

the table with the Paschal Lamb, at the great Feast of the Passover.

To us Christians the egg has a deeper significance, containing as it does a type or parable of the Resurrection from the dead; and this is the reason why, at the end of the great fast of forty days, the decoration and presentation of Easter eggs is so common a practice. It prevails largely in the north of England, where eggs are painted and gilded, and rolled along the grass. Of late years it has crept down to the south, where eggs of pink or white sugar, or of more enduring substances, are apt to take the place of the real egg. In Northumberland and Cumberland and the adjoining counties we hear of 'Pace Eggs,' a corruption of the old term 'Pasche,' i.e., Paschal or Easter eggs.

We are told that 'in Mesopotamia, on

Easter Day and for forty days after, children buy all the eggs they can procure, and stain them with a blood-red colour in memory of the Blood of Christ which was shed at that time at His Crucifixion.' In Italy and in Germany, as well as in Russia, eggs are taken to church to be blessed at Easter time, and the following prayer was used for that purpose: 'Bless, O Lord, we beseech Thee, this Thy creature of eggs, that it may become wholesome sustenance to Thy faithful servants who eat it in thankfulness to Thee on account of Thy glorious Resurrection.' The symbolism of the Easter egg is clearly explained by a writer of 1783 in these words: 'It is a beautiful emblem of the rising out of the grave; for just as the chicken, entombed as it were in the egg, in due time bursts its chains and is brought to life, so it is with man at the Morning of the Resurrection.'

Animals Putting a Man to Shame.

FARMER DONALD was not an habitual drunkard, but there were occasions when he was the worse for drink. No one, as a rule, could be a better and kinder husband and father, but every one knew what to expect on market-days. The market town was a long way off—five miles by road, and then the ferry to cross, and then again a good piece of road. No doubt by the time Farmer Donald reached the market town he was thirsty; men so often are thirsty! Then after every bargain there was of necessity more drinking, and by the time night came he was so little master of himself the wonder was that he ever reached home safely at all.

His two faithful companions and guardians were his horse and dog. Often the farmer was so overcome with drink that he could not sit steadily on his saddle, and would reel from side to side in imminent danger of falling off. The good old horse knew his master's infirmity, and when he felt the heavy form of the farmer over-

balancing on one side he would cleverly jerk him over to the other. So the homeward journey was accomplished by a clever series of jerks on the part of faithful old Dobbin.

One night Farmer Donald was more intoxicated than usual, and when on reaching the ferry the horse was taken across first, he threw himself down full length on the grass by the water-side and was soon in a dead sleep. The boat was waiting for him, and the boatman tried to rouse him, but the dog watching by judged that his master was unfit to proceed further, and barked furiously at the boatman by way of expressing his views. The noise woke the sleeper, and he said to the dog, 'He maun tak' me, Billy.' The dog offered no further resistance, and quietly accompanied his master. Arrived at the other side, Farmer Donald was hoisted on to the horse, and both horse and dog started off with their almost unconscious charge. Notwithstanding the cleverest tricks of the good old horse to keep Farmer Donald safely seated,