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bit had disappeared, than have had mamma look at me so sadly, with the tears standing in her eyes. But it was too late then. I was obliged to take the disgrace which was so much worse than the eating of a whole chest-full of crusts would have been, and bear it as well as I could.

So now, if you ever put *your* crusts into the old chest ; if you ever do things that you ought not to do, things that you know very well you ought not to do, and then, instead of telling papa and mamma, say nothing at all about it, hide it right down under a lot of other things, and come away looking as if nothing was the matter, I want you to promise me not to do so again. It is no use. Next winter will come, however much you may determine not to think about it. The chest will be opened, and the crusts will be found, and you will be so sorry and so ashamed, and you will wish ever so much, when it is too late, that you had not been such a stupid, foolish little girl.

Don't do as I did. Don't wait for the chest to be opened. Open it yourself and take everything out, and let papa and mamma and your Father-God know about all that you do. Then you will never fear next