

I wish, Mamma you would tell me where the rain comes from. Does it come from the sky? And when the little drops pitter-patter on the window do you think they are playing with me? I cannot work or read for I love to listen to them. I often think their sound is pretty music. But the rain keeps children at home and sometimes I do not like that, then. The little raindrops only say, "Pit, pitter, patter, pat; while we play on the outside, Why can't you play on that?"