

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



OUR BOYS

PUBLISHED BY THE

BOYS' COMMITTEE

OF THE

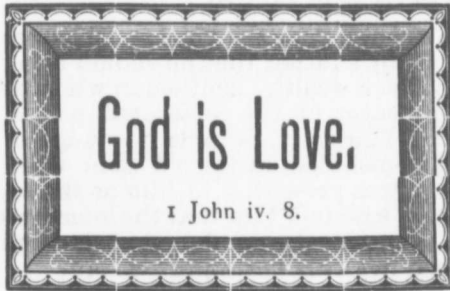
TORONTO YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.



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AN EXPECTED VISIT.

OUR Boys expect a visit during the coming week from Mr. Clark, of Brooklyn, whose work for Boys has been much blessed. Mr. Clark is the originator and editor of "The Boy's Companion."

OUR WORK.

THE work is progressing very favorably. Owing to the special services for young men held in our building every night this month, we have been compelled to use the Boy's Room for a Reading Room, and hold the weekly meetings up stairs. We don't like to interfere with anything connected with the Boy's work, but in this case we have been compelled to make the change.

A BOYS' PAPER.

THE *Boys' Companion* is the title of a paper published in the interests of Christian Work among Boys. It commenced a couple of years ago as a modest, little sheet, designed to be an organ principally of the Brooklyn, N.Y., Y.M.C.A. Boys' Work. It has grown till it now appears as a sixteen page paper. It is well edited, and in addition to much valuable reading matter, contains reports of the Boys' work in all parts of the Continent. There is but one feature of the paper which might be omitted without injury. We refer to the weekly publication of a portrait of some one of the Boys connected with the work. We have no doubt but that these portraits cost the publishers but little, as some young boys (like many older persons) are conceited enough to be willing to pay for the privilege of seeing their portraits in a paper. But pride in boys, or men, needs little cultivation, and we think a paper devoted to Christian work should omit anything likely to develop conceit. However, we commend the paper to all interested in Christian work among Boys. The subscription is only 60 cts. per year. Mr. L. Haynes, of our Boy's Branch, will be pleased to receive subscriptions.

There shall no evil happen to the just.—Prov. xii, 21.

Proverbs xii. 21.

In the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.

Isaiah xxvi. 4.

DO YOUR BEST.

DO your best, your very best,
And do it every day,
Little boys and little girls;
That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,
At home, or at your school,
Do your best with right good will;
It is a golden rule.

For he who always does his best,
His best will better grow;
But he who shirks or slights his task,
Lets all the better go.

What if your lessons should be hard?
You need not yield to sorrow,
For he who bravely works to-day,
His tasks grow bright to-morrow.

THE CAPTAIN OF OUR SALVATION.

NOW, boys, who is called "the Captain of our Salvation?" Read Hebrews ii. 9, 10, and you will see that this title is applied to our Lord Jesus.

What is a captain? A leader and commander.

Of what? Of a company of soldiers.

If Jesus is a captain, who are His soldiers? All Christians; all who are trying to follow His commands.

Are you a soldier in the army of Christ?

What do soldiers do? They *fight*.

If Christians are soldiers, then they fight. The warfare in which we are engaged is called "the good fight of faith."

What is the enemy against which all Christians are fighting? *Sin*.

Where do we find any sin to fight? Do you find any in your own hearts? Do you find there wrong feelings, wrong wishes, and wrong thoughts that lead, sometimes to wrong *deeds*? Answer honestly, and your reply will be, plenty of them.

Do you fight against these sins? Do

you try to overcome them and drive them away from you? A Christian, my boys, is a person who is *fighting against sin*. All are sinners; but the Christian is not a willing sinner, but is fighting against and gradually overcoming the sin in his own heart.

Who is the leader of the armies of sin? Satan.

Can we overcome sin? Is not the foe stronger than we are? Yes, stronger than we are alone. We have not the power ourselves; but Jesus, our Captain, has all power, and He will fight for us, and will so direct us and help us that we shall triumph in His strength if we faithfully follow His commands.

Will He help us to fight? Read John i. 12, and Hebrews ii. 18.

No foe, however strong, can triumph against our glorious Commander, who will lead His soldiers to certain and complete victory. He has all wisdom, and we may always follow His directions, knowing that His commands are always best, for our Captain never makes a mistake.

How must we be prepared for this great battle? Read Ephesians vi. 10-18.

If we follow His lead and obey His commands as faithful soldiers Jesus will lead us to victory. We shall triumph over sin and over death, and gain the salvation of our souls—a life of eternal happiness. Read Revelation iii. 21.

Will you, boys, enlist in the army of the Lord Jesus Christ, and fight faithfully in the service of the "Captain of our Salvation"? He wants you all to be his soldiers. Will you not enlist at once?

REMEMBER

THAT A

BOY'S MEETING

IS HELD

EVERY FRIDAY EVENING,

At 8 o'clock in Parlor "B" Shastebury Hall.
ALL BOYS INTITED.

Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

John xiv. 27.

This is my-beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him.
Matthew xvii. 5.

YOUR BEST FRIEND:

DO YOU KNOW HIM?

AN evangelist not long ago was travelling in Scotland. After journeying alone for some distance, the train stopped at a small station, and a school-boy with his books stepped into the carriage. The evangelist, ever ready to speak a word for his Master, looked at the boy for a few minutes, and then said, "My lad, do you know that I am well acquainted with *your best Friend*?" The boy looked much surprised, but made no answer. "Come," said the evangelist; "see if you can guess who it is." By this time the lad had become somewhat encouraged by the pleasing manner of the stranger, and so mentioned first his father, then his mother, then an uncle, and next an aunt who always filled his pockets with "good things" before saying "good-bye." At each guess the stranger answered "No," to the great surprise of his young friend. "Well," said the boy, "I can't guess." "Then," replied the evangelist, "I will tell you. The best Friend you have is the Lord Jesus Christ." The boy blushed, and in much confusion hung down his head.

Boys, may I ask do *you* know *Jesus* your *best Friend*? If not, you little knew the "joy and peace" you are losing. And if you continue to live without Him, the way you have taken will grow darker year by year, and the end will be "the blackness of darkness for ever."

You cannot be ignorant of the fact that all have gone astray from God "like lost sheep," that "all have sinned and come short" of His glory. If *all*, then *you*; therefore *you*, boy though you are, must receive "the wages of sin," unless another graciously steps in and takes your place. This is just what your "best Friend" came to do. You know the story. Eighteen hundred years ago

He willingly laid aside His glory and became man. He was rich, yet for *our* sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich.

SOMETHING WORTH REMEMBERING.

TWO men stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia, working at the same trade. Having an hour for their nooning every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose; each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last. One of these two mechanics used his daily leisure hour in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into almost any desired shape. When his invention was complete, he sold the patent for a fortune, changed his workman's apron for a broadcloth suit, and moved out of a tenement-house into a brown-stone mansion. The other man—what did he do? Well, he spent an hour each day during most of the year in the very difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind feet and dance a jig, while he played the tune. At last accounts he was working ten hours a day at the same trade, and at his old wages, and finding fault with the fate that made his fellow-workman rich while leaving him poor. Leisure minutes may bring golden grain to mind as well as purse, if one harvest wheat instead of chaff.—*Wide Awake*.

JOHN MELLON.

HIS father don't allow him to be in the streets at night," said Will Carson, in a mocking tone; "better tie the baby to the bed post with his mother's apron strings."
John Mellon's face flushed at these

Ye that love the Lord, hate evil.
Psalm xcvi. 10.

He preserveth the souls of His saints.

Psalm xcvi. 10.

taunts. No boy likes to be ridiculed, especially when a crowd of his play-mates are standing by to join in the laugh against him.

"Be a man, and come along with us," said Harry Jones. "You are old enough now to think and act for yourself."

"Come, John, come with us," said another. "We shall have a good time. It won't hurt you just for once to have a little fun."

"No," said John, "I shall mind my father. The Bible says, 'Honour thy father and thy mother,' and I shall do it."

"Come on, boys," said Will, starting off, "don't stand listening to his preaching." On he went, and the boys quickly followed.

John went home, and in preparing his lessons for the next day and joining in the home pleasures he had forgotten all about the boys.

The next morning, on his way to school, he heard that the boys had been arrested and sent to gaol for being drunk and disorderly. Think how anxiously their parents must have been waiting all through the night for their boys to come home. And then to be told that they were in gaol! How it must have surprised and pained them!

Don't be wandering in the streets at night, boys. It is a bad habit, and nothing but harm can come of it.

If those boys had minded their parents and stayed at home, they would have made different men. *Not one of them turned out well.*

Hundreds of boys have been ruined through being every night in the streets.

NOT YET.

"**N**OT yet," said a little boy. "When I grow older I will think about my soul."

"Not yet," said the young man. "I am now about to enter into trade. When I see my business prosper, then I shall have more time than now." Business did prosper.

"Not yet," said the man of business. "My children must have my care. When they are settled in life, I shall be better able to attend to religion."

He lived to be a grey-headed old man.

"Not yet," still he cried. "I shall soon retire from trade, and then I shall have nothing else to do but read and pray."

And so he died. He put off to another time what should have been done when a child. He lived without God, and died without hope.

CRACKED.

TWAS a set of Resolutions,
As fine as fine could be,
And signed in painstaking fashion,
By Nettie and Joe and Bee.
And last in the list was written,
In letters broad and dark,
(To look as grand as the others),
"Miss Baby Grace, X her mark!"

*We'll try all ways to help our mother ;
We won't be selfish to each other ;
We'll say kind words to every one ;
We won't tie Pussy's feet for fun ;
We won't be cross and snarly, too ;
And all the good we can, we'll do."*

"It's just as easy to keep them,"
The children gaily cried ;
But Mamma, with a smile, made answer,
"Wait, darlings till you are tried."
And truly, the glad, bright New Year
Wasn't his birthday old,—
When three little sorrowful faces
A sorrowful story told.

"And how are *your* resolutions ?"
We asked of the baby, Grace,
Who stood with a smile of wonder
On her dear little dimpled face,
Quick came the merry answer
She never an instant lacked,—
"I don't fink much of 'em's broken,
But I dess 'em's 'bout all cracked!"

Lead us not into temptation ; but deliver us from evil.

Luke xi. 4.