

my life, except some in a bucket once, which the bricklayers made their mortar with when they were building a rabbit-house for Montem in the back-yard. It was such fun to take it up in both my hands and let it run through my fingers, it felt so nice and soft, and so clean too. But sand enough to dig in, and tumble about in, and bury oneself in, and make bridges and wells and castles in,—bright, soft, yellow, shining sand,—*that* would be glorious indeed. I *could* understand a little about that, though everything else seemed very strange and wonderful.

It was one pleasant July afternoon when aunt Mary and Lucy and nurse and I set off by the train to Scarborough'. It was not a very long journey, only three hours, but it seemed very, *very* long to me. I was so impatient to see the great sea, and the ships sailing about, and the high cliffs, and the shining yellow sands. I kept asking aunt Mary and Lucy when we should be there, until they were quite tired; but at last I fell asleep, and I daresay they were both very glad.

I did not wake until the train stopped. Aunt Mary was gathering up our cloaks, and nurse was tying our wooden spades and pails and sand-boots