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# Happy Days

Vol. VII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1892.

[No. 19.

## NUTMEGS.

The picture here presented explains itself, and shows the way in which we get one of our staple spices, the nutmeg.

The nutmeg is the kernel of the fruit of a tree which grows in most tropical climates. The tree averages twenty-five feet in height. The fruit is oblong, roundish and pear-shaped, and is golden yellow in colour when ripe. At the top of our picture we see how they are gathered.

When the trees are shaken, the ripe fruit falls to the ground and is gathered by women. The fleshy part is of a peculiar consistency, resembling candied fruit, and is often preserved and eaten as sweetmeats; this is removed, leaving a thin, brown shell, slightly grooved by the pressure of the mace.

Within this shell is the nutmeg. At the lower left hand corner we see them removing the shell, at the upper right hand corner.

On the right side, packing the nuts, and at the bottom, where they are being hauled away after reaching our ports. At the lower right hand corner, we



NUTMEGS.

see them being sold, and at the bottom, after all this handling, packing and trouble, they have reached the kitchen, where an *owl* will be put to any more journeying.

Most of our nutmegs come from the West India Islands, Jamaica, Trinidad and Brazil. Great Britain, however, furnishes the greater portion of the spice used in her own settlements. The nut is very liable to the attack of a beetle which is very destructive, and it is common to give them a coating of lime. This accounts for the white, dusty substance often seen on them.

Who ever thinks when he sees a lot of nutmegs, of where they have been, of the waters they have crossed, of the hands that have prepared them, of the eyes that have seen them, and of the amount of labour necessary to obtain them? And though they are not an absolute necessity, we fear if the supply were cut off at once the loss of them would be very much felt.—  
FRED.

KEEP little annoyances out of the way.

**DON'T TELL.**

When my big dolly gave a ball,  
Of course I had to bake—  
I know you'd never guess at all  
Just how I made the cake!  
Don't tell—I took the powder box  
From mamma's dressing-case—  
You know there's one that never locks  
And has a frill of lace.

Into this flour I put cologne  
For flavouring—don't tell!  
Then took a button-hook—my own—  
And mixed it very well.  
I slipped it in the kitchen range,  
And cook, she never saw;  
But what to me seemed very strange,  
The dough, when baked, was raw!

My dolly seemed to think it fine,  
And so I gave her some  
With an eggcupful of lovely wine—  
My papa's best bay rum.  
The supper-table, after all,  
I think, looked very well,  
And now I've told you 'bout the ball—  
But don't you ever tell!

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**HAPPY DAYS.**

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1892.

**WHAT GOD THINKS OF CHILDREN.**

You remember what Jesus said about the children. "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." It was as much as to say, "Don't make them wait until they are older, I want them now."

He wants you to feel towards him just as you feel towards your own dear father or mother. If you have any trouble, run right away with it to him. If you com-

mit any sin, away to your dear Father in heaven and tell him of it. If you are in any difficulty and don't know what to do, run right to that same loving Father and he will make all plain. This is what God wants you to do. Remember that he is with you every moment. He does not go and come as people do. He is always here, ready to help and bless you.

**BE COURTEOUS, BOYS.**

"Why, I treat him as he treats me," said Hal. His mother had just reproached him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend who had just gone home.

"I often go in there and he doesn't notice me," said Hal again.

"Do you enjoy that?"

"Oh, I don't mind! I don't stay long."

"I should call myself a very selfish person if friends came to see me and I should pay no attention to them."

"Well, that's different. You're grown up."

"Then you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys?"

Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't exactly mean that; but his father, who had listened, now spoke:

"A boy or man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him, has no character of his own. He will never be kind or generous or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature." And very earnestly the father added. "Remember this, my boy, you lower your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because some one else is. Be true to your best self and no boy can drag you down."

**THE RIGHT STATION.**

The whistle gave two short howls, and all the wheels seemed to move more and more slowly, until the long train came to a full stop, opposite a pretty little station house.

"Lowmoor," called out the brakeman, putting his head in the door, but he didn't say it very plainly.

"Oh," cried a young woman sitting near the door. She seemed to think the brakeman had called her, and gathering up a baby, a little boy, and a big bundle, she hurried out. By the time she got all these things safely out to the platform, the whistle had shrieked again, the wheels had begun to fly round, and the long train was gone.

Ah, poor thing! She had gotten off at the wrong station. She meant to get at Glasgow, where she had heard there was much work to do, and now here she was at Lowmoor, where there were only a few houses and no work to be had. What could she do? Night was coming on; the air was full of fine drifting snow; no one had opened to take her in. What could she do but set out on the road to Glasgow, miles away.

Six miles! On and on she walked through the blinding snow; one arm occupied with carrying baby, the other with pulling along the tired little boy.

Six miles! Long before half of it had been travelled, mother and children came down at a cottage door, and prayed to be taken in.

Lo, what a change! There was a fire to warm them, with bread and meat to feed them, and kind words to cheer them. More than that, there was work. In the house there was a delicate young mother with more babies than she could well care for, and here the poor widow and child found a home, where they could help and be helped.

So you see it was the right station after all. That Heavenly Father who said, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widow trust in me," had caused them to get off at what men would call the wrong station, but what was in his providence the blessedly right station.

**ARE YOU SAFE?**

Two little girls were playing with their dolls in the corner of the nursery, and singing as they played:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on his gentle breast;  
There by his love o'ershadowed,  
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Mother was busy writing, only stopping now and then to listen to the little girls talk, unobserved by them. "Sister, how do you know you are safe?" said Nellie, the younger of the two. "Because I am holding Jesus with both my hands tight!" promptly replied sister. "Ah! that's safe!" said the other child. "Suppose Satan came along and cut your two hands off!" Little sister looked very troubled for a few moments, dropped poor dolly, and thought seriously. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she cried out. "O I forgot! Jesus is holding me with both hands, and Satan can't cut his hands off; so I am safe!"

TEN TRUE FRIENDS.

TEN true friends you have  
Who, five in a row,  
Upon either side of you  
Go where you go.

Suppose you are sleepy,  
They help you to bed;  
Suppose you are hungry,  
They see that you are fed.

They wake up your dolly  
And put on her clothes,  
And trundle her carriage  
Wherever she goes.

They buckle your skate-straps;  
And haul at your sled;  
Are in summer quite white  
And in winter quite red.

And, these ten tiny fellows,  
They serve you with ease;  
And they ask nothing from you  
But work hard to please.

Now, with ten willing servants  
So trusty and true,  
Pray who would be lazy  
Or idle, would you?

Would you find out the name  
Of this kind little band?  
Then count up the fingers  
On each little hand.

SMALL DUTIES.

BY S. DAYRE.

"YOU'RE coming out to play, aren't you, Nettie?"

"I'm going to do my sewing first," said Nettie.

"O, don't!" said her sister Lulu. "Come and play first, and then sew."

"No," said Nettie, "I always feel so good when my sewing is done."

"I hate sewing," said Lulu, with a pout.

"I don't like it very well myself," said Nettie.

"It's so pokey, just hemming the end of a towel. If I could make pretty things I know I'd like to sew. I should like to make pretty aprons like our lace-trimmed ones. How pleased mamma would be if I could make all our aprons!"

"You'd better get your sewing done while I'm doing mine."

"But I don't like to hem towels. The needle always pricks my finger and comes unthreaded. And every time I jump up for any thing, my spool rolls away or my thimble gets lost. What nice little stitches you are making! My stitches look so big and crooked."

"The more I sew the nicer I can make them," said Nettie.

"I couldn't, I know. Mine get worse and worse. I tell you, Nett, I'd like to sew for the orphan's home. It must be so nice to make those little dresses and things they make for them. When I'm a little older I'm going to do a great many."

"But you won't know how if you don't sew now."

"Well, I'm going to sew after we've played awhile. If it was anything but hemming towels I'd do it at once."

The foolish little girl idled and talked until her sister folded up her towel, well pleased with the neat hem at one end of it.

Sometime afterward a lady came to see the mother of Nettie and Lulu.

"I have come to ask if your little girls can join a society in which a number of children are helping to make things to sell. They are trying to raise money for a Sunday-school in the far West.

Mamma said she would be very glad to have them go, and the two were very much pleased. On the first afternoon they found a great many children at work in a pleasant room. Little tongues and little fingers moved very fast.

Mrs. Ward, the lady who had invited them, was cutting out some dolls' clothes which looked very pretty. Lulu was sure she would like to sew on them.

Mrs. Ward gave her a cunning apron, turning down a hem for her. And Lulu did her very best, for she was anxious to do as well as the others. But ah! she now wished that the hours she had spent in idle complaints had been put to better use. She had had so little practice in sewing that her stitches were large and uneven, and she was very much ashamed of them when Mrs. Ward came to look.

Nettie, who sat beside her, had no trouble. A neat row of stitches grew fast under her little fingers.

"We have a nice little seamstress here," said Mrs. Ward, smiling, as she looked at Nettie's work. "I think we can give you some of our best work."

She took Lulu's from her, saying that she would give her something easier. And very soon poor Lulu found herself hemming a duster, while she saw that Mrs. Ward ripped out what she had done on the doll's apron, when she thought no one was looking.

Lulu went to mamma with a very mournful face when she reached home.

"I wish I could sew as well as Nettie, mamma."

"And do you know why you cannot?" asked mamma.

"I s'pose it's because Nettie has tried harder than I," said Lulu.

"Yes; you have lost a great deal of time in which you might have learned to sew well for a little girl. And in doing so you have lost several other things."

"My new silver thimble, you mean?"

"No, I mean, for one, the chance of learning sweet little lessons of patience and perseverance."

"What else, mamma?"

"You have lost the chance of pleasing me. And something far more valuable—the chance of pleasing the dear Lord, who loves little children, and is always pleased with their faithful attention to the duties set for them."

"So many things to lose!" said Lulu, thoughtfully. "O, mamma, I'll begin tomorrow and make up. I'll try my very best. But," she added, with a still more sober little face, "I can't ever quite make up. I can never bring back the times I didn't try to do my best."

JENNIE'S PET.

BY T. E. W.

"WHAT a dear little chap my Billy is!" said Jennie, as the pet lamb came bounding toward her in answer to her childish voice.

Billy's mother was naughty, and because she had another little son she would not care for Billy, so Jennie had nursed and fed the little fellow until now he was almost as large as a sheep.

Jack Grundy, the hired man, had just shorn the older sheep; and, without asking Miss Jennie's leave, he caught the pet and cut off his wool also; Jennie at first was much displeased at Jack for spoiling the looks of her pet, and she ran and laid the matter before her mamma. But her wise mamma told her that she could have her pet's fleece made into nice warm mittens and stockings for the cold days in winter. So when papa took the wool to the carding mill, he had Billy's little fleece spun by itself. And now, though Billy has been sold to the butchers and sent to Toronto for the city folks to eat, Jennie still remembers her pet by the warm mitts and hose that were made from his wool.

Boys and girls are the pet lambs of papa and mamma, and they must learn to be useful to their parents as well as to love and obey them.

A GOOD child is always loved, and he who has the love of his friends is always blessed.



LITTLE NELLY.

### THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

In the green fields of Palestine,  
By its fountains and its rills,  
And by the sacred Jordan stream,  
And o'er the vine-clad hills,

Once lived and moved the fairest Child  
That ever blessed the earth,  
The happiest, the holiest,  
That e'er had human birth.

How beautiful his childhood was!  
Harmless and undefiled,  
O dear to his young mother's heart  
Was this pure, sinless Child.

Kindly in all his deeds and words,  
And gentle as the dove;  
Obedient, affectionate,  
His very soul was love.

O is it not a blessed thought,  
Children of human birth,  
That once the Saviour was a child,  
And lived upon the earth?

The story of Christ's infancy as given in the Gospels, though very brief, is nevertheless full of interest. It is helpful to the children to think that Christ passed through all those phases of child-life through which they are passing themselves. There was much that was wonderful in the circumstances attending his birth,

and infancy — the announcement to the shepherds, the adoration of the wise men, the threatening of Herod; but when those were past, there followed those peaceful, quiet years of early childhood spent in the humble home of Nazareth. Thinking of this there is nothing strange in the love of Christ toward the children.

Dean Stanley once addressed the children in Westminster Abbey on the Child Christ. His text was, "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man." He said that "in all things Christ was an example for us to imitate." Let us see how this can be. Each one must remember that the only way of becoming like Christ is by seeking improvement, and trying to grow better and better, wiser and wiser every year. (1) Christ grew strong in character. Children need a stout heart to resist tempta-

tion, a tender conscience which shall shrink from the contamination of sin, a strong determination not to trifle with the useless things of the world. (2) Christ grew in wisdom. To gain this the mind must be opened to take in all that your teachers can pour into it. Childhood's days are golden days, which can never be recovered if they are wasted or lost. Seek, therefore, for wisdom; pray for it, determine to have it. No one who has heard will ever forget the story of those days when Jesus went up to Jerusalem for the first time, and remained in the temple for many hours, reading, hearing, questioning. That is the way to get some of the blanks of our mind filled up. (3) Christ grew in favour, etc. Everybody loved him—i.e., of those who knew him. He was kind, gentle, courteous to all who dwelt in the little home at Nazareth, obedient to his parents, keeping the commandments of God. There is no better example of a pure, beautiful, and perfect child-life than that of Jesus Christ.—*English Magazine.*

On his seventh birthday papa gave James a nice Bible. It has soft covers and is not too big to hold. James wants each person in the family to mark the verse in the Bible that he loves best. Which verse would you mark?



### TIRED OF PLAY.

"TIRED of play." It seems strange we only think about it, that people ever grow tired of pleasure. Yet experience, even with very young children, that such is certainly the case. In our picture, as she sits there frowning, casting her playthings aside, thoroughly tired of the amusement afforded her, but let us hope she has profitable employments to propose her occupation when she grows somewhat bigger girl.

### ASKING GOD'S BLESSING.

CHARLIE was going home with his uncle. They were on the steamboat all night. The steamboat is furnished with little beds, each side of the cabin. These are called berths. When it was time to go to bed Charlie undressed himself. "Make haste and jump into your berth, boy," said his uncle.

"Mayn't I first kneel down and thank God for taking care of us?" asked Charlie.

"We shall be taken care of fast enough," said his uncle.

"Yes, sir," said Charlie, "but my papa always tells us not to take anything out first asking."

Uncle Tom had nothing to say to Charlie, and Charlie knelt down, just as he does at his own little bed at home. God bless you and goodness and grace you lived in this day, my children; but never take anything out first asking.