

to make the most of it. He had made many long tramps along the beach, but he had never reached the extreme point of Stormbrow Head, which bounded the spacious bay on the west. His ambition was excited to reach that furthestmost point and see what was to be seen on the other side.

So, when breakfast was finished, he stuffed his pockets with sandwiches and buns, and started off. It took him two hours' hard walking to reach the point. The difficulties of the march increased as he approached the goal. The shore was strewn with a vast confusion of gigantic boulders flung down by Titanic forces to guard the base of Stormbrow Head.

Springing across chasms, clambering up rocks, and sliding down slabs slippery with seaweed, was a labour that sorely taxed the muscles of his legs. And when at last he had actually turned the point, and had viewed the coveted prospect from the top of a commanding rock, he was glad enough to climb down and fling himself full length upon a soft, sandy recess.

But he would not waste the precious moments in indolent ease. As soon as the pleasant aching sensation had gone out of his calves, he sat up and tried to grasp the grandeur of the scene.

It was a glorious, breezy, seaside day. Great white masses of cloud were scouring across the infinite blue. The vigour of the southwest wind (called by Horace the lord paramount of the Adriatic) blowing strong and free, sent the sea on with a proud and gallant progress. It flicked up the horses of Neptune, and made them toss their manes and fling the spume from their foam-flecked jaws. They curvetted, and ambled, and pranced, and broke into a mad gallop. It was grand to watch the scuffles of bubbling turmoil, the whirlpools of holling surf, rinsing spray, and wreathing drift, flurry of froth, and flowing coils of curdled snow.

Harry watched it all from that sunny slope of sand, in his nook from the fragments of monstrous rock. Then, for a few minutes, the sun was darkened, and a passing shower sent him under the friendly shelter of the nearest rock. The shower passed, the sun shone forth again in all its splendor, and in a moment the wet rocks "put on the armor of light," so dazzling that he was forced to shut his eyes.

Then he went on further to an open stretch of sand, where the waves came pounding in, with no barricading rocks to break their strength. It was a variation in the magnificence of the display. Harry felt that he could not have too much of it, and please, my reader, try to feel the same.

The waves made towards the shore in moving mountain ranges, ever changing their outline, crumpled and streaked with marbled veins, rising till the sun shone through their transparent ridges with the sheen of emerald and aquamarine. Then, a moment's hesitation of unstable equilibrium, the toppling over, the plunge, the

great catastrophe, the tremendous roar, the cataracts of foam, the rush of the sweeping floods up the sands, the curdling surf, the retreat of the waters hurrying back to be caught in the vortex and swallowed in the boisterous commotion of the succeeding waves.

Harry saw it all. He could not analyze his sensations, but his soul thrilled with the consciousness of irresistible majesty and might.

And then he knew that he was hungry, and must think of getting back. He retraced his steps to that sandy nook, and pulled out his bags of sandwiches and buns. He laid out his provisions on a table of unhewn rock, and as he rummaged in his pockets he felt something hard. He hoped it was a stick of chocolate.

No; it was the old wooden whistle, which had been slumbering there forgotten. He took it out and looked at it with a smile. It brought back memories of the past term. He had not used it since that evening when the gulls flew away. There were gulls on the cliffs towering up behind him; there was a little fleet of gulls out at sea before him. He could see them rollicking up the wave-mountains and sinking into their valleys. He wondered if his gulls were among them.

For auld lang syne he put the whistle to his lips, and blew a long, fluttering, fluty blast, and he listened to the echoes playing hide-and-seek among the cliffs.

And then! Could it be true? Well, when Harry returned to the school and gave us a history of that expedition to Stormbrow Head, and told us what followed after he had blown the whistle, we thought he was indulging his taste for romance. But experience teaches, as copy-books told us in former days, and the proof ought not to be withheld, that what he told us was fact, and not fancy.

One day, about twenty years after that Easter holidays, a tourist was walking along the bay in the island of St. Mary (Selly Isles). He saw an old woman with a basket picking up whelks. She paused a moment in her occupation, and uttered a shrill call. Then, from far out at sea, the sea-gulls rose and flew high towards her. They circled round her, high overhead, and looked down, uttering their happy, laughing notes. Then they alighted at the old woman's feet, and one of them balanced itself on the broad handle of her basket, and she fed them out of her hand.

The tourist looked on amazed. It was a wonderful sight! He did not like to approach for fear of alarming the birds. He waited until they had finished their meal and had thanked their benefactress in their wild gull language, and had flown off again over the sea. Then the tourist went up to the old woman and asked her how such a thing was possible? She said that she had brought those gulls up from the nest, and had treated them kindly, and they would always come when she called them.

I was that tourist, and I have not garbled the simple fact. It was one of the least expected and most interesting