

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



"OUR BOYS"

PUBLISHED BY THE



OF THE

TORONTO YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Vol. 2.

JANUARY, 1884.

No. 1.



OUR PAPER.

THE Boys Committee has undertaken the publication of "OUR BOYS" for 1884, so that the friends may expect its visits regularly each month.

REFRESHING.



ON Thursday (Jan. 3rd) "Our Boys" were entertained by the Boy's Committee. Any person who may think that it is difficult to induce boys to apply themselves, or to persevere in any one thing, should have been present that evening to watch the intense application, and the quiet (?) perseverance manifested at the tea table. Every obstacle was speedily overcome, and not till the last bun had disappeared, did the boys appear to entertain the thought of "giving up the attack." The evening was one of enjoyment and of profit, and the committee felt amply rewarded for their trouble, in the evident satisfaction experienced by the "Boys."

OUR LECTURE COURSE.



THE first lecture of "Our Boy's Course" for 1884, will be delivered on Friday, Feb. 15th. Due notice will be given to the "Boys" as to name of lecturer and subject.

Blessed are they that wait for Him.—Isa. xxx, 18.

ONE'S AIM IN LIFE.

WHY seek ye to be great, boys?
Seek rather to be good;
Be noble, kind, and brave, boys,
Scorn the spirit of a slave, boys,
And fear not man, but God.
Hate falsehood and deceit, boys,
They cannot bring but ill;
Keep a tender heart within, boys,
And a conscience free from sin, boys,
And a self-controlled will.
Bear with you into life, boys,
Through all the coming years,
The innocence of youth, boys,
Its frankness and its truth, boys,
Its joys, and hopes, and fears.
At times it may be hard, boys,
To keep this rule of right;
But he who gave the word, boys,
Your Saviour, and your Lord, boys,
Will keep you in the fight.
Thus on your side shall be, boys,
Almighty strength and love;
Your life be bright and fair, boys,
Your death without despair, boys,
And after,—rest above.

MY MOTHER.

WHO can be compared to a mother? The Bible gives the first place to a mother's joy and to a mother's grief; and the Bible is as true in this as in everything. "I don't see how any one can live without a mother!" says a young daughter who, while her-self a mother, has a daughter's sense of dependence on her mother. And life is always darker, and this world is always lonelier, when one's mother is dead. If your mother is still living, love her, and show your love for her, as for one you never saw the like of, and never will find equalled in her place.—*H. C. Trumbull.*

Honour thy father and thy mother.

GEM ALPHABETS.



HERE are two gem alphabets in common use,—one of transparent stones, the other of opaque ones. The transparent stones are: Amethyst, Beryl, Chrysoberyl, Diamond, Emerald, Fluorspar, Garnet, Hyacinth, Idocrase, Kyanite, Lynx-sapphire, Milk-opal, Natrolite, Opal, Pyrope, Quartz, Ruby, Sapphire, Topaz, Uranite, Vesuvianite, Water-sapphire, Xanthite, Zircon.

The opaque series is:—Agate, Basalt, Cacholong, Diaspore, Egyptian pebble, Fire blende, Girasol, Heliotrope, Jasper, Krokidolite, Lapas-lazuli, Malachite, Nephite, Onyx, Porphyry, Quartz-agate, Rose quartz, Sardonyx, Turquoise, Ultramarine, Verd-antique, Wood-opal, Xylotile, Zuilite.

Substitutes for many of these you can easily find.

The Apostolic jewels are:—Andrew, a sapphire; Bartholomew, a red carnelian; James the great, a white chalcidony; James the less, a topaz; John, an emerald; Matthew, an amethyst; Matthias, a chrysolite; Peter, a jasper; Philip a sardonyx; Simeon, a pink hyacinth; Thaddeus, a chrysoptase; Thomas, a beryl—as emblematic of faith, martyrdom, purity, delicacy, gentleness, sobriety, truth, solidity, amiability, kindness, serenity, and cautiousness.

ALMANACS.

AT this season of the year it is customary for business firms, Insurance and Railway Companies, to issue Calendars or Almanacs. It may interest "our" Boys to learn that Almanacs were first published in 1150, by a man named Solomon Jarchi. The first English Almanac was published by Richard Pynson, in 1497. It was called the "Shepheards' Kalendar."

THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.



IN the 11th of December, 1811, was born at New Britain, Connecticut, Elihu Burritt, whose subsequent attainments won for him the title of "The Learned Blacksmith." He was the son of a shoemaker, who, though poor in this world's goods, was rich toward God, as young Burritt was raised in the fear of God. During his boyhood he

assisted his father, and was permitted to attend school four months of each year. Death removed his father when Elihu was but 16 years old; and as it then became necessary for him to stake out a path for himself, he determined to learn the Blacksmith's trade, and he served five years apprenticeship to the same. But from an early age he shewed a wonderful thirst for knowledge. He read everything upon which he could lay his hands. With the aid of funds he was enabled to gain access to many valuable works. When he had mastered his trade, he used to employ his winter in study, and in the spring he returned to his forge, and made up for lost time by labouring hard at the anvil for over fourteen hours a day. About the year 1834, when but 23 years old, he first heard of the American Antiquarian Society, at Worcester. He proceeded there at once, and was enabled to secure entry to the valuable library of the Society. He arranged to study three hours a day, and work at the anvil for his support at other times. In this

manner he pursued the study of languages, and before he left Worcester he was able to read Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Gaelic, English, Welsh, Irish, Celtic, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, German, Flemish, Saxon, Gothic, Icelandic, Polish, Bohemian, Russian, Slavonic, Armenian, Turkish, Chaldaic, Syriac, Samaritan, Arabic, Ethiopic, Indian, Sanscrit and Tamul.

We have in Elihu Burritt a remarkable instance of what may be accomplished by perseverance. A forge, of all places in the world, would seem the least favorable for the prosecution of such studies.

Boys, take a lesson from him. Don't waste any time. Improve every moment, and while you may never master as many languages, you will certainly fit yourself for the better fulfilment of life's duties. Above all, make God's word and works your daily study.

GIANTS.

WISH that I had a 'sword of sharpness' and 'shoes of swiftness,' and could go about killing off big ugly giants like that JACK in my book. I like my giant-killer book better than the stories of good boys that get ill and die. I would like to live and do something. The giants were horrid, putting men and women in their dungeons, and devouring up children. Blunderbore and Cormoran were the worst. It is a good think that they were stupid and greedy, and ate too much, and went to sleep often. Jack was splendid; so clever and never afraid, and everybody said,

'This is the valiant Cornishman,
That slew the giant Cormoran.'

But that was long ago, and there are no giants nowadays."

Are there not, my boy? Indeed there are; all, I suspect, that ever there were. There are a great many horrid, cruel giants that do sore mischief to men,

women, and children, and you will not require to travel to Wales or to Cornwall to find them. *They are everywhere about.* You may find and fight them, if you choose. If you do not conquer them, they will be sure to conquer you. I will tell you about one or two of them.

One is called **BAD TEMPER.** When he gets hold of any boy *he puts him under enchantment.* He alters his face so that he would not know himself in the glass, knits his brows, makes his eyes glare, changes his voice into a bear's gruff growl, or a wolf's howl, makes him feel like to strike every one, and break everything round about, turns all the wholesome blood in his body into vinegar and gall, puts toad's venom on his lips, and tortures him until he feels himself the most miserable little wretch existing.

That is a very bad giant indeed, and a very hard one to get the better off. But you must by all means be sure to conquer him if you hope to have any happiness in this world.

Another is a wicked, two-faced giant called **FALSEHOOD.** The boy who, unfortunately, falls into his power, *loses immediately the proper use of his tongue.* His tongue stammers and hesitates, and tells things all wrong, and upside down, and not as they really are. His description is blurred and twisted, like a bad photograph. No one can trust his story. His cheeks grow red and hot and uncomfortable, and he is in such a flutter of fear that *he is afraid even of his own father and mother.*

Then there is **DISOBEDIENCE.** He is another of the giants you must strive against.

Then there is **SELFISHNESS.** Fight against him.

I could tell you of some more—giants shall we call them again? For instance, I saw a man the other day knocked about and abused by Giant **INTEMPERANCE** in a way to make you shudder. He tossed him from one side of the way to the other, bemired him, tore him, disfigured him, and at last threw him before the wheels of a car and ended him.

I know a giant called **MAMMON,** who keeps a great many poor slaves, chained neck and heel, grubbing all their life long in his dirty mines, till, with the constant glitter of gold and silver, the unhappy creatures lose the power of their eyesight for anything else in this world.

I hope that all your life you will be a brave fighter against every giant of wrong and evil, both for your own sake and everybody's, and will help to make the world, and this part of it we live in, a safer and better, and happier place for us all. There is a great deal to do. Some are doing the best they can. I hope you will do better than any, and some day people may say of you,

“This is the noble, valiant man,
That strives for goodness all he can.”

(Selected.)

THE THREE P'S.

WHERE they are:—**Purpose—Pluck—Perseverance.** They are winning letters. They make a boy's spirit strong; for lack of them, many fail to accomplish anything in life. Purpose sees something that ought to be done; Pluck dares to undertake it; Perseverance sticks at it till it is accomplished.

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 .

I would have you...simple concerning evil.—Rom. xvi. 19.