

For the CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

EASTER EGGS

A STORY ABOUT AN EASTER GIFT

Translated from the German

BY THE REV. W. H. WATKINS, D. D.

CHAPTER IV. CONTINUED.

The feast of the coloured eggs: a children's festival.

When the children's appetites had been satisfied, the lady said: "Come now, we will now look after the little nests." In each little nest lay five eggs all coloured alike; and on one of these a couplet was written. What a joyful shout the children raised! Their gladness and jubilation surpassed all description. "Red eggs! Red eggs!" shouted one; "in my little nest are bright red eggs." "And in mine are blue ones!" shouted another; "and oh! all as blue as the sky is now!" "Mine are yellow!" cried a third; "a much more beautiful yellow than the primrose, or the bright yellow butterfly which is yonder on the wing." "Mine!" shouted a fourth, "are almost of every colour." "Oh, those must be wonderfully fine hens," shouted a little boy, "to lay such beautiful eggs. I wish I could only see them." "Oh!" said Martha's little sister, "I'm sure hens lay no such fine eggs. I just believe the little hare laid them that jumped out of the juniper bush and ran away when I wished to build a little nest there." And all the children laughed together, and jestingly said, "The hare laid the gay looking eggs." This joke has been retained in many neighbourhoods down to our own time.

"O with how little," said the lady, "can one give great pleasure to mankind! Who would not gladly give, since giving is so much more blessed than receiving?—Who would not still be a child! Such joy is only found among grown people who keep their hearts pure and innocent. Only these live yet in the paradise of childhood—this godly, guileless joy."

The lady now prepared another amusement for the children. Many a child that only got blue eggs would gladly have had a red or a yellow one too. It was the same with those who had red, yellow or mottled ones. The lady therefore told the children they should exchange with one another. Only the egg with the motto should not be exchanged. This was now a new pleasure; for every child in this way obtained eggs of all the colours.

"You see!" said the lady, "in this manner must one help another out. As it is with these eggs here, so it is with a thousand other things. God so distributed His gifts to us that men might by exchange be able to impart of them to one another, and so should give pleasure to each other and grow in mutual affection. May indeed your every exchange and purchase, like your little egg-traffic, be so conducted that both parties shall always gain and neither lose.

Little Edmund read his motto. A little collier boy was thoroughly astonished at this. For at that time there were as yet but few schools, and many grown persons scarcely knew that to read and write was something refined and useful. The collier boy at once wished to know what had been written upon his egg. "O, an incomparably beautiful motto!" said the lady; "only listen:

'For drink and food,
Thank Giver good.'

She asked the children whether they had always done this. It now first occurred to them to thank God for this joyous festival, and the beautiful eggs—a thing which they then also did forthwith from their hearts, following the lady's lead.

But now each child wished to know what was written upon his egg. All thronged around the lady, all the little hands and in each little hand an egg, were outstretched towards her. All cried out as by one mouth, "What's on mine?" "What's on mine?" "What's mine?" "O read my motto first!"

The lady was obliged to make peace, and placed the children in a circle. She now read in order one motto after another, making the round. Every child was thoroughly eager to know what his rhymelet was. All listened to the lady, and no eye was turned from her as she re-read each motto.

The rhymelets consisted always of only a few little words. Altogether, upon those eggs which she had now given them, as upon those which she afterwards further distributed, the rhymes were about as follows:

1. One thing dost need,
Love God indeed.
2. God seeth thee,
From sin, then, flee.
3. For drink and food,
Thank Giver good.
4. From thankful hearts,
Flame heav'nward darts.
5. Trust God indeed,
He helps in need.
6. Ever regrets
Who God forgets.
7. Who Jesus pray,
His words obey.
8. In prayer and work,
Doth wisdom lurk.
9. Just, good and pure,
Three jewels sure.
10. Good child obeys,
Without delays.
11. Sullen self-will
Gains nought but ill.
12. Save a pure heart,
Much pain and smart.
13. Child, shouldst thou blush,
God warns thee thus.
14. As roses bloom,
Pure minds assume.
15. Shamefacedness
Is finest dress.
16. Who lies do tell,
Men believe not well.
17. Hypocrisy,
Egg added be.
18. Well-earned bread,
The cheeks makes red.
19. To seek excess
Brings shame, distress.
20. Greed turns the heart
To stone and earth.
21. A godly man
Helps where he can.
22. Wrath, envy, hate,
With sorrow sate.
23. Still, meek, benign,
A golden sign!
24. Patience in sorrow,
Joy for the morrow.
25. 'Tis goodness, not gold,
Makes dear manifold.
26. A conscience clear
Drives away fear.
27. Who doeth good
Hath joyous mood.
28. For eternity,
Ever ready be.
29. Wordly pleasures pass away,
Virtue will forever stay.
30. To the faithful, wages
Yonder, crown of ages.

Each child took every care to attend to his little rhyme, and to constantly repeat it quietly by himself, so as not to forget it.

The lady now asked each one in order in the circle whether he yet knew his motto. Here and there she was obliged to prompt them a little, but soon every one knew how to say his own beautifully and intelligently. Indeed, many paid attention to the rhymelets of the rest as well. Gradually almost every child knew all the rhymes by heart. If one only mentioned the first word, they knew nearly always how to say the motto to the end; and if one said the first half, they knew the second half with all assurance. The children had never before learned so much at one time and so easily, in the midst of pleasure and laughter.

The fathers and mothers, and the other children, who meanwhile had come home, and perceived the loud jubilation that resounded through the valley, now hastened to see and hear what was then going on. The children full of glee ran bounding to meet their parents, showed them the eggs and rehearsed the rhymes. The parents were altogether surprised. "Indeed," said they, "the children will scarcely learn as much by heart in

six months at home as here in half an hour." It remains true then,

Is pleasure and love on aught engaged?
The labour and care thereof's assuaged.

"But to make fun for the children," said the miller, "that is the clever bit of art. There it is!—that is much learned at one time. That is a whole body of ethics for children in a nutshell. How well indeed the lady knows how to gain favour with the children!"

The lady now presented the rest of the children also with mottled eggs and cakes, and moreover said to each of them, "the coloured eggs you may eat at home, only those with mottoes must you keep as mementos." "These we shall certainly not eat," said the children; "these we prize. The motto is indeed worth more than the egg." "Most assuredly," said the lady, "if you put in practice what it teaches you."

She now admonished the parents upon good opportunity to remind the children of the mottoes. The parents did so. If a child was not at once obedient to his word, the father raised his finger and said—

"Good child obeys,"

and the child said—

"Without delays."

And thus obeyed quickly.

If a child seemed to be telling an untruth, the mother said—

"Who lies do tell,"

the child continued—

"Men believe not well."

And blushed and was ashamed to lie. And thus did the parents with the remaining rhymes.

The children quite often said, "In all our lives we never had such a pleasant day!" "Now," said the lady, "always if only you are diligent to do as the mottoes say, I will every year give you a similar egg feast; but he who is naughty and not obedient, may not come to it, for it shall be a feast for good children only." Oh, how good and obedient were then the children of the valley!

(To be Continued.)

Hints to Housekeepers.

The most stubborn cases of neuralgia are apt to yield to a hot water treatment. Wherever the pain is located, there a hot water bag should be applied.

BOILED WHITING.—Cleanse the fish but do not skin them; place them in a fish-kettle with enough cold water to cover them, and add salt, allowing quarter pound of salt to each gallon of water. Bring them gradually to the boil, and simmer gently about five minutes, or a little more should the fish be very large. Dish them on a hot napkin, garnish with tufts of parsley, and serve them with plain melted butter.

CUP CUSTARDS.—Take three eggs, beat them until light, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, three teacupfuls of milk, and a pinch of salt. Flavour with vanilla, lemon, nutmeg or cinnamon. Pour the mixture into cups, about three-fourths full, and set them in a pan of hot water, the water to cover about half of the cup. Bake in a moderate oven, or cook in the steamer until the custard is set or firm in the centre. Serve cold, without sauce or cream.

NORWOOD PUDDING.—Butter a pie dish, cut the crumb of a stale French roll into thin slices, spreading over each a layer of the following mixture:—One ounce of shred suet, half an ounce of chopped candied peel, three tablespoonfuls of apple marmalade, and four bitter almonds pounded; mix all well together. Make a custard of half a pint of milk and one egg. Pour it over the slices of roll neatly arranged in a dish. Bake in a slow oven about two hours, turn it out and sift powdered sugar over it.

A new salad consists of cold vegetables cut fine, mixed and seasoned with just enough French dressing to cover them without running; put in layers of tomato, chicken or aspic jelly to harden. Asparagus tips or peas or cauliflower and tomatoes mixed, may be used for the vegetables. Use individual moulds to shape the jelly. To give a pretty colour, cut and boil small carrots tender, and cut them into cubes and other fancy shapes.



Children

Not long steamer, for a small boy hind the ce nor mother nor protect or crew. he come fr nine years with raggy face, full o course he mate.

"How on board t sharply.

"My st sswered the afford to l Halifax, w to go to m The ma He had of stowaway; to this cor out to se

A

For Brai

Horsfo

is, with

Remed

and Ne

where

debilit

as a ge

affordi

brain a

DR. I

Pa, says:

most satis

eral deran

systems, c

Descri

Bumford

Bewar