# The Free Press.

THURSDAY MORNING, Feb. 8, 1883


## YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

### THE BRIDE.

I remember, I remember,
Some eighteen years ago
A child whose winsome prattle
Twas very joy to know.

I remember, I remember
The darling household pet,
And how the dear ones loved her
And called her little Kitt.

I remember, I remember
How time must intervene
To cover from my vision
But not from mind—that scene.

I remember, I remember
In looking o'er the past,
The bud of promised woman-hood
That bursts in bloom at last.

May the richest gifts of Heaven
Attend this cherished bride,
A wealth of joy around her,
A wealth of joy beside.

May the sunshine of the future,
Caught from the rays behind,
Shine on in mingled radiance
And close to realize find.

ACTONIA.

### Advice to a Boy.

Get away from the crowd a little while every day, my boy. Stand one side and let the world run by, while you get acquainted with yourself, and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself, and out all you can about yourself. Ascertain from original sources if you are really the manner of man people say you are. Find out if you are always honest, if you always tell the square, point truth in business and at home, if you are really the sort of young man your father believes you are, and your mother says you are, and your sweetheart believes you are. Find out if you are what you appear to be in the eyes of your fellows, by honest, honest, honest with yourself, by honest, honest, honest with everything you do, and in every place, and then, if you find you are what you want to be, if you find you are what you want to be, if you find you are what you want to be