

The BOYS of To-day, are the YOUNG MEN of To-morrow.



"OUR BOYS"

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OF THE

TORONTO YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.



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No. 8.

JESUS said;
I AM
THE LIGHT



OF THE
WORLD

OUR LECTURE COURSE.

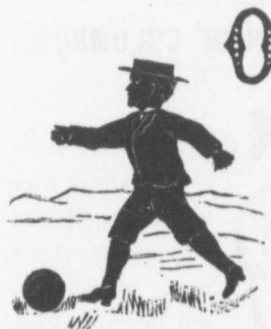
AS arrangements are likely to be made for a series of meetings to be held in our Hall during the present month, the next lecture of our

course will be delivered in September.

We hope to secure our friend Mr. C. Edwards on that occasion.

There was a good attendance at the last lecture, and the boys listened with much attention to Mr. Findlay's account of his trip to the great North-west.

OUR PIC-NIC.



OUR BOY'S annual Pic-nic is always looked forward to in anticipation of much pleasure, and it is certain that the pleasure experienced on Saturday, July 14th, was equal to that of any former year.

The boys entered heartily into the several games, and were none the less hearty in marking their approval of the liberal supply of lemonade, cakes, strawberries and cream.

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I WILL TEACH YOU THE FEAR OF THE LORD. Psalm 34. 11.

THE FEAR OF THE LORD IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM. Ps. 111. 10.

BOYS WANTED.

BOYS of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with anything—
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones,
Who, all troubles magnify—
Not the watchword of "I can't"
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task—
"Put your shoulder to the wheel."

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

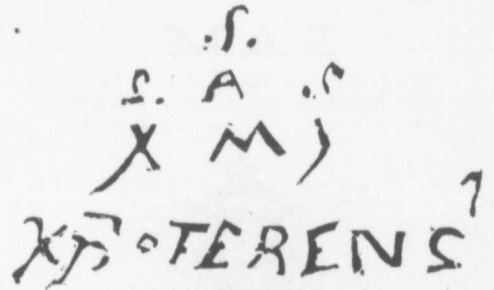
In the workshop, on the farm,
At the desk—where'er you be—
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes the nation's destiny.

THE AUTOGRAPH OF COLUMBUS.



SEEING that there are but few men named in history whose acts have such an important bearing upon the history of our own land, there can be no doubt but that our boys will be pleased to read a short account of the curious form of signature adopted by Christo-

pher Columbus. In his will, we read; "Don Diego, my son, or any other, who may inherit this estate, on coming into possession of the inheritance, shall sign with the signature I now make use of; which is an S with an X under it, and an M with a Roman A over it, and over that an S; and a great Y with an S over it, with its points and lines as is my custom, as may be seen by this presentsignature. He shall only write "the Admiral"; whatever titles may have been conferred on him." The signature of Columbus thus specified, is the following:



The Xpo means Christo, and FERENS the bearer, or bearing—Christ bearing. There has been considerable discussion as to the meaning of this signature, but it is believed that Columbus adopted it as a token of gratitude to Queen Isabella, his kind patroness, and the reading is given as follows;—

SERVADOR

SUS ALTEZAS SACRAS

JESUS MARIA ISABELLA

Or, in English, and in full;—

The Servant
of their Sacred Highnesses
Jesus, Mary, and Isabella.
Christ Bearer.

The Admiral.

THE FEAR OF THE LORD IS TO HATE EVIL. Prov. 8. 13.

ETERNITY!



ON Saturday, the third of August, 1867, there was buried in Dundee, (Scotland) with all the honours of a public funeral, thousands following the body to the grave, one of the poorest of the citizens—Robert Annan.

He was only thirty-six when he died, and of that brief life, only about seven years had been spent in such manner as to call forth the respect of his fellow citizens. Up to the age of twenty-nine he had lived a wild and wicked life. In the army and the navy—In Canada and the United States he kept on his career of sin. But God “who is rich in mercy” led him in 1860 to attend a revival service held in his native city, and there he heard words which led to his conver-

sion. From that day he became a devoted worker among the poor of Dundee. He also became famous for his heroic efforts to rescue the drowning. In the year of his death he had saved at least five lives, and perished himself in endeavouring to save the sixth.

As he left his house, on the day he died, he took a piece of chalk and wrote the word “ETERNITY” on the pavement outside the door. In two hours he was in the eternal world!

A newspaper containing a reference to these facts was read by a young nobleman. That word “Eternity” kept ringing in his ears, and eventually led to his conversion. He requested that the word “ETERNITY” should be carved at his expense on the stone on which Robert Annan had chalked it.

Two days after the request was made the young man stood amid the glories of the eternal world, having been accidentally shot; yet one more proof of the uncertainty of life.

BOYS! are you prepared for DEATH?

WHICH JUG?

WHERE I come, father, *temperance* in one hand, and *intemperance* in the other,” said a little boy as he trudged into the hay-field with a water-jug in one hand and a cider-jug in the other.

“Now who’s for *intemperance*?” he asked.

The words struck home to the father’s heart, and he never again sent cider into the field.

KITE STRINGS.



THESE are very important articles; for what is your kite good for if without a string? You may throw it up, but it will not stay up. You may go upon the house-top and cast it off, but it will neither go higher nor stay there, but fall speedily fall to the ground. But see that ball of nice white twine! You fasten it to your kite, go out when a fine breeze is blowing, and now how nicely it soars; up, up it rises till it is almost out of sight.

But suppose there is a little flaw in that string, and it breaks, or some rude boy comes along and cuts it, what now about your kite? How soon it begins to plunge and reel, crazy, it would seem to enjoy its liberty; but, alas, to enjoy it only for a moment, for down, down it comes, and is all torn and broken in a tree top, or soiled in a pool of mud.

So is it with the boy that breaks loose from restraint. Sometimes a boy thinks it would be a nice thing to get away from a parent's control; but as a rule, that is the *string* by which they rise, if ever, to places of eminence and usefulness in the world. Cut it, and they are like a kite with a broken string, that reels and sinks, and falls.

“My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother.”

AN EPITAPH.

on an old tombstone in Hownham Churchyard, England.

LIFE is short,
And DEATH is sure
SIN's the wound,
And CHRIST's the cure.

THREE WEIGHTY WORDS.

To be read in two thousand ways, and practised in one.

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COME TO THE BOY'S MEETING,

SHAFTESBURY HALL,

Every FRIDAY Evening, at 8 o'clock.

ALL WELCOME.