

SUNBEAM

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A CHILD'S DEVOTION.

If Phoebe Gray had thought only of herself, she would not have ventured out that terrible night. But love for her father made her forget herself. So she stood close to the lamp-post on the corner, and looked up and down the street. Far down, a red light shone from a tavern window.

"Maybe he's there," she said to herself, and as the words fell from her lips, off she ran to the light as fast as she could go. Sometimes the wind and rain dashed so hard in her face, that she had to stop to get her breath; but still she kept on, thinking only of her father. At last she got on the tavern door, pushed it open, and went in.

A sight to startle the noisy, half-intoxicated men was that vision of a little child, drenched with the rain that was pouring from her poor garments, coming in so suddenly upon them. There was no weakness or fear in her face, but a searching, anxious look that ran eagerly through the company.

"Oh, father," leaped from her lips, as one of the men started forward, and, catching her in his arms, hugged her wildly to his bosom, and ran with her into the street. If Mr. Gray's mind was confused and his body weak from drink, when Phoebe came in, his mind was clear and his body strong in an instant; and when he bore her forth in his arms, strange to say, he was a sober man.

"My poor baby!" he sobbed, as, a few

moments afterwards, he laid her in her mother's arms, and kissing her passionately, burst into tears; "my poor baby! it is the last time."

And so it was the last time. Phoebe's

leas of the night and the storm. But God made her the instrument of still wider good. Startled and touched by her sudden appearance, the company of men who had been drinking in the bar-room went out, one after another, and sought their homes. One of them, as he came in fully an hour earlier than he was in the habit of doing, and met the surprised look of his weary and suffering wife, said:

"Jane, I saw a sight just now that I hope I shall never see again."

"What was it?" asked the tired woman.

"A little thing, not so old as our Jenny, all drenched with rain—just think what a night it is—looking for her father in a gin-shop! It made the tears come into my eyes, when her poor, drunken father caught her up in his arms, and ran out with her tightly clasped to his bosom. I think it must have sobered him instantly. It sobered me, at least. And, Jane," he added with strong feeling in his tones, "this one thing is settled—our Jenny shall never search for her father in a gin-shop. I'll stop now, while I have a little strength left, and take the pledge to-morrow."

Nor was this all.

Another of the men present when Phoebe came for her father, was so affected by the scene that he, too, stepped out of the dangerous path in which his feet were treading, and by God's grace, walked henceforth in the safer ways of sobriety.



PHOEBE'S TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

love had conquered. What persuasion, conscience, suffering, shame, could not do, the love of a little child had wrought. Oh, love is very strong.

Phoebe did not think beyond her father. Love for him had made her fear-