

"When the golden stars make music for us, we move dreamily past the big cities and the solemn pine forests, and then, when they change the music to quicker time, we go at the maddest, gladdest gallop over the snow-clad mountains, and the warm, green valleys, where the purple grapes hang ripe—away, away over the deep ocean till we reach the happy islands where the trees of life are

fields of upper blue, and dance to the music of the golden stars!"

Then, mute and still in her lonely grief, she lay until night. When the Lady Moon came to the edge of the cliff, and smiled down through the thick pohutukawa's crimson plumes on the captive Marinetta, her sweet smile drew the bowed head once more erect, and the captive yearned toward the Lady of the Night as the child heart yearns toward the mother, and she plaintively implored, "Set me free! Set me free!"

But as the Lady Moon swept by, she sang:

I have the will, yet lack the skill.
It lies with one—the Golden Sun.

And all that night, and for many days and nights, Marinetta was heard to cry:

I look to thee! Oh! set me free
Thou Mighty one, great Golden Sun!

And at last one night there came a dreadful storm instead of soft summer waves. Wild furious billows thundered on the lonely shore; the gulls shrieked, the tempest raged, the white sand was drifted into troubled heaps; the old tree creaked and groaned, though its ancient roots had wandered deep into many a crevice and cranny of the beetling crag. And when the morning broke, lo! upturned by the roots, prone on the sand it lay, not far from the prison pool of Marinetta.

And that very day the Golden Sun stooped down and pressed one long kiss on Marinetta's lips, and a thrill of joy went through the patient captive at the thought that perhaps now at last the longed-for, prayed-for freedom might be hers. And every day the royal wooer came, and ever tarried longer by Marinetta's prison—till there came a day when all the seaweed lay dry and withered, the anemones dead, and the pearly shells in full view. But Marinetta? Ah! she had joined her cousin—the Spirit of the Cloud—to waltz through the upper blue to the music of the golden stars.



THE SPIRIT OF THE CLOUD.

laden with apples of gold. She is waiting for me now, my dainty bride. I must be gone!"

And, whistling airily, the Spirit of the Wind went off, and poor Marinetta sank back, sobbing passionately.

"Oh, it is hard, it is hard! I, too, could love and dance if I were only free."

And presently, as she saw the Spirit of the Wind and his Cloud bride glide past above her in the sunny blue, Marinetta grew sick with longing, and she cried:

"Oh, to be free to wander through the

