

go to her comfortless bed; she rocked herself backward and forward, and thought and thought. Something was lying on her lap; it was a book. Her candle, when it went out, left her still poring over its pages. She folded her hands upon it, and sat like one lost in a waking dream, so deep that neither hunger nor cold could disturb it.

Let us draw near and consider her more attentively. Her features are sharp and thin; two or three tears have dropped down her hollow cheeks; a narrow drift of pure white snow lies along the floor, and reaches nearly to her chair; you may see the moonlight glittering down the chink in the door, through which it drifted; O! east wind; O! white snow, and blue cold moonlight! What different things you are to us and to her! "Let us draw near the fire," *we* say, "and close the curtains, that we may enjoy this cheerful season. Nothing is pleasanter than this brisk, cold weather: it gives us an appetite, and makes exercise delightful!"

What does *she* say? Nothing. What does she think about? Her empty cupboard? No; she is familiar with want and hunger! she seldom has more bread than will last to the end of each day. What then—does she think of the cold? No; she feels it and trembles; but she has felt it often and long.

Does she think what a sad thing it is to live all one's life in the want of all comfort and luxuries? No. Her thoughts are not very distinct, but she does not consciously think of any of these things. She folds her hands over the book; she gradually falls away into a deep sleep, and begins to dream.

What a strange, delightful dream! She thinks that the sun begins to shine; it shines upon the pages of her Bible: it shines into her cottage, and it is all light and warm. She turns her head towards her casement, and what a wonderful sight! The trees are covered with leaves, and the snow has all melted away! Yet in her dream she knows it is winter, and she takes up her Bible, kneels down and begins to pray. She remembers that country where there is no winter, no cold, no hunger; but her longing is not so much to escape from this sorrowful world, as to go to that beloved Redeemer who opened the golden gates of the better country for her.

She dreams that in her prayer she still repeats, "Oh! come Lord Jesus, come quickly!" and that far, far away, she hears a sound like distant footsteps, and they draw gradually near her door.

Yes! they draw near and yet more near. A joy that is indescribable, and never felt before, steals into her heart while she listens to their welcome footsteps. She is afraid; full of wonder and awe, yet joyful: she strains her attention, and still listens; she would not lose one of them.

Hush; they are very near: they stop. Some one calls to her by her name, and knocks at her door.

Then she starts up, and opens her door. She falls down upon her knees and covers her face with her hands. "I am not worthy," she says in her dream, "that thou shouldst come under my roof; but I beseech thee, Lord, since thou hast deigned to visit me, go away from me no more."

Oh! wonderful voice! so sweet, that the remembrance of poverty and sorrow fade away before it. It speaks again to her in her dream;—"Tomorrow," it says, "thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

THIS WAS THE SECOND DREAM.