Fairy Tales of Hans Christian Andersen

H. C. (Hans Christian) Andersen

MUNDO DE LIBROS

Vista previa gratuita · Mundo de Libros · tiendamundodelibros.com

Fairy Tales of Hans Christian Andersen

H. C. (Hans Christian) Andersen

Edición digital de dominio público.
Texto original: Project Gutenberg.
Mundo de Libros

Produced by Al Haines

FAIRY TALES OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

CONTENTS

A Story
By the Almshouse Window
The Angel
Anne Lisbeth

Beauty of Form and Beauty of Mind
The Beetle who went on his Travels
The Bell
The Bell-deep
The Bird of Popular Song
The Bishop of Borglum and his Warriors
The Bottle Neck
The Buckwheat
The Butterfly

A Cheerful Temper
The Child in the Grave
Children's Prattle
The Farm-yard Cock and the Weather-cock

The Daisy
The Darning-Needle
Delaying is not Forgetting

The Drop of Water
The Dryad
Jack the Dullard
The Dumb Cook

The Elf of the Rose
The Elfin Hill
The Emperor's New Suit

The Fir Tree
The Flax
The Flying Trunk
The Shepherd's Story of the Bond of Friendship

The Girl Who Trod on the Loaf
The Goblin and the Huckster
The Golden Treasure
The Goloshes of Fortune
She was Good for Nothing
Grandmother
A Great Grief

The Happy Family
A Leaf from Heaven
Holger Danske

Ib and Little Christina The Ice Maiden

The Jewish Maiden The Jumper

The Last Dream of the Old Oak
The Last Pearl

Little Claus and Big Claus
The Little Elder-tree Mother
Little Ida's Flowers
The Little Match-seller
The Little Mermaid
Little Tiny or Thumbelina
Little Tuk
The Loveliest Rose in the World
The Mail-coach Passengers
The Marsh King's Daughter
The Metal Pig
The Money-box
What the Moon Saw
The Neighbouring Families
The Nightingale
There is no Doubt about it
In the Nursery
The Old Bachelor's Nightcap
The Old Church Bell
The Old Grave-stone
The Old House
What the Old Man Does is Always Right
The Old Street Lamp
Ole-Luk-Oie, the Dream God
Ole the Tower-keeper
Our Aunt

The Garden of Paradise
The Pea Blossom
The Pen and the Inkstand
The Philosopher's Stone
The Phoenix Bird
The Portuguese Duck
The Porter's Son
Poultry Meg's Family
The Princess and the Pea
The Psyche
The Puppet-show Man

The Races
The Red Shoes
Everything in the Right Place
A Rose from Homer's Grave
The Snail and the Rose-tree

A Story from the Sand-hills
The Saucy Boy
The Shadow
The Shepherdess and the Sheep
The Silver Shilling
The Shirt-collar
The Snow Man
The Snow Queen
The Snowdrop
Something
Soup from a Sausage Skewer

The Storks
The Storm Shakes the Shield
The Story of a Mother
The Sunbeam and the Captive
The Swan's Nest
The Swineherd

The Thistle's Experiences
The Thorny Road of Honor
In a Thousand Years
The Brave Tin Soldier
The Tinder-box
The Toad
The Top and Ball
The Travelling Companion
Two Brothers
Two Maidens

The Ugly Duckling
Under the Willow Tree
In the Uttermost Parts of the Sea

What One Can Invent
The Wicked Prince
The Wild Swans
The Will-o-the-Wisp in the Town, Says the Wild Woman
The Story of the Wind
The Windmill

The Story of the Year

A STORY

In the garden all the apple-trees were in blossom. They had hastened to bring forth flowers before they got green leaves, and in the yard all the ducklings walked up and down, and the cat too: it basked in the sun and licked the sunshine from its own paws. And when one looked at the fields, how beautifully the corn stood and how green it shone, without comparison! and there was a twittering and a fluttering of all the little birds, as if the day were a great festival; and so it was, for it was Sunday. All the bells were ringing, and all the people went to church, looking cheerful, and dressed in their best clothes. There was a look of cheerfulness on everything. The day was so warm and beautiful that one might well have said: "God's kindness to us men is beyond all limits." But inside the church the pastor stood in the pulpit, and spoke very loudly and angrily. He said that all men were wicked, and God would punish them for their sins, and that the wicked, when they died, would be cast into hell, to burn for ever and ever. He spoke very excitedly, saying that their evil propensities would not be destroyed, nor would the fire be extinguished, and they should never find rest. That was terrible to hear, and he said it in such a tone of conviction; he described hell to them as a miserable hole where all the refuse of the world gathers. There was no air beside the hot burning sulphur flame, and there was no ground under their feet; they, the wicked ones, sank deeper and deeper, while eternal silence surrounded them! It was dreadful to hear all that, for the preacher spoke from his heart, and all the people in the church were terrified. Meanwhile, the birds sang merrily outside, and the sun was shining so beautifully warm, it seemed as though every little flower said: "God, Thy kindness towards us all is without limits." Indeed, outside it was

not at all like the pastor's sermon.

The same evening, upon going to bed, the pastor noticed his wife sitting there quiet and pensive.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked her.

"Well, the matter with me is," she said, "that I cannot collect my thoughts, and am unable to grasp the meaning of what you said to-day in church--that there are so many wicked people, and that they should burn eternally. Alas! eternally--how long! I am only a woman and a sinner before God, but I should not have the heart to let even the worst sinner burn for ever, and how could our Lord to do so, who is so infinitely good, and who knows how the wickedness comes from without and within? No, I am unable to imagine that, although you say so."

It was autumn; the trees dropped their leaves, the earnest and severe pastor sat at the bedside of a dying person. A pious, faithful soul closed her eyes for ever; she was the pastor's wife.

..."If any one shall find rest in the grave and mercy before our Lord you shall certainly do so," said the pastor. He folded her hands and read a psalm over the dead woman.

She was buried; two large tears rolled over the cheeks of the earnest man, and in the parsonage it was empty and still, for its sun had set for ever. She had gone home.

It was night. A cold wind swept over the pastor's head; he opened his eyes, and it seemed to him as if the moon was shining into his room. It was not so, however; there was a being standing before his bed, and looking like the ghost of his deceased wife. She fixed her eyes upon

him with such a kind and sad expression, just as if she wished to say something to him. The pastor raised himself in bed and stretched his arms towards her, saying, "Not even you can find eternal rest! You suffer, you best and most pious woman?"

The dead woman nodded her head as if to say "Yes," and put her hand on her breast.

"And can I not obtain rest in the grave for you?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"And how?"

"Give me one hair--only one single hair--from the head of the sinner for whom the fire shall never be extinguished, of the sinner whom God will condemn to eternal punishment in hell."

"Yes, one ought to be able to redeem you so easily, you pure, pious woman," he said.

"Follow me," said the dead woman. "It is thus granted to us. By my side you will be able to fly wherever your thoughts wish to go. Invisible to men, we shall penetrate into their most secret chambers; but with sure hand you must find out him who is destined to eternal torture, and before the cock crows he must be found!" As quickly as if carried by the winged thoughts they were in the great city, and from the walls the names of the deadly sins shone in flaming letters: pride, avarice, drunkenness, wantonness--in short, the whole seven-coloured bow of sin.

"Yes, therein, as I believed, as I knew it," said the pastor, "are living those who are abandoned to the eternal fire." And they were standing

Hasta aqui llega la vista previa gratuita.

Sigue leyendo este libro completo en tu biblioteca:

compralo por $20 MXN o leelo con la Membresia ($149 / 30 dias).

tiendamundodelibros.com