THE MAGIC DANCE.

BY C. A. ZIMMERMAN.

It is probable that some of you experiments in what is known as by means of costly apparatus and powerful batteries. But by observing the following th serving 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 supthick books, so placed as to sup-port a pane of glass, say twelve Dorothy." by ten inches in size, held between their pages, as shown in this picture—the glass being expression on her thoughtful about one inch and one-quarter face. from the top of the table on which the experiment is to be tried. This done, you may exercise your skill of tissue paper the figures that are to dance. They must not exceed one inch and one-eighth in length, to little ladies and gentlemen, or any

You will find admirable little figures of children in Miss Greenaway's charming book, "Under the Window,"—if you are so for-tunate 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 hankerchief, apply friction to the top of the pane, 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.

Marion were looking at her with ested in Foreign Missions. delighted eyes, when there came Chris. Intelligencer. a ring at the door. The postman handed in a letter, addressed in a quaint, cramped handwriting, to Elsie Allan.

as follows:

" 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 have had an opportunity of seeing to have a bank-book of her very

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

The young mother was looking face.

"Marion," she said, " I shall send this money to the Treasurer

forget so often."

in prayer to him for strength to do looked saucily in, and threw never fail you."

earnestly, and together then they cried, tauntingly. knelt, and the mother prayed The weaver picked up the that the dear Father of us all dead raven, and stroking its would indeed bless her child, and feathers down, said compassionenable her to "do always those ately.
things which please him."—Chris"Poor creature! thou must

tine R. Marshall

THE DEAD RAVEN.

A poor weaver once lived in done, you may exercise your skill of the Woman's Board of Foreign the little German town of Wup-with a pair of seissors, and cut out of Missions, and let its payment perthal—a poor man in his out-it. What was his surprise when, make Elsie a Life-Member of that ward circumstances, but rich to-on opening the gullet, a gold necksociety. I want to bring her up ward God, and well-known in lace fell into his hand! The wife be an earnest and devoted his neighborhood as one who looked at it confounded; the they may represent absurd child of God, and a servant of ladies and gentlemen, or any Christ; and what can I do better His constant faith expressed it helps!" and in haste took the

please my Heavenly Father, but I the little room on the ground floor in which they lived. The win-Ask God to help you, my dow was open, and, possibly, the cling," said mamma. "When words were heard outside, with darling," said mamma. "When words were heard outside, with you feel tired or impatient, no which the weaver strove to keep metter where you are or what up their courage: "The Lord you are doing, raise your heart helps." Presently a street boy as he would have you, and he will dead raven at the feet of the pious man. "There, saint, there is "I will, mamma," said Nellie something for you to eat!" he

have died of hunger.

When, however, he felt its crop to see whether it was empty he noticed something hard, and wishto know what had caused the animal you may happen to think of.

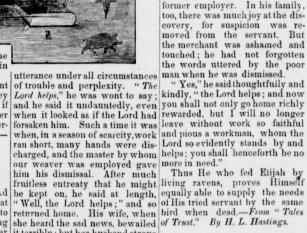
Onlist; and what can I to better this constant lath expressed it than to send this, her birthday self in what became his habitual chain to the nearest goldsmith, told him how he had found it, and received with gladness two dollars, which the goldsmith offered to lend him for his present need. The goldsmith soon cleaned the trinket, and recognised it as one he had seen before.

"Shall I tell you the owner?" 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 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.

charged, and the master by whom helps; you shall henceforth be no



she heard the sad news, bewailed of Trust." By H. L. Hastings. it terribly; but her husband strove to cheer her with his accustomed assurance. "The Lord helps," he Poor sad humanity, said; and although as the days Through all the dust and heat, went on, poverty pinched them Turns back with bleeding feet, sorely, nothing could shake his By the weary road it came, firm reliance on Him in whom he Unto the simple thought "Baby Liste's Great-Aunt Bor, othy sends her a birthday gift, which she hopes Baby's moiler, niece Laura, will invest for Baby in the visest way she can think read it aloud. "I would like to starvation stared them in the face. But he that doeth the will.

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 Baby Elsie was cooing in her made for a wee maiden, who, if crib. She was one year old to- she lives, will never remember day, and her mother and Aunt the time when she was not inter-

## NELLIE'S VERSE.

"A letter to Baby!" exclaimed It was Nellie's birthday, and the surprised mamma. "And surely it is from Aunt Dorothy. Well, what has prompted this, I wonder?"

Well, what has prompted this, I help her through the coming wonder?" As the letter was opened, a own beautiful new Bible, a present piece of paper fluttered out. It from grandmanma, and looking proved on examination to be a over the familiar chapters of the cheque for \$25. The letter was gospels, her eyes rest on the words follows: of Jesus found in St. John 8: 29:
"Baby Elsie's Great-Aunt Dor-"I do always those things that

do always those things which Sadly his wife tidied and swept

-H. W. Longfellow.

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