sandal-straps, written down the slivers of orange-wood they use for tooth picks, dyed into garments of common wear, and intaglied into the very wooden rafters of their homes. To such a people, conceive then the significance of an umè tree in full, fragrant bloom, with a nightingale singing in the branches!

AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS

THE hills are not so high as once they were,
And the old woods that seemed so dark and vast
In those remembered child days of the past,
Are only a few trees that now confer
In whispers of the curious wayfarer
Who stands and gazes so. The young trees cast
Shy glances at me; they were sprouts when last
I questioned them, and they were tenderer.

The gray old empty house is like a dream
That haunts the memory in the clear noonday.
The silent room of birth is tenanted
By disembodied yearnings, and they seem
Vaguely to know that I have found the way
To something unimagined by the dead.

—Elsa Barker.