

sweetheart, that I must seek you in this strange land, *east of the sun and west of the moon?* ”

The potent words had no sooner crossed his lips than his loved one awakened from her languor. She rose to her feet, raised her eyes, and, seeing her devoted lover, with the sweetest of glad cries she sprang forward to welcome him fondly. Words came again to her lips, joy took possession of her soul, and she became, as of old, a light-hearted swan-maiden, radiant with love and happiness.

But it was not to his beloved alone that John brought deliverance. The spell that bound all the dwellers in that country of lost love was broken, once for all, when the name of the land, *east of the sun and west of the moon*, was uttered by one whose devotion had led him, through countless toils and perils, to win back his sweetheart from that silent, gloomy life. One and all awoke now to enjoy renewed speech and laughter, and to praise the constancy of the Norwegian, who had rested not until he had accomplished the journey, which no other mortal ever undertook of his own free will.