



God's Care for Two Little Girls

This is a story about something that happened to two little girls at the time of the great flood in Oregon many years ago. One day Uncle Bill drove up to the home of Susan and Sherry Stevens with the sad news that their Aunt Marie was not expected to live until morning.

So Mother gathered together a few things, telling the children that there was plenty for their supper and breakfast. She told them to be brave little girls till morning, when Father would be home from over the mountains. As she rode away, her last words to the children were: "Good-bye, darlings, God will take care of you till Mother comes back."

Sherry wanted to be a brave girl, as Mother had said. But she had to choke back the tears as the wagon disappeared around a bend in the road. Then the sight of little Susan's tears made her gather up her courage to comfort her little sister. "Don't cry, God will take care of us."

Little Susan was comforted as Sherry took her sister's hand. They walked back to the house to build a bright fire, light a candle and make their supper. When it was bedtime, they asked their heavenly Father to care for them. Cuddling down like two little kittens, they were soon asleep.

In the night Sherry was awakened by a strange sound. She heard gurgling that seemed to be everywhere. She climbed out of bed, lit a candle and opened the door to look out. Water poured in right over her little bare feet. Looking out into the yard, she could see only a big sheet of flowing water.

"O! O! O!" cried the frightened little girl, "what shall I do? The water is over the river banks." Then quickly she thought of little Susan. "We must go up into the loft," she thought. "Maybe it will not come up there." But the water was quickly rising. Already it was ankle-deep.

Quickly taking a blanket and pillow she climbed the ladder to the loft. Returning for little Susan, she took her in her arms and again climbed the ladder. The little girl at once began to cry at the sight and sound of the rushing water, but Sherry again comforted her with the same words: "Never mind, don't be afraid; God will take care of us."

Then the thought came that if they were there long, they would need something to eat. So she went down the ladder once more. Wading to the cupboard, she found some food and carried it to the loft above. Returning for more food she made her last trip through water almost knee-deep.

Little Susan was soon fast asleep, but poor Sherry could not sleep. She watched the rising water below till it covered the bed and put out the light, and then she listened to



the lapping of the water around the walls of the room below, and the rushing flood outside. Her little heart could bear the awful fear no longer. She cried aloud to her heavenly Father to save dear Susan and her from the terrible flood.

The Lord comforted her faint heart with the sweet promise that she had heard Mother read from the Bible: "When thou passest through the waters...they shall not overflow thee." She said it over and over again as she waited for morning and the help that she was sure would come.

When the sunrise began to brighten the east, the little watcher looked out of the window on what seemed to be a world of water. Only the tops of the trees and houses could be seen. But up the river in the early dawn came a rescue steamer, taking the people from the tops of the houses and trees where they had found safety. A woman was walking the deck of the steamer, weeping and praying. Then a boat was sent out, rowed by two strong men. As they came near the house, one man said: "There's nobody alive there." "No," said the other, "the house will go over in a minute. See! It is tottering now. But what's that?" A sweet childish voice was heard singing: "Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly, while the billows near me roll, while the tempest still is high." "Are you the ones Jesus sent to get us?" asked Sherry, as the strong arms lifted first little Susan and then herself to a safe place in the boat.

The simple faith of the little girl touched the once hard heart of that rough man, who was not a believer in God. He answered, "I guess we are, little one, and we didn't come a minute too soon. See there! The old house goes now." As he spoke, it gave a lurch, and keeling over it went floating down the stream. Soon they were taken on board the steamer and clasped in their mother's arms with joy and thanksgiving too deep for words.

Do you see how God cares for His little ones who trust in Him, and how He answers their prayers? God's promise to you is: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee. ❖"