

and rebuke in all thou settest thine hand unto for to do, until thou be destroyed, and until thou perish quickly; because of the wickedness of thy doings, whereby thou hast forsaken me. The Lord shall make the pestilence cleave unto thee until he have consumed thee off the land, whither thou goest to possess it. The Lord shall smite thee with a consumption and with a fever, and with an inflammation, and with sword, and with blasting, and with mildew; and they shall pursue thee until thou perish. And thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron. The Lord shall make the rain of thy seed powder and dust; from heaven shall it come down upon thee until thou be destroyed." But you say, surely these curses will not come upon us for breaking God's law in reference to keeping the Sabbath holy? Why not? The law is more binding now than ever, for Christ said he came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it—strengthen it, confirm it—and therefore we shudder when we think of this open violation of holy writ and the countenance and indifference of the Church towards it.—*J. T. D., in Wesleyan Christian Advocate.*

WATCH YOUR WORDS.

KEEP a watch on your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey—
Like the bees, they have terrible stings.
They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut, in the strife of anger,
Like an open two-edged knife.

Let them pass through the lips unchallenged,
If their errand is true and kind—
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind;
If a bitter, revengeful spirit
Prompt the words, let them be unsaid;
They may flash through a brain like lightning,
Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back, if they are cold and cruel,
Under bar and lock and seal,
The wounds they make, my darlings,
Are always slow to heal.
May peace guard your lives, and ever,
From the time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the words of beautiful truth.

GOLDIE'S RING.

BY MRS. A. ELMORE.

ONE fair autumn Sabbath afternoon, when the scattered few of early scholars were conversing in little groups about the large, bright chapel, I sat alone, for my boys were always tardy on a bright day; loitering to play, I regret to say, and then quite likely to come tumbling in all in a huddle, for they were not the champion good boys of the large school. During my four months' acquaintance with them there had been but little improvement in their methods and manners. I was thinking rather sadly of my failure to interest them when the class sitting next to mine, who were awaiting the arrival of their teacher, attracted my attention.

A tall, slender lad of fifteen, with a keen, interesting, pure face, held in his hand a very small plain gold ring which was attached to the centre of a very fine gold chain, one end of which evidently kept guard over his watch;

the other end probably held a counterpoise in the way of a key in the opposite pocket. Several of his companions wore showy chains with lockets of rich, heavy charms, and evidently they had been chaffing him about his very modest jewelry.

It was the first Sabbath following the close of the summer's vacation, and the first full attendance of the class for three months. Some had been away to the mountains, others to the seaside, or country homes near to the city; and all were glad to return again to the noisy city and the excitements and ambitions of school-days.

The first words reaching my ears distinctly were,

"All your charms, lockets, and watches put together would not buy that one little ring, or the chain either."

"Why, Bert, is it a talisman for good luck?" eagerly from a very bright-looking lad, slightly the senior of his friend.

"A tali man it is, but the good luck, as you call it, depends on how Bert Raymond obeys the dictates of his conscience, I take it."

"Don't preach now, Bert," said another boy, "but tell us about the ring, if you don't mind."

"Yes, Bert, tell us; Miss Paine is always late, you know, and there's plenty of time. Tell us, please;" and four heads—shaded from black to blond—were brought in close proximity to Bert's chestnut curls as he said very softly, with his kind, brown eyes bent on the ring,

"Did any of you boys ever see my little sister?"

"Oh, little Goldie? Yes," said one. "That darling little mite with blue eyes and yellow hair you used to take cut in the park last summer!" inquired one boy with a tender tone to his voice. "Yes, I remember her. I have not seen her—"

"Hush, Bob," whispered the first speaker, with a significant look, and Bert began again with a sigh,

"Yes, that was my little sister Goldie, the only sister I ever had. She died last June, just a few days before vacation, when we were almost ready to go to the farm, and I tell you, boys, it was a lonesome summer for all of us without her."

"I should say so," joined in Bob. "She looked such a jolly, good-natured little thing."

"She was as good as a boy for fun; no cry-baby about her," added another, and Bert gave him a grateful look as he went on with his story.

"This was her ring and her chain. I saved up my own money and bought them for her. She knew that she was going to die for nearly two days, and she divided up her things. It was wonderful how she remembered everybody she knew and everything that she had."

Bert ceased speaking for a few moments. The other boys waited in sympathetic silence as he turned the ring slowly on the chain until he conquered the pain sufficiently to begin again in lower voice.

"The last thing she ever did was to take the ring from her dear little hand and give it to me. With little gasps for breath she asked me, 'Will you wear this always on my little gold chain you gave me when I was a baby? It is my prettiest one.' I answered, 'Yes, Goldie darling.' We were all crying around her. Mamma was so heart-broken we were afraid she would

die too. Papa was there sobbing, with his face hid in Goldie's soft curls, and grandma was fanning her with her prettiest fan. It had canaries on it, and Goldie fancied sometimes that the painted birds were singing to her. After I promised her to wear it she rested a little, and then opened her eyes and looked at me so lovingly as she said,

"Bertie, you'll never, never take Goldie's ring into bad places where bad boys go, and get tipsy like Tommy Gunning did, will you?"

"No, Goldie, never as long as I live."

"She said, 'Thank you, Bertie dear, but you must remember to say your prayers about it.'"

"Then she closed her eyes again, and in a minute more grandma said, with a sob, 'She is gone.'"

"I went the next morning to the jeweller's and had the chain put on to my watch and the ring fastened to it, and I have worn it every day since."

"Did she know you were tipsy yourself that time with Gunning?" eagerly inquired one of the boys.

"I don't know, but I hope not. She saw Gunning herself, and was frightened. Mamma found out about me, I think, and Goldie was her comforter and counsellor, she always says, so I don't know if Goldie knew all the story about that awful party. She was just like a beautiful grown-up Christian lady. She never told tales on a fellow, or scolded and nagged and taunted him like some girls do; but if a fellow did a mean, wrong thing she looked so sorrowful at him, it made him feel like a whipped cur."

"I guess you're bound up now so you never can have any fun," suggested one.

"I'm pledged the very strongest way against drinking and bad company; but there's better fun without carousing than there is with it. Papa says if a man can look back when his hair is gray, and laugh over his boy fun without being ashamed of it, he's a rich man. I've promised always to wear Goldie's ring and never to take it into any bad places, and, boys, I'll never break either promise."

"How about the ring wearing out?"

"I intend some time to have the ring and chain put into a locket; it won't take a very large one to hold them; and as long as my life is spared they will never go where I would not willingly take Goldie. And I loved her, boys, oh, you don't know how much!"

"I do," said one in a sorrowful tone. "Our little Bess was just like her; she died two years ago, and last summer when I used to see you frolicking with her on the green, I envied you so. I was real wicked; I didn't know you then."

"Bert, I was tipsy that day, too," said Bob.

"I've no Goldie or grandma or papa or mamma, or anything but a cranky old aunt and a mint of money, and I've pretty much cut loose from church and all that, for I didn't care what I did; but I'll buy me a ring like that and call it 'Goldie's Pledge,' and wear it to keep me in mind to behave myself. You wont care, will you, Bert?"

"No, Bob, if you keep the pledge; but if you break it, I—"

"Well?"

"I was going to say what I would do, but it's best unsaid, I guess."

Just then my troop of "Arabs"

came noisily in, the bell tapped for the opening exercises, and I was kept busy trying to prevent an embryo riot which would disturb the entire school.

Miss Paine came not at all, but there was a low murmur of voices in her class, and I fancy a total abstinence society was formed there and then, of which "Goldie's ring" was the chief corner-stone.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE TEMPERANCE SHIP.

TAKE courage, temperance workers!
You shall not suffer wreck
While up to God the people's prayers
Are rising from your deck.
Wait cheerily, temperance workers,
For daylight and for land;
The breath of God is in your sail,
Your rudder in His hand!

Sail on! sail on! deep freighted
With blessings and with hopes;
The good of old with shadowy hands,
Are pulling at your ropes.
Behind you, holy martyrs
Uplift the palm and crown;
Before you, unborn ages send
Their benedictions down.

Courage! your work is holy,
God's errands never fail!
Sweep on through storm and darkness,
The thunder and the hail!
Work on! sail on! the morning comes,
The port you yet shall win;
And all the bells of God shall ring
The ship of temperance in.
—*John G. Whittier.*

OUR TONGUE.

M. R. WASHINGTON MOON has written a work on bad English. Some of the errors which he singles out are decidedly amusing. For example:

"A furrier lamenting, in an advertisement, the tricks played on the public by unprincipled men in his own trade,

"'Earnestly requests ladies to bring him their skins, which he promises shall be converted into muffs and boas.'"

"Another advertisement ran thus: 'Two sisters want washing.'"

"Here must have been a strange sight:

"'He rode to town, and drove twelve cows on horseback.'"

"A gentleman advertised for a horse,

"'For a lady of dark colour, a good trot'er, high stepper, and having a long tail.'"

Better, more amusing, more instructive, and more credible is the following illustration of the inevitable ambiguities involved in accurate language. One gentleman observed to another—

"'I have a wife and six children in New York and I never saw one of them.'"

"'Were you ever blind?'"

"'Oh! no,' replied the other.

"'A further lapse of time, and then the interrogator resumed the subject.

"'Did I understand you to say that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and you had never seen one of them?'"

"'Yes, such is the fact.'"

"Here followed a still larger pause in the conversation, when the interrogator, fairly puzzled, said—

"'How can it be that you never saw one of them?'"

"'Why,' was the answer, 'one of them was born after I left.'—*Our Boys and Girls.*