

winter or any other winter, and as you play in the merry sunshine, no sharp thoughts will sting you, and if you hear people talking in a low voice you will not be afraid that they are saying something about you; and, best of all, your mother's eyes will never need to look upon you with sad tears in them, and the pain which hurts so hard and lasts so long and spoils so many summer days, will never come to you.

This is the little bit of advice which was wrapped up in the egg. Now shut it up again, and look at the pretty painted figures on the outside, before you put it away.