

wasn't half so nice. There were the rock-pools, clear, bright, transparent as ever; but being grown-up, I could not wade about in them any more. There was the soft shining yellow sand; but people would have laughed at me if I had gone and made a moat in it, though I am sure I felt as if I should very much have liked to do so. There were the pretty little machines, blue and white and red and green, standing in long lines under the cliffs, or dotted about just axle-deep amongst the playful lapping waves, and there were the ugly bathing-women with their flapping fins and dripping woollen tails, wading along and dipping frightened little children into the water, just as one of them once dipped me. Oh! you little children, I am better off in one thing at any rate than you are. If I can't dabble in the rock-pools, or dig moats in the sand, or poke about under the seaweed for crabs and shrimps, I am too big now to be seized upon by a horrible blue-and-black mermaid, and carried, shrieking, and striving and struggling, down to the very bottom of the sea. And isn't that something to be thankful for?

I don't know, I am not quite sure about it, but