

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



"OUR BOYS"

PUBLISHED BY THE

BOYS' COMMITTEE

OF THE

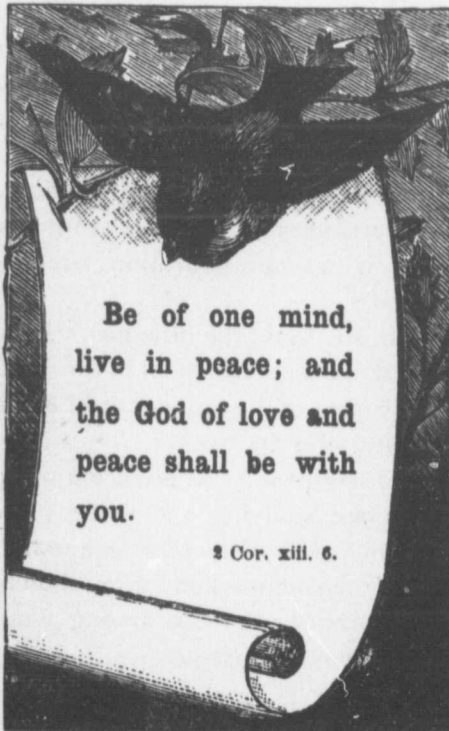


TORONTO YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

VOL. I.

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No. 12.



Be of one mind,
live in peace; and
the God of love and
peace shall be with
you.

2 Cor. xiii. 6.

OUR PAPER.

WITH this number we complete
"Volume 1" of "Our Boys."
We have received evidence of good

done by it. Our young readers will be
pleased to learn that arrangements have
been made to continue its publication.

BOYS' MEETING.

THE attendance at our meetings
still continues good, and those
who attend appear to take deep
interest in the lessons imparted
by the kind friends who take charge.

REMEMBER

THAT A

BOY'S

MEETING

IS HELD EVERY

FRIDAY EVENING,

at EIGHT o'clock,

In Parlour "B" SHAFESBURY HALL.

ALL BOYS WELCOME.

WITHOUT SHEDDING OF BLOOD IS NO REMISSION.—Hebrews ix. 22.

THE "COMING MAN."

A pair of very chubby legs,
Encased in scarlet hose ;
A pair of little stubby boots,
With rather doubtful toes ;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us strides in state,
The future "coming man,"

His eyes perchance will read the stars,
And search their unknown ways,
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze ;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's kite."


That brow where mighty thoughts will
dwell
In solemn, secret state,
Where fierce ambition's restless strength
Shall war with future fate ;
Where science, from now hidden caves
New treasures shall out pour—
Tis knit now, with a double doubt,
Are two, or three cents, more ?

Those lips, that in the coming years
Will plead, or pray, or teach ;
Whose whisper'd words on lightning
flash,
From worlds to worlds may reach ;
That, sternly grave, may speak com-
mand,
Or, smiling, win control,
Are coaxing now for gingerbread
With all a baby's soul.

Those hands—those little busy hands,
So sticky, small and brown ;
Those hands, whose only mission seems
To tear all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may
lie
Within their chubby grasp ?
Though now 'tis but a taffy-stick
In sturdy hold they clasp.

Ah, blessings on those little hands
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the future holds in store,
God bless the "coming man."
—Selected.

WHAT ARE YOU LIVING FOR ?

 pastor, walking out recently,
met a little girl belonging to
his flock. As they walked
on together he spoke to her of
her studies, and was pleased to find her
manifest an interest amounting almost
to enthusiasm in the cultivation of her
mind. "But why, Ellie," asked the
pastor, "are you so anxious to succeed
in your studies? What do you mean
to do with your education after it is
finished?"

"Oh, sir," said the little girl, "I want
to learn that I may do good in the world.
I don't want to die without ever having
been of use in the world."

Noble purpose! Who of our young
friends are studying and living for so
noble an end? Who of us are making
an every-day impression for good on the
hearts and lives of those among whom
we move?—*Olive Plants.*

"THY WORD

Have I hid in mine heart,
that I might not
SIN AGAINST THEE."

Psalm cxix. 11.

WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD, I WILL PASS OVER YOU.—Exodus xii. 13.

THE SWEARER REPROVED BY A CHILD.

SOME little children were sitting one day on the steps of a door, singing, as they often do, some of their favorite hymns. They were suddenly surprised by a half-drunken man, who came up to them, and, uttering an oath, said, "Does your master teach you nothing but singing those foolish hymns?" "Yes, sir," said a sharp little fellow, six years of age, "he tells us it is wicked to *swear*." The poor worthless man seemed ashamed of his conduct, and passed on without further remark.

BE FAITHFUL.

BOYS, let your honor be as true in the dark as in the light. A trader went into a shop during the absence of the master, who was well-known to be very keen in his dealings. The trader, with a wink, said to the apprentice, "Now, Johnnie, give me extra good measure; your master isn't in, you know, and I'll make it all right with you." The apprentice looked proudly up, saying, "I beg to tell you, sir, that my Master is always in."

Let us thus never think of drawing down the curtains or locking the door against God. Let us remember, "Thou God seest me," and be honorable as if His angels stood visibly before us.

BE NOT DECEIVED.

BUSINESS MAXIMS FOR BOYS.

- A**TTEND carefully to details.
- B**est things are difficult to get.
- C**ultivate promptness, order and regularity.
- D**o not seek a quarrel where there is an opportunity of escaping.
- E**ndure trials patiently.
- F**ight life's battles bravely.
- G**ive when you can, but give from principle, not because it is fashionable.
- H**e who follows two hares is sure to catch neither.
- I**njure no one's reputation or business.
- J**oin hands only with the virtuous.
- K**eep your mind from evil thoughts.
- L**earn to think and act for yourself.
- M**ake new friends.
- N**ever try to appear what you are not.
- O**bserve good manners.
- P**ay your debts promptly.
- Q**uestion no man's veracity without cause.
- R**espect your word as you would your bond.
- S**ay "No" firmly and respectfully when necessary.
- T**ouch not, taste not, handle not, the cup which intoxicates.
- U**se your own brains rather than those of others.
- V**irtue, not pedigree, is a sign of nobility.
- W**atch ye, stand fast in the faith,
- X**pect opposition and be ready to meet it.
- Y**outh is the best period for the forming of good habits.
- Z**eal for the cause of God will ever be helpful to your own happiness and advancement.

THOU HAST REDEEMED US TO GOD BY THY BLOOD.—Revelation v. 9.

BE HONEST.

A minister visiting a school of poor children was asked to take the spelling class, and about twenty of them stood on the chalked semicircular line before him. He asked the big boy at the head of the class to spell the word "magnanimity." He made an error in it, and so did the second, the third, the fourth, up to the twentieth. When it came to the turn of the bare-footed little boy at the end, he also spelt the word. "Right," said the minister, and the mite of a lad went up the line and stood at the top. "Now," said the minister, "I will write the word on the black-board so that you can more easily remember it." Then, the poor bare-footed boy at the head of the class was seen to put up his hand. The minister said, "Well, my little man, what is it?" The little fellow replied, "Please, sir, I see that I didn't spell the word right. I spelt it with an *e* instead of an *i*, and you thought I said it right." And of his own accord, the poor lad calmly walked down the line and took his old place at the bottom.

Ah! that was honor! Yet that boy did no more than his duty. My friends, copy that sort of honor in the spirit of your lives, and you shall not only be loved of God, but also living epistles of truth, whose word shall be reckoned as reliable as your bond.

Ask and ye shall receive.

BE OBEDIENT.

WHILE some lads were playing marbles in the street, the rain came on very suddenly, and one boy picked up his marbles, put them in his bag and was hurrying away. One of the others said, "Where are you going?" He replied, "I am going home because mother told me to come in if it rained." The other boys shouted, "O, there's a coward, going in because it rains! His mother is afraid he will melt!" The lad turned round, and looking calmly upon them, replied—"You may say what you like, but I won't disobey my mother for any of you."

He was a hero, because he dared to obey his mother in the face of ridicule; and I urge upon my young friends to copy his example. When you are commanded by loving parents, obey them, though it costs you some pleasure. Never take advantage of the kindness of your parents. "Toe the mark" of obedience if you would be happy. Never say, "Mother is kind, and she will not scold me much, so I may as well stop out to night another half-hour."

Even a child is known
by his doings, whether
his work be pure, and
whether it be right.

Prov. xx. 11.