

## SLEEP.

SOME people know little or nothing about the value of sleep. They lie down at night and, perhaps, stay awake long enough to feel the comfort of their couches and to pity vaguely those who, having none, wander aimlessly through the streets all night or else seek rest where they may—and that is all. They fall into sound, healthy sleep and know no more till the morning sun wakes them, fresh and invigorated, to the duties of another day. This kind of sleep, deep and dreamless, is peculiar to those who work hard with their hands all day, and to most children. Shakespeare says of them:—

"Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:  
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;  
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound."

Others again, on falling to sleep, enter immediately into new and beautiful worlds. They revel in harmonious sounds and beautiful sights until their dream fancies melt into thin air at the appearance of morning, and daylight brings the slumberer back again to the stern realities of this life. To these sleep is a mere pleasure—something that adds to their happiness and brightens up the gloomy hours of night. They look forward to their nights, and are ready to cry in the morning,—

"Is it a dream!  
Then waking would be pain;  
Oh do not wake me—  
Let me dream again."

But none know the value of sleep as much as those who often pass sleepless nights; courting sleep, but not knowing how to propitiate the fickle goddess. The first faint symptoms of sleepiness are eagerly watched for, and are as surely driven away again by undue anxiety, for sleep will not be allured so. Then, perhaps, after many restless sighings and longings for the dawn, for trouble of any kind never seems so great as in the dark, the weary watcher suddenly drops into the most refreshing slumber, and wakes no more until the grey dawn, stealing in at the eastern window of the sky, breaks up the heavy darkness and scatters the shadows hither and thither, and chases them back to the realms of Erebus. To these sleep comes as a boon—a precious gift that may not lightly be looked upon or slightly spoken of.

Many ways have been devised for calling the mind from exciting thoughts in order to induce sleep. A nervous man, much afflicted with sleeplessness, once said that he never saw sheep grazing quietly in the field without thinking of the many weary times he had caused hundreds of them, in imagination, to jump, one by one, over a stone wall; or, he never saw a little boat without being forcibly reminded of the solitary man in a row boat, whom he had compelled to row for miles, with long even strokes, up a river with high banks on either side.

We could no more live without sleep than we could without food. Long ago a man had committed a great crime for which he was to be put to death. The sentence was that he should "sleep no more."

The man is said to have lived or rather dragged out a miserable existence for eighteen days, but long before half of that time had expired he was a raving madman.

Sleep has been called the image of death. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep." Sleep is one of those universal gifts with which humanity is blessed; and both rich and poor, noble and lowly, can enjoy that

"Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

THOSE understanding Greek can pass a few minutes very pleasantly in noting a remarkable fact concerning the name Napoleon. Successively dropping the initial letter, a perfect Greek sentence is formed. Thus: Napoleon, apoleon, poleon, oleon, leon, eon, on. This sentence translated reads as follows: "Napoleon, the destroyer of whole cities, was the lion of his people." With as few words it would perhaps be difficult to give a better epitome of the life of Napoleon I.

It is reported that an unpublished comedy by George Sand entitled "Mlle. de la Quintinie," is in the hands of the Director of one of the Paris theatres, and is shortly to be produced. It would have been brought out long ago, but that the censorship under the Ministry of M. Jules Simon forbade it.