

CHAPTER II.

THE LUNCHEON CRUSTS.

You know what an allegory is,—a story with a meaning wrapped up inside it, a meaning which you don't find out just at first; indeed, you don't expect that there is going to be any meaning at all; but by-and-by, when you are only thinking about the story, wondering what will become of the little boys and girls in it, how they will be punished for the naughty things they do, or rewarded for the good ones, or brought safely out of all their scrapes and difficulties, and made to live happily ever afterwards, it—I mean the story—breaks open, and something which you never expected drops out. An allegory is very much like one of those pretty boxes which you have sometimes seen in toy-shop windows, shaped like an egg and painted all over with coloured pictures or devices. It does not look as if it had anything at all in it, there is no place for it to open at, it seems just outside, nothing else. But whilst