe the Mosaic law with the utmost scrupulousness, are engaged chiefly in agriculture and handicrafts, and among themselves speak a dialect which they call Farsi.