

# THE GARDEN FORSAKEN

## A Fairy Tale

(Continued from the May issue)

By ADELA RUFF \*

“O H — noble prince — all these I give to thee with my heart.”

So they were wedded. The flowers played the wedding march. The birds rang the wedding bells and the butterflies served the wedding cake that the busy bees had made out of honey. And so they lived on in the little paradise.

But all dreams must end. We are not sure of our joys. There is always a tomorrow. And the tomorrow came to them too soon and oh, so sadly . . .

One morning, as they sat at breakfast, there floated before their throne a cloud so huge and powerful that it almost shook their throne. On this cloud was a mighty messenger from the distant home of the Prince. Sad, indeed, was the message the messenger made known to the prince and princess. And this was the message:

The King, the father of the prince was dead. Henceforth, the prince must rule over his people. His people needed him. His queen-mother was lonely for him; his brothers and sisters weep for him. All—his home, his people, his country, call out in stern command:

“You must come. Duty calls you. Forget everything else!”

And so—sad was their parting. Fain



would the princess go with him to his home. Fain would she gladly have followed him to the ends of the world but she knew that she could not forsake the land of her birth—the garden,

the birds, the trees, the flowers, and above all, her subjects. She knew that if she left her garden, everything in it would be forsaken. All the flowers would wither and all the birds would sing nevermore, and the butterflies would put on robes of mourning . . .

And so, with a sorrowful farewell, a sigh and a prayer for happier days to come—the prince and the princess parted in tears.

And the cloud carried the white-winged horse and the handsome prince away.

Then the days sped swiftly by. Slowly, the years came and went.

Then one sainted morning when the walls around the garden had begun to crumble, there came a herald from the other world. And the news was, “The prince is no more.”

And the drums beat a funeral march. He had died in battle, brave, fearless, and noble as before.

All that morn the princess felt a strange joy for happy days had come once more. That night the moon was

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## School Days Are Here Again

Words and Music by I. Alfonso

*Tempo de marcia*

Hark! Com-rades let's go. To school let's hur-ry Come all  
'board yo! ho! Toys and dai-ly fun To-day let's  
leave them all and books in hands, Let us tread once more the  
path that leads to our dear school. Come and let us  
sing, School days are here-a-gain. The old  
seats will be oc-cu-pied, and boys and girls all a-lert, won't  
it be nice? ----- Once  
more we shall al-ways see the teacher dear, the class-mate dear to me.

*Fine*

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more yellow than ever; the clouds were whiter and the angels even more kindly. The Angels—Peace and Love did once more whisper their message into the lonely heart of the Princess. The Angel of Death bore her away and away . . . and all the flowers and birds and butterflies died in the then forsaken garden.

But a fairer garden became her home.

Beyond the thick walls was a chariot all in white—as soft as the cotton and as shiny as gold. In it waited the prince still as gay and stalwart and young.

And so amidst the singing of angels—the prince and the princess sailed through the clouds to a fairer and more beautiful garden. It was called the

"Garden of Paradise," where all is Life and Love and pleasant dreams.

And in the palace which the good heavenly Father prepared for them dwelt forever more the happy princess and her beloved mortal prince. The flowers bloomed at their best there. The birds sang their gayest there. Sweet music filled the air and lulled to happy dreams the pure souls that dwelt there.