"Now I shall look up!" thought the anemone, and she raised her faded head a little and called out (as loud as an anemone can call): "Do you love me for I love you?"
FAIRY TALES FROM FINLAND

FROM THE SWEDISH OF ZACH. TOPELIUS

BY

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THE WOOD ANEMONE.
THE WOOD ANEMONE.

There was once upon a time a Wood Anemone which grew in a field. She was neither paler nor plainer than other Anemones, and as all Anemones are prettiest in Spring, so she was as white and pretty as her companions. Was she not, perhaps, a trifle prettier? I do not know. Flowers grew there and butterflies fluttered, for where could they have found a better place? This is an old story; there are so many tales about Butterflies that one has almost heard enough. The name of the largest butterfly was Apollo, and he had white wings with yellow spots on them. Butterflies are not a little vain, as every
one knows; they love to deck themselves in all sorts of finery. It is not their fault, however, that they are so gaudy; they have never had their clothes made by the tailor—so they are fashioned, and so they will be to the end.

One day Apollo came to the Anemone, and said to her: "Do you love me, for I love you?"

"Certainly I love you," said the Anemone, for she really loved him, and had nothing in her of the coquette.

"Is that quite true?" said the Butterfly. "Yes; how could I do otherwise?" replied the Anemone.

"That's all right," said the Butterfly, as he sucked the honey out of her petals.

Butterflies like honey, but they do not understand housekeeping like the bees. It was all finished, and then Apollo flew off.

"He will return," thought the Anemone, but in that she was mistaken; he had other things to think of.

One day, however, it happened that he
came fluttering round another flower, which was growing quite near her. "Now I shall look up!" thought the Anemone, and she raised her faded head a little, and called out (as loud as an Anemone can call): "Do you love me, for I love you?"

"No, I certainly don't," answered the Butterfly, for he was not in the least ashamed to own it.

"But I love you," said the Anemone.

"That is quite possible," said the Butterfly, and away he flew in another direction. This time he stayed away still longer. The Anemone stood among the green grass; time appeared long to her, and she began to wither.

At length by chance Apollo once more appeared, still gaudier than before, and the Anemone asked again: "Do you love me?"

"No, not a bit," answered the Butterfly.

"But I love you," said the Anemone.

"Well, what does that matter to me?" said the Butterfly. "That's an old story,
which I have heard at least a hundred times before," and with that he was off again.

"Listen, Anemone," said the tangled Juniper Bush, who lived quite near; "it is not becoming to prattle so much about the feelings of the heart. One has certainly both beak and claws (if one has a body); therefore when snapped up, snap in return, and, if treated with contempt, let it be understood who you are. Just look at me; do you think the Sparrows would dare to play pranks with me? No, Anemone; one must have a proper pride; it is no longer the fashion to repay scorn with love."

"But I cannot help it," answered the Anemone; "I must love him as long as I live."

"You are just a Fungus," said the Juniper, and that was the worst thing he knew of, for Fungus had the reputation in his neighbourhood of not being very particular, and the Juniper was not a little proud of such wonderful knowledge of the world.
The sun shone fiercely, and every hour the Anemone grew paler and paler. Some boys came to play in the field. One of them carried a butterfly net, and he soon caught sight of the gorgeous Apollo. "How beautiful that one would look in the insect drawer, with a pin through him!" said the boy, while running at full speed with the net over the grass. Apollo was now in dire distress. How he did fly! Quickly the net was brandished in the air, it cut him on the wing, and then he tumbled head over heels on the ground, close beside the Anemone.

"He fell here," the boy called out, and stooped to search for the Butterfly, and when he could not find him he ran on his way in search of others.

It was not easy to find Apollo, for the Anemone had hidden him under one of her leaves. That was a grand hiding-hole! The Anemone herself had been trampled on, and now lay with a half-broken stalk among the green grass.
"What a good thing I escaped!" said Apollo, as he moved up from under the thick leaves.

"Do you love me?" said the Anemone, who was withering away on her half-broken stalk.

"Oh, is that you?" said the Butterfly. "Just imagine, my spots have got so horribly rubbed I can't think how I shall ever be able to show myself in polite society again."

"Do you love me?" again asked the fading Anemone.

"Just look at my dress coat, how dusty it is!" continued Apollo. "Dear, have you a drop of dew in your corolla, that I may have some water to wash myself? I look like a mole."

"Do you love me?" said the Anemone for the third time.

"Dear, dear! how have I time to answer such trifling questions?" answered the Butterfly. "Yes, I thought so—my ruffles are all crumpled! What
will they think of me at the Court of the Roses?"

"But I love you!" said the Anemone; and with that she expired, and all her petals fell from her.

"Look at the poor thing!" said the Butterfly, for he was not really bad-hearted, only flippant, like all his kind.

"Now it is evident that there is no chance of my getting water to wash with until the evening, when the dew falls. I'm sure I am an unlucky Butterfly. My dress coat is ruined, my ruffles are crumpled, my spots look like old coppers. What an unfortunate occurrence! however, it will cause quite a sensation in the world. I shall become an object of universal sympathy, and to be of interest to the world is some consolation. What do you think they will say of me in the Rose garden?"

With these words Apollo again flew off. He had not proceeded far when he encountered a Sparrow, who had been sitting
on a paling near by greedily watching him. Snap! and the Sparrow gobbled up the lovely Apollo at a single mouthful, all interesting as he thought himself.

The Juniper Bush observed that, and had his own thoughts about it. "The mistake was," said he, "that the Anemone thought too little of herself. One should hold one's own, and then one is respected and looked up to in the world! Take me as an example!" But everyone did not think the same. As the Evening Wind rustled amid the tall grass, for long there was heard a whispering among the other Anemones. They said to each other, "Do you love me, for I love you?" and again they said to each other, "Although your love for me be ended, still will I love you." This is a very old and ordinary story, but the Anemones thought that it was worth relating once more.
THE RASPBERRY CATERPILLAR
"Hu!" shrieked Theresa.
"Oh!" shrieked Aina.
"What's the matter?" shrieked their Big Sister.
"A Caterpillar!" shrieked Theresa.
"On the raspberry!" shrieked Aina.
"Kill it!" shrieked Lorenzo.
"What a fuss about a poor little Caterpillar!" said Big Sister contemptuously.
"Yes, as we were gathering the raspberries——" said Theresa.
"It crept out of the very biggest," added Aina.
"And if anyone had eaten the raspberry——" said Theresa.
"He would have eaten the Caterpillar also," said Aina.
"And what matter?" said Lorenzo.
"Eat a caterpillar!" exclaimed Theresa.
"And bite him to death," sighed Aina.
"No matter," said Lorenzo, laughing.
"Now he is going to creep upon the table," again shrieked Theresa.
"Blow it away then," said Big Sister.
"Trample him to death," smiled Lorenzo.

But Theresa took a raspberry leaf, and sweeping the Caterpillar on to it, she carried it out to the garden. Just then Aina perceived a Sparrow sitting on the fence greedily eyeing the Caterpillar.

At once she lifted the leaf with the Caterpillar, carried it off to the forest, and hid it under a raspberry bush, so that the cunning Sparrow might not find the hiding-place.

Now what more can there be to tell about a Raspberry Caterpillar, and who would care a straw about such a wretched little grub? Still, happy he who can find such a pretty abode as his—it was such a fresh, sweet-scented, dark red dwelling, far away
in the silent forest amid the flowers and green blades!

It was now dinner-time, and all the children were having raspberries and cream to dinner.

"Don't take so much sugar, Lorenzo," said Big Sister, but Lorenzo's plate was like a snowdrift in winter, with a little red peeping out from among the snow.

Soon after dinner Big Sister said, "Yes, now we have eaten up the raspberries, and have none to make into jam for winter. It would be nice if we had two baskets full of fresh fruit. We could take the husks off this evening, and to-morrow morning we could cook them in the big brass pan—and then for waffles and raspberry jam!

"Come, let's go to the wood and gather them!" said Theresa.

"Yes, let's go," said Aina. "You take the yellow basket and I'll take the green one."

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1 A kind of Swedish cake.
"Don't lose your way, and come home in good time," said Big Sister.

"Remember me to the Raspberry Caterpillar," said Lorenzo in mocking tones; "and when next I meet him I hope to have the honour of eating him up."

Off went Aina and Theresa to the woods. How beautiful and glorious it was! Certainly, in the midst of it all, it was a little uncomfortable to have to climb over half-fallen trees and get caught in the twigs, and to encounter the juniper bushes, and fight duels with the midges; but what did all that matter? The children scrambled on briskly with shortened skirts, and went far into the forest, till they reached a place where grew quantities of crawberries, blueberries, and cranberries—but no raspberries. They went still farther, and came soon—no, that we can't believe—they came—on quite a thicket of raspberries. Some time previously the wood had been burnt, and here had sprung
up raspberries and raspberries as far as the eye could reach. Every bush was laden to the ground with large, dark, red luscious fruit, and dropping around in such quantities as had never before been stepped upon by the shoes of two short-skirted raspberry gatherers. Theresa picked, Aina picked; Theresa ate, Aina ate. Soon the baskets were filled.

"Now, let's go home," said Aina.

"No, let's gather a few more," said Theresa. They laid the baskets down, and gathered into their aprons, and soon they also were filled.

"Now, we will go home," said Theresa.

"Yes, now we will," said Aina.

Each of them carried a basket in one hand and held up their apron with the other, and thus turned their steps homewards, but this was easier said than done. They had never before ventured so far into the woods; there were no roads nor paths, and soon the little girls saw that they had taken a wrong turning. To
make matters worse, the shadows of the trees began to lengthen in the evening sunlight, the birds were flying home to their nests, and the dew was falling. Soon the sun sank behind the tall fir-trees, and it grew chilly and dark in the vast forest. The children began to get afraid, yet still they went on and on, hoping that the forest would come to an end, and that the smoke from their home would appear.

After they had walked a long time it got quite dark. They had now reached a large open space grown over with bushes, and after they had looked about them as well as they could in the darkness, they discovered that they had made a circuit, and were back in the very place where they had found all the raspberries, with which their baskets and aprons were filled. Tired out, they sat down on a stone and began to cry.

"I am so hungry," said Theresa.

"Yes," said Aina; "if only we could have two big sandwiches."
As she said that she felt something on her arm, and when she touched it, found it was a thick piece of bread and butter with meat on it. At the same moment Theresa said, "How odd! I have a sandwich in my hand."

"And so have I," said Aina. "Are you going to eat yours?"

"Of course I'm going to eat it," said Theresa. "Oh, if only we could now get a tumbler of fresh milk!" As she said that, she felt a large glass of milk in her hand. With that Aina said, "Theresa! Theresa! I have a large glass of milk in my hand! This is most wonderful!"

As the children were hungry they ate and drank with the best of appetites, and when they were satisfied Aina yawned, and stretched, and sighed, "If only we could now have a soft bed to sleep in!"

Scarcely had she uttered the words, when a beautiful soft bed stood beside her, and the same beside Theresa. The children
thought this very strange, but tired and sleepy as they were, they troubled their heads no more on the subject, but crept into bed, said their evening prayer, tucked the coverlets over their heads, and soon were in the Land of Nod.

When they awoke, the sun was high in the heavens, it was a lovely summer morning in the woods, and the birds flew merrily from branch to branch. At first the children were greatly amazed to find they had been sleeping in the forest right in the midst of the raspberry bushes. They looked at each other, and then at the beds, which were covered with the finest linen spread on the softest leaves and moss.

At last Theresa said: "Are you awake, Aina?"

"Yes," said Aina.

"I think I must be dreaming," said Theresa.

"No!" said Aina. "But there is certainly a great draught among these
raspberry bushes. If only we could have a cup of hot coffee and a bun to eat with it."

Scarcely had she said so, when there stood beside them a little silver tray, and on it a gilt coffee can, two fine china cups, a beautiful crystal sugar-bowl, a silver cream-jug, and some delicious white rolls. The children poured the magic coffee into the cups, sugared it, creamed it, and smacked their lips over it. Never had they tasted such delicious coffee!

"Now, I should like to know who gives us all those good things," said Theresa with a thankful mind.

"It is I, my dear little ones," said a voice from the bushes.

Somewhat taken aback, the children perceived a kind-looking, little old man, limping out of the bushes, for he was somewhat lame on the left leg. Theresa and Aina were dumb with amazement.

"Don't be afraid, little ones," said the old man, as he grinned at them in a friendly manner. He could not laugh
properly, as his mouth was cut on the cross. "Welcome to my dominions! Have you slept well, and eaten well, and drunk well?" he asked.

"Yes, that we have," said both the children; "but tell us—" and then they wished to ask the old man who he was, but did not like to.

"I am the King of the Raspberries, and rule over all the dominion of raspberry bushes, and here have I lived for many thousands of years. The great Being who rules over forest, and sky, and sea is afraid that I should pride myself on my long life and kingly power, and has therefore ordained that for one day every hundred years I should be turned into a little raspberry caterpillar, and exist in that weak and defenceless condition from sunrise to sunset. While in this transformation my life hangs on that of a grub, so that a bird may crunch me up with his beak, a child gather me in fruit, and crush out my life of a thousand years with its foot."
Now, yesterday happened to be the day, and I was gathered with the raspberries and nearly trampled to death, had it not been for your mercy, children, which saved me. Until sundown I lay helpless in the grass, and as I was blown off your table I cricked my foot, and my mouth went squint with fright. As evening approached, and I regained my own form, I looked for you that I might thank you and give you a reward; then I found you both here, and welcomed you as well as I could, without alarming you too much. I shall send a bird of the forest to show you the way home, so farewell, dear children, and many thanks for your tender hearts, the Raspberry King shall prove that he is not ungrateful."

The children placed their hands in those of the old man and thanked him, heartily glad that they had spared the little grub the previous day. They were about to start, when the old man turned once more, grinning a sly grin with his squinty mouth:
"Remember me to Lorenzo, and say to him that when next we meet, I hope to have the honour of eating him up!"

"Oh, no! please don't do that, Mr Raspberry Caterpillar!" exclaimed both the children, much alarmed at the idea.

"On your account he will be forgiven, for I am not of a vindictive nature," said the old man. "Remember me to Lorenzo, and tell him that he also may expect to receive a gift from me. Farewell!"

The children lifted their baskets, and skipped off, light of heart, out of the wood, always following the bird who flew in front of them. Soon the forest became less dense, and the children wondered not a little how they could have gone such a roundabout way the day before.

One can imagine the joy with which the two children were welcomed when they reached home. Everyone had been looking for them. Big Sister had not slept a wink, for she felt certain that her two dear little sisters had been devoured by wolves.
The children lifted their baskets and skipped off, light of heart.
Lorenzo met them with a basket, calling out:

"See, here is something which an old man has just left for you!"

When the children opened the basket, there lay two pairs of the most beautiful bracelets, made of dark red precious stones, cut in the shape of raspberries, with this inscription: "For Theresa and Aina." Along with them was a breastpin, in the shape of a raspberry caterpillar, with this inscription: "Lorenzo, harm not the helpless!" Lorenzo was somewhat abashed; he well understood the allusion; but, at the same time, he thought that the old man retaliated in a way that only good souls can do. Even Big Sister was not forgotten, for when she went to lay the cloth for dinner, there she found twelve baskets filled with the largest and finest raspberries that ever had come out of the forest, and no one exactly knew how they came there, but every one had a good guess. Then followed such a preserving,
and a sugaring, and a boiling as had never before been seen, and, if you like, we will go there and help them to cook, and it may be that we will get a taste of the spoon, for there is little doubt that the jam-making is still going on.
SAMPO LAPPELILL
Once upon a time there was a Laplander and his wife. Do you know what that means? The Lapps are a people who live in the extreme north, far beyond Norway, Sweden, and Finland. In Lappland there are no fields, nor fine forests, nor houses such as we are accustomed to see, but only desolate stretches of country and high mountains and little huts into which one must creep through a hole, and that is the country where the Lapps live. Theirs is a strange land. Part of the year it is always light, for the sun never goes down in summer, and the rest of the year there is almost perpetual darkness, for in winter the stars are shining all day. Winter lasts for ten months of the year—there is sledding all that time—and one may see the squat
little Lapps driving over the snow in things like boats, which are called "pulkas;" there is no horse harnessed to the "pulka," only a reindeer. Have you ever seen a reindeer? It is about the size of a pony, with great branching horns, a short neck, and pretty little head with large bright eyes; when he runs he flies like a whirlwind over mountain and brook, so that his hoofs strike against each other, and sound crack—crack! This the Lapp thinks great fun, as he sits in his "pulka," and he would like to have such fine sledging all the year round.

There was once, as before mentioned, a Lapp and his wife. They lived far away in Lappland, at a place called Aimio, which is situated between the Rivers Tenejoki and Tana. You may see it in the top part of a map of Finland, where the boundary line of Lappland comes down like a big white night-cap on Finland's high head. That place is desolate and wild, but the old Lapp and his wife thought that in no place in all the world was there to be found such white snow
and such bright stars, and such lovely northern lights as just there in Aimio. They built themselves a hut there, after exactly the same pattern as all the other Lapp huts. Trees do not grow there, only small spindly birches, which were more like bushes than trees, so where could they find wood to build a cottage? To make the hut, they took long straight sticks, and stuck them in the snow, and tied them together at the top. Then they hung reindeer skins over the poles, which made it look just like a grey sugar-loaf, and then their hut was finished. At the top of the sugar-loaf they left a little hole, through which the smoke might escape when a fire was lighted in the hut, and another little hole in the south side by which one could creep in and out. That is what the Lapp hut was like, and the Lapps themselves thought it delightful and warm, and quite grand inside, although they had no bed and no floor, nothing but the white snow.

The peasant and his wife had a little
boy called Sampo, which is considered a lucky name in Lappland. But Sampo was rich, for he had two names—one was not enough.

Once there had come strangers—gentlemen in big fur coats,—and they had stayed in the hut. They brought with them a hard white bit of snow of a kind which the Lapps had never seen before, and which was called sugar. They gave some bits of the sweet snow to Sampo, patted him on the cheek, and said, "Lappelill, Lappelill!" which means "little Lapp." They could not say more, for none of them spoke the Lapp language. And then they travelled away still farther north to the White Sea, and to the most northern point of Europe, which is called the North Cape. But the Lapp woman often thought of the strangers and their sweet snow, and so she began to call her boy "Lappelill."

"I think Sampo is a much better name," said the man, somewhat angered. "Sampo means wealth, and I tell you, mother, don't
you spoil the name! Our Sampo will yet be a king among the Lapps and reign over a thousand reindeer and fifty huts. You shall see mother, you shall see!"

"Yes, but Lappelill sounds so uncommon," said the woman, and she called her boy Lappelill, and the father called him Sampo.

Now you must know that the boy had not yet been baptized, for at that time there was no priest to be found for twenty miles round. "Next year we shall drive to the priests and have the boy baptized," the father used to say. But next year they were prevented, and the journey was put off, and the boy remained unchristened.

Sampo Lappelill was now a little chubby boy of seven or eight years old, with black hair, brown eyes, a snub nose, and wide mouth, just like his own papa's, but in Lappeland that is looked upon as a mark of beauty.

Sampo was no weakling for his years; he had his own little skates on which he c
shot down the steep sides of the Tana and his own little reindeer which he used to harness, and his own little "pulka." Swish! you should have seen how the snow whirled around him as he was carried across the ice and through the drifts which were so deep that nothing was seen of the youngster but a tuft of his black pow!

"I shall never feel happy until the boy has been baptized," said the Lapp woman. "The wolves might make off with him some fine day on the fjeld, or he might encounter Hüsi's reindeer with the golden horns, and the Lord pity him then if he were not baptized!"

Sampo heard these words, and began to wonder what kind of a reindeer it could be that had golden horns.

"It must be a beautiful deer," said he. "Wouldn't I like to drive him some day and go to Rastekais!"

Rastekais is a high and lonely mountain, about five or six miles distant from Aimio.

"How can you dare to chatter so
foolishly, you thoughtless rascal?" scolded the mother. "Rastekais is the place where the Trolls have their home, and there too lives Hüsi."

"Hüsi; who's that?" asked Sampo.

The mother was taken aback.

"So the youngster has ears," thought she to herself. "Perhaps I should not speak of such things in his hearing, but it might be as well to put an end to his fancy for an excursion to Rastekais." So she said:

"Lappelill, dear, don't go to Rastekais, for that is where Hüsi, the great King of the Fjeld lives—he who eats a reindeer at one mouthful, and swallows little boys like midges!"

At these words Sampo looked very thoughtful, but he remained silent, while at the same time saying to himself:

"It would be at least interesting for once to see such a monster as the Fjeld King—but only at a distance!"

Although it was now three or four
weeks since Christmas, still it was quite dark in Lappland. There was no morning, nor noon, nor evening, it was always night, and the moon shone, and the Northern Lights crackled, and the stars twinkled all the day long.

Sampo began to weary. It was so long since he had seen the sun that he had almost forgotten what it looked like, and when anybody spoke of summer, Sampo remembered nothing about it except that it was the season when midges were so nasty and tried to eat him up. So Sampo thought it would not matter if summer went away altogether, if only it would get light enough for him to see to skate.

One day at twelve o'clock (but it was quite dark) the Lappman said:

"Come here, and you will see something!"

Sampo crept out of the hut and looked intently towards the south to where his father pointed. There he saw a little red streak on the horizon.
“Do you know what that is?” asked the Lapp.

“That is the Southern Aurora,” said the boy.

He had a good idea of the directions of the wind, and knew very well that one never saw Northern Lights in the south.

“No,” said the father, “that is the fore-runner of the sun. To-morrow or next day we shall see the sun itself. See how wonderfully the red light glows on the top of Rastekais!”

Sampo turned westwards, and saw how the snow in the far distance was tinged with red on the dark, gloomy top of Rastekais, a place which he had not seen for so long. Immediately again the thought flashed through his brain, “How delightfully exciting it would be to see the Fjeld King at a distance.”

Sampo pondered over the subject all day and half the night. He ought to have slept, but could not.

“No,” thought he, “it would be inter-
esting just for once to see the Fjeld King,” and as he thought and thought, at last he crept quietly from under the reindeer skin coverlet where he lay, and out through the door-hole. It was so cold that the stars glistened and the snow crackled under foot, but Sampo Lappelill was not a coddled youth, so he did not mind this in the least. Besides, he had on a fur jacket, fur trousers, fur shoes, fur cap, and fur gloves. Thus equipped, he looked at the stars, and wondered what he should do next. Just then he heard his little reindeer, not far off, scraping in the snow. “Perhaps I might drive a bit?” thought Sampo. No sooner said than done. Sampo harnessed the reindeer to the “pulka,” which he was well accustomed to do, and drove out with all speed on to the vast dreary snow plain. “I will drive a little way towards Raste-kais, but only quite a little way,” thought he to himself; and then he was carried over the frozen river, and up the other side of the Tana, and then he was at the
frontier of the kingdom of Norway, because the Tana forms the boundary, but this Sampo did not know. He sat and sang to himself—

"Short is the day,  
And long is the way,  
Rest we dare not, here,  
For the wolves are near,"

and as he sang he saw the wolves, like grey dogs, running in the darkness all around the sledge and snapping at the reindeer. Sampo was not the least afraid, for he well knew that no wolf was so nimble of foot as his clever reindeer. Oh! how it carried him over hills and stones, till the latter rattled about his ears! Sampo Lappelill just let him go. Crack went the reindeer’s hoofs, and the moon in heaven ran a race with him, and the high fjelds seemed to be running backwards, but still Sampo Lappelill let him go. It was such fun driving, and that was all he thought of. It happened, in taking a sharp turn down hill, that the
“pulka” upset, and Sampo fell out on the snow. The reindeer did not notice this, but thought that Sampo was still sitting quietly in the “pulka,” so he ran on, and Sampo, having his mouth filled with snow could not call out—ptrroh, ptrroh! (“stop, stop!”)—only that is what one says to horses, but not to reindeer! There he lay, like a footless field-mouse, out in the dark night, and in the middle of the vast plain, where no one lived within many miles.

Sampo, as is not to be wondered at, was somewhat astounded at first. He crawled up out of the snow, and was not in the least hurt; but that did not comfort him. All around him, as far as he could see by the pale moonlight, there were nothing but drifts and fields of snow, and high mountains. One mountain was much higher than all the others, and Sampo now knew that he was quite near Rastekais. Suddenly it occurred to him that here lived the savage King of the Fjeld, who ate up a reindeer at a mouthful, and swallowed
little boys like midges. Then Sampo Lappelill began to be afraid. Ah, how gladly would he now have been safe at home in the warm hut beside his father and mother, but how was he ever to get there? and perhaps the Fjeld King would find him in the drift and swallow him up, trousers, and gloves, and all, just like any other poor little midge.

Yes, there sat Sampo Lappelill alone in the snow and darkness, on Lappland's dreary plains; it was all so weird and awesome as he looked towards the high dark form of the mountain Rastekais where the Fjeld King lived. What use was it to sit there and cry? for all his tears turned at once into ice, and rolled like peas down his hairy skin coat.

Sampo saw it was useless, so he got up out of the snowdrift and ran about to warm himself.

"If I stay here, I shall be frozen to death," said he to himself; "well, it would be better to face the Fjeld King than that."
If he eat me up, I'm eaten, but I shall tell him he had better eat up the wolves on the fjeld. They would make a fatter roast than I, and he would have less trouble with the skin," whereupon Sampo started to climb the high mountain. He had not been climbing long when he heard something rustle in the snow, and a great shaggy wolf sprang up close by him. Then Sampo's little Lappish heart went pit-a-pat, but he resolved to appear as if he were not the least afraid.

"Don't stand in my way," he called out to the Wolf. "I have an errand to the Fjeld King, and look out for your skin if you come too near me!"

"Gently, gently, not so fast," said the Wolf (for on Rastekais all the animals can talk). "What little dwarf are you, trudging along in the snow?"

"My name is Sampo Lappelill," answered the boy; "and who are you?"

"I am Grand Marshal to the Fjeld King," answered the wild animal, "and I
have been running round the mountain to summon his people to the great Sun Festival. As you are going the same way as I am, you may sit on my back, and get a ride to the mountain."

Sampo did not long consider, but climbed up on the Wolf's shaggy coat, and was carried at a gallop over cliffs and precipices.

"What does that mean, 'the Sun Festival'?" asked Sampo.

"Don't you know?" said the Wolf. "After the winter's darkness in Lappland, and the sun is seen for the first time in the heavens, then we have the Sun's Festival. All the wild animals and all the Trolls in the north assemble at Rastekais, and for that day they are quite harmless. It is lucky for you, Sampo Lappelill, otherwise I would have eaten you up long ago."

"Does the Fjeld King obey the same law," asked Sampo.

"Of course," said the Wolf. "For one hour before the sun rises, and for one hour after it sets, the Fjeld King himself would not venture to touch a hair of your head."
But beware when the time is up, for should you still be tarrying on the fjeld, a hundred thousand wolves and a thousand bears would rush upon you, and then there would be a speedy ending of Sampo Lappelill."

"Perhaps you will be so kind as to help me back again when it is time to start?" timidly asked Sampo.

The Wolf began to laugh (for on Raste-kais the wolves could laugh). "Don't imagine that, Sampo dear," said he. "On the contrary, I shall be the first to dig my teeth into you. You are a plump and dainty morsel; I see that you have been fattened on reindeer milk and cheese. You will be a delicious breakfast for me early in the morning."

Sampo wondered if it would not be as well to jump down at once from the Wolf's back, but it was now too late. They had already reached the top of the mountain, and there they saw an extraordinary sight. The Fjeld King sat on his throne, which was made of rocks that nearly reached
the sky, and he gazed out into the darkness over mountain and valley. On his head he wore a cap of white snow clouds; his eyes were like the full moon, as it rises over the forest; his nose was as the top of a mountain, and his mouth like the cleft of one; his beard was like a bunch of long icicles; his arms were as thick as the thickest fir-tree; his hands were like fir-cones; his legs and feet were like a toboggan hill in winter, and his wide fur coat was like a snow mountain. But, if you ask, how could the Fjeld King and his people be seen in the darkness, you must know that the snow shone all around them, and far across the arch of heaven there glistened the most brilliant Aurora, which lit up the whole expanse.

Around the Fjeld King were seated millions of Trolls and Fairies, so small, that when they tripped upon the snow their footprints were no larger than those of a squirrel. They had gathered together from the remotest parts of the world, from Nova Zembla, Spitzbergen, Green-
land, and Iceland, even from the North Pole itself, in order to worship the sun—not that they really liked it, for the Trolls would have been very well pleased to see the sun sink, and never rise again. It was from fear, just as savages worship evil spirits. And, farther away, stood all the big and little animals which live in Lappland. They stood in long, close rows, thousands and thousands of them, from bears, wolves, and gluttons, down to the harmless reindeer, the little field-mouse, and the active reindeer-flea; the mosquitoes were prevented from coming, as they had been frozen to death.

Sampo Lappelill saw all this with much amazement. He climbed stealthily down from the Wolf's back, and hid himself behind a large stone, to see what would happen next. The Fjeld King raised his massive head, which made the snow whirl about him, and then the Aurora seemed to shine like a glory round him. It shot out in long, starry, pale red streaks, across the blue night heavens; it crackled and it
whizzed, just as when a forest is on fire the flames twist and twine up the trees; it expanded and contracted, it grew denser and paler by turns, so that one gleam of light after another flashed across the snowy sjeld. This amused the Fjeld King. He clapped his icy hands, which echoed like thunder through the mountains, the Trolls shrieked with delight, and the animals squealed from fear. But this only amused the Fjeld King the more, so he called out loud over the mountain:

"That's it! that's it! Eternal winter and night! That is what I like!"

"That is right! that is right!" shrieked the Trolls at the top of their voices, for they all liked winter and darkness better than summer and sunshine. There was much grumbling heard amongst the animals, for all the beasts of prey, including field-mice, thought the same as the Trolls, but the reindeer and the others had no fault to find with summer, if only they had not remembered Lappland's mosquitoes. The Flea was the only one who wished to have
summer without any alterations, so she piped as loud as she could:

“My Lord King, I thought we were assembled here to greet the returning sun!”

“Silence! you miserable insect!” roared the White Bear beside her. “We only assemble here because of an old custom. It is at least pleasurable this year, the sun seems to have gone away altogether. The sun is extinguished! the sun is dead!”

“The sun is extinguished! the sun is dead!” murmured all the animals, and all Nature shuddered. The Trolls from the North Pole laughed so much that their caps fell off. The great Fjeld King upraised his thunder voice and called out anew over the desert plains:

“That is right! that is right! The sun is dead! All the world shall fall down and hail me 'King of Eternal Winter and Darkness!’”

This enraged Sampo Lappelill as he sat behind the stone. He rose up, his little saucy nose in the air, and cried out:
"You are telling lies, Fjeld King, as big as yourself. Yesterday I saw the first streak of sunlight in the sky, and the sun is not dead. Your beard shall suffer when midsummer comes."

At these words the Fjeld King's forehead darkened like a thunder-cloud; he forgot the rule of that day, and lifted his terrifying arm to try to crush Sampo Lappelill. With that the Northern Lights paled, a red streak appeared in the heavens and lit up the frosty face of the Fjeld King, so that it quite blinded him, and he had to let his arm drop. Then the gilded edge of the sun rose slowly and majestically above the horizon and lit up the fjeld, the drifts, the cliffs, the Trolls, the animals, and the little manly Sampo Lappelill. All at once there shone a beam of light on the snow, and it looked as if millions of roses had been showered down on it, and the sun shone into every one's eyes, and right down into every heart. Even those who had rejoiced most that
the sun was dead were now secretly glad to see it again. It was comical to see the amazement of the Trolls. They blinked at the sun with their little grey eyes from under their red night-caps, and although it was against their wish to see it, they were so charmed that they stood on their heads in the snow with delight. The Fjeld King's beard began to melt, and to drop down his enormous mantle in a trickling stream.

After all had gazed for some time with more or less joy at the sun, and the first hour had nearly passed, Sampo Lappelill heard one of the Reindeer say to her young one:

"Come, come, dear child, or else we shall be devoured by the wolves!"

And then Sampo remembered what would happen to him if he tarried longer, so when he caught sight of a fine Reindeer near him, with branching golden horns, he hesitated no longer, but jumped on the animal's back, and was carried off at a sweeping pace down the mountain-side.

"What is that strange rustling which I
THE BRAVE SAMPO LAPPENLILL ON THE FJELL KINGS ENCHANTED REINDEER
hear behind us?” asked Sampo in a little, for he had to take breath after his rapid run.

“Those are the thousand bears scampering after us to devour us,” answered the Reindeer. “But don’t be afraid. I am the Fjeld King’s enchanted Reindeer, and no bear has ever nagged my heels.”

So they rode a little farther. Then Sampo asked:

“What is that strange blowing which I hear behind us?”

The Reindeer answered: “Those are the hundred thousand wolves which have started at full gallop after us to tear you and me in pieces. But don’t be afraid; no wolf has ever beaten me in a race across the fjeld.”

So they rode a little farther, and Sampo Lappelill asked:

“Do you think it is thundering behind us on the fjeld?”

“No,” said the Reindeer, beginning to tremble in every limb; “it is the Fjeld King himself, who strides after us with giant steps, and now it will be all over with us both, for no one can escape him.”
"Is there nothing to be done?" asked Sampo.

"No," said the Reindeer, "we can do nothing, except to try to reach the Parson's house at Enare, if we possibly can. Should we reach it, we are saved, for the Fjeld King has no power to touch those who have been christened."

"All right," said Sampo; "fly, my nimble Reindeer, over mountains and rocks, and I shall feed you with golden oats out of a silver trough!"

And the Reindeer ran and ran for dear life, and they had just got inside the Parson's house when the Fjeld King arrived and thundered so loudly on the door that everybody thought the house would fall down.

"Who is there?" asked the Priest.

"It is I," answered the thunder voice out in the garden. "Open to his majesty the King of the Fjeld! There is an unchristened child here, and all heathen belong to me."

"Wait a little, till I get on my gown and bands, in order to receive so dis-
tinguished a personage in a becoming manner!" answered the Priest from within.

"All right," roared the Fjeld King; "best make haste, or else I will kick the walls of your house down."

"Coming, coming, your gracious majesty!" answered the Priest, and with that he took a bowl of water and baptized Sampo Lappelill in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

"Well, are you ready yet?" roared the Fjeld King, who had just raised his terrible foot to knock the house down.

The Priest then opened the door and said: "Begone, you king of winter and darkness, for with this child you have nothing more to do! God's mercy now shines upon Sampo Lappelill, and he no more belongs to yours, but to God's kingdom."

This so enraged the Fjeld King that he at once blew up into a snowstorm, and the snow fell so very, very thick upon the house, and covered it up all over the roof, that all expected to find their grave in the drift. The Priest alone was calm, read
his prayers out of his book of devotion and waited for morning. When morning dawned, the sun shone upon the snow, and the snow melted, and the Parsonage was saved, but the Fjeld King had disappeared, and no one is quite sure, but everybody imagines that he still lives and reigns in Rastekais.

Sampo Lappelill thanked the kind Priest, and begged of him to lend him a "pulka." Then Sampo harnessed the Reindeer with the golden horns to the sledge, and thus he drove home to his parents at Aimio. But how Sampo afterwards became a great man, and fed his Reindeer with golden oats out of a silver trough, is another story, which would be too long to relate now.

It is said that the Lapps no longer delay, as they once used to do, bringing their children to be baptized, for who would willingly see his child eaten up by the Fjeld King? Sampo Lappelill knows what that means. He knows what is going on when the thunder rolls through the mountains.
SIKKU
Sikku.

In the time of Charles XII. there lived in the north of Finland a poor cowboay whose name was Sikku. It ought to have been Sixtus, but the Finnish tongue can only wag in a certain way, so that it usually reconstructs names after its own manner, according as it can best pronounce them.

Sikkiu was very poor. He had neither cap, shirt, nor shoes, but that did not in the least trouble him, for he was always happy and contented, and when he herded the cows at the foot of Sipuri Mountain, he sang songs from morn to night, blew his bark horn, and his greatest pleasure was hearing the mountain echoes mimic him. Sikku had an old clasp-knife; that was his wealth, and in addition he had a
comrade by name Kettu, which means in Finnish "fox," although he really was a dog; a long-nosed, long-tailed, yellow cur, faithful and ferocious. The two friends kept together in joy and sorrow; Kettu drove in the cows, Kettu watched while Sikku took his mid-day nap, and Sikku shared with Kettu the hard bread which was their usual breakfast and dinner. Besides the bread, they feasted every day on an excellent soup of clear spring-water, and almost every day they had a nice dessert: strawberries, cloudberries, blaeberries, whortleberries, hagberries, or rowan-berrys, according to the time of summer. But those dainties Kettu despised. Sikku thought himself a prince in the forest, but when the evenings became rainy and cold, he began to long for the porridge-pot. Oh, how comforting was the hot pan, which he used to scrape to get off any scraps that he could find on the edge of it, but Kettu only licked the ladle and stole Pussy-cat's milk out of the broken
dish, which stood on the floor by the water-tub. This seldom happened without a battle. The farmer in Anttila farm was miserly, and his wife mean, but what did that matter to Sikku?—he had liberty.

He alone was responsible for the fifteen cows coming safely back to the farm to be milked every evening.

For a time all went well, and no other care in the world had Sikku.

One day he climbed to the top of the highest hill, while Kettu looked after the cows in the valley. There was a splendid view over forests, bogs, and small lakes, but not a single house was to be seen.

Never in his life had Sikku thought the world was so big. His heart glowed as he saw the sun glittering in the lakes, amid the dark green woods, and as the clouds floated across the sky, one after another sparkled and vanished into shade, and gleamed anew on some other part. Sikku sang and blew his bark horn between times, which sounded so musical among
the mountains that it seemed to change into a song:

"Sipuri Mountain, too-too!
Falidoo!
In the whole world no boy is found
Who herds his cows upon such a ground!
Too-too! Too-too!
Falidoo!"

While he sang, there suddenly stood before him on the mountain a little hunch-backed old woman, who said to him:

"All that you see shall be yours, if you will be my boy and obey me."

"Oh, ho!" said Sikku, as he looked at the old woman, whom he recognised—she was the witch from the neighbouring village of Allis.

"Give me the white cow Kimmo!" said the old woman, "and say when you go home that the wolves devoured her."

Sikku opened his eyes wide, and answered:

"No! I'm not so foolish as that."
“Then you will have yourself to blame,” said the old woman. And with that she hopped like a crow down the mountain-side.

Kettu was heard barking in the valley. Sikku ran down, and found that Kimmo had sunk in the bog, so that only her horns were to be seen above the quagmire. Sikku tried to drag her out, but his strength was not sufficient, and when he had pulled and pulled till he was tired, he had to go home with the fourteen cows. The bell-cow, Mansikka, lowed, Kettu howled, Sikku related the misfortune, got a beating, and was sent next day to the valley without any food.

This time he did not sing, but sat, miserable and hungry, at the foot of the mountain.

Then there came to him the bearded wizard from Allis, and said:

“Give me the black cow, Musikka—say that wolves devoured her—and I will give you all the land you see from Sipuri Mountain.”
"No! I am not so foolish," answered Sikku angrily.

"Then you will have yourself to blame," said the wizard, and with that he turned a somersault down the mountain.

Kettu began to bark, Sikku rushed forward, and found Musikka dead on the forest slope. She had eaten some poisonous plant, and would never walk again. Sikku wept. He brought some water from the spring in a bit of bark, and dashed it over Musikka's head, but that did no good. He had to go home with the thirteen cows and tell of the accident.

This time he was shut up three days in the cellar without food.

On the fourth day he was sent again to the valley with the thirteen cows, and got a bag of provisions. Being hungry, he opened his bag when he reached the entrance to the field, but found only a grey stone in it.

Sikku drove the cows to the mountain, ate some wild berries which he found in
the forest, and sat down dejectedly on a stump beside the animals, for fear any further misfortune should happen.

Then there appeared the pretty little fairy maid from Allis, who always has a squint, who held out to him a crumbly wheaten loaf, patted his thin cheeks, and said:

"Give me the red cow Mansikka, and say when you go home that the bears devoured her, then you shall have the wheaten loaf and all the land you can see from Sipuri Mountain."

Sikku was so hungry that he could have devoured a loaf of moss. He looked at the wheaten loaf, he looked at the pretty little fairy maid, and had to bite his tongue for fear he should immediately answer Yes.

But the fairy maid laughed, and this made Sikku angry.

"No!" said he; "I am not so foolish."

"Well then, you have yourself to blame," said the fairy maid, and with that she flapped like a magpie into the forest.
Sikku feared a fresh disaster, and ran to Mansikka, who had just been browsing near him, and Mansikka lay full length on the grass, a viper hung fast by her nose, and in a short time she too was dead.

What did it avail that Sikku instantly killed the viper? He had to go home with only twelve cows, and tell of the misfortune.

"What punishment do you think you deserve?" said the enraged farmer. "Whether would you choose to be put into the boiler or to be thrown down the deep well?"

"I cannot help it," answered Sikku crying; "three times have I been promised all the land seen from Sipuri Mountain if I will lie and steal, but that I won't do."

"Well," said the farmer, "that is all my land which you see from Sipuri Mountain, and I promise to give it to you if, before the next full moon, you drive into the field nine good cows in the place of Kimmo, Musikka, and Mansikka, which lie dead
upon the mountain. "But what shall I do to you now? You must have some punishment."

"Bind him hand and foot, and leave him at the topmost point of Sipuri Mountain, and let him satisfy his hunger by gazing at the view!" said the farmer's wife, who could not forgive Sikku, for she missed her cows.

This suggestion pleased the farmer. Sikku was bound hand and foot, and left on the topmost peak of the mountain, and everyone was forbidden to give him either food or drink. The remaining twelve cows were driven by another cowboy to graze on the open ground of the farm far away from the mountain. Sikku lay bound and half dead with hunger. The woods smelt sweet, the lakes glittered in the sunshine between the fir branches. Evening drew on, night came, the dew fell, the thrush sang, the stars twinkled, the moon looked down on the poor boy, and no one in the world was the least concerned about him.
But high above the woods, the lakes, the dew, the thrush, and the stars, is One who looks down on all the desolate ones of earth. He saw even poor Sikku. God sent a kind friend to him, and who could it be but Kettu? Kettu might have had porridge at home, Kettu might have stolen his milk, as he was accustomed to do, out of Pussy-cat's broken dish by the water-tub, but instead of that Kettu ran, hungry as he was, to the mountain, laid himself down by Sikku's bound feet, and licked his hands. This so comforted Sikku that he was once more happy and contented, and so they both fell asleep in the moonlight.

Now in the time of Charles XII. there was a great war in the southern part of the country. The northern part did not know much about it, and all beyond the immense forests remained in peace, when suddenly there appeared an enemy's fleet on the sea coast, and landed an army of soldiers, who spread themselves over the country, ravaging and plundering everywhere.
One of these troops reached Sikku's part of the country, attacked, burned, and plundered Anttila Farm, carried off all the cattle, and took the farmer himself prisoner. When this was done the enemy dispersed, that they might proceed to do the same with other villages. Some Cossacks were left behind to guard the prisoners and stolen cattle, until they should be taken on board ship.

Early in the morning Sikku was awakened by Kettu biting a man in the leg. Two savage-looking, bearded men had climbed to the top of the mountain to have a good outlook, and see where they might now betake themselves. They found the boy bound, and enemies though they were, they had pity on him, loosed his fetters, gave him bread out of their wallets, and carried him off. At the foot of the mountain they had left their horses tied to trees. One of the men lifted the boy up beside him on to the back of a horse, and chased Kettu away. They set off at a gallop, and soon drew near to the shore of a vast ocean.
Here there was much booty and many prisoners taken by the enemy, but as the Cossacks were eager to get further plunder, they had left six men to guard the prisoners and the spoil, while the rest were away.

Night approached, and the six were afraid of being overpowered by the peasants during the darkness; therefore they entered a boat, took Sikku with them, and rowed out to an island, so that they might pass the night in safety; the cattle were left to graze on the shore, and the prisoners, as well as the six horses, were fast tied to trees.

Sikku lay beside the Cossacks on the desert island. The night was dark, the big waves rolled against the white pebbles on the beach, and the wind blew towards land.

Sikku lay awake and listened to the slow regular breathing of the tired soldiers as they slept by his side. Five of them were there, but the sixth was in the boat as watch. Sikku sat up softly and
Sikku listened. One of the Cossacks spoke in his sleep, and flung his arms about. Sikku lay down again but could not rest. In a short time he sat up again, and when all was quiet he stepped over the slumbering soldiers down to the boat. Here even the watch was asleep, and slept so heavily that he was never aware that Sikku shot out the boat to sea, and let the wind drift them back to terra firma.

The Cossack in the boat slept soundly. He had ridden many miles; no wonder that he slept like a log!

When Sikku felt the boat bump on the shore, he climbed noiselessly out, took his clasp-knife out of his pocket and cut the prisoners' bonds. The Cossack still slept. The prisoners could hardly realise their deliverance. They followed Sikku and bound their enemy in the boat with the same rope from which they had just been released. And now the Cossack awoke, but too late—he himself was now the captive of his prisoners.
"Kill him at once! Let us row to the island and kill them all while they sleep!" called out one of those who had just been set free.

"No," answered Sikku, who recognised his master's voice, "rather let us remove their plunder and betake ourselves to a place of safety!"

"They have burned my farm and carried off all that I possess!" sighed the farmer.

"They have loosed my fetters and given me food," said Sikku, who seemed suddenly to have become a man.

Most of the people agreed with Sikku. Some rode off on the Cossacks' horses, others drove the cattle to a hiding-place in the forest, one and all took what they could of the enemy's plunder, and Sikku took his share. Some days after the enemy set sail.

The peasants returned from the woods and clefts of the mountains, where they had sought refuge in the hour of danger.
Many came from their burned farms and assembled at the church to consult with each other what should now be done. And what were they to do with the six Cossack prisoners, for the five on the island had also been captured?

"Kill them at once," several again called out.

"No; give them to Sikku!" said some of the others; "he has caught them."

Sikku got the six prisoners, extracted a promise from them that they would no longer take part in the war against his country, and let them go free to seek their comrades.

The farmer and his wife at Anttila had taken shelter in a barn, which the enemy in their haste had not burned.

"Ah," said he, "if we only had our fine cows!"

At the same time they saw a little bare-headed, barefooted, shirtless boy driving, with the help of a yellow dog, nine beautiful cows down the hillside to the barn.
“Is not that Sikku and Kettu?” exclaimed the farmer.

“Are those not our cows?” shrieked the farmer’s wife.

Yes, it was Sikku and Kettu, and the veritable cows from Anttila Farm, which had been carried off by the enemy. The Cossacks had killed three, nine were left, and those Sikku had taken as his share of the spoil.

“Look, I am bringing you nine cows!” Sikku called out, and he would like to have waved his cap for joy, but he had not got one.

“Bless me, is it really you?” shrieked the farmer and his wife, in their delight embracing Sikku and patting the cows. Kettu had already vanished in the barn, to see if by any chance Pussy-cat’s broken dish stood there by the water-tub. Pussy-cat fuffed, and again there was war in the camp.

“Are you hungry?” said the farmer’s wife to Sikku. She had a guilty conscience.
“No; many thanks,” said Sikku. “It is not yet full moon,” he remarked after a pause.

The farmer brought his hand slowly down behind his long ears. He thought differently of Sikku, and remembered his hasty vow.

“Listen now, Sikku,” said he; “let us make an agreement. What will you do with so much land while you are so young? Serve me faithfully for seven years, and then I will fulfil my promise, and you shall have all the land which you can see from Sipuri Mountain.

“Agreed,” said Sikku.

So Sikku served faithfully for seven years on Anttila Farm, became big and strong, bought a cap, shirt, and shoes, married the farmer’s daughter, the winsome Greta, and with her got not alone all the land to be seen from Sipuri, but also the newly-built farm of Anttila.

Kettu and Pussy were both buried at
the foot of the mountain; but of the Wizard nothing is known, except that there is now a crow's nest at Allis, and folk say the crows are not to be depended on.
THE SWALLOW FROM EGYPT
THE SWALLOW FROM EGYPT.

Has anyone seen a little cottage close to the road, the one with a yellow-painted gate?—a little red house with white window frames, and a little porch with thatched roof? It looked so comfortable that certainly nice people must live in it. Just within the gate, close to the road, stood a tall wide-spreading tree, whose scent in Spring was so sweet that it filled the whole neighbourhood, and where the songs of birds were constantly heard.

To whom can this peaceful dwelling belong, and what kind of strange, outlandish tree is that which is never seen elsewhere in the chilly North?

It is now many years since an old woman lived there, who had three little
FAIRY TALES FROM FINLAND.

girls, of whom the eldest was called Ilia, the middle one Milia, and the youngest Emilia. What odd names the old woman gave her little girls! What would she have called the fourth had there been one?

It is not worth while to guess; sufficient to know that the three girls were sweet, obedient, good children, who never annoyed their mother in any way. It would have been the same had they been called Gräsgröna, Hallonmaska, and Takdroppa¹. The name signifies nothing, and she is a little goose who would cry because she was not called Stina or Susanna. If only one is good and kind, then one adorns the name.

In the dwelling there lived a fifth personage, and that was a Swallow. She had a little apartment to herself under the eaves, and there she lived rent-free with her young ones all through the Summer. When Winter came she made long journeys, but

¹ Grassgreen, Raspberry Grub, Roof Drop.
she travelled neither by carriage nor covered sledge, nor did she require to pack her things in a knapsack or hat-box. She travelled with the swiftness of an arrow on her black shining wings, and I should like to see the post-horse who could attempt to cope with her. This happened every year and at exactly the same time, and yet no one said to the Swallow, "It is time to start!" neither in Spring did anyone say, "It is time to go home!" She knew it without being told; the girls also knew that she would return in Spring, and they all loved the industrious beautiful bird. Who would not care for a Swallow? The Swallow is the jolliest little bird on God's green earth, and whoever would harm a Swallow deserves to be pecked by a crow and eaten up by a hawk.

One day in the month of September, just as the aspen and rowan were beginning to turn yellow, and the clouds were gathering in the heavens, the three girls sat on the little bench in the porch, and
said to each other, "This is the day the Swallow starts!"

"Qvirr, qvirr! just what I am about to do," twittered the Swallow, who had heard the remark as she sat on the roof picking up some hemp-seed for breakfast before setting off on her journey.

"But tell us, just once, Swallow, dear," said the girls, "where do you fly to every Autumn? where do you live during Winter? what do you do in a foreign land? and who shows you the way there and back?"

"Qvirr! what a lot of questions all at once!" twittered the Swallow. "Have you never thought of Him who says to the flowers in Spring 'Grow!' and to the grass in the fields, 'Make the earth green! It is the same tender voice of God which says to the little birds in Autumn 'Start!' and in Spring 'Come back!' And the little birds are God's obedient children; they hear His voice, and He shows them the way through boundless space, over green ands and stormy seas. We fly away in
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Autumn when we hear the reminding voice in our hearts: we leave our loved North, and in a few days fly thousands of miles, until we reach the distant South, to a land that is called Egypt."

"Yes, yes," said the children; "we know about that country; it was there the Child Jesus took refuge with His parents from the cruelty of King Herod. It must be a beautiful land!"

"Oh yes," said the Swallow; a beautiful and blessed land! Heights glisten with gold and precious stones, the rich valleys are scented with countless roses, and the waters teem with strange inhabitants. You should see the lovely tree where I live! Its leaves never die in Winter; its flowers scent like those of a paradise, and its fruit would be fit for a king's table. On its branches I have built my nest, close to the great river Nile, where gold fish gleam at the water's edge; thence I soar up into the blue vault of heaven, across the burning desert, where lions
prowl and pant, and I fly over the mountains of Senegambia where diamonds flash in the sunlight out of the desolate rocks."

"But why, dear Swallow, do you long in Spring to return from that fragrant land?"

"Ah, that I cannot tell. In that region there is no difference between Summer and Winter, Spring and Autumn—there is only the difference of rain and drought; but I feel within me when it is Spring in the North. I am seized with such a strange longing, and yearn to see my dear, cosy home in the far distance. I think of the little lovely dwelling far, far away, under whose roof I was born, where my mother gave me the first corn, and where she taught me to fly from twig to twig and from roof to roof. Then I feel as if no other land on earth were so wonderfully beautiful nor so dear as that bleak land far up in the snowy North, and when I think of its young birches, its green hillocks and its many clear water-mirrors,—Ah, never would I exchange its red strawberry for
the golden fruit of a paradise, and rather would I build my poor little nest under the eaves of a hut than among Senegambia's shimmering diamonds. How men must love their native land, when even the swallow of the air cannot forget her nest, although thousands of miles away from it!"

"Yes, yes;" said the girls; "and that is right!"

"But I am forgetting my pressing journey," rejoined the Swallow. "Would you like me to bring you home some curiosity from Egypt?"

"I should like to have a diamond from the mountain of Senegambia," said Ilia, with beaming eyes.

"And I," said Milia, "would like nothing so much as a real gold fish from the Nile."

"And for me, Swallow dear, will you bring home a little seed from the tree where you live," timidly asked Emilia.

"Qvirr, qvirr," twittered the Swallow, and off she flew.

After that came Autumn, and rain, and
slush, and preserving of fruit, and making of meal puddings, and much else that belongs to Autumn. And after that came Winter and ice, and story-telling round the fireside, and Christmas presents, and snow men, and sledging, and much more that belongs to Winter; but after that came Spring again, with melting ice and singing of birds, and bare fields, and little blue flowers, and cuckoos in the woods, with everything else which belongs to that season. The long Winter had passed so quickly that everyone was surprised.

Once more Ilia, Milia, and Emilia sat on the little bench in the porch, and said to each other:

"This is the day the Swallow returns!"

"Qvirr! qvirr!" there she was, sitting on the roof picking up some hayseeds, for the journey had given her an appetite. Quickly the three girls jumped up, and each threw a kiss to her.

"Have you brought what you promised?" asked they.
"Titterli!" twittered the Swallow, and at the same moment there fell a large glittering diamond into Ilia's apron. That time, we may be sure, she did not fail to catch. The diamond was as large as the largest pea, its brilliancy was so dazzling that one could scarcely look at it, and the most crystal spring water was not clearer than the rich lustre of that precious stone. What it might have been worth in money the girls never dreamed of. They would have been rather astonished had they known the value was reckoned at a hundred thousand kroner.¹

"Look here, girls," shrieked the Swallow, "why do you stand there gaping? Quick, bring a basin of water for Milia's gold fish! I easily carried the diamond under my wing, but the fish has given me no end of trouble to carry such a long way, for I had to bring it in a folded fig-leaf, with a

¹ A kroner is worth about Rs. 1½d.
few drops of water in it, from the oasis of Kordofan.”

Milia was not long in bringing a large glass bowl, which was meant for fish to live in. She was highly delighted; she thought it much nicer to possess live gold than a dead gem. Emilia waited silently and patiently. She might very well trust that the Swallow who had such a good memory would not forget her, and in this she was not mistaken.

“Catch!” twittered the Swallow, and at the same moment dropped into Emilia’s open hand a little gray seed, not larger than an ordinary apple pip, and then off she flew.

Full of curiosity, the other sisters came to see what it was; and when they saw the little ugly gray seed beside the diamond and the gold fish, they laughed, and said: “Certainly that is a fine gift to bring from Egypt! Let us give the paltry seed to the hens for breakfast; the Swallow has certainly made a fool of you; she must be only joking; she must surely have something better.”

Emilia considered whether she should
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give the seed to the hens. "No," thought she, "I will plant it in a pot and see what will become of it. Perhaps I shall find that I have got the best gift after all."

And now, children, you shall hear how it fared with the three sisters and the three gifts.

Ilia, who got the costly, magnificent diamond, could never look enough at it. All through the day she sat and gazed at it, and during the night she slept with it under her pillow and saw it in her dreams. She thought of nothing else, nor did she care any longer for work or prayer, and so became negligent, careless, and disobedient. The worst of it all was, that when she grew older, she thought herself enormously rich, became conceited and vain, dressed in fine clothes, and let it be understood that she considered herself superior to other girls. Because she was rich there were numbers who flattered her. Ilia refused many offers of marriage, and at last chose the most genteel of her acquaintances to be her
husband. He was a distinguished lieutenant with blackened moustaches, gold lace upon his collar, and a gold sword by his side. For two years there were fine doings in the young couple's house; they gave splendid balls, and kept state like little princes. But all that was done on credit, with the fine diamond as security, and so the day at last arrived when no one would lend them any more money.

One fine morning there came a Town's Officer, "begged pardon a thousand times if he were troubling, he only wished a small payment," and then took both the diamond and all the rest of the grandeur. Adieu to that splendour!

The lieutenant fled to America. Ilia became very poor, and had to earn her living by baking gingerbread and filling meal puddings. From riches to poverty there leads a wide open door which is called Vanity, there is at all times much traffic through it.

What do you think happened to Milla? She became a very poetical and senti-
mental young lady, who did nothing but pet her gold fish, and constantly imagined that she was ill. Sometimes it was consumption, and sometimes hooping-cough. She also read many novels, and could even write verses, which read backwards. She was so highly cultivated that she could not do a single domestic task properly, and so utterly lackadaisical that she wearied all mankind.

One day the gold fish died, and Milia was inconsolable to think that she had put him in water, where, of course, he was certain to drown at last. She now required to have something else to amuse her, so she got a lap-dog, which she named Tippe. And Tippe soon became the same object of devotion to her as had been the gold fish. Tippe was sick, Tippe was nervous! One day Tippe must have a tonic, and another day cream and raspberry jam. Tippe must sleep in the softest bed, and Tippe must never go out for fear Tippe should get a chill; and a worse-tempered
cur than Tippe could not be found. On such little trifles as these Milia wasted the best part of a long life.

Perhaps some of our readers are wondering what happened to Emilia and her little gray seed. This you shall now hear. After the seed had lain three months in the pot, the centre leaves of a little light green plant made their appearance. Then Emilia turned a tumbler upside down over it, and tended the plant as if it had been a little child. The little flower-child did not require anything to eat, but it required to drink, and drink it got every morning of the freshest spring water.

In six months the plant was so big that it had to be moved into a larger pot, and at the end of another half year it was nearly six feet high. Then it was planted outside, in the soft soil close to the road. Emilia made a fence round the plant until it grew bigger, and every winter she piled up snow round its roots to protect it from the frost. So after some years, out of
the little ugly gray seed there grew one of the stateliest and finest trees. Yes, such a tree that the like was not to be found in the North. It became so thick and spreading that quite twenty old women could sit and drink coffee under its shade. Its perfume was so strong that the whole neighbourhood was scented by it, and its fruit so delicious that finer could not be served on the Emperor of Morocco's table. You will always find that he who loves and cares for flowers and trees, his love and care is repaid a thousand-fold.

Emilia, in caring for her plant, learned to be kind and helpful to all who surrounded her. Every morning and evening she prayed that she might be one of God's children, and all day she worked. Therefore she was happy and good, and beloved by all. An honest lad asked her for her love; she did not play the coquette; she said "Yes," and so they were married.

And because they loved each other, and
continued to pray, to work, and to live uprightly, they were always happy, and never were in want of a frugal competency, with bread and butter every day and steak on Sundays. When Emilia's two sisters, Ilia and Milia, in after years had become poor and forsaken, she took them both home to her little cottage where their mother had lived. There they saw how prayer and work leads to happiness, and began to wonder that they had never before known how true comfort was to be found on earth.

Thus the years glided gently on. Ilia, Milia, and Emilia gradually grew into old women, who wore caps tied under their chins, and knitted stockings for Emilia's children and grandchildren.

One day I was passing along the road towards the cottage. The Swallow from Egypt was dead, the old woman was dead, and Ilia, Milia, and Emilia had themselves become old and grey-haired; but the tree which had sprung from the Swallow's seed
was as young-looking and green as ever, its scent was as fragrant in spite of Autumn, and the fruit gleamed gold and yellow among the leaves. Then I thought of Nature's eternal youth, while all mankind grows old and is forgotten, and of God's eternal love while man's mind changes as the day's wind. My heart melted, both with sorrow and joy, for I thought of how this tree would live hundreds of years after those who had planted it had long lain in the hiding-place of the grave; and how God's all-wise counsel would exist still longer than the tree, even to the eternity of eternities. It seemed strange to think of all this, and I somehow fancy that I wept.

The three old women in their caps sat under the tree and drank coffee. They beckoned me to them, and I saw that their countenances shone with goodness and calm trust, as if they asked: "Why do you weep? Do you think that we should grieve because we are now old
and gray, and because our tree will survive us? Nay, nay! let us love God first, and secondly love each other, and thus shall we retain youth in our hearts. He who does so will be like this tree; after every Winter, when the leaves die of grief, there comes a new Spring when the flowers bud forth in joy. And what—when we die? It is not we who die; the best of our being lives and can never die. For our soul is like this tree: for it, too, there comes after a short Winter an eternal Spring!"

As I thought I read all this in the old women's faces, I heard a song come from the tree, as it were the twitter of a thousand birds. It is possible that the song had no words, but it seemed as if I heard the birds sing thus:—

"May God bless prayer, and work, and love,
Keep Spring days free from care:
May God bless all the good seed sown
On the fair fields everywhere
In the budding Spring-tide."
LITTLE LASSE
There was once upon a time a boy named Lars, and because he was so very little he was called "Little Lasse." He was a plucky boy, for once he travelled all round the world in a pea-pod boat. It was Summer-time, when the peas grew green and tall in the garden. Little Lasse crept into the pea-bed between the rows of peas, where the pea-stalks reached high above his cap, and broke off seventeen large pods, the biggest and straightest he could possibly have wished for. Little Lasse thought that no one saw him, and that was stupid, for God's eyes are everywhere.

Then the Gardener came past with his gun upon his shoulder and heard something rustle among the peas.

1 "Lasse" is the diminutive of Lars.
"I think it must be Sparrows," he called out. "'Sh! 'sh!' but no Sparrow flew out, for Little Lasse had no wings, only two little legs.

"Stop a moment; I shall load my gun and shoot the Sparrows," said the Gardener.

Then Little Lasse got frightened and crept out from the rows of peas.

"I am so sorry, Gardener, dear," he said; "I was only seeking some nice boats."

"That excuse may do for this time," said the Gardener, "but in future Little Lasse must ask leave if he wishes to search for ships in the pea-beds."

"I'll do that," answered Lasse, and off he was to the shore. There he split up his pods with a pin, slit them quite evenly, and broke up some small twigs for rowing benches. Then he took the peas which had been in the pods, and laid them as cargo in the boats. Some of the pods broke, some remained whole, and when
all were ready Little Lasse had twelve boats, but they were never boats, they were large war-vessels. He had three ships of the line, three frigates, three brigs, and three schooners. The biggest ship of the line was called Hercules, and the smallest schooner was called The Flea. Little Lasse placed all twelve in the water, and they floated in such a stately manner that no real ship ever danced more proudly on the ocean's billows.

Now the ships were to travel round the world. The big island far away there was Asia; the large stone was Africa; the little island was America; the small stones were Polynesia, and the shore from where the ships sailed was Europe. The whole fleet started and floated slowly away to the different parts of the world. The ships of the line sailed straight for Asia; the frigates sailed to Africa, the brigs to America, and the schooners to Polynesia. Little Lasse remained behind in Europe and threw small stones into the world's ocean.
On the shore of Europe there was a real boat, papa's own, beautiful, white painted boat, and Little Lasse climbed into it. The pea-boats had sailed so far away, that to the eye they seemed like mere stalks of grass on the water. Little Lasse suddenly conceived a desire to row out into the world. That Papa and Mamma had certainly forbidden, but he never thought of that. "I shall row a little bit—just a little bit out," thought he. "I shall catch up the ship **Hercules** near the coast of Asia, and then row back to Europe again." Little Lasse only shook the chain by which the boat was attached, so it was rather a wonder that it became unloosed. "Ritsch, ratsch, a man is a man," and Little Lasse shot out the boat.

Now he had to row, and row he could, for he had rowed so often on the stair at home, with the stair for a boat and Papa's big stick as an oar. But when little Lasse wished to row he found there were no oars in the boat; these were kept in the boat-
house, and Little Lasse had never noticed that the boat was empty. It is not so easy as one may think to row to Asia without oars.

What was Little Lasse to do? The boat was now some distance out on the water, and the wind which blew from the shore was always driving it further. Little Lasse got frightened and began to cry; no one was on the shore, so no one heard him. Only a big crow sat by himself in the big birch-tree, beneath which crept the Gardener's black cat and lay in wait for the crow. No one was in the least concerned about Little Lasse, who was drifting out to sea. Ah, how sorry Little Lasse now was that he had been disobedient and got into the boat, doing what his Father and Mother had so often forbidden! Now it is too late! He will never reach land again; perhaps he may perish in the vast sea. What was he to do? When he had cried himself hoarse, and no one heard him, he clasped his little hands and said:
“Good God, do not be angry with Little Lasse!” and then he slept.

In spite of the fact that it was now broad daylight, old Nukki Matti sat on the shore of Featherbed Island fishing with his long net for little children. He heard the soft words which Little Lasse had uttered; quickly he drew the boat towards him, and laid Little Lasse to sleep upon the rose-leaf beds, saying to one of his Dreamers; “Play with Little Lasse that he may not weary!”

This was addressed to a little Dream-boy, so very, very little that he was less than Lasse himself. He had blue eyes, fair hair, a red cap with silver band, and a white jacket with a pearl-trimmed collar. He came to Lasse, and said:

“Would you like to travel all round the world?”

“Yes,” said Lasse in his sleep; “certainly I would.”

“Come then,” said the Dream-boy, “let us sail in your pea-ships. You shall
sail in *Hercules*, and I'll travel on *The Flea*.

So they sailed away from Featherbed Island, and in a short time *Hercules* and *The Flea* were on the shores of Asia, far away at the end of the world, where the White Sea flows through Behring Straits and joins the Pacific Ocean. Far away through the winter fogs, Nordenskiöld is seen, with the steamship *Vega* trying to find a passage through the ice.

Here it was very, very cold; the mighty icebergs glistened so marvellously, the big whales were housed beneath them and tried in vain to make holes in the ice with their clumsy heads. All around the bleak shores was snow as far as the eye could reach; upon it little grey men walked about, clad in skins and drove in small sledges through the drifts, and dogs were harnessed to the sledges.

"Shall we land here?" asked the Dreamboy.

"No," said Lasse. "I am afraid of being
swallowed up by the big whales, and the big dogs might bite us. Let us rather travel to another part of the world."

"All right," said the Dream-boy with the red cap and silver band; "we are not far from America,"—and at that moment they were there.

The sun shone, and it was very hot. Tall palm-trees stood in long rows on the shore, bearing cocoanuts on their tops. Men as red as copper rode at a gallop across the vast green plains and threw their spears at buffaloes, which turned on them with their sharp horns. An enormous boa constrictor had crept up the highest palm and threw itself down on a llama which was eating grass at the foot of the palm. In a twinkling it was all over with the little deer.

"Shall we land here?" asked the Dream-boy.

"No," said Lasse. "I am so afraid of being gored by the big buffaloes; and the big snake might swallow us
up. Let us go to some other part of the world."

"All right," said the Dream-boy in the white jacket; "We are only a short way from Polynesia"—and as he said so, they were there.

Here it was still hotter—as hot as a Russian bath, when water has just been poured upon the stone. Here there grew upon the shore the richest spices, pepper trees, cinnamon, ginger, saffron, coffee and tea shrubs. Brown men, with long ears and thick lips and their faces hideously painted, hunted a yellow-spotted tiger among the tall bamboos on the shore, and the tiger turned round and planted its claws in one of the brown men. Then all took to flight.

"Are we going to land here?" asked the Dream-boy.

"No," said Little Lasse. "Don't you see the tiger over there among the pepper trees? Let us go to another part of the world."
"That's not difficult to do," said the Dream-boy with the blue eyes. "We are not far from Africa"—and as he said that they were there.

They anchored at the mouth of a large river, whose banks were as green as the greenest velvet. A short distance from the river there stretched a vast sandy desert. The air was yellow, the sun burned as fiercely as if it were going to burn the earth to ashes, and the inhabitants were as black as the blackest ink. They rode on tall camels through the desert, the lions panted with thirst, and huge crocodiles with their big lizard-like heads gaped with their sharp white teeth out of the river.

"Shall we land here?" asked the Dream-boy.

"No," said Little Lasse. "The sun would burn us up, and the lions and crocodiles hurt us. Let us go to another part of the world."

"We must just sail back again to
Europe," said the Dream-boy with the light hair—and at that moment they were there.

They reached a shore; it was all so cool, so familiar, so homelike. There stood the tall birch with its drooping leaves. On the top of it sat the old crow, and at the foot of it crept the Gardener's black cat. Not far off was a house which Lasse had seen before. Beside the house was a garden, and in the garden grew some rows of peas with long pea-pods. There was the old Gardener with his gardener's green hat, and he wondered if the cucumbers were ripe. There was Fylax barking on the steps, and when he saw Lasse he wagged his tail. There was old Stina milking the cows in the farm-yard. There was a well-known lady, in her checked woollen shawl, watching the linen webs bleach on the green grass. There was an equally well-known gentleman in a yellow summer coat, with a long pipe in his mouth, watching the harvest
workers reap the rye in the fields. There were a boy and girl jumping about on the shore, and calling out:

"Little Lasse! Little Lasse! come in and have bread and butter!"

"Shall we land here?" asked the Dream-boy, winking so roguishly with his blue eyes.

"Come with me, and I'll ask Mamma to give you a piece of bread and butter and a glass of milk," said Little Lasse.

"Wait a bit," said the Dream-boy.

And now Little Lasse saw that the kitchen door stood open, and through it there issued a soft delightful hissing, as if one were pouring yellow batter from a spoon into a hot frying-pan.

"Perhaps we should return to Polynesia," whispered the merry Dream-boy.

"No, the pancakes are frying in Europe," said Little Lasse, trying to jump ashore, but could not, for the Dream-boy had bound him with fetters of flowers, so
Say where wouldst thou like to rest
Bairnie, wee Bairnie?
The world is fair, but home is best
Bairnie, wee Bairnie.
that to move was impossible. And now all the little Dreams surrounded him—thousands and thousands of tiny children—and they formed a circle round him, singing this little song:

"The world is so big a place,
  Bairnie, wee bairnie,
Far bigger than thy thoughts can trace,
  Bairnie, wee bairnie.

There are countries warm and cold,
  Bairnie, wee bairnie;
God all things doth safely hold,
  Bairnie, wee bairnie.

People live there, great and small,
  Bairnie, wee bairnie,
Those dear to God are happy all,
  Bairnie, wee bairnie.

If God's angel thee do guide,
  Bairnie, wee bairnie,
No harm can ever thee betide,
  Bairnie, wee bairnie.

Say, where would'st thou like to rest,
  Bairnie, wee bairnie?
The world is fair, but home is best,
  Bairnie, wee bairnie."

When the Dreams had finished their
song, they all hopped off, and Nukki Matti carried Little Lasse back to the boat. For a long time he lay quite still, and seemed to hear the pancakes frizzling over the fire at home. The frizzling became more distinct; Little Lasse seemed to hear it just beside him — and then he awoke and opened his eyes.

Then he lay in the boat, where he had fallen asleep. The wind had changed, and while the boat was drifted out with one wind, it was blown back to shore with the other, while Little Lasse was sleeping. What Lasse had imagined to be the frying of pancakes was in reality the gentle ripple of the waves as they lapped against the pebbly beach.

Little Lasse rubbed his sleepy eyes, and looked around him. All was as before—the crow in the birch, the cat upon the grass, and the pea-pod fleet by the shore. Some of the ships had been wrecked, and some had drifted back to land. Hercules had arrived with his cargo from
Asia; The Flea had returned from Polynesia, and all the divisions of the world were precisely where they were before.

Little Lasse never knew exactly how it all happened. He had been so often to Featherbed Island, and yet he never knew how playful Dreams can be. He never troubled his head further to find out, but gathered his boats together, and marched up to the house. His brothers and sisters came to meet him, calling out at a distance:

"Where have you been all this time, Lasse? Come in and get bread and butter!" but the kitchen door stood open and he heard a mysterious frying.

The Gardener stood at the gate giving an evening watering to the parsley, dill, carrots, and turnips.

"Well," said he, "where have you been all this time?"

Little Lasse ossed his head, looked dignified, and answered—
"I have sailed all round the world in a pea-pod boat."
"Oh ho," said the Gardener. As for him, he had forgotten all about Featherbed Islands!

But you haven't forgotten them; you know that they exist; you know their shining grotto. The glittering walls never rust, the shimmering diamonds never lose their lustre, and never does music sound so sweet as that which is heard in the grotto in the balmy evening twilight. As the bright stars never grow old, neither do the light airy Dreams in the halls of Featherbed Island. Perhaps you have caught a glimpse of their delicate wings as they flew around your pillow? Perhaps you have met the same Dream-boy with the blue eyes and the fair hair, he who wears a red cap with silver band, and the white jacket with pearls on the collar? Perhaps he has also shown you the different countries and peoples in the world, the chilly wastes and burning deserts, the many-coloured men,
and wild animals in forest and sea, so that you may learn something; but return gladly to your home? Yes, who knows? Perhaps you also have travelled all round the world in a pea-pod boat?
THE WATER LILY
THE WATER LILY.

Have you ever been in Summer-time on the shore of the little island where the graceful birches tremble in the breeze, and where the water is so clear that one can see the minnows swimming across the white sandy bottom? If you have been there, then you must certainly have seen the big gray rock on the shore, and the white Water Lily at the foot of it, she who every evening drew herself together, and hid her blossom under the green leaves. Many thought that she was betrothed to the Sun, for very early every morning she opened her flower eye, and looked up so pure and snow-white to the light of heaven. But the Water Lily was not so presumptuous as ever to dream of such a lofty suitor, one who was so high above her, and who, besides, was so very much older that she never even ventured to
address him as "Uncle."¹ No; certainly the Water Lily did not look so high.

She had always been very friendly with the young Birch, who stood nearest to the shore, and waved his long hanging tresses over the water, where the Water Lily always floated on the surface, without ever moving away from her roots.

The Water Lily was not only pretty, she was also good and gentle, which is something of higher worth; therefore every one liked her, and suitors came courting—a whole regiment of them.

There lived a company of Reeds not far off, and one of them was constantly bowing to her whenever the slightest breath of wind ruffled the lake.

"Your most humble servant," said the Reed to her, and bowed so low that his top nearly touched the water. The Water Lily did not care for such a humility, which is only on the surface, for she

¹ A respectful form of addressing older friends.
observed that between-times the Reed could be stuck up and overbearing to the little minnows who swam around him and turned their pirouettes in the sunshine.

Then there was another suitor, somewhat stiffer in the back, and that was a Pole on the shore, placed there that on it the fishermen might hang their nets, so that the waves should not wash them away. The Pole always remained bolt upright, and never moved out of his way either for men or midges, and he was constantly quarrelling with whoever chanced to come near him. This the Water Lily did not like either, for she was gentle and peace-loving, and never willingly quarrelled with anyone, not even with the old boat who used to row over the top of her whenever it suited him to do so.

The third suitor was the Rock himself, who was called Boundary, for he was the boundary or division between two parishes of the district. Every fine day when the
sun shone, Boundary's stony heart glowed as he stood and gazed at the Water Lily, but—he was so frightfully old; he bore the burden of six thousand years, and moss was growing out of every one of his crevices. The Water Lily had a deeply-rooted respect for Boundary, but that is not saying that she wished to marry him. That would have been carrying the respect too far. In short, the Water Lily rather liked the young Birch, who always nodded so kindly to her when he looked at his reflection in the water, and that happened very often, the sole reason being that he saw his own image in the water mirror beside the white maiden, his little white Water Lily.

I have forgotten to tell you who the Water Lily really was. She was old Neptune's youngest and favourite child, and he had rocked her in his arms when she was little, and still he often lifted her up on his shoulder as he rose up out of the depths on the waves of the morning. And
when evening fell, and the sun sank in the sea, and the Water Lily hid her white petals under her leaves, then old Neptune sang songs to her, and she rocked gently, oh, so gently, on the waves, till at last her eyes closed, and she dreamed her bright summer dreams of everything that was lovely under heaven.

"Don't come near me, you old sea lubber," growled the Pole to Neptune. But the Reed, who was ready at all times to place himself alongside of great folk, bent himself into the stateliest of bows, while he kept whispering: "Your humble servant! Your most gracious highness! Your most humble servant!"

"Don't you mind these fools," said Boundary to Neptune, for they were old friends. "You can send your little maid up here to me, and she will live in the lap of luxury."

"Did ever one hear the like of that!" said Neptune, and he laughed till the water splashed about his beard.
"Yes, that would be just the thing, to transplant my white flower up to your mossy nest!"

"Well, well," said Boundary; "what does it matter when I am some thousand years old? I am at least staid and mature, and not ready to blow away with every puff of wind like some whirligig!"

"Come," said Neptune, "give up those fancies, and let us still be friends."

But Boundary, the Pole, and the Reed had all made up their minds that one of them must needs have the white Water Lily for his wife.

One night Boundary waked up the young wild South-Wester, who had lain down to sleep at the foot of the rock, and said to him: "As you have taken up your night quarters beside me, it is only reasonable that you should do me a service."

"What is, it then?" said the South-Wester.

"Well, when the Sun rises in the morning, you must begin to blow with all
your might, in order to blow down that green Birch near the shore, for it is because of him that the Water Lily will never consent to be my wife."

"Very well," said the South-Wester. "I have snapped cedars and palms like match-sticks, and should I not be able to do the same to a little common Birch?"

The Reed began to talk to the Billow, who heaved sleepily and slowly through the channel.

"Your most humble servant, most gracious charmer of the sea," said he, "will you be so good as to do me a little service in passing."

"Well, what may it be?" groaned the Billow.

"Be so good as to roll up on the shore and knock down the green Birch over there. It is because of him that the little Water Lily will never consent to be my wife."

"All right," said the Billow. "I have washed away towns and villages; it is a
small thing for me to sweep away such a spindle. But I’m sleepy now; the business can wait till morning.”

“Your most humble servant,” said the Reed.

The Pole was also bent on mischief towards the Birch, and began very slyly to play tricks with the Fisherman who, that evening had tied his net to him.

“For shame, Pole!” said the fisherman, at last angered; “will you leave off tearing my net?”

“Is it my fault that I am so full of knots? Close by stands a Birch who would suit your purpose much better. Cut him down to-morrow morning, and stick him up by the edge of the water.

“Perhaps you are right,” said the fisherman. “I will think about it in the morning.”

So passed the evening, night fell, and again the Water Lily closed her white petals around her crown. The Birch was green with delight, and looked at her in the soft beautiful twilight of an August evening.
Neither of them dreamt of danger, and the Water Lily slept like an innocent child.

A big, yellow Night Moth, who had heard what the Rock, the Reed, and the Pole were after, fluttered concernedly around the Birch, but the Birch paid no attention. He had other things to think about. He washed himself in the dew, which rained upon him like little shining pearls, and he thought only of being smart and trim for the time when the Water Lily should open her merry flower eye.

Soon a red streak appeared in the far north-east, and light began to dawn; the red streak got always redder and redder, till at last the northern and eastern heavens appeared as if on fire, and the sky seemed almost to shoot out flames.

The Fisherman just then awakened, and looked out of the window in his hut. "Oh, ho!" said he in amazement, "we shall have a severe storm to-day; I shall have to make haste and bring in my net." But as yet everything was so peaceful and
so calm that not even one of the Birch’s green tassels stirred in the cool morning air.

The Water Lily began to open her closed flower, and with sleepy eyes wished the Birch, “Good-morning.” Never had she seen him look so handsome; never had he seen her look so fresh and lovely. Their hearts were filled with joy, and just then the Sun rose behind the red cloud in the early morning hours, and shone down his blessing on their young innocent happiness. Then the Rock impatiently shook his guest of the night—the wild South-Wester—who snored among the soft grass.

“Get up and work, and don’t lie here,” said Boundary.

“Let me alone,” said the South-Wester, as he stretched out his large filmy wings, in which he had wrapped himself.

But the Rock gave him no peace.

“Well, well, I shall fly until I make your ears tingle,” said the South-Wester, angry and half awake, and with one spring he
was up in the air and whistling through the tops of the trees. He was in one of his very wildest moods that morning, the mad South-Wester.

Soon the sky was darkened with his enormous wings, and the white foam rose on the surface of the water. But the Birch and the Water Lily never perceived anything amiss. They amused themselves with sending messages to each other by a little yellow Dragon Fly, who flew across the water from one to the other.

The storm increased; it creaked in the trees, it whirled in the sea, and it hissed around the rocks as if a hundred thousand kittens had encountered a hundred thousand cubs.

The waves rushed in through the channel so that the little lowly Reed was quite cast down, and bent and becked in a thousand bows trying to escape them.

"It was perhaps wrong of me to entice the sea charmer here," said he to himself,
now it was too late to repent. He already saw in the distance a whole mountain of water and foam rolling in through the channel.

"There it comes; there is my doom," shrieked the terrified Reed, and with that the water mountain rolled over him, tore him up by the root, and the last words he was heard to say in this world were, "Your humble servant."

Matters were no better with the crafty Pole. He pushed into the side as far as possible, and called out in a sprightly manner to the waves, "'Sh! 'sh! get along with you."

But when the big sea-billow came then it was all over with the Pole. Crash! he broke right in two, and was pitched far away among the foam and breakers.

Boundary, who had seen so many storms in his day, remained, feeling quite safe amid all this wreckage, and laughed in his stony heart at such destruction all around. He did not perceive that the South-Wester
in his fury had roused the majestic Thunder, who slept in the clouds. Ritsch—there flashed a long, terrible fork right across the vault of heaven, struck the rock, rent his old stony heart in two, and there lay Boundary!

Old Neptune was fully occupied that day at home, for the waves so rushed over the silver roof of his coral palace that every moment he had to nail the roof on fast. When it was evening, and the strong South-Wester had flown off to the calm south, (for the South-Wester himself never really likes to rest), then old Neptune left his palace to see how it fared with his loved little white Lily. He found her at the root of the Birch, her fragile stalk broken and her white petals crushed, but one could see by the tint on her snowy cheek and faded leaves that she had been snapped in a moment of happiness, when her young flower heart was filled with peace, joy, and purity. Then old Neptune wept, and tears as large as sparrows' eggs rolled
down his flowing beard. He buried the Water Lily at the Birch's root, and the Birch wept, so that the tears dropped from his tassels; and the yellow Dragon-Fly wept, so that she cried away her golden eyes and became blind; and the Dew wept, so that all the meadow was wet; and the bright noonday Sun wept till a brilliant rainbow arched over the green forest.

But Boundary could not weep, much as he wanted to, for he had been rent asunder. And the Reed lay withered at his foot.

The old Fisherman looked for his Pole in vain, and thought of hewing down the Birch to make a new one, but then he thought it a pity to cut such a fine tree, and let it remain. Do you think this was right of him or not?

Next Spring, perhaps, there may be another Water Lily at the foot of the Birch, the dead Water Lily's little child, and we shall see if she will be as sweet and attractive as her mother.
ADALMINA'S PEARL
ADALMINA'S PEARL.

There was once upon a time a King and Queen who had a little girl, and because she was the daughter of a King she was called a Princess. Her name was Adalmina. She was her parents' only child, therefore they loved her very, very dearly —almost too much, for God does not like men to make an idol of anyone; that would be forgetting the words of the Catechism— "Man shall love God with all his heart, and with all his soul."

When the Princess Adalmina was christened, as is the usual custom in tales of royal christenings, two good Fairies were invited to be her god-mothers: one was red and the other was blue. The two good Fairies did not forget, each of them, to present a christening gift to the little Princess. The Red Fairy gave her a large real pearl, of such matchless
beauty that no one had ever seen the like, and it was accompanied by three other good gifts.

"Know," said the Fairy, "that as long as Adalmina wears the pearl, she will grow prettier, richer, and wittier every day; but should she ever lose it, then she will instantly forfeit all the other three gifts—her beauty, her riches, and her wisdom—and those she will not recover until she finds her pearl again."

So much for the Red Fairy; then the Blue Fairy said:

"Adalmina has already received three such great gifts that many people would never desire to possess anything more in the world. Still, there yet remains a gift, which is the best of all, and that I shall give to Adalmina, but only on one condition. So long as the Princess possesses her pearl and its accompanying three gifts, mine will be of no value, but should she lose her pearl, her riches, and her wisdom, then as compensation she will receive from me
the fourth gift, and that is—*a humble heart*. There, that is a bargain!"

And forthwith both Fairies nodded farewell, and disappeared like two white clouds in the blue summer sky.

The King and Queen were much delighted. They said to themselves, "If only our little Princess be beautiful, rich, and wise, it matters little about her heart; we shall take good care of her pearl, and then she can very well dispense with the Blue Fairy's paltry gift. The Red Fairy, she knew better what were the requirements of a Princess; her gifts were regal; but the Blue Fairy was downright mean; anyone must admit that. She gave the dear child alms, just as one would throw a copper to a beggar-girl in the road."

Now the King had a gold crown made which exactly fitted Adalmina's head, and at the same time was so constructed that as the Princess grew bigger the crown grew bigger too, and so always fitted her
as well as when first made; but for everyone else it was either too big or too little. At the top of the crown was a point, and in the point the pearl was so firmly set that it could not possibly fall out.

The crown was placed on Adalmina's head, and she always wore it. She wore it when she slept, and she wore it even when she ran about all over the palace. Her parents, the King and Queen, were so afraid of losing the pearl that everyone was strictly forbidden to allow the Princess to pass the great gate between the royal garden and park; and besides, whenever she went out, she was always attended by four ladies-in-waiting and four gentlemen-in-waiting, who received strict orders to guard the Princess and her pearl with the greatest care. They would not have dared to be negligent, for the cruel red-clad executioner, with his ugly beard and his horrible headsman's axe, was not a man to be trifled with. So the Princess grew up, and everything happened just as the
Red Fairy had foretold. Adalmina became the most lovely Princess that had ever been seen. Her little eyes shone like two bright silver stars of a spring night; wherever she went she scattered sunshine, and all the flowers in the garden bent low before her, and said, "You are more beautiful than we are ourselves."

She became so rich, yes, so rich that nothing but treasures surrounded her. The floor of her chamber was silver and mother-of-pearl, the walls were one large looking-glass, and the roof was of gold studded with diamonds. Oh! how they did shine in the lamp-light! Adalmina ate off gold, slept upon gold, and was clad in gold; indeed, had it been possible to feed upon gold, she would have done so, but that would have been rather hard to bite.

She was so wonderfully clever that she could guess all the most difficult riddles and remember the longest lesson if she had but just looked at it. All the wise men
in the kingdom came to put questions to the Princess, and all agreed that one so clever and wise as Adalmina had never before been found in the world, and never would be found as long as the world lasted.

Well, that was all very good. There is no harm in being pretty, rich, and wise, only one must use these gifts as in God's sight, and therein lies the difficulty. The King and Queen thought, in the delight of their hearts, that the Princess Adalmina was the most perfect being in the whole earth; and the misfortune was that Adalmina soon began to think the same herself.

When everyone was continually telling her that she was a thousand times prettier, and richer, and wiser than the rest of mankind, she willingly believed it, and her heart got so puffed up that she looked down upon everyone else, and considered even her own parents inferior to herself. Poor Adalmina! That was a big, ugly
blot on the brightness of her beauty; that was a great want in the midst of all her riches; that was, above all, the greatest folly in her wisdom—and thereby she nearly lost everything she possessed.

For the older she grew, the haughtier she became, and along with pride most evil thoughts follow, so that she became ill-natured, and hard-hearted, greedy, and envious. When she saw a lovely flower in the garden, she hastily trampled it under her foot, for there must be no one lovelier than herself. When she met any other Princess driving in a gilded coach, this annoyed her, for no one must be rich and grand save herself; and if she heard it said that another girl was quick and intelligent, Adalmina wept bitter tears of indignation, for why should anyone else be clever? Adalmina scolded all those who did not flatter her and do as she wished, but, at the same time, she despised those most who were the most submissive to her will. She was a tyrant whom everybody
feared, and no one loved; the King and Queen were the only beings in the whole kingdom who did not resent the haughtiness of her conduct.

One day, when the Princess was fifteen years old, she went out walking in the royal gardens. When she reached the park gate, she wished to go beyond it, but found the gate locked, and no one would dare to open it against the strict commands of the King. The four gentlemen-in-waiting and the four ladies-in-waiting were in attendance, and for the first time they ventured to disobey the orders of the Princess. Adalmina then got so very, very angry that the sunshine of her beauty was quite eclipsed. She struck her faithful attendants on their faces; she ran away from them, and climbed over the gate. When they followed, she ran all the farther into the park, till at last not one of them was to be seen among the green trees.

For the first time in her life Adalmina now felt tired and thirsty, so she sat down
ADALMINA'S PEARL.

to rest by a spring. She even condescended to stoop down and scoop up the water out of the spring with her dainty white hand, as other people have to do when there is no one to bow and offer them a glass of water upon a salver. Just then she saw her reflection in the spring. "Ah! how beautiful I am!" said she to herself, bending her head still nearer the water, in order to have a better look, when—splash! there tumbled the golden crown and the pearl off Adalmina's head, and disappeared like an arrow into the rippling stream.

Adalmina scarcely noticed it, so captivated was she with her own loveliness. But what happened? Scarcely had the water become still and clear again than Adalmina saw quite another image of herself. She no longer saw the exquisitely beautiful Princess in her gold-bedecked robes, with jewels in her hair, and earrings of sparkling diamonds; she only saw a poor, ugly, bare-headed little beggar-girl, with bare feet, tattered clothing, and un-
combed locks. In an instant all her great wisdom vanished, she became as ignorant and stupid as the most untaught, and what was still more remarkable, she lost her memory so completely that she no longer recollected who she had been, where she had come from, and where she was going. She only dimly knew that some great change had taken place, and this idea so terrified her, that she ran away from the spring, deeper and deeper into the forest, without knowing whither her steps led her.

As night drew on the wolves began to howl in the forest. This frightened Adalmina still more, and she ran farther and farther till at last she saw the glimmering of a light. When she reached it she found it proceeded from a little cottage, and in this cottage there lived a poor old woman.

"Poor child!" said the old woman; "where do you come from at this late hour?"
But Adalmina could not answer; she did not know who she was nor where her parents lived.

The old woman thought this very strange, but she took pity on her, and said: "Since you are so poor and lonely in the wide world, you may come and live with me. I am just requiring some one to herd my goats in the forest. This you may do, child, if you are kind and helpful, and content to live on bread and water with a little goat's milk sometimes for a treat."

Adalmina was quite satisfied with this arrangement, and kissed the old woman's hand with grateful thanks, for, without the Princess being aware of it, the Blue Fairy had kept her word, and Adalmina was now the possessor of what was far better than beauty, riches, or wisdom, namely, a good and humble heart.

She was now much happier as she herded her goats, eating her scanty food, and sleeping on her hard bed of straw and moss. She was much better off too than
before, for with a humble heart there follow many precious gifts such as a good conscience, calm contentment, peace, goodness, and love, wherever one may be in the world.

Wherever Adalmina went there was sunshine again around her, no longer shed from passing exterior charms, but from that silent light which shines around the good and gentle ones of earth whose souls beam with beauty, just as do the countenances of angels when they descend on their great white wings to the valleys of this world.

There was a frightful commotion at the Royal Palace when the Princess disappeared. There was nothing for it but that the poor ladies-in-waiting and the terror-stricken gentlemen-in-waiting should be thrown into a dark dungeon, where neither sun nor moon shone upon them, and where the red-clad executioner with his ugly beard stood with his axe at the door. The grief of the King and Queen
was inconsolable; they ordered all their subjects to wear mourning, and had it proclaimed in every church that whoever should find the Princess Adalmina, he should have her for his wife; and if he was not content with less, have half the kingdom into the bargain. That was the custom in those days, as everyone knows.

This was a handsome reward, and many Princes and Knights would have liked to gain it. For three long years they rode the wide world, summer and winter, without ever finding so much as even the heel of Adalmina’s golden shoe.

At last it happened that the young and fearless Prince Sigismund of Frankland in the course of his wanderings came to the old woman’s cottage. There she sat clad in mourning; to be sure, it was not of the finest, but at least it was black, and even the goats on the hillside were black and white.

“For whom are you mourning, good mother?” asked the Prince.
"The King has ordered every one to wear mourning for the lost Princess," answered the old woman; "but she was no great loss, though she may have been beautiful, and rich, and wise, for folk say she had a proud heart, and that is the worst ill of all, and no one could think much of her in consequence."

Just then Adalmina returned from the forest with her goats. The Prince looked at her, and could not understand how a girl who was so poor and ill-favoured could stir his heart so strangely that he loved her almost before he had seen more than just the tip of her ear. He asked her, "If she had seen the Princess?"

"No," said Adalmina.

"Strange," said the Prince. "For three long years have I thought of no one else but my little Princess; now I shall search for her no more. I shall build a castle here in the midst of the forest, and there will I live for the rest of my life."

Said and done. The Prince built himself
a castle quite near to the spring where Adalmina had been transformed. One very hot day the Prince was thirsty, and knelt down to drink of the spring.

"What can that be shining so brightly down in the water?" said he to himself. "I must see what it is."

The Prince bent down, dipped his arm into the spring, and fished up a golden crown with a wonderfully beautiful real pearl on the top. Then something struck him. Can it be Adalmina's pearl? Where-upon he took the crown to the palace, and scarcely had the King and Queen seen the treasure, when they both exclaimed with one voice:

"Adalmina's crown! Adalmina's pearl! Ah, where is our lovely, dear little Princess?"

Then the King reckoned up that, were the Princess still alive, she must now be eighteen years old. He remembered the Red Fairy's prediction, and guessed what had really taken place: so he had made
another proclamation through the churches that all girls of eighteen years old should assemble at his Court to try on the crown, and then whoever the crown fitted perfectly should be recognised as being the lawful and lost Princess, and Prince Sigismund of Frankland should have her for his wife.

One may easily imagine how all the girls instantly hastened to the Royal Court, and those who were more or less than eighteen affected not to remember the difference.

It was a bright summer's day, and at least a thousand girls stood in long rows to try their luck. From early morning until late at night the crown passed from head to head, and was tried on by all, but fitted none. At last all the girls began to grumble and say:

"The King is making game of us. Let us draw lots, and let the winner take both the Prince and the crown."

This, Prince Sigismund thought, would
be ill-doings, so he begged of them to wait until sundown.

"Very well then," said the girls.

Shortly before sundown a watchman was stationed to see if any one were coming along the high road.

The Prince called out, "Evening wears on, watchman; see'st thou any new-comer?"

The watchman answered, "I see the flowers hanging their sleepy heads, for night is near; but no one, no one is on the road."

Again the Prince asked, "Night draws on, watchman; see'st thou anyone coming?"

The watchman answered, "A cloud is hiding the setting sun, the bird in the forest is hiding its weary head under its wing, night is fast approaching; but no one, no one is on the road."

Again the Prince asked, "Evening is at an end, watchman; see'st thou any one coming?"

The watchman said, "I see a little cloud
of dust far over the brow of the wood; now it is coming nearer. I see it is a poor little Herd-girl, driving her goats in front of her along the road."

"Let us try the crown on the Goat-girl," said the Prince.

The other girls, who all thought themselves much superior, called out, "No, no." But the King led out the Goat-girl, and behold, when the crown was tried on, it fitted her exactly!

With that the sun went down, and it was so dark that no one could see what the Goat-girl was like. But Prince Sigismund thought in his heart: "Well, it is surely God's will that I should take this poor girl to be my wife, and I will do it, for I have seen her before at the old woman's in the forest, and I know that sunshine follows her wherever she goes."

And all the folk cried out: "Long live Prince Sigismund and Princess Adalmina!" but many thought to themselves, "She is nothing but a poor Goat-girl, after all."
Then the Goat-girl was led, with the crown upon her head, into a hall lighted with thousands of wax tapers. But brighter far than all the wax-lights shone Princess Adalmina's wondrous beauty as she suddenly stood in the midst, clad in her golden attire, for, as soon as she recovered her pearl, she got back all the Red Fairy's other gifts. But the best of it all was that she kept the Blue Fairy’s gift as well, namely, a good and humble heart; and as her memory returned, she remembered well what a cross little soul she had been, and how she had been changed, and how the poor and plain are happier in their peaceful conscience than the rich ones of earth in all their pride. So she fell on her knees, and begged forgiveness of her parents for all her past behaviour; and as a proof how changed was her heart, she sent for the old woman from the forest, embraced her, and said:

"The charitable are rich in the midst
of poverty, but the rich who are hard-hearted suffer want and need in the midst of wealth.”

All who saw that could scarcely believe their eyes. But Prince Sigismund said:

“I knew this was how it would turn out. Adalmina's pearl is beautiful, but much more is the beauty of a humble heart.”

The wedding was celebrated amid the greatest rejoicing at the Royal Court. The four gentlemen-in-waiting and the four ladies-in-waiting were released from the tower, the red-clad executioner with the ugly beard hung his axe in a corner, and all called out over country and kingdom:

“Beautiful indeed is Adalmina's pearl, but more beautiful still is a humble heart!”
AND ALL CALLED OUT OVER COUNTRY AND KINGDOM "BEAUTIFUL INDEED IS ADALMINA'S PEARL. BUT MORE BEAUTIFUL STILL IS A HUMBLE HEART"
THE ANT WHO WENT TO THE DOCTOR
THE ANT WHO WENT TO THE DOCTOR.

"May I peep out?" said the Ant Child.
"Wait a moment," said Ant Mamma,
"I will first look out and see what is happening in the world."

And so she looked out of a window in the anthill, but could see nothing, for the sun shone straight in her eyes.

"Now I am going to look about me," said the Ant Child, and she crept out through the window.

The anthill was situated under a big fir-tree. The sun shone through the green branches and melted the ice on them, so that little bits of it fell plump on to the anthill and broke a leg of the Ant Child who had crept out.

"What was that?" said Ant Mamma.

"It was only I who lost a leg," said the Ant Child.
Ant Mamma was alarmed, drew the child in through the window, and began to plaster the leg together with resin. That appeared to keep it on quite well, but when the Ant Child tried to walk, the leg fell off.

"This will never do! We must go to the doctor!" said Ant Mamma.

So she made a sack out of a withered blossom of last year's lily of the valley, stuffed the leg into the sack, took the child on her back, and set out on her journey.

The anthill was in a declivity quite near the railway. Ant Mamma knew when the train should pass, and waited for it. The train came by. Ant Mamma jumped from the rail on to a wheel, was whirled round several times, safely climbed with her child into a carriage, and travelled without a ticket to Helsingfors.

When they arrived there, Ant Mamma crept cautiously down, as she was afraid of being trampled to death, and climbed boldly into a driver's droshky. All the
time she carried the child on her back, and the leg in the sack.

"Now we shall drive to the Doctor," thought Ant Mamma. "I wonder what the horse says to such a load."

"What are those white mountains?" asked the Ant Child, as they drove past a large stone house.

"Those are the kind of hills that men live in," answered Ant Mamma.

So they came to the principal hospital, for the cabman was driving a young doctor who had travelled all the way from St Petersburg to hear Christine Nilsson sing "Necken's Polska."* Ant Mamma forgot to pay the driver, and climbed up the stair with the child on her back.

The Head Doctor sat at his table reading a book on the art of making new noses. Ant Mamma clambered up on the table, and crawled across the book. The Head Doctor saw her, and rapped her with his fingers. But Ant Mamma stuck to the

* A Swedish national air.
page, and began to tell about the bit of ice and the child’s leg.

"Oh! is that all?" said the Head Doctor; and he tried to fasten on the little leg, but his forceps being too coarse, he broke off another leg instead.

"What was that?" said Ant Mamma.

"It was nothing; it was only I who lost another leg," said the patient little Ant Child.

The Head Doctor blamed his spectacles, and went to look for finer forceps, but Ant Mamma did not waste time in waiting; she packed both the loose legs into the sack, took the child on her back, and crept on her way.

"We must go to the Hydropathic Doctor Ewerth," said Ant Mamma, and luckily she soon got a ride from another cabman who was driving a stout gentleman who wished to be made thin.

Doctor Ewerth stood beside a big bath, and was just about to immerse the fat gentleman in the bath when Ant Mamma climbed up on his hand to attract
attention. Scarcely had he perceived Ant Mamma when he dipped his hand in the water, and there the ants were left.

Ant Mamma soon climbed to the edge of the bath, and called out to her child to hold on fast by her gown. But when Ant Mamma was saved she no longer saw the child, for the fat gentleman splashed so unmercifully in his tub that the water was like a whirlpool.

"How are you getting on?" shrieked Ant Mamma.

"Only a little wet; and now I am drowning," the Ant Child was heard to say, in a feeble voice out of the foaming water.

Ant Mamma plunged into the middle of the whirlpool, and dragged the child out with incredible difficulty to where it was dry. But now the Ant Child was dead.

"I must travel to the peasant doctor Bäck," said Ant Mamma, and Dr Bäck happened to be just then in Helsingfors, otherwise she would have been obliged to wait the sailing of a steamer, for she could
not walk through snowdrift to Vasa. So she started with the dead child and the two loose legs to see the man who was a doctor without a doctor’s hat.

Dr Bäck took a magnifying-glass, looked at the dead child and the loose legs, and said: “It must be rubbed just here, but I cannot do it, for my fingers are too large.”

Ant Mamma meditated, and would willingly have begged the flies to help her, for they are famous rubbers, but it appeared they were all dead at this time of the year.”

“I shall look behind the kitchen stove,” said she.

Ant Mamma crept behind the kitchen stove, and found a half-dead Cricket, which had lain there since autumn. She dragged her with much difficulty out into the sunshine. After a little while the Cricket revived, and began merrily to rub the little Ant Child.

“That is the way,” said Dr Bäck, and pointed with a knitting-needle to show how the Cricket should do her work skilfully, so
that it might be a genuine massage, as the learned call the art of rubbing.

The Cricket rubbed little more than three minutes when the Ant Child came to life again, which rejoiced her mother's heart. Then the loose legs were fastened on, and now the Ant Child was quite well.

"What have I to pay for all your trouble?" said Ant Mamma to the doctor.

"You shall give the Ladybird refreshment in your house when next she comes to the anthill," answered Dr Bäck.

"That I will certainly do," Ant Mamma gladly answered; "I will set before her as much honeycomb and resin as she can eat."

"That is all right," said Dr Bäck.

"Good-bye now, for I have six arms and four legs all waiting for me."

"Good-bye," said Ant Mamma, and she set out on her homeward way with her little mended child.

It was now Spring when they reached the anthill, and all their neighbours had already crept out and begun to clear the..."
Ant's high road which led across the open ground in the forest, for the snowdrift had left much debris behind it. There was great joy and wonderment among all the inhabitants of the anthill, and each wished to see and feel the Ant Child to find out if the legs were rightly fastened on.

Just then came a Ladybird, tired, hungry, and cold, climbing over the fresh green grass on the woodland slopes. The Ants took out their white pine-needle spears, and were going to drive away the unknown wanderer, but Ant Mamma placed herself on her hind legs at the foot of the hill, holding a blade of grass to defend the Ladybird, and begged her to come in to her apartments in the anthill. Then she spread a fine feast, the like of which had never been seen in the anthill, and the Cricket sang festal music, and the Ant Child danced with her frisky leg, and the sun shone, and Spring's little messenger flew with rustling wings over the green slopes of the forest.
KNUT FAIRYFLUTE
KNUT FAIRYFLUTE.

Knut was a poor boy who had no father nor mother, so he lived with his grandmother in a little cottage by the side of a lake called Perlebanks. He had a shirt, a coat, a pair of trousers, and a cap; he did not require anything more in summer. For winter he had woollen stockings and birch-bark shoes; that wasn’t so very bad. He was always contented and happy, but always hungry. It is not easy to be at the same time both happy and hungry.

The misfortune was that his kind grandmother seldom had enough food to really satisfy the boy. She spun wool, and then sent Knut to sell the yarn at Herr Peterman’s large farm, called Asa, about a mile distant. When Knut returned with the money which he had got for the wool, the old woman bought meal with it to bake cakes. She had also a fishing-net, so that
she could sometimes have fish, when the son of Fisherman Jonas was able to help Knut to set the net. If the wool sold well they were able to have sour milk, and also potatoes, grown on a little croft near the cottage, which was not larger than the floor of a room; but things were not always so prosperous, and Knut’s appetite often demanded satisfaction, yet still he was always cheerful.

He sat one morning by the shore of Perlebanks, and gathered yellow pebbles, which looked like soft, hot, cooked potatoes. Poor Knut! they were not good to eat, so he laughed and threw them away, and as he did so he saw something lying amongst the stones. Knut lifted it, and found it was a little reed pipe, such as children often make when playing by the water’s edge. There was nothing at all remarkable about it, but Knut tried it to see if it made any noise, and truly it did; one could sound three notes on it—ₚu, ᵈy, ᵈi. When Knut found that he stuffed the
pipe into his jacket pocket. That was a real fast day: Knut had had no breakfast. "If only I were in Herr Peterman's kitchen at Asa!" said he to himself, and tried to imagine that he smelt fried herring.

He had nothing else to do, so he sat down on a stone and tried to fish, but not a fish would even nibble. There had been a storm the day before, and the water was now as calm as a mirror, the sun shone, and the billows heaved like crystal mountains against the shore and kissed the sea's foot-prints in the sand.

"I wonder what Granny has for dinner today," thought Knut to himself.

One wave approached so near that it wet Knut's bare feet, and there was heard a babbling in the water:—"Knut, have you found the Princess's reed pipe? It can sound three notes—pu, to sleep; py, to weep; and pi to laugh."

"What!" said Knut; "is it a fairy pipe? Go away, Wave; I have found the pipe, and I mean to keep it."
The Wave mumbled something, no one ever knew what, rolled away, and never came back.

Knut took the pipe out of his pocket, and examined it. "Oh ho, so you are a fairy pipe, and can work magic? Now, come, do charm me a fish on to the hook," and with that he blew pu, pu.

He had not long piped when a trout, then a dace, and finally a pike floated to the surface of the water, lying on their sides as if asleep.

"Fish are straying about here!" thought Knut, continuing to pipe. Soon all the water near the shore was covered with floating fish—sticklebacks, perch, roach, dace, salmon, and all the smart-tailed fry which live in the water. "Here is a fine haul of fish!" thought Knut, and ran up to the cottage to fetch a landing-net.

When he returned he saw the shore covered with water-fowl. The gulls were the greediest and screamed "ta-i-an!"
ta-i-an!” so loud that they might have been heard half a mile away. There were many others to keep them company: goosanders, gannets, wild geese, and even swans. All these rapacious visitors were hard at work devouring the floating fish, and in the midst of the swarm there swooped down a great sea-eagle, and seized in his claws a half-pound trout.

“Stop, thieves!” cried Knut, as he took up some stones, and began throwing them at the birds. Some were hit on the wings, and some on the legs, but none were inclined to leave their prey. Then a shot was heard, and then another, and another, the sound being quite near.

Some of the birds turned on their sides and floated on the water beside the fish. The firing continued, till at last, of the whole flock of birds, some were shot down, and the rest scattered screaming in every direction. A boat, in which were three sportsmen, landed on the shore to collect the game. It was Herr Peterman, who
had rowed out with three of his friends to shoot game. They stepped on shore in great spirits.

"Look at Knut!" said Herr Peterman. "How in all the world have you managed to collect so many birds to Perlebanks?"

"I played to attract fish, and the birds wanted to keep them company," answered Knut craftily.

"Well, you must be an extra fine player," said Herr Peterman. "From this time you should be called Knut Fairyflute."

"All right," said Knut. He never had possessed a surname, so might just as well be called Fairyflute, as Andersson, Söderlund, or Matsson.

"But how is it, Knut Fairyflute, that you look so poorly to-day? You are as thin as a hop-pole," said Herr Peterman.

"How can I help looking poorly, when I have seen so much food, and yet have eaten none since yesterday's dinner?" answered Knut, with his usual cheerfulness.

"You don't mean to say so. Come to-
day and dine at Asa, since you have procured us such a good bag! But do not come before four o'clock, as the birds could not be plucked and roasted earlier."

"Thank you humbly," answered Knut, while thinking at the same time, "That is late enough for one who has eaten nothing since dinner-time yesterday."

Herr Peterman rowed away home, and Knut went back to his grandmother.

"Well, Knut, have you seen any fish to-day?"

"I have seen plenty, but the birds ate up the fish, and Herr Peterman shot the birds."

"How unfortunate, Knut! We have only two herrings, four potatoes, and half a roll of bread for dinner to-day."

"Never mind, Granny! You shall eat it. I am asked to dine at Asa, and shall bring you home a bit of cheese in my pocket."

"Don't go the short cut through Kükkale Wood, Knut; fairies live there, as well as three Fairy Kings—a Mountain King,
Snow King, and Woodland King. Go along the shore road; it is safer, but beware of the Mermaid!"

"The shore road is so long, Granny, and I have had nothing to eat since yesterday's dinner."

"Well, well, go whichever way you please, but don't think about food; it leads into temptation."

"No, Granny; I shall think about the next Sunday-school lesson."

Knut started, and thought about the lesson, but when he came to the short cut he thought:

"I would certainly be a fool, if, when I am so hungry, I were to walk two miles instead of one."

Thus he turned down the short cut through Kükkale Wood, and resolved to hear himself say the Catechism while he went through the Wood. He had not gone far when he saw a little thin man dragging behind him a cart laden with twelve bars of iron.
“Well, good-day to you, Knut Fairyflute,” said the old man. “Why do you look so poorly?”

“How can I help looking poorly when I have swallowed nothing but the Catechism since yesterday’s dinner? But how do you know my name?”

“I know all names,” said the old man.

“Can I help you? Such a load makes you breathless.”

“Shove if you like, Fairyflute.”

Knut shoved, and soon they came to a high hill in the wood.

“I live here,” said the old man. “Step in; as you have helped me with my load, I shall give you something good.”

The old man went inside the hill, Knut’s stomach said “Follow,” and Knut followed. Soon they found themselves in a great underground palace, which was all shining with gold, silver, and precious stones.

“Do you live here?” asked Knut.

“Of course I do,” said the old man. “I am the King of the Mountain, and to-
morrow my daughter will celebrate her wedding. All my attendants are in such a bustle that I have had to fetch my food home myself from the forge."

"Was that iron which you were dragging in the cart?" asked Knut.

"Pig-iron, my boy, pig-iron of the best quality. It is somewhat better than ordinary iron ore. Pig-iron is my favourite food, especially when glowing at a white heat. Have you ever eaten pig-iron?"

"No," said Knut; "not that I can remember of."

"Then you are going to taste something extra good. Now look while I put two pieces in my flaming furnace. In three minutes they will glow at a white heat; creep into the furnace and bite a bit of the red-hot roast."

"Many thanks; but I would rather you gave me a bit of bread and butter, and a good junket."

"But you don't know what is good. Be
off with you into the furnace; the iron is red-hot already."

"I well believe it; it is far too hot in there."

"What nonsense you talk! It is only the moderate heat of a room," growled the old man, and tried with all his might to stuff Knut into the burning furnace. But then—the one who took to his heels was Knut! He ran for dear life, luckily found the door, and was soon once more on the forest path.

"Granny was right," thought Knut; "I will hear myself say the Catechism."

While Knut was thinking of the answer to the difficult question: *What is that?* he began to feel cold. The reason was soon manifested, for although it was summer, there suddenly appeared a snow mountain. "That is extraordinary," thought Knut. "Wherever shall one be able to get a little hot food?"

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* Is the common form of question in Luther's Catechism on the Ten Commandments, the Creed, etc.
With that he climbed up on the snow and thought of food, when all of a sudden he fell plump through a deep hole, and found himself in a beautiful palace of shimmering ice. It was bright with stars and lit by the moon, all the halls were adorned with mirrors of crystal ice, and all the floors bestrewn with hoarfrost that glittered like diamonds. Clumsy snow-men crawled on their bodies across the floor. One only was standing upright; he was a tall, stalwart giant, with icicles in his hair, icicles in his beard, a robe of thin ice, and shoes made of the frozen juice of berries.

"Well, good-day, Knut Fairyflute," said the giant. "Why do you look so poorly?"

"How could I look anything else but poorly, I who have had nothing but a hot bar of iron since yesterday's dinner?" answered Knut, all his teeth chattering.

"You are too hot, young man, you are too hot," said the giant. "I am the Snow King; I bring up all my subjects to be
lumps of ice, and I will turn you into one. High Chamberlain, dip the boy seven times in ice water, hang him up on a peg, and let him freeze!"

"No, stop a minute," rejoined Knut. "Please give me a mug of beer posset instead—I am a lump of ice already."

"High Chamberlain, give him a bit of frozen quicksilver and a draught of ague before you dip him!" ordered the giant.

Knut tried to run away, but it was now too late. The High Chamberlain seized him by the collar, and it would have been all up with poor Knut if it had not occurred to him to have recourse to the reed pipe. He did not know what to do except to blow it, and this time it turned out *pi! pi!*

Immediately the features of the tall Snow King were relaxed to a grin, which might have been mistaken for mirth, but which was nothing else than rage at the inclination to laugh which completely overpowered him. He laughed—yes, he
laughed, so that the icicles fell from his hair and chin; his knees gave way, his head fell off and broke in pieces. All the snow-men laughed themselves to bits; the High Chamberlain fell to pieces as he sat, and became slush; the ice mirrors cracked into atoms, and all the snow mountain changed into a snowstorm. With the greatest difficulty could Knut keep his lips together to blow, he himself laughed so much. In the midst of the snowstorm he observed he was again on the forest path; the snow ran to swell the brook, and once more it was summer.

"Now I shall take care," thought Knut. He scrambled steadily forwards, and began to con over his recollections of "What is that?" but he had not gone far when he found himself beside the most beautiful green forest slope among the mountains, where the grass gleamed with wild strawberries.

"It cannot be dangerous to gather some wild strawberries, especially when one is
not going to get food until four o'clock in the afternoon," thought Knut, as he climbed up the bank.

Scarcely was he there when he perceived that what he had taken to be wild strawberries were nothing else than thousands of little Fairies dressed, like them, in red. They were not taller than strawberry stalks, and danced merrily around a green tuft, upon which sat their Queen, who was three inches high.

"Well, good-day to you, Knut Fairyflute," said the Elf Queen. "Why do you look so poorly?"

"And how could I look anything else but poorly when I have had nothing to eat since yesterday's dinner, except hot iron and frozen quicksilver? I thought that you were a strawberry."

"Poor boy, he is hungry," said the Elf Queen to her lady-in-waiting. "Give him a dewdrop and an ant leg, that for once he may have a satisfying meal."

"Thank you heartily," said Knut.
“Could I not have, instead, a tub of strawberries and a pailful of milk?"

“He is a gross feeder!” said the Elf Queen, greatly offended at such an outrageous appetite. “You know very well, human child, that you have come into my kingdom without leave, and trampled to death a thirtieth part of my faithful subjects, as more than one red streak can tell. Wood Spiders, do your duty!”

Scarcely were the words uttered when a legion of long-legged spiders dropped down from the trees, and began to weave innumerable fine spider webs around Knut. He did not like this sort of fun, so he tried to rub away the spiders’ webs, and get once more to the forest path. He could not move. His feet were entangled in the strong net, his arms were glued to his side, his eyes pasted together, and soon he fell down on the grass. He could see nothing, but he heard all the forest laughing. The Elves formed a circle around him, and danced on the top of him, nipped his cheek
like midges, and were beside themselves with merriment at such a comical prank.

"Lie there and starve, until you can learn to be satisfied with a drop of dew and the leg of an ant!" said they.

Knut implored their pity.

"Listen to me, little Elves," said he. "A little piece of reed which I am carrying in my jacket pocket will satisfy me. Will any one be good enough to put it in my mouth?"

The Elves were indescribably amused at the idea of such a greedy human child being satisfied with a bit of reed. Four of them climbed into his jacket pocket, and by means of their combined strength dragged out the magic pipe, which, with much difficulty, they succeeded in putting into his mouth. Whereupon they danced still more merrily round about and over the top of him, so that the forest echoed with their laughter, which sounded just like millions of mosquitoes. Knut hardly felt the pipe between his lips when he
began to blow, and this time it was \textit{py}! \textit{py}! First, the merry laughter in the forest ceased, and soon was heard on all sides a sobbing, not unlike the sound which one hears in summer when a torrent of rain is lashing the brook. Knut could not see, but he could understand that the fairies were weeping, and thought that, after all, it was a shame to make such merry things sob so piteously.

"Let me go, and then you may laugh again," said Knut to the Fairies.

The greatest joy of the Fairies is to laugh, and they laugh away their short lives all through the summer evenings. Soon hundreds of them were prepared to sweep away the cobwebs to release him from his prison, to free his arms and legs, and to open his sealed eyes. Knut could now see his little tormentors, and was malicious enough to blow another \textit{py}, \textit{py}. Oh! what faces the poor little beings made. They wanted so much to laugh, and yet they had to cry, because of that horrid \textit{py}. 
Knut could not in his heart plague them longer, therefore, for a change, he blew pi, pi, and then all the Fairies became mad with delight. They jumped so high that they nearly jumped up to the larks in the sky and some of them fell right down on Knut, and then he had to shake them off. He never noticed that one of the Fairies had fallen into his jacket pocket, and could not find her way out again.

"Good-bye, little Fairies," said Knut, as he resumed his wandering on the forest path. "I must beware of the Woodland King," thought Knut. "Where was I in my lesson—'What is that?'"

In a short time Knut came to a bed of cloudberries by the side of the road. "There can be no harm in gathering some cloudberries in passing, when I shall not get food until four o'clock in the afternoon," thought he. A large Fir-tree lay there, and, in order to reach the cloudberries, he had to climb over the tree. Scarcely did he
find himself amid the thick and leafy foliage, when the Fir-tree, to Knut's great alarm, raised itself up, and said in a gruff voice: "Well, how are you, Knut Fairyflute? Why do you look so poorly to-day?"

Knut was hanging high up on the top of the tree, but summoned sufficient courage to answer: "How can I look anything else but poorly when I have had nothing to eat since yesterday's dinner except hot pig-iron, frozen quicksilver, a drop of dew, and one ant leg?"

"Well, why do you disturb my after-dinner nap?" asked the Fir-tree. "Don't you know that I am the King of the Forest, and rule over all woods and marshes for seven miles round? This is my castle; is it not a fine abode?"

Knut saw nothing but a wild waste, but he asked if he might not be allowed to descend to gather a few cloudberrries.

"What do I hear?—cloudberrries!" roared the Forest King. "Take the fir-tree for a spade, and dig yourself up seven cart-loads of
peat. That is what I call a substantial meal. It is my favourite food."

"Perhaps I might have a cart-load of apple marmalade, and just a moderate size of pot filled with honey?" asked Knut.

"Apple marmalade! I shall make you into apple marmalade for disturbing my mid-day slumber. Golden Eagle, I give the little rascal to you; you can chop him into mince-collops for your youngsters!"

Now Knut perceived an enormous Eagle sitting on the top of the Fir-tree, and looking at him with ravenous eyes. He could not jump down, his arms and legs being held fast by the branches, and he would soon be chopped up into mince-meat. Knut had never tasted mince-collops; but much as he liked food, it seemed dreadful to him to become food for an Eagle.

At this critical point he felt something as delicate as a flower clamber up his arm, the collar of his jacket, his chin, and from that to his mouth. It was the little Fairy, which had lain forgotten in
his pocket, and now with great difficulty was dragging the fairy pipe, which was six times as long as herself.

"Blow!" said the Fairy.

Knut felt the pipe in his mouth, and began to blow. It was _pi_ again.

The Fir-tree commenced to gape, stretched out its branches, and mumbled something about its mid-day sleep having been disturbed, whereupon it threw itself full length down on the turf, and in its fall crushed the enormous Eagle beneath it.

Knut crept from between the branches. He heard the forest snore like a hundred bears growling for a wager, and set off on foot as hard as he was able.

"Now I shall take good care," thought he. "It is dangerous in the forest; I will rather go by the shore road, along by the sea."

Soon he had made his way over the fallen slumbering trees to a fence round a farm. He climbed over it, and found himself on the shore road. The great wide sea lay before him, much larger than it was at
Perlebank. The west wind was blowing—not a wild, rushing wind such as one often has on the water, but a slight fresh breeze such as sailors love, when the boat dances on the waves. And those little waves, how graceful and fascinating they were, with their rounded crests and their joyous plunge as they chased each other! They would have been like little, frolicsome children splashing in their bath, if only they had not been clad in sea-green coats and skirts edged with fine white frillings. Knut felt tired, so he sat down by the road-side and looked at the waves. He loved them as far back as he could remember, for had he not grown up on the shore beside them? Next to swimming among them, Knut knew nothing nicer than to watch their merry gambols. If only he had not been so very, very hungry! "Had I all the flat stones I have skipped along the surface of the water, and were they all real bread and butter, how I would eat!" thought Knut to himself.
A wave rolled so far up on the shore that it wet Knut's bare feet. Out of the foam there rose a white shoulder, and immediately afterwards the fairest little maid sat down by Knut's side. She was about as tall as himself, with light-green clothing, a silver bracelet on her arm, and in her long fair hair she wore a golden comb and a wreath of the whitest water-lily.

"Well, good-day, Knut Fairyflute!" said she, in a voice like the purling of a brook among the pebble stones in spring.

"Why do you look so poorly?"

Knut gazed at her in amazement and replied:

"How could I look anything else but poorly?—I, who have had nothing to eat since yesterday's dinner but hot pig-iron, frozen quicksilver, a drop of dew, one ant leg, and seven cartloads of peat from the bog!"

"Poor boy!" said the pretty little Maid, as she stroked back the hair from his fore-
head with her soft hand. "Come to me, and I will feed you with sea foam and real pearls!"

"Many thanks," said Knut. "I would rather have a plate of grilled flounders and fifteen pieces of bread and butter spread with jam."

The little Maid laughed.

"Have you never eaten fresh-fallen snow with lots of sugar? I'll tell you something. I am Unda Marina's favourite waiting-maid, and Unda Marina is the Sea King's favourite child, she who lives in the lovely coral palace far away down in the sea, and imprints her dainty footsteps in the sand when she plays in the waves. Yesterday we played at fox and geese on the shore at Perlebank, and there Unda Marina lost her reed pipe. The Billow told me that you had found it; will you follow me, and give it back to Unda Marina, and as a reward you shall have a whole mountain of the sea's most precious pearls?"
"No, thank you," said Knut. "I have been invited to dine at Asa, and I have had nothing to eat since yesterday."

"Don't you think that I am rather pretty?" said the Sea Maiden, taking both his hands and looking him through and through with her blue twinkling eyes. "Won't you kiss my rosy lips?"

"You are certainly not ugly," said Knut, "but I would rather kiss a good roast fowl."

"Just listen to that!" said the Sea Maid, with her ringing laugh. "I will tell you something more, Knut Fairyflute! If you follow me and give back the pipe, you shall be my very dearest sweetheart; I shall be your loving bride; we shall dress in silk and pearls, and live happily for a thousand years."

"That is all very fine!" answered Knut. "I have eaten nothing fit for food since yesterday, and am invited to dine at Asa. Good-bye to you, dripping damsle; I am now going on."
"You are pretending," said the Sea Maid slyly, "you have not got the pipe."

"Have I not?" exclaimed Knut, pulling the pipe out of his pocket.

With that he felt a big wave come swish over his head, and landed him full-length on the hill-side. He remembered nothing more until he wakened, and found himself lying on the grass. The Sun was seen in the western sky, which showed that it must now be afternoon. There stood Kükkale Wood, with all its Fairy Kings, where he had survived so many adventures, and where he had been invited to partake of such curious meals. There was the wide sea which still lapped the shore with its rippling waves, and splashed up its foam as it lay. But where was Unda Marina's waiting maid? She was not to be seen; she had floated away on the dancing waves. And where was the fairy pipe? Where was the tiny Fairy who had so cleverly saved him from the Eagle's claws? On the hill beside him lay an old broken
bit of reed, but it gave forth no sound. In his jacket pocket he felt a little wet spot, but whether it were some sea spray, or the remains of the little Fairy, which he had crushed against the hillside, no one could ever tell.

Knut began to think that he had fallen asleep in the sun and dreamt nonsense. "Yes, but I am asked to dine at Asa," he exclaimed.

In a trice he started to his feet, and meant to run the shortest way he knew through the forest. That was not easily done. The juniper bushes picked a quarrel with his trousers, the spruce branches hung fast by his coat, the blaeberry bushes and heather pricked his bare legs. But through them Knut was determined to go, and through them he went without further mishaps, tired, hungry, and hot, just as the clock struck four in the afternoon.

"Welcome, Knut," said Herr Peterman, "you look really happy to-day."

"Why should I not look happy, when
I have been invited to partake of hot pig-iron, frozen quicksilver, a drop of dew, an ant leg, seven cart-loads of peat, a dish of sea-foam, and a mountain of pearls?" rejoined Knut.

"That was a large number of dishes for one day," said Herr Peterman. "One ought never to think much about food, for if constantly thinking about it, one falls a prey to the Fairies who scoff at mankind. Perhaps you are hungry, my boy?"

Knut looked confused, squeezed his cap in his hands, and answered "that he was not exactly starving."

"Well, I am glad of that," said Herr Peterman, "I have been out since breakfast, and my servants have not had time to pluck the birds. You can wait till eight o'clock, and then you will have supper."

"This is even worse than hot pig-iron and seven cart-loads of peat," thought Knut to himself, but he bit his nails, and answered that he could well enough wait.

"I can think of the Catechism," thought he.
It was too bad of Herr Peterman. He himself had once been a poor boy, and knew well what it meant to wait hungry for four hours.

"Knut," said he, "I see that you can do something else besides think of food. You know that it is a heroism to conquer oneself, and to deny ourselves those necessities upon which our mind is set. I like you, my boy, and shall care for you, so that you may go to school, and learn to be a clever fellow. But—what is that? I thought I smelt roast fowl! Step in, my boy; you shall sit with me, and for once eat real food."

"What is that?" It sounded just like the Catechism. The door into the dining-room opened; a large dinner-table stood ready prepared awaiting the hungry guests. Herr Peterman led in Knut, and he sat there like a real grown-up gentleman, and there he would have sat to this day—he was so hungry—that he not long ago carried home a bit of cheese to his grandmother, and been sent to school.
A YOUNG SAGE
A YOUNG SAGE.

"Well, how wise and learned Hegesippus is, to be sure!" exclaimed Mamzel Justina, throwing up her hands. "He knows everything. It is something to be so learned. How different from poor Knut, who knows nothing!"

Hegesippus had no time to take notice of this remark; he was examining the hind leg of a black beetle through a microscope. He was twelve years old, and went to the Classical school, therefore he knew everything; but poor Knut was fourteen years old, and went to the Arts and Science school, therefore he knew nothing.

Mamzell Justina was a good-natured housekeeper, who did her duty for two hundred marks a year, besides getting food, lodging, a pair of boots every first of May, and a cotton apron every Christmas.
Hegesippus was her pet boy, and she had told him every day ever since he went to school that he was much cleverer than other children, and especially that he knew much more than poor Knut. What one listens to every day one soon begins to believe, and Hegesippus was finally convinced that he was the cleverest scholar that ever twirled a dog-ear in his grammar.

At last he shut up one eye, rubbed up his hair, and said to Justina—

"Have you ever seen my collection of eggs?"

Justina had seen his collection of eggs a hundred times, but she answered: "Well, how he manages to have time for everything, the dear boy!"

"Come here, and I'll let you see it," said Hegesippus, and then he showed her a long cardboard drawer, in which were big and little eggs, each in its own division, laid in cotton-wool, and the name neatly inscribed. There were eggs of all
species of birds, from the great eagle down to the little willow wren—blue, grey, white, brown—the speckled eggs of crows, magpies, starlings, thrushes, greenfinches, chaffinches, and others. All were empty shells with a tiny hole in each one. It looked like a mortuary chapel, with little coffins for dead birds.

While Justina was admiring, Lotta entered. Lotta was ten years old; she did not understand about the rare collection of eggs, and asked where Sippus had got them all.

Sippus answered condescendingly, "That some eggs he had found, and some he had bought from other boys."

"But is it not wrong to rob little birds' nests?" asked Lotta innocently.

Hegesippus sniffed. He had almost always a cold in his head, for he constantly wore an overcoat and goloshes, and, besides, it shows learning to be able to speak through one's nose.

Further, he did not know how to answer
such a childish question. But Lotta did not appear to be daunted.

"I can understand that something may be learned from things like these, but all those eggs you can get painted in pictures in a book. You should learn about little birds' nests and eggs in the woods without robbing them. Knut knows all the birds by their notes."

"Knut is not clever," said Hegesippus contemptuously.

"But Knut protects little birds and shoots hawks," boldly answered Lotta.

"Has he counted the feathers in their wings?" proudly asked Hegesippus.

"Let me tell you, Lotta, that birds have a different skeleton from that of mammal animals, and the common property of birds' legs is their reputed strength and compactness; besides, the extremities are divided into three parts, and they have different digestive organs, and a very different skull, and a round occipital condyle, and possess, in a certain degree,
powers of imagination and instincts of art, and build conical dwellings.

"Oh, no," said Lotta; "all the nests that I have seen were round like turnips."

"Well, conical or napeform, that is the same thing. Birds of prey may have napeform nests, but buntings, and sparrows, and creepers, and fowls, and ostriches, and waders, and swimmers, and——"

"And cocks!" interrupted Mamzell Justina, enraptured at her beloved boy's prodigious learning. "Lotta, dear, there is not a thing that Hegesippus does not know. He knows everything."

"He collects eggs, and has never even seen a bird's nest!" laughed Lotta.

Hegesippus looked ashamed. "I can find a bird's nest whenever I like," said he. "I have not yet got a warbler's nor a nightingale's egg, but I'm going to look for them; you shall see them this evening when I come home."

"But you never go into the woods; you
always walk in the streets, because the Doctor said you must take exercise,” rejoined Lotta.

“No, Hegesippus, be careful; never go into the woods, for you might get a chill,” warned Mamzell Justina. “Remember, too, that snakes are found there.”

“Snakes belong to the family of Reptiles: they have a very elongated body, and digestion is slowly performed,” pronounced Hegesippus with his wonderful wisdom.

“He has never seen a live snake!” said Lotta, again laughing.

This annoyed Hegesippus. He put on his thick winter coat, and took with him Lütken’s “Zoology,” from which he derived his knowledge. He took, in addition, Papa’s big stick to kill the snakes, which have such a long-stretched-out body and such a bad digestion, and then he set out from the town to look for nightingales’ eggs, for he had got leave from school that afternoon.
“Stop, now; button the last button!” called Mamzell Justina after him.

Hegesippus was already far on his way. He went at a solemn pace through the town, past the turnpike, over the bridge, across the road, over the wall, and then he entered the wood. Here walking became more unpleasant; there were knolls, sticks and stones, juniper bushes and cobwebs, and hills, and gnats. Hegesippus began to be tired and uncomfortably hot. He sat down to rest on a stone, and was surprised that neither a nightingale nor warbler had built a nest amongst the stones.

While he was sitting something whizzed through the air, and a big goshawk swooped down on a squirrel, which was perched on the nearest fir-tree. The hawk’s claws got entangled in the fir branches, the squirrel gave a leap, fell right into Hegesippus’s arms, and then in its fright sought refuge behind a rock.

There is no greater pleasure than to
listen to the living mother Nature and try to find out some of her secrets. That one may do, and not chatter out of books facts which one does not understand. Books are of use to point the way, but they are of little good if one does not know how to profit by them. Hegesippus now found himself, for the first time, in the forest. Instead of observing its plants and animals, admiring the roads made by ants, and learning the notes of birds, he came crammed with knowledge, and thought he knew everything from reading. Ah, you wise Hegesippus! Nothing was a wonder to him. He took out his book, and looked up an animal which seemed to answer to the description of a squirrel:

"'The hippopotamus is a huge, coarse, large-bodied, short-necked, short-legged animal.' . . . Ah! the four-footed animal which fell into my arms was coarse and short-legged; it must have been a hippopotamus. What can the bird in the tree have been? I shall look up. . . . 'The
parrot is known by his beak, which is unusually curved and thick.' . . . That's it! It is a parrot. But what if it should be a nightingale. 'The nightingale has not a very long beak' — the bird had rather a short beak, now I think of it — 'a little bony excrescence just above the point of the upper part of the beak.' . . . Now that just answers. Consequently, without any doubt, the bird is a nightingale. I must make a note of that." Hegesippus took out his note-book (learned people never go to the woods without a note-book), and he wrote down in his best style the following:

"15th May.—Lotta was silly again. I went to the woods, and saw a nightingale swoop down on a hippopotamus. Full stop. How delightful it is to know everything from books!"

"Ah," continued Hegesippus, "how stupid the Forest is, and how wise am I! The great Forest does not know what
I know. The great Forest has no books: there is not a branch nor animal which even knows its A B C, worse, there is not a thing in it that can even spell or read. The Forest grows and grows, and does not even know that twice two are four. But I know much more than that; I know everything. If there is anything which I do not yet know, I shall know it when I am a student. Then I shall know everything which is known, and perhaps a little more; and when I am a teacher, I shall know everything which is not yet known, and perhaps a little more. Think of that, you poor Forest!"

The poor Forest never replied; he listened in amazement to such unheard-of learning. He remained so solemn and still that it almost seemed as if he wished to learn some of this marvellous wisdom. Perhaps the Pine-tree wished to know how he ought to grow, the Cherry-tree how to bloom, the Cloud how to rain, the Brook how to patter smoothly over its pebbles,
and the Nightingale how to swoop down on a Hippopotamus.

"Now I must look for a bird's nest," said Hegesippus, proceeding.

When he had gone a short distance he came to a meadow where was a barn. Above the barn door, close under the thatched roof, hung something which must surely be a bird's nest, for it looked like grey paper and was conical in shape.

"Did I not say that all birds' nests are conical in form?" rejoined Hegesippus. "Think if it should be a nightingale's nest!" And he poked the gray corner with Papa's stick.

Scarcely had he made a hole in the grey paper when something crawled out; first one, and then another, and then ten, twenty—yes, hundreds! But they were certainly not nightingales—they were wasps, and soon Hegesippus felt something sting him on his hand, his cheek, his nose—he had a whole swarm of angry wasps about him. Then the man of
earning got in a fright. He jumped about with all his might, and beat around him on all sides with Papa’s stick. But the swarm of wasps flew faster, and pursued him so unmercifully that he neither heard nor saw; he jumped and jumped, till all of a sudden he fell plump into a muddy ditch, which was filled with water. It was fortunate that the wasps could not swim.

When they saw their enemy lying in the ditch, they began to buzz away home to patch up their damaged dwelling; and had the boy understood their language he would have heard them say to each other: “We have punished him well. Another time he will take care not to meddle with us.”

Wet, and swollen with stings, Hegesippus crept out of the ditch. He had not the least desire to look any longer for birds’ nests. The wisest thing he could do was to go away home, but that was easier said than done.

It was his first visit to the forest, and he had not the least idea which way to
go, so he followed his nose, and the nose is a bad guide, for turn as one may, the nose always points forwards. Forward went Hegesippus and the nose ahead, but yet he went wrong, and got deeper and deeper into the wood.

The shadows of the trees began to lengthen on the tufts of grass, the sun sank behind the fir tops, the midges teased more and more, the birds amid the branches ceased their song, only the redstart and thrush twittered their melodious notes, while the corncrake let his hoarse voice be heard out of the field ditch.

Fortunately it was not dark, being midsummer. Hegesippus was tired, hungry, and wet, but nevertheless he continued to scramble over tufts and stones, and after turning several times, he found himself at precisely the same ditch from where he had started. Then his courage failed him, he sat down and began to cry. When he had cried some time, wearied out, he fell asleep at the edge of the ditch.
Now Hegesippus must have been dreaming, else how could all this which I am going to tell you have happened to such a learned boy? He thought that the little Squirrel—which was a Hippopotamus—came to him, and said: "Why do you cry?"

"Ah," said the boy, "I may well cry; I don't know the way out of the wood."

"But you know everything!" said the Squirrel—which was a Hippopotamus.

"I don't know quite everything, but nearly everything," sighed Hegesippus.

"Good-bye to you," said the Squirrel.

After a time something rustled in the air, and the Goshawk—which was a Nightingale—asked: "Why do you cry?"

"I have good reason to cry," said Hegesippus, "when I don't know my way home out of the wood."

"But you know nearly everything!" said the Goshawk—which was a Nightingale.

"Yes," said the boy, "I don't know
quite everything, but still I know a good deal."

"Good-bye to you," said the Goshawk. Next came the swarm of Wasps, and put the same question to him: "Why do you cry?"

"May I not cry for so-and-so," Hegesisippus answered as before.

"But you know a good deal," buzzed the swarm of Wasps.

"I don't know so very much, but yet I know a little."

"Good-bye to you," said the swarm of Wasps.

The boy was now once more alone, but next there came to him all the Forest; the tall Firs, the graceful Birches, the stunted Juniper Bushes, the little Rowan Trees, the Whortleberry Blossoms, the Heather, the Crowberry, and all asked him so kindly: "Why do you cry?"

"May I not cry when I don't know my way out of the wood?" answered Hegesisippus.
"But yet you know a little," said the great Forest.

"Yes," said the boy, "but yet I don't know the way home."

"Good-bye to you," said the Forest.

"No, wait a little," groaned Hegesippus in his dream. "Be so kind as to show me the way back to the town! My top-coat, goloshes, and Papa's stick are all in the ditch. I shall be frozen to death."

"But yet you know a little," repeated the Forest.

"No, Forest, dear, I assure you I know nothing," sighed the boy in the grief of his heart.

"Are you really so frightfully ignorant?" asked the Forest.

"I am whatever you like, only show me the way home," said the boy.

"No, stop!" said the Forest, "no excuses! Admit frankly that you know nothing of Nature's real life and character while you chatter so much by rote out of books. Confess that you know less about
it than the Ant in the anthill, or the tiniest needle on the fir branch!"

Hegesippus heaved a sigh as heavy as a timber log. It is trying to have to confess to being so ignorant when one has just been so marvellously clever.

"I know nothing except what is in 'Lütken's Zoology,'" he cried out.

"Indeed; are you trying to make excuses?" said the inflexible Forest.

"Out with the truth! Call out loud, that everyone may hear—'Hegesippus is ignorant!'"

The perspiration stood on the boy's forehead, although it was cold where he was sleeping.

"It is certainly true, dear Forest," said he, "that I am a little stupid——"

"Out with the truth!—Very ignorant," said the Forest.

"Well, since it is necessary that you should be told—well—I am ignorant—I am a blockhead!"

"Hegesippus is ignorant!" repeated the
echo from all corners of the Forest, and there was extravagant mirth all around.

"Do you hear what the youngster says?" said the Crowberry to the Juniper.

"How can anyone be so ridiculously silly as to tell it himself?" said the Ant to the Fir Cone.

The Echo sat at the corner of the forest and repeated every word, till at last every branch, every tuft, and every little bird’s nest resounded with the same mocking words—"Hegesippus is ignor—ignor—ignor—ignorant—ignorant—ant—ant—"

"What is that whispering?" a voice said behind the fence, and there stood Knut with a gun on his shoulder.

"Hegesippus!" he called.

Hegesippus awoke—"Is it you, Knut?"

"Now, what a good thing it is that I have at last found you. Justina got so uneasy when you were so long in coming that she sent me quite early in the afternoon to look for you. I have been looking for you in the fields, the park, and the
garden. I never thought you would be so stupid as to lose your way in such a little wood."

"Hush, Knut, don't speak about it, all the wood knows about that already!" sighed Hegesippus. "Help me home, old fellow, my legs are stiff, I cannot walk."

"Don't try to—I have enough leg for us both. I'll carry you like a baby. Climb up on my back. March, Pancake!"

"But it is so far to the town, you can't carry me all the way."

"Long way! why, it is scarcely a hundred steps to the turnpike. Had you stood up on the nearest stone you would have seen all the town before you."

"It certainly looks as if I had been a little stupid," sighed Hegesippus, as he climbed up on his brother's back, and saw the town plainly behind the bushes, quite near.

"What are you carrying in your game-bag, Knut?"
"It is a bird of prey. I shot him a little time ago."

"Ah, I know him! Not a very long beak, and a little excrescence at the point of the upper half. You won't imagine, Knut, that you shot a Parrot. I have examined the creature, it is a Nightingale. I saw him swoop down on a Hippopotamus."

"What! a Nightingale? He is a fine Goshawk, and shall be hung above the stable door. I saw him in pursuit of a poor little Squirrel. He is a voracious robber; he lives chiefly on small birds, but thinks everything good that he can find—rats, frogs, levrets, squirrels."

Now Hegesippus found it better to keep his knowledge to himself, but when he reached home on his brother's back, and Mamzell Justina again began praising his extraordinary knowledge, Hegesippus whispered in her ear:

"Don't tell anyone that I am ignorant."

"My precious boy, what are you saying?"
How can you be ignorant—you who know everything?"

"Yes, do you know, Justina, that is just the most ignorant part of it!"
SWEETER THAN SUGAR
SWEETER THAN SUGAR.

There was once upon a time a King who lived in Arabia; he had everything that heart of man could desire; great riches, health, youth, comeliness, love, power, fame, and festivals. Life seemed fair to that mighty King. A day never passed that he did not amuse himself to the full with his hundred wives, in his beautiful pleasure gardens and at his festive board.

Because he was a good and wise King, people thought that he had a right to amuse himself, for he never did any ill, but, on the contrary, entertained the poor to the leavings of his dainty repasts.

The King had a special liking for all kind of sweet things; this taste had been his ever since his childhood, when he was a poor herd-boy, and lived with his camels on scanty food in the desert. Every day he used to watch the monkeys go clutter
clatter up the date palms, and suck the sweet fruit, but he himself was too little and not strong enough to go climbing up to the top of such high trees. When he clambered up on a camel's hump to reach the dates, the impudent apes from above threw date stones in his face as if to mock him. "Ah," thought he, "if only I were a monkey, wouldn't I also fare well every day, instead of having to live on camel's milk cheese, and bitter beans."

Now he was a rich King, and could eat as many dates as he pleased, while the monkeys in their cages looked on with wonderment and envy, and he ate—yes, he ate—like any schoolboy. When the dates no longer pleased him, for that delicious food became monotonous at last, the King ordered honey-cakes from Persia, and when he tired of the cakes, he had pineapples preserved in honey-sugar, so as to have something still more luscious. This answered for a time, then it was tried with other fruits, but all alike palled.
"Master Cook," said the King, "make me something which is sweeter than sugar. I can't endure those sweets which you present before me."

The Master Cook was sore perplexed, for already he had searched all the East to find something to suit the King's palate. "I shall send to Europe for some confections," thought he to himself. So he sent to Europe for confections.

Strings of camels came back laden with the finest sweets, beginning with the sweetest of jams, and ending with toffee in all varieties. There were boxes with stupid mottoes on them, and boxes with glazed pictures; chocolate creams from Paris, caramels of every conceivable flavour, hollow hearts, hard-bake, ginger bread, and pumpernickel.

What more could a greedy King desire? He summoned all his hundred wives and all his hundred children, opened the boxes before them, and doled out to them as much as they could eat, but he himself
lived beside the sweets, and had them for breakfast, dinner, and supper.

Well, this lasted a week; then the king got a bad stomach-ache, and likewise all the hundred wives and the hundred children.

"No," said the King, who could not sleep at night, "this is not to be endured. Master Cook! did I not tell you to make me something sweeter than sugar?"

"My Lord," said the Master Cook, throwing himself down with his face towards the ground, till not even his beard could be seen, "thy faithful dog has searched the breadth of three continents to satisfy thy royal taste. Would'st thou that we also search America and Polynesia?"

"Blockhead!" angrily answered the King. "Can you think of nothing else but sugar and cocoanuts? Make me something much sweeter!"

The Master Cook trembled—he well knew that his head was at stake—and
abasing himself three times to the marble floor, said:

"My Lord King, let thy three Wise Men be summoned; and what they say shall thy dog perform, according to the wisdom of thy mouth."

This advice pleased the King. He called for the Wise Men, and asked them where he could find something sweeter than sugar. The three Wise Men begged for three days in order to solve such a difficult riddle, and when the time had elapsed, once more presented themselves before the King.

"My Lord," said the first, "may thy happiness never wane! There is nothing sweeter than grace and beauty; let thy slaves therefore search the whole world, and bring back the loveliest bride to be thy hundredth-and-first wife."

"Wise Man," said the King, "for once you are a fool. Have I any happiness with a hundred wives, who spend the day quarrelling with each other? So what
happiness should I find with a hundred and one? It would only add one broil more."

"My Lord," said the second Wise Man, "thy words are as golden apples on a silver dish. There is nothing sweeter than to avenge one's enemies. The King of Abyssinia owes thee a hundred white horses as annual tribute, instead of which he has sent a hundred asses. March to his land, blow him up, and sell his people for slaves."

"The King of Abyssinia is a fool," was the reply, "but you are a bigger one. What pleasure would it give me to blow up the fellow and sell his people for slaves? In blowing him up, I might get a sore throat; and where could I find food for so many captives? Do you mean me to feed them on comfits?"

"No, my Lord King," said the third Wise Man, "thou thyself art the wisest man in the kingdom. May'st thou live a thousand years! Thou possessest every-
thing that is sweet, and which human heart can desire; therefore let thine honour thy might and thy riches be known of all people. Clad in purple, and seated on thy golden throne, summon around thee the people of every country and receive their requests. Believe me, such is sweeter than sugar, and dates, and confections."

"Be off!" said the King. "Master Cook, give each of these men some pumpernickel. I only wish it may do them the ill it has done me. I have not slept a wink for at least seven nights."

The Master Cook distributed the three pumpernickels, the Wise Men bowed themselves to the ground, thanked, and ate. And then the pumpernickel stuck in their throats, at which all the Court laughed; but the King went away in anger, and nowhere could he find what was sweeter than sugar. He could not go to his hundred wives and listen to their quarrels; neither was it any satisfac-
tion to him to ruin a nation all because of some asses: and what pleasure could he find sitting, dressed like a popinjay in red, for the wonderment of the whole world? Besides, he had still so many fine confections left over. What was he to do with them, when all his Court were sick of sweet things like himself?

It was towards evening, after a hot day; the sun was beginning to set, which it did precisely at six o'clock, that the King sat thoughtful and alone in his beautiful garden. The fountains babbled, the almond-trees bloomed, the shadow of the fig-tree was always lengthening on the gravel walk. It was so calm and peaceful that the King at last began to wonder to himself if this lovely, happy eventide were not sweeter than even Paris chocolates!

Suddenly there appeared a poor Christian slave woman, leading her little boy of four years old by the hand. Both mother and child looked wearied—they had come a long way, and in seeking a night's lodging...
at the palace had lost themselves in the garden. The King was kind-hearted; he saw that the wanderers were hungry, so an idea occurred to him.

"Slave," said he to his servant, who awaited his commands some distance off, "bring hither as many as you can carry of the boxes of sweets!"

The slave departed and soon returned with four large boxes filled with every conceivable kind of sweets.

"Empty their contents on to the grass," said the King to his servant, while at the same time he thought, "This poor woman and her child can never in their lives have dreamt of such dainties. I can well understand how good they will seem to them."

"Eat as much as you please," said the King to the woman and her child, who were resting themselves on the bank. The mother broke a piece of a sugar-cake and gave it to the boy; he held it in his hand but did not taste it.
"I understand," said the King, "the boy is thirsty after his tramp in the heat. Slave, bring fresh water from the spring. There is really something sweeter than sugar to be found, and that is, to slack a burning thirst."

The boy took the water and drank, but still did not partake of any of the good things. The King amused himself by choosing out with his own royal hand all his favourite kinds, and placing them before the boy, who was at last surrounded by quite a mountain of sweets. But did he eat? No, although ever and anon he stretched out his hand towards something specially tempting, he did not taste it. His eyes became heavier and heavier, till at last they closed, and the little one slept on the grassy bank, as one only can sleep with an unruffled conscience, like a child's peaceful rest after a toilsome day.

"What!" said the King. "Is he asleep?"

"Yes," answered the mother.
"And he has despised all these good things?"

"Yes, my Lord. There is something sweeter than sugar, and that is—a child's slumber."

"But that is just what I have been seeking through three continents and never had the luck to find!" said the King, greatly amazed. "Sleep! What does that mean? For seven long nights I have not slept a wink."

"Be as a child, my Lord King, and then you will understand."

"What! Have I never been a child? Has any school-boy or girl been greedier of sweet things than my royal self, and yet I tell thee, woman, for seven long nights I have not slept a wink?"

"Ah, my Lord King, it is not a child's greed, it is a child's heart, a good man's industry, prayer, and a temperate life which call down a peaceful sleep on our eyelids. We older ones know something yet more blissful than a child's sweet slumber, and
that is the forgiveness of sin, but a sleeping child is shielded from evil, it sleeps under the guardianship of the angels."

"Slave," said the King. The slave approached. "Fling all those boxes and their contents into the river. I command an apartment to be prepared in the palace for this woman and her child! Daily will I follow her advice, for she is wiser than I am, and than all the Wise Men of my kingdom. . . . Sweeter than sugar! Strange that at last I should find it!"

And the sun sank over the wonderful gardens, the blooming almond-trees, the gorgeous palace, the downcast Wise Men, the poor Christian slave, the sleeping boy, and the King of the country of Arabia, who had now unfolded his riddle, and found in the arms of Sleep that which is far above all honey, sweets, dates, and French confections throughout the world.

THE END.