

not more than three-quarters of a yard deep just there, which makes all the difference.

Nurse began to rub us both with a great rough bath-towel, and she said we should soon be as warm as toasts. We were nothing of the sort; we both of us looked a great deal more like little pale-faced onions. Lucy had not been dipped, for she knew what the bathing-woman meant, and she ran up the steps and got fast hold of nurse's arm before the horrible creature came near her, but still she was very frightened and trembling too, and though nurse rubbed us as hard as ever she could, we neither of us felt anything like toast, unless it might be toast-and-water.

When we came home, looking so starved and miserable, aunt Mary said we must not bathe any more—it would not do us any good. Oh! how glad we were to hear her say that. All the rock-pools and sea anemones and shining yellow sands in the world would not have been worth the price of going under the water every morning with that great blue-and-black woman-fish, even though she might never mean to do us any harm. But when once the bathing was safely disposed of, everything else was very