

Gently she reclined upon the soft velvet of the muddy floor.

"I am so tired!" she said dreamily. "Good-night! Good-night!" Her eyes closed, she gave a sigh, and sank gently to sleep.

The leaves of the duckweed dropped apace; one after another they fell like snowflakes on the sleeping form of the pond Queen, concealing her beneath the coverlet. Jackie and Vi were lost in amazement.

"It's just like the Babes in the Wood!" said she.

"Yes," he replied. "Only she hasn't got any horrid uncle, and," he added, "she will wake up again."

The leaves fell faster and faster; her body was now covered, but still the mound grew larger and larger.

"Oh, dear!" said Vi. "It's awfully sad, after all the jolly times we've had down here! Good-bye, Lemna dear"; and she bent and kissed the pale face of the sleeping fairy, whose lips seemed to part in a sweet smile.

"Well," said Jackie, "it's no use waiting any longer. Good-night, Lemna. I hope you'll have a good sleep till spring comes once more. Come on, Vi."

They slowly rose to the surface, and, leaping ashore, with one lingering glance at the pond, walked homewards.

THE END