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pleasantly ; still, they are only bread crusts after all, and I don't believe the best little boys and little girls in the world ever enjoy eating them, except from a sense of duty. I know I didn't like mine, and I am sure you don't like yours, and I don't blame you one bit if you feel as if you very often wanted to put them out of the way somewhere.

Mind, I should blame you very much if you ever *did* put them out of the way anywhere ; but feeling as if you wanted to do so, is quite natural and proper, besides affording you an opportunity of resisting temptation, which is always valuable. You would not be a real little girl at all, if you pretended to call bread crusts anything but necessary evils, and you would not be an honourable little girl if you did not eat them resolutely, after you had enjoyed the crumb which belongs to them. You know there can't be crust without crumb, and there can't be crumb either without crust ; for things that are pleasant and things that are not pleasant always go together in this world. You will have to eat crusts, in some form or other, all through your life ; the only difference being, that when you are grown up you will not be able to cover them with sugar or butter