

"such sleeping as he does, as not. He's always aggrunting, and groaning, and chawing, and spitting, and gritting his teeth and snoring. Lord! you'd think he was fighting and dying, and eating his dinner all at once. I'd just as soon sleep with a highpoppytanyamus. You don't know anything about it," continued Cheek. "You wouldn't sleep any for three nights if he was within ten feet of you. Oh! I tell you, he has the nightmare and the night-horse, and half a dozen colts, and a yellow dog sometimes."

Under this representation of Bob Mullaly's terrific nocturnal habits, Arthur consented that Cheek should apply to the old salt for the desired favour. Accordingly, that young man sought him out in his room, and succeeded very speedily in his object. Arthur then returned to the Ruggles mansion, entered the door, and was surprised to find awaiting him in the passage his valise, packed and locked and ready for transportation. Leonora was not visible, but Mrs. Ruggles met him, candle in hand, and told him she "wasn't going to have him running all over her house." "Your things is all in the portmanteau, there," said the old woman, "and all I've got to say is, good riddance to bad rubbishage."

Having finished her happily limited speech, and Arthur having taken his valise in his hand, she turned, and left him to find his way out in the dark and alone. As the young man left the house, he heard mother and daughter laughing loudly, and thought that for women whose hearts had been so terribly dealt with, they were very merry indeed.

Leaving his valise in the mill until the close of the labours of the evening, Arthur resumed his duties, which he continued long after the bell had dismissed the operatives. Cheek came, and sat quietly down near his desk to wait for him, and introduced him to the lodging-rooms of the mill. As Arthur closed the ledger, and wiped his pen, Cheek said: "Blague, you mustn't expect anything very grand now. I stand it well enough because I'm used to it; but you have been in another line, you know. You haven't slept in an ash-hole to keep away from old Bob Lampson, and been tucked in with a pair of tongs, as I have."

Arthur said that he thought that he could live as other people did, if he should try; and taking down his hat, and taking up his valise, he announced himself ready for bed. They went out of the mill, leaving the watchman making his ceaseless round of the rooms, and crossed a spongy patch of garden to reach the lodging-room. The building which contained this room was constructed originally for a woodshed. It was narrow in proportion to its length, and all the lower portion was open to wind and weather. The necessities of the boarding-house had induced the proprietor to construct and finish off, in a rough way, a hall running the entire length of the shed, with a room at one end as a general depository for trunks and clothing. Into this hall as many beds were crowded as it could contain, and at the same time allow the lodgers sufficient room to dress in. In the winter, the carpetless floor gave free passage upward to the wind that swept through the open woodshed beneath; and in the summer, the hot roof imparted to the atmosphere a stifling power that rendered sleep well-nigh impossible, while the idea of ventilation was lost sight of entirely.

Arthur and Cheek entered the woodshed and climbed the dark stairway. On entering the hall, they found a few dim lamps burning, and the atmosphere pervaded by the stench of unclean breath and unclean clothing. Sitting on his trunk, surrounded by half-a-dozen boys, one foul-mouthed fellow was singing an obscene song. Another was on the floor, near the stove, greasing his boots. Others, still, were already in bed cursing those who would not permit them to sleep. Old men of sixty, and boys of almost tender years, were crowded into this dirty hole, where there was no such thing as privacy, or personal decency, possible. All heard the same foul songs, all listened to the same obscene stories, all alike were deprived of the privilege of reading and meditation; nay, of prayer itself, had such a privilege been desired. It was a place where health of body and of mind was impossible, and where morals would inevitably rot. Arthur thought again, as he had many times before, of old Ruggles' boast—"We are all alike down to the Run"; and he comprehended, as he had never done before, how the levelling process had been accomplished.

As Arthur spoke to one and another in a cordial and respectful way, the confusion subsided by degrees, and a new sense of decency and dignity seemed to find its way into the hearts of all. Perceiving that he wished to retire, all suddenly concluded that it was time to go to bed; and in a few minutes the motley crowd were stretched upon their hard and dirty lodgings. Arthur noticed that as Cheek lay down, he took a position directly upon the outer rail of the bedstead, leaving to his new bedfellow nearly the entire bed. Arthur expostulated, but Cheek declared that he always slept so, and could never close his eyes in the world if he were obliged to do it in the middle of a bed. If Arthur liked the middle of a bed he had better take it. If he could have his way, he would never have a bed more than nine inches wide, and he would be willing to bet any reasonable amount of money that he could sleep on the ridge-pole of the building without rolling off. Arthur read the good fellow's motives, and was, on the whole, too weary to refuse to indulge him in self-sacrifice.

There were too many weary bodies and restless dreams in the hall that night to allow an unaccustomed lodger more than a few disturbed and unrefreshing snatches of sleep. Bob Mullaly, swung up in his hammock between the wall of the room and the eaves of the building, had a great sea-fight that night, in which not only immense navies were engaged, but judging from the sounds which found their way through the wall, a large number of sea-monsters took part.

The night was a long one to Arthur; but before a particle of daylight had made its appearance, the first morning bell was rung by the watchman. Everybody seemed to awake angry; they cursed the bell, and cursed the watchman who rang it; but still it rang, persistently, tormentingly, outrageously, until it became impossible to sleep another moment. One after another tumbled out of bed. Little boys that slept like logs were shaken violently by the men, or pulled bodily out upon the floor and set upon their feet. Arthur lay and watched them for a time by the dim light of

the lamps. Half-a-dozen boys near him dressed themselves without opening their eyes, and went stumbling, dirty and unrefreshed, out of the room to their places in the mill.

"Such is life!" exclaimed Cheek, with a comical sigh, as he turned and shook Arthur's shoulder.

"God pity those who cannot take it easily, like you, Cheek," said Arthur.

Cheek's toilet was very quickly made; and, as the second bell was ringing, he left Arthur to dress at his leisure. The young man was at last alone, and full of the thoughts which such a night's experience was calculated to excite in such a nature as his. Here was a little world of misery, set off from the consciousness of the great world around it, without a redeeming or a purifying element in it. There was no hope—no expectation of anything better. It only sought for the lowest grade of enjoyments; it had no emulations; it pursued no object higher than the attainment of food to eat, and clothes to wear; it was ruled by an exacting will, and kept in essential slavery by the fear of the loss of a livelihood. Then he thought of his own misfortunes and hardships, and thanked God for showing him how greatly above the lot of multitudes of men he had been blessed. He thanked Him also for enlarging the field of his sympathies, and for giving him an intimation, through the pity inspired by his contemplations, of that divinely tender consideration which the good Father bestows upon the outcast and the oppressed, the ignorant and the degraded, wherever human souls look out from human eyes.

Arthur Blague was getting his education, and we will leave him for awhile.

(To be continued.)

SOUL SOLITARINESS.

All souls must chiefly dwell alone
Whoever may be near;
We hold a chamber all our own,
Which but to each and God is known,
Where none may interfere.

Here, shrouded from all outward gaze,
Each lives and acts a part;
What grief upon the spirit preys,
What joy its voiceless music plays,
Is hidden in the heart.

The walls with conscious mirrors gleam
In which all stands revealed;
And back and forth forever stream
The rays, of more than solar beam,
In which nought lies concealed.

Someslight reflections outward flow
Through lips and speaking eyes,
Which half conceal the souls we know,
As lights auroral, while they show,
Still half conceal the skies.

As lands divided by the sea
Touch but the bordering foam,
So lies thy soul's immensity
Between thy nearest friend and thee—
Thine own unfathomed home.

But God sees through the chamber lone,
Though walled about it be;
The mirrored halls are all His own,
The soul's shore-lines to Him are known,
And all its soundless sea.

—Joel Swirts, D.D.

WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE.

Wordsworth and his sister were living at Alfoxden, two or three miles from Coleridge. In 1795, after months of roving, Wordsworth settled at Racedown in Dorsetshire. There Coleridge, who, while at Cambridge, had been delighted with the "Evening Walk," made his acquaintance. The two poets became firm friends. Each had traversed fields of thought unknown to the other. Coleridge, conversant with philosophical systems, was astonished at the poetry which Wordsworth elicited from common objects. Wordsworth, full of observations of nature, was dazzled by his friend's intellectual display. None of Coleridge's published works do justice to the range of his knowledge, or the suggestiveness of his talk in the days when he still believed himself to be a spoiled child of nature. His mental gifts, then in their fullest bloom, were enhanced by an eloquent tongue; his thoughts, not yet monopolized by "metaphysics at a loss," did not always "wander in a wilderness of mists." "His conversation teems," wrote Miss Wordsworth, "with soul, mind and spirit. Then he is so benevolent, so good tempered, and cheerful, and, like William, interests himself so much about every little trifle." Miss Wordsworth at first thought him plain, but as soon as he spoke she forgot his "wide mouth, thick lips, bad teeth, and longish, loose, half-curling, rough black hair." "His complexion" struck Hazlitt as "clear and even bright. His forehead was broad and high, light as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them like a sea, with darkening lustre. His mouth was gross, voluptuous, open, eloquent; and his chin good humoured and round; but his nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble. . . ." To be near Coleridge, Wordsworth moved to Alfoxden. They roved together over "seaward Quantock's healthy hills," or loitered "mid her sylvan combs," "all golden with the never-bloomless furze," till their wandering habits, revolutionary sympathies, and intimacy with Thelwall attracted the notice of the Government. But the villagers had no fear of Coleridge; he was "a whirl-brain that talks whatever comes uppermost"; the more silent Wordsworth they believed to be "a dark traitor."—*The Edinburgh Review.*

British and Foreign.

In many parts of the South a deep religious interest is said to pervade the Churches.

THE Baltimore *Catholic Mirror* estimates the coloured Catholic population of the United States at 100,000.

THE Rev. S. D. Burchard, D.D., has been again elected president of Rutgers' Female College, New York.

THE Queen has expressed her willingness to become patron of the forthcoming Colonial and Indian Exhibition.

Two high Mormons have been arrested at Salt Lake for trying to bribe United States officials to reveal court secrets.

To maintain the liquor saloons of the United States over \$750,000,000 annually, or \$2,000,000 daily, are expended.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is expected to be the orator at the city of Lowell's semi-centennial celebration on April 1.

THERE has been more snow this winter in London than for fourteen years, and there is great distress in consequence.

THE American Home Missionary Society has received \$10,000 from the estate of Mary F. Keele, late of Homer, New York.

In Madrid there is the headquarters of the Spanish United Presbyterian Mission, having church, manse and three schools.

THE Washington banker, W. W. Corcoran, is just eighty-seven years old. His gifts to public institutions have amounted to probably \$1,000,000.

LORD ABERDEEN has accepted the presidency of the Ragged School Union, which was held for forty-one years by the late Lord Shaftesbury.

MR. AITKEN, the Anglican missionary, preached his farewell sermon in East Orange, N. J., last Friday evening. He sailed for home on Saturday.

It is announced that active and persistent measures have been taken in Pittsburg, Pa., for the suppression of the circulation of obscene literature and pictures.

THE ceremony of blessing the Neva was performed in St. Petersburg on the 18th ult., with the usual gorgeous display, in the presence of the Czar and Czarina.

A FARMER in New Hampshire has been fined for cruelty in not providing shelter for his cattle during the late cold weather. He was the richest man in the neighbourhood.

THERE are in Italy some 300 churches and mission stations of the evangelical order, and it is estimated that 10,000 of the members have been converted from Roman Catholicism.

A MEMORIAL of the late Bishop of Manchester is to be placed in the chancel of St. Peter's Church, Upton Noret, where the late prelate was rector for several years and where his remains now rest.

GENERAL SIR DONALD STEWART, G.C.B., who recently arrived from India, was invested by the Queen with the insignia of Grand Cross of the Star of India, and received the honour of knighthood.

IN the Island of Trinidad is a large lake of asphalt. A Scotchman who owns a small corner of this lake receives an income of \$25,000 a year from it. He holds it under a grant given by Charles II. to one of his ancestors.

A COLOURED preacher in Cobb County, Georgia, puts a definite amount of the salary debt on each member of the congregation, and when they have no money he makes them work on his farm until they pay off the debt.

THERE are in Paris forty Protestant churches and more than one hundred Sabbath schools. In most of these schools the lessons which are studied are the same as those of the International Series in use in this country.

A MILKMAN slipped and fell in New London the other day in such a way that he went head foremost into a can from which he had removed the cover, and, as it was a tight fit, a tinsmith's services were required to extricate him.

THE Japanese purpose having English taught in their schools so soon as they get enough teachers. In order, also, to conform to the habits of civilization, the authorities are trying to have the school-girls dress their hair in foreign style.

THE organ question is agitating Jews in Europe. A Vienna rabbi maintains that the organ is not a heathenish appliance, but a proper aid in worship, and asserts that some of the largest Jewish congregations in Europe and America have introduced it.

FROM a Consular report it is learned that coral fishing was forbidden on the Sicilian coast last year on account of the outbreak of cholera. It is estimated that about 136,000 lbs. of coral are obtained annually in the Sicilian waters to the value of about \$960,000.

At the quarterly meeting of the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge it was stated that nothing had been done since last meeting as to revision of the Gaelic version of the Old Testament, but that the revision of the New was as good as completed.

At the conclusion of the auction sale of the fixtures of his saloon, "The Ship," in New York, Paul Boyton said: "Gentlemen, I thank you for helping me to leave a business I have felt to be a curse upon me ever since I entered it. I would rather cultivate bricks than touch the gin trade again."

A PETITION has been presented to the Connecticut General Assembly asking that reparation be made to Mrs. Prudence Phillis (nee Prudence Crandall, who now lives in poverty,) for injuries inflicted upon her in 1833 by citizens of Canterbury, because she persisted in teaching a free school for negro girls.

A PATIENT in a Brussels hospital who had contracted some disease of the foot was questioned as to his business. He said he was a "paid pilgrim," hired by those who wished to propitiate certain saints, but who could not walk round the country and attend to the matter themselves. He charged according to distance, and made a very good living.