

shod and tottering, had hard work to keep up with him.

I had a faint impression of what was passing in the man's mind. From that night I was glad that I saw him no more among the frequenters of the "Fox and Geese."

Some months after, there was a meeting at the Temperance Hall of the district, and many working men were present, and gave their testimony to the good effects of perfect sobriety; now and then they told little bits of their history about the reasons that led them to give up the public house. One tall, well-dressed, respectable looking man, listened earnestly, until one who sat near him said, "Say a word, William Turner; you've known as much as any one here or anywhere; come, tell us, for I never heard how it was you changed so much."

The young man, thus urged, rose and looked for a moment quite confused; all he could say was "The little shoes, they did it." With a thick voice, as if his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and at length some thoughtless young people began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment, heard this sound and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash, he drew himself up, and looking at the audience, the choking went from his throat, "Yes, friends," he said in a voice that cut its way clear as a deep toned bell, "whatever you may think of it, I've told you the truth, the little shoes did it. I was a poor drunkard, strong drink had almost ruined me. I suffered, deserved to suffer, but I didn't suffer alone; no man does who has a wife and child, for the woman gets the worst share. But I'm no speaker to enlarge on that, I'll stick to the little shoes. I saw, one night, when I was all but done for, the publican's child holding out her feet for her father to see her fine new shoes: it was a simple thing, but, friends, no fist ever struck me such a blow as those little shoes. They kicked reason into me.—'What business have I to clothe others, and let my own go bare?' said I, and there outside was my wife and child, in a bitter night. I took hold of my little one with a grip, and I saw her chilled feet.—

Men! fathers! if the shoes smote me, what did the feet do? I put them cold as ice, to my breast; they pierced me through and through. I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf, and a pair of little shoes. I never tasted anything but a bit of that bread all the Sabbath-day, and I went to work on Monday, and from that day I have spent no more money at the public-house; that's all I've got to say: it was the little shoes that did it."

C. L. B.

THE GOSPEL PREACHED IN A PALACE.

Princess Amelia, the eminently pious daughter of George III., was born 1783, and died 1810, aged twenty-seven years. She was most tenderly beloved by her father, whose last illness is supposed to have been accelerated, if not brought on by her death. A beautiful picture of the venerable monarch and his daughter is given by a gentleman who was in the habit of close and official attendance on the Princess Amelia during her last days. Being asked what was the nature of the interviews and conversations between her and his Majesty, he replied, "They are of the most interesting kind." "Are they of a religious tendency?" "Decidedly so," replied the gentleman, "and the religion is exactly of that sort which you, as a serious Christian, would approve. His majesty speaks to his daughter of the only hope of a sinner being in the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ. He examines her as to the integrity and strength of that hope in her own soul. The princess listens with calmness and delight to the conversation of her venerable parent, and replies to his questions in a very affectionate and serious manner. If you were present at one of these interviews, you would acknowledge with joy that the Gospel is preached in a palace, and that under highly affecting circumstances. Nothing," added he, "can be more striking than the sight of the king, aged and nearly blind, bending over the couch on which the princess lies, and speaking to her about salvation through Christ, as a matter far more interesting to both than the highest privileges and most magnificent pomp of royalty." Happily, this pious monarch found his own consolation in the truths he so faithfully taught.

The distribution of Bibles and Testaments at Galatz goes on satisfactorily, being at the rate of two hundred copies per month for the last half year.