

the religion of the Cross had built the symbols of its presence and power.

Filled with deep emotion, I awaited the return of the peaceful Sabbath ; but the hush and calm after the uproar and thunder of that nameless week never came. This age-honored day of rest, with its tender solemnities and memories, had utterly vanished. The huge machinery of the world was driven onward, and its ponderous, pitiless wheels were kept in motion by forces which knew no worship and recognized in man no spiritual need.

I asked for a Bible, but though over two hundred million copies had been put in circulation in more than three hundred languages, and were in existence the day before that sudden shrinking out of sight of all Christian things, not a single copy of the blessed Book could be found in any home or library of the world. The Book of books was no more. Men in trouble, baffled by bewildering mysteries and crushed by the terrible experiences of life, asked for the Christian message ; but a strange silence, or the touching echoes of men's wailing cries, alone came back to them in that hour of sore distress and deepening despair.

The splendid libraries of the world had become a shapeless, hopeless wreck ; millions upon millions of books had disappeared from their shelves and countless volumes which remained were left in such a state of incompleteness as to become utterly unintelligible, all Christian sentiments, references, ideas, characters, facts, influences, and names, having vanished in that memorable but terrible night.

I found myself also in an almost songless world. The inspiring hymns of the Christian ages were all gone, the grand creations of the great composers were no longer upon the earth ; all these were among the things that were no more, and a strange, sad silence reigned instead of the glad strains that had filled innumerable churches and homes in the brighter and happier days.

When the various palaces of art, where had been treasured the celebrated paintings whose fame had filled the world, were searched, not a single picture inspired by Christian thought could be found in all the galleries and halls of the world : they, too, had joined the great procession of departed riches during that dark and tragic night. "Show me," I cried, in those hours of strange disaster, "the thousands of institutions where pain found a shelter and the various forms of human anguish had in other days secured sympathy and aid !" when I found, to my dismay, that the vast beneficent hospital system