

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



"OUR BOYS"

PUBLISHED BY THE

BOY'S COMMITTEE

OF THE

TORONTO YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.



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OUR PIC-NIC.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for the Annual Picnic of "Our Boys" to take place on Saturday, 19th inst. The place and hour of departure will be announced in due time.

OUR MEETINGS.

THE attendance at our meetings is very good, and the interest is well sustained, notwithstanding the strong temptations presented these fine summer nights. It is also a cause for congratulation that the spiritual interest also continues.

A LITTLE WALK.

AN afternoon walk for the Boys was arranged by the Committee, and on Saturday, June 28, about fifty or sixty assembled, and walked out to the Park, where they enjoyed themselves, as boys well know how to.

A CONSTITUTION.

WHILE the Boy's work is, on the whole, in a healthy condition, still the leaders in the work feel that a new constitution would not harm it. A draft has been submitted to the Board, and referred to a special committee for revision.

If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.

1 John i. 9.

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven.
Psalm xxxii. 1.

THE SCULPTOR BOY.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him ;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on the yielding
stone

With many a sharp incision ;
In Heaven's own light the statue shone,
He had caught the angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us—
Waiting the hour when, at God's com-
mand,

Our life-dream passes o'er us.
Let us carve it then on the yielding
stone

With many a sharp incision ;
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives that angel vision.

A PUZZLE.

CAN it be possible to take 45 from
45, and let your remainder be
45? Yes, for example :—
9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 = 45.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 = 45.
—
8 6 4 1 9 7 5 3 2 = 45

GOD IS HERE.

"A H, Frankie, is no one here but
you?" said a mother one day
to her little son, whom she
found playing all alone in the
nursery.

Frankie looked up, his face bright
with happiness, and said, "Yes, mam-
ma; God is here."

At another time he was in the garden
with his mother, when a fierce gust of
wind swept suddenly over it. Thinking
his mother shared the alarm he felt, he
looked up into her face and said, "God
is with us, dear mamma."

That little boy had learned to know
that God is everywhere present.

A LITTLE BOY'S SERMON.

"DIE," said Harry, "I'll be
minister and preach you a
sermon."

"Well," said Eddie, "and
I'll be the peoples."

Harry began:—"My text is a
short and easy one—*Be kind*.
There are some little texts in the
Bible on purpose for little children, and
this is one of them. These are the
heads of my sermon :—

"First. *Be kind to Papa*, and don't
make a noise when he has the head-
ache. I don't believe you know what a
headache is; but I do. I had one once,
and I did not want to hear any one
speak a word.

"Second. *Be kind to Mamma*, and do
not make her tell you to do a thing
more than once. It is very tiresome to
say "It is time for you to go to bed,"
half a dozen times over.

"Third. *Be kind to Baby*,—"
"You have left out 'Be kind to
Harry,'" interrupted Eddie.

"Yes," said Harry, "I didn't mean
to mention my own name in the ser-
mon. I was saying *Be kind to little
Minnie*, and let her have your red sol-
dier to play with when she wants it.

"Fourth. *Be kind to Jane*, and don't
scream and kick when she washes and
dresses you."

Here Eddie looked a little ashamed,
and said, "But she pulled my hair with
the comb."

"People mustn't talk in Meeting,"
said Harry.

Fifth. *Be kind to Kitty*. Do what
will make her purr, and don't do what
will make her cry."

"Isn't the sermon nearly done?"
asked Eddie. "I want to sing." And
so, without waiting for Harry to finish
his discourse or give out a hymn, he
began to sing, and so Harry had to stop.

But did not Harry preach a capital
sermon?

Whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sins, shall have mercy.

Proverbs xxviii. 13.

Be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee.

Matth. ix. 2.

"CAN'T YOU PUT UP A PRAYER?"



A STRONG man, accompanied by a boy of some ten years of age, was engaged in felling a tree in the Australian bush some thirty miles distant from a neighbouring town. An accident happened, causing the bursting of a blood vessel. The man was stretched on the ground apparently lifeless, and the boy knelt moaning beside him. Recovering consciousness, he turned to the boy and said, in homely English accents, "*Davy, can't you manage to put up a prayer? A bit of a prayer just now would come in handy.*"

The boy was silent. What could he say? He had never been taught to pray. He had never seen the inside of a Sunday school. He knew little of the benefit and the power of prayer. Again that faint voice pleaded in vain for what he termed "a bit of prayer." Could you have stood there and seen the glimmering eye, the glistening tear, and the quivering lip, you would have known how intensely in earnest the man was, and how severe was the mental struggle through which he was then

passing. Presently his pale lips were parted, and the boy listened with surprise and awe to a few broken and gasping cries for mercy. That scene made a deep impression on his mind. He never forgot it, for it taught him the power of prayer.

Boys, do you know what it is to pray? I do not mean "Saying your prayers" merely, but true prayer. That which is truly "talking to God." Have you ever uttered the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner"? Remember that Boys need mercy, and God is full of mercy. So, arise and call upon Him. Don't put it off any longer. Now, come and learn what prayer is, and what it secures.

SOUND ADVICE.



AND remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around, my son, you will see the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work, are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is beyond your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it's because they quit work at 6 P.M. and don't get home until 2 A.M. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals, it lends solidity to your slumbers, it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, my son; but the world is not proud of them. I does not know their names, even; it simply speaks of them as old-So-and-so's boys. Nobody likes them; the great, busy world does not know that they are there. So find out what you want to be, and do, my son, and take off your coat and make a dust in

Only acknowledge thine iniquity that thou hast transgressed.

Jeremiah iii. 13.

I will hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin.

2 Chronicles vii. 14.

the world. The busier you are, the less mischief you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.—*Burdette.*

A TALK WITH TOM.

YOU wan't to know, Tom, what is the first quality of manhood?

Well, listen. I am going to tell you in one word of five letters. And I am going to write that word in very loud letters as though you were deaf, so that you may never forget it. That word is "truth."

Now, then, remember, truth is the only foundation on which can be erected a manhood that is worthy of being so called.

Now mark what I say, truth must be the foundation on which the whole character is to be erected, for otherwise, no matter how beautiful, the upper stories may be, and no matter of how good material they may be built, the edifice, the character, the manhood, will be but a sham which offers no sure refuge and protection to those who seek it, for it will tumble down when trial comes.

Now, I want you to be a man, and that you may be that, I want you first to be true, thoroughly true. I hope you would scorn to tell a lie, but that is only the beginning of truthfulness. I want you to despise all sham, all pretence, all effort to seem to be otherwise than you are.

When you have laid the foundation, then you can go on to build up a manhood, glorious and Godlike, after the perfect image of Him the perfect Man, who said that He was born that He might bear witness to the truth.—*Bishop Dudley.*

GOD
SAVE



OUR
QUEEN.

HER MAJESTY attained her 65th year on her last birthday, an age which has been exceeded by nine only of the Sovereigns of England, dating from the Norman Conquest, viz.:—Henry I. and Edward I., who both attained 67 years; Queen Elizabeth, who lived 69 years; James II., 68 years; George I., 67 years; George II., 77 years; George III., 82 years; George IV., 68 years; and William IV., 72 years. On the 20 of June last, her Majesty had reigned over the United Kingdom for 47 years, a length of time which has been exceeded by three of the Kings of England only, viz.:—Henry III., who reigned 56 years; Edward III., whose reign reached 50 years; and George III., whose reign lasted for nearly 60 years. Her Majesty is also the oldest reigning European Monarch, with three exceptions—The Emperor of Germany, who is 87 years of age; the King of the Netherlands, 67; and the King of Denmark, 66.

REMEMBER

THAT A

BOY'S

MEETING

IS HELD EVERY

FRIDAY EVENING,

at EIGHT o'clock,

In Parlour "B" SHAFTESBURY HALL.

ALL BOYS WELCOME.

C O M E

Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive.

Psalm lxxxvi. 5.