

is snow in spring ; the wasting of thy fruit ; thou art snow in spring, through thee a maiden's womb shall swell with nought but barren longing." And the rivers said "We shall wash thee of all thy blood, wash thee, so will the rains." And the tree-roots crept nearer, "We shall comb thy hair with our grey fingers, the birds and the winds will bury thee with leaves that did not live." Then the black earth said, "I shall rock thee in my lap, bind thee with night, and kiss thy lips that thou mayest never see, or remember, whilst the willow and elder will sing thee to sleep."

When he, the hero, had met the *wanderer* on the spot near the road, where the trees grow thinly, the elder-tree said to the dead man, "Lo! I and the willow sing thee to sleep, were we not right? thou frost in spring!" but he smiled at their song. The earth, wrapping him round, said, "I was right!" yet he opened not his mouth, and the birds told the rivers, and the rivers complained.

But he laughed, because he knew they could not mean what they said.
CHARLES RICKETTS.

So WE WOULD THANK
TSM. & HJR.
WHOSE TIMELY AID
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