

God's help to overcome them. I made up my mind to try it, and I had to write down ever so many things but I truly thought that my tongue made me the most trouble."

"Your tongue! Oh, yes! I understand," said mamma.

"Saying things, you know, mamma; things I ought not to say; and I am so sorry about it afterwards, but that doesn't seem to make it any better, because I go and do it again."

"Well?" said mamma, as Jenny paused.

"Well, I thought I'd just take aim at that one thing, and I did. I thought it would be a good plan to write down whenever I forgot, and so every night I put down in my little book the bad things I had said, and—and—mamma, it is just horrid! The days don't grow a bit better, and to-day is worst of all."

Jenny drew a sad deep sigh, and scowled at her little book. Then she said desperately, "I wish there was some way to just tie my tongue up, and keep it out of mischief."

"You need a gate-keeper," said her mother, laying down the baby and taking up her sewing. "When a city is in danger from enemies, they must do something more than put sharpshooters on the walls; they guard the gates, and keep sentinels at their posts day and night to give warning of the approach of danger."

"I try to watch," said Jenny; "I thought of it all the morning while I was dressing, and then when I came down and heard Rob fretting at Matty for taking his slate, and at Norah because there was no toast, and even at the baby for pulling his hair, I went on singing,

"Brother, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as a summer breeze."

though I knew perfectly well that it always makes Rob madder than anything else. Then he threw his book at me, and papa sent him out of the room, and I just wanted to pound myself on the head for being so mean."

"You must have a gate-keeper," said her mother more seriously than ever, and I would ask for one before I was an hour older. Your Father will give you one."

"Papa!" exclaimed Jenny. "How can he?"

But her mother opened her Bible, and turning over the leaves gave it to Jenny with her finger on a verse in Psalms. "Read that," she said; and Jenny read aloud: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth." "I never thought of that, mamma; somehow I expected to take care of the sin myself, but I should like a keeper. Just think, mamma, of an angel standing on guard to keep the door of my lips. Will he have a sword, I wonder?"

"I think so; the sword of 'Truth.'"

"And what will be the watchword?"

"'Peace,' I think, or 'Love; the love that 'worketh no ill to its neighbor; at least I would try that watchword to-day, and ask the keeper to challenge every word, and let nothing pass without the watchword."

When Jenny went to her room that night she found a little card pinned up over the dressing-table with David's prayer written upon it, and she added it very earnestly to her own petitions. In the morning it was again before her eyes, and she went down to breakfast repeating it to herself. The first thing she saw was Johnny tormenting her beloved kitten by trying to drive it in harness.

"You mean, cruel boy!" was upon her very lips, but the keeper drew his sword and stopped the words.

"That is not true; you know Johnny does not mean to be cruel; nothing must pass here wit out the watchword."

"Johnny," said Jenny, pleasantly, "do you know how the emperor came to be a donkey?"

Johnny was glad to listen to a story, and Jenny quietly released the kitten while she told him about the belief, in China, that people who abused dumb animals would come back again, after they died, and be born with the bodies of animals themselves, that they might understand just how the poor creatures suffered.

"It isn't true," said Johnny, stroking the kitten in Jenny's arms.

"No, but it shows that even the heathen believe that God will punish us if we are not kind to the helpless creatures he puts in our care."

"I guess I won't have kitty for a circus-horse," said Johnny; "cats don't know much, anyhow."

Rob had not yet recovered from the damps, and was in a particularly exasperating mood, and once an angry retort slipped from Jenny's lips in spite of the keeper, but she apologized for it the next minute, to Rob's utter amazement in fact, he was too much astonished to say another saucy thing that morning.

At school, Jenny's temptations came thick and fast; first a temptation to evil speaking then to unkind criticism, then to uncharitable judgment, then to tell a ludicrous story of a simple-minded old Christian, then to punish the self-conceit of Mamie Morris by repeating what a lady had said of her, and then to make a cutting reply to a most ungenerous taunt. It seemed to Jenny, as she reviewed the day, it had been a specially hard one; and yet she was conscious that through it all the keeper had been standing at the door, and she could look back with gratitude, and not with shame.

"How about the watchman, Jenny?" asked her mother when she she came home.

"He stood at his post, mamma; twice I think something slipped by without the watchword, but he killed it with his sword before it got far enough to do much mischief."

Cousin Sue heard the story, and on Jenny's next birthday sent her a lovely motto for her room: a wreath of daisies and wild roses, delicately painted as a border for the text: "Keep the door of my lips."

"I think Cousin Sue might have sent that to me," said Rob, honestly; "I'm sure I need a door-keeper more than Jenny does."

And Mamie Morris confessed to her dearest friend that she really did believe Jenny Wilder was a Christian, because she never said things to make folks uncomfortable.—*Sunday School Times.*

MY POSITION.

I am a little Temperance man,
Cold water only drinking;
And now I'm going to tell you what
I have of late been thinking.

I'm totally opposed to beer,
I hate both wine and brandy,
And shun the danger lurking in
All kinds of wine-filled candy.

I am opposed to all saloons;
I look with detestation
On every one, no matter where,
They curse the entire nation.

If alcohol will make me strong
I'd like at once to know it:
Both time and platform I'll divide
With any who can show it.

I think it's best to totally
Abstain from gin and whiskey;
To drink at all of such vile stuff,
Is dangerous and risky.

I think if we are only firm
In this our one endeavor,
We'll live to see the drunkard's drink,
Cast out and that forever.

The harvest soon we hope to reap;
And in its full fruition,
We'll raise in thanks our voices high
For Total Prohibition.

—Ohio Good Templar.

THOS. R. THOMPSON.

TEMPERANCE IN SCHOOLS.—The friends of temperance do well in urging upon the educational authorities the importance of inculcating temperance principles as a part of the public school curriculum. Not only should the moral and social advantages of total abstinence be impressed upon the children, but they should be further taught the sound scientific arguments demonstrating that alcoholic liquors are unnecessary in the economy of human subsistence. Alcohol contains no food creating properties; and it is at best a dangerous stimulant, which frequently leaves behind it a craving thirst. The latter is a thousandfold more dangerous than the disease for which it is vainly prescribed as a cure or a palliant. Train up a child to total abstinence principals and it will be on the safe side. If those principles are staunchly maintained the child will be armed effectually against many of the snares which beset young people as they grow up. *Catholic Observer.*