

They tried to call him back, and her father said: "Go back, Sultan, back, dog!" but he would not. Then the soldiers all cried out, "Let him come, too; he will help to fight the Germans." And so the dog went.

And now when her father was gone, her mother used to watch every day for the postman, and when there was no letter she was anxious and sad; but often there was one, and then Stine used to write a few words in a big sprawling hand at the end of her mother's letters to her father. They used to go every day to the village, and there was one old man who read the paper out to them all; and one day there was a greater number of people than usual; and all were very anxious.

The old man read out something she did not understand about fighting and beating the enemy; everyone seemed delighted, and the young men shouted "Hurrah!" And he went on:

"List of killed and wounded"—and they all grew very quiet. He read name after name, and then he threw down the paper, and got up, and went away, hiding his face with his hand. Some one took up the paper, and the next name was the old man's own son; he read on to the end of the list, but Stine's father's name was not there; and they went home. That evening, before she went to bed she knelt as usual at her mother's knee, and thanked God that he had preserved her father so long, and prayed Him still to defend him. At the very time she was kneeling praying, her father was kneeling too; but in a very different manner. He was kneeling in a close rank of his fellow-soldiers, grasping tight his rifle, and there were thousands of fierce men driving their horses right down on them, and there were bullets and great cannon-balls whistling all around. But the soldiers knelt steady, for they were defending their own homes and their little ones; and so they did not falter, though every moment some were struck down dead or wounded.

Stine's father knelt there and he grasped his rifle tight, and a thought of his home crossed his mind. And then he no longer saw the white, eager face of the enemy trying to get at him to cut him down with their sharp swords. He no longer heard the roar of the guns, or the dreadful groans of the wounded. He saw only his little girl kneeling by her mother's side praying God to protect his life, and then a sharp twinge passed through him and he saw no more, but fell senseless. When he recovered himself again, he was lying upon the ground with numbers of his comrades, dead and dying; all the noise of the battle was over, and it was night and the snow fell fast. He tried to get up, but

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he could not; he was very badly wounded, and it was very cold, and he thought he should never more see his home; and he felt that his senses were leaving him again, and then something warm came and laid down on the top of him.

When the morning came, some people were searching if there might be any alive yet on the field, and one of them saw a dog lying dead; he raised the animal and saw that it had been lying over a soldier; he stooped down, and found the soldier was not dead. It was Stine's father and the dog was Sultan, who had been hurt and dragged himself to die by his master, and by the warmth of his body had kept him alive; and those people took good care of Stine's father, and he recovered and came home, very weak and feeble; but he is stronger now and can carry Stine in his arms as before, and so little Stine's prayer was answered.—C. A. Feilberg.

The Ice-King and the Snow-Queen.

December was very, very warm; the air was close and damp, the China roses were still out, and even here and there a pinched-looking red geranium. By-and-bye, in January, the crocus and snowdrop roots began to swell under the ground, and they thought to themselves:

"Surely our winter sleep has not been so long as usual. He must have made a mistake about the time. Spring is coming—beautiful spring!" And they called to one another, "Wake up! Wake up!"

"No," said the crocuses, "stay; it is not safe." But the snowdrops said, "We cannot; we are longing to be in the air."

They grew and grew, till by-and-bye one little green head, silver-hooded, peeped above the ground.

Then the Ice-King laughed in his heart. "Ha! Ha!" he said; "these foolish flowers dare to come up, and forget me. To-night I will sweep down and show them my power. I will lay an iron crust upon the earth and bind them in, and those that have appeared already I will blight and wither. All the land shall be dry, and hard, and desolate, and I will imprison the water."

Then said the Snow-Queen, "Oh, spare the flowers!" But he would not.

So the Snow-Queen left him; but she did not give up the flowers. She made haste, and flung down her mantle of dazzling white over all the ground to cover them. But the mantle was very cold, and when the flowers felt it, they shivered and said, "Oh, what cruel snow! It has come to kill us, just when we hoped for spring."

"Poor flowers!" said the Snow-Queen; "I shall not hurt you as the Ice-King would."

Then she poured her flakes faster and faster, and when the Ice-King rushed after her, the more power he put forth the larger grew her morsels of white drapery. At last all the ground was covered deep, and all the trees were robed in snow. "Now do your worst," said the Snow-Queen; and she turned to the Ice-King, and smiled. And the great sun, who loves flowers, came out, and smiled at her in return; and then it seemed as if diamonds were glittering over the fields.

The Ice-King did all he could. He caught the queen's mantle and bound it with iron hand to the tree-stems, and over the rich, warm foliage of the pines and cedars. But this helped the queen's purpose, for the leaves were thus preserved freshly beneath. Then he hung long icicles to men's beards and hair, and he shut in the homes of perch and trout with an icy prison-door. He did worse; he froze poor little robins on the branches on which they had perched; he tempted the cattle to untimely death; nay, he tried to suck away the struggling breath from old and feeble women, too weak to bear the cold.

But where the queen's soft hand could reach, his anger lost its force. She kept the frost, by the shield of her mantle, from striking into the earth, and so preserved the roots of the trees, and the tender bulbs. The homes of the flowers were safe beneath her robe.

Then the little flowers whispered to one another in the darkness: "How strange! It was very dreadful at first, but now it is quite warm here. The earth has not changed to iron, and the tips of our little green heads are safe."

And they blessed the Snow-Queen, and said, "She is as good as she is beautiful." So they waited for the spring.

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