

HAPPY DAYS

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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 great boarding-school, and she has been here ever since, holidays and all, and a pretty full 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 her that she has come to take her home to spend the holidays with her cousin in their pleasant home.

A CHILD'S LOVE.

Backward and forward in her little rocking-chair moved Alice Lee, now clasping her beautiful doll to her bosom, and singing low, sweet lullabies; then smooth-



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ing its flaxen curls, patting its rosy cheeks, and whispering softly, "I love you, pretty dolly!" and anon casting wistful glances toward her mother, who sat in a bay-window, busily writing. After what seemed to be a very long time to the little daughter, Mrs. Lee pushed aside the papers, and looking up, said pleasantly,

when I was too little to love you back; that's why I love you so." "And we love God because he first loved us," whispered the mother.

To-morrow is not elastic enough in which to press the neglected duties of to-day.

"I am done for to-day, Alice; you may now make all the noise you choose." Scarcely were the words uttered ere the little one had flown to her, and nestled her head on her loving heart, saying earnestly, "I am so glad; I wanted to love you so much, mamma." "Did you, darling?" And she clasped her tenderly. "I am so glad my Alice loves me so; but I fancy you were not very lonely while I wrote, you and dolly seemed to be having a happy time together." "Yes, we had, mamma; but I got tired, after a while, of loving her." "And why?" "Oh, because she never loves me back." "And that is why you love me?" "That is one why, mamma, but not the first one or the best." "And what is the first and best?" "Why, mamma, don't you guess?" and the blue eyes grew very bright and earnest. "It's because you loved me