

## CHAPTER X

ST. SWITHIN'S DAY! and it is raining! Never were the heavens more eagerly scanned than this morning for the dreaded rain clouds that would menace us with wet weather for forty days. Some said the wind was in a good quarter, others, looking very wise, said it was in a bad. Monsieur, clad in heavy jersey and *bottes sauvages*, laughed when I said :

"Beau temps pour les canards!" and taking his stumpy pipe from between his lips muttered, "Peut-être!"

On the strength of this tentative "Perhaps" I came down to the beach and am rewarded—after a sprinkling of St. Swithin's tears—with a burst of sunshine which makes the sand sparkle with thousands of diamonds and the sea shimmer in points of light. A pale prismatic rainbow kisses either shore, its arch lost in the vapoury zenith. Pink granite throws out silver sparks and green-veined marble brings to mind the possibilities of these beautiful rocks in the hands of a skilled lapidary.

A few boys are braving the icy water and