

"I have seen you before," continued the king;  
"but never in this house."

"Entrance was forbidden me by my uncle,  
when you were expected here."

"Yet your face is familiar to me. Your name?"

"Adolphus de Hesse, the son of a brave officer  
who fell fighting for you. He left me nothing  
but his sword and the tears of his widow."

"Who told you that I was not Erierson?"

"My own eyes, for who that has seen your  
majesty can forget you?"

Charles XII. approached the soldier, whose  
eyes glared like those of a young lion; but, paus-  
ing as he drew near, he enquired:

"Where did you receive that scar on the left  
temple?"

"At Nerva, Sir! where with a handful of men  
you defied the armies of Russia!"

"Thou sayest well!" cried Charles, his coun-  
tenance beaming with ardour; "that scar would  
gain thee at all times admittance to my presence,  
even were it for the purpose of fighting me, as,  
I'll be sworn! thou would'st now willingly do;  
for, on the day of which thou speakest, I learnt  
like thee to be a soldier. By the thousand bul-  
lets that ruined around us that day, when thou  
and I fought and bled together! give me thine  
hand, my brother!"

How different did the bold and generous mo-  
narch then seem, from the rude and awkward  
Count Erierson! Adolphus seized his hand as  
readily as it was offered, though with an air of  
respectful gratitude; and Charles then turned to  
Christina, and said with a gaiety not altogether  
destitute of grace:

"By my sword, Christina! but I make a poor  
lover. A single gesture of thine hand has put  
to flight the Cupids that had treacherously taken  
possession of my heart. Let your words, then,  
be as frank as your actions: Lovest thou my bro-  
ther-in-arms, here?"

"I do, sire!" she answered, in a low but firm tone.

"And what hinders your marriage?"

"That of the Count Erierson, with which my  
father has menaced me."

"Ah! I see into the matter now," said the  
monarch to himself: "The king has no reason  
to regret the kiss, since the blow fell on the cheek  
of the minister. Christina!" he continued aloud,  
"thy father refuses to give thee to him whom  
thou preferest; he *shall* do it, for *I will* it. Al-  
low that if I was a nightmare to thee as lover, I  
am not thine enemy as king."

"With gratitude I *avow* it," exclaimed the  
happy girl, kneeling at his feet with her lover.

Charles united their hands with a sort of bluff  
kindness, and bending over the blushing culprit,  
imprinted a kiss on her fair forehead.

"His Majesty pardons me then?" murmured  
Christina, now fully re-assured, as Charles rais-  
ed her from the ground; "if I had known you  
to be the king—I should not have struck so  
hard!"

"Recognize him, Christina! only by the mode  
in which he avenges himself."

His eyes were fixed for a moment on the hand-  
some couple before him; then fixing them with  
an intent gaze upon vacancy, he said, scarce con-  
scious that he spoke aloud:

"Henceforth let Fame be my only mistress!  
Our bridal-bed shall be the field of battle, and  
the shouts of victory shall celebrate our union!"

That same evening the disconsolled Baron  
Steinfors signed his daughter's marriage con-  
tract, which was not with Count Erierson, al-  
though honoured with the signature of Charles  
the Twelfth.

## THE SWEETS OF THE SEASONS.

O! the earth is fair on a sweet spring day,  
When sportive lambs in the meadows play—  
When the voice of song is on every breeze,  
And clustering blossoms adorn the trees—  
When the emerald turf is bedeck'd with flowers,  
Watered by soft and balmy showers—  
When the flow of the stream and the chime of the sea  
Join in the general jubilee.

And the earth is bright in its summer bloom,  
When even night loses half its gloom—  
When the hues of morn and the tints of even  
Strive which shall shew us most of heaven—  
When the dove's soft voice in the lone wood sounds,  
Where the purling streamlet now creeps, now bounds;  
When the smiling field and the leafy grove  
Invite us forth 'mong their sweets to rove.

And the earth is sweet when in summer's night  
The mild moon sheds her silvery light,  
Have we not felt its soothing power,  
Who have sought alone the shady bower,  
Where the twinkling stars are scarcely seen  
Through the dense foliage rich and green,  
Where no sound but the beetle's hum is heard,  
Or the evening air by the bat's wing stirred?

And the earth is rich ere the reaping train  
Have swept the field of its golden grain,  
Ere the mellow load from the tree is borne,  
Or the vine of its clustered wreath is shorn.  
Yet there is a sadness in autumn eve,  
When the low wind sighs through the fading leaves,  
When sadly they tremble, and slowly descend,  
Like the tears we shed o'er the grave of a friend.

A PERSON speaking to a very deaf man, and get-  
ting angry at his not catching his meaning, said,  
"Why, it is as plain as A.B.C." "That may  
be, sir," replied the poor man; "but I am D  
E.F."