

hoped the king had sent a pardon for his uncle, and shouted out, "A pardon! a pardon! God save the king!" But it was not true; there was no pardon. Somerset was a little moved when the people shouted, but he soon became quite quiet. He spoke kindly and thankfully to some of his friends who were shedding tears near him, and then laid his head upon the block, and was beheaded.

After this time the Earl of Warwick managed the country for the king. But the poor young prince did not live long. Soon after his uncle's death he began to cough and look very ill, and everybody saw that he was likely to die.

Now the person who was to reign over England after Edward's death was his eldest sister, the Princess Mary, and, as I told you, she was a Papist, or, as we now call it, a Roman Catholic.

The Earl of Warwick, who had been made Duke of Northumberland, had a son named Lord Guildford Dudley, who married the king's good and beautiful cousin, Lady Jane Grey. These young people were both Protestants, and Northumberland hoped that the people would like to have Lady Jane for their queen, in case the young king should die, better than the Roman Catholic Princess Mary; and then he thought that, as he was the father of Jane's husband, he might rule the kingdom in her name, and get all the power for himself.

Poor King Edward now grew weaker and weaker: he was taken to Greenwich for change of air, and seemed at first a little better, so that the people, who really loved their gentle and sweet-tempered young king, began to hope he might live.

But Northumberland knew that Edward was dying, and he never left him, that he might persuade him