

Happy Days

[VII.]

TORONTO SEPTEMBER 24, 1892.

[No. 20.]

THE PORTRAIT.

"This little girl has
 getting her por-
 taken, and when
 brought her
 she showed
 ma how she sat
 this is just the
 in the picture,
 shining curls
 lying so prettily
 on her shoulder.
 I got her new
 hat on that
 ma bought her
 other day, all
 lined with pretty
 rosettes of rib-
 and the pretty
 collar that papa
 bought for her when
 went away; I am
 re that it will be
 good portrait, be-
 she sat so
 nice."



THE PORTRAIT.

"Find your place
 and go on with your
 reading, my son," said
 the mother in a low,
 troubled voice, and
 Will flapped over the
 leaves noisily. He
 didn't feel like read-
 ing the story of
 Joseph. But it was
 a beautiful story,
 even to one who
 knew it all before,
 and he read on and
 on, till Joseph was
 arrayed in fine linen,
 riding in the king's
 chariot, with a chain
 of gold about his
 neck.

"Willie," said the
 mother suddenly, "do
 you suppose when
 Joseph was down in
 that dark pit, or in
 Potiphar's dungeon,
 that he could tell
 why God let him
 be there? And yet
 there was a beauti-
 ful reason it meant
 riches and honour
 and power and in-
 fluence, and every-
 thing good. The pit
 and the dungeon
 brought him to the
 king, and to white
 raiment and to be
 the first man in the
 kingdom."

A LITTLE UN- BELIEVER.

"MOTHER, there's
 something I've been
 wanting to ask you
 for a good while;
 but made all those
 little children at the
 village blind? There
 is such a lot of
 them."

Will was finding
 a place in his Bible
 the morning read-

"They were born blind," answered
 the mother; "God made them so."
 "God!" he shouted, so suddenly, and so
 loud that she started and pricked her fin-
 ger: "God made all those poor little chil-

dren blind, that had never done any harm?
 Then you need never tell me that he is a
 good, kind Heavenly Father, I'll never be-
 lieve it again." Will's eyes flashed in
 anger and scorn.

"Ah, I see, mo-
 ther," said the young reader, "you are
 thinking about the little blind children
 God must have had some beautiful reason
 for them too." Yes, dear children, God
 has a motive for everything.