

FIVE EGGS

WASE let me peep into your nest,
 Little, cunning, wise redbreast!
 We want to count the eggs, and see
 How many little birds there'll be.

We will not take the nest away—
 We're very glad to let it stay;
 We'll count the eggs—one, two, three, four;
 And, let me see, there's just one more.

Five eggs, dear birdie, I declare—
 Five eggs to claim your watchful care,
 And by and by, five little things,
 Alive with feathers and with wings.

God taught the bird to build her nest;
 He cares for you, my sweet redbreast;
 We'll join with you in tuneful lays
 To sing our Maker songs of praise.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 50
Harcan Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp. 8vo.	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Seaboard, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 10

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
 Methodist Book & Publishing House,
 75 & 83 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 3 Henry Street, Montreal.
 S. F. HURSTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JULY 20, 1889.

THE UNFAILING HAND.

A TRAVELLER following his guide amid the awful Alpine heights, reached a place where the path was narrowed by a jutting rock on one side, and a terrible precipice on the other. The guide, holding on to the rock with one hand, extended the other hand over the precipice for the traveller to step upon, and pass around the jutting rock. He hesitated, but the guide said, "That hand never lost a man." He stepped upon the hand and passed on safely.

The child of God who takes the Saviour as his guide in this world of darkness and danger, has the help of an unailing hand. Who that has ever trusted him has been disappointed? He stretches out his hand for help and deliverance. He holds us by the right hand in the midst of dangers. And he has said, "My sheep hear my voice,

and I know them, and they follow me, and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them to me, is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." "That hand never lost a man;" blessed are they who can lie safely within its hollow, protected by its mighty grasp.

A CROWN FOR THE YOUNG.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

A TOUCHING incident was related to me the other day of a little girl's faith in God's promises. She had always been very precocious, loving the Saviour from the time she was taught to lisp his name.

When she was just six years old, a malignant disease broke out in the neighbourhood where she lived, and her dearest playmate and friend fell an early victim to its ravages. For a long time she was inconsolable at her loss, feeling that she wanted to die too, that she might go to be with Jesus and her little friend.

Fearing the consequences of such violent grief, her friends took her away for a visit, and one day after her return, as she sat deep in thought, her mother proposed her finishing a motto, "No Cross, no Crown," that she had been working for a present for her papa, thinking that busy fingers might divert her mind.

She worked a few moments; then, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "I can't work that motto to-day."

"Why not, my child?" the mother asked, holding the dear one in her arms.

"Because, mamma dear, it makes me think so much of Jennie. When I look at the cross I think of Jesus, and when I look at the crown I think of Jennie, for of course, mamma, she has now a crown of life, and is happy with Jesus."

She had recently learned the beautiful promise, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," and showed by the application of it that she understood its meaning, and that the truth had sunk deep into her heart.

FATHER KNOWS THE WAY.

Two little children were returning with their father from spending an evening with some friends at a distance. They stayed longer at their friend's house than they at first intended. The shades of the evening had fallen, night was coming on, and before they had proceeded far a heavy curtain of murky clouds seemed drawn about them. They had to cross a moor, pleasant enough in broad daylight, but not so pleasant with

darkness around. A silence fell on all, as the father, busy with his own thoughts, took a little hand in each of his, and pressed forward.

"Johnny," whispered Amy's timid voice in her brother's ear, "are you frightened?"

"No," replied the little man, as a little man should, "not at all."

"Why, Johnny, it is awful dark," again murmured the timid little voice, this time almost with a sob.

"But, you see," returned the boy, confidently, "father knows the way."

The father had heard the low conversation, and stooping down, he lifted Amy into his strong arms, while he clasped his boy's hand more tightly.

"Thank you my children," he said, "you have taught me a lesson. I, too, am going home to my Father's house above. It is but a little way, yet often dark and dreary, so that my heart gets afraid. Still it is the best path, and when I get home I shall be constrained to declare: 'He led me by the right way.'"

As Amy's mother laid her down to rest that night, the little girl murmured very contentedly:

"Mamma, I was not one bit frightened when I remembered father knew the way."

THINGS MONEY CANNOT DO.

MANY boys and girls have an idea that money can do almost any thing; but this is a mistake. Money, it is true, can do a great deal; but it cannot do everything. I could name you a thousand things it cannot buy. It was meant for good, and it is a good thing to have, but all this depends on how it is used. If used wrongly, it is an injury rather than a benefit. Beyond all doubt, however, there are many things better than it is, and which it cannot buy, no matter how much we may have of it.

If a man has not a good education, all his money will never buy it for him. He can scarcely ever make up for his early waste of opportunities.

Neither will wealth itself give a man or a woman good manners. Next to good morals and good health, nothing is of more importance than easy, graceful, self-possessed manners. But they cannot be had for mere money.

Money cannot purchase a good conscience. If a poor man, or a boy, or a girl—any one—has a clear conscience that gives off a tone like a sound bell when touched by the hammer, then be sure he or she is vastly richer than the millionaire who does not possess such a conscience. Good principles are better than gold.—*Amor.*