

A Page for Young Folks at Home.

The Renowned Pathway.

BY MEETA.

Many years ago, in a foreign land, there dwelt three young princes, called Helas, Noorod and Ahmed. They were brothers, and equally well-loved by their only parent, a mighty and powerful monarch. It came to pass one day, that a strange ambassador happened to arrive at the court of this sovereign. While there, he told of many wondrous things and singular adventures.

Among these various relations, he spoke of a renowned and beautiful pathway, situated in the heart of a distant and dense forest.

Hereupon the three princes crowded around him, and begged of him to inform them of its peculiar merits, and why it had become so celebrated. The ambassador replied, "Royal Princes, it is because this pathway is unlike any other one ever created, and is remarkable for its beauty and grandeur!"

Now the young princes thought of this thing among themselves, and said:—"Why may not we also journey to this celebrated place, and look with our own eyes upon its ambient beauties?"

So they agreed to go in search of it, and related their decision to their kingly parent. He gave them his permission and his blessing, and they set out at once upon their pilgrimage of discovery. For a long space of time they wandered uncertain of their course, when at last they were directed to the great forest by an aged magician.

When the princes arrived at the entrance of the pathway, they consulted which should enter first.

"Let us each go separately," spoke Ahmed the younger, "so that we may observe all things with attention, and form our opinion of its merit."

The brothers assented, and Noorod made entrance first. This prince was not a good youth; he was dissipated and fond of pleasure, and had often caused pain to the tender heart of his beloved parent. Yet, at times, he reflected and repented, but this was not often the case. As he walked along the pathway he saw gigantic rocks rising on either side, and shuddered as he gazed. They seemed to him as the mouldy walls of a prison. The verdant mounds appeared as new-made graves; and the graves of those whom his own folly might perhaps bring down broken hearted to the tomb.

Every brilliant butterfly that hovered in the sunlight, he likened to himself, as a gay joyous creature, idling away existence—fitted to dwell for a time in splendor, then to die worthless and forgotten; Flowers had no charms for him unless formed of precious stones, and the murmuring rivulet sounded to his ears like a continuous wail of despair.

He groaned in spirit, and cried when he reached the end;—"O! what a charnel-house of evil visions and terrible scenes, there is no beauty in it!" and he shuddered.

Then the second brother entered the pathway. Now, Helas was an evil prince, and criminal in heart. He knew none of the delights of love or happiness; the world and all things therein was hateful to him. He wept rather than walked along the path; he listened for the slightest sound; and the chirp of a bird sent a cold thrill through his frame. Every crevice in the rocks he watched with suspicion, deeming them as dark hiding places for innumerable snakes, ready to dart out at him with poisoned tongues. And he even gazed with distrust at his own shadow. So he was glad when he arrived at the end, and said:—"What is this pathway that we have journeyed so far to behold?—a den of reptiles and evil spectres.

Then Prince Ahmed, who had waited at the entrance, stepped within. Oh! what a pleasant scene lay before him. Far down the distant windings, through a shady vista, he beheld the azure and golden skies, reflecting their rich tints upon the shining leaves. Everything was fresh and teeming with loveliness in his eyes. He stooped to gather the delicate flowers by the wayside, and drank of the silver riv-

ulets, gushing up in sunshine. He looked up to the overhanging crags with an elevated spirit, and listened to the warbling birds joyfully. The rosy sky seemed smiling upon him from above, and he held praise in his heart for the Holy One.

As he emerged to where his brothers awaited him, he lifted up his voice, saying,

"Thou good and all-merciful Father, how beautiful is this creation of thy Holy Hand!"

Then were the elder brothers angered with him, because he praised that which they condemned; and they said:—"Thou speakest false things; it is not beautiful; have not we beheld it also?"

"Nay, mine eyes deceive me not," spoke Ahmed gently. "They tell me it is exceedingly lovely."

Then there arose a great dispute between the elder brothers, and they were beside themselves with rage. But Prince Ahmed said, "My brothers, thou knowest well that the heart reflects all things truly. Therefore, let each one of us turn our eyes inward and read therein, so that we may see which of us is in the right."

So Helas and Noorod followed the advice of their brother, and turned their vision inward. For a space of time they were silent; then spoke Ahmed softly, saying—"What seest thou, my brothers?"

But the brothers spoke not—and trembled with fear. O! what strange and horrible visions beheld they in their hearts. Thousands of evil passions and murderous thoughts. A chaos of dark feelings and criminal ghosts. They shuddered, covered their eyes, and sank down upon the ground remorseful and agitated.

Prince Ahmed saw none of these things in his heart. Purity, love and gentleness reigned supreme and beautiful. It was a clear mirror, wherein angel faces was reflected. So he smiled softly, looked to Heaven and went on his way.

And this pathway—was it so very beautiful? Ah! very beautiful and full of all good. There were rocks covered with exquisite verdure; trees in whose branches hovered a low, sweet melody. There were birds and blossoms, and waters of everliving music and loveliness. There were tracings of golden sunlight, and draperies of softening shadows, intermingling and braiding within each other. Rosy skies made a canopy for it, and truly, it was a most beautiful pathway.

And though the three princes had wandered within its precincts and each beheld a different view, yet had it remained unchanged. For that pathway was the pathway of—Life.

GOOD NIGHT.—Thus beautifully did John B. Gough close his last temperance address before the people of Edinburgh, Scotland:—

"Now, let me say to you, good night. Voyagers with me, I trust to a better world, if I never see you again, I shall hail you often, and you will hail me—will you not? I look out through the eye-lids of expectation to the beacon fires that are to blaze upon us while conducting the coming contests. Good night to you! Let us slacken no sail, but straight for the high land—crowd all our canvas—cut through the foam—then we will cast anchor there! That God may bless you, throw the mantle of his love over and about you, and save you from the curse of drunkenness, is the hearty prayer of him who is your obedient humble servant, in all things to command, in view of the interest of the temperance enterprise, and who now bids you a grateful and affectionate good night.

THE POOR HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF IT.—While the City Marshal of Bangor, Me., was engaged in destroying a quantity of liquor that had been seized, some one in the crowd inquired, "Why was this not sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?" A voice from a distance replied, "The Poor have had enough of it; let it go!"

Patience is the balm of suffering; while you, therefore, bear with firmness, what you cannot avoid, submit with resignation to the will of the Almighty, who is just and merciful.