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## The Sunday School Guardian

Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A. Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 27. 1879.

### A CHILD'S BEAUTIFUL FAITH.



BIRDIE was only four years old, but she had already been taught that God loved her, and always took care of her. One day there was a very heavy thunderstorm, and Birdie's sisters

and mamma even laid by their sewing, and drew their chairs into the middle of the room, pale, and trembling with fear; but Birdie stood close by the window, watching the storm with bright eyes.

"Oh, mamma! ain't that bu'ful?" she cried, clapping her hands with delight, as a vivid flash of lightning burst from the black clouds, and the thunder pealed and rattled over their heads.

"It is God's voice, Birdie," said mamma; and her own voice trembled.

"He talks very loud, don't He, mamma? 'S'pose it's so as deaf Betsey can hear, and the other deaf folks?"

"Oh, Birdie, dear, come straight away from that window," said one of her sisters, whose cheeks were blanched with fear.

"What for?" asked Birdie.

"Oh!" because the lightning is so sharp, and it thunders so loud."

But Birdie shook her head, and looking over her shoulder, with a happy smile on her face, lisped out:

"If it funders, let it funder! 'Tis God makes it funder, and He'll take care of me. I ain't a bit afraid to hear God talk, Maizy."

### MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

BY SARAH GOULD.

In my Father's house there are many mansions: . . . I go to prepare a place for you — *John 14: 2.*

**L**ORD, we bless thee for this token,  
Ere to Heaven thou didst depart,—  
Sweetest word was ever spoken,  
To the sorowing, lonely heart.  
Where our sainted ones adore thee,  
Is the Father's house above,  
And a dwelling-place before thee,  
Of eternal peace and love.  
If so sweet, Lord, is communion,  
While afar from Heaven we roam,  
What will be the perfect union  
Of thy children at their home!

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