

rules himself—St. Herbertus never performed such a miracle, in the days when miracles were in fashion, and Sweden still bowed beneath the yoke of Rome. Six men, armed cap-a-pie, they were enough to have eaten your majesty."

"Nothing less than an ox would have appeased the hunger of such doughty champions as you describe," said the king, laughing; "I should have proved a very unsubstantial repast to these Goliaths; but I pray thee, dear boy, have done with thy foolery and assist me in adjusting this sword-knot."

This important affair settled, the king, with some perturbation of mind, joined the revellers in the banquetting hall; but as no females appeared, he rightly concluded that the rest of the night was devoted to the orgies of Bacchus.

The song and the jest went round with the wine cup, and Gustavus being loudly called upon by Prince George, to give the company a specimen of his national poetry, he readily complied with the request, and sang, in a fine manly voice, a war song, which, in the days of his great predecessor, Gustavus Vasa, had echoed from vale and mountain, had been chaunted in the halls of kings, and resounded in the gloomy depths of the mines of Dalecarlia.

THE WAR SONG OF THE DALECARLIANS.

The war trump has sounded—the word has gone forth,

To rouse from despair the brave sons of the north;
Thy children, O Sweden, have broken their chain,
And the summons is pealing from mountain and plain.

The earth in her bosom no more shall confine,
The free-born of heaven in the depths of the mine:
We will burst their stern prison and bring to the light,
The exiles who languish in bondage and night.

We have sworn to avenge on the murderer's head,
The blood of our kindred, inhumanly shed;
When the infant and mother were hurled in the wave,
And found in the ocean a refuge and grave.

Awake ye who slumber! the hour is at hand,
When freedom shall smile on the war-wasted land;
A prince is your leader, who never will yield,
While a grave can be won in the breach or the field!

As Gustavus concluded the triumphant strain, his eyes sparkled, a noble enthusiasm overspread his countenance, and the eyes of all present were intently turned upon him.

"I no longer wonder that your monarch is always victorious," said the Elector; "when he leads such hearts as thine, brave Dahl, to the field."

The first broad rays of the summer sun flung their red light on the marble pavement of the hall, before the Elector rose and broke up the party, and

Gustavus retired to rest, with a mind too much excited to expect any favour from the drowsy god.
(To be concluded in our next.)

(ORIGINAL.)

THE CHILD'S LAMENT.

Who called me once his "darling boy,"
His pride, his hope, his future joy,
And made me many a pretty toy?

My Father.

And who would take me out to ride,
And place me by his own dear side,
And soothe me, when from fear I cried?

My Father.

And who would go with me to play,
And toss me on the new mown hay,
And laugh and sing so very gay?

My Father.

And when we met a strange poor lad,
So pale and wan, and meanly clad,
Who gave him bread to make him glad?

My Father.

And when I stroked thy gallant grey,
And saw thee ride so swift away,
Ah, little thought I of today,

My Father.

But soon those hours of glee were o'er,
And all looked sad who smiled before,
When thou could'st ride and play no more,

My Father.

And many a tear for thee was shed,
And many a word of sorrow said,
When it was known that thou wert dead,

My Father.

Yes, thou art gone, and others stray
Around those pleasant fields, they say,
Where you and I were wont to play,

My Father.

But oh, I never can forget
To think of thee, with fond regret,
Whose proudest hopes on me were set,

My Father.

And when at night I bend my knee,
I'll pray to God that I may be
All that was fondly wished by thee,

My Father.

I will not cause my mother pain,
Nor let her cares all prove in vain,
And then in Heaven we'll meet again,

My Father.