

INTRODUCTION

"My little daughter is a tea rose,
"Satin to the touch,
"Wine to the lips,
"And a faint delirious perfume.
"But my little son is a June apple,
"Firm and cool
"And scornful of too much sweetness,
"But full of tang and flavor,
"And better than bread to the hungry.
"Oh, wild winds! and clumsy, pilfering bees!
"With the whole wide world to wanton in
"Will you not spare my little tea rose?
"And, oh, ruthless blind creatures
"That lay eggs of evil at the core of life!
"Will you not pass by my one red apple
"That is so firm and sound?"

The "wild winds" of temptation will spare the rose only when we shelter it with garden hedge or wall of loving nurture. The "ruthless blind creatures" of evil will pass by the heart of boyhood only when it is defended by the flaming sword of high ideal and resolve. That the lessons of the Manual may help some to build the sheltering hedge and sharpen the flaming sword—is the earnest desire of the committee.

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