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hend. Nurses shrink from the foul and loathsome atmosphere. And this is what they have made of life—a murdered manhood, not living out half their days ; a past all loss, a future all blackness. Oh, where are our tears, if they do not fall over numbers who are dying every day in such chambers, and with such demons of remembrance ?

Far be it from me to utter a word that would debar you from the recreations and excitements appropriate to your age. Joy and cheerfulness are your strength and heritage. Monkish austerity and sanctimoniousness are rarely virtues. But our modern life has multiplied, under the name of pleasure, the facilities of vice. The perils that assail young men in great cities are so many, so seductive, and so ruinous to body and soul, as to make an observer tremble. There was once a time, before cities grew so huge, when places of business were homes. The employer admitted young men to the domestic sanctities of his family. They received aid from him in the formation of acquaintances, and had even access to his own circles of recreation. Now, young men in cities can scarcely be said to have a home. Some have not even the privilege of a common room, or a fire in their chamber. They are open, therefore, to every allurements that promises pleasure. Places of business, moreover, are large establishments where the