



THE PRINCES OSCAR AND CARL OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

CHILD-LIFE AT THE COURT OF SWEDEN.

E. M. WATERWORTH.

"Now, mother," said Frank one evening, when we had taken up our usual posts by the fire for our cosy chat in the fire-light, "you promised to tell us something about the Swedish princes; so I have been writing a little tale for you about Gustavus Adolphus."

I looked through the short story which Frank had written, and found he had chosen that incident in the life of the great King of Sweden, which many of you probably know already.

Gustavus Adolphus was very fond of music, and was often moved to tears by hearing children sing. It happened once that, having taken a strongly fortified town after long fighting, he had ordered that all the men should be put to death. What made him so angry was that most of the inhabitants had previously been his own subjects.

Several of the king's officers begged him to show mercy, but he would only yield a little grace. Instead of killing all for high treason, he said he would only take vengeance on those who had been found actually carrying arms against him.

But the king was less hard-hearted than he thought himself. Wandering alone at midnight, he approached the tents where two hundred unhappy men were awaiting their doom at the dawn of day.

Suddenly he heard the sound of music, and on enquiring of the sentinel, he found that the strains came from a tent in which

one of the leaders of the rebels had received permission to see his wife and children.

"Come, Hermione," he said to a beautiful girl of fifteen or sixteen, "sing to me once more the dear old song of our Fatherland. Gustavus may take my life, but he cannot change my love for my native land; God bless Sweden for ever!"

Obediently the girl sang the old Swedish national anthem, but with such beautiful pathos that the listening monarch burst into tears.

Before long a messenger arrived at the tent, and Hermione was summoned to the presence of the king, from whom she received a free pardon to all the condemned prisoners.

"The next time you sing that song," said Gustavus, "think of me, and bear witness that my heart is not hard and cold."

"It is rather strange you should have chosen that anecdote," I said presently; "for one of the two little princes I am going to tell you about is also named Gustavus Adolphus. The Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden have two little boys. The elder was born on the 11th of November, 1882, and is called Oscar Frederick William Olaf Gustavus Adolphus. If he lives to ascend the throne after his father's death he will be Gustavus Adolphus VI. He will be brought up as a soldier."

"But he will never have to work for his living," said Alice, laughing.

"I hope not, but still there is no harm in knowing how to work in case the time should come when you want to do anything. Little Prince Oscar will be all the better able to rule his people if he has

learnt the value of obedience and training himself."

"Is the other little boy to be a soldier too?" asked Aleck, bending over the picture which I had brought into the room with me.

"No; Prince Carl William Ludwig, who was born on the 17th of June, 1884, is to be a sailor."

"They look as if they loved each other very much," said Alice.

"And so they do, I believe. I have heard that they always play together, and that Prince Oscar always gives way to his younger brother."

"What do they play at, I wonder?"

"The beautiful Castle of Tullgarn, in which they pass most of their time, overlooks the sea; therefore they amuse themselves in the summer just as you would do at the sea-side. Early in the morning they get into a boat and fish."

"What do they do with the fish they catch?"

"They carry all to their parents in great glee. The more they catch the better they are pleased. Another favorite amusement of the young princes is a game which resembles our racquets. Of course they have lessons too, and Prince Oscar can read and write well. You remember what I told you about the Princess Wilhelmina of Holland snowballing the village children. The sons of the Swedish Crown Prince are brought up in very much the same way. They are allowed to play with the children of the royal household, and even with the peasant boys who live on the Tullgarn estate. Very often their parents give nice treats to the school children of the neighborhood. Then the 'little princes,' as they are affectionately called,

are the hosts.

"You may be sure they are very kind and attentive hosts too; for the children who get on well at home, and have learned to give up their will to please each other, are just the children to be thoughtful and kind to outsiders. So when, for instance, the birthday of either prince comes round, then they have the pleasure of entertaining the school children, and doing their best to make them happy."

"Do they ever go to Norway?" said Alice.

"Yes, in the summer they go there for fishing and bathing; for, young as he is, Prince Oscar can swim."

"I wonder what is the biggest treat of all?"

"I think I can tell you. King Oscar, their grandfather, lives very often in a beautiful castle on Lake Malaren. A visit to him is the greatest treat the little boys can have."

"I wonder whether he asks them how they have been getting on with their lessons, as grandpa always asks me?" said Frank thoughtfully. "I shall never forget how sad grandpa seemed when he heard of my bad report last Christmas; he looked as if some one had hurt him."

"Because he loves you, my boy, and wants you to do your best at everything."

"If I were a cobbler, it should be my pride the best of all cobblers to be. If I were a tinker, no tinker beside. Should mend a tin kettle like me."

murmured Alice, reading from a well-worn piece of paper which she took from her pocket; "grandpa wrote that down for me last birthday, and I think I begin to see now what it really means; especially now

I know little kings and princes have to try to do their best too."

"Well, King Oscar asks how the little boys have been getting on, and then he often drills them on the lawn in front of the castle."

"What fun!" said Frank. "I should like to see those little fellows drilling."

"You probably would be able to do so if you went to the castle. There is often a crowd of people looking on as the boys answer quickly to each word of command from their grandfather. When he thinks they have had enough exercise, he tells them to present arms to the people who are watching. Then there is a regular shout of delight from the people, as hats are raised and handkerchiefs waved in honor of the little princes."

The portrait of the Princes Oscar and Carl are from a photograph taken in Stockholm.—Little Folks.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND TO GIRLS.

When in Melbourne, Professor Drummond gave an address to some 250 of the students of the Methodist Ladies' College. To be a Christian, he said, was simply being like Christ, following Christ. "Just as a Darwinian is a follower of Darwin, one who advances and promulgates the ideas and principles of Darwin, so is a Christian, a disciple or follower of Christ; and to follow Christ is to grow like him. . . . Make Christ your companion. We invariably become like those with whom we habitually live, and especially if we habitually live with those we admire and love. And very often we really love those of whom we only hear and read. We need not see people to love them. It is the spirit, therefore, of a friend that you love, and that influences you, and it is the spirit of Christ that influences us now. . . .

To make Christ our most constant companion is the one sure way, for we are thus made good, and the whole process may be told us in the words of the Bible taken from the 2 Corinthians iii. 18, provided we read them in the New Version, where their meaning is clearer and simpler than in the rough phrasing of the early translations from the Greek. There are the words of the later text: 'We all with unveiled face, reflecting as in a mirror the glory of Christ, are changed in the same image from glory to glory.' Now change the word glory to the word character, which I think conveys a clearer and fuller meaning than any other word, and the whole problem must be contained in this text: 'We all with unveiled face, reflecting as in a mirror the character of Christ, are changed in the same character from character to character; or are changed in Christ's character from our character to his character. The point is this: that we are changed—we don't change ourselves. We can understand perfectly well how accents change. We hear daily of a growing Australian accent, and yet the change goes on quite steadily without our being conscious of it to any marked degree. And so if we 'abide in Christ,' make Christ our friend, our characters will change. Then you will say the answer to our question reduces itself to a common friendship. This a common friendship? No friendship is common. We read in the Bible that love is the basis of friendship, and this is a translation of Christ's own idea. If you will be Christians, struggle to keep friends with Christ. This is an infallible method. It is how we must, not how we may.

HIS NEW TOY.

I'm tired of my choo-choo cars,
I've no use for my ball—
I do not want that watch of pa's;
I'm weary of them all.

The dolls and waggons, horses, men,
I've played with day by day,
I do not care to see again,
So take them all away.

I've got a new and lovely toy
That beats these out of sight;
A pinky-white small baby boy
Came to our house last night.

—Harper's Young People.

PROFESSOR MARCUS DODS says that what were laudable customs 500 years ago might not be laudable to-day, and he contends that every man who calls himself a Scotsman ought to think how he could lessen the great evil of intemperance, which makes Scotland a scandal in the eyes of other nations.