

this evening the great waves, which talked so very loud, had all gone away somewhere, and only the little baby waves were chattering to each other. They would keep on chattering like that until the great waves came back, and then the great ones would make so much noise that we should not be able to hear the little ones any more. We went down and down, the strip of blue paper growing broader and broader, but now I could see little bits of white like handfuls of soap-suds flashing about all over it, and boats with brown sails were toppling up and down upon it, not sailing straight along, as they did on our river at home. I thought sometimes they would turn over, but they never did.

At last we got quite to the bottom of the steps which had been leading us down the cliff all this time, and then aunt Mary told me I was on the shore. For a little while I kept very close to her, very close indeed. I don't think I was frightened, but everything was so grand and wonderful that I felt as if I wanted to be near somebody. It was so different to what I had expected. I thought the cliffs would have been quite straight up, like high walls built of pieces of rock instead