

Or Mina's grapes of coolest wine,
Like Zamzam's water to my taste ;—
And oranges, golden as a mine
Of Padishahs, drop down in luscious waste.

And opening their creamy rinds,
Innumerable virtues are revealed ;—
Would that I had a thousand minds,
And could enjoy the pleasures that they yield :

Swift flight upon a bridled steed,
Whose trappings gleam like virgin stars ;
A myriad houri-glances freed
From casements shut in rose-encircled bars.

From Tuba's branches sweeps a bird,—
Selavat,—diving in the stream,
And hardly is the water stirred
Till every spreading spray seems in my dream,

An angel radiant by the throne,
Pleading forgiveness with their tears,
For greater Sins of mine to atone,
And Shames uprising from forgotten years.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

New York City.

