

thing, in a better position than many in this country. Especially was it desirable to take the gospel to the tavern-keepers! Mr. Rose then related the touching story of the "Little Shoes." A workman, who used to spend nearly all his money at the tavern, saw a pretty pair of new shoes on the landlady's baby. His own little one was in her mother's arms, outside, on a cold winter's night. It had neither shoes nor socks. The man's heart smote him. He went out, took his child and put its little cold feet under his coat. Though he had only a trifle of money left, it was sufficient to buy shoes for the baby and a loaf of bread. The next morning, he went to work and brighter days dawned on his family. When asked to account for his becoming a total abstainer, the man would answer, "The little shoes—they did it all!" Mr. Rose went on to quote the lines

"Tell me I hate the bowl,—
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe—abhor—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirr'd
Whens'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the dark beverage of hell!"