

TO THE FRONT!

BY O. PENN.

O the front, to the front!
Little women, little men;
There is much of useful labour
You may do
In the battled field of life,
Where man's enemy is rife
Put your armour on
And wage the warfare too.

You may think because you're young
That you are not over strong,
And that others will not heed you
If you try;
But, little friends, be sure
Your success must be secure
If you ask the Lord
To grant you victory.

Then bravely to the front,
Little women, little men,
Like David in the grand
Old story-book;
Such a little lad was he,
Yet he slew the enemy,
And only with small pebbles
From a brook.

But the hand that held the sling
By a great Almighty King
Was guided in this act
That proved so grand;
And to you my little friend,
He this wondrous power will lend,
If you rise against the great foe
Of our land.

In this world you may not know
How your little efforts grow,
And what harvest in the future
Will be given;
But when this life is overpast
You will have reward at last,
If through temperance you have
Led some souls to heaven.

SAM JONES' SERMONS TO GIRLS.

It is a very moderate estimate of the total of the attendance of all these services to put it at over a hundred and fifty thousand, though this number, of course, includes very many who have constantly attended the services.

No other conversational topic has been half as popular as that of the doings of the two Sams. At the dinner-table, on the street, and in the office, they—but more especially Sam Jones—have been talked of incessantly, criticised favourably or otherwise, and quoted continually. "Have you heard Sam Jones?" and "What do you think of Sam Jones?" are questions that have been asked, times out of number, of nearly everybody in Toronto. The slim figure, and sallow, earnest face of Sam Jones, and the taller, more strongly built figure of the other Sam are now as well known to very many people of Toronto as that of their own pastor, and when the evangelists left for their Southern homes, many felt that they had really lost a pastor. The Methodist Church has been enthusiastic in support of the evangelists.

SAM JONES TO DAUGHTERS.

Saturday afternoon was set apart for an address to "daughters," and on that occasion the four walls of the Rink contained probably the largest gathering of girls and women ever seen in Toronto. Young women and girls in their teens composed the bulk of the audience, but there was a good representation of ladies of more mature years.

"THE GIRLS OF TO-DAY," said Mr. Jones, "are the women of tomorrow." These daughters growing up in the homes of Toronto are the future mothers and wives and women of this country. I am very much interested in our young people. I want to see our

young girls grow up to be better women than our mothers and our wives are. I want to see our young men grow up to be better men than their fathers were. I want to see not only a great deal but a glorious improvement in the generations which follow us. I might say I don't think all girls are earthly angels. I don't want that impression to get out, that I think girls are all angels. Some of the stubbornest, crossiest, meanest creatures I ever seen in my life were girls—and I wish some of that class were here this afternoon, we would give it to them; but as we have nothing but

NICE, GOOD GIRLS HERE

this afternoon, you tell those cross, stubborn girls what I said the first time you meet them. Now, I don't think you are angels. I don't think you are the personification of perfection—if you will allow me just one big word while I am here. I don't think you are perfect in any sense of the word. But I believe that our girls are much better than our boys. I believe our girls are a great deal more comfort to mother and a great deal more pleasure to father than the boys are. I want to build a wall around you as high as the stars, and keep you near the purity of your home and the blessed influences of the teaching of Jesus Christ. Some of you may think: "Well, I don't think Mr. Jones ought to talk to girls that way." Well, I am about the only fellow in the country that will do it, and you should put up with one fellow that talks on right along. You know

HOW YOU HAVE BEEN FLATTERED

and praised, and how frequently you have been referred to as the blossoming roses of the country, and beautiful picks, and the elegant sunflower, and all that sort of thing. You have been touched off on that line. Now let us get on the other side a little. And here's something that will help us; and I have but one object in view, I speak the sentiments of my heart. There is not a girl here this afternoon that I wouldn't make better, nobler, purer. We have selected perhaps one of the most comprehensive verses in this book. I need a good deal of territory to talk to so many girls, and I find all I need in this text:—

"Finally, brethren"—suppose I make it read, Finally young ladies—"whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

I suppose we may notice the last clause of the text first—"Think on these things." As a man thinks so he is. Tell me what you are thinking about to-day and I'll tell what you will be doing to-morrow. Our actions of to-day are

OUR THOUGHTS OF YESTERDAY.

It is not so much what your name is, and how old you are; but there is a great deal in "what do you think about." What is thought? We will say, for the sake of argument, that a thought is the result of an impression upon one of the five senses. I see something, it puts me to thinking, I hear something, it puts me to thinking, I touch something, it puts me to thinking, I taste something, it puts me to thinking. Well, I reckon I had better

be careful what I see, if thought is the result of an impression on my eye. I had better be careful what I touch, if thought is the result of an impression on one of the five senses. Then I guess I'd better be careful what I do, because I'm

RESPONSIBLE FOR MY THOUGHTS.

"Think on these things." It makes all the difference in the world where we live in our thought. Really, I partake of the nature of the thing I am looking at. If you bring a coffin in here, with a corpse in it, and open it before me, and I look down upon it with my mind and my eye, the first thing I know is my whole nature is saturated with the gloom of the corpse. I partake of the nature of the thing that I am looking at. Bring me a bouquet of beautiful flowers and put them in my mind, and let me gaze upon them, and the first thing I know my whole nature is saturated with the aroma and the beauty of the flowers. I partake of the nature of the thing I am looking at. God says, "I will keep his mind in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on me." It's not so much who you are or what you wish, but what are you thinking about. If you live in impure thoughts you will be impure in your lives. If you have wicked thoughts you'll be wicked in your lives. Your life will partake largely of your thoughts.

Hence the apostle says, "Think on these things." What things? First, whatsoever things are true. If I put my mind, and eye, and heart on the truth and get it there, and

SATURATE MY WHOLE NATURE WITH TRUTH,

when I speak I tell the truth as naturally as I live. If I put my mind and heart on falsehood, and get it there, and saturate my nature with falsehood, I begin to tell lies as naturally as I breathe. Every girl in this hall that never tells stories, please stand up. I want to see how many.

Here the evangelist paused. There was a good deal of giggling and laughing for the space of half a minute, and the girls hardly appeared to take Sam Jones' request seriously. He remained waiting, however, and at last, in response to a vigorous "get up! get up!" ejaculated from between his fingers, while he stroked his face, two elderly ladies rose.

"Well, all you men who never told any, stand up!" said Sam Jones; and then all the men who had been laughing at the girls suddenly became very quiet, but none of them rose; meantime the girls laughed at them.

"Whatsoever things are true!" Tell the truth, no matter what the rest is to you. Be reliable. Let your word be as true as the word of an angel. Die before you will make a false statement, and the only way you can ever get there is to reach the point where truth lives in our hearts and in our minds. Then we will tell the truth as actually as we breathe. Some time ago I said in the presence of a lady, speaking of a girl whom we saw,

"THAT IS A BEAUTIFUL GIRL; she has a sweet face. She is a nice girl, is she not?" "Yes," said the lady, "with one exception. She can't tell the truth to save her life. She is the most unreliable creature I ever met." Do you hear that? My! my! a pretty nice respectable girl, with a beautiful sweet face, but a miserable liar. "You

can't depend on a word she says" I am glad that was not a Toronto girl. I have a better opinion of you all. Be true to your word. Let it be known at the school, let it be known at your home, let it be known on the street, let it be known everywhere, that your word is as sacred as your heart. Truth! truth! I tell you this: If there's a mother here this afternoon will show me a truthful daughter, I'll show you a daughter that's obedient. I tell you, girls, when you get up where God and man can bank on

EVERY WORD YOU SAY

you are loyal to your mother, you are good to your mother. No truthful girl will be false or cross or mean to her mother. No truthful girl will lay up in bed in the morning until mother gets up and gets breakfast.

"That's true; that's true," murmured an old lady who sat near the reporters' table.

The evangelist continued. If a girl is false to her mother she is false to everything that is noble. In one town in Georgia I knew a family of girls. Listen! Their mother was a perfect slave for them. She cooked and ironed for those girls and did all the work about the house, and those girls just sat up and took care of their complexions and read trashy novels; and that mother just protected the complexions of those girls and would not let them go out anywhere. Well, the mother got them the most beautiful complexions, and one of the girls married a bar keeper; no, two of them married—and all the others are old maids to this day. Didn't she come out wonderful with her girls? That is the truth.

The Apostle said, put your heart and mind on truth and keep it there, and only study the true side of life, of character, and of all things, and live on that side; and then he said, "whatsoever things are honest!" Oh,

AN HONEST, OPEN-HEARTED GIRL

that never had a secret from mother, from brother, from father; one of those honest-hearted girls that you can see through from her face to her heart; I like that. Secrets have ruined many a girl. "I know something and I ain't going to tell anybody." (This was said in a high falsetto voice that made the audience laugh heartily.) "I have a secret. I would not let ma know it for anything in the world. She would oppose it right straight. Mo her has more old foggy opinions than anybody I ever saw in my life. I jus know before I tell mother she won't like it at all." Mother won't like it. Especially if a girl has picked out one of these little perfumed, Paris-hair-in-the-middle, tooth-pick dudes in town. And you are satisfied mother won't like it.

THAT AIN'T ALL, GIRLS

You be what you ought to be at home, be an honour to your mother and a blessing to your father. Know how to knit and how to make any garment, and get so you can play as well on the stove as you can play on the piano. And work along that way awhile, and first thing you know some first-class young man will find out where you live. He will hunt you up. But hold your ground, girls, live right, and do right, and be an honour to your home, and some of these days you will prove the words of the preacher. Be true to yourselves, true to God, and true to your mother; be an honest,