

"That he did, ma'am." We watched him, but he didn't see us," nurse added.

Quick, boyish steps came up the steps and through the hall, and in another moment Arthur entered the room. Arthur had always been his mother's pet and pride, but it was in a very angry tone that she asked: "Where have you been, sir? Who have you been leading along the public street?"

"I'll tell you, mamma, as soon as you are alone," the boy answered respectfully.

"Then you can tell me now. Nurse, take the children right to bed."

As soon as the door closed upon nurse and children, Arthur said: "I've been out seeing the fire-works, of course, and I led Dan Carpenter home; he was too drunk to go alone."

"O Arthur! how could you so lower yourself?"

"Why, mamma, I don't call it lowering myself to lead a poor drunken fellow home. The boys were shouting at him, and throwing stones, and little Rose Carpenter was sobbing because he wouldn't go with her. What else could I do? And then Mrs. Carpenter was so thankful. What a sweet, pretty woman, Mrs. Carpenter is, mamma."

Arthur's mother sighed. Yes, she could remember the time when she thought Mrs. Carpenter a sweet, pretty woman; but that was long ago. She had nothing in common with them now.

"What will your father say when he finds out his only son has been seen parading the streets with a drunkard?"

"I'm sure I don't know what he'll say, but he ought not to find fault, considering he makes the drunkards," Arthur replied fearlessly.

Arthur's mother ignored his remark, but she said: "I saw you treating a host of dirty boys this afternoon, and the children saw you with two wretched little girls, leading them by the hand as tenderly as if they were your own little sisters. What have you to say in explanation of all this?"

"Well, those little boys were every one of them drunkard's children, and so were the dear little girls, and if I had not done something for them they wouldn't have had any Fourth of July. Papa gave me just so much money to spend, and said I could spend it as I liked; so I did."

There was a tremor in Arthur's mother's voice as she asked: "Didn't you use any of the money for yourself?"

"No, ma'am, I didn't feel as if I had any right to," Arthur replied, his voice quivering. "You see, mamma, the money papa gave me came from the saloon where his men sell liquor, and so what he gives me I give back to the poor little children. It must be very hard to be a drunkard's child; and, mamma, it's hard, too, to be the son of a man who makes drunkards."

That night Arthur's mother told his father what he had said, and he was very angry. He wanted to call Arthur from his bed and "give him the thrashing he deserved," but his wife said: "Let him go until morning." When morning came she said, "I almost believe the boy is right, after all. I have had a wretched night. All through it I have seen dear Rose Carpenter as she was before you opened your saloon and began selling liquor to Daniel."

Her husband answered with a groan: "I have had a wretched night, too—dreaming, dreaming, dreaming. Such faces! Such ghastly forms! Such wretched homes! Such pallid, starving children! And someone always shouting in my ear: 'Father makes them! Father makes them! FATHER MAKES THEM!' But I'll never make another—never, God helping me! I've been sowing seed of a lingering pain, and I'll have to gather the harvest, I suppose, there's no dodging that, but I can stop where I am and sow another kind of seed, so there'll be another kind of a harvest after awhile."—*Temperance Banner.*

SONG OF THE CHILDREN'S ARMY.

We are coming to the battle of the weak against the strong;
We are coming to the conflict of the right against the wrong,
We are coming to the rescue of our country and our home;
We are coming to the help and hope of years that are to come.

Then raise the flag of freedom high and wave it as of yore;
We are coming to the rescue with a hundred thousand more.

We are coming, yes, we're coming,

We are coming, coming, coming;

We are coming to the rescue with a hundred thousand more.

We are coming in our early days to aid the good and true;
We are coming in our youthful strength to bravely dare and do,
We are coming in our love for friends in country and in town;
We are coming in the might of God to put the tyrant down.

We are coming ere the tempter has had time to forge his chain
To bind us fast, and make us slaves in evil's dark domain;
We are coming with our little help to do what we can do
For others' good, for God's own cause, the whole wide world through.

—*Temperance Banner.*

SONG OF THE BROOK.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

"I am queen of a sphere that is sweet, that is dear,
Oh! cool as the shadow, as sunshine clear,
The haunt of the bird and the bee;
The lilies delight to adorn it with white,
The thrushes to sing me their gayest good-night,
Till the whip-poor-will stuns me with glee.

"Young violets shed, from the fringe of my bed,
Faint odors as pure as the censer's flame, fed
With gums in the temple of God;
And grasses that drink, leaning over my brink,
Grow greener and richer, while shrivelled and shrink
On gray hills the midsummer sod.

"The farmer leaves now in the furrow his plough
And bathes in my basin his hot, dusty brow,
Deep plunging his lips for a draught;
And maidens and boys, with a jubilant noise,
Chase under my maples their holiday joys,
And drink where the fairies have quaffed.

"Ho! ho! man and lad, are you weary or sad?
Where my cup overflows drink rest, and be glad
In the gurgle and gush of my song;
Though I meet not your glance in my music and dance,
Ye shall know by the freshness ye catch in my haunts
It is June with me all summer long."
—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

LITERARY RECORD.

TEMPERANCE LESSONS IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—Rev. Dr. F. A. Noble, of Chicago, has addressed a strong letter to the International Sunday-school Lesson Committee, urging the "desirableness of making provision for quarterly temperance lessons in the regular course of the international series." The committee have heretofore turned a deaf ear to the request of the great mass of the friends of temperance for a lesson once in three months. The passages of the Bible have been skipped over which refer to temperance, and the committee have persistently refused to give us such lessons. In consequence of this neglect the National Temperance Society has for several years provided a lesson once in three months, which have been extensively used. No. 23 has just been issued, entitled: "How to be Cleansed." The following were issued during the last year: No. 19, "Words of Wisdom", No. 20, "A Lesson from Sacred History", No. 21, "Concentrated Misery, or, The Drunkard Photographed", No. 22, "Fire from the Lord." These contain the full text of the lessons, home-readings, responsive readings, hints, questions, and illustrations. Price 50 cents per hundred. Twelve of these lessons have been printed together in pamphlet form, 48 pages, price 10 cents. Sample leaves furnished on application. Address J. N. Stearns, Publishing Agent, 55 Reade Street, New York City.

We have received the first number of THE CANADIAN ROYAL TEMPLAR, a monthly journal published at Watford, Ont., W. W. Buchanan, editor. The paper is an earnest, lively temperance journal, specially published in the interests of the Royal Templars, and deserves the hearty practical support of all the members of that Order. It will be found full of interesting, bright and newsy temperance items, which should be read by every one interested in the extension and progress of our glorious reform. The projectors do not expect or desire to make any money out of the enterprise, and will be fully satisfied if the paper pays its expenses, and all subscriptions received will be used in enlarging and improving the paper. We wish the Templar every success, and recommend it to the careful regard of all temperance people.