

as preserver only of the empty husks of that life which for a season was permitted to flourish.

These fatal movements, however, were not cataclysmic. There is no reason to suppose that our forgotten brethren of the destroyed oases were smothered instantly, as were those of Pompeii or Martinique. There was, perhaps, time to starve through many years until, hopeless, they abandoned home and farm to seek some friendlier spot where they might meanly support their diminished numbers.

Some unconsidered trifles they left behind, to be folded in the warm bosom of the sand while the centuries moved on. These we now cherish as mementos of that drama, intimate to each one of us—the drama of human life and death.