

have missed you, and are less gay than they used to be. You will come, my dear, very soon now—wont you?"

The boy smiled faintly—so very, very faintly—and put his hand upon his friend's gray head. He moved his lips too, but no voice came from them; no, not a sound.

In the silence that ensued, the hum of distant voices borne upon the evening air came floating through the open window. "What's that?" said the sick boy, opening his eyes.

"The boy as lay upon the green."

He took a handkerchief from his pillow and tried to wave it above his head; but the feeble arm dropped powerless down.

"Shall I do it?" said the schoolmaster.

"Please wave it at the window," was the faint reply. "Tie it to the lattice. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they'll think of me, and look this way."

He raised his head and glanced from the fluttering signal of his idle bat, that lay with slate and book and other boyish property upon a table in the room. And then he laid him softly down once more, and asked if the little girl were there, for he could not see her.

She stepped forward, and pressed the passive hand that lay upon the coverlet. The two old friends and companions—for such they were, though they were man and child—held each other in a long embrace, and then the little scholar turned his face towards the wall and fell asleep.

The poor schoolmaster sat in the place, holding the small cold hand in his and chafing it. It was but the hand of a dead child! He felt that; and yet he chafed it still, and could not lay it down.

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**QUEEN ELIZABETH AT KENILWORTH.**—On the 9th of July, 1575, in the evening, Queen Elizabeth approaching the first gate of the Castle, the porter, a man tall of person, and stern of countenance, with a club and keys, accosted her Majesty in a rough speech,

full of passion, in metre, aptly made for the purpose, and demanded the cause of all this din, and noise, and riding about within the charge of his office? But, upon seeing the Queen, as if he had been struck instantaneously, and pierced at the presence of a personage so evidently expressing heroical sovereignty, he falls down on his kness, humbly prays pardon for his ignorance, yields up his club and keys, and proclaims open gates, and free passage to all.—Immediately the trumpeters, who stood on the wall, being six in number, each an eight foot high, with their silvery trumpets, of a five foot high, sounded up a tune of welcome. These harmonious blasters maintained their delectable music, while the Queen rode through the tilt-yard to the grand entrance of the Castle, which was washed by the lake. Here, as she passed, a moveable island approached, in which sat introned the lady of the lake, who accosted her Majesty in well penned metre, with an account of the antiquity of the Castle, and of her own sovereignty over those waters, since the days of King Arthur; but that hearing her Majesty was passing that way, she came in humble wise to offer up the same, and all her power, into her Majesty's hands. This pageant was closed with a delectable harmony of hautboys, shalms, cornets, and such other loud music, which held on, whilst her Majesty pleasantly so passed into the Castle gate. Here she was presented with a new scene. Several of the heathen gods had brought their gifts, which were elegantly arranged on each side of the entrance. Wild fowl and dead game from Silvanus; baskets of fruit from Pomona; sheaves of various kinds of corn from Ceres; a pyramid, adorned with clusters of grapes from Bacchus, and ornamented with elegant vases and goblets. Fish of all sorts disposed in baskets, were presented by Neptune; arms by Mars, and musical instruments by Apollo. An inscription over the gate explained the whole. Her Majesty having graciously accepted these gifts, was received into the gates with a concert of music; and