

CADENA DE AMOR

By L., V. R.

Do you hear that? The wind is singing a lullaby. Somewhere, there must be a little fretful baby for whom the wind is singing so sweetly. The wind does little things like that for the little ones he loves. He fans their hot brows. He lifts up their kites. He sings them songs of streams and mountains and of the wide, wide sea. He brings them tales of little foreign children: of the little African and the fair-haired Norwegian and the snugly bundled Eskimo. And one time, he planted a plant for a little sick boy.

The wind was roaming one evening when he saw this little sick boy. The little boy lived with his family in a poor room in a house which stood beside a dirty street. There was a wire fence between the street and the house, but the little boy could not help seeing the dirt and the mud for the fence was so bare. He had been sick for such a long time that he was tired of lying in bed, and seeing the dirt and the mud did not make him feel cheerful. So that evening, as the wind was passing, the little boy cried softly. The wind stopped when he heard the weak sobs of the child. He touched the hot brow and fanned the wan cheeks, but the little boy went on sobbing.

"He is so unhappy," thought the wind, "and crying is bad for sick children."

The wind thought about the little boy as he shook the trees around him. He tried to blow the fragrance of the *dama de noche* towards the little boy's bed, but even this sweetness could not cheer him. The wind entered a rich man's flower garden and rested there while the moon touched every flower with light. Then an idea came to him. Flowers are what the little boy need," he said to himself. "How happy he would be if I could plant some for him."

So the wind went around begging the flowers for some seeds. He approached the red rose first, for the wind thought this the loveliest of flowers.

"I am sorry," said the rose sweetly, "but my seeds are so carefully guarded. If you take them, I will die." The wind, of course, could not kill such a beautiful flower, so he went to the dainty camia. He found out that the whole camia plant must be pulled if new flowers were to grow, and looking at the tears upon the camia petals, the wind sighed



and left it alone. All the flowers were willing to help, but they could think of no way to do this. At last, tired and discouraged, the wind came to the *Cadena de Amor* which grew abundantly by the back fence. Clusters of tiny flowers stared up at the moon, while the heart-shaped leaves moved to and fro, inviting the breeze. The wind gazed long at the vine and said softly, "I shall not ask the *Cadena de Amor*. It is so big and tall that moving it and growing it will be very difficult."

The wind heard low laughter. He turned round and round, but he could find nobody who could have laughed. Then he noticed the heavy vine shaking, and a voice, sweet and clear, drifted from it. "Silly wind," it said, "I am the plant who can help you. Do you notice the little seeds that hang dry and brown from my sides? These little seeds can one day become great plants which will cover the biggest wall and conquer the largest fence. Shake some of these little seeds and take them away. They will grow with little care and make your little friend happy and well."

The wind wondered at all this, but he did what the vine had asked, and with the tiny seeds, he blew himself off to the little sick boy's home. The little sick child was asleep, but tears still stood beneath his eyelids. The wind dropped the little seeds along the fence, and left them there.

Several days later, a row of little green things peeped out of the ground beside the fence. They clung to the sunbeams which had strayed there and pulled themselves up to the first line of the wire fence. Later, they drunk in the dew of the night and put up their heads for some more. Day by day they did this, till their weak stalks grew and grew into a pretty, healthy green. The first leaves smiled up at the window and seemed to call to the little sick boy who lay on his bed, sad and tired.

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS

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GRADE ONE

- I. 1. market 2. mango 3. a can of milk
 II. 1. market
 2. some mangoes
 3. milk

GRADE TWO

1. woods
2. different
3. big
4. beautiful
5. happy

GRADE THREE

1. lost
2. mother
3. policeman
4. afraid
5. kind

GRADE FOUR

1. country
2. lonely
3. shady
4. no



One morning, the little boy looked out of his window. He looked first at the mud and the dirt of the street and sighed. Then he saw the row of vine plants creeping up the fence.

"How nice they look!" said the little boy, and for the first time since he got sick, he smiled happily.

Every morning, he watched the little vines grow. He saw them grow and grow until very little of the dirty street could be seen from the window. They grew and grew till they reached the top of the fence and covered the dirty street entirely. Then one lovely morning, the boy looked out of his window to see the first pink blossoms lying like jewels against the deep green of the beautiful leaves.

"Mother!" he called happily. "my plants have pretty flowers. They are pink and tiny. Come and see them."

The wind heard the boy's happy cry, and he hummed to himself with pleasure. "The little one will soon be well," he said. "he has become so happy again."

Yes, the little boy grew well. He became very strong and very tall. He was able to build a fine house. Along the fence and close to his own room, he planted seeds from his old plant of *Cadena de Amor*. Will you look over there? Do you see those little flowers which smile so gayly up at the sun? Those are the great grandchildren of the first little blossoms which covered the dirty street and cheered a little sick lad as he lay in his room, waiting for death.