

MR. NOBODY.

THERE is a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we'll all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books;
Who leaves the door ajar;
He pulls the buttons off our clothes,
And scatters pins afar.
That squeaking door will always squeak
Because, you surely see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire
That kettles cannot boil,
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil.
The papers always are mislaid;
Who had them last but he?
There's no one tosses them about
But Mr. Nobody.

The fingermarks upon the doors
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying round you see
Are not our boots; they all belong
To Mr. Nobody.

CHILDREN'S GIFTS TO MISSIONS.

THE missionary host of the Sunday-schools—what a good work it is doing! It is not a sergeant's little squad drilling by itself, but a great host, promoting unity of interest and sympathy in the great, wide campaign of the Master; and the mites falling in as offerings, like the drops of a steady rain, give us quite a river of good help.

The money the children give, how happily and blessedly it helps us! And again, how blessedly it helps them to learn from early years to give out and send abroad! O do not let the children of the Sunday-schools be giving for themselves—for their own books, their prizes, their entertainments, their comforts. Provide some other way, through teachers, or parents, or friends, for these necessary costs. Let the children always give for something outside of themselves—for missions, for great needs beyond, for something always teaching the blessedness of being unselfish.—*Church Worker.*

THE BROWN TOWEL.

"THEY must be very poor who have nothing to give," said Mrs. Jarvis, as she deposited a pair of beautiful English blankets in a box that was being filled by the ladies of the church to be sent to the poor.

"And now, ladies, as you are nearly through, I would like to tell you an incident in my history; I was once very poor."

"You once very poor?" said a lady.

"Yes; I was once *very poor*. There came to our village a missionary to deliver a lecture. I felt very desirous to go, but having no decent apparel to wear, I was often deprived of going to church, although I was a member.

"I waited until it was late, and then slipped in and took a seat behind the door.

"I listened with streaming eyes to the missionary's account of the destitution and darkness in heathen lands. Poor as I was, I felt it to be a great privilege to live in a Christian land, and to be able to read the Bible.

"It was proposed by our pastor that the congregation should fill a box and send it out with the missionary on his return.

"Oh! thought I, how I would like to send something. When I returned home my poor children were still sleeping soundly, and my disconsolate husband waiting my return; for he had been out of employment for some time. After he had gone to bed I went to looking over my clothes, but I could find nothing that was suitable that I could possibly spare; then I began looking over the children's things, but could find nothing that the poor dears could be deprived of; so I went to bed with a heavy heart, and lay a long time thinking of the destitution of the poor heathen, and how much better off I was.

"I got to thinking over my little stock again. There was nothing I could put into the box except one brown towel.

"Next day I got my towels, picked out the best one, and when it was almost dark put on my bonnet, went to the church, slipped my towel into the box, and came away thinking that the Lord knew that I had done what I could.

"And now, ladies, let me tell you it was not long after that when my husband got into a good situation; and prosperity has followed us ever since. So I date back my prosperity to this incident of the brown towel."

Her story was done, and as the carriage was waiting at the door she took her departure, leaving us all mute with surprise that one so rich and generous had been trained to give amid poverty.

LIVING IN THE FUTURE.

"How long the day is!" exclaimed Ina White, as she threw herself on a low couch in a weary attitude towards the close of a summer's day. "Why does it appear so?" I asked.

"Thinking of to-morrow," she replied, with a gesture of surprise. "Will it never come?"

I then remembered what had escaped me at first, that a party of pleasure had been arranged for the next day, to which the young people looked forward with extreme delight.

"Find something to do," I returned, "busy yourself in some way, I do not say, let your heart be less glad in the prospect before you; but I do say, let not the anticipation of it make you weary and dull to-day."

Ina was a dear girl and easily convinced of right, so she followed my advice. Presently I saw her at her mother's feet, assisting with some sewing needful for her younger sisters.

"Right!" I thought. "To-day's duty is the best preparation for to-morrow's joy." In spite of this effort to do right, however, as I passed Ina's room that night, her door ajar, I heard a gentle murmur from the wakeful girl:

"Oh, how long the night is!"

As I passed on to my chamber, I thought, "There's a very bright to-morrow before me in the sunshine of my Saviour's presence. Am I looking forward to it, and does the time appear long until I am in its full enjoyment? Yet am I seeking to follow out my own advice, and employ it well until the Master comes and calls for me? Am I living for the future while working and waiting for the present?"

I confess I had to answer these questions with shame to my own soul. My young reader, how would you answer them?

ALWAYS MIND MAMMA.

WHEN I was a very little girl, I was one day sitting on a chair and rocking toward the stove. Mamma told me not to rock any more, for fear I would fall against the stove and burn myself. But I thought I could surely rock one more time without falling, and so I tried it. Now, this was just once too often, for I fell and burned my wrists very badly, and had to have them bound up in long white strips. My hands were sore for many days, and now I have five large scars on the backs of them, which often make me think of the time I did not mind my mamma. Little boys and girls, always do as mother tells you. She knows best.