

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



"OUR BOYS"



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THOU ART
GOD
READY TO
PARDON.

HEB. IX. 17

BOY'S LECTURE.

THE next lecture of the course will be delivered (D. V.) on Friday, May 16th, by Henry O'Brien, Esq. Subject—"A Trip to the Rocky Mountains." Mr.

O'Brien will tell the Boys about his experience on the Prairies and amid the "Rockies." Let every member of our Boy's Class be present, and also bring others with them. Admission will be by ticket, which may be secured at the Rooms.

BOY'S WORK.

THERE are some people who think that the work by Y. M. C. Associations among Boys is something new. This is not the case. For fully ten years past it has been a recognised branch of work by most of the Associations, and in some it dates still farther back. The English Associations have paid much attention to it, and as a result, have been greatly blessed. We learn from the *Bulletin* of the Aberdeen (Scotland) Association, that their Boy's Meeting, now in its tenth year, is showing marked signs of interest. It has met through all these years without a single break. The Association also holds a Newspaper Boys' Class every Sunday at 7 p.m.

Hearken unto thy father that begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old.—Prov. xxiii. 22^d

Honour thy father and mother.

Eph. vi. 2.

Keep the door of my lips.

Psalm cxli. 3.

SOMETHING HE FORGOT.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A LITTLE boy named Frederick
One day not long ago,
Sprang brightly up at peep of day,
With rosy cheeks aglow.
He felt so happy, well and strong,
So fearless and so free,
A braver boy than Frederick,
You would go far to see.

He washed his face, he combed his hair,
His coat he buttoned tight,
And forth he strolled with merry steps,
A valiant little knight.
And all day long he meant should be,
Without a stain or spot,
Alas, this little Frederick
Had something quite forgot!

And so, for all his brave intent,
The day went wrong with Fred,
And folks were cross, and blame was poured
Upon his youthful head.
He failed in school, he failed at home,
His heart grew very sad,
And up to bed at night he crept,
A mournful little lad.

I wonder what the reason was!
Perhaps the angels knew,
Who watched him with their loving eyes,
When sleep came soft as due.
"Our Father," by his bed he said,
Because the dark was nigh,
And in the dark who does not need
The gracious friend on high?

Ah well! 'tis not at night alone
We need our Father's care!
How can we meet the busy day
Without a word of prayer?
'Twas this our little Frederick
In morning's prime forgot,
And this that dimmed the happy day
Where humble prayer was not.

Oh, not alone in strength of man
Must he go forth to fight
Who in this world of sin would be
A true and valiant knight.
But aye when morning's silver ray
Awakes to joyous life
Remember, only those who pray
Shall conquer in the fight.

THE SEARCHER OF HEARTS.

I am He which searcheth the
reins and hearts; and I will
give unto every one of you
according to your works.

Rev. ii. 23.

HOW ARTIE HELPED.

LITTLE Artie and his two brothers lived some distance from town, and in the winter were left at home while their parents went to the Methodist meeting; where sometimes the father's hearty "Amen!" told how much he enjoyed the sermon. One cold Sunday the children were left at home with many cautions to be careful, yet hardly were the parents out of sight, before the woodwork of the house, near the stove-pipe, was found to be on fire. It was out of their reach, but with wonderful activity the eldest got upon the table and in a few moments put out the fire.

When the father and mother returned, they shuddered at the danger to which their dear ones had been exposed, and with thankful hearts praised them for their courage. "How did you manage, Tommy, to reach the fire?" asked their father.

"Why," said Tommy, "I pushed the table up to the wall, and got upon that."

"And did you help brother, Jimmy?"

"Yes, Sir; I brought him a pail of water, and handed him the dipper."

"And what did you do?" said the proud father to his pet, the youngest of the group.

"Well, papa," said Artie, "you see I was too small to help put out the fire, and so just stood by and hollered 'Amen!'"
—*Kind Words*,

Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.

Psalm cxix. 117.

Cease to do evil; learn to do well.

Isaiah i. 16, 17.

THE FOOLISH SAILOR.



A SHIP was wrecked off the coast of America some years ago. On board was a large consignment of Spanish dollars, packed in casks. The last boat was about to leave the wreck, when a young officer rushed back to see if any person had been forgotten. To his astonishment he saw a man calmly sitting on deck, with a hatchet in his hand, breaking open the casks, and heaping the money all about him!

"What can you be thinking of?" shouted the young man. "What are you doing? Don't you know the ship is sinking fast? A few minutes more and she will go down!"

"She may go down," said the man; "but I have lived a poor wretch all my life, and now I am determined that I'll die rich!"

Boys, did he die rich? He died poor, immeasurably poor for the next world. "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Dear young reader, don't act as did this sailor. Remember you may be doing so, even though you are not on the ocean, or on a shipwrecked vessel.

Seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness. Don't let money-making be the first object.

THE STRONGEST DRINK.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON says to the boys:--Water is the strongest drink. It drives mills; it's the drink of Lions and horses, and Sampson never drank anything else. Let young men be teetotalers, if only for economy's sake. The beer money will soon build a house. If what goes into the mash-tub went into the kneading trough, families would be better fed and better taught. If what is spent in waste were only saved against a rainy day, work-houses would never be built. The man who spends his money with the publican, and thinks landlord's bows and "How do you do my good fellow?" means true respect, is a perfect simpleton. We don't light fires for the herring's comfort, but to roast him. Men do not keep pot-houses for laborers' good; if they do they certainly miss their aim. Why, then, should people drink "for the good of the house?" If I spend money for the good of any house, let it be my own, and not the landlord's. It is a bad well into which you must put water; and the beer-house is a bad friend, because it takes your all and leaves you nothing but headaches. He who calls those his friends who let him sit and drink by the hour together is ignorant, very ignorant. Why, Red Lions, and Tigers, and Eagles and Vultures, are all creatures of prey, and why do so many put themselves within the power of their jaws and talons? Such as drink and live riotously, and wonder why their faces are so blotchy and their pocket so bare, would leave off wondering if they had two grains of wisdom. They

God is angry with the wicked every day.

Psalm vii. 11.

Teach me to do thy will ; for thou art my God.
Psalm cxliii, 10.

might as well ask an elm tree for pears as look to loose habits for health and wealth. Those who go to the public-house for happiness climb a tree to find fish.

TWO PICTURES.

THE BEGINNING.

A SCHOOL-BOY, ten years old, one lovely June day—with the roses in full bloom over the porch, and the laborers in the wheat fields—had been sent by his Uncle John to pay a bill at the country store, and there were seventy-five cents left, and Uncle John did not ask him for it. At noon, this boy had stood under the beautiful blue sky, and a great temptation came. He said to himself, "Shall I give it back, or shall I wait until he asks for it? If he never asks, that is his lookout. If he does, why, I can get it again together."

He never gave back the money.

THE ENDING.

Ten years went by; he was a clerk in a bank. A package of bills lay in the drawer, and had not been put in the safe. He saw them, and wrapped them up in his coat, and carried them home.

He is now in a prison-cell, but he set his feet that way when a boy, years before, when he sold his honesty for seventy-five cents.

That night he sat disgraced and an open criminal. Uncle John was long ago dead. The old home was desolate, his mother broken-hearted. The prisoner knew what took him there.

—*School Journal.*

THE DOOR.

I am **the Door**: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

John x. 9.

"HE SAYS HE WILL, AND THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME."



HE Saviour said that one must become as a little child in order to enter the kingdom of Heaven; and when we witness the clear and unwavering faith of childhood, believing God's promises, notwithstanding great difficulties which seem to be in the way of their fulfilment, older persons may receive admonition and instruction from their example.

"What do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?" asked a child who had a mother, of one who had not—her mother was dead.

"Mother told me who to go to before she died," answered the little orphan. "I go to the Lord Jesus; He was mother's Friend, and He's mine."

"Jesus Christ is up in the sky; He is a long way off, and has a great many things to attend to in Heaven. It is not likely He can stop to mind you."

"I do not know anything about that," said the orphan; "all I know is, *He says He will, and that's enough for me.*"

REMEMBER
THAT A
BOY'S 
MEETING 
IS HELD EVERY
FRIDAY EVENING,
at EIGHT o'clock,
In Parlour "**B**" SHAFTESBURY HALL.
ALL BOYS WELCOME.
COME.

Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will walk in thy truth.
Psalm lxxxvi. 11.