

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



"OUR BOYS"

PUBLISHED BY THE

BOYS' COMMITTEE

OF THE

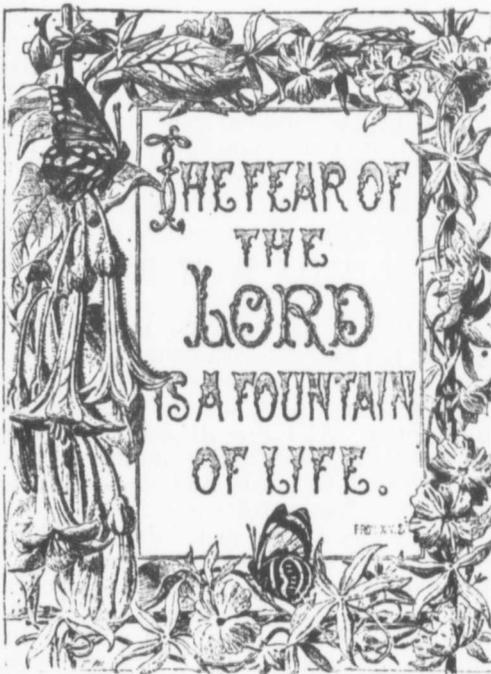
TORONTO YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.



VOL. 2.

APRIL, 1884.

No. 4.



OUR MEETINGS.

THERE is a marked spiritual interest attending our Boys' meetings, and we are looking for much fruit. Parents and friends, pray for this branch.

OUR LECTURE COURSE.

ON Friday, 21st March, Mr. D. C. Forbes, one of our Directors, gave an interesting lecture, based upon his experiences during the American War. The Boys were deeply interested, and received with decided tokens of approbation the announcement that on some future occasion the lecturer would resume his account of what he saw and experienced during that period when our American cousins were engaged in what they sometimes called "their family quarrel."

Mr. Forbes possesses in a marked degree the *forte* of making the boys feel at home, and of holding their attention.

We had arranged for a lecture to be given this month, but the proposed absence (from the city) of the lecturer has compelled us to postpone the same. Should we be able to secure a substitute, we will announce it in the "SHAFTESBURY HALL BULLETIN."

OUR ACROSTIC.

THE Acrostic published last month appears to have baffled "Our Boys." No correct answers having been received, we offer the prize for another month.

A soft answer turneth away wrath; but greivous words stir up anger.

Prov. xv. 1.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty.
Prov. xvi, 32

ONLY ONE.

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of bees in summer weather.
Hundreds of dew drops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one *Mother* the wide world over.

AN ODDITY SHOWING A LAW IN OPTICS.

WHERE is a very singular illustration of the optical delusion which a change of position will sometimes effect:

Take a row of ordinary capital letters and figures:

SSSSSX XXXXX 33333388888

They are such as are made up of two parts of equal shapes. Look carefully at these and you will perceive that the upper halves of the characters are a very little smaller than the lower halves—so little that an ordinary eye declares them to be of equal size. Now turn the paper upside down and, without any careful looking, you will see that this difference in size is very much exaggerated; that the real top half of the letter is very much smaller than the bottom half.

AT one of the ragged schools in Ireland, a minister asked the poor children before him, "What is holiness?" Thereupon a poor little boy, in dirty, tattered rags, jumped up and said, "Please, your reverence, it is to be clean inside." Could anything be more correct?

HELP YOUR MOTHER, BOYS.

WE know a very noble and influential man who used to help his mother by scouring knives and forks every day before he went to school, and wipe dishes as well. It would do our boys good to know how to sweep, to sew, and be helpful about the house. No boy ever lightened too much his mother's daily duties. There is no danger of his getting weak or girl'sh. The more of a girl's gentleness he combines with a boy's strength, the nobler man he will become. Be polite to your mother; lift your hat to her, open the gate for her, bring a chair for her, save steps for her, be proud of her. Many a weary day and night she has watched over and worked for you; now let your care for her fill her life with sunshine and her heart with joy.

A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

EVERY day a little helpfulness. Let us live for the good of others. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we shall find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbour's house, on the playground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.

Every day a little look into the Bible, one chapter a day—what a treasure of Bible knowledge one may acquire in ten years! Every day a verse committed to memory—what a volume in the mind at the end of twenty-five years!

Every day a little knowledge: one fact in a day. How small a thing is one fact—only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing!

REDEEMING THE TIME.

Where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.

James iii. 16.

Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another.
Ephes. iv. 32.

"I KNOW A THING OR TWO."

"MY dear boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards and visit theatres. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society."

"You needn't be afraid of me, father," replied the boy laughing. "I guess I know a thing or two. I know how far to go and when to stop."

The lad left his father's house, twirling his cane in his fingers and laughing at the "old man's notions."

A few years later, and that lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court before a jury which had just brought in a verdict of "guilty" against him for some crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced he addressed the court, and said, among other things: "My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much of the world as my father did, and I spurned his advice, but as soon as I turned my back upon home, temptations came upon me like a drove of hyenas, and hurried me to ruin."

REMEMBER
THAT A
BOY'S 
MEETING 
IS HELD EVERY
FRIDAY EVENING,
at EIGHT o'clock,
In Parlour "B" SHAFESBURY HALL.
ALL BOYS WELCOME.
C O M E .

A REAL BOY.



BREAL, true, hearty, happy boy is about the best thing we know of, unless it is a real girl, and there is not much to choose between them. A real boy may be a sincere lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, even if he cannot lead the prayer-meeting, or be a church-officer or a preacher, but he can be a godly boy in a boy's way and place. He is apt to be noisy and full of fun, and there is nothing wrong about that. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb, and shout like a real boy. But in it all he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. No real, true boy chews tobacco in any form, and he has a horror of intoxicating drinks. The only way he treats tobacco is like the boy who was jeered and laughed at by some older ones because he could not chew. His reply was, "I can do more than that; I can *eschew* it." And so he did all his life. A real boy is also peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He takes the part of small boys against larger boys. He discourages fighting. He refuses to be a party to mischief and deceit.

Above all things, he is never afraid to show his colors. He need not always be interrupting, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do any- because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God or is a Christian. A real boy never takes part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meets the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for all things of God he feels the deepest reverence. And a real boy is not ashamed to say "father" or "mother," will not like it if I do so and so. It is only your sham, milk-and-water boys that are afraid to do right. Everbody respects the real boy, and every one despises the sham, too-big-for-his-par-ents, smoking, tobacco loving coward, who is afraid to do right for fear of a little ridicule.—*The Outlook.*

In honour preferring one another.
Romans xii. 10.

"WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?"

When I was a young lad my father one day called me to him that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was.

He told me the use of the minute-finger and the hour-hand, and described to me the figures on the dial-plate, until I was perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this knowledge than I set off scampering to join my companions in a game of marbles; but my father called me back again.

"Stop, Willie," said he; "I have something more to tell you."

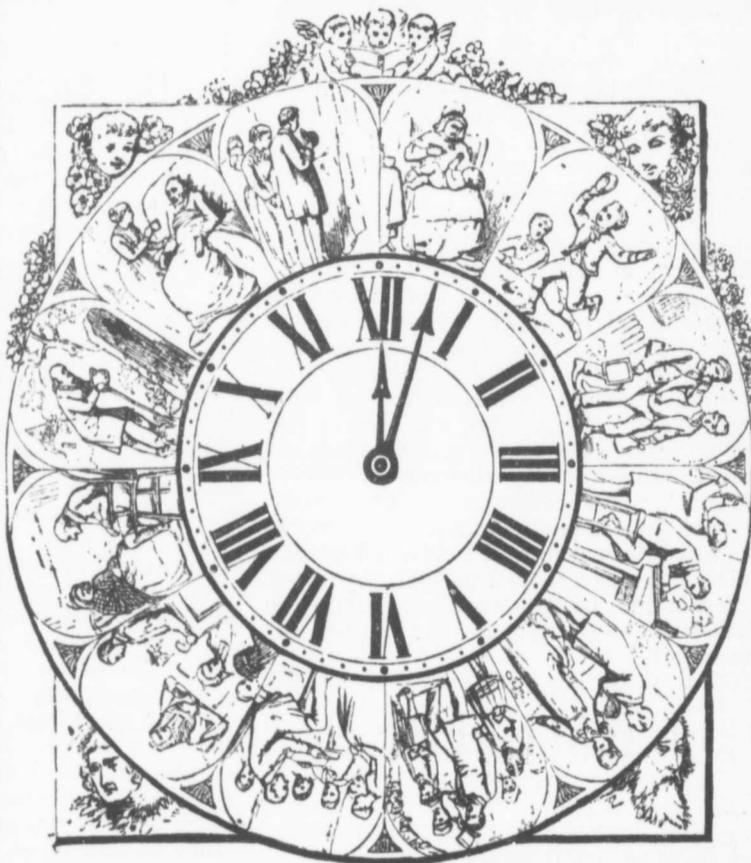
Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn; for I thought I knew all about the clock as well as my father did.

"Willie," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of day. I must now teach you the time of your life."

I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain this further lesson, for I wished to go to my marbles.

"The Bible," said he, "describes the years of a man to be threescore-and ten or four-score years. Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the four-score years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will give almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life, and this is the case with you. When you reach fourteen years old, it will be two years o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one, it will be three o'clock; at twenty-eight, it will be four o'clock; at thirty-five, it will be five o'clock; at

forty-two, it will be six o'clock; at forty-nine, it will be seven o'clock, should it please God to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life, and looking at the clock may remind you of it. My great-grandfather, according to this calculation, died at twelve o'clock, my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you or I shall die, Willie, is



only known to Him who knoweth all things."

Seldom since then have I heard the enquiry, "What o'clock is it?" or looked at the face of a clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.

My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord, neither be weary of His correction: for whom the Lord loveth He correcteth; even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.

Prov. iii. 11, 12.