

# 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  
 his is just the  
 in the picture,  
 shining curls  
 lying so prettily  
 her shoulder.  
 as got her new  
 hat on that  
 ma bought her  
 other day, all  
 lined with pretty  
 rosettes of rib-  
 and the pretty  
 collar that papa  
 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  
 blind children at the  
 vine blind? There  
 is such a lot of  
 things."

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.