

Poetry.

BENEATH THE TUBE-TREE.

A MOHAMMEDAN LEGEND.

Unto great Allah's garden lured
 * By loves and longings of my prayer,
I found my happy soul immured
 In walls of light, high as the noon-day fair.

A breath of Paradise had borne
 Me o'er the shining minarets ;
And for the robes that I had worn,—
 The chains of opal, gold and polished jets,

My spirit wandered in a cloud
 Of moist musk perfumes, by a stream ;
My body elsewhere had its shroud,—
 Perchance it saw me glorious in its dream.

El Tchyet's branches, like a tent,
 Spread o'er me with delicious shade,
And farther than day's sunset went,
 It shadows coolness dropped adown the glade.

Close by its leaves a river flowed ;
 Deep pearly gates unloosed the flood ;
And silver moons a radiance snowed
 On countless joys, soft-swelling in the bud.

El Tchyet's trunk is twisted gold,
 Stouter than any Dervish spear ;
And on the lawn its fruit is rolled,
 Like dates o f Hejaz, sweetest of the year ;