

"Let me see," said mother, putting on her thinking cap. "Yes, I have had one visitor."

"Oh! have you, mother? Who was it?"

"She did not tell me her name," said mother, with a quizzical little smile.

"Did not tell you her name? How very queer! Where did she come from?"

"She did not say."

"What did she come to our house for?"

"Ah! for several reasons. For one thing, she cured my headache; she brought me a letter from a dear friend; she gave me a new book to read; she put a red rose on my table; she finished a piece of sewing for me, and gave me some sweet, new thoughts."

"What a strange visitor!" murmured Effie. "Was that all?"

"No; she wanted me to do many things for her. She asked me to make broth for a sick girl, to write two letters offering to help two people, to pay a visit, to make a pudding, and several other things."

"And did you do them for her?"

"I did some of them, and some I left undone. I wish now that I had done them all."

"I would give anything to see her, mother. Will she ever come again?"

"No," said mother, "she cannot come again, because she died at sunset."

"Died, mother? How dreadful! and yet you are smiling. I think you are joking somehow—are you?"

"Not joking exactly, Effie, dear, but I am talking in a little parable which I think you can guess, when I tell you that her sister is coming to-morrow at sunrise—her twin sister, so like my visitor that no one could tell them apart, though some of her gifts and some of her desires will be different from to-day's guest."

"You say you don't know her name, mother?"

"I didn't say that. I said she did not tell me her name. But I do know it—it is *Thursday*."

"Thursday!" cried Effie, laughing. "You just mean to-day, then."

"Yes, to-day."

"And your visitor to-morrow will be named—"

"Friday, of course."

"Effie was very much amused at the idea of the Thursday visitor and the Friday visitor; but when she woke up in her little bed the next morning she said softly to herself: "How do you do, Mrs. Friday? I wonder what you have brought me to-day. At any rate, I am going to do all the things you ask me, 'cause you have got to die at sunset, you know."

And, right away, Mistress Friday asked the little girl to get up and dress in time for morning prayers.—*Elizabeth P. Allan, in the Sunday School Times.*

## WHAT WE MAY BRING.



WHEN Christ was born in Bethlehem  
The wise men came from far.  
They came with gifts and offerings—  
Led onward by a star.  
Their gifts were quite befitting,  
Such great men as they were—  
The gold that all men treasure,  
The frankincense and myrrh.

So now may men bring learning,  
And others bring their wealth,  
And some may bring their greatness,  
And some bring strength and health.  
We, too, would bring our treasures  
To offer to our King,  
We have no wealth or learning,  
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring the little duties  
We have to do each day;  
We'll try our best to please Him,  
At home, at school, at play;  
And these shall be the treasures  
We offer to our King,  
And these the gifts that even  
The poorest child may bring.

## ONLY A LITTLE.

DO you know how much honey a bee gathers in a lifetime? (His life is said to be about three weeks long.) Think now early he rises, how late he stays out, how incessantly busy he is every instant of the "shining hours," as you may know if you stand under that blossoming apple tree; now, how much honey will he store up in a lifetime? *One teaspoonful!* So says a bee student. God thinks it worth while to give him that wonderful body, and more wonderful instinct, for one teaspoonful of honey. Never despise, then, the little you can do, if it is all, really all, you can do.—*S. S. Visitor.*

Check the hasty word or frown,  
Do not judge another—  
Every act to God is known,  
He will judge thy brother.

Give a bright smile when you can,  
Make some dull life glad—  
Life is such a little span,  
We should ne'er be sad.

THE English language is a very expressive language, as witness the following quotation:

"Write we know, is written right,  
When we see it written write,  
But when we see it written wright,  
We know it is not written right.  
For write, to have it written right,  
Must not be written right, nor rite,  
Nor yet must it be written wright,  
But write, for so 'tis written right."