

HAPPY DAYS

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HAY-MAKING IN SWITZERLAND.

Switzerland is chiefly a grazing and dairy country. Hence the people cure all the hay they can. They will climb apparently inaccessible places for a scanty crop of hay which they will bring home on their heads as shown in the picture. It is remarkable how man or beast can keep foothold on many of the steep mountain sides.

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAID.

"Mother, did you know that flowers could talk? I never dreamed of such a thing; but to-day Hester Joliffe got a bunch of heliotrope from one of the college boys, and I heard the big girls laughing at her, and saying heliotrope meant 'I love you.' And when I asked what they meant, Hester called me a little goose, and asked me if I didn't know that every flower has a motto; she calls it the flower language, and she says, mother, (here Sybil looked doubtfully at her mother) she says if I come to her house this afternoon, she will tell me what the motto is of all the flowers."

"I can tell you all the flower mottoes, daughter, after tea; but I do not want you to spend this lovely afternoon indoors; I can tell you a much sweeter way to make flowers talk than by their mottoes."

But mother would not tell what she meant till Sybil had washed her face and



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hands and eaten her dinner. "Now, daughter," she said, "if you take my shopping basket full of flowers to Miss Louisa Perry, away down in the village, and ask what the flowers say to her, you will find that they can talk like preachers."

The village was two miles away, and the spring sunshine was getting pretty hot, but under mother's Japanese parasol Sybil did not care for the sun, and Miss

Louisa did seem glad to see her. The poor old woman had been paralysed, and could not walk a step from the big cushioned chair where she was placed every morning by loving hands.

"What do the flowers say to me, dearie?" she said with a bright smile. "they say, 'Well, old lady, ain't you glad your heavenly Father made such pretty things for you to look at? And ain't you glad he made little hearts tender, and little hands kind, and little feet willing to bring them to you? And if he has made such sweet things for this earthly home, where you are only going to live a little while, what do you suppose he has in store for you in that blessed home which he has prepared for you above? Look up, then, and praise his holy name.'"

"Why," cried Sybil with dancing eyes, "That's just as good as poetry, that's the very sweetest flower talk I ever heard."

NATURAL.

Young people who do not stop to think of the full meaning that their remarks

may have, frequently utter the "things one would rather have left unsaid."

A group of young ladies were talking of their presents, when one of the party, a lady not so young as some of the others, remarked:

"My father has always given me a book on my birthday."

"Oh!" exclaimed a young girl, "what a library you must have by this time!"