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THE STRANGER.

ANNIE doesn't seem to know this lady who is greeting her so kindly. When Annie's mother died, two years ago her father sent her to this boarding school, and she has been here ever since, holidays and all, and a pretty dull time she has had of it, poor girl. The two teachers who remained with her were very kind, but the poor girl missed her mother very much. So now, at the beginning of the holidays, when Miss Martin, the teacher, tells her that a lady and a young girl have called to see her, she cannot guess who they are, for she did not know she had any friends anywhere near. She hasn't long to wonder, though, for the lady soon tells her that she is her aunt, Annie's dear mamma's only sister, and that she has lately moved to this part of the country. But, best of all, she tells



THE STRANGER.

her that she has come to take her home to spend the holidays with her cousin in their pleasant home.

If God made the world you need not fear that he can't take care of so small a part of it as yourself.

triumph and penitence in his tone, he exclaimed - "I didn't do right, did I, mamma? ought to minded twick"

LISTEN! OBEY!

"WALTER," said Mrs. Mayner pleasantly, "will you close the door for me, please?"

He was a dear little fellow but not quite an angel, and at this time was kneeling on the carpet very busy with his building blocks, and pretended not to hear.

"Walter," she repeated with more authority, "close the door for mamma."

He did not even look up, but drew his feet under him ready for a spring, and went on building his church with nervous haste. Mrs. Mayner said no more but went to the nursery for a rod of correction. The little boy threw one swift glance after her, hurried on two or three more blocks, and springing across the room, closed the door carefully. Then turning around, his face all aglow with excitement, and a wonderful mixture of