was quite low that afternoon, and from the foot-path on the bridge we could see quantities of curious living things scattered beneath us in every direction, leading a life of apparent laziness, with naught to do but to eat and rest. We were disappointed in not being able to procure a boat from the man in charge of the draw; but, notwithstanding, each invested himself with a pair of tall gum boots, leaving his overcoat and shoes in the little house belonging to the keeper of the draw. Before going to work we lingered to admire the Mayflower, and wonder at the graceful curves of the yacht which so neatly frustrated John Bull's designs on the America's cup. We felt all the prouder of her when we learned that her designer, Mr. Burgess, is a well-known biologist, who can dissect insects quite as well as he can design yachts.

Upon our arrival on the mud-flats we disregarded, for the time, all the attractive forms so invitingly strewn about, and spaded up the whole area in search of mud-worms. We met with no success, however, and finally gave up digging. The flats seemed like a highly-cultivated garden as the sun shone on them, the brightly-colored animals standing out in bold relief against the dark mud, while more somber forms gleamed in the sunlight, reflecting tints even brighter than their own. The bridge, in the background, gave one the idea of a regiment of soldiers drawn up in battle array, the ranks deep, and seemingly irresistible, while the rumbling of vehicles and horse-cars upon it in that still afternoon air of November, seemed like the roar of distant cannon. Meanwhile the tide crept slowly toward the sea, its eddies chasing each other about the piles of the bridge, and disappearing farther down, where the undisturbed water swept more swiftly on.

Great beds of mussels covered the whole flat, and their dark, confused masses were studded with brightly-colored star-fishes — genuine sea-stars against a muddy sky. These mussels furnish most of the food of a sea-star, for the latter is able to turn his stomach inside out, thrusting it between the valves of the mussel's shell, when opportunity offers, and digesting him without taking the trouble to chew or swallow. The huge beds of mussels promised food enough for the star-fishes for a long time to come, for the little wedge-shaped young of the former lay clustered about the larger shells in the greatest profusion. In this garden of animals we looked for the sea-star's cousin, the sea-urchin, but did not discover him, and had to be contented with the fishy, though wondrous tale, told by one of the party, of crows carrying these spiny echinoderms into the air and dropping them on rocks, in order to break the shells, and so secure the flesh. The piles of the bridge were covered with fine specimens of hydrozoa, and we filled many a bottle with these curious and beautifully delicate little animals. They grow in colonies, and when expanded in the water give the effect of little branching trees. On this account they were called, not long ago, "zoophytes," meaning "animal plants." The colony must be as busy as a bee-hive when at work, for at the end of each little twig is a cup containing a minute animal, ceaselessly plying its tentacles in the hope of capturing prey. Fastened to the piles were great numbers of fleshy polyps, whose many tentacles formed a network encircling the mouth. There were forms producing jelly-fish, and others that increase by budding, but these animals are so delicate that we took only a few of the gayest-colored ones. Some collectors have been lucky enough to obtain sponges on the bridge; but we were not successful, handicapped as we were without a boat. The sponge that occurs there is a silicious form called chelinula, and which, from its peculiar branching, is sometimes called "dead man's fingers." So deeply were we absorbed in our work, that time had not seemed connected with existence, and it was only when one of the party, looking at his watch, shouted that a train would leave Beverly in a quarter of an hour, that we realized that night was coming on. We hurried to the cot at the draw, and each one taking a load, set off hastily toward the station. The last one to leave the little house grabbed all that remained, and rushed after the rest of the party with overcoats and a basket. We arrived at the depot together,