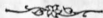


Margaret Lesley.

THE JEW  
AND HIS DAUGHTER.



A TRUE TALE.



London :  
CROCKER & COOPER, 28 PENTON STREET,  
ISLINGTON. N.

*One Penny.*

To listen, he looked up—but soon  
 Look'd down again, to sigh ;  
 His manly cheek was bathed in tears  
 He strove in vain to dry.

His anguish moved me—first I tried  
 To probe the tender part,  
 And then set forth the sov'reign balm  
 For every wounded heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

The service o'er—~~accepting~~ <sup>addressing</sup> him—  
 I said, in love sincere,  
 “Oh, tell me, do I not see one  
 Of Abraham's children here ?”

“Yes,” he replied. “Then what has caus'd  
 Your visit heré to day ?  
 For Jews meet not where christians meet,  
 Nor pray where christians pray.”

His history then he did relate—  
 I felt my cheek turn pale ;  
 Hard is the heart which does not melt  
 At the affecting tale.

\* \* \* \* \*

His youth in London had been spent,  
 Where he was early taught  
 The way to knowledge, and had gain'd  
 The eminence he sought.

Fortune, that ~~un~~relenting foe  
 To some who court her smiles,  
 Her choicest favours did bestow,  
 To recompence his toils.

And with his riches, books, and child—  
 A dutious daughter sweet—  
 On Ohio's fruitful banks he found  
 A peaceful, calm retreat.

His wife, companion of his choice,  
No earthly skill could save ;  
And she on Europe's distant shore,  
Lay mould'ring in the grave.

Thus, having buried half his joys,  
The rest distasteful proved ;  
All but the company of her,  
Who more than life he loved.

And she was worthy—she was all  
A cherish'd child could be ;  
Th' unfading beauties of the mind,  
With every charm, had she.

Her figure, delicately fram'd,  
Received no aid from dress ;  
For, unadorn'd, she shone more fair,  
In native loveliness.

An April glow was on her cheek,  
Health had not then forsook ;  
Intelligence beam'd in her eye,  
And language in her look.

The winning softness of her sex  
 In all she did was seen ;  
 And each beholder's heart was won,  
 By her attractive mien.

'Twas not surprising then to see  
 (Since all who saw her, smil'd),  
 This loving-hearted father doat  
 Upon his loving child.

Some fifty winters now his head  
 Had sprinkled o'er with grey ;  
 But her sweet converse cheer'd his age,  
 And chas'd the gloom away.

Yet, still in error dark, she was  
 The daughter of a Jew ;  
 Brought up in strictest principles  
 Of his religion, too.

How oft the plant whose blossoms seem  
To promise fairest fruit,  
Has an unseen and cruel worm  
Preying upon its root.

As rose-buds wither ere they bloom,  
So droop'd this lovely flower :  
The progress of disease was slow,  
But fatal was the power.

The colour faded from her checks,  
No pillow gave repose ;  
And sickly was the lily's white,  
Which triumphed o'er the rose.

Her eye lost all its brilliant fire,  
Her ruby lips grew pale,  
And soon her father's tenderness  
Perceived her strength to fail.

He watch'd her bed of languishment  
With trembling hopes and fears ;  
And when he spoke, 'twas only by  
The language of his tears.

No trouble or expense was spar'd,  
But vain was all he plan'd,  
An arrow in her heart was fix'd  
By death's unerring hand.

Oft his paternal bosom strove  
Its anguish to suppress,  
And oft he would retire to pour  
In secret his distress.

A shelt'ring wood was near the house,  
And 'neath its peaceful shade,  
To indulge in heart-relieving prayers,  
The mourning parent strayed.

There fond affection would present  
Her image to his eye ;  
In every sound he heard her groan,  
In every breeze her sigh.

A tender message to him there  
His dying daughter sent ;  
And, with a heavy anxious heart,  
To her bedside he went.

Consumption's hectic wreath hung there,  
 The damask rose did fade,—  
 A smile, the sweetest human smile,  
 Upon her features play'd.

Fresh lustre sparkled in her eyes ;  
 For nature oft bestows  
 A sudden fire, which lights them up  
 Before their final close.

So lovely in the arms of death  
 His beauteous daughter lay,  
 The father half forgot his lot,  
 And thought she yet might stay.

Fondly he whispered to himself,  
 " Perhaps she may not sink :"  
 She seemed recov'ring from the grave,  
 When she was on its brink.

A look of love on her he cast,  
 Which made her heart beat high :  
 She kissed him, as he gently wiped  
 The tear-drop from her eye.



With eagerness she took his hand,  
 And thrice she strove to say,  
 “My father, do you love me?” thrice  
 It died on her lips away.

Her father kissed her lily brow,  
 Wet with the dew of death ;  
 “My child,” said he, “I love you now  
 More than my vital breath.”

“Then, father, promise me one thing—  
 My *last* wish don't deny ;  
 'Twill make this dying pillow soft  
 To know you will comply.”

“Whate'er you wish or ask, my love,  
 I will most surely do ;  
 My fortune I would gladly spend,  
 My darling child, for you.”

“Then, father, this is what I beg  
 With my expiring breath,  
*That you will never speak against  
 Jesus of Nazareth.*”

She still went on (her accents were  
As tender as the dove)—

“ ’Tis true I know but little of  
This Jesus whom I love ;

“ For I was never taught in Him—  
The Truth, the Life, the Way :  
But this I feel, that ’tis *His blood*  
Has wash’d my sins away.

“ And in my sickness, He has so  
Himself made known to me :  
Joyful at leaving all below  
I long with Him to be.

“ No pain, no sorrow shall I know  
In yonder world on high ;  
Father, I’m not afraid to go—  
I’m not afraid to die.

“ And when I’m gone think how I pray’d  
Upon the bed of death ;  
*That you would never speak against*  
*Jesus of Nazareth.*

“Try to obtain a Testament,  
 Which tells you more of Him ;  
**And** read it daily for yourself,  
 Before your eyes grow dim.

“Jesus will bid His Spirit, on  
 Your understanding shine ;  
**And** now bestow on *Him* that love  
 Which formerly was mine.”

\* \* \* \* \*

She sank exhausted on her bed,  
 Her troubled heart found rest ;  
**For** love and heavenly confidence  
 Her rising tears supprest.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dumb with surprise, her father stood,  
 (No tears had power to come) ;  
 Then, in a shocking state of mind,  
 With horror left the room.

He soon returned—his darling child  
 Had then resign'd her breath ;  
 Her lips were pale, her hands were cold,  
 Her eyes were clos'd in death.

Conflicting passions tore his breast—  
 It was a wretched day—  
 Death had made sacred her request,  
 He durst not disobey.

As soon as her belov'd remains  
 Were buried in the grave,  
 He purchased a New Testament,  
 His solemn vow to save.

As he began to read therein,  
 He saw, with wond'ring eyes,  
 The true Messiah, whom the Jews  
 Reject, and still despise.

Prostrate at the Redeemer's feet

He all his sins confest ;

And peace and piety now met

Together in his breast.

With meek submission thus he learnt

To kiss the chast'ning rod ;

For mercy dealt the blow to bring

The wanderer home to God.

The wound was deep, but sov'reign grace

His sorrows did assuage :

He had a rich Almighty Friend,

To cheer his childless age.



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