

maidens strove to comfort her. She was certain, had he remained true, he would have come through all obstacles of whatever kind. All hope was now dead, and she had even ceased her visits to the shore.

She was pining her life away ; she refused all nourishment, and at last she died heart-broken at the neglect of him whom she had loved so tenderly.

“O eternal gods !” she had prayed when she felt life slipping from her hold, “grant me yet one request. Let me not quit this world, but let myshade remain upon it, near to the promontory whence I have so often looked

for my darling’s return, lest he yet come and I not know it.”

The gods, who loved her, granted her wish. Her soul passed into the form of a Dryad, and became enclosed within the bark of a young tree, barren and leafless ; unlike the laurels and olives that clad the same spot, and were decked in evergreen garbs. Therefore all noticed the tree, and wondered at its new and strange aspect.

The Thracians wept their lovely queen for three days great mourning prevailed in the land.

At daybreak on the fourth a light barque



was seen to round the promontory ; bright coloured sails hung from its masts, and it showed the signs of joy. It held Demophoon, come at last, detained by adverse winds and storms from keeping his solemn promise to his beloved.

When the sad news of her death was told him, he was in despair, and his grief knew no bounds. He searched the whole palace for her, he could not believe she was indeed departed from him.

But when he became convinced that it was bitter truth, he bowed his head to inexorable fate, and offered sacrifices upon the sea-shore to appease the manes of his be-

loved. The smoke rose upwards and mingled with the trees on the promontory.

Was Phyllis sensible of his return and deep despair ? It must have been.

For as the fumes from the altar wreathed the leafless branches of the tree that enclosed her in its bark, it burst forth into one mass of tender rosy blossoms, covering the bare twigs with a blushing wilderness of flowers.

Then Demophoon knew that his dearest was become a Dryad, her home that tree ; knew too that she had forgiven him, and that death had wrought no change in her affections.

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