

Just before the meeting commenced, Mr. Rose entered the hall.

"You're a deceiving thing, Hattie," angrily whispered the spinster, "you told me that man was in New-York."

"So he has been for nearly two weeks. It seems he is back again to-night; aren't you glad?"

"No," grimly returned the old maid; "however, he will be too tired to speak, that is one comfort."

To her surprise, Mr. Rose was soon called upon for an address. He went up on the platform, but said we might have excused him, for he had been travelling since ten o'clock last night, and his head was all in a whirl. He then gave a most interesting account of his visit to New York and Saratoga. In the former place, he went with a friend to one of the worst streets in the city. On arriving and seeing great crowds of men, women and children in rags and dirt, his companion said to him, "Will you risk your life by passing through that street?" "*They're human!*" was Mr. Rose's reply; and, buttoning his coat more closely around him, he added, "I'll go it!" And he did. Such wretchedness, such fearfully dirty