

LITTLE FOLKS

Zyl's Treasure.

(Young Soldier.)

But a short time ago Zyl could not have counted her treasures, she had so many of them. Now only Sarkis, the little kid, remained.

Zyl was the child of well-to-do and God-fearing parents. Her little life had been a very happy one, playing with the animals around

house, crying, 'The Turks are coming!'

Zyl's mother turned white with fear. Too well she knew all that the coming of their cruel persecutors had meant to many a happy and Christian home.

No bars could keep out the swords of the men. They burst in and demanded that Zyl's parents

have escaped had she not been hidden by her father before the door burst open and he was taken prisoner.

Now, poor little girl, she is so lonely and so sad. She found Sarkis, the pet kid, had also been overlooked by the Turks, and when some pitying hand led her away from that scene of horror, she took Sarkis, too. Zyl is very fond of her dumb friend, and carries him about and pets him. He is the one treasure left to her out of all she once possessed.

And yet I cannot help thinking that Zyl has one treasure more, and that a far more precious one—in the memory of a brave father and mother, who chose rather to die than deny their God.

And when you think and pray for the thousands of little Armenians, who, like Zyl, have lost their parents, make up your mind to love and serve without one reserve the God whom so many have died as well as lived for.

Playing Circus.

(Anna D. Walker, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

The Turner children were so mischievous that they kept their father and mother always in perplexity as to what to do with them next. The father was continually inventing modes of punishment, the mother continually pleading for leniency, and trying to find new amusements for the numerous flock in order to divert them from hurtful mischief.

Barnum's great museum came to town, and the father wanting a pretext to go to see the far-famed affair took the four eldest of his children and went. With staring eyes and open mouths the children beheld the wonders of the show.

In the circus connected with the menagerie they saw horses leap over what seemed to be great sheets of muslin. This was a feat that particularly fascinated Jack, thirteen years old, and fond of horses and driving.

Lena, aged eleven, was Jack's companion in all sorts of queer doings, and the day following that of the visit to the circus, found the two trying to invent a way to do something in imitation of the horse leaping performance.



ZYL'S TREASURE.

that peaceful home, or learning her lessons and hymns at her mother's knee.

But one day trouble came—and all the blue sky of Zyl's child-life seemed to be hung with great grey clouds of sorrow.

Zyl was playing in the pleasant court-yard when she heard a loud tramping of feet, and her father rushed in and slammed the gate bolt with a slam, and catching up his little girl, ran with her into the

should give up their religion or die a cruel and horrible death.

It was a moment of sore temptation, but Zyl's parents were noble followers of Christ and stood the strain. They said they could not deny their God, and so paid the consequence of their faith.

Before night-fall poor Zyl was an orphan—father and mother were both lying dead, slain by the Turks, and their once pretty home robbed and spoilt. Zyl herself would not