

BAPTIST FEATURES

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CHILDREN'S PAGE
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RAIN ON THE RANCH
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"How can you do that?" Jim asked.

Wu Yung pointed to the image in the wheelbarrow. "It god of rain. If god of rain see dry fields, he make it rain. God too heavy to carry much far, so Wu Yung wheel him about, so he can see."

"Aw, that idol can't make it rain," Jim said. "Only God can make it rain."

The two boys went on toward the creek. Soon they met Little Fawn, a Hopi Indian girl. She was carrying a queer wooden doll with a painted face. It was very fierce looking. She called it a Kadcina doll.

"Go to the creek with us," Jim invited. "I'm going to wade. It's cool wading."

"Me go," said the Indian girl. "But no wade. Me carry Kadcina doll to make it rain."

"How can it do that?" Jim asked.

"Kadcina doll made to look like gods that live underground. They come up to make it rain," Little Fawn explained.

The three went on and soon came to the creek. They crossed a little bridge to get to the wading place Jim like best.

Jim started wading.

Wu Yung walked about pushing the wheelbarrow.

Little Fawn made queer motions with her arms and legs. She talked to the Kadcina doll, begging it to make it rain.

Suddenly it started to rain!

"Come on!" Jim called to the others.

They started toward a shed that belonged to Jim's father.

Just as the three got inside, the rain poured down!

"Chinese god bring the rain," Wu Yung declared.

"No," said Little Fawn, "Kadcina doll bring rain."

It rained hard and long. The children in the shed wished there was something to do.

"I'll tell you a story of Noah and how it had rained for forty days and forty nights and caused a flood," said Jim.

When Jim had finished, the children looked outdoors. It was still raining. They wished it would stop. They wanted to go home.

"Rain god make it stop," Wu Yung said.

He set the statue of the rain god out in the rain, but the rain still poured down.

Then Little Fawn said she'd try her Kadcina doll. She put it outside, but it didn't stop the rain.

"Only God can stop the rain," Jim said.

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Finally the rain stopped. The children hurried to the little bridge. It was under water. And the creek was so swollen, they were afraid to wade.

"It's too far to walk home from this side of the creek," Jim said.

What should they do? The children were frightened.

Suddenly Jim said. "We'll go to the trading-post. I can telephone to my father. He will come get us."

Away the three went to the trading-post. Jim telephoned his father.

"Did you come to trade?" the trading-post man asked Wu Yung and Little Fawn.

"Could I trade my rain god?" Wu Yung asked. "Him no good. Him Not stop rain, either."

"Yes, you may trade them," the man answered.

Among the toys Wu Yung found a Noah's ark and animals. He decided to trade the rain god for that.

Little Fawn traded for a picture book of Bible stories.

Soon Jim's father came. He loaded the children into the station wagon, and away they went.

The children were all happy. The three of them would have good times with the Noah's ark and the picture book.

Jim had a special reason to be glad. His two friends no longer believed in their idols. They had learned a little about the true God.

The sun was shining brightly. Wu Yung said, "White man's God bring the rain. Him brings the sunshine. Him very good God."

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GIFT OF THE QUEEN

Love should grow in your heart, as you grow, day by day, year by year. You are taller now than you were a year ago,--taller and bigger and able to do more things. Your heart is growing, too. It can hold more love now than it could when you were little. God helps your heart to grow and expand, if you reach out toward others, and try to fill it with love.

Some one has said that "Love rules the world," and it just about does. You rule if you make a soft answer when some one speaks crossly to you. You rule if you forgive when your playmate hurts you.

Once upon a time there was a girl who was so plain-looking that the other children called her ugly. "Oh, how I wish I were beautiful!" she cried one day. "It's so dreadful to be ugly."

"You can be beautiful if you wish," said the queen of the love fairies.

"Tell me how!" the girl begged eagerly.

"Follow me!" The queen led the girl to the house of an old sick, rheumatic woman. "You must wait upon her," said the queen, and vanished.

At first the girl rebelled, but soon she felt sorry for the poor old woman, and made her a soft cushion for her back. Then she wheeled her out into the sunshine. She rubbed the rheumatic old limbs to ease their pain.

One day the queen of the love fairies returned. "Go home now and look in the mirror," she said to the girl.

"But who will take care of the crippled old woman?" the girl asked anxiously, forgetting about herself.

"I was the crippled old woman," the queen answered. "I watched your face grow more beautiful day by day as your heart filled with love. See!" she cried, holding up a mirror.

"Oh!" gasped the girl as she gazed at her smiling face and her soft eyes, bright with love, reflected in the mirror. "I am beautiful!"

"Gift of the Queen," is from the book, Shining Armor, by Edna Ewing Kelley.