

**THE SWEDISH SINGER:  
OR, THE STORY OF  
VANDA ROSENDAHL**

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The Swedish Singer: Or, the Story of Vanda Rosendahl by Mrs. W. G. Hall

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**MRS. W. G. HALL**

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"The bell sounded, and the girls clung more closely together."—**THE  
NEW YORK SINGER**, Page 28.

(Frontispiece.)



THE SWEDISH SINGER;

OR,

The Story of Vanda Rosendahl.

BY MRS. W. G. HALL,

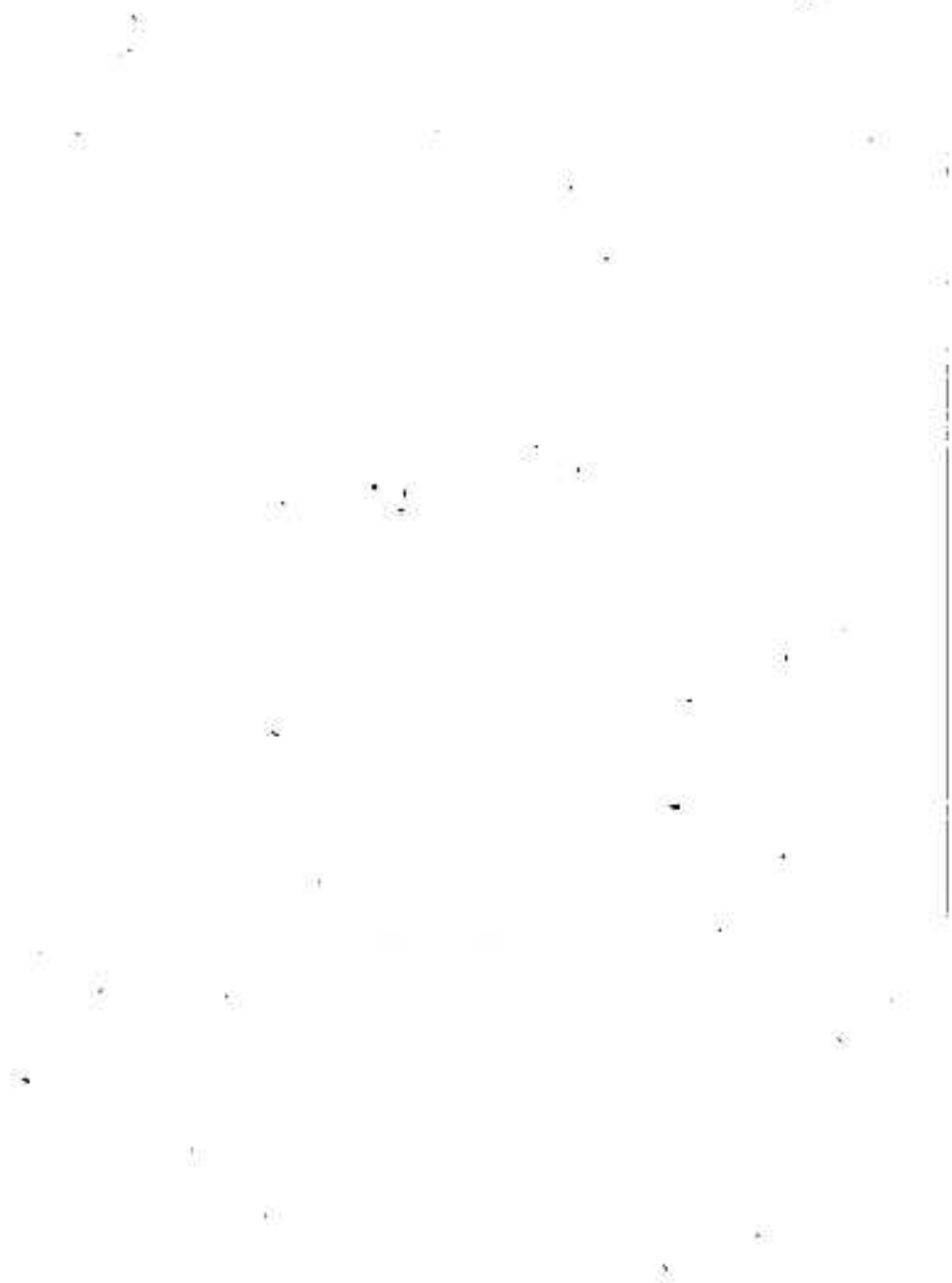
*Author of 'The Sculptor of Bruges,' etc.*



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VANDA ROSENDAHL,  
THE SWEDISH SINGER.

CHAPTER I.

*THE DALECARLIAN SISTERS.*

**T**HE Northern winter was over; the still, fair land had awakened from its long sleep, and, as the sun rose higher, hills and vales had hastened to shake off their white garments, and put on the livery of spring. Into the heart of the forest the warm sunbeams had pierced, melting the thousand icicles that hung on the branches. The fairy-crown vanished from the head of the lofty birch, that shot its slender stem far up above its neighbours, and was replaced by a scanty green crest. The cold winter blast, too, had yielded to the sun's magical influence, and the flowers and leaves, that it withered up with its keen breath, had been wooed from their countless retreats by its soft whispers, and promises of brightness and warmth; and as if frost and ice were things unheard or undreamed of, they

had burst into life, as fresh as in summers of old ; and the stream and the lake and the torrent, all silent as death but a few weeks before, had been kissed by the sun and the breeze. Their bands were unloosed, and down rushed the torrent as noisy and rapid as ever ; on flowed the streams, murmuring and chattering to the wild creepers fringing their banks, the lakes again placidly mirroring sunlight and starlight, and birds on the wing ; while up from their watery tombs the lilies had come, to cradle themselves, as of yore, on the lake's quiet surface.

The Swedish spring had hardly foretold her approach before summer came on—such summers as Northern lands only can see, where the sun does not set till near midnight, and even then does not yield to the darkness of night,—just a long twilight, a sunless, cloudless band of time, uniting sunny and unclouded days.

The balmy twilight of a Swedish summer was descending, some years ago, on the forest and vales of Dalecarlia, a province so famous in story and song, where almost primeval simplicity and solitude still linger. In one of the little glades by which the forests are often so finely broken, two Dalecarlian girls were gathering flowers. Anemones and violets of changing dye, and many other woodland gems, were growing around them in delightful profusion and variety. At least one of the girls was so occupied, and was fast filling her red-and-white apron with sprays of the wild