

and there's a boat on it with a white sail! Shall we go in a boat some day?"

"I don't know," said nurse, "you must ask your mamma; but you don't want to be sick, do you?"

"I won't be sick," cried the little girl. "Rosy is never sick in a beau'ful boat like that. I'll ask my mamma," and she bustled on.

"Stay, stay!" cried nurse, "you're going too far, my pet; this is the way; look, who stands up there?"

Rosy looked up, and there was the villa with its green blinds high up over her head; and some one stood outside the door calling her by name.