

there that put to shame the proudest efforts of his inspired fingers. The once sweet song of the nightingale is but a grating discord on the ear of his enraptured soul. The fervor in these tones aroused a sympathetic vibration in every fibre of his apparently lifeless body and swayed his entire sensuous being from an approaching flood of sorrow's tears to the gracious smile of divine favor, then to the reverential awfulness of the profound wisdom displayed in nature.

This last reminds us of the "poet's tree" which grows over the tomb of Tan-Lein, a musician at the court of Mohammed Akbar. Whoever chews a leaf of this tree was long said to be inspired with sweet melody of voice, an allusion to which is made by Moore in *Lalla Rookh*.

Another plant that savors of dreamland is referred to in the following account which I narrate as it was given to me: A young man,—the favored suitor for the hand of a lovely maiden, was blindfolded, and had his hands bound by a gang of ruffians, under the direction of a disappointed rival. Thus bound he was marched into a wilderness of strange plants and left to die of starvation and helplessness. He wandered about until wearied of his aimless effort, then sank to rest and fell upon a plant that bore a fruit much like the pomegranate. He was startled; for though blinded he could see in the distance the anxious face of his betrothed and her fair hand beckoning him to come. He arose and immediately the vision vanished. Having fallen again his hand touched one of the smooth fruits of the plant beneath him and again the vision appeared before him yet more distinctly; his weariness fled and again he arose keeping the fruit in his hand. A smile on the face of his vision made him forget his helplessness and he walked as a spirit over tangled vines and rocky places. Brighter grew his beckoning form until he thought himself so near he could embrace his love. He dropped the fruit and all was dark. He gave a cry of despair and fell; here he lay until his betrothed, attracted by the sound of his voice (for he was now before her house) re-

moved the cause of his helplessness. He saved the fruit which he recognized to be his faithful guide.

Respecting the forget-me-not, there are in print many legends to explain the origin of the poetical name it bears, and they are alike the fanciful creations of ancient dreamers. I quote one of these for illustration as told by the poet Shiraz: "It was in the golden morning of the early world, when an angel sat weeping outside the closed gates of Eden. He had fallen from his high estate through loving a daughter of earth, nor was he permitted to enter again until she whom he loved had planted the flowers of the forget-me-not in every corner of the world. He returned to the earth and assisted her and they went hand in hand over the earth planting the forget-me-not. When their task was ended they entered Paradise together, for the fair woman without tasting the bitterness of death, became immortal like the angel, whose love her beauty had won, when she sat by the river twining the forget-me-not in her hair."

J. S.

AN AMERICAN TOM BROWN.

Why does not some one write an American college story? One that would bear the same relation to the American college that Tom Brown at Oxford bears to England? It could tell of stirring foot-ball games; of the suppression of bullying, often by force; of conflicts, although non-sanguinary, between "town and gown;" of pranks and jokes and the merry "dulce domum" of approaching vacation. It is true that Arthur Bonnicastle, April Hopes and the New Senior at Andover tell stories of school life, but they lack that realism which must characterize the nineteenth century novel. The heroes are so sentimentally good that one stands in constant dread lest they be prematurely taken off or they belong to that upper swelldom of life which very few colleges can show. No, we want an everyday, pushing, jolly story with a hero who has enough bad in him to be human, rough upon the outside yet always gentle-