

of bricks, but they were not so at all. They were like great mountains which had been rolled down from somewhere a long way off, and stopped just in time to keep from tumbling into the sea. There were rifts and chasms in them, covered with grass and wild-flowers, and places where steps were cut out for you to go up and down, and caves that you could go into ever so far and play at hide-and-seek. And I thought the sea would have been quite flat and clear and quiet, just like our river at home, only a great deal larger; but, instead of that, it was covered with little waves which kept flashing up and down and sparkling and tumbling over each other, and then running away back again into the deep blue water, which seemed to stretch such a long, long way, so far that I could not see where it ended and the sky began.

But the sands! they were the best of all. When I had given over being the least little bit afraid, I went to Lucy, who was building a castle just out of reach of the water, and when we had made the castle as big as we could, we dug a moat round it and let the water come in, and then we ran away to where the sand was quite dry and soft and yellow,