

delightful. Lucy and I used to go every morning with our pails and spades to the shore, and pulling off our shoes and socks dabble about to our hearts' content in the shallow little lakes from whose shining rocky sides the sea-weeds, purple, olive, crimson, orange, brown and yellow, hung in such long waving tresses, and on whose pebbly floors the star-fishes floated themselves along with their thousand feelers. Oh! how pleasant it was being at Scarborough' all through that July fortnight. How delicious to wake up in the morning, Lucy and I, fresh as daisies, tumble out of our little beds and tumble into our little pinafores, then say our prayers and scamper down to our bath in the cool, sparkling rock-pools, and run after the waves and let them run after us, and catch a star-fish or two, and hunt a crab or start a shrimp from his cover amongst the olive-brown plumes of bladder-weed; then back up the cliffs, clambering over rock and grass to our breakfast of bread and milk; then off and away with our spades and pails to the shore to dig moats and build castles, and bury each other shoulder-deep in the smooth, soft, shining sand, and roll and caper and frolic until nurse told us it was time to go home to dinner. Tired? not