

next moment I was blinking my eyes out in the sunshine, and wondering if ever the sun had blazed like that before.

"I walked for a while, but I found no elm; instead, there stood an old white wall with a great wide-open gate in it. I passed through it, and only then I noticed that everything was strange to me. I was n't frightened, but I was puzzled; and the heat—oh!—and the sky—not one tiniest, thinnest little skim of white cloud filmed the deep, deep blue. On still, hot days our lake almost reaches that blue, but not quite—not quite. I was thirsty, very thirsty; and though I passed melon-gardens, and saw grapes hanging over a wall, I dared not touch them. I looked and looked, but could see no familiar elm, and the chain of distant hills made me feel small and lonely. Then suddenly I heard a burst of laughter and the patter of running feet, and I turned, and saw coming from a garden gate a troop of children, the two eldest ones carrying large jars. They were not only bare of foot, but of leg as well, yes, and of arm—half naked, in