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found that, instead of running away to tell of him, we had borne our disappointment quietly. Lucy and I have the tea-things yet which he gave us. We divided them between us. They were worth more to both of us than if they had been made of gold or silver, because they taught us what a good thing it is not to tell tales of any one who vexes you.

There is something inside this story too. It is like the painted egg-boxes I was telling you about before. But I don't think you will be able to open it just yet, or to care for the meaning which is ready to tumble out, if you happen to press just in the right place. If you learn from the outside of the box not to tell tales when you are hurt, that is quite enough. But I hope you will learn as much as that.