

STORIES FROM THE RABBIS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649117765

Stories from the rabbis by Abram S. Isaacs

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ABRAM S. ISAACS

**STORIES FROM
THE RABBIS**

STORIES FROM THE RABBIS

M. Geisler

STORIES FROM THE RABBIS



BY

ABRAM S. ISAACS, PH. D.

PROFESSOR OF GERMAN AND HEBREW IN THE UNIVERSITY OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK



NEW YORK
CHARLES L. WEBSTER & COMPANY

1893

Copyright, 1893,
CHARLES L. WEBSTER & CO.
(*All rights reserved.*)

PRESS OF
JENKINS & McCOWAN,
NEW YORK.

TO MY ALMA MATER

INTRODUCTION.

THE rabbis, whose sayings are recorded in the Talmud and Midrash—writings that stretch over about a thousand years—were admirable story-tellers. They were fond of the parable, the anecdote, the apt illustration, and their legends that have been transmitted to us, all aglow with the light and life of the Orient, possess perennial charm. The common impression that they were rabbinical Dryasdusts—mere dreamers, always buried in wearisome disputations, abstruse pedants dwelling in a solitary world of their own—is wholly unjust. They were more than ecclesiastics—they were men; and their cheerful humanity forms the secret to their character. Their background was rather sombre—temple and nationality destroyed, a succession of foreign taskmasters, a series of wars and persecutions that would have annihilated any other race. But if the Roman drove his ploughshare over the site of Judaea's capital, the Hebrew spirit refused to submit to the yoke of any conqueror. In the storm and stress of centuries the rabbis preserved a certain buoyancy and even temper, which sprang from the fullness and sunniness of their faith. They thought and studied and debated; they worked and dreamt and cherished hope—

" Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing songs unbalden
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not."