

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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FORBIDDEN PATHS!

When Heaven's opening pencil writes on every pilgrim's face... PART I. One cannot always write merily—no cannot always see only the sunlight streaming down from heaven—no remembers occasionally that the cold mist of the grave fogs over us; that pain and death are in this world, and sin, which leads to pain and death! And when we think of these things, we go on our journey for awhile with a saddened heart, a chastened joy. We look up more frequently to our Father in Heaven, and ask less of him for ourselves, and more for others. And yet it is not often that these seasons come. We shut them constantly, and only yield to their influence when the pressure of some sorrow upon our own hearts awakens our sympathies for others; then we grow quiet for awhile, listening to the cold beatings of the world's pulse, till we seek and turn instinctively towards the living fountains. And finding there, and only there, peace of heart and rest of mind, how is it that so soon we stray again into Forbidden Paths? Once when we were little, and like good shepherds, our parents keep us in the right path by incessant watchfulness, we would pass close to the boundaries, and look out longingly upon the beautiful world around us, and cleave our hands, and listen tearfully to the strains of sweet music, and the whisperings of happiness, which the soft breeze bore to us; sighing heavily, while wild and passionate longings were born within our souls, for the time when we should throw aside restraint, and join the gay and dazzling throng before us. Ah! then it was some kind angel had lifted the roaring gards from the careless brows, and disclosed the piercing thorns beneath, we had, perhaps blessed God that we were not suffered to partake and die. I remember one fair girl, who was ever with us, and just as eager to break through the protecting hedge-who, with her small hands, would throw back her sunken tresses with fearless impetuosity, whenever some wicked child of earth stood beckoning from without, and charmed her senses with tales of delight, of which we could not partake. Ah, wait! ah, wait! she would cry, with eager, tearful eyes, "I shall taste sometime—I know I shall! There was something strange about Ellen. Even we, as children, felt it. Something which made her a pet—an idol among us. No one had so many friends as she; and yet she was not particularly amiable. Her sweet eyes would sparkle with the light of passion of tenderness that day; and Ellen's curling lip was a byword among her mates. Beauty always excites a feeling of love among school-girls. Ellen was not particularly beautiful. Half a dozen boasted fairer complexions, rosier cheeks, more waving hair. Ellen was little, and pale, and shy among strangers—shy always, unless her mind was working powerfully, as it did even then, though we knew not what made her so. Singularly brilliant at times, with eyes that dilated widely with lustrous brightness, and crimson lips parted with nervous tension from her small, white teeth; veins which grew blue and prominent in her snowy temples, and a tongue which was like an angel's to us, so rapidly and strangely it moved in its inspiration! Often would she fling herself at her mother's feet, and give vent to the strong current of her thoughts; while that mother, with a calm brow, but a sorely troubled heart, strove to repress, or to turn into another channel, those wild, vain aspirations!

What! and she started, and looked into his eyes; but her gaze was met with one of laughing rejoinder, which baffled her searching scrutiny; and his next remark was made in his usual light tones. They stammered up and down the room, two or three times; at last Templeton, (that was the gentleman's name) loitered at the table in the unoccupied parlor, covered with eggshells and bijouterie. "What made you so grave to night?" he said. "No answer," she replied. "You know what I mean!" "No." "Yes,—don't tell me you cannot deceive me!" Some girls would have resented the tone of assumption with which this was uttered, and replied with pretty petulance. Ellen did not; strangely perhaps, without at all loving Templeton, she rather liked it; it was a kind of flattery which she could appreciate; all the more keenly, because so few could. She said very slowly, the color rising slowly in her face. "Well, then, since I cannot deceive you, you must know without my telling, what made me thoughtful." "Well," he said, as though he knew she was not doing talking. "Well, I first happened to remember, not so strange a thing as you may suppose, that I had a human heart beating in my breast; it does not throbb quite so fast as it used to be, but sometimes it troubles to the old remembered chords of girlhood, when I kneel at my mother's knee and dream of the future." "Well," he said, filling up the pause. "Dearest," she said, coloring slightly. "Yes! you are not displeased yet; you have only got a rival, you should not be afraid, Ellen!" "Ah! I am happy to be so beloved, or to be so loved!" "Oh, Ellen! what a sentiment!" "I can't help it! I wish I had died long ago! I wish I could die now! Oh, " "To leave all disappointment care and sorrow." "And be at peace forever and dull death." "Yes, I am not displeased yet; you have only got a rival, you should not be afraid, Ellen!" "Ah! I am happy to be so beloved, or to be so loved!" "Oh, Ellen! what a sentiment!" "I can't help it! I wish I had died long ago! I wish I could die now! Oh, " "To leave all disappointment care and sorrow." "And be at peace forever and dull death." "Yes, I am not displeased yet; you have only got a rival, you should not be afraid, Ellen!"

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