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boat, and it drifted out a few yards, as far as its headrope allowed it. Ignorant of what had happened, the child was kneeling up at the stern, leaning over, and dabbling her hands in the water. No one had noticed her; the boys had all deserted the beach. None of the fishermen were near the spot. Just before James Walsham came within sight of the sea the child had overbalanced itself. His eye fell on the water just as two arms and a frightened little face appeared above it. There was a little splash and a struggle, and the sea was bare again.

At the top of his speed James dashed across the road, sprang down the beach, and rushing a few yards into the water, dived down. He knew which way the tide was making, and allowed for the set. A few vigorous strokes, and he reached something white on the surface. It was the sun-bonnet which had, in the child's struggles, become unfastened. He dived at once, and almost immediately saw a confused mass before him. Another stroke, and he seized the child's clothes, and grasping her firmly rose to the surface and swam toward shore. Although the accident had not been perceived, his shout and sudden rush into the water had called the attention of some of the men, and two or three of them ran into the water waist deep to help him out with his little burden.

"Well done, Master Walsham! the child would have been drowned if you had not seed it. None of us noticed her fall over. She was playing on the beach last time I seed her."

"Is she dead?" James asked, breathless from his exertions.

"Not she," the fisherman said; "she could not have been under water a minute. Take her into my cottage, it's one of the nighest; my wife will put her between the blankets, and will soon bring her round."

The fisherman's wife met them at the door, and taking