

Classics for Young Readers

# FAERIE GOLD

TREASURES FROM THE  
LANDS OF ENCHANTMENT



EDITED BY

Kathryn Lindskoog  
& Ranelda Mack Hunsicker



# Faerie Gold

## Classics for Young Readers

*Sir Gibbie* by George Macdonald

*Sir Gibbie: A Guide for Teachers and Students*

*Hans Brinker* by Mary Mapes Dodge

*Hans Brinker: A Guide for Teachers and Students*

*A Little Princess* by Frances Hodgson Burnett

*A Little Princess: A Guide for Teachers and Students*

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*Robinson Crusoe: A Guide for Teachers and Students*

*Little Women* by Louisa May Alcott

*Little Women: A Guide for Teachers and Students*

*Faerie Gold: Treasures from the Lands of Enchantment*

*Faerie Gold: A Guide for Teachers and Students*

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*Treasures from the  
Lands of Enchantment*

*Edited by*

**Kathryn Lindskoog**  
*and*  
**Ranelda Mack Hunsicker**



P U B L I S H I N G

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Summary: Presents twenty-one fairy tales and fantasy stories, selected to stimulate imagination and direct it toward God.

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## INTRODUCTION

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# Your Golden Key

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If I gave you a sheet of drawing paper and a set of colored pens, how would you use them?

Or if you were on a sandy beach with a shovel and bucket, what would you do?

And if you had to lie in bed very still for several hours—without books or television, music or a computer—where would you go in your mind?

The answer to each of these questions depends on you and a special power you possess . . . the power of imagination. Before we can create anything, we have to imagine it. And what we imagine comes from the deepest place inside us.

Where did we get this amazing ability to picture things our



eyes cannot see? To find out, we need to turn to the greatest story of all. There we read that, once upon a time, God imagined our world. And then He made it so. He pictured people like you and me, and He breathed life into us. He wanted to share the joy of making things and seeing that they are good. So He planted a tiny seed of His creativity in our hearts.

Every time someone tells a story, imagination is at work. Without leaving our chairs, we travel through time and space. And when we enter the enchanted kingdom called Faerie—whether or not we find any fairies—we see the world in brand-new ways. Old, everyday things like wardrobes and mirrors and wells take us where we have never been. We never know what to expect around each corner and turn in the road.

Between the covers of this book are many gateways to magical places. Go where you like and leave when you want to. Take the doors you choose in any order you wish.

But whenever you venture into Faerie, remember that the world of imagination is a dangerous place filled with giants and ogres and dragons, as well as magic wishes and thrilling adventures. Here is how J. R. R. Tolkien, author of *The Lord of the Rings*, describes it: “The land of fairy-story is wide and deep and high, and is filled with many things: all manner of beasts and birds are found there; shoreless seas and stars uncounted; beauty that is enchantment, and an ever-present peril; both sorrow and joy as sharp as swords.”

To make it safely through the lands of enchantment, you will need:

A light to guide your path,  
A sword to battle evil, and  
A shield to guard your heart.

All three of these gifts can be yours from the same One who gave you the golden key of imagination. Use them wisely as you explore the kingdom of the fairies.



PART ONE

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FAIRY GIFTS



For every child should understand  
That letters from the first were planned  
To guide us into Fairy Land.  
So labor at your Alphabet,  
For by that learning shall you get  
To lands where Fairies may be met.  
And going where this pathway goes,  
You too, at last, may find, who knows?  
The Garden of the Singing Rose.

—Andrew Lang, *The Yellow Fairy Book*

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ONE

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# Little Daylight

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by George MacDonald

from *At the Back of the North Wind* (1871)

**N**o house is in the least worthy to be called a palace without a wood near it—very near it—and the nearer the better. Not all round it—I don't mean that, for a palace ought to be open to the sun and wind, and stand high and brave, with weathercocks glittering and flags flying; but on one side of every palace there must be a wood. And there was a very grand wood indeed beside the palace of the king who was going to be Daylight's father; such a grand wood, that nobody yet had ever got to the other end of it. Near the house it was kept very trim and nice, and it was free of brushwood for a long way in; but by degrees it got wild, and it grew wilder, and wilder, and wilder, until some said wild beasts at last did what they



liked in it. The king and his noblemen often hunted, however, and this kept the wild beasts far away from the palace.

One glorious summer morning, when the wind and sun were out together, when the flags were frolicking against the blue sky, little Daylight made her appearance—a beautiful baby, with such bright eyes that she might have come from the sun, only by and by she showed such lively ways that she might equally well have come out of the wind. There was great jubilation in the palace, for this was the first baby the queen had had, and there is as much happiness over a new baby in a palace as in a cottage.

But there is one disadvantage of living near a wood: you do not know quite who your neighbors may be. Everybody knew there were in it several fairies, living within a few miles of the palace, who always had had something to do with each new baby that came; for fairies live so much longer than we, that they can have business with a good many generations of human mortals. The curious houses they lived in were well known also—one, a hollow oak; another, a birch-tree, though nobody could ever find how that fairy made a house of it; another, a hut of growing trees intertwined, and patched up with turf and moss. But there was another fairy who had lately come to the place, and nobody even knew she was a fairy except the other fairies. A wicked old thing she was, always hiding her power, and being as disagreeable as she could, in order to tempt people to give her offence, that she might have the

pleasure of taking vengeance upon them. People thought she was a witch, and those who knew her by sight were careful to avoid offending her. She lived in a mud house, in a swampy part of the forest.

In all history we find that fairies give their remarkable gifts to prince or princess, or any child of sufficient importance in their eyes, at the christening. Now this we can understand, because it is an ancient custom among human beings as well, and it is not hard to explain why wicked fairies should choose the same time to do unkind things; but it is difficult to understand how they should be able to do them, for you would fancy all wicked creatures would be powerless on such an occasion. But I never knew of any interference on the part of the wicked fairy that did not turn out a good thing in the end. What a good thing, for instance, it was that one princess should sleep for a hundred years! Was she not saved from all the plague of young men who were not worthy of her? And did she not come awake exactly at the right moment when the right prince kissed her? For my part, I cannot help wishing a good many girls would sleep till just the same fate overtook them. It would be happier for them, and more agreeable to their friends.

All the known fairies were invited to the christening. But the king and queen never thought of inviting an old witch. For the power of the fairies they have by nature; but a witch gets her power by wickedness.



Of course, the old hag was there without being asked. Not to be asked was just what she wanted, that she might have a sort of reason for doing what she wished to do. For, somehow, even the wickedest of creatures likes an excuse for doing the wrong thing.

Five fairies had one after the other given the child such gifts as each counted best, and the fifth had just stepped back to her place in the surrounding splendor of ladies and gentlemen, when, mumbling a laugh between her toothless gums, the wicked fairy hobbled out into the middle of the circle. At the moment when the archbishop was handing the baby to the lady at the head of the nursery department, the wicked fairy addressed him thus, giving a bite or two to every word before she could part with it:

“Please your Grace, I’m very deaf: would your Grace mind repeating the princess’s name?”

“With pleasure, my good woman,” said the archbishop, stooping to shout in her ear: “the infant’s name is little Daylight.”

“And little Daylight it shall be,” cried the fairy, in the tone of a dry axle, “and little good shall any of her gifts do her. For I bestow upon her the gift of sleeping all day long, whether she will or not. Ha, ha! He, he! Hi, hi!”

Then out started the sixth fairy. The others had arranged she should come after the wicked one, in order to undo as much as she might.

“If she sleep all day,” she said, sadly, “she shall, at least, wake all night.”

“A nice prospect for her mother and me!” thought the poor king; for they loved her far too much to give her up to nurses, as most kings and queens do—and are sorry for it afterwards.

“You spoke before I had done,” said the wicked fairy. “That’s against the law. It gives me another chance.”

“I beg your pardon,” said the other fairies, all together.

“She did. I hadn’t done laughing,” said the crone. “I had only got to Hi, hi! and I had to go through Ho, ho! and Hu, hu! So I decree that if she wakes all night she shall wax and wane with its mistress, the moon. And what that may mean I hope her royal parents will live to see. Ho, ho! Hu, hu!”

But out stepped another fairy, for they had been wise enough to keep two in reserve, because every fairy knew the trick of one.

“Until,” said the seventh fairy, “a prince comes who shall kiss her without knowing it.”

The wicked fairy made a horrid noise like an angry cat and hobbled away. She could not pretend that she had not finished her speech this time, for she had laughed Ho, ho! and Hu, hu!

“I don’t know what that means,” said the poor king to the seventh fairy.

“Don’t be afraid. The meaning will come with the thing itself,” said she.

The assembly broke up, miserable enough—the queen, at least, prepared for a good many sleepless nights, and the lady at the head of the nursery department anything but comfortable in the prospect before her, for of course the queen could not do it all. As for the king, he made up his mind, with what courage he could summon, to meet the demands of the case, but wondered whether he could with any propriety require the First Lord of the Treasury to take a share in the burden laid upon him.

I will not attempt to describe what they had to go through for some time. But at last the household settled into a regular system—a very irregular one in some respects. For at certain seasons the palace rang all night with bursts of laughter from little Daylight, whose heart the old fairy’s curse could not reach; she was Daylight still, only a little in the wrong place, for she always dropped asleep at the first hint of dawn in the east. But her merriment was of short duration. When the moon was at the full, she was in glorious spirits, and as beautiful as it was possible for a child of her age to be. But as the moon waned, she faded, until at last she looked like the poorest, sickliest child you might come upon in the streets of a great city in the arms of a homeless mother. Then the night was quiet as the day, for the little creature lay in her gorgeous cradle night and day with hardly a motion, and at last without even a moan,

like one dead. At first they often thought she was dead, but at last they got used to it, and only consulted the almanac to find the moment when she would begin to revive, which, of course, was with the first appearance of the silver thread of the crescent moon. Then she would move her lips, and they would give her a little nourishment, and she would grow better and better and better, until for a few days she was splendidly well. When well, she was always merriest out in the moonlight, but even when near her worst, she seemed better when, in warm summer nights, they carried her cradle out into the light of the waning moon. Then in her sleep she would smile the faintest, most pitiful smile.

For a long time very few people ever saw her awake. As she grew older she became such a favorite, however, that about the palace there were always some who would arrange to stay awake at night, in order to be near her. But she soon began to take every chance of getting away from her nurses and enjoying her moonlight alone. And thus things went on until she was nearly seventeen years of age. Her father and mother had by that time got so used to the odd state of things that they had ceased to wonder at them. All their arrangements depended on the state of the Princess Daylight. But how any prince was ever to find and deliver her, seemed impossible to imagine.

As she grew older she had grown more and more beautiful, with the sunniest hair and the loveliest eyes of heavenly blue, brilliant and deep as the sky of a June day. But so much



more painful and sad was the change as her bad time came on. The more beautiful she was in the full moon, the more withered and worn did she become as the moon waned. At the time at which my story has now arrived, she looked, when the moon was small or gone, like an old woman exhausted with suffering. This was more painful and unnatural because her hair and eyes did not change. Her pale face was both drawn and wrinkled, and had an eager hungry look. Her skinny hands moved as if wishing, but unable, to lay hold of something. Her shoulders were bent forward, her chest went in, and she stooped as if she were eighty years old. At last she had to be put to bed, and there await the flow of the tide of life. But she grew to dislike being seen, still more being touched by any hands, during this season. One lovely summer evening, when the moon lay all but gone upon the verge of the horizon, she vanished from her attendants, and it was only after searching for her a long time in great terror that they found her fast asleep in the forest, at the foot of a silver birch tree, and carried her home.

A little way from the palace there was a great open glade, covered with the greenest and softest grass. This was her favorite place; for here the full moon shone free and glorious, and through the trees she could generally see the dying moon as it crossed the opening. Here she had a little rustic house built for her, and here she mostly resided. None of the court might go there without leave, and her own attendants had

learned by this time not to be bossy in waiting upon her, so that she was very much at liberty. Whether the good fairies had anything to do with it or not I cannot tell, but at last she got into the habit of retreating further into the wood every night as the moon waned, so that sometimes her attendants had great trouble in finding her; but as she was always very angry if she discovered they were watching her, they scarcely dared to do so. At length one night they thought they had lost her altogether. It was morning before they found her. Feeble as she was, she had wandered into a thicket a long way from the glade, and there she lay—fast asleep, of course.

Although the fame of her beauty and sweetness had gone abroad, everybody knew she was under a bad spell. As a result, no king in the neighborhood had any desire to have her for a daughter-in-law.

About this time in a neighboring kingdom, because of the wickedness of the nobles, a revolution took place upon the death of the old king. Most of the nobles were massacred, and the young prince was forced to run for his life, disguised like a peasant. For some time, until he got out of the country, he suffered much from hunger and fatigue, but when he got into the country ruled by Princess Daylight's father, and had no longer any fear of being recognized, he fared better, for the people were kind. He did not abandon his disguise, however. One reason was that he had no other clothes to put on, and another that he had very little money, and did

not know where to get any more. There was no good in telling everybody he met that he was a prince, for he felt that a prince ought to be able to get on like other people, or else his rank only made a fool of him. He had read of princes setting out upon adventure, and here he was out in a similar way, only without having had a choice in the matter. He would go on, and see what would come of it.

For a day or two he had been walking through the palace-wood, and had had next to nothing to eat. Then he came upon the strangest little house, inhabited by a very nice, tidy, motherly old woman. This was one of the good fairies. The moment she saw him she knew quite well who he was and what was going to come of it; but she was not free to interfere with the orderly march of events. She received him with the kindness she would have shown to any other traveler, and gave him bread and milk, which he thought the most delicious food he had ever tasted. The old woman insisted he stay all night. When he awoke he was amazed to find how well and strong he felt. She would not take any of the money he offered, but begged him, if he found reasons to stay in the neighborhood, to return to her house.

“Thank you much, good mother,” answered the prince, “but there is little chance of that. The sooner I get out of this wood the better.”

“I don’t know that,” said the fairy.

“What do you mean?” asked the prince.

“Why, how should I know?” returned she.

“I can’t tell,” said the prince.

“Very well,” said the fairy.

“How strangely you talk!” said the prince.

“Do I?” said the fairy.

“Yes, you do,” said the prince.

“Very well,” said the fairy.

The prince was not used to being spoken to in this fashion, so he felt a little angry, and turned and walked away. But this did not offend the fairy. She stood at the door of her little house looking after him till the trees hid him quite. Then she said “At last!” and went in.

The prince wandered and wandered, and got nowhere. The sun sank and sank and went out of sight, and he seemed no nearer the end of the wood than ever. He sat down on a fallen tree, ate a bit of bread the old woman had given him, and waited for the moon; for, although he was not much of an astronomer, he knew the moon would rise sometime. Up she came, slow and slow, but of a good size, pretty nearly round indeed. Then, greatly refreshed with his piece of bread, he got up and went—he knew not where.

After walking a considerable distance, he thought he was coming to the outside of the forest, but when he reached what he thought was the last of it, he found himself only upon the edge of a great open space in it, covered with grass. The moon shone very bright, and he thought he had never seen a more



lovely spot. Still it looked dreary because of its loneliness, for he could not see the house at the other side. He sat down, weary again, and gazed into the glade. He had not seen so much room for several days.

All at once he spied something in the middle of the grass. What could it be? It moved; it came nearer. Was it a human creature, gliding across—a girl dressed in white, gleaming in the moonshine? She came nearer and nearer. He crept behind a tree and watched, wondering. It must be some strange being of the wood—a nymph whom the moonlight and the warm dusky air had enticed from her tree. But when she came close to where he stood, he no longer doubted she was human—for he had caught sight of her sunny hair, and her clear blue eyes, and the loveliest face and form that he had ever seen. All at once she began singing like a nightingale, and dancing to her own music, with her eyes ever turned towards the moon. She passed close to where he stood, dancing on by the edge of the trees and away in a great circle towards the other side, until he could see only a spot of white in the yellowish green of the moonlit grass. But when he feared it would vanish completely, the spot grew, and became a figure once more. She approached him again, singing and dancing, and waving her arms over her head, until she had completed the circle. Just opposite his tree she stood, ceased her song, dropped her arms, and broke out into a long clear laugh, musical as a brook. Then, as if tired, she threw

herself on the grass, and lay gazing at the moon. The prince was almost afraid to breathe lest he should startle her, and she should vanish from his sight. As to venturing near her, that never came into his head.

She had lain for a long hour or longer, when the prince began again to doubt concerning her. Perhaps she was but a vision of his own fancy. Or was she a spirit of the wood, after all? If so, he too would haunt the wood, glad to have lost kingdom and everything for the hope of being near her. He would build him a hut in the forest, and there he would live for the pure chance of seeing her again. Upon nights like this at least she would come out and bask in the moonlight, and make his soul blessed. But while he thus dreamed she sprang to her feet, turned her face full to the moon, and began singing as if she would draw the moon down from the sky by the power of her enchanting voice. She looked more beautiful than ever. Again she began dancing to her own music, and danced away into the distance. Once more she returned in a similar manner, but although he was watching as eagerly as before, he became tired and fell fast asleep before she came near him. When he awoke it was broad daylight, and the princess was nowhere.

He could not leave the place. What if she should come the next night! He would gladly endure a day's hunger to see her yet again. He walked round the glade to see if he could discover any prints of her feet. But the grass was so

short, and her steps had been so light that she had not left a single trace behind her. He walked halfway round the wood without seeing anything to account for her presence. Then he spied a lovely little house, with thatched roof and low eaves, surrounded by an exquisite garden, with doves and peacocks walking in it. Of course, this must be where the gracious lady who loved the moonlight lived. Forgetting his appearance, he walked towards the door, determined to make inquiries, but as he passed a little pond full of gold and silver fishes, he caught sight of himself and turned to find the door to the kitchen. There he knocked, and asked for a piece of bread. The good-natured cook brought him in and gave him an excellent breakfast, which the prince found nothing the worse for being served in the kitchen. While he ate, he talked with the cook and learned that this was the favorite retreat of the Princess Daylight. But he learned nothing more, both because he was afraid of seeming inquisitive, and because the cook did not choose to be heard talking about her mistress to a peasant lad who had begged for his breakfast.

As he rose to take his leave, it occurred to him that he might not be so far from the old woman's cottage as he had thought, and he asked the cook whether she knew anything of such a place, describing it as well as he could. She said she knew it well enough, adding with a smile, "It's there you're going, is it?"

“Yes, if it’s not far off.”

“It’s not more than three miles. But be careful what you are about, you know.”

“Why do you say that?”

“If you’re after any mischief, she’ll make you repent it.”

“The best thing that could happen under the circumstances,” remarked the prince.

“What do you mean by that?” asked the cook.

“Why, it stands to reason,” answered the prince, “that if you wish to do anything wrong, the best thing for you is to be made to repent of it.”

“I see,” said the cook. “Well, I think you may venture. She’s a good old soul.”

“Which way does it lie from here?” asked the prince.

She gave him full instructions, and he left her with many thanks.

Now refreshed, however, the prince did not go back to the cottage that day; he remained in the forest, amusing himself as best he could, but waiting anxiously for the night, in the hope that the princess would again appear. Nor was he disappointed, for, as soon as the moon rose, he spied a glimmering shape far across the glade. As it drew nearer, he saw it was she indeed—dressed in pale blue like the sky, and she looked lovelier still. He thought it was because the blue suited her yet better than the white; he did not know that she was really more beautiful because the moon was nearer the full.



In fact, the next night was full moon, and the princess would then be at the zenith of her loveliness.

The prince feared for some time that she was not coming near his hiding-place that night; but the circles in her dance ever widened as the moon rose, until at last they embraced the whole glade, and she came still closer to the trees where he was hiding than she had come the night before. He was entranced with her loveliness, for it was indeed a marvelous thing. All night long he watched her, but dared not go near her. He would have been ashamed of watching her too, had he not become almost unable to think of anything but how beautiful she was. He watched the whole night long, and he saw that as the moon went down she retreated in smaller and smaller circles, until at last he could see her no more.

Weary as he was, he set out for the old woman's cottage. He arrived just in time for her breakfast, which she shared with him. He then went to bed and slept for many hours. When he awoke the sun was down, and he departed in great anxiety lest he should lose a glimpse of the lovely vision. But, whether it was by the scheming of the swamp-fairy, or merely that it is one thing to go and another to return by the same road, he lost his way. I shall not attempt to describe his misery when the moon rose, and he saw nothing but trees, trees, trees.

The moon was high in the heavens before he reached the glade. Then, indeed, his troubles vanished, for there was the princess dancing towards him in a dress that shone like gold,

and with shoes that glimmered through the grass like fireflies. She was still more beautiful than before. Like a sunbeam come to life, she passed him, and danced away into the distance.

Before she returned in her circle, the clouds had begun to gather about the moon. The wind rose, the trees moaned, and their lighter branches leaned all one way before it. The prince feared that the princess would go in, and he should see her no more that night. But she came dancing on, more jubilant than ever. Her golden dress and her sunny hair streamed out upon the blast, and she waved her arms towards the moon, seeming to order the clouds away from her face. The prince could hardly believe she was not a creature of the elements, after all.

By the time she had completed another circle, the clouds had gathered deep, and there were growlings of distant thunder. Just as she passed the tree where he stood, a flash of lightning blinded him for a moment, and when he saw again, to his horror, the princess lay on the ground. He darted to her, thinking she had been struck, but when she heard him coming, she was on her feet in a moment.

“What do you want?” she asked.

“I beg your pardon. I thought—the lightning,” said the prince, hesitating.

“There’s nothing the matter,” said the princess, waving him off rather haughtily.

The poor prince turned and walked towards the wood.

“Come back,” said Daylight. “I like you. You do what you are told. Are you good?”

“Not so good as I should like to be,” said the prince.

“Then go and grow better,” said the princess.

Again the disappointed prince turned and went.

“Come back,” said the princess.

He obeyed, and stood before her waiting.

“Can you tell me what the sun is like?” she asked.

“No,” he answered. “But where’s the good of asking what you know?”

“But I don’t know,” she said.

“Why, everybody knows.”

“That’s the very thing: I’m not everybody. I’ve never seen the sun.”

“Then you can’t know what it’s like till you do see it.”

“I think you must be a prince,” said the princess.

“Do I look like one?” said the prince.

“I can’t quite say that.”

“Then why do you think so?”

“Because you both do what you are told and speak the truth.—Is the sun so very bright?”

“As bright as the lightning.”

“But it doesn’t go out like that, does it?”

“Oh, no. It shines like the moon, rises and sets like the moon, is much the same shape as the moon, only so bright that you can’t look at it for a moment.”

“But I would look at it,” said the princess.

“But you couldn’t,” said the prince.

“But I could,” said the princess.

“Why don’t you, then?”

“Because I can’t.”

“Why can’t you?”

“Because I can’t wake. And I never shall wake until—”

Here she hid her face in her hands, turned away, and walked in the slowest, stateliest manner towards the house. The prince dared to follow her at a little distance, but she turned and made a gesture for him to stop, which, like a true gentleman-prince, he obeyed at once. He waited a long time, but as she did not come near him again, and as the night had now cleared, he set off at last for the old woman’s cottage.

It was long past midnight when he reached it, but, to his surprise, the old woman was cutting potatoes at the door. Fairies are fond of doing odd things. Indeed, the night is always their day. And so it is with all who have fairy blood in them.

“Why, what are you doing there, this time of the night, mother?” said the prince; for that was the kind way in which any young man in his country would address a woman who was much older than himself.

“Getting your supper ready, my son,” she answered.

“Oh, I don’t want any supper,” said the prince.

“Ah! you’ve seen Daylight,” said she.

“I’ve seen a princess who never saw it,” said the prince.

“Do you like her?” asked the fairy.

“Oh, yes!” said the prince. “More than you would believe, mother.”

“A fairy can believe anything that ever was or ever could be,” said the old woman.

“Then are you a fairy?” asked the prince. “Do you believe there could be a princess who never saw the daylight?”

The prince believed it, but he hoped the fairy would tell him more. She was too old a fairy, however, to be caught so easily.

“Of all people, fairies must not tell secrets. Besides, she’s a princess.”

“Well, I’ll tell you a secret. I’m a prince.”

“I know that.”

“How do you know it?”

“By the curl of the third eyelash on your left eyelid.”

“Which corner do you count from?”

“That’s a secret.”

“Another secret? Well, at least, if I am a prince, there can be no harm in telling me about a princess.”

“It’s just the princess I can’t tell.”

He could get nothing more out of the fairy, and had to go to bed with his questions unanswered, which was something of a trial.

Now wicked fairies will not be bound by the law which

the good fairies obey, and this always seems to give the bad the advantage over the good, for they use means to gain their ends which the others will not. But it is all of no consequence, for what they do never succeeds; nay, in the end it brings about the very thing they are trying to prevent. So you see that somehow, for all their cleverness, wicked fairies are dreadfully stupid, for, although from the beginning of the world they have really helped instead of stopping the good fairies, not one of them is a bit wiser for it. She will try the bad thing just as they all did before her, and succeed no better, of course.

The swamp-fairy did not know the prince was in the neighborhood until after he had seen the princess those three times. When she knew it, she comforted herself by thinking that the princess must be far too proud and too modest for any young man to venture even to speak to her before he had seen her six times at least. But there was even less danger than the wicked fairy thought; for, however much the princess might desire to be set free, she was dreadfully afraid of the wrong prince. Now, however, the fairy was going to do all she could.

She so contrived it by her deceitful spells that the next night the prince could not find his way to the glade. It would take me too long to tell her tricks. They would be amusing to us, who know that they could not do any harm, but they were something other than amusing to the poor prince. He wandered about the forest till daylight, and then fell fast asleep. The same thing happened for seven days, during which