his feet. There, beneath the bank, rock- conceived. way sank into the oblivion of a deep and your prayer—are you content?" He started up, and gazed, almost ap- the pleading vision. hand reassured him, while the musical on the glittering sands of the magical istones whispered: "Look southward." land. He felt the soft fingers closing Turning his eyes in the direction toward firmly about his own, and heard the low, which the prow of the little bark point- melodious tones sayinged, a cry of involuntary delight escaped " Now you are mine for ever more; his lips, for there, just ahead, and di- open your eyes and look upon me." of silver. Rising, in gentle undulations, woman. And such a woman! If Stanfrom the wave-lapped strand, and cov- ley had ever beheld her counterpart, it ered from shore to summit, with the had been in dreams alone. Clad only in beautiful, luxuriant verdure of the trop- the radiance of her own transcendent ics, it was a gem that even the proud loveliness, she stood before him as Pacific might glory in wearing upon her proudly unconscious as though clothed turbulent breast. Stanley gazed, enrap- in imperial robes. Her long hair shone

had no wish to resist, Stanley arose to of which his wildest fancy had never

ing on the sun-lit waves of the Willam- "You think it beautiful?" murmured ette, he saw a fairy-like boat, toward the voice at his side. "That is my realm, which he felt himself being drawn by over which I reign supreme. It is the that irresistible hand. He was dimly fair land of rest, so named by me, in toconscious, like one in a dream, of step- ken of the one law by which it is govping on board, of sinking to rest amid erned—the law of enforced idleness. cushions of softest, greenest moss, shad- Fair sir, ere you set foot on those shined by a curiously-wrought canopy of ing sands, tell me, are you prepared to strange, tropical-looking branches and relinquish forever, all the purposes and leaves. Instantly the boat seemed to ambitions of your life? Will you, hencedart into the stream, and swept swiftly forth and forever, let your brain sleep, along, as though impelled by unseen and your hand attempt no task but that hands, while all familiar scenes fast of caressing the fair objects of your love? faded in the blue haze of distance. Then Reflect before you reply; for when once came again the touch of those magic fin- your feet have pressed my shores, regers on his brow, and turning, with a grets and backward glances will be in sigh of deep content, Stanley pressed his vain. You prayed for rest, eternal rest, lips to the invisible hand, and straight- at my hands. I have heard and granted

dreamless sleep. How long his slum- For one instant, Stanley hesitated, as ber lasted, he could only guess from the a small, dark face and tender eyes flitted fact that when he awoke again to con- before his mental vision, while, afar, a sciousness, the foliage-clad shores had pleading voice seemed saying: "What disappeared, and the frail boat tossed on is life without a battle?" Then, with the foam-capped waves of the Pacific. an impatient ejaculation, he turned from

palled, at the limitless expanse of rest- "Let me have rest, and I care for less waters that stretched on either side. naught else," he said; and even as he But a timely pressure from the unseen spoke, the keel of the boat grated softly

rectly in their course, lay a beautiful With a start, he turned, and beheld, tropical island, nestling in the bosom of close by his side, slowly evolving from the ocean, like an emerald set in a sheet space, the lovely, voluptuous form of a tured, upon the lovely scene, the equal like burnished gold in the sunlight, as