sable anything in this world. Doubtless her life would seem monotonous and dull to many young people after a brief acquaintance with the applause of their elders, but not to her. To most girls "The daily round, the common task" were happiness to her; and the voice so much admired was not lost. It cheered the hearts of her grandparents to hear it trilling with the birds in the surrounding woods from peep of day to dewy eve; and it gladdened the colliers when they came up from the mine to have its clear, sweet soprano mingling with their spirits. Still more did it gladden May herself to find it was a source of pleasure to others. Besides, her young mind expanded to receive the hope implanted in it by her friend Edith that she might some day play the organ at church, and even receive a small salary for doing so.

"Then I can buy good things for great-grandfather, who suffers more and more," was her ecstatic exclamation.

By the way, she professed the harmonic every stray minute, and even received permission from her kind friend, the vicar, to try her hand on the small organ presented to the church when she was first cried. Uncle Laban went so far as to propose that her harmonic should be transported to his father's house for her benefit; but his daughters objected, and the scheme was, at least, deferred. But as May grew older she had opportunities enough for practice. Many of the colliers besides Uncle Laban had purchased harmoniums, and she had only to appear in one of their cottages to be invited to promote the art they all loved. Indeed, nothing could go on in the musical way without her, and she might have been much from home had she so wished. But she rarely went abroad save with her grandparents, or at their desire. She was, however, a welcome guest everywhere, for the kindly and superstitious country people began to regard her almost as something ethereal. "Not only did they call her 'May of the Derwen Nightingale,' but looked on her as being akin to one of the fairies in whom they even yet believed. Others than Meredith would call her "The Fairy Queen," and as the episode of her early life got wind, as such things will, they would even style her "The May Queen" to her face. But this distressed her, and she would tell them, gravely, that her grandfather objected to such titles, and that she was only Dercy Scott.

But as she grew up, her grandparents, so to express it, grew down. Evan was, properly, incapable of his farm-work, slight though it really was; and Peggey, though quite as active in her household duties as she had been. Laban was so much engaged with his ever-increasing responsibilities that he had not much time to spare, and Rachel had to help him with the work. But she eked out her commerce at home attending to the house and her sickly mother. Indeed, she delayed her marriage on her mother's account, though every one told her that Lizbeth would spring up if she had nothing to work for. And Meredith was away, gaining knowledge and aiding Mr. Roberts in many mining speculations. He wrote home as regularly as he could; but it was found that he was so acute of observation that he was sent much about, and, to the astonishment and admiration of his friends, even went abroad.

"I am fifteen to-day, great-grandfather," said May one morning at breakfast.

"God bless thee, child, and give thee many good and happy years!" returned Evan. "Thou hast too much on thy young shoulders."

No, indeed, for grandmother will insist on doing everything!

"I'm not going to be set aside yet," cried old Peggy. "I'm worth a dozen of Lizbeth now. There's poevious she is!"

"Great-grandfather!" interjected May.

"Yes, child!"

"Miss Edith has offered me a birthday present of some real lessons on the organ, if you have no objection; and Mr. Daves, and Barratt, and they who are always so nice and kind to me. I mean when I can spare me. May I have them, great-grandfather?"

"Is it to the glory of God, child?"

May nodded.

"What do you say, Peggy?" asked Evan.

"That we'll have Mally Tybach in to help, the days she goes to learn, and that it will be grand to have an organist in our family. Who'll blow the bellows?" replied Peggy, laughing, unmoderately that May looked crest-fallen.

"Thou shalt have thy lessons, child, and may I be spared to hear thee play in church!" said Evan; and May put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

Another birthday present awaited her in a letter from Meredith. This contained the first post-office order she had ever received, and she did not rightly understand it. She saw the five written at the top of the order, and referred to the letter to learn its meaning. She was charmed to be alone when the postman brought it, so she went upstairs to examine and read it. One of the loifs had returned to its normal condition of bedroom, and she now occupied it. The furniture was scant, the place small, but it was her own, and she rejoiced in it.

Meredith's letter was short and hurried, but it was full of good wishes and loving remembrance. At its close he said that he had ventured to enclose five pounds to procure her the comforts for his grandfather and grandmother, and he left it to May to do the best she could to prevail upon them to receive it. May shook her head as she read, as much as to say, "I am afraid great-grandfather is too proud." But she was mistaken. When she had put both letter and order into Evan's hand, trembling as she did so, he said—

"Thank God for all His mercies! The boy is a good and obedient lad after all."

(To be continued.)