

large windows and balconies and verandahs with shades to them, where grandly-dressed ladies were walking up and down, or sitting still, reading. The cab drove up to one of them, and aunt Mary said that was where we were going to live for a fortnight. I was rather frightened, for it was so different to our pretty old house at home, and the ladies on the verandahs all stared at us so; but Lucy did not seem a bit afraid, she had been there before, and knew all about it. She caught hold of me, and ran into the hall with me, and upstairs, and into a room which seemed all doors and windows, and then pulling me out on the balcony, she pointed far away and said,—

‘There, Alice, that’s the sea!’

‘Where?’ I said; ‘which is it? I don’t see anything.’

‘Oh! you little stupid,’ Lucy said, ‘just over there, beyond those green palisades. Can’t you see it?’

I looked again, and saw a great flat piece of something blue, very much like the paper which papa used to write his foreign letters upon; no ships, no sands, no rock-pools, no people walking about, no sea-