

shuke, and he feared lest it should fall and crush him. After the first cold creeping fear which the frightful noise occasioned had passed away, he proceeded; but the noise increased, and seemed to approach him. Abel paused, and seated himself on a stone; he soon saw at a distance a luminous point of light, which increased in brightness, and finally, as it drew near him, took the form of a huge giant, who rushed up to him, and raised above his head a massy club. Abel sprang aside, and then he heard a frightful jeering laugh echo all around him. Abel ran towards the giant, and just as he was on the point of striking him the figure changed into a bright line of light, and then became a serpent, which sprang furiously upon poor Abel, who sought to touch him with the fairy's wand. As soon as the unwieldy monster felt the magic touch, he sprang back into the darkness, but immediately returned in the form of a skeleton, balancing his body on two spiral bones. Abel could see the light shining through the ribs, and hear a hollow laugh ring through the frightful form.

At this moment, when almost subdued and awe-struck, the remembrance of the fairy and her laughing prophecies, passed through Abel's mind, and he resolutely closed his eyes, and walked on till he was quite weary. He seated himself for a few minutes, and then opening his eyes could see nothing; he proceeded a little further, when a soft light like that of the moon, glimmered at the end of this subterranean walk; he soon reached it, but could see nothing save the waters of a lake which reflected a multitude of lights. Looking round, he saw a grotto composed of the rarest sea shells; it was on the border of the purest and most limpid lake—trees, illuminated with coloured lamps, surrounded it on all sides. A golden bark floated on it, and the hardy young man sprang in an instant into it, and strove to guide it towards a magnificent Chinese pavilion which he now saw on the other side. The moment he was in the boat sweet strains of music burst from all sides of the lake.

Abel could not but enjoy this magnificent spectacle which filled his soul. Always looking for the marvellous, he was sailing upon a lake in the midst of an ocean of light, brighter than the stars which gleamed from the pure heaven above him. He saw before him a beautiful pavilion, in every angle and corner of which was a pearl larger than an egg, from which streamed the same mysterious radiance which always accompanied the fairy. The waters appeared to lose themselves under this divine pavilion, and through the large glass windows he could see figures moving about, and dancing like sylphs. When he had guided his little bark to the pavilion, he

heard the merry laugh and joyous music of the dancing fairies. He leaped out upon the shore, and immediately he was seized by two large and strong persons, who put him into a sort of frame, and carried him away with great rapidity; he tried to break through the chest in which he found himself, but all his efforts were vain, and the mocking laugh of those who carried him, made him feel how inadequate were all human efforts against the powerful enchantments of superhuman beings.

Soon he heard again the noise which had accompanied him in his subterranean walk; his prison burst, and he found himself enveloped in a white cloud, and as it passed away, discovered a place which rivalled all that his imagination had painted of a fairy palace. It was a circular saloon; the cupola was supported by pillars of white marble, the floor was made of precious woods inlaid with the most costly designs; a crystal lustre was suspended from the centre of the vaulted ceiling. From four golden tripods exhaled the richest perfume; all around the room was a divan covered with rich purple cushions, the frame inlaid with gold. Between each of the lofty columns was a statue on a pedestal of bronze, inscribed to each of the most celebrated fairies or enchanters. In his surprise, Abel had not at first perceived an open door, which led into another saloon; but he soon heard within it well known voice, and there he saw the home of his fairy.

It was lighted from above, but the glare was softened by a veil of most delicate tissue, which fell from the ceiling, and shaded with its soft folds the whole room. This divine retreat was square, and at each corner were crystal pedestals, on which were superb alabaster vases, filled with the richest perfume; the walls seemed to be of wrought silver, inlaid with shells of mother-of-pearl, artistically arranged. The brilliant, floating and changing colours were a most exquisite finish to this fairy boudoir. At the base of each shell was a tassel of pearl, and above and below, the plinth was girdled with pearls; all the furniture of the room, instead of wood, was made of mother of pearl, inlaid with silver, and the drapery was of azure satin, embroidered with pearls. Every where were scattered the most delicate white flowers, jasmine, orange, and myrtle, and in the centre of the room was a sculptured marble basin, with a Cupid breathing through a shell the most limpid water, which was thrown to the ceiling, and falling was caught within the basin with a silvery sound, monotonously musical, which disposed the mind to reverie. Abel was stupified by so much beauty. Looking round bewildered, he perceived in an alcove, the fairy, reposing upon