

short—the substance of it being, that “he had not a cent to his name, to-night; and it was all through drinking rum!” On coming down, Mr. Rose told him to “sign the pledge” and he did so.

“Was it not a good meeting, Mrs. Harding?” asked Hattie, in returning home with her friends.

“I pay very little attention to Temperance,” answered Matilda, gravely; “but actually could not help listening to Mr. Rose. There is something about that man that makes me feel ashamed of myself. Don’t ask me to come here again, Mrs. Somerville, for, if I heard him speak often, I should be compelled to give up my—well my *but-terfly* kind of life, and try to do better for the future.”

“Then, Matilda, you might be thankful to hear him as often as possible!” earnestly replied Hattie.

Mrs. Harding made no reply.

“Do you never go to Temperance meetings in the West End?” asked Miss Wood.

“Oh, yes, but—”

“There isn’t a Mr. Rose in your Club!” emphatically remarked Hattie.

“No,” answered Mrs. Harding with a sigh of relief, “and I’m thankful for it.”