



Teddy's Trials.

So many steps to be taken!
So many errands to run!
People are mighty mistaken
Thinking a boy has much fun.

"Run to the market," says mother.
"You go so quickly," says she.
Wish I was lame—yes, I'd rather
Hobble like Jimmie M'Crea.

Sister Sue hands me a letter,
"Dear, you will mail it I know."
When sis commences to flatter,
Then I have just got to go.

"Dearest" and "darling" and "Teddy,"
Those are the words she will use;
But if I'm not always ready,
Then she'll begin to abuse.

So, you are mighty mistaken,
Thinking that follows have fun,
If there are steps to be taken,
And lots of errands to run.

The Emperor's New Clothes.

Many years ago there lived an Emperor who cared so enormously for new clothes that he spent all his money upon them, that he might be very fine. He had a coat for every hour of the day; and just as they say of a king, "He is in council," one always said of him, "The Emperor is in the wardrobe."

One day two cheats arrived in the city. They said they were weavers, and could weave the finest stuff anyone could imagine. Not only were their colors and patterns uncommonly beautiful, but the clothes made of the stuff possessed the wonderful quality that they became invisible to anyone who was unfit for the office he held, or was incorrigibly stupid.

"Those would be capital clothes," thought the Emperor. "If I wore those I should be able to find out what men in my empire are not fit for the places they have. I could distinguish the clever from the stupid. Yes, the stuff must be woven for me directly!"

And he gave the two cheats a great deal of money that they might begin their work at once.

They put up two looms, and pretended to be working; but they had nothing at all on their looms. They at once demanded the finest silk and the costliest gold. This they put in their own pockets, and worked at the empty looms till late into the night.

All the people in the city knew what peculiar power the stuff possessed, and all were anxious to see how bad or how stupid their neighbors were.

"I will send my honest old minister to see how the weaver's are getting on," thought the Emperor. "He can judge best how the stuff looks, for he has sense, and no one understands his office better than he."

So the good old minister went out into the hall where the two cheats sat working at the empty looms.

"Why," thought he, opening his eyes very wide, "I cannot see anything at all!" But he did not say this. The cheats pointed to the empty loom, and asked him if he approved of the colors and the pattern, but the poor old minister could see nothing, for there was nothing to see.

"Can I indeed be so stupid?" he thought. "Am I not fit for my office? No, it will never do for me to say that I could not see the stuff."

"Do you say nothing to it?" said one of the weavers.

"Oh, it is charming—quite enchanting," answered the old minister. "What a fine pattern, and what colors. Yes, I shall tell the Emperor that I am very much pleased with it."

The Emperor soon sent again, dispatching another honest statesman, to see how the weaving was going on. He fared just like the first. He looked and looked, but, as the looms were empty, of course he could see nothing.

"I am not stupid," he thought, "it must be my good office, for which I am not fit. I must not let it be noticed." And so he praised the stuff which he did not see, and expressed his pleasure to the Emperor.

All the people in the town were talking of the gorgeous stuff. At last the Emperor went to see it with a crowd of chosen men.

"Is it not splendid?" said the two old statesmen who had been there before. "Does not your Majesty remark the pattern and the colors?" And they pointed to the empty loom, for they thought the others could see the stuff.

"What's this," thought the Emperor. "I can see nothing at all! This is terrible. Am I stupid? Am I not fit to be Emperor? Oh, it is *very* pretty!" he said aloud. "It has our exalted approbation."

The whole suite looked and looked and saw nothing, but, like the Emperor, they said, "That is pretty," and advised him to wear these splendid clothes for the first time at the great procession that was presently to take place.

The whole night before the procession was to take place the cheats were up, and had lighted more than sixteen candles. The people could see that they were hard at work completing the Emperor's new clothes.

They pretended to take the stuff from the loom; they made cuts in the air with the scissors; they sewed with needles without thread, and at last they said, "Now the clothes are ready."

The Emperor came himself with his noblest courtiers; and the cheats lifted up one arm as if they were holding something, and said: "See, here are the trousers!—here is the coat!—here is the cloak!" and so on. "It is as light as a spider's web. One would think one had nothing on, but that is just the beauty of it."

Then the Emperor stood before the great mirror, and the cheats pretended to put on him each new garment; while the Emperor turned round and round to examine himself.

"Oh, how well they look! how capitally they fit!" said all. "What a pattern! What colors! That is a splendid dress!"

The chamberlains who were to carry the train stooped down with their hands to the floor, as if they were picking up the mantle; then they pretended to be holding up something in the air. They did not dare to let it be noticed that they saw nothing.

So the Emperor went into procession under a rich canopy, and everyone in the streets said: "How incomparable are the Emperor's new clothes!" No one would let it be perceived that he could see nothing, for that would have shown that he was unfit for his office, or was very stupid. No clothes of the Emperor's had ever had such a success as these.

"But he has nothing on," a little child cried out at last.

"Just hear what that innocent says!" said the



"YOUR CHOICE FOR A DOLLAR."

father; and one whispered to another what the child had said. "But he has nothing on!" said the whole people at length. That touched the Emperor, for it seemed to him that they were right; but he thought within himself, "I must go through with the procession." And the chamberlains held on tighter than ever, and carried the train which did not exist at all.

H. C. A.

"Your Choice for a Dollar."

Is anyone wanting a puppy?
A jolly dear troublesome pet;
They're worth lots of money,
Their tricks are so funny—
Your choice for a dollar you'll get.

But no, I can't bear to sell them—
The darlings so fluffy and small;
It makes me feel badly,
I want them *both* sadly,
'Twas only a joke, after all!

Recipes.

CREAMED CODFISH ON TOAST.

To one cup shredded codfish add two of water; boil briskly twenty minutes, pour off water, add one and a half cups sweet milk, one teaspoonful butter, half a salt-spoonful of pepper, one beaten egg. Allow this to simmer ten minutes. Serve on rounds of toasted bread.

SCALLOPED PARSNIPS.

Peel and boil until tender, mash (while hot) sufficient to make one pint, beat into this two tablespoonfuls of butter, two of cream, a beaten egg, one heaping teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper. Butter a dish and put in a layer of crumbs, pour in a good layer of the parsnips, then a layer of crumbs, until the dish is full, using a layer of crumbs last. Sprinkle a very little salt and pepper over the last layer, add a tablespoonful each of melted butter, milk, and hot water, and brown rapidly in the oven.

GOLDEN PUDDING.

One-quarter pound bread crumbs, one-quarter pound finely-chopped suet, one-quarter pound

orange marmalade, one-quarter pound sugar, four well-beaten eggs. Mix all together, press into buttered mold or basin, tie down with a floured cloth, boil two hours or steam three. Be sure not to allow the water to cease boiling or it will not be so light. Of course, the pudding is plunged into boiling water sufficient to cover it; as it boils away add boiling water from the kettle. These boiled puddings are very wholesome and nice, though a little troublesome to make.

CUSTARD SAUCE FOR THE ABOVE.

Pint of milk brought to a boil, and add to it one well-beaten egg and level teaspoonful cornstarch (moistened with a little cold milk), two teaspoonfuls sugar. Boil up once and serve.

THE QUIET HOUR.

"Desultory Work."

"When a philanthropist said pompously, 'With your great gifts you ought to work for the great world, not spend yourself on common labors, like a common man,' I answered him: 'The world is in God's hands. This part He gives to me, for which my past, built up on loves inherited, hath made me fittest. Neither will He let me think Primeval, godlike work too low to need. For its perfection manhood's noblest powers And deepest knowledge, far beyond my gifts And if I leave the thing that lieth next To go and do the thing that is afar, I take the very strength out of my deed, Seeking the needy not for pure need's sake.'"

—MacDonald.

During the waiting season while God withholds active work from a man, He often gives little services to be done for Him, which may be called "desultory work"—work that may happen one day and not another, "here a little and there a little," and which is often left undone just because it is desultory, and apparently so small in its results.

Many have been turned from evil ways through the instrumentality of such desultory work. The religious book lent to a neighbor; the persuasive letter to a distant friend; the sermon listened to at the entreaty of a companion; the tract found in a railway station; the short, sudden, but heaven-heard and heaven-answered prayer; the timely word spoken by the wayside; the striking anecdote treasured up and repeated; the pointed text of Scripture that went into the heart, sharpened as a two-edged sword;—who but God Himself can tell what such apparently trivial seeds as these may grow into?

"A blessing such as this our hearts might reap, The freshness of the garden they might share, Through the long day an heavenly freshness keep, If, knowing how the day and the day's glare Must beat upon them, we would largely steep And water them betimes with dews of Prayer."

This "watering betimes with dews of prayer" is a very important part of such desultory work, without which we need hardly expect it to prosper.

The very crumbs of work that fall from the Master's hand—the fragments that remain from what He gives His strong ones, the corners of time snatched from the more secular work of every day, ought to be treasured by the Christian. They whose time is much at the disposal of others, or who are much in the habit of traveling from place to place, and

therefore peculiarly fitted for a "wayside witnessing for Christ," need to consider deeply the importance of seizing all opportunities for desultory work.

"Each word we speak has infinite effects, Each soul we pass must go to heaven or hell— And thus our one chance through eternity . . . Be earnest, earnest, earnest! Do what thou dost as if the stake were Heaven And that thy last deed ere the judgment day!"

How well it would be if each in going through the world were to remember what the old writer said of life—that it consisted of two heaps, a large one of sorrow and a small one of happiness, and whoever carried the very smallest atom from the one to the other did God a service; much more those who are instrumental in any way in leading or helping one precious soul nearer to God.

If you think yourself unable or unworthy to attempt any such high and important work, remember that the work is God's, and that He is able to fit you for it. If He inspired Bezaleel and Aholiab with wisdom and understanding, filling them with the Spirit of God so that they might be able to work in gold and silver, in carving of stone and of wood, for the building of the earthly tabernacle, surely much more will He give wisdom to those who are trying to help in the building of the great spiritual temple.

"Our day for Him is long enough, And when He giveth work to do The bruised reed is amply tough To pierce the shield of error through."

Let us take heed, then, to be faithful in the smallest things, or how can we expect to "rule over ten cities?" Let us watch over the little cloud, from which, though no larger than a man's hand, great showers of blessing may be poured down. Let us nurture the tiny seed which may spring up into the branching tree, for though our words and deeds may seem slight and powerless things, yet

"The best men, doing their best, Know, peradventure, least of what they do. Men used fullest in the world are simply used; The nail that holds the wood must pierce it first, And he alone who wields the hammer sees The work advanced by the earliest blow."