

room. A large bed-stead filled the tiny place so that it was hardly possible to get in. I groped my way towards the fire, and when near enough to hear the feeble tones of the inhabitant of this dark abode, I only recognized her voice, for I could not distinguish her features. She was sadly bent with pain from rheumatism, and had also bronchitis, which hardly allowed her to speak; but I will give you the substance of her answers to my questions, spoken in short, interrupted sentences.

“It is Miss ——’s voice—I know it; oh, how good God is! I have only the bit of fire you see in the grate, and I was just praying to Him to send me help; for you see the damp on the walls.”

“I looked, and the walls were damp, and in places wet to the touch, from the ground nearly up to the ceiling. I asked her how she lived.

“They won’t allow me anything from the House, because I’m not old enough, but they will take me in; and I would go, as far as I am concerned, but what would become of my three little children? The youngest depends on me—he is only seven; the two others have each got a little place; the little girl (only nine) nurses a baby, and her mistress likes her so much that she has taken her into her house altogether, but I wash and mend her bits of things every week. And the little boy is gone to a greengrocer’s to run errands, and they heard of my situation, and have given him his meals. So you see *I leap from joy to joy.*”

“What do you take,” I asked, “for your cough and pain in your chest?”

“I have not had anything to-day but a halfpenny-worth of tea leaves, and that seems to soothe my cough and chest.”

“Only a handful of firing saved from the day before, and only one halfpenny to spend for herself and little child, the whole of that cold winter day; and yet not one murmur, but all thanksgiving to God for everything he did, and exclaiming at the end, “*I leap from joy to joy!*” Oh, well might I learn a lesson from this humble, bright Christian! Shall we, surrounded with all our comforts and luxuries, ever murmur or complain? As I walked home that afternoon, I was humbled to think that, with all my superior privileges and comforts, I could not feel such faith as this widow, hidden in her damp, dark, back kitchen, resting so peacefully on her Savior’s love, that the deepest poverty could not shake her faith in Him. I was filled with joy to witness the strength and reality of vital religion. How rejoiced I should be if all who do not know what true Christianity really is, could see such a picture as this.”—*The Link and the Rivel.*

EFFECTS OF THE LOSS OF SLEEP.

There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that those are recuperated during sleep. If the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers—this is called insanity.

Thus it is that, according to English history, persons who were condemned to death, by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs. Thus it is, also, that those who are starved to death become insane—the brain is not nourished, and they can not sleep. The practical inferences are these:

1. Those who think most—who do most brain-work—require most sleep.
2. Time saved from necessary sleep, is infallibly destructive to mind, body, and estate.

Give yourself, your children, your servants—give all that are under you—the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular early hour, and to rise the moment they awake, and, within a fortnight, Nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bands of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system.

This is the only safe and sufficient rule; and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself: great Nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.