

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



"OUR BOYS"



PUBLISHED BY THE

BOYS' COMMITTEE

OF THE

TORONTO YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1883.

No. 10.

GOD
LOVES
YOU.

JOHN iii 16.

OUR BOYS.

AT the recent Annual Meeting a change was made in our "Boy's Committee." Mr. Findlay, the chairman, has been transferred to the chairmanship of the Reception Committee, and Mr. J. W. Walker takes charge of the Boys' Work.

The Committee as now constructed is certainly one from which we expect much. They are all experienced in the work, as carried on among us,—in fact

four of the six members may be said to be "graduates" of the "Boy's School." We have reason to hope for a blessing upon the work during the coming season. We are arranging for a course of lectures of more than ordinary interest, and in our next issue will publish the list.

The committee now consists of J. W. Walker, *Chairman*; Messrs. C. Edwards, J. J. Findlay, H. Lugsden, J. Johnston, and J. Brown.

"KOBWEBS."

MR. C. Edwards was greeted by a large audience of young folks on the evening of Friday, 28th September, when he delivered his lecture, "Kobwebs from New York." The attendance was so large that we were compelled to give up our parlor to the committee in charge. The lecture was exceedingly interesting, and so skilfully did the speaker weave his web of anecdotes, incident and practical teaching, that we believe the boys would be delighted if he would consent to make ready another web.

"HOLD THOU ME UP, AND I SHALL BE SAFE." PSALM cxix, 117.

“COMMIT THY WAY UNTO THE LORD.”—PSALM xxxvii. 5.



WHAT WE SOW.

What we sow
Will surely grow,
Though the harvest may be slow :
It may be
We shall see
Fruitage in eternity
For some deed
Dropped like seed,
For a soul that was in need.

Let us strive,
While we live,
Worthy things to do and give :
Striving still,
With good will,
Empty granaries to fill ;
For what we sow
Will surely grow,
Though the harvest may be slow.
—Selected.

NO TRADE.

NINETY out of a hundred state-prison convicts have *no trade*. Hence they were left to fall into idleness, bad company, drunkenness and crime.

A boy with a good, honest, useful trade,—not some dandy business that every little whipper-snapper can get into, and crowd him out, but some solid

business that requires brains and muscle, and honesty and integrity,—can keep out of mischief and earn his daily bread.

If he goes into a strange place, he knows what he can do, and where he must go to look for work. If he is a carpenter, he goes among carpenters; if a farmer, among farmers; if a blacksmith, among blacksmiths; if a printer, among printers; if a shoemaker, among shoemakers; and he finds something to do; while if he has no trade, he goes roaming round, saying he is willing to do *anything*, which usually means that he knows how to do nothing; and so perhaps he falls into want and crime, and finds himself in prison with *no trade*.

Boys, while you are young, learn how to do *something*, and do it *well*. You have fingers; learn how to use them, and try to make the most of yourself. An apostle could say: “And let our people also learn to maintain good works (or *profess honest occupations*) for necessary uses (or *wants*), that they be not unfruitful.” Titus iii. 14. H.

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

“THE LORD HATH BEEN MINDFUL OF US.” PSALM cxv. 12.

"TURN YE NOW FROM YOUR EVIL WAYS." ZECHARIAH i. 4.



NOT AFRAID TO PRAY.

NOT long since, in the barracks, was a young soldier who was in the habit of kneeling in prayer daily at his bedside. This was such an unusual practice that the other men resolved to put it down; so they watched him, and the moment he knelt, he encountered a volley of caps and shoes. This was repeated again and again, but still the young man persevered in his devotion. The commander heard of it, and summoning the young men, bade the persecuted soldier state his grievance. The man replied that he had no charge to bring. The captain replied that he knew there was good cause of complaint, and cautioned the men against repeating the annoyance.

That night, instead of the usual volley, the kneeling man heard footsteps approaching, and to his surprise a young companion bent at his side. Shortly afterwards came another and another, till fourteen were found yielding to the influence of his noble example.

MIND.

MIND your *tongue*! Don't let it speak hasty, cruel, unkind, or wicked words.
Mind your *eyes*! Don't permit them to look on wicked books, pictures, or objects.

Mind your *ears*! Don't suffer them to listen to wicked speeches, songs, or words.

Mind your *lips*! Don't let tobacco foul them. Don't let strong drink pass them. Don't let the food of the glutton enter between them.

Mind your *hands*! Don't let them steal, or fight, or write any evil words.

Mind your *feet*! Don't let them walk in the steps of the wicked.

Mind your *heart*! Don't let the love of sin dwell in it. Don't give it to Satan, but ask Jesus to make it his throne.

Mind!

GOD'S EYE.

A MAN used to steal his neighbor's corn. One day he took his little son with him.

Arriving at the field he told the lad to hold the bag.

"THE EYES OF THE LORD ARE IN EVERY PLACE." PROV. xv. 3,

“BE YE HOLY FOR I AM HOLY.” I PETER i. 16.

After looking about and pressing through the fence to see if any person were near, he began to fill the sack.

“Father, you forgot to look somewhere else,” said the lad.


He dropped his hold in fright. “Which way, child? Where?”

“You forgot to look up to see if God was looking.”

It was a reproof keen enough even for him. He left the corn, and his thievish ways, and from that time tried to live a better life. His child had taught him the great truth, that God’s eye never sleeps, and always is looking upon us.

TWO PICTURES.

THE BEGINNING.

CHOOL-BOY, ten years old, one lovely June day—with the roses in full bloom over the porch, and the labourers in the wheat-fields—had been sent by Uncle John to pay a bill at the country-store, and there were three shillings 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 look-out. 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 he sold his honesty for three shillings.

This night he sits disgraced and an open criminal. Uncle John is long ago dead. The old home is desolate, his mother broken-hearted. The prisoner knows what brought him there.

T’S too late to save me,” said a poor old drunkard, when urged to reform. “It’s too late to save me, but, oh! for God’s sake, save the boys.” Yes, it was too late for him; he had fallen too low to ever dream of forgiveness and peace. The demon of drink held his soul in bondage, and he had lost forever all hope of salvation. With the consciousness of his own degradation, he pleads not for himself, but “for God’s sake, save the boys.”

J E S U S

D I E D

FOR

→ Y O U . ←

HEB. ii. 9.

“KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD.” I PETER i. 5.