

THE GARDEN

A Fairy

By ADELA



LONG, long ago and far away, there was a garden beautiful where grew vines and flowers of all colors and description. Now, the garden is forsaken and the lilies and roses all lie dead. The paths are now grass-covered. But it was not so—many, many years ago.

Then, the garden was always in a festive mood and the flowers always nodded their heads in sprightly dances. The sun was more bright there; and the moon was more yellow and golden than elsewhere.

The birds never wearied singing their heavenly songs and the butterflies were as active and busy as the bees all day and all night long. It was a fairy kingdom. So everyone could do so many strange and unheard of things.

This garden was surrounded with high and thick walls. No human eye could ever get a peep into this secret garden. The people outside this little paradise were contented to dream and guess at each beauty. They were satisfied to hear the sounds as of angels singing their songs of greeting and hope and love.

It so happened that a great prince from a distant clime came to hear of this wonderful garden.

So every morning he would ride by on his stalwart and brave pony. His pony had magic wings but even these could not help to carry the prince over the high walls. And so every morning the prince was just contented to sit on his bold and white-winged horse and to listen to the sweet sounds that came from the garden.

Now, you have never seen a prince; neither have I. But the story books tell that he was a most comely prince; that his strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure and noble and good.

He believed in prayers; so every morning he would look up into the blue sky and pray that he might but see the beauty that he was sure was in the garden. And so one morning his prayers were answered and his heart was filled with joy. With long thanksgiving, he knelt and offered the Great God his gratitude. He was so overwhelmed with gratitude.

This is how his prayers were answered. The Prince of Peace and of Love sent his two angels into the garden. The two angels were named Peace and Love, and they commanded the birds, the butterflies and the flowers and vines to help the handsome prince go into the garden for a short visit. And all the birds and flowers did rejoice!

One morning, as the prince stood on the outside wall, with his hands on his

* Magdalena Elementary School, Manila.

FORSAKEN

Tale

RUFF *

winged horse's head, he was overjoyed to see thousands of butterflies flying over the garden walls—down, round about, and around him.

And the roses and the lilies climbed and clambered over the walls so that the Prince might use them as a ladder. The birds, the butterflies and the bees flapped their wings so that the air made the Prince and his winged horse as light as the moonbeams.

At last the handsome prince stood under a thick evergreen tree. And as he looked about, he began to wonder at the things around him. What do you think he saw in that garden?

Right in the middle of that now forsaken garden was a princess. She was so beautiful that he could not speak. It was a truly strange fairy world. It

was like a dream; for the princess sat on a throne of ruby, pearls and silver and gold. And her eyes were of the color of the violets and her hair was soft and golden. Her cheeks were soft and smooth and fair like the sampaguita.

When she saw the Prince, she put her right hand over her heart to tell him in her strange language that all within that little garden was his for the asking.

"Oh, beloved Princess, let me stay by thy side forever and this shall be my heaven."

The princess was glad. She had waited so long for him!

(To be continued next month)

