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we; we never knew what it was to be tired; there was no such word for us in the long bright summer days of that July fortnight. Sleepy? we never wanted to shut up our little eyelids until the sun shut up his, and when he opened them next morning we were ready to open ours too. Hungry? well, yes, I should rather think we *were* hungry, but then there is nothing in the world so nice as being hungry when you know there is plenty for you to eat as soon as dinner-time comes, and we always knew that, as I hope you will always know it too. Unless you go to Scarborough, though, you can never know how good rice pudding tastes there, nor how quickly the thickest slices of bread and butter disappear when you have climbed all the way up those rocky cliffs to have them given to you, nor how pleasantly even luncheon-crusts go down when the sea air is blowing the roses to your cheeks and the light to your eyes and the smile of good-temper to your lips.

Oh! how I wish I could be a little girl again, and have a holland pinafore and a pail and a wooden spade, and go to Scarborough' and dabble in the water as Lucy Walters and I used to dabble so many years ago. I went there only last year, but it