

"Oh! how sweetly they sing;" said Grace, when the last syllable had died away. How happy Miss Helen Cartney must be."

"And is not Miss Grace Severn happy?" asked a voice.

"Oh, yes, Uncle John, very happy indeed. I am glad Mrs. Wilhelm was so kind as to ask mamma to bring me here, and I am glad the day is so warm, and I am very glad indeed that you are here. I want to know who made the words they have just been singing to the Queen. They could not invent them as they went on, could they?"

"The unworthy author is before you;" said her uncle John, taking off his hat, and making her a low bow. "But," continued he, "what are you going to do with your bouquet? it does not appear to be intended for a little girl!" "No, indeed, it is for a Queen," said Grace, will you go with me, uncle John, to present it? my mother said that I had better wait until after the coronation."

"I shall feel honored," replied her uncle, "in conducting your grace to the foot of the throne."

Grace was thanked by the gentle sovereign with a smile and a kiss. "Indeed," said Grace to her uncle, "I think Miss Helen Cartney deserves to be a real Queen." "She is happier as Queen of May," answered her uncle.

After the party had been to the cottage to partake of a lunch, Mrs Wilhelm had provided for them, they returned