

Shaftesbury Mall.

WEEKLY

BULLETIN

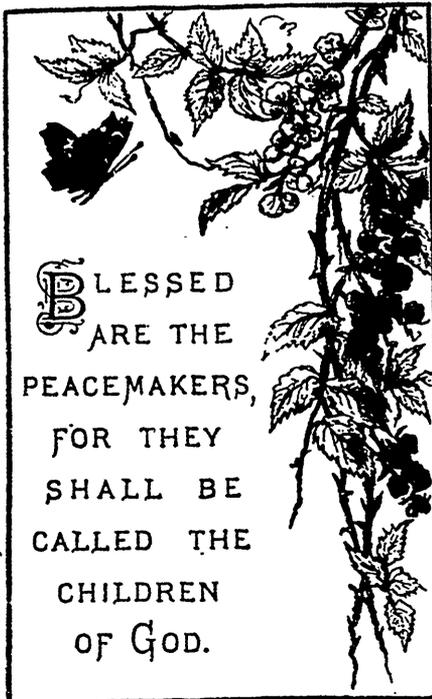
PUBLISHED BY THE
TORONTO YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.



VOL. V.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 29, 1884.

No. 49.



BLESSED
ARE THE
PEACEMAKERS,
FOR THEY
SHALL BE
CALLED THE
CHILDREN
OF GOD.

BULLETIN FUND.

Workers..... \$2 25
R. S. G..... 2 00

SPECIAL SERVICES.

BLESSING exceeding the expectation of many of our friends, has rested upon the services conducted by Bro. F. Schiverea. It is quite true that the attendance has not been large, but when it is remembered that we have confined the meetings exclusively to men, it must be admitted that to secure an average attendance, during these weeks, of over 120 is a cause for gratitude to God. But numbers would be of no avail, if the Spirit's work were not apparent. Thus we have added to the thankfulness for members attending, a deeper gratitude at the recollection that many souls have been saved. Over 100 persons have been personally dealt with in our after meetings, and we have full records regarding over 80 who professed faith in the Lord Jesus. Many of these have been visited, and show evidences of a genuine work of grace. We do not quote these numbers in a spirit of boasting, but to give the glory to God for

In the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.

Isaiah xxvi. 4.

To them that have no might He increaseth strength.
Isaiah xl. 29.

His work, and to encourage our brethren in other places to labor on.

Mr. Schiverea leaves us next Tuesday. On Monday evening he will meet with our Workers and the friends who have been led among us at these meetings. He will address the young converts, on Christian work, and urge upon them the necessity for immediate connection with some Christian church, and of entering heartily into some branch of Christian Work. We thank God for Bro. Schiverea's visit, and hope that he may be led to entertain our proposition to come and work among us again, either next spring or fall. We are sure he will be followed by the prayers of the Young Men of our Association.

MR. MOODY'S VISIT.

As we go to press, the great topic of conversation is Mr. Moody's approaching visit. He holds three days' conference, with three sessions each day, the evening sessions being for men only. The Committee has been working almost night and day replying to applications for tickets from the city and elsewhere. Nearly 30,000 tickets were applied for, and 26,000 have been issued. This covers the seating capacity of the church in which the sessions are to be held. A ticket is required for each session. We trust that God's blessing may rest upon the meetings. "Our Mission Union," published by the Willard Tract Depository, has arranged to print a verbatim report of the Convention. Our readers desiring a copy of the report should at once address Mr. S. R. Briggs, of this city.

YOUNG MEN'S MEETING

Every Saturday Evening,

AT 8 O'CLOCK, FOR ONE HOUR.

COME

I FEEL IT PULL.

WALKING one day past a row of cottages that ran along one side of a common on the outskirts of the town, I noticed a large paper kite in the air, and soon saw that the string was held by a little boy, who was standing quite motionless on a door-step, his face raised to the sky. In passing, I turned to look at the child, and a thrill of pity went through my heart as I saw that he was blind. And yet the upturned face was so full of gladness, and I thought I must surely be mistaken; and stopping, and speaking as gently as I could, so as not to startle him, I said, "My boy, you have a beautiful kite up there."

"Oh yes," he answered, in a happy tone, as he turned in the direction of my voice.

"Then, can you see it?" I asked.

"No," he said, the bright look spreading over his face like sunshine, "but father can, and he tells me what a beauty it is; and I feel it pull."

I stooped down and kissed the gentle face, speaking a few words of kindness, and then as I walked away I felt that no sympathy of mine, however sincere, could repay the child for the lifelong lesson he had taught me.

I had for many days been burdened with perplexity, a thick cloud hiding from my view the next turning in life's road, and forgetting that when my heart was overwhelmed within me, then a heavenly Father knew my path, though I did not.

I understood then that the true care for all earthly disquiet and discontent is to believe so simply and strongly a heavenly Father's description of our "treasure in the heavens," that it will be impossible not to set our affections upon it; and as I walked along, new light was flashed on many an instance of bright Christian endurance that had hitherto seemed to me almost unaccountable.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you.—John xiv. 27.

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

John xiv. 27.

"I FOLLOWED THE LOT."



ONE bright summer day some three or four hundred workmen with their wives went out for their annual holiday, their employer sharing the expense, and joining in the festivities of the day. After a pleasant drive of about sixteen miles, it was proposed to walk to a high spot of ground about two miles distant, from which there was a very extensive view of the surrounding country. They set off in several companies, and one of these, consisting of about forty or fifty, missed the path, and, after proceeding a long distance, had to turn back in order to reach the desired destination.

"But why did you go with them, as you had been before, and must have known the way?" was the enquiry of one of them.

"I thought we were wrong, but I followed the lot," was the reply. So because others went astray he forsook his own better judgment, and missed the path which led direct to the place he desired to reach.

The lesson for ourselves is sufficiently plain. In far higher and more important things men often pursue the same course. Many would fain reach the fair hill of Zion, and share the bliss and the glory of the saved. They know, too, something of the way that leads to it. They must turn from sin, and believe in Christ. They must be cleansed in His blood, and be renewed in holiness by His Spirit. They must bear His reproach, and walk in His footsteps. They are convinced that this is the way in which they ought to go, and yet you see them walking in quite another direction.

How can we account for this? If men knew the right way, why do they choose the wrong? It is precisely like my friend in the story I have told. *They know they are wrong, but they follow the lot.* They go with the stream, rather than

follow their own convictions. They must be like the rest. They must live as *they* live, and walk as *they* walk.

Is it a wise thing to continue walking in this way because so many others do?

THE ARTIST'S PICTURE.



CERTAIN eminent artist once resolved to paint the Last Supper. Feeling the greatness of his subject, and knowing that it had been successfully attempted by others, he threw all his energies into the work. He laboured early and late. No pains were spared by him. He pondered devoutly those pages of the New Testament which record the first sacramental feast, in order that he might do his best to realize and reproduce the memorable scene.

At length his task was done. Having giving the finishing stroke, he invited a few confidential friends to a private inspection. They gazed attentively, and various remarks were made. An observation from one of them, however led, as will be seen, to unexpected results. He spoke with great admiration of a golden chalice. Its shape, colour, size, were all that could be desired.

"That," exclaimed the critic, "is the most beautiful object in the picture."

Hearing what was said, the artist took up a brush, and dipping it in black paint, deliberately smeared it over the whole canvas. He soon explained his action.

"If," said he, "what you tell me is true, then my picture is a failure, for I meant my Master's face to be the chief and beautiful object."

The feeling which dictated the artist's self-accusation was noble and right. Christ ought to have the main regard. We may use the anecdote as a parable: it shows what we should be and do. All are artists; a good or bad picture each of us is painting—the picture of life. Too often, alas! men make inferior

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee.—Isaiah xxvi. 3.

things the most conspicuous objects on the canvas of their daily history, bestowing rich colours and careful handicraft upon trifles. But the Saviour should be the grand centre of our souls, and should have our chief and first attention.

STRANGERS PLEASE TAKE NOTICE

That the Rooms of the

Toronto Young Men's Christian
Association.

ARE IN ITS BUILDING,

SHAFTESBURY HALL

Corner Queen and James Sts.,

ONE BLOCK WEST OF YONGE STREET.

Rooms open daily from 8 a.m. till 10 p.m.

You will be cordially welcomed.

YOUNG MEN'S BIBLE CLASS

Will be resumed on

MONDAY EVENING, DEC 1st.

AT 8 O'CLOCK,

Conducted by the GENERAL SECRETARY.

BIBLE CLASS

FOR S. S. TEACHERS,

Conducted by Mr. S. H. Blake,

EVERY SATURDAY,

AT 4.30 P.M.

Subject—INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

BULLETIN FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 30.

Bible Class at 3 p.m., and Gospel and Song Service at 8.30, followed by an Enquiry Meeting at 9.15. All invited.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 1.

12 noon.—Thanksgiving and Praise Meeting. The Secretary.

9 p.m.—Young Men's Prayer and Testimony Meeting.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2.

12 to 12.45 noon.—An Offering Accepted to God must be the Best we Have. Mal. i. 7-14; 2 Sam. xxiv. 21-25. Rev. J. Salmon.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3.

12 to 12.45 noon.—Am I striving against or yielding to sin? Rom. vi. 12-19; 1 Peter v. 8-11; 1 John v. 4. W. Marks.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4.

12 to 12.45 noon.—Watchfulness repeatedly urged. Mark xiii. 34-37. G. T. Ferguson.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5.

12 to 12.45 noon.—Soul Poverty. Luke xii. 15-21; Rev. iii. 17, 18. I. J. Garishore.

7.30 p.m.—BOY'S MEETING

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6.

12 to 12.45 noon.—Character weighed and found wanting. Dan. v. 1-9, 25-31. Assistant Secretary.

7.15 p.m.—Invitation Committee Meets for Prayer.

8 p.m.—YOUNG MEN'S MEETING.

C. S. Gzowski, Jr.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7.

3.00 p.m.—Evangelistic Bible Class. H. B. Gordon

“ Deaf Mute Class. F. S. Bridgen.

“ Chinese Class. W. M. Morse.

“ Italian Class.

8.30 p.m.—Gospel and Song Service. S. R. Briggs. Followed by an Enquiry Meeting at 9.15

Requests for prayer may be addressed to the Sec'y.

Railway Men's Meeting.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7.

3 p.m.—Union Station.