

entered his bones, and he cannot now feel the touch of the broken earth. But his yearning heart is ceaseless in its despairing cry. Where — where is She? The trees come up higher and higher and the gloom closes in upon him as he reaches the barrier.

Now he pauses under a mighty archway. Below, it is black with age and full of crowding shadows; the superstructure alone is hung with snowy frost curtains, and these help to emphasize the forbidding nature of the dark, narrow under-world. Down, down he goes, as though he were journeying to the very bowels of the earth, heedless of the place, heedless of all but the phantom he seeks. Again his surroundings have changed. The barrenness is emphasized by skeleton-like trees of such size as no man has ever seen before. High up aloft there is foliage upon them, but so meagre, so torn and wasted as to suggest a wreck of magnificent life. These gigantic trunks are few in number, but so huge that the greatest elm would appear a sapling beside them, and yet their wondrous size would not be properly estimated. They are the primordial pines, survivors from an unknown period. They shelter nothing but barrenness, and stand out alone like solemn sentries, the watchmen for all time of the earth's most dim and secret