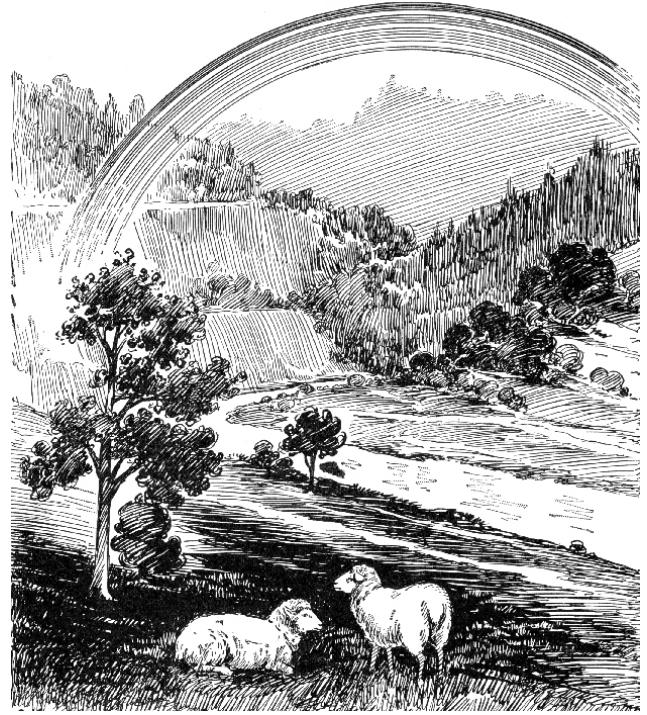



The Raindrops

by *Ellen Robena Field*

Up above us, near the Sky Country, in a place called Cloudland, live a great many little people, called raindrops. They are very helpful, and always try to do their best, because they know the great King of Cloudland has work for them all. One morning two tiny raindrops were sitting together looking down at Earthdom. "How dusty and hot everything looks," said one drop. "Yes," replied the other, "let us go down and see how much good we can do in Earthdom today." So these two little raindrops called their brothers and sisters and told of their plan, and asked them to go, too, for they always wanted to share their good time with others. "Let's have a game of tag, and see who will reach the top of that hill first," said one little drop, and away they scampered. They ran so fast that they reached Earthdom at about the same time, and how glad Mother Nature was to see them. Some of them went at once to visit the flowers, and whispered such sweet words to the tired, dusty blossoms, that they raised their heads again, and thanked the raindrops for the comfort they had brought. Some of them slid down the slanting roofs of houses and filled the wells. Our two little raindrops with five others, went down into the brown earth and cheered up the roots. Then they traveled on, and by and by they came out again further down the hill, and made a beautiful spring, around which little children played. The spring soon helped make





a brook, that flowed down over the hillsides, winding in and out among the rocks, washing them smooth and round, singing as it rippled on its way.

By and by it met some more brooks and they made a stream. The sunbeams loved the clear stream and danced to and fro over its surface, as it rushed joyously onward, turning the busy mill wheels, and keeping the grass and flowers alive and beautiful. Sometimes weary travelers walked along its banks, and stooped and quenched their thirst with its pure, cool water. While the stream journeyed on, it met other streams and they made a rivulet, and by and by the rivulet heard a low voice calling, "Come with me and I will show you the mightiest of waters." So the rivulet joined the river, and together they traveled on till they heard the deep voice of the ocean welcoming them to its cave.

Where were the little raindrops that left Cloudland early in the morning? They were playing among the ocean waves, and helping to rock the ships that sailed over the waters. At sunset a vapor-boat carried the drops back home and in the eastern sky they stood with robes of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet, and made a bright bow of promise.

As they looked down upon Earthdom once more, everything was fresh, and sweet, and glad, because the little raindrops had done so much to help others, and had left no part of their work undone. The night shadows came, and the rainbow faded slowly away, leaving a message for the children of Earthdom. "Do your best, little children, and big children, too, for God has work for all."