

night when about to retire, the Queen said:

"To-morrow morning, my lord, as early as seven o'clock, if you please, we will look into the papers."

"I cannot think," was the reply, "of intruding upon your Majesty at so early an hour. Nine o'clock will do well."

"No, no, my lord, as the papers are of importance, I wish them to be attended to very early; but if you wish it to be nine, be it so."

At nine the next morning, the Queen was seated at her table, ready to receive the nobleman and his papers.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 16, 1901.

A LITTLE MINISTER.

Lily Bell said she wanted to be "bungled up" and go out in the cold weather. O, but wasn't it cold that frosty morning? Mamma laughed; but she let her breakfast dishes stand a few minutes while she bundled up her little girl and sent her out for rosy cheeks and a red nose and bright eyes, and all the rest of the things that a good run in winter gives you.

"O, you dear little birdie!" cried Lily Bell, stopping at the gatepost to speak to a fluffy little brown ball that stood there on his little cold feet, looking at her with eyes as bright as beads, and seeming to want to say something. "Why aren't you scared of me?" asked Lily. She did not know that this was one of Uncle Frank's tame wild birds that came every morning in winter to get crumbs; and it seemed very odd to her that he didn't spread out his wings and fly away, as most birds did. All at once she thought, "You poor little thing! I do believe you're hungry!" she cried, and ran back into the house as fast as her two feet would carry her. When

she came out she had a handful of crumbs, and held some out. The bird had flown away; but he came back then, and pretty soon he came down and ate some of the crumbs that she sprinkled on the snow for him.

Uncle Frank saw it all from his window. "Well done, little minister," he said, when she came in an hour or two afterwards.

"How funny to call me a minister!" laughed Lily.

But he picked up the big dictionary and showed her the word there and the meaning. "Minister: One who serves or helps." "There you are," he said; "a little minister or helper."

NANNIE'S SEED THAT GREW.

He was old and blind. Nannie watched him while he ate the bread and meat, and drank the coffee that her mother had sent out to him.

At last, Nannie asked a question: "Your name isn't Bartimeus, is it?"

He shook his head. "Oh, no, that isn't my name. What made you think it was?"

"I didn't really think so," said Nannie; "but you made me remember Bartimeus; he was blind, you know."

"Was he?" said the old man.

"Yes, and he got cured. Don't you know about him? He sat by the road, and he heard a great noise, and asked what it meant, and they told him that Jesus was going by. Then he began to call, as loudly as he could, 'Jesus have mercy on me!'"

"They told him to hush; but he would not. Pretty soon Jesus stopped and asked what he wanted, and he said, 'Lord, that I might receive my sight.' And Jesus cured him, right away. Did you ever ask Jesus to cure you?"

"No," said the blind man, "I never did; he isn't here to ask."

"Why, yes, he is!" said Nannie, earnestly; "only we can't see him, because we haven't the right kind of eyes. But he never leaves us, and he hears every word that we speak to him. Did you know that?"

"But he doesn't cure people as he did once," said the blind man.

Nannie thought for a minute; then she said, slowly: "That must be because it wouldn't be good for them; if it were, he could do it, you know. If I were you I would ask him about it."

"Why don't you pray that prayer ever so many times, 'Lord, that I might receive my sight'? It is a very short prayer, and I know he would hear you." Just then Nannie's mother called, and she had to go.

A few weeks after that, a wonderful thing happened. The family doctor stopped at their gate one afternoon and asked for Nannie.

"I have just come from the hospital," he said. "A poor blind man was hurt on the street, not long ago, and was carried there. This morning he told me that he knew you, and asked me to tell you that he had prayed the prayer you taught him,

'Lord, that I might receive my sight,' a great many times, and that Jesus had heard and answered him."

"And could he truly see?" asked Nannie, eagerly.

"He can now," said the doctor; "Jesus sent for him this morning, to come home to heaven."

LITTLE GARDENERS.

"How shall we make
Our garden grow?"
Look in this book,
And you shall know.

First you will dig;
Then sow your seed.
A very big hole
You will not need.

Next you will buy
A water-can,
And water the ground
Like a gardening man.

What to do next
The sun knows best;
He and the rain
Will manage the rest.

So patiently wait
Till white and red
Sweet flowers peep up
In your garden bed.

LOVING MOTHER WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH.

A little boy declared that he loved his mother "with all his strength." He was asked to explain what he meant by "with all his strength." He said: "Well, I'll tell you. You see, we live on the fourth floor of this tenement; and there's no elevator, and the coal is kept down in the basement. Mother is dreadfully busy all the time, and she isn't very strong; so I see to it that the coal-hod is never empty. I lug the coal up four flights of stairs all by myself. And it's a pretty big hod. It takes all my strength to get it up here. Now, isn't that loving my mother with all my strength?"

CLEVER MR. HOP.

Mr. Hop lived in the yard with the chickens. The chickens ate meal from a pan. Mr. Hop was not a chicken, and he didn't like meal. But Mr. Hop was a toad, and he did like the flies that came and buzzed around the meal. He wanted to find a nice easy way to get them, so he put on his thinking cap. Perhaps you didn't know that toads have thinking caps; but Mr. Hop had one, and this is what happened after he put it on:

Every day Mr. Hop climbed into the pan and got himself all covered with damp meal. Then he climbed out again and waited for the flies. They came, of course, for flies don't have thinking caps. Then Mr. Hop's long tongue flew out and one by one he gathered them in for his dinner.

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