

We might follow the ship on her fatal voyage. She has gone, never to return again, and over her fate the great black pall of mystery will hang, never to be raised, until the sea shall give up its dead, and the mysteries that lie hid in the great depths shall be revealed. When I stand at the railroad station and hear that oft-repeated summons, "all aboard," I cannot help thinking of that train which runs daily between this world and eternity. Often as I watch the excitement which attends the departure, as I note the eagerness evinced by many for the final start, or the murmurings of some at the unexpected delay, I can't banish the thought that there may be more than one on that train who has taken his passage for eternity. And as I watch the white curling smoke, wreathing itself around the flying train, it reminds me of the white winged messenger of death, who ever follows in the track of mortality. Ah—that train may carry many through the valley of death. When the whistle blows, it will be to break up for no earthly station, but for eternity. When the fare is collected, it will be by the conductor of all trains, and what a collection that will be, not for an hour, a day, or a year's ride, but for a lifetime. How many will find themselves unable to pay the account. The rich man, who started with boundless wealth at his control, will beg for an extension, but on that train there is no credit given, all "promises to pay" will be as idle as the wind, the great "Banker of the universe" will demand, not gold and silver—but that heavenly treasure, without which the rich man becomes poor; and with it, the poor man rich.

PRAYER AND ACTION.

Prayer is at all times wise and just; blessed for the light that it brings, and for the strength that it supplies of recruits. But prayer is not to be accepted always as being alone the whole of our duty; still less, when it is substituted for the requisite action, or blinks the acknowledgment and the abandonment of some great wrong. Joshua's prayer, under such circumstances, while the sin of Achan lay unquestioned, met only the prompt, stern rebuke of Jehovah: "Get thee up; wherefore liest thou thus on thy face?" The wedge must be unearthed and restored before the camp could have peace, or the Lord God, Captain of the Host of Israel, condescend to be the Hearer of Prayer.

DR. WAYLAND ON CLASS-MEETINGS.

We can do what others are doing. The Methodist class-meeting is an institution specially designed to gather together the scattered members of that communion into an organization that shall be the nucleus of a church. It is an admirable system, and has been of infinite service in developing ministerial talent, and extending the cause of Methodism in our country. It has done much more than this. In ten thousand instances it has kept alive the flame of piety where it would otherwise have been extinguished, and trained up thousands and tens of thousands for the Heavenly Jerusalem. We do not need the name, or the form, but may we not have the essential thing with all its attendant benefits?"

THEY ARE ALL NEEDED.

There are some very good people who will not sustain this or that benevolent enterprise of the church, because they regard it as less important than some other. They will not do anything for foreign missions, because they think our own country should

first be evangelized. Such Christians would do well to imitate the skilful mariner, whose ship the fierce winds are dashing on a lee-shore. He lets go all anchors. If the kedge will not hold the best power may. If both these fail the sheet-anchor may arrest the drifting vessel. If no one of these alone will suffice they all together may save his life. So it is with the benevolent enterprises of our church. They are all needed. They brace and stay each other in the great work of arresting souls drifting to ruin, and anchoring them safe by the throne of God. Each may be instrumental in saving some who would be lost if it were wanting.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

A venerable minister, in New Hampshire, lodging at the house of a pious friend, observed the mother teach some short prayers and hymns to her children. "Madam," said he, "your instructions may be of far more importance than you are aware; my mother taught me a little hymn when a child, and it is of use to me to this day, I never close my eyes to rest, without first saying,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep:
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The mere catalogue of the immense library of the British Museum is contained in two hundred folio volumes. In a remote antiquity, we read of a library which at least contained seven hundred thousand volumes. But never was the accumulation of books more rapid than it is in our day; and the art of printing has put it beyond the torch of war, or the incendiary, ever to rob science or literature of any truly valuable contribution. In Germany alone, it is estimated that there are about fifty thousand who have written one or more books. The catalogue of the Leipzig half-yearly book-fair contains the names of more than a thousand German authors. "According to a moderate calculation," says Menzee, "ten millions of volumes are annually printed. Should the number increase at the rate it has hitherto done, the time will soon come, when a catalogue of ancient and modern German authors will contain more names than there are living readers. In the year 1816, there were published, for the first time, above four thousand; in 1822, for the first time, above four thousand; in 1827, for the first time, above five thousand; in 1832, for the first time, above six thousand; and in 1837, nearly eight thousand. In 1854 the number of books printed exceeded ten thousand." So much for German Literature from Menzee. "A catalogue of the books published in Great Britain from 1814 to 1846, which contains only the titles of the new works, and new editions of old ones, makes a closely-printed volume of five hundred and forty-two pages."

"What can the scholars of coming ages do, as the domain of human knowledge indefinitely widens, and the creations of human genius indefinitely multiply? They may know more, and with greater accuracy than their less favored predecessors; nevertheless, their knowledge must bear a continually diminishing ratio to the sum of human literature and science; they must traverse a smaller and smaller segment of the ever widening circle. Nay, it may well be that the accumulations of even one science (chemistry or astronomy, for instance) may be too vast for one brief life to master."—Macdonald's *Ecclesiastes*.