

Buttercup Gold & Other Stories

GLORIES

by Ellen Robena Field

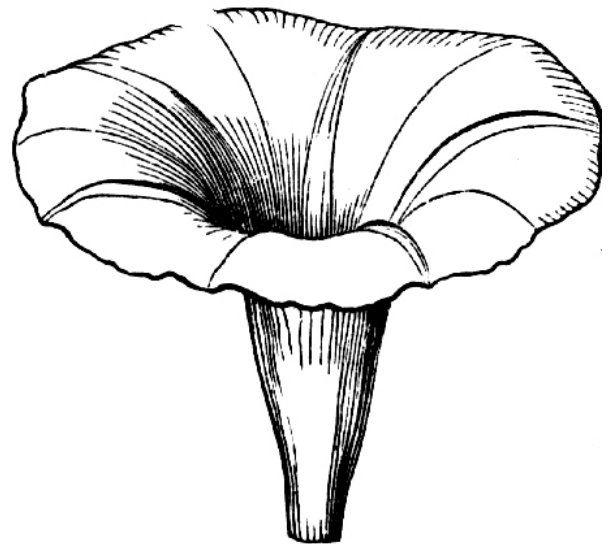
Laura was tired of playing with her dolls, and tired of taking care of Baby Donald, too, he was such a big baby, and she was a little girl for nine years old. So as soon as naptime came, and baby was at last quiet, Laura went out on the porch and cuddled down in the hammock, where she swung to and fro, wishing there was something nice to do, or some new kinds of dolls to play with. All at once she thought she heard a faint voice say, "What a queer child! Here she is wishing for some new plaything, and has never noticed us. She must be blind, poor child! for every morning we put on our prettiest dresses and smile at her; but she always passes us by."

"Yes," replied another voice, "when she came out here to lie down in the hammock, I brushed her hair softly and left a kiss on her forehead; but she shook me off as if I were a bee trying to sting her."

Laura sat up, rubbed her eyes, and looked around in surprise. Had some one really spoken, or had she only fallen asleep and dreamed it all?

She could see nothing except the morning glories which covered the side of the porch. There seemed to be hundreds of them, blue, white, pink, and violet; and how wide awake they looked! "It must have been the 'glories' talking," said Laura, "but I didn't know glories could talk. Can you, dear glories?"

The flowers nodded, as if they understood what she said.





“What pretty colors! I never half noticed them before,” went on Laura, “and wouldn’t that blue one make a lovely dress?”

Just then wee Donald, fresh from his nap, came toddling out through the open door, and stretched his little fat hands to the glories. “Baby wants a trumpet,” he cried.

Laura laughed aloud as she said: “Why, they do look like trumpets, and like parasols, too;” and she gathered a handful of the blossoms and sprinkled the porch with their brightness. “Let’s play with them, baby; see if we can make some dolls”; and Laura stood a glory on the step, and into the tiny hole stuck the yellow center of a daisy, whose petals she had pulled out. On this center she marked eyes, nose, and mouth; and when a small glory was added for a bonnet, what a pretty flower doll she had, with a pink skirt, green waist, and white bonnet! Then a whole family of glories were made, and Laura gave them each a parasol to carry.

Baby used his glories for tents, and they had a good time playing, and Laura wished she had noticed the glories more before.

By and by, when the day was over, and Laura sat again in the hammock, watching the sleeping glories, she said: “I wonder if the glories could have been talking this morning”; and one little sleepy bud looked as if it could tell if it chose. But Mamma put her arm about the little girl and said, “I think it was a dream, dear. But if the flowers could speak I think they would tell my darling that by using her eyes more, she will find out how much there is that is beautiful, and God made them all for us to enjoy, because he loves us. Every flower that blooms its sweetest, and every child who tries to be good, is a precious part of our Heavenly Father’s glories.”