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CHILDREN'S PAGE
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GOD'S WISH FOR ROLAND By Gladys Cleone Carpenter

Prince Roland poked his head out from under the covers. His man servant was putting up the shades.

"It's a lovely morning, Your Highness," the man greeted.

"Ah, it's just another stupid day," the prince scorned.

"Your Highness, God made the days; they can't be stupid. If they seem stupid, we make them that way."

"Well, I'll have lessons with my sister, Alice. I'll play with my dog. And I'll ride my pony. I don't want to be a prince any longer. I want to be some one else."

"Really!" exclaimed the surprised servant. "And who do you want to be?"

"I'd like to be an armor maker's boy," the prince declared. "Then I could watch the fire on the forge."

"Really! Well, I'll speak to the king about it," the servant said and left the room.

When he came back, he had an old suit of brown homespun and some half worn shoes.

"The king says that you may be an armor maker's boy for just one day," the servant stated. "Here are your clothes."

After breakfast the prince went to the armor makers. There was a lovely fire on the forge. But the armor maker would not let him stand around idle. He made Roland work the bellows and fan the fire. Poor Roland wasn't use to work; so he soon grew very tired.

Next the armor maker told him to deliver a shield. As Roland went along, he looked at himself in the polished shield. Suddenly he stubbed his toe and down he went. The lovely shield was dented.

He took it back to the armor maker who scolded him.

"You can't talk to me like that," Roland said. "I'm a prince."

"Today you're not," the armor maker said.

Next he sent Roland with a link shirt to a shop next to the candy store. This time Roland got along all right. But afterwards, he went into the candy store to buy some fudge. He didn't have any money, but promised to pay later. "I'm the prince," he said.

"Yes, you are!" the man scorned. "Fine looking clothes you're wearing for a prince. Get out of my store!"

Poor Roland! It seemed the longest day he'd ever known. Finally he started home. But he was so tired, he sat down on a stone and went to sleep.

He awoke the next morning in his own bed. Some one had found him and brought him home.

Now his man servant was putting up the shades. "It's a nice day, Your Highness."

"Yes, it is," the prince agreed.

He hurried to get dressed and rushed to breakfast. Ther was Princess Alice.

"Oh, Roland, it was lonesome yesterday without you. Your dog wouldn't eat. And your pony didn't get any exercise. We all needed you."

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"You did?" said the surprised prince.

"Of course."

Happy Roland knew now that being needed made a day a very good one.

"Are you going away again?" the princess asked.

"Oh, no, I'd rather be myself than anybody else," the prince declared.

"The wiseman said that God intended you to be a prince," Princess Alice stated.
"That He made each one of us to be just ourselves."

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