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over hot, just as if I had been sitting too long by the fire. Oh! how stupid it was.

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Now, don't you see the egg-shell breaking open just a little bit, and something peeping through it, ready to fall out? Cannot you see a meaning wrapped up in this story of what happened when I was a child? Don't you know that a great, great many little boys and girls, and even grown-up people too, who ought to know better, hide their crusts in the cupboard behind the tapestry? They have a chest somewhere, into which they thrust the memory of naughty things which they have done, thrust it quite down as far as ever they can, and then come away, as I did, trying to look as if nothing was the matter. Indeed, they think it is of no consequence, because the chest will not be opened for such a long time, not until the day when God will want to know all about everything that we have done. And that day seems as far off to them as 'next winter' once seemed to me.

Have you such a chest anywhere, and do you slip quietly away sometimes to put your naughty memories into it? It is no use doing so. It only makes you