

# FOR THE CHILDREN



WASHING DAY.

## “MARINETTA.”

BY M. A. SINCLAIR.

*Illustrated by Kenneth Watkins.*

**S**HE lived on a wide shore, where the white sands stretched east and west for many a mile.

She was a captive, imprisoned in a rocky pool at the foot of a high cliff, just beneath the shadow of an immense pohutukawa tree.

Marinetta heard the cry of the gulls as they circled and flew about their nests on the face of the cliff, and the thunder of the tide upon the distant bar. Yet she was very sad, for she was a captive.

The margin of the pool was fringed with rare seaweed; the sides were covered with delicate anemones; the floor was strewn with pearly shells; and yet Marinetta spent her

days in sighing and her nights in sobs. One day as she was lying looking up, with her sad heartache shining through her eyes, the Spirit of the Wind came by, and lingered on the verge of the shadowed pool, saying:

“Ah! I see you, too, are admiring my fairy bride, the Spirit of the Cloud. Did you know she was a cousin of yours, and once, like you, a captive? But the Great Power set her free; and now is she not divine? You should see us waltz. When I take her in my arms we could glide on and on for ever, without a false step or feeling of weariness.”