

vessels, larger than any that ever came up our river, sailed upon it; and then deeper and deeper still, until no one could find the bottom of it. She told me, too, that the sands were very nice to play on. We could dig holes in them with our little wooden spades, and sink wells, and make walls and bridges and mountains, without ever getting our pinafores dirty, as we should have done if we were digging in earth or clay; and we should see a great many pretty shells lying about, and bits of cornelian and agate and all sorts of beautiful stones. And she said that where the sands ended, the cliffs began,—great rocky cliffs, higher than our house, or St. Mary's church, or even the Minster itself, so high that when you were standing on the top of them, the people walking about on the sands beneath looked no bigger than dolls, or very little boys and girls.

I listened. It all seemed very wonderful to me. I tried to picture to myself what everything would be like, but it was no use. I could not imagine cliffs as high as our beautiful Minster, or water so wide that you could not see to the other side of it, or pieces of sand so large and deep that we could dig holes and sink wells in them. Indeed, I had never seen sand in