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ever so uncomfortable. All that bright, beautiful summer-time, whilst the gooseberries and currants were ripening, and the peaches growing rosy-sweet on our south wall, and the golden-cheeked apples getting ready to drop, one by one, into the long grass, and I was trotting away, morning after morning, to hide my crusts in the great chest, I never felt quite happy,—I mean not quite so happy as if I had had nothing to be afraid of. Of course sometimes I forgot all about it, and was as merry as a cricket; but at other times, when I was playing with my dolls, or romping with Puff, or even having tea with aunt Mary in that dear little room of hers, a sudden sharp pain used to spring up inside me. It was the voice of conscience, saying,—

‘Some day that chest will be opened, and then what will you do?’

You see conscience was quite right,—it always is. The chest *was* opened, and then, oh! how uncomfortable I felt. I would rather have eaten my crusts, at the proper time, over and over and over again; nay, I would rather have gathered them all up, hard, dry, mouldy as they were when they came out of the chest, and munched patiently at them until the last