

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.

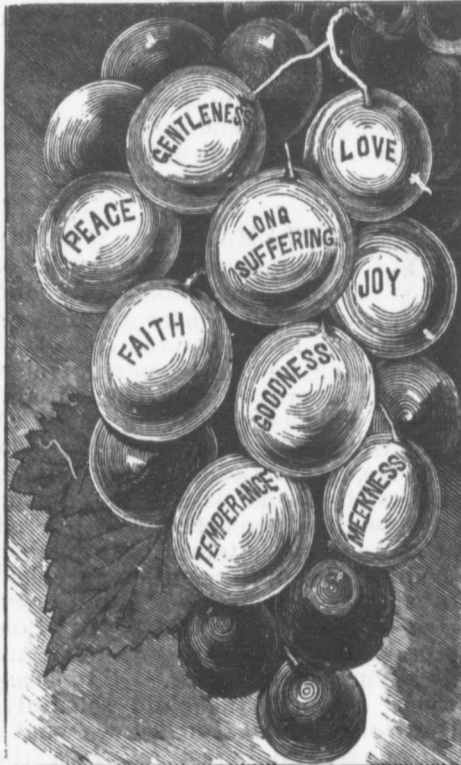


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A RICH CLUSTER.



BOYS, are you producing such fruit ?
See what is said about this fruit in
Gal. v. 22.

OUR LECTURES.

ON Friday, May 16, Mr. Henry O'Brien gave Our Boys a lecture on his recent "Visit to the Rocky Mountains." The attendance was large (over 175 boys being present), and the most earnest attention was given. It is not likely that we shall have any further lectures until after the summer holidays, but we purpose arranging for a full course for the coming fall and winter.

THE WORK ELSEWHERE.


WE notice that some of the Associations are making the same mistakes in Boy's Work as have been made in the work among Young Men. It seems to be hard to get away from the idea that our Associations are to AMUSE the classes we wish to reach. "To tickle them first, and save them afterwards." So we have them playing soldier with the boys, and playing circus with the young men; and between the two, playing into the hands of the enemy very often.

God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.—Romans v. 8.


This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 Timothy i. 15.

But we are pleased to learn that some stick to their text, and endeavour to "save the Boys." In communication with the President of the "London" Boy's Association, we learn that there have been many conversions, and that, too, among the classes most difficult to reach. When asked what was done to reach them, what inducements offered, he said, "We work strictly on on the basis of Christian Work, not amusement. We trust that great blessing may yet be experienced by the brethren there, and that the time may soon come when all work will be done on the same basis.

OUR MEETINGS.

HE attendance at our meetings continues to be fully up to the average; and above all, we rejoice to say that the Spirit of God is working upon the Boys. We trust that yet greater results will be secured, and that the time is not far distant when we shall be placed in a better position for more efficiently prosecuting the work.


A MISTAKE.

OING home from Shaftesbury Hall, the other evening, as I passed up Sherbourne Street, I saw two well-dressed lads holding down another lad upon the sidewalk. He was struggling to free himself, but in vain. I crossed over, and said, "What do you mean by using the lad in this manner? You should not act so." "Please mister," said one of the boys, "he is a bad fellow; he swears awful, and we ain't going to have him play with us when he uses such language." "Well," I said, "you are right to refuse to play with a boy who swears; but if he does wrong, is that any reason why you should go wrong in another line. Don't you know that while it is unman-


ly to swear, it is equally so to ill-use another."

Now, these lads were like a great many people in the world. They could see wrong in another, but failed to see it in themselves. We hope "Our Boys" may grow up hating all that is wrong in *themselves*, as well as in others.

TO BORROWERS.

IXTY years ago some old-fashioned person wrote the following rude rhymes on the opening page of a cherished book. We occasionally meet, even at this distant time, persons to whom we should like to repeat them:

"If I this book do lend to you,
Or you of me do borrow,
So soon as you have read it through,
Pray, bring it home the morrow.
"Then after which, if you do want
To borrow yet another,
Just come to me, and you shall see
That I can lend the other."

GENTLEMAN was one day rambling among the hills of England for a long walk, and as he came near a hedge, on the other side of which was a flock of sheep grazing, he heard a solemn voice, as of one in prayer. He listened, and heard a child's voice saying: *A, B, C, D, E*. Going nearer and peeping over the hedge, he saw a little boy on his knees, with hands clasped, looking up to heaven, and repeating, slowly, "*A, B, C, D*"—all the letters of the alphabet. When he paused, the gentleman asked him what he was doing. "I am *praying to God*, sir," said the boy. "But, my child, *that is not prayer!* You are only saying your *letters!*" "It is *my prayer*," repeated the child solemnly. "They told me that *GOD* knows what I want to say. So I just *tell Him* the *letters* and *He puts them together* to *spell out the words of my prayer*; for *I don't know how!*"

Without shedding of blood is no remission.

Hebrews ix. 22.

The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.

1 John i. 7.

"HERRINGS FOR NOTHING."



A GENTLEMAN once bought from a fish dealer his stock of fish, and then told him to go along the streets and cry, "Herrings for nothing," and give them to every man, woman and child who would take them. The first person met was a woman. To her he offered the fish, but she shook her head unbelievably, and went on. Next was a child, and he told the little one to go and tell her mother that he was giving away herring. But the child was afraid of him, and ran away. So passing on, not a person would take them. Then the gentleman went with him, and shouted, "Herrings for nothing;" and after a while, one person took them, the others came till a crowd gathered, and all the herrings were disposed of. Soon after, the woman who had first refused, came, and she became angry when she could not get the fish. "Why," said the man, "you refused to take them." "I didn't believe you

mean it," she said. "Then you must go without for your unbelief," he said.

Now, Boys, do you see the lesson wrapt up in this story? God has sent to you, saying, "I offer you pardon for nothing! peace for nothing! salvation for nothing! He has been trying to induce you to accept. Have you done so? If not, don't be foolish any longer. Come and take it all, now. There is salvation, full, free, eternal, all for nothing! "Without money, and without price." Those herrings were paid for, though afterwards given freely. So your salvation is paid for, and now it is offered to you as "the gift of God."

DEGREES.

It is *Beautiful* to be HUMBLE.
It is *Well* to be GREAT.
It is *Better* to be KIND.
It is *Best* to be GOOD.

GROWING UP.

WHEN France was in a state of rebellion against a rule of tyranny, it is said the boys of Paris marched through the streets with the motto on their flag:—

"TREMBLE, TYRANTS, WE SHALL GROW UP."

But let none of "Our Boys" think they must wait until they "grow up" before they can lend a helping hand in fighting wickedness and helping the right. You have heard of the loaded team that stuck in the mud, and the man could not start it. A little boy came up, saying, "I'll help; I can push a few pounds." He lent a hand, and his help was just enough to start the load. Let every boy lend a hand of helpfulness. You can "push a few pounds" by kind words, or deeds of love. All your pounds together will help a great deal in delivering people from sorrow and sin.

Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.—1 John iv. 10.

The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.—Romans vi. 23.

KEEP THEM OUT.

"DON'T want to hear naughty words," said little Charlie to one of his schoolfellows.

"What does it matter?" said the other boy, "they go in at one ear and go out at the other."

"No," replied Charlie, "the worst of it is, that when bad words do get in, they stick, so I mean to try and keep them out."

That is right; keep them out, for it is very hard work to turn them out when they once get in.

"NOT FOR A HUNDRED SHILLINGS, SIR."

"HERE my boy, drink a glass of wine," said a lady, as she handed a glass of sparkling champagne to a bright boy.

"No, thank you, ma'am; I belong to the cold-water band," replied the boy.

"I'll give you a shilling if you'll drink it," said a gentleman, who wanted to test the little teetotaler's strength.

"Oh! no, sir," rejoined the boy; "I would not break my pledge for a hundred shillings."

Noble young boy! How many of our readers are as true as he?

A BOY is reported to have said: "Father, if I should live to grow up to be a man, I might get into jail sometime. Now, I have been contriving a great many ways to get out again."

"My son," was the reply, "you had better spend your time contriving how to keep out."

My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother.—Prov. vi. 20.

THE RAT TRAP.

THE rats once assembled in a large cellar to devise some method of safety in getting the bait from the steel-trap which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relatives snatched from them by its merciless jaws. After many long speeches, and the proposal of many elaborate but fruitless plans, a happy wit, standing erect, said:

"It is my opinion that if with one paw we can keep down the spring, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other."

All the rats loudly squealed assent. Then they were startled by a faint voice, and a poor rat, with only three legs, limping into the ring, stood up to speak:

"My friends, I have tried the method you propose, and you see the result. Now let me suggest a plan to escape the trap:—let it alone."

Was that trap baited with sweet cider? If so, little boys had better learn wisdom, and "let it alone."

REMEMBER

THAT A

BOY'S

MEETING

IS HELD EVERY

FRIDAY EVENING,

at EIGHT o'clock,

In Parlour "B" SHAFTESBURY HALL.

ALL BOYS WELCOME.

COME.

Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.

John i. 29.