

transparent girl that everybody can see through—pure gold from head to foot.

Then he said, "Whatsoever things are just." Well now justice is a great principle at home. Be just to your brother, be just to your sister, be just to your father, be just to your mother, be just to the young ladies with whom you associate. To be just in the best sense is one of the grandest principles in human nature aided by the divine grace. Be just towards everybody. Sometimes you young ladies are very

UNJUST TO THE SERVANTS

at your father's house. I can put up with any other sort of a girl but a young lady that is cross and mean to another young lady that has to work for her living. You know that if you are that sort of a girl that servant girl is better than you are. If you are cross and mean to her in your father's house, I say that servant girl is in the eyes of God better than you are. Nothing suits you. I put up at houses sometimes and I watch 'em. I can tell a girl by how she speaks to a servant at the table or in the sitting-room. I can just watch how she treats her mother and how she talks to her brothers, and I can tell a girl before I have been in a house forty-eight hours whether she is coming up on the line I am talking about. Ladies, seek to make your

HOME ATTRACTIVE TO YOUR BROTHERS

so that they won't want to leave it. Make home such an attractive place that mother will never have to sing, "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" Maybe he is running away from his cross sister right then. "Whatsoever things are just." If you do unkindly to your sister go and apologize. If you treat brother unkindly go and apologize. If you have spoken crossly to your mother go and tell her you won't do it again.

Then he said, "Whatsoever things are pure." I will give you this little incident to show you that to the pure all things are pure. A gentleman met me on the street and said, "Jones, a man told me that he would never go and hear you any more; that you were the most vulgar man he ever listened to." "Who was he?" "He's a bar-keeper in town." A bar-keeper that lived in an atmosphere of vulgarity and wickedness, thought I was the most vulgar man he ever heard. "To the pure all things are pure." Then I will say another thing. I will talk plain to you. I will never get a talk to you again this side of the judgment, and I am talking straight from my text, "Whatsoever things are pure." Are pure, girls, listen; listen to me. You

MIND WHOM YOU ASSOCIATE WITH.

You cannot associate with the wicked without becoming contaminated. To save your life you cannot do it. A girl that will sit down in her parlour with a young man who drinks and is steeped in sin, she cannot sit down and talk with him without being contaminated to save her life. "Whatsoever things are pure." The father is sitting alone in his study and the daughter comes in and says:—"Father, do you care if I go to the ball to-night?" He said: "No, daughter, I would rather you would not go." "Why, father?" "Daughter, I don't like the company you will be in." She said:—"Papa, I know the company ain't all first-class,

but I am not afraid of that hurting me." He says:—"Daughter, what is that on the hearth?" She says:—"It is a dead coal." He said, "Pick it up." She picked it up in her fingers and father said:—"Daughter does it hurt you?" She says, "No, sir." "Well," says father, "throw it down." He said, "What is that on your fingers, daughter?" She said, "It is smut." "Well, daughter, when you go into bad company if they don't burn you they will smut you every time." I will tell you another thing. That girl out there fifteen years old. There she sits back there. Ain't those fast girls mighty attractive to you? Mother, you had better lay your daughter on the funeral pile and burn her into ashes, than let her run with some of these fast young ladies in this town. You mark what I tell you.

WATCH YOUR COMPANY.

Don't you ever go with any girl if she will do things that you won't do, and say things that you won't say. If you do, you will be saying those says and doing those things yourself. "Whatsoever things are pure." Then I give you a little advice along here. When you walk with a young man, especially in Toronto, with the gas-lights and electric lights burning, you just say, "I am not afraid of falling; I don't need to take your arm; I am sure I can hold on." Well, I can see how you might take a young man's arm; but the most despicable sight is a young lady that will let a young man take her arm. ("That's true," from matrons all over the hall) Are you afraid the girl will break her neck? It's a scandal, a young lady walking down the street with a young man, his arm inside of hers. Now get mad with me for that. I say I can see how a young lady may take a young man's arm. But, young lady, you dare not, by the price of all that women hold inestimable—you dare not let a young man take your arm; for I say to you, your protection of all that you can value in this world depends upon the fact that you keep your person as sacred as the heart of God. That is one reason I don't like these round dances. Young lady, listen; when a young man puts his arm around you and dances with you, you are a pure, noble girl; but you don't know what sort of a lecherous wretch has got

HIS ARMS AROUND YOU.

You cannot tell to save your life. I trust God my daughter will have so much respect for her pure mother, it not for herself, that she will never be clasped in the arms of a young man dancing to the tune of a fiddle.

You will say, "Mr. Jones, you are too rough." But girls, remember, you may have listened to another tongue preacher, but you never looked in the face of a preacher that loved and prized your integrity more than I do. I love your character as I love the character of my precious daughters, and I say to you, let your character, like your person, be as sacred as the heart of God.

Above all things, God deliver me from a girl that is not pure in her tongue. I might put up with a lot of smutty-mouthed and impure boys; but my! my! how low down a girl will be when she becomes impure in her talk and conversation. Of course there's none of those girls here this afternoon, but if you find them, oh do

tell them what I said this afternoon—won't you girls?

"Whatsoever things are of good report." Hear ye, sisters! When father comes home from the store in the evening mother says to him: "Father, Mary has been a most dutiful child to-day; she is such a comfort to me." And when sister has retired, brother comes up to father, "Father, Mary is a ministering angel to me; she is so good to me I'd rather die than hurt her feelings." That's a good report, ain't it? Then father comes home in the evening, walking with little Mary, his daughter; she had called into the store on her way home from school and waited for him. "Mother," he says, "I wouldn't take

TEN MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD

for our Mary. She's the sweetest kind of child, and is going to be just like you, mother; she's going to be the grandest woman in this world. I thank you for such a child as Mary." That's a good report, ain't it? Mother goes down town and Mary's Sabbath-school teacher meets her and says:—"Your daughter Mary is the sweetest and best child in the Sabbath-school, and a blessing to all that come near her. She always has her lessons perfect, and her conduct is a rebuke to every bad scholar." And the mother says in the evening to father:—"Father, I've heard such a good report about Mary; her Sabbath-school teacher says she's the sweetest child in the school, and a blessing to all that come near her." Ain't that a good report? Girls put your minds and hearts on things of good report. Live in these atmospheres, and may God crown you with blessing and everlasting life. Above all things, girls, be obedient to mother. Who loves you better than any one in this world; girls, you can answer that. Why, mother, mother, mother. That is so. Well, look at her. Who is it that wants you to be happiest and dearest? Girls, don't quarrel with mother. Stand up for her. Do comfort and be a blessing to your mother. And, girls, I will wind up with this expression. I have one child, a girl now in her fifteenth year. She will come and sit down and reason with me about anything she hears me say in the pulpit, and she will talk with me and get me to explain perfectly what I mean, and now she said this to me last December. I just throw it out to you girls. When her little associates were, of the same age as herself, next door, gave

A CHRISTMAS TEA-PARTY

to a little fellow of the same age who had been off to school, Mary was invited, and she brought the invitation to me. She says:—"Now, father, I submit the question to you, and here it is. I am invited to supper, and now, shall I go? I read two notes or invitation. I said:—"Daughter, do you want to go?" She said, just as honest and candid, "Father, if you want me to go, I want to go. If you don't want me to go, I don't want to go." And she said, "That is the secret of it. Your will is my pleasure about the whole matter." I pulled the child up to my heart, and I said, "Daughter, just speak your will, and she said, "Father, I have no will at all in the matter. I will be happy to go or stay if you will be happy in my going or staying." That is the way for a daughter to talk. The

father only says he will and his daughter is happy either way. Girls, father says you cannot go, and you sweep out of the room and run up stairs and pout for a week. "He never did let me have any pleasure. I wish I was dead, that's all I wish." God pity the girl who does not know enough to submit such a question to mother, who does not love mother enough. Children, do right, live right. Mind these plain things. I have talked candidly and plainly, and may God sanctify the talk to the good of every one present. And now I want every young lady that says "God help me, I am going to lead a life better than I ever led before," to stand up. (Nearly all rose) Well, thank God for such a sight. Little girls, elder girls, everybody, when you pray, pray that God may help me that I may be useful wherever I go to work in the name of Jesus Christ.

TRUST.



PICTURE memory brings to me; I look across the years and see Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain My selfish moods, and know again A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man gray grown, My childhood's needs are better known, My mother's chastening love I own.

Gray grown, but in our Father's sight A child still groping for the light To read his works and ways aright.

I bow myself beneath his hand: That path itself for good was planned I trust, but cannot understand.

I fondly dream it needs must be That, as my mother dealt with me, So with children dealeth he.

I wait, and trust the end will prove That here as there, below, above, The chastening hand, the pain is love. —John G. Whittier.

SAM JONES ON WHISKEY.

BROTHERS, America has got to be redeemed from whiskey, and I believe the day is not twenty years distant when our children will look back on these days when we legalized the traffic as days of barbarism and wonder why their parents even legalized such an infernal traffic. Now, old fellow, you clap your hands like that outside and you'll do good. Now whiskey, reap drunkards! And don't you know, my brethren, every barroom in this city is the recruiting officer of hell, and going round inveigling your own children into hell. Well, my brethren, in the social world, where does the drunkard come in as a necessary part of the concern? What is a drunkard good for as a drunkard? Is he good for anything in good citizenship, or anything to bless the community? Well, brother if they're so good in God's universe, what do you want to manufacture them for? Yet you have two hundred manufactories in this town making drunkards. That's the way to look at it. If I were to come to the voters of this town and say, "Gentlemen, I'll give you \$300 so as to debauch every boy you have, you would not even answer me. And yet you give 200 people liberty to debauch some people's sons. If you saw whiskey you will reap drunkards. Oh, withhold the seed, and never scatter another. God deliver Old Canada from whiskey now and forever