

The Clouds.*(Selected).*

One day John and Mary took a walk with their father. It was a very warm, sultry day, and far up in sky were many clouds.

"Just look," said John, "what big clouds!"

"Oh yes," said Mary; "I wonder what God made the clouds for!"

"The clouds are very useful," said the father; "the clouds are big *curtains*."

"Curtains!" exclaimed the children, astonished.

"Yes, truly," answered the father; "don't you know what we use curtains for?"

"Oh, yes," said Mary, "I know. When the sun shines too strongly, we pull down the curtains to keep out the heat."

"Yes," said the father, "Now, when the sun shines very hot on the fields, the cows in the meadow are weary and restless, and the flowers and plants bow their little heads to the ground. Then God spreads out the clouds before the sun, just as you pull down the curtains, and the cows enjoy the sweet grass, and the flowers and plants lift up their heads again."

While the father was speaking, it began to rain. They went into a farm-house for shelter. The children placed themselves at the window to look at the rain, which was falling in a heavy shower.

"That rain, too," said the father, "comes from the clouds."

"What a pity!" said John; "we cannot walk now; everything is wet."

"True," answered the father. "Still it is very useful. The clouds are made to give rain. They are big *watering-pots*."

"Watering-pots," said Mary, opening her eyes in wonder.

"Yes, my child," said the father. "What does the gardener use his watering-pot for?"

"To moisten the ground," said John quickly.

"Yes," said Mary, "for if the ground is too dry the flowers will not grow."

"Just so," said her father. "But when the great meadows and fields are too dry, what gardener is big enough to water them? And when the farmer's land is so dry that the potatoes and cabbages and the corn won't grow who is to wet the soil about the roots of all these?"

"Oh, I see," exclaimed John. "God takes those big clouds and presses rain out of them."

"He does," said his father; "the clouds are big watering-pots with which God wets this beautiful world of ours as the gardener wets our garden."

The rain was soon over, and the father again went out with his children.

"How pleasant it is," they said, as they breathed the cool, fresh air.

"Yes," said the father; and he added, "Now, look at the clouds."

The children looked up and cried out, "How beautiful!"

There the great clouds floated about in the sky. The sun had just broken through them, and had given them all sorts of fine colors. Some had gilt edges; others were red, like crimson; some again, were purple, pink, light blue and dark blue. Many of them were in strange shapes. On the left-hand side was a bluish cloud, that looked like a large ship with its sails set to the top; on the right was a dark cloud that had very much the shape of a cow with three horns. The children laughed with delight as they found out what the clouds were like.

"Now you see," said the father, "that the clouds are *pictures*, too. We hang up pictures and engravings in our rooms. So God hangs up golden, purple and blue clouds on the walls of the sky to make a beautiful parlor for our whole earth."

The Rain on the Roof.*Selected from "Song Stories."*

Key G—

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1.	Do	you	hear	the	song	of	rain,
2.	Do	you	hear	the	song	of	rain,

{		f : f : m r : — : — m : m : r d : — : — }
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Patter - ing	down,	Patter - ing	down,
Patter - ing	down,	Patter - ing	down,

{		s ₁ : — : m r : — : m d : — : r m : — : — }
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In	to	eve - ry	street	and	lane,
On	the	roof	and	win - dow	pane,

{		s : s : f m : m : r d : — : — — : — : — }
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Pat - ter - ing,	pat - ter - ing	down?
Pat - ter - ing,	pat - ter - ing	down?

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Splash - ing	down	in	ev' - ry	street,		
This	is	what	it	says	to	me,

{		d : — : r m : — : d r : — : m r : — : — }
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On	the	man - y	fa - ces	sweet,	
Of	the	child - ren	that	I	see,

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Of	the	child - ren	that	we	meet,	
They	have	come	through	rain	to	be

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Out	in	the	rain.
With	us	a	gain.