

See, too, how far you were from purity. Some of the boys told some stories; do you think you could repeat them to your sisters? Don't you wish now in the pure light of the morning that you could forget them forever? Don't you know that your mind will never again be as pure as it was before you went "just a little way down street" last night? While you were listening to those stories, punctuated with oaths, the dear ones at home gathered in the sitting room, your father opened a book and read. They knelt and commended themselves to the keeping of the Heavenly Father, tenderly remembering their boy who was "a little way down street." Then the lights went out, and only a loving mother waited anxiously and sleeplessly for her boy. It was more than ten million miles away from the sweet old chapter that your father read, down to those stories you heard, my boy. And what a steep grade all the way! And it was a long, long way from truth. When you evaded your mother's question the lie in your false heart looked guiltily out of your eyes, as it rose to your cowardly lips. Just see where you were; you, ordinarily a brave, manly, truthful boy, turned into a liar and a coward! You would fight, I know, if any boy called you such names, but just tell yourself the truth; don't lie to yourself. Were not you ashamed to tell your mother where you were? Yes, well, does not that make you a sneak? And were not you afraid to tell your father? Yes, well what does that make you? And did you tell the honest truth when your mother asked where you were? No, well what are you then? And let me tell you that the "half truth" and "half lie" you told her is like all half-breeds; it has all the worst traits of the vilest race, and none of the virtues of the best.

But you say, a boy does not have to go with toughs and riff-raff; there are some mighty nice boys go down street at night. My boy, I know it; there are some mighty nice boys go out of nights, but they are not so nice when they come back.

You can't select your company on the street, the corner is free to everybody. There is no safe corner for you after night, except the chimney corner. And when you leave that and spend your evenings where you can give no account of yourself save the bald statement that you were "just down street a little ways," we know with pain and sorrow that our boy has locked up in his mind shameful guilty things, he dare not tell at home. Keep off the street after night, my boy. Other people will think better of you, and what is far more important, you will think better of yourself.