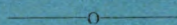


הברית החדשה.  
THE NEW TESTAMENT  
IN HEBREW.

Translated by Prof. Franz Delitzsch.



To be had for thirty-five cents, or for the asking.

Address the Editor of THE PECULIAR PEOPLE.

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THE  
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## KING DAVID'S VOICE.

BY MARK LEVY.

The scene is in a city street  
Where oftentimes the school boys meet.  
They cluster now, a noisy throng,  
And many sing with glee a song ;  
No, not a song, a ditty more—  
They sing and then with laughter roar—  
    “ I had a bit of pork,  
    And stuck it on a fork,  
    And gave it to a Jew boy Jew.”

One, standing silently apart,  
Is wounded bitterly at heart,  
His native blood within him boils  
As from the insult he recoils ;  
The crimson flush upon his face  
Denotes his love and pride of race ;  
His quiv'ring lip and clenched fist  
Bespeak his effort to resist  
The passions that within him surge  
And all his inmost nature urge.  
He shows the keenness of the sting—  
And truest natures always fling  
From off the heart with anguish wrung  
The pain by aid of pen or tongue—  
For turning suddenly around,  
His blood red hot with wrath profound ;  
He lifts his voice above the din  
Expressing thus the thought within—  
“ You Christian brutes and cowards all,”  
He cries, and still they louder call,  
    “ I had a bit of pork,  
    And stuck it on a fork,  
    And gave it to a Jew boy Jew.”  
He stands alone against the crowd  
But still his voice rings clear and loud—  
“ A Jew I am, but braver far  
Than all you Christian cowards are ;  
For one by one I'll fight you all  
Till senseless on the ground I fall.”

*KING DAVID'S VOICE.*

They answer back with taunt and sneer  
 And to their cry they still adhere,  
     " I hád a bit of pork,  
     And stuck it on a fork,  
     And gave it to a Jew boy Jew."

O'er burdened by the sense of wrong  
 With bursting heart he walks along,  
 And hurries from the active strife  
 Of city into country life;  
 But tho' the sun still brightly shone  
 The sunshine from his day was gone.  
 He heard no more the sweet voiced birds  
 His ears were filled with scoffing words;  
 He neither saw the budding trees  
 The tinted butterflies nor bees.  
 The green robed hills, the rippling brooks,  
 The fragrant fern embowered nooks  
 In boundless beauty could not charm;  
 To him they bear no soothing balm.  
 The fairest scene, the sweetest song,  
 Could not efface the sense of wrong.  
 A rarer solace must arise  
 To bring the sunshine to his eyes,  
 An old time voice must speak anew  
 To calm the sorrow of the Jew.

His mind has wandered far away  
 To brave King David's golden day.  
 He sees a gentle Jewish lad,  
 In lowly shepherd costume clad,  
 Advance to meet with fearless tread  
 A giant form with brutal head,  
 Who, fuming in impotent wrath,  
 Has fiercely sworn to hold the path,  
 And conquer by his mighty sword  
 The army of the living God.  
 The lad who bears a sling and stone  
 From Israel's host has marched alone;  
 For armed with faith in God his king  
 He trusted in his stone and sling,  
 And has refused the armor bright  
 King Saul had offered for the fight.  
 This gentle lad so full of grace,  
 Of beautiful and ruddy face,  
 On Judah's hills had passed his days,  
 Where with his harp and Hebrew lays  
 He filled the air with radiant sound  
 That echoed thro' the hills around,  
 And tending there his father's flock  
 To God he did his heart unlock,  
 And sweet communion with him held,

Until his loving soul was filled  
 With nobler thoughts and purer joy  
 Than ever yet was felt by boy.  
 In favor and in strength he grew  
 And gallantly the wild beast slew;  
 And now he stands, a stately youth,  
 The soul of bravery and of truth,  
 In sight of Israel's king and court,  
 To fight the fight Goliath sought.  
 The giant with disdainful look  
 Has seen the stones picked from the brook,  
 And drawing near he swears with rage  
 Because this lad of tender age  
 Has dared to come with stone and sling  
 To fight for Israel's Lord and king.  
 But David knows a higher power  
 Upholds him in this trying hour.  
 He knows the mighty arm of God  
 Will save him from the giant's sword,  
 And in this faith the stone he slings,  
 When thro' the camp of Israel rings  
 A shout of victory; for he stands  
 Triumphant on his fathers' lands.

The boy has heard King David's voice,  
 And as his heart and soul rejoice  
 He hears once more the sweet voiced birds  
 Make music to the Psalmist's words.  
 He sees again the golden light  
 Is sprinkling all the blossoms white;  
 He smells the fragrance bees unbar  
 And sees the green robed hills afar.  
 The tinted flies upon the breeze,  
 The quivering boughs of graceful trees,  
 The blendings of the shimmering air,  
 The sparklings on the brooklets clear,  
 Now bring new gladness to his heart  
 And bid the sense of wrong depart.  
 He sees in all the hand of God—  
 The God whom David called his Lord.

Ah David ! bravest of the brave !  
 Thy gallant deeds still serve to save  
 Sad Israel's sons from sinking low  
 When stricken by the coward's blow.  
 The blows cast by a dastard's tongue  
 From noble Jewish hearts have wrung  
 More bloody streams than ever flowed  
 On field where armies victory wooed.  
 Our fathers suffered untold pain  
 And true to them we will remain.  
 No courage more sublime than theirs

*KING DAVID'S VOICE.*

Amid the sorrow stricken years !  
They with unflinching bravery bore  
The rack of the inquisitor;  
They faltered not before the sword  
Or 'neath the tyrant's knotted eord.  
Each wind of woe from torture's throne  
Was fiercely on their pathway blown.  
But insult, battle, fire and flood  
Have knit the strength of Hebrew blood;  
For all the hate of all the world  
And all the gibes by cowards hurled  
Have left the Jew unconquered still,  
In heart and brain and mind and will.  
And still he bears the proudest name  
On all historic scrolls of fame;  
And once again is Israel's star  
Ascending in the heavens afar.

[THE above poem presents essentially the personal experience of its author, and it is hoped that it will be read by Jew and Gentile, not for its literary merit, but as being the expression of honest and earnest feeling. May it lead Christians to be more tolerant, and may it show to Jews that there are converts who are loyal to their God and their race ! It may not be out of place here to call attention to Mr. Levy's letter in this number of THE PECULIAR PEOPLE. It is to be hoped that all Jews will give it a candid reading.—ED. PECULIAR PEOPLE.]