

Happy Days

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[No. 6

WAITING.

BUT what is she waiting for? Is it for someone to dress her, or is she waiting for her breakfast, or what? It is a bad plan to wait idly for what we can do or procure for ourselves.

paneling in the hall where he waited. Of course every customer who comes into the shop must see this specimen of little Joseph's skill, and the boy as he grew up improved the talent that God had given him by study-

BIBLE FIRST

About forty years ago, a business man sat at his fireside in this city. Near by him, playing on the floor, was his only child, a beautiful boy. It was early in the morning. The day's work was not begun, and while waiting for his breakfast, the father took up the daily paper to read. The dear child came and climbed up on his father's knee, and, laying his hand gently on the paper, looked lovingly up into his face, and said: "No, no, papa! Bible first. Bible first, papa!" Very soon after, this dear child was taken sick, and died. As that father stood by the coffin in which his dead darling lay, and when he laid him in the cold grave he seemed to hear his gentle voice repeating those simple words "No, no, papa. Bible first." He never forgot those words. They were ringing in his ears all the time. He made them the rule of his life. He put the Bible first in his heart, in his home, in his business, in everything. He prospered and grew very rich. He became a teacher and superintendent in the Sunday-school. But in the use of his money, his time, his influence, and in everything, he "put the Bible first." He bore much fruit, or did

THE BEGINNING OF A GREAT PAINTER.

ONE morning, something like a hundred years ago, there might have been seen coming from a barber's shop near Covent Garden a man and a little boy. They were father and son, and the father was the proprietor of the shop. He was going to the house of one of his customers to dress his wig; for at that period it was the fashion for all men above the poorer classes to wear wigs, and these wigs required frequent attention—brushing, combing, curling, and so on. So the two went hand in hand to one of the fine houses in the neighbourhood, which was at that time a fashionable quarter of London, many of the nobility and gentry living there. Arrived at the house, the father leaves the boy in the hall, the paneled walls of which are adorned with beautiful carving, and shortly, having completed his business, they return together to the shop. After some time, Joseph—for that



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is the boy's name—is missing and the father calls out to know what he is doing. The boy comes timidly into the shop, a sheet of paper in one hand and a pencil in the other, and the delighted father, looking at the paper, sees a very careful and accurate drawing of one of the coats-of-arms carved upon the

ing hard from nature, so that he became the greatest landscape-painter England—some say the world—has ever produced, and if you go to the National Gallery, you will see a whole room devoted to the exhibition of his pictures. His name was Joseph Mallard William Turner.

a great deal of good. And this may all be traced to his darling child that little bud which opened so sweetly on the true vine.

The person referred to in this story was the late Matthew M. Baldwin, the well known locomotive engine builder.