

limited faith; nevertheless a doubt arose in his mind.

"Mummie, God always gives us what we ask for, doesn't He?"

"Always, sonnie, if it is something reasonable and we really mean it."

Trot was reassured. It was surely quite reasonable to ask for some breakfast, and as for really meaning it—well, Trot remembered with what hungry eyes the little boy had watched him eat.

Trot slept soundly. He dreamt of great piles of rolls, big as the horns of a cow or the tusks of an elephant, which God was heaping up before the poor little boy. He ate and ate until he could eat no longer. God always brought him more. He laughed and was happy. His cheeks grew red and fat. Trot was delighted and very proud.

"Good-morning, Master Trot. I hope you have slept well?"

Jane washed and dressed Trot. Perhaps the little boy ought to ask God to wash him and give him some new clothes as well. All the time Trot was being dressed he could think of nothing else. He was longing to see the little boy's face when he found the roll. How warmly the sun shone. That was so that the roll would not get wet.

Trot swallowed his cocoa in two seconds; he stuffed his roll into his pocket to save time.

"May I go on to the shore for a little, mummie?"

"What a hurry you are in today, dear. Well, it is really a lovely morning, so run along. When your governess comes we will call you."

Trot rushed off. He ran straight to the cliff. What would God's roll be like? It ought to be shinier and much bigger than a baker's. Trot began to feel rather envious. He put his hand in the hole. He looked in. He grew pale with misgiving. There was nothing there.

He looked again. Could it be true? Perhaps God had dropped it on one side. Trot looked all round. Nothing anywhere. He looked in all the other holes near the cliff. Still nothing to be seen. What could it mean? In a minute or two the little boy would be there, and when he found nothing he would say again that it was all lies about God; he would think Trot had deceived him, and he would be so hungry.

Oh dear, oh dear, how dreadful it was! Of course God had been so busy, or He had forgotten, or the rolls had been burnt—that had happened once at home. All the same a burnt roll would have been better than none at all. Whatever could he do?

Trot was distracted. His legs seemed to give way beneath him when he saw in the distance the little boy racing towards the cliff, his face lit up in joyful anticipation, his mouth positively watering for the feast. Trot felt chilled to the bone. Somehow he must save the situation. Mechanically he put his hand in his pocket. What luck! His breakfast roll still lay there untouched. He drew it out and quickly put it in the hole.

The little boy sat on the ground comfortably munching. Trot stood up and looked thoughtfully at him. He realized all at once that he was very hungry himself. It seemed very hard to watch his breakfast disappear so quickly. But he could not help feeling glad when he thought how grateful God ought to be to him for repairing His oversight.

The little boy swallowed the last crumb.

"Was the roll very good?"

"Rather. But all the same God never se at it. I saw you put it in the hole."

"This was indeed a blow. It was true, too. No use denying it. But suddenly Trot's face cleared, and he answered triumphantly:

"Yes, but you see it was God who told me to put it there."

And he ran off, hungry, but victorious.

No man has done his duty till he has done his best.

## HOW THE NORMANS DINED.

The Normans dined at 9 in the morning and supped at 5. The tables of the princes, prelates and great barons were sumptuously furnished with every delicacy they could procure from foreign parts. The monks of Canterbury had seventeen dishes every day, beside a dessert; and the monks of St. Swithin's, in Winchester, complained to Henry II. against their abbot for taking away three dishes they had previously been allowed. Thomas a Becket gave 5 pounds (equivalent to 15 pounds of our money) for a dish of eels. When his proud prelate went on a journey he had in his train eight wagons, each drawn by five of the strongest horses. Two of these wagons contains ale, one the furniture of his chapel, another the furniture of his kitchen; the others were filled with provisions, clothes and other necessities. He had, besides, twelve pack-horses carrying trunks containing his money, plate, books, and the ornaments of the altar. To each of the wagons was chained a fierce mastiff, and on each of the packhorses an ape or a monkey.—Dundee Advertiser.

## ROOM.

(By Mary A. Lathbury).

Children of yesterday, heirs of to-morrow,  
What are you weaving? Labor and sorrow,  
Look at your loom again; faster and faster

Fly the great shuttles prepared by the Master:  
There's life in the loom;  
Room for it!

Room!

Children of yesterday, heirs of to-morrow,  
Lighten your labor and sweeten your sorrow

Now while the shuttles fly faster and faster;  
Up and be at it, at work for the Master—

He stands at the loom;

Room for Him;

Room!

Children of yesterday, heirs of to-morrow,  
Look at your fabrics of labor and sorrow,  
Seamy and dark with despair and disaster;

Turn it and lo! the design of the Master,  
The Lord's at the loom,  
Room for Him!

Room!

—N. Y. Christian Intelligencer.

## THE SOURCE OF STRENGTH.

If we would be strengthened we must believe God's Word and obey it. That precious Word tells us:

"As thy days so shall thy strength be" (Psalm 91:25).

"The joy of the Lord is your strength." (Neh. 8:10).

"Seek the Lord and his strength." (Psa. 105:4).

"The Lord is my strength." (Hab. 3:19).

"In quietness and confidence shall he your strength" (Isa. 26:15).

"The Lord shall renew their strength." (Isa. 40:31).

"I will go in the strength of the Lord God." (Psa. 71:16).

"And he strengthened me." (Dan. 10:18).

"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." (Eph. 6:10).

"The Lord stood with me, and strengthened me." (2 Tim. 4:17).

"Strengthened with might by His Spirit." (Eph. 3:19).

"Through faith, out of weakness were made strong." (Heb. 11:34).

"My strength is made perfect in weakness." (2 Cor. 12:9).

"Their Redeemer is strong." (Jer. 50:34).

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." (Phil. 4:13).

Sunday School Illustrator.

## "HOW MUCH OWEST THOU?"

We heard a man once say: "I pay as I go, and so I owe no man anything." That man seemed to think because he had paid his tailor for the clothes he wore, and the grocer for the provisions he ate, and his help for the services rendered him, and discharged all obligations for cost of tools used in his business and trade, that he had fully discharged his obligations to everybody, and therefore he owed no one anything. But when he had met these obligations in this way had the man really squared accounts with obligation and discharged all debts against him recorded in the great Book of Accounts kept both in this world and in heaven?

Is there not another side to this question, another side to this give and take, this purchase and pay? That man who was so sure he owed no man anything because he paid at once for what he bought was treated courteously and kindly in all the business houses to which he went both to purchase or pay; he was treated courteously by those he passed on the streets when he went forth to do business in the place of trade, and in his own home he exacted of his household that they should treat him with that courtesy and deference which his position as of the household, as father and provider, required.

More than this, there were many on every hand who had labored in such a way as to help make his life pleasant and his property safe. There were the preacher who has stood for righteousness, and the teacher for intelligence, both of whom had contributed largely to make his life meaningful and of value, and yet he had in reality scarcely ever come into contact with them. And yet this man would disregard all these, he would go through the world with a frown on his face, having no pleasant word or cheerful smile for anyone, because he thinks he owes no one anything "he has paid as he went."

A large part of life is made up of things in which money has no part at all. We owe it to others to do as much for others in these things as they do for us. We should be kind and thoughtful and neighborly, doing as we expect to be done by. It may be possible to pay for the toil of the hands, and even in a sense to purchase the products of the mind; but who can expect to pay for that heart element which enters so deeply into human life—for the ear of sympathy and the labor of love?

Yes, certainly, pay as you go, but expect to pay in kind—heart with heart, and mind for mind, for purchase of heart with the coin of gold. Gold does not pay debts, neither is it always possible to pay all as we go. —Methodist Recorder.

## CHRISTMAS CAKE.

Four cups butter, 4 cups brown sugar, 9 eggs, 4 cups chopped raisins, 4 cups currants, 1-4 lb. mixed peel, 1-2 teaspoonful cinnamon, 2 nutmegs grated, 3 cups flour, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1-2 lb. blanched almonds. Bake four hours.

## CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

One lb. suet, 1 lb. currants, 1 lb. stoned raisins, 6 eggs, 1 grated nutmeg and other spices to taste, 2 ozs. sliced candied peel (mixed), 3-4 lbs. bread crumbs (stale), 1-2 lb. flour, 1-2 pint milk, a few chopped almonds, sugar to taste, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Chop suet finely and mix the dry ingredients, then add well beaten eggs and milk. Boil six hours. In reheating, steam for three hours.

Lemon Honey.—Put one cupful of sugar and the juice and grated yellow rind of one large lemon in a saucepan, the yolks of three eggs and the white of one well-beaten, and three rounding tablespoonfuls of butter. When cooked smooth the honey is ready for use. It makes good filling for small tarts and for sweet sandwiches.