

ROSALIE AND THE SUNBEAM

KEYWORD: Sensitivity.

In a beautiful garden one bright summer day the happy laughter of children could be clearly heard. Joy was abroad, and the air vibrated with happiness. With the children was a dear little girl, but too young to play the games which the others were playing. In her fresh white dress and with her dancing eyes and pretty pink face wreathed in soft golden curls she seemed more like a flower than a child.

Smiling, happy, and contented, she was watching a sunbeam which seemed to be playing around her. The sunbeam was so bright and pretty that she wanted to play with it. So she tried to catch it, and when she could not, she chased it from place to place until she had strayed away from the other children. Then she almost caught the dancing sunbeam, for it had lighted on a flower. The flower was beautiful, so she leaned over to love it and smell its perfume, when it seemed as though a wee little voice within it spoke to her. When she heard this she said to it: "What's your name, pretty flower?"

"Rose," it whispered. "And what might your name be, pretty child?" said the flower.

"Rosalie," replied the little girl.

"How sweet!" said the little voice. "Rosalie means a little rose."

"Oh, tell me more, pretty flower, please," said Rosalie.

"Well, just because you too are a little rose, I will take you for a ride on a sunbeam with me if you will promise to be very, very quiet and *obedient*." Rosalie promised, so they went for a ride to a far-away garden where lovely flowers were growing. The flowers held their little heads very high, so glad to be giving pleasure to the many people who passed that way. That is what flowers are really for. God has given them to us to enjoy, because in their pretty colors, blue and gold and red and violet, live many pretty thoughts that we may build into our lives. Love and patience and *obedience* all live and breathe in the fragrant flowers.

Something else they saw — such a surprise that Rosalie caught her breath and almost cried out for joy. It was a little elf at work painting the colors into the flowers. His name was Elf-kin, and he had with him such a clever little helper who was called Do-kin. And there was a charming little elf maiden, too, with a dress like a dainty rainbow. She was standing where the Sun shone on her, and Elf-kin was painting a flower to look just like her. He put some of the blue of the sky, the gold of the sunshine, the red of the sunset, the green of the grass, and a wee bit of the brown of the earth into that flower. Oh, how pretty it was!

You know about the elves, don't you? They are tiny little sprites who work with the flowers. They are busy little creatures, working so hard all the time to make flowers and shrubs and trees. They work in little groups, learning lessons from some of the wise Group Spirits, who know all about such things. The Group Spirits are Angels, who guide the flowers and elves. All work together in love in God's beautiful plant world.

"Oh! I want to make pretty flowers too," said Rosalie.
"Please show me how."

"Hush, dear child," said the little voice of the rose.

“Elf-kin will hear you, and he will be afraid if he sees a little girl in his garden. He will think that perhaps you are a dark elf, a gnome, wanting to play a trick of some kind on him while he is painting this lovely new flower. There are two kinds of elves: the light elves, who work with the flowers, molding them and painting them, and the dark elves or gnomes, who work in the earth. These dark elves are full of mischief, and just love to play pranks on the light elves. It is only mischief, but it makes Elf-kin very watchful and keeps him on the lookout all the time, for he does not want his pretty flowers to be scared. You see, he is very thoughtful of his flowers, for that is one of the lessons he has learned. *Obedience* is another lesson, for he works hard and steadily day in and day out doing what God has told him to do. Making flowers is the work for Nature Spirits to do, not for little girls. But there is work for you too in God’s world. You may be sweet and pretty just like a flower, for you have a flower’s name. You too may give joy and happiness to all who see you during the day, especially to your Mama by being *obedient* when there is something she wants you to do.”

Then Rosalie woke up, and the sunbeam was still playing around her. The merry little children were still playing their jolly games in the garden. Rosalie hurried back to them, holding very carefully the pretty rose, and told them about her ride on a sunbeam. The children placed her in the center of the ring and played “Ring around the Rosie,” believing more than ever in the little elves and Nature Spirits.
