

letting their existence be known at all." But this is one of the penalties of having been born such a person; the compensations are otherwheres.

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A fragment of verse has been floating on my mental current this long while, turning up now here, now there, but without hint of the particular literary bulk from which it is detached. I have felt a sort of irritable desire to know whence it came, and it even became an incentive to some musings of my own. Suddenly it discovers itself in a volume of simple, heartfelt, genuine songs,—of a kind too little affected in these days,—the literary remains of Dr. William Croswell, formerly of Hartford, Conn., and one of the school of poets that formerly flourished there. This is the entire poem, and the last stanza is the golden one of memory.

#### THE SYNAGOGUE.

But even unto this day, when Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart. Nevertheless, when it shall turn to the Lord, the veil shall be taken away.—*St. Paul.*

I saw them in their synagogue as in their ancient day,  
And never from my memory the scene shall fade away :  
For dazzling on my vision still the latticed galleries shine  
With Israel's loveliest daughters, in their beauty half divine.

It is the holy Sabbath eve ; the solitary light  
Sheds, mingling with the hues of day, a lustre nothing bright ;  
On swarthy brow and piercing glance it falls with saddening tinge,  
And dimly gilds the Pharisee's phylacteries and fringe.

The two-leaved doors slide slow apart before the Eastern screen,  
As rise the Hebrew harmonies, with chanted prayers between ;  
And 'mid the tissued veils disclosed, of many a gorgeous dye,  
Enveloped in their jewelled scarfs, the sacred records lie.

Robed in his sacerdotal vest, a silvery-headed man,  
With voice of solemn cadence, o'er the backward letters ran :  
And often yet methinks I see the glow and power that sat  
Upon his face, as forth he spread the roll immaculate.

And fervently, that hour, I prayed, that from the mighty scroll  
Its light, in burning characters, might break on every soul ;  
That on their hardened hearts the veil might be no longer dark,  
But be forever rent in twain, like that before the ark.

For yet the tenfold film shall fall, O Judah ! from thy sight,  
And every eye be purged to read thy testimonies right,  
When thou, with all Messiah's signs in Christ distinctly seen,  
Shalt, by Jehovah's nameless name, invoke the Nazarene.

The poet and brother clergyman, Arthur Cleveland Core, who wrote his memoir, comments thus on these verses : "No one who has ever been present at the Jewish worship can fail to remark how *stereoscopic* is the view given of the instructive scene. How truly the touch of genius is here ! It is the very colouring and *chiar'oscuro* of Rembrandt ; and yet we have something more in the felicity of expression, which at once translates into Hebrew, as it were, the thoughts and emotions of the moment. It reproduces the Oriental climate, and for a time the homely Jew of St. Giles, is "the Pharisee", and the mere scarf to which his gorgeous raiment has dwindled down is invested with the beauty and propriety of full Mosaic attire. The opening of

the Ark, or receptacle of the Law ; the display of the holy books in their decorated coverings ; and then the reading of "the backward letters" by the minister,—how perfectly it is presented in the spirit of the Jew himself ! Yet Croswell could not be a Jew even in poetic dream. There are other poets who might have written these verses so far ; but the rest is our poet, just as he was, looking on, with a yearning heart, and praying for the consolation of Israel. Observe, also, the concluding stanza, how the spirit of the gospel triumphs over the Jew in fervent charity only, and exults in the prospect of his conversion ! The theological critic only will be able to perceive the great power which resides in the combinations of the last two lines,—Messiah with Jesus Christ, but above all, *JEHOVAH* with the *Nazarene* ! The "nameless name" of Jehovah—a word so sacred that the Jew would not speak it—coupled with that of "the Nazarene", in which he concentrated all that he most hated, despised, and loathed !

Croswell died, instantly, at the close of a sabbath service, on the 9th of November, 1887. He knelt at the rails of the chancel and offered the prayer, in closing, but could not rise. The prayer book dropped from his grasp. He was a most amiable, devout, and gifted man.

*Cherryfield Mine.*

#### THE WATERMAN.\*

*A Danish Legend.*

BY MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

"**T**HY counsel, mother dear, thine aid,  
The maid I love that I may wed !"

She wrought for him with ready hand  
A waterhorse with gear of sand.

Mounted and armed, a gallant knight,  
He rode forth in the clear moonlight.

He tied his horse to the church door ;  
Paced round the church three times and four ;

Then entered, an unbidden guest,  
Protected by a spell unblest.

The old priest by the altar said,  
"Who dares this sanctity invade ?"

Each knightly hand sprang to his sword ;  
He spared no look, he gave no word ;

Save where a hand-locked couple stood,  
The flower of youth and maidenhood ;

He saw the maiden's face alone,  
And drew her soul unto his own.

A blush stole o'er the maiden's face :  
"Would you were in my lover's place !"

He stepped across one stool and two :  
"Be mine, love ; never shalt thou rue !"

\*Several versions of this legend may be found in Monck Lewis's *Tales of Terror and Wonder*.