

she turned to her son and asked him if he would not let Hans keep it. He, too, had been touched by Hans' story, and answered that he would, and then said to Hans, "Here is something for you with which to buy crumbs for the bird," putting into his hands a golden coin.

With what joy Hans hurried home with the bird and the money, and told his story to his grandfather. As the old man heard him, he offered a thanksgiving to the good God, who had put into the heart of the child such love, uprightness, and self-denial.

When the robin perched on the edge of Hans' plate at supper-time, that night, there was no happier boy in all Germany than Hans.

Right-doing always brings its own joy to the doer.

THE BALD KNIGHT.

A certain knight, who wore a wig to conceal his baldness, was hunting one day. A sudden gust of wind carried away his wig, and showed his bald pate. His friends all laughed heartily at the odd figure he made, but the old fellow, so far from being put out, laughed as heartily as any of them. "Is it any wonder," said he, "that another man's hair shouldn't keep on my head when my own wouldn't stay there?"

THAT FIVE-DOLLAR GOLD PIECE.

"I have given my five-dollar gold piece in the place of one of those new cents I had," exclaimed Ralph Kersey, as he took some change out of his pocket.

"You know, I told you, Ralph, to put that five-dollar gold piece away in some safe place when your Uncle Alexander gave it to you.

"Yes, mother, I know you did, and I wish I had taken your advice, but I did like to take it out and show it to the boys, you know. Now my pride has suffered a great fall, I can tell you. I would not have lost it for anything, because uncle gave it to me, and on my birthday, too!"

"Well, my son, we all have a great many lessons to learn, and one that you seem particularly adverse to getting is that of taking your mother's advice on many matters pertaining to your welfare. You think you know it all yourself, and nobody can tell you anything. That is your failing, you are so self-opinionated, and self-sufficient. What did you buy this afternoon?"

"I bought five cents' worth of peanuts at the stand on the corner, and I believe I gave it to that boy; I paid him in pennies; then I got an orange, at a stand downtown, and I paid the car conductor with pennies."

"A hopeless find, I should say at once," said Ralph's eldest brother, who had just come in and heard his mother repeat the story of the loss. "You don't suppose any of those fellows are going to

admit for a moment that your five-dollar gold piece was taken by mistake for a new cent?"

"They might be more honest than you make them out to be," rejoined Ralph. "I think now that it is more likely to be that man I got the orange from who has it, for two of the cents I gave him, I remember, were new, bright ones. The conductor, I know, did not have any new cents among the five I gave him."

"So he is out of the scrape," rejoined the brother, "How about the peanut boy?"

"I am not so positive about giving him new cents, as I am the orange man. Still, I think I did pay him in new cents, too."

"If you had not such a mania for turning your nickels and dimes all into cents to make more of a jingle in your pockets, you would not have lost your five-dollar gold piece, Ralph. However, I am right sorry for you, for it really is quite a loss. There are so many things you might have bought with that five-dollar piece."

Ralph hardly waited to hear the last of his brother's talk. He was hurrying off to see the orange man.

"No," the orange man said, "you did not give me any five-dollar gold piece, young man," and to prove the truth of his assertion he took a small bag out of his pocket and turned the contents on the stand.

Ralph did not feel quite sure, however, that that was indisputable proof that he had not taken it, for, of course, it was easy enough to put that gold piece away by itself in some other pocket.

When Ralph got to the corner where the peanut boy usually stood, he had gone away. Ralph felt quite discouraged after he got home, especially as his father and elder brother did not give him the slightest encouragement about ever recovering his property.

A week from that day Ralph said it seemed strange that the peanut boy had not been at his old stand since the day the five-dollar gold piece disappeared. All the family thought the coincidence was proof that he had taken the piece, and for that reason had not come back to his old haunts. But that very afternoon, as Ralph was coming home from school, he saw the peanut boy at his old place again. Before he could speak of his loss, the boy said: "Did you lose anything, boss?"

"Yes, a five-dollar gold piece," exclaimed Ralph.

Then the peanut boy said: "I thought you was the fellow that gave that gold piece to me for a new cent." Then he took a parcel out of his pocket, unrolled wrapper after wrapper, until he came to the gold piece. "You see them's slippery things, and might get away from me," he said, as he handed Ralph the money. "I was afraid you'd be thinking 'twas gone for sure, but I've been sick ever since, and couldn't come out."

The peanut boy would take no



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reward for his honesty. "It belongs to you, boss; it belongs to you; taint none of mine."

When Ralph went home and showed his gold piece and told how he had recovered it, the family all felt that they had done the poor boy much injustice by presuming that he was dishonest. But Ralph and his mother became fast friends of the peanut boy, and found many ways to show their appreciation of his honest principles during that winter, when he and his mother were ill and suffering.

The peanut boy had a good, honest mother, who although they were in great need, counselled him to find the owner of the gold piece as soon as possible. We find true honesty and a high sense of honour oftentimes where we least expect it, and thus should be very careful not to be unjust to anyone, even in thought.

THE MAN AND THE LION.

A man and a lion once argued as to which belonged to the nobler race. The former called the attention of the lion to a monument on which was sculptured a man striding over a vanquished lion. "That proves nothing at all," said the lion; "if a lion had been the carver, he would have made the lion striding over the man."

A FAITHFUL ELEPHANT.

Solomon tells us to go to the ant to learn wisdom; but there are other insects and animals that can teach us a lesson. Here is one by an elephant:

It was an unusually warm day, even for India, that a huge elephant, tormented by mosquitoes, was doing his best, by use of his trunk and a great branch lashed about, to drive them off. Just then his keeper brought a little, dark, naked baby, laid it down before the elephant, with two words

in Hindustanee, "Watch it," and then walked away into the town.

The elephant immediately broke off the larger part of the bough, so as to make a smaller and more convenient whisk, then directed his whole attention towards the child, gently fanning the little "lump of India ink," as one expressed it, and driving away every mosquito which came near it.

This the faithful elephant continued for upwards of two hours, regardless of himself and his tormentors, until his keeper returned. Do you think you could have shown as great patience and steady faithfulness under such trying circumstances?

—Look upon the success and sweetness of thy duties as very much depending upon the keeping of thy heart closely with all diligence.

—The money-changer was a broker who supplied the temple with money in exchange for foreign coin, which could not be used in making an offering.

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