

THE MAGIC DANCE.

BY C. A. ZIMMERMAN.

It is probable that some of you have had an opportunity of seeing experiments in what is known as frictional electricity, performed by means of costly apparatus and powerful batteries. But by observing the following directions, you can now enjoy a similar exhibition, produced in a very few minutes by the simplest materials.

We shall require two pretty thick books, so placed as to support a pane of glass, say twelve by ten inches in size, held between their pages, as shown in this picture—the glass being about one inch and one-quarter from the top of the table on which the experiment is to be tried. This done, you may exercise your skill with a pair of scissors, and cut out of tissue paper the figures that are to dance. They must not exceed one inch and one-eighth in length, and they may represent absurd little ladies and gentlemen, or any animal you may happen to think of.

You will find admirable little figures of children in Miss Greenaway's charming book, "Under the Window,"—if you are so fortunate to possess it. These can be traced on the tissue paper, and colored if desired, or you can cut small figures out of the pictures in illustrated newspapers, the more comical the better.

Now place the dancers upon the table underneath the glass (see illustration), and with a silk, cotton, or linen handkerchief, apply friction to the top of the pane, by rubbing briskly in a circular manner; the figures soon will start into activity, execute jigs, between table and glass, join hands, stand on their heads,—in short, it would be difficult to describe all their antics. Touch the glass with your finger, and they will fall, as if dead upon the table.—*St. Nicholas.*

A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

Baby Elsie was cooing in her crib. She was one year old today, and her mother and Aunt Marion were looking at her with delighted eyes, when there came a ring at the door. The postman handed in a letter, addressed in a quaint, cramped handwriting, to Elsie Allan.

"A letter to Baby!" exclaimed the surprised mamma. "And surely it is from Aunt Dorothy. Well, what has prompted this, I wonder?"

As the letter was opened, a piece of paper fluttered out. It proved on examination to be a cheque for \$25. The letter was as follows:

"Baby Elsie's Great-Aunt Dorothy sends her a birthday gift, which she hopes Baby's mother, niece Laura, will invest for Baby in the wisest way she can think of."

"Of course, Laura, you will put it in the savings' bank for her, and let it be a nest egg. Dear little girlie, it would be nice for her to have a bank-book of her very own."

"No," said Mrs. Allen, "I won't do that."

"Well, then, I'd advise you spending it on the little thing herself. She needs a new dress and cloak, and she ought to have a silver spoon and fork of her own, and that way of using it would, I am sure, be agreeable to Aunt Dorothy."

The young mother was looking at her child with a very sweet expression on her thoughtful face.

"Marion," she said, "I shall send this money to the Treasurer of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, and let its payment make Elsie a Life-Member of that society. I want to bring her up to be an earnest and devoted child of God, and a servant of Christ; and what can I do better than to send this, her birthday



gift, in her name, to help tell the old, old story to the perishing in heathen lands?"

And that was the investment which Aunt Dorothy's money made for a wee maiden, who, if she lives, will never remember the time when she was not interested in Foreign Missions.—*Chris. Intelligencer.*

NELLIE'S VERSE.

It was Nellie's birthday, and mamma had suggested that she should choose a Bible verse to help her through the coming year; so now she sits with her own beautiful new Bible, a present from grandmamma, and looking over the familiar chapters of the gospels, her eyes rest on the words of Jesus found in St. John 8: 29: "I do always those things that please Him."

"Mamma, I have found such a good verse," said Nellie, as she read it aloud. "I would like to do always those things which

please my Heavenly Father, but I forget so often."

"Ask God to help you, my darling," said mamma. "When you feel tired or impatient, no matter where you are or what you are doing, raise your heart in prayer to him for strength to do as he would have you, and he will never fail you."

"I will, mamma," said Nellie earnestly, and together then they knelt, and the mother prayed that the dear Father of us all would indeed bless her child, and enable her to "do always those things which please him."—*Christine R. Marshall*

THE DEAD RAVEN.

A poor weaver once lived in the little German town of Wuppertal—a poor man in his outward circumstances, but rich toward God, and well known in his neighborhood as one who trusted in the Lord at all times. His constant faith expressed itself in what became his habitual

the little room on the ground floor in which they lived. The window was open, and, possibly, the words were heard outside, with which the weaver strove to keep up their courage: "The Lord helps." Presently a street boy looked saucily in, and threw a dead raven at the feet of the pious man. "There, saint, there is something for you to eat!" he cried, tauntingly.

The weaver picked up the dead raven, and stroking its feathers down, said compassionately.

"Poor creature! thou must have died of hunger."

When, however, he felt its crop to see whether it was empty he noticed something hard, and wished to know what had caused the bird's death, he began to examine it. What was his surprise when, on opening the gullet, a gold necklace fell into his hand! The wife looked at it confounded; the weaver exclaimed, "The Lord helps!" and in haste took the chain to the nearest goldsmith, told him how he had found it, and received with gladness two dollars, which the goldsmith offered to lend him for his present need. The goldsmith soon cleaned the trinket, and recognised it as one he had seen before.

"Shall I tell you the owner?" he asked, when the weaver called again.

"Yes," was the joyful answer, "for I would gladly give it back into the right hands."

But what cause had he to admire the wonderful ways of God when the goldsmith pronounced the name of his master at the factory! Quickly he took the necklace and went with it to his former employer. In his family, too, there was much joy at the discovery, for suspicion was removed from the servant. But the merchant was ashamed and touched; he had not forgotten the words uttered by the poor man when he was dismissed.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully and kindly, "the Lord helps; and now you shall not only go home richly rewarded, but I will no longer leave without work so faithful and pious a workman, whom the Lord so evidently stands by and helps; you shall henceforth be no more in need."

Thus He who fed Elijah by living ravens, proves Himself equally able to supply the needs of His tried servant by the same bird when dead.—*From "Tales of Trust." By H. L. Hastings.*

Poor sad humanity,  
Through all the dust and heat,  
Turns back with bleeding feet,  
By the weary road it came,  
Unto the simple thought  
By the Great Master taught,  
And that remaineth still:  
Not he that repeateth the name,  
But he that doeth the will.

—H. W. Longfellow.