

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



"OUR BOYS"

PUBLISHED BY THE

BOY'S COMMITTEE

OF THE

TORONTO YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.



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OUR PIC-NIC.



OUR Boy's patronized Victoria Park this year, and highly enjoyed their day's outing. The party numbered about 60.

BOY'S LECTURES.

A REGULAR Course of Lectures is part of the Committee's plan for the coming season. The Chairman and his workers are now *interviewing* the gentlemen whom they desire to secure as lecturers.

BOY'S MEETING.

THE attendance at the weekly meeting is larger than during former summer seasons, and we are pleased to report a growing religious interest. Humanly speaking, all we now require to make this Branch a felt power among the Boys of this neighborhood, is a room specially set apart for the work. We have not lost hope that a Boy's Room may yet be feature in the plan for renovating Shaftesbury Hall.

REMEMBER.

To return good for good is civil courtesy; evil for evil, malicious policy; evil for good, hateful ingratitude; good for evil, true Christian charity.

"If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."—

John vii. 37.

"Let him that is athirst come ;
Revelation xxii. 17.

"CHRIST IS ALL."

HIS BEAUTIES FROM A TO Z.

CHRIST is our **A**dvocate above,
Our elder **B**rother, full of love ;
Our **C**aptain, all our foes to quell ;
Our great **D**eliverer from Hell,
The **E**nd of all we have in view,
A **F**riend unchangeable and true ;
To heavenly bliss our **G**uide,
The **H**usband of His Church, the Bride.
The self-existent great "**I Am**,"
Jesus, the all-atoning Lamb ;
Keeper of Israel night and day,
Leader and Light through all the way.
Our **M**aster whom we love to serve :
His **N**ame is like **O**intment pouréd forth,
None can describe our **P**rince's worth.
Quickener of souls, oh reign within,
Be our **R**efinee from all sin ;
Our **S**aviour, Sun, and Shield,
Our **T**ree of Life, rich fruit to yield.
Our **V**ine, from whence all strength we draw,
Our **W**ell more pure than that which Jacob
saw ;
Our **Y**ea, Amen, both sure and fast,
Our **Z**—Omega, First and Last.

A TALK TO BUSINESS BOYS.



BOY'S first position in a commercial house is usually at the foot of the ladder; his duties are plain; his place is insignificant, and his salary is small. He is expected to familiarize himself with the business, and as he becomes more intelligent in regard to it he is advanced to a more responsible place. His first duty, then, is to work. He must cultivate day by day habits of fidelity, accuracy, neatness, and despatch; and these qualities will tell in his favour as surely as the world revolves. Though he may work unnoticed and uncommended for months, such conduct always meets its reward.

I once knew a boy who was a clerk in a large mercantile house which employed as entry clerks, shipping clerks, buyers, book-keepers and salesmen, eighty young men, besides a small army of porters, packers and truckmen; and

this boy of seventeen felt that amid such a crowd he was lost to notice, and that any effort he might make would be quite unregarded. Nevertheless he did his duty; every morning at eight o'clock he was promptly in his place and every power that he possessed was brought to bear upon his work. After he had been there a year he had occasion to ask for a week's leave of absence during the busy season, "That," was the reply, "is an unusual request and one which it is somewhat inconvenient for us to grant; but for the purpose of showing you that we appreciate the efforts you have made since you have been with us, we take pleasure in giving you the leave of absence for which you ask." "I didn't think," said the boy when he came home that night and related his success, "that they knew a thing about me, but it seems they have watched me ever since I have been with them." They had, indeed, watched him, and had selected him for advancement, for shortly afterwards he was promoted to a position of trust with appropriate increase of salary. It must be so sooner or later, for there is always a demand for excellent work. A boy who intends to build up for himself a successful business will find it a long and difficult task, even if he brings to bear efforts both of body and mind; but he who thinks to win without doing his very best will find himself a loser in the race.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

SAVE WHILE YOUNG.



WHEN the Trocadero Palace were built for the Paris exhibition of 1878, some great trees were transplanted to give immediate shade. It cost over a thousand dollars apiece to transplant them. Fifty years earlier, they could have been transplanted for 50 cents. None of them are alive now. They cost a great deal to move, but their new soil did not suit their nature. They were not at home in it.

Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—
Revelation xxii. 17.

I am the light of the world ;
John viii. 12.

THE SUBSTITUTE.



NO doubt some of our boys when listening to the minister or the Sunday School Teacher telling of the Lord Jesus Christ and His atoning work, may have said to themselves, "I wonder what he means when he says that Jesus is my substitute." Perhaps the following incident may help you to understand it.

A boy once broke the rules of the school and thereby exposed himself to punishment. The master called him out before the assembled scholars. He told the culprit of his evil-doing, and of the number of strokes upon the palm of his hand which he ought therefore to suffer. "But," says he, "I am willing to suffer the punishment for you." Then handing the boy a ruler, and extending his own right hand, the teacher called on him to strike. When the youth was thus brought face to face with the fact that the master, whose law he had broken was presenting himself in the room of the guilty one, his heart filled, and he burst into tears.

Now that master became the substitute and bore the punishment due to the guilty lad.

So Jesus the Son of God the maker of all, in human form, on the cross of Calvary became the substitute for sinners.

"He was wounded for OUR transgression, He was bruised for OUR iniquities, the chastisement of OUR peace was upon Him and with His stripes WE are healed."

DON'T SWALLOW THEM.



THEY tell us, said John B. Gough, that alcohol gives strength and nourishment. No, it does not, it gives stimulus. You sit down on a hornet's nest, and it may be quickening but not nourishing. A man once said to a friend of mine: "You are fighting whiskey. Whiskey has done a great deal of good. Whiskey has saved a great many lives." You remind me," said my friend, "of a boy who was told to write an essay about a pin, and in his boyish way he said: A pin is a very queer sort of thing. It has a round head and a sharp point, and if you stick them in you they hurt, and women use them for cuffs and collars, and men use them when their buttons are off. If you swallow them they kill you. For five cents you can get a packet of them, and they save thousands of lives." The teacher said: "What on earth do you mean? How have they saved thousands of lives?" "By people not swallowing them, answered the boy."

**Save The Minutes ;
Minutes Make Hours ;
Hours Make Days ;
Days Make Weeks ;
Weeks Make Years.**

He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness.—
John viii. 12.

JESUS, the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever.—

Hebrews xiii. 8.

DIXEY'S SIX CENTS.



SHORT time ago a, pale-faced little girl walked hurriedly into a book-store in Annasburg, and said to the man serving at the counter, "Please sir I want a book that's got 'Suffer little children to come unto Me,' in it; and how much is it sir? and I'm in a hurry."

The shopman bent down, and dusted his spectacles. "And suppose I haven't the book you want, what then my dear?"

"Oh, sir, I shall be so sorry; I want it so!" and the little voice trembled at there being a chance of disappointment.

The kind shopman took the thin hand of his small customer in his own. "Will you be so very sad without the book? and why are you in such a hurry?"

"Well, sir you see, I went to school one Sunday, when Mrs. West, who takes care of me was away; and teacher read about a good Shepherd who said those words; and about a beautiful place where He takes care of his children, and I want to go there. I'm so tired of being where there's nobody to care for a little girl like me, only Mrs West, who says I'd be better dead than alive."

"But why are you in such a hurry?" "My cough's getting so bad now, sir, and I want to know all about Him before I die; it 'ud be so strange to see Him and not know Him. Besides if Mrs. West knew I was here she'd take away the six cents I've saved running messages, to buy the book with, so I'm in a hurry to get served."

The bookseller wiped his glasses very vigorously this time, and lifting a book from off a shelf, he said, "I'll find the words you want, my little girl; come and listen." Then he read the words of the loving Saviour (Luke xviii. 16) get your Bibles and find the place, children—and told her how this Good Shepherd, had got a home all light, and rest, and love prepared for those who love Him and serve Him.

"Oh, how lovely!" was the half breathless exclamation of the little buyer. "And he says, 'Come.' I'll go to Him. How long do you think it may be, sir, before I see Him?"

"Not long, perhaps," said the shopkeeper, turning away his head. "You shall keep the six cents, and come here every day, while I read you some more out of this Book."

Thanking him, the small child hurried away. To-morrow came, and another to-morrow, and many days passed, but the little girl never came to hear about Jesus. One day a loud-voiced, untidy woman ran into the shop, saying, "Dixey's dead! She died mumbling about some Good Shepherd, and she said you was to have these six cents for the mission-box at school. As I don't like to keep dead men's money, here it is" and she ran out of the shop. The cents went into the box, and when the story of Dixey was told, so many followed her example with their cents that at the end of the year "Dixey's cents," as they were called, were found to be sufficient to send out a missionary to China to bring stranger sheep to the Good Shepherd.—*Selected.*

REMEMBER

THAT A

BOY'S

MEETING

IS HELD EVERY

FRIDAY EVENING,

at EIGHT o'clock,

In Parlour "B" SHAFTESBURY HALL.

ALL BOYS WELCOME.

COME

I am the Lord, I change not.—

Malachi iii. 6.