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LIZZIE'S FAITH.

Lizzie's father was a farmer, and her mother a model farmer's wife—busy, active, frugal, and devoutly pious—who taught her little girl from her very infancy to love God and to trust him for everything. This busy wife and mother, with never a moment for idleness, in some way found time to instruct her growing, happy, rosy-cheeked darling in lessons of faith and piety. To the mother's delight, the little one learned rapidly, almost instinctively grasping the truth, and often, without knowing that she did so, taught her mother lessons in this same faith. This she did at one time in a way that her mother will never forget.

The part of the country in which Lizzie's father lived had been visited the past year by a drought, and destitution and suffering prevailed among the people. But the winter was now past—and a hard winter it had been for the people

in this newly settled and drought-stricken country—the spring had come, and with it a fair prospect for a crop, and the farmers were beginning to feel more cheerful, and the children, who had sometimes been sent from the table unsatisfied, were unusually happy because of the approaching harvest, when, as their fathers and mothers said, they should have plenty. However, the time was near at hand when the drought of the past year had set in, and as there had been no rain for several days, the people were beginning to feel some alarm lest they should have a repetition of the past year, for which they were in no sense prepared. The days lengthened into weeks, and no rain. The gates of the sky seemed

to be closed against the people, and they grew more and more alarmed. Lizzie noticed the change in her father's face, and listened attentively to the one topic of conversation in the community—"the drought."

One day the father came in looking more troubled than usual, and the poor wife and mother, knowing too well the cause, and sharing deeply her husband's anxiety, still tried to appear cheery and hopeful. Neither of them supposed that Lizzie, who was then only five years old, realized or even thought of the dreadful situation. The father did not go to his work, but toward the middle of the afternoon asked his wife to walk with him to

water, and after pouring the water upon the roots of a stalk of corn, had gotten down upon her knees to ask the God whom her mother had taught her to trust for everything, to send the rain. She had done what she could, and believed that if she would only ask him God would send the rain.

Now the children will want to know about the rain, and that is the most interesting part of my story. There are men and women living to-day who can testify to the fact that from a sky—cloudless on the afternoon of Lizzie's prayer in the corn field—there fell before the following morning a most refreshing rain, and from that time the drought was broken.



the field to look at the corn. Their hearts almost sank within them as they looked at the withered and twisted blades swaying under the hot breath of the wind.

"But little to eat," said the despondent farmer, "and no prospect of making more."

"What is that?" interrupted his wife, "it sounds like Lizzie's voice."

They listened, and clearly but softly, the sweet plaintive tones of their own little Lizzie's voice fell upon their ears. The mother was first to understand, for she had listened to that sweet sound every night since those little lips could first lisp the name of God. Walking a little farther, and looking down the long row of corn, they saw her little form. She was upon her knees, her little hands were clasped, and her face turned toward the clear and seemingly pitiless sky. By her side was a little bucket. She had stolen away from the house with this little bucket full of