



MILTIADES FINDS A TREASURE.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

MILTIADES PAUL PETERKIN, was a very small boy with a very long name. He had, like most small boys, a weakness for jam. One day, when his mother was making Christmas pies, Miltiades got into the pantry alone, and went through the performance shown in picture number one.

Like a greedy fellow as he was, he then lifted the jar over his head, that he might lick what was left on the sides with his tongue. How graceful he looked you may see in cut number two.

But he found it was easier to get the jar on his head than off again. So when it stuck fast, in a fit of terror he rushed into the room, where his grandma—dear soul, his friend in many a trouble—sat knitting. It was a new way of playing blind-man's-buff, for with a crash he stumbled against her chair, and thought his head was broken, but it was only the jar.

"Good gracious! Law sakes alive! what

on earth's the matter with the child?" exclaimed grandma, dropping her knitting and throwing up her hands. The dear old lady was frightened out of her sense of propriety, or she would never have uttered those slangy words—and she a Church member too. But while Miltiades' father and mother, and brothers and sister, nearly laughed themselves into fits, grandma—blessings on all the grandmas, say we—took the frightened boy in her arms and washed his jam-stained face and matted hair, and made him promise never to touch again what was not his.



MILTIADES' SIN FINDS HIM OUT.

And all through the holidays, whenever his father said, "Have any more jam, Miltiades?" it made the poor boy blush very red and feel very uncomfortable, and his brothers had hard work to keep from laughing, and even his father had a suspicious twinkle in his eye. Now the moral of my story is not a very long one, but it's very true. "Be sure your sin will find you out."

TALKING WITH GOD.

A LITTLE girl, whose father was an infidel, went to visit a friend of hers whose parents were both Christians. While she was there the family gathered for their usual morning worship. While they were reading the Word of God she listened very attentively, but when the father knelt reverently down and engaged in earnest prayer, she seemed amazed, and glanced all around the room to see with whom he was talking, and seeing no one looking at him she was greatly puzzled. As soon as she had opportunity, after the service was over, she whispered to her friend and asked:—

"Who was your father talking with this morning?"

"Why, he was talking with God," said her friend.

The little girl knew nothing about God, or his dealings with men, so they tried to explain to her who and what God was, and then told her the "old, old story" of the cross.

To all this she listened very eagerly, and when they had finished, she inquired, earnestly, "Can't I talk with him too?"

"Certainly you can," said they, "for he loves little children, and

said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

She seemed very happy, and when she got home that night she jumped into her father's lap, and told him about these good people that talked with God, and what they had told her about him; and then, with her little face beaming with joy, she exclaimed, "Oh, father, they said I could talk with him too, and he would hear me!"

She did talk with him, until her father and all the family learned to love and commune with God.

GIVING TO CHRIST.

THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health.
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or learning—
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring him hearts that love him;
We'll bring him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways.
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King;
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may 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 better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them;
Yet these a child may bring.



MILTIADES IN TROUBLE.