

## Children's Corner.

### ONLY A BOY.

Only a boy?

Only a healthy and rosy face,  
Bearing of pain and grief no trace,  
Save where at times the shadows play  
Like the light clouds on a summer's day.

Only a boy?

Only a loving and trusting heart  
That throbs and strains for a long life start.  
That yields in love to the gentle touch  
Of one who will chide not overmuch.

Only a boy?

Only an earnest and longing soul  
Through which wild fancies and wishes roll,  
Peering from out those eager eyes  
At the untried world that around them lies.

Only a boy?

Only the germ of some unknown gain  
To a world that wavers 'twixt joy and pain,  
Tell me of better gift who can,  
To give to the world, than an honest man?

Only a boy?

Yes, when you see him in after days  
Halting and grieving on Life's stern ways,  
Will he not look you through and through,  
Bitterly questioning you—yes, *you*?

Only a boy?

What did you do with his ardent youth?  
What did you do with his love of truth?  
What did you do with his tender heart?  
Look, if you will, at your own poor part.

Only a boy?

Only a man with a saddened face,  
Bearing of grief and sin the trace,  
Craving a love that might cleanse the stain  
Of the old thoughts that will come again.

Only a boy?

Only a spirit that soars at last  
O'er the chains and blinds of a petty past,  
Hardened but faithful, saddened but true,  
Saved—but the praise is not for you.

### WHAT UNMAKES THE MAN.

Boys, did you ever see a drunken man. It is seldom one is seen on the street in the daytime. It is now as it was in the days when the Bible was written. It says: "They that are drunk are drunk in the night." It is a curious sight to see a drunken man. If he can walk, he steps carefully; and every step he takes he steadies himself up. It is difficult to keep his balance. If he loses this he falls immediately. His legs are weak, they totter, and can hardly support him. His head topples as if he had a load in his hat; his arms have lost their strength, but if he can get by a fence he holds on to it.

In the cities, where he can find nothing to hold on to, he usually falls down. Thousands are picked up

in Brooklyn and New York by the police every year. They are called gutter drunkards, because when they fall they usually land in the gutter; this is caused by the slope of the sidewalk in that direction. They stagger that way, and when they come to the curbstone they pitch over it. Sometimes they fall on their faces and are terribly bruised. These are the poor men. If a man is rich, has money, they who sell the liquor order a carriage, and he is taken home instead of being taken by the police to the lock-up. But what a sad sight when he is brought in!

Intoxicating liquors make some men crazy and violent, and when they get home they abuse the family. This is kept secret to avoid disgrace; and as these things happen in the night, other people often know nothing of them. A man who lives near me was sent to gaol for such conduct. Some turn their wives and children out of doors in the night. One I knew did this twice. He is a fine man when sober. Intoxicating liquor is a poison; it makes some men jovial and frolicsome, others angry and violent; they curse and swear and fight. A man near me killed another; he is now in State prison for life. This awful business is carried on almost entirely in the night. At midnight it is generally at its full head.

There are all sorts of things to draw young men into these places; games and bets on games; company and fun, and the fact that they can go there and be there, without its being known, all serve to draw young men in. Remember, boys, this night work is bad work. As you value your character, your respectability, your health, your success in life, keep away from such places; have nothing to do with these poisonous drinks. Do you want to know where the prisoners in our State prisons come from? By far the greater portion got their character, and were led into the crimes they have committed, by the schooling they had in such places. Here you see what unmakes the man.

### OUR FATHER'S BUSINESS.

If there is one part of the blessed Gospel which more than another belongs especially to Our Young Folks it is the first recorded words of the Child Jesus. Those thirty silent, sinless years are to us all a divine mystery. Perhaps we are not allowed to know and follow the unfolding of that one perfect life, because it might draw our attention off from the infinitely important words and deeds and sufferings of its later years, as you have seen a teacher lay her hand over the picture when she would keep some little learner's thoughts from wandering away from his lesson. But this silence is once broken. The curtain is once lifted, and we have a glimpse given us of the sweetest, purest child-life ever known on earth. That we may see into the heart of the Holy Child a single sentence of His—the first for twelve years, the last for eighteen