

deeper significance of human existence were terms largely emptied of the meaning with which they had been charged by the Gospel of the Son of God. Grim shadows had suddenly fallen upon the colossal graves in which were buried objects distinctly Christian, and they wrapped their gloomy folds over many other interests affecting human society and human life.

Great ideals had perished, noble influences were dead, bright hopes ceased to sing in countless hearts of happier days to come; and over tens of thousands of the dying there spread the pall of a great despair.

It seemed to me that out of the past eighteen hundred years, all that had been done in Christ's name and by Christ's spirit, and truth, and power, had also passed away; and behold, the brightest things of time, the redeeming forces and influences had all gone out in that momentous shock of which I have spoken. The march of the centuries had been reversed by the movements of those memorable midnight hours, and I found myself looking upon an age and world from which had disappeared the highest organizations, interpretations, examples, consolations, hopes, songs, joys and grand substantial facts of history. It was a Christless world that lay spread out before me, marked by myriads of hopeless ruins, and bereft of that which had been its glory and its crown; and as the great moral darkness crept over me I seemed to hear a voice full of deep solemnity and a pathos which words cannot describe, crying out: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

Dear reader, this was a dream, and yet it is vastly more than a dream; for let men say what they will about the place and power of Christianity in our world to-day, and of its slow progress in human affairs, if that Christian system should be displaced and entirely removed to-morrow from the world, and be no more, instead of our picture being in any sense overdrawn, it would be found to be an understatement of the results which would inevitably follow its removal from the earth. The hold of the Gospel is deep and strong upon the age and world of to-day, and unbelief has undertaken a gigantic task when it attempts to urseat this divine and beneficent power.

SACKVILLE, N.B.

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CHIME out, O joyful bells!  
All worldly discords drown!  
Yield up your green, O trees!  
To make a Christmas crown!

Give up your best, O earth,  
Make room, O human heart,  
That He who comes this day  
May nevermore depart.