

It was morning—a cold, keen winter's morning, Justice Wilvermore was coming down stairs. "Bring me my cloak," he says to his man.

"Before breakfast, sir?" inquires the man surprised.

"Yes bring it now," says the Justice. "It is very strange," he thinks to himself, "that a mere dream should have such an effect on my spirits, but so it is. I really can neither eat nor rest till I have made reparation. I will give the old woman money and clothing. I will repair the cottages of my other labourers, and improve their condition. It is a fearful thing to be visited by Remorse, even in a dream. Never will I subject myself to such a visit again."

He walks quickly across the frozen field, and along the side of the water. The reeds are stiff with frost; they whistle cheerlessly in the wind. He sees the cottage; no smoke rises from its chimney. "In future," he says, "the woman shall have leave to gather as much wood as she wants. I will make reparation. Yes, I will make full reparation."

He drew near. The door stands ajar, and there is snow upon the floor. He knocks; there is no answer. "She is not at home," he says. and then he looks in.

Yes, she is at home; she sits before her empty grate, with a book upon her knee; her head is bowed down. Strange that she should sleep so early! His foot is on the floor, he soon crosses it. "Goody," he says, in a kinder voice than usual, "Goody, what! asleep so early?" He shakes her by the sleeve, but she does not wake: then he lays his hand upon hers, and it is cold!

Justice Wilvermore goes home. His face is more grave and his voice more compassionate from that day forward. He has repaired the cottages of his labourers; he has liberally given to the poor, he has made many of the old happy and at ease. But ease and happiness are over for him. He has repented, and he humbly hopes that his sin has been forgiven; but in this world he can never be happy, for night after night, both waking and asleep, he must dwell with that visitor who came to him in his dream.

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE IN SELF-DENIAL.

He might have built a palace at a word,
 Who sometimes had not where to lay his head,
 Time was when He who nourish'd crowds with bread
 Would not one meal unto Himself afford:
 Twelve legions girded with angelic sword
 Were at His beck—the scorn'd and buffeted:
 He heal'd another's scratch—His own side bled,
 Side, feet, and hands, with cruel piercings gored.
 O wonderful the wonders left undone!
 And scarce less wonderful than those he wrought:
 Oh self-restraint, passing all human thought,
 To have all pow'r and be as having none:
 Oh self-denying Love which felt alone
 For needs of others—never for its own.

—Trench.

St. Bernard calls holy fear the door-keeper of the soul. As a nobleman's porter stands at the door and keeps out vagrants, so the fear of God stands and keeps all sinful temptation from entering.