

and we tossed it up with our hands and rolled about in it and almost buried ourselves under it. How glad I was then that Lucy and I only had holland frocks on, instead of being grandly dressed like the little girls on the terrace at the top of the cliff. We could not have had a bit of fun if we had been like them, for we should have been afraid of tossing the sand over our feathers and flowers. Then Lucy began to run after the little waves as they broke in long lines of surf upon the shore and rolled away back to the great waters. I tried too, but I was not so clever as Lucy. It was very nice running after the waves when they were going away, but when their turn came and they began to run after me, it was quite a different thing. I had no idea how fast such little waves could run when once they broke and came spreading up along the sands. I scampered away, but they were soon up to me, and round my feet, and over my shoes, and up to my ankles, and I began to scream, for I thought I should never get out of them. I was afraid aunt Mary would be vexed with me for getting my feet wet, but she said the salt water would not do me any harm, and so I was all right.