

It was still nearly quite dark when we set out, for we had a long way to go. We did very well, however, while we kept to the little path through the wood; but whenever we got on the moor, down we went into many a hole. Sometimes Miss Hayward tumbled over a bush, and sometimes I tumbled into one; and we were almost afraid that the sun would have risen, before we could reach the top of the hill.

However, up we got at last, and quite in good time: the mist lay all round us, and above and below, skimming along the hills like lovely soft clouds. Then came the first little red tinge of sunshine, and higher, and redder, and brighter he grew; lighting up one hill and then another, till the whole beautiful earth