

that thing may be, or, which is worse, if the day is devoted to work, as too many railways in the United States demand, then the study and imitation of Christ virtually ceases, and when this ceases what begins? Well, just this very thing that has startled the country, viz.: violence, riot, ruin, fires, murders by railroad employees and others who, deprived of the Sabbath, have ceased to imitate Christ, and ceasing to imitate Christ have taken, as is always the case, energetically to imitating the Devil!

Hugh Miller, in 1843, when the question of Sabbath traffic was agitated in Scotland, delineated the possibilities of the future if the traffic was allowed, in appalling hues. How strange that a generation after the "*Vision of the Railroad*" was penned by this far-seeing man, the awful picture therein foreshadowed should come so near literal realization in another land. Here is what the dreamer saw:—

"It seemed as if years had passed—many years. I had an indistinct recollection of scenes of terror and of suffering—of the shouts of maddened multitudes engaged in frightful warfare—of the cries of famishing women and children, of streets and lanes flooded with blood, of raging flames enwrapping whole villages in terrible ruin, of the flashing of arms and the roaring of artillery, but all was dimness and confusion. . . . *The railway, I said, is keeping its Sabbath.* . . . Half-buried in furze and sloe-thorn there rested on the rails what had been a train of carriages—the engine ahead scattered in fragments, and damp, and mold, and rottenness had done their work on the vehicles behind. The scene bore all too palpably the marks of violence and bloodshed. There was an open space in front where the shattered fragments of the engine lay scattered; and here the rails had been torn up with violence, and there stretched across, breast-high, a rudely piled rampart of stone. A human skeleton lay atop whitened by the winds; there was a broken pike beside it, and stuck fast in the naked skull which had rolled to the bottom of the rampart the fragment of a naked sword. The space behind resembled the floor of a Charnel house—bindweed and ground ivy matted over heaps of bones, and on the top of the largest heap of all a skull seemed as if grinning at the sky amid the tattered fragments of a cap of liberty."

The introduction of the "*pike*," and "*the cap of liberty*," indicates that Miller looked on communism as the fatal error into which the working classes (he knew them well,) would run as soon as they were divorced from Christ and the Sabbath. And of this thing there can be no doubt, that it is to incipient communism, latent yet and only groping into power here, that the railway strike of last July owes its fierce, bloody, and devilish character so strongly, re-