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HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XII.]

TORONTO, JULY 10, 1897.

[No. 14

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



HAY-MAKING IN SWITZERLAND.

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!"

FROM THE MONKEY'S POINT OF VIEW.

BY W. C. McLELLAND.

The ostrich has wings, but he cannot fly;
The horse has only one toe,
Have you noticed the size of the elephant's eyes?
Or the pitch of the rooster's crow?

The fox has a brush, but he does not paint.
And I think it a capital joke
That the goat has horns which he cannot blow
And a beard that he cannot stroke.

I think this is quite the funniest world
That ever a wight could see,
But the most ridiculous things of all
Are the people who laugh at me!

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 10, 1897

A LESSON WELL LEARNED.

A poor man, on the way home from his day's work, was walking along just ahead of me, with a sack of flour on his shoulder. His little boy was trudging by his side with a bag swung over his shoulder.

It was a heavy thing to carry, and I heard the little boy say very wearily:

"O father, how glad I am that we left the wedges till to-morrow night. These tools are just all I can carry."

"Do the best you can, my son," said the father. "I know you are tired, and the bag is heavy, but be patient."

For some time after these words of encouragement the little fellow was very patient, but the farther he went the heavier the load seemed to grow.

At last he stopped, and lowering it to the ground, said:

"Father, I cannot carry it any farther."
"You need not carry it any farther,

my boy," was the father's reply. "You have done well. Some little boys would have complained in a very short time, but you have done nothing of the kind. You have been patient, and you have nobly strengthened your own power of endurance by what you have done. Now, my darling, I will carry it the rest of the way for you."

How easy and how pleasant the remainder of that walk was to the little boy whose father was carrying the burden for him!

I saw the two—father and child—as they entered the little yard in which their low, vine-covered cottage stood.

Two lessons were learned during the evening walk.

The little boy learned that when he really needed help, the father would help him. He would not shirk. He carried the heavy bag as far as a little boy ought to carry it, and then he learned the grand lesson of his life: that his father could be depended upon to help him.

I also learned a lesson. I learned that if I bear life's burdens patiently, my Heavenly Father, all unseen, will, when the proper time comes, take them and bear them for me.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

"Where's the letter?" "When's he coming?" "Did you get it?"

These were some of the remarks coming from a crowd of village boys who surrounded and began to jeer at an old woman, poorly clad, who came down the steps of the post-office with a dazed, bewildered look on her face.

Regularly every day she went there for the letter that never came from her son. She had lived in the village only a year, and thoughtless people now began to call her half-witted, and to say her son had either left her for good or she only had one in imagination.

The boys who had jeered her from time to time before now determined to get all the "fun out of her" they could. They tugged her shawl; they stooped before her and looked up in her face, repeating their inquiries.

Helplessly she looked about for some escape, but there was none till a tall, slender, awkward fellow came down the steps like a young cyclone, and with his long arms and legs sent the boys flying in every direction.

It was Jim Gordon, "the new boy from the country," whose "innocent face" and meek look had made the others think he had no "grit." He stood by the old woman, defying them all.

"I say," called one derisively, "is she your mother? Are you the long-lost son?"

"No," was the reply, with flashing eyes; "but she's somebody's mother, and any fellow who dares disturb her will have to answer to me till that somebody comes! Am I the only boy here that has a mother?"

The boys for very shame moved away, while the gallant young Gordon went with the old woman to her home.

Carefully he guarded and tended her till "somebody" came—a tall, well-dressed, fine-looking sea-captain, who had been ill for months, during which time his letters had gone astray.

Every boy in the village was at the station to see if he really would come. Jim Gordon half supported the trembling old woman until she was caught up in the arms of her son, who cried, brokenly:

"Mother! mother! mother! It would have killed me if anything had happened to you before I found you!"

And those who saw the answering love-light in the old woman's face found their own tears coming, and more than one boy turned away and thought more tenderly of his own mother.

SURE SIGNS.

Some folks don't believe in signs, but the wisest man in the world believed in them. Solomon said, "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right."

When I see a little boy slow to go to school, and glad of every excuse to neglect his books, I think it is a sign that he will be a dunce.

When I see a boy or girl looking out for "No. 1," and disliking to share good things with others, I think it is a sign that the child will grow up a selfish person.

When I see a child obedient to his parents, I think it is a sign of great future blessing from Almighty God.

When I see a boy fond of the Bible, and knowing it well, I think it is a sign that he will be a good and happy man.

A VOYAGE ON LAND.

I am a little country boy
That never saw the sea,
But grandpa was a sailor once,
And he brought home to me

A little shell, a pretty shell
He found upon the shore,
And when I put it to my ear
I hear the breakers roar.

O, then I think I'm sailing
Away in grandpa's ship,
And if I've grandma's rocking-chair
I feel the vessel tip.

But if the storm be raging
More fierce than I can stand,
I've only got to ope my eyes,
And then I'm safe on land.

Little Gracie was hugging and kissing her baby sister. Her auntie said to her: "And you really think you love your little sister, do you?" Quick as a flash came Gracie's answer: "No, I don't think I love my little sister; I love her without thinking."

GUESSING THE COLOUR OF BABY'S EYES.

BY ALICE HAMILTON RICH.

"Guess the colour of Baby's eyes /
Why, gray, or brown, or blue,
Please turn the face so I can see
If Baby looks like you."

"Of course she does, only b'utifuler,
Just as I oosed to do
When I was baby, 'fore I was big,—
Now don't oo wish oo know?"

"I'll guess again: her eyes are pink—
Albino eyes—but no,
Her hair is black, and 'bino hair
Is almost white as snow."

"No; oo tan't dess," said Jennie May,
Then turning, with a shout,
Her dolly for her friend to see,
She saw the eyes were out.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON III. [July 18.]

PAUL AT THESSALONICA AND BERECA.

Acts 17. 1-12. Memory verses, 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily.—Acts 17. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Gospel Preached, v. 1-4.
2. The Gospel Opposed, v. 5-9.
3. The Gospel Believed, v. 10-12.

THE LESSON STORY.

The morning after the earthquake the judges sent word to the jailer to let Paul and Silas go free. Perhaps the earthquake frightened them, for the heathen thought that an earthquake showed that the gods were angry. They went to Lydia's house, and found Timothy and Luke there. Then the other Christians in the town came, and when Paul and Silas had comforted them they went away. But Timothy and Luke stayed longer.

They went next to the largest city in Macedonia. A great general had named it after his wife—Thessalonica. It was a fine city, and there was a synagogue in which Paul and Silas preached. A few Jews believed, and many Gentiles gave up their idols and worshipped God. But soon some wicked Jews stirred up an uproar, and went to Jason's house, where Paul and Silas stayed, to seize them. But Jason hid them, and the mob seized him and his friends and took them to the judges. But the judges soon let them go.

That night Paul and Silas went away to Berea, about fifty miles from Thessalonica, where they preached on the Sabbath. The Jews in Berea searched the Scriptures to see if Paul told the truth about Jesus, and many of them believed, and also many Gentiles.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY

- Mon.* Read the lesson very carefully Acts 17. 1-12
Tues. Find whose example Paul followed. Luke 4. 16.
Wed. Learn why Paul was not afraid. Matt. 28. 18-20
Thur. Find how we should treat God's word. Golden Text.
Fri. Learn how our spirits may grow 1 Peter 2. 2.
Sat. Read from Paul's letter to Thessalonica. 1 Thess. 1.
Sun. Read more from the same letter. 1 Thess. 2.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

When did Paul and Silas come out of prison? Who set them free? To whose house did they go? Where did they go next? After whom was this city named? What did Paul and Silas do on the Sabbath? What did they teach the people? Who became believers? What did some wicked Jews do? What charge did they make against Paul and Silas? Verse 6. How did Paul and Silas escape? Where did they go? How did the Bereans show themselves noble? What came from earnest study of the Scriptures?

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Do you read the Bible every day?
Do you read it to find the truth about Jesus?
If you do, God himself will be your teacher.

LESSON IV. [July 25.]

PAUL PREACHING IN ATHENS.

Acts 17. 22-34. Memory verses, 24-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.—John 4. 24.

OUTLINE.

1. The Theme, v. 22, 23.
2. The Sermon, v. 24-31.
3. The Hearers, v. 32-34.

THE LESSON STORY.

Paul went from Berea to Athens, a very grand city in Greece. There were very beautiful statues and temples in Athens, but the temples were for idol worship and the statues were the images of the false gods. There was a synagogue in which the true God was worshipped, and Paul went there on the Sabbath, and on week days he went to the market-place to speak about Jesus. The Athenians liked to hear about new things, and so they asked Paul

to preach on a high hill called "Mars' Hill," where the judges often held their courts. There was a temple to the god of war, Mars, on this hill, and there, on this same hill, Paul stood to speak of Jesus, the Prince of Peace. He talked about the true God and the sin of worshipping idols. Then he said that God had sent Jesus to call all men to repent of their sins, and that the day would come when this same Jesus who had been crucified and who had risen from the dead would judge the world.

When they heard of the resurrection, some laughed, and some said they would hear Paul another day. But a few believed in Jesus, one was a judge, and another was a lady named Damaris.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon.* Read about Paul in Athens. Acts 17. 16-21.
Tues. Read the lesson verses. Acts 17. 22-34.
Wed. Learn how God is to be worshipped. Golden Text.
Thur. Learn how we may hope to understand God. Matt. 11. 25.
Fri. Learn a great truth about God. 1 Cor. 8. 6.
Sat. Find what Jesus said about repentance. Luke 24. 44-47.
Sun. Read of another who waited till another time. Acts 24. 25.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

Where did Paul go from Berea? What kind of a city was Athens? Why was Paul sad when he saw its fine temples and statues? Where did Paul preach in Athens? What kind of people were the Athenians? What did they ask Paul to do? Where did they take him to preach? What was Mars' Hill sometimes called? Areopagus. What temple was on Mars' Hill? What did Paul preach about? What did God send Jesus to do? By whom will the world be judged? What did some do when they heard Paul? What did others say? Did any believe in Jesus?

DO I BELIEVE.

That all I have comes from God?
That I could not live or move without him?
That he asks me for my heart now?

WHAT TRAVELLED OVER THE WATERS TO YOU.

Do you know that your sponge was an animal once? It was. It grew on the bottom of the sea.

While it was alive it was covered with a sort of jelly. It was a dark-red when first taken from the water. Then it was buried in sand till the jelly decayed, and afterwards it was washed and bleached until it was all clean. Then it was put on board a vessel with many other sponges and brought to this country. In this way it travelled over the waters to you.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BY J. O. WHITTIER.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan:
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes,
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed with strawberries on the hill,
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn irons jaunty grace,
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Let the million-dollared ride:
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward
joy.
Blessings on thee, barefoot
boy!

O for boyhood's painless
play,
Sleep that wakes in laugh-
ing day,
Health that mocks the
doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned
of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning
chase,
Of the wild flowers time
and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood,
How the tortoise bears his
shell,
How the wood-chuck digs
his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks
his well;
How the robin feeds her
young,
How the oriole's nest is
hung;
Where the whitest lilies
blow,
Where the freshest berries
grow,
Where the groundnut trails
its vine,
Where the wood-grape's
clusters shine,
Of the black wasps cun-
ning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks,
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone gray and rude!
O'er me like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold,
While for music came the play

Of the pied frog's orchestra,
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can:
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison coils of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,



THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil,
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT OF
TWO BOYS TAKING A JACK-
DAW'S NEST.

In the town of Derby there is a beautiful church called All Saints, which has a very tall and massive tower, the height of

which is 210 feet, being much higher than most of the towers of the same kind throughout England.

The following incident in connection with this church tower is related by Mary Howitt, and therefore may be relied on as being a true tale. Many years ago a jackdaw built its nest in a crevice under the window of the belfry; and no doubt it might have been in such a situation it would be perfectly safe; but birds, like children, are sometimes mistaken.

Two boys got to know about this nest, and they set their wits to work to try if they could by any means get possession of it. It was impossible to accomplish their object while standing within the building, and equally out of the question to reach the nest from below. So they determined to put a plank through the window; and it was agreed that the bigger boy should balance it by sitting on the end within, and the lighter lad should take the more perilous position of standing outside. Having got to work, the plucky little fellow outside soon found that he was able to reach the nest, and having ascertained that there were five little jackdaws inside, he was not long in announcing the news to his comrade.

He told him that there were "five young 'uns."

"Then I'll have three," shouted the bigger boy.

"No, you won't," said the other; "I ran all the danger, and I'll have the three."

"You shall not," said the voice from the safe end of the plank; "promise me three, or I'll drop you."

"Drop me, and welcome!" cried the intrepid little fellow at the other end of the plank.

And, strange to say, the other accepted the challenge, and suiting the action to the word, let his companion drop, though the distance to the ground could not be less than 100 feet. But more wonderful still, the poor little fellow reached the ground without being injured. Two things helped to save him from harm; one was the birds were sufficiently fledged to have wings, and while he was descending they made vigorous use of them; another and perhaps the chief thing was—the boy had on a stout new carter's frock, which, filling with air, buoyed him up like a balloon, and enabled him to light like a cat on his legs. And on finding himself safe, and in possession of all the five birds, he looked up at his horror-stricken companion, and exclaimed: "Now you shall have none!"

While we are indignant with the big boy, and cannot but admire and sympathize with the little one, we hope that all our young readers will see the cruelty and wickedness of the practice of robbing poor birds of their young. Who knows but the mother of those five young birds would be as distressed at the loss of her family, as the mother of either of those boys would have been if anything had happened to them?