As I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted on a certain place, where was a den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep, and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold "I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back." I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry; saying, "What shall I do?"