

of its presence and power. In London, New York, and ten thousand other centres of human life not a single Christian temple or home could be found.

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

I asked for a Bible, but though over two hundred million copies had been put into circulation, in more than three hundred languages, and were in existence the day before that sudden sinking 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 were all that came back to them in that hour of sore distress and deepening despair.

The splendid libraries of the world were 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, all were among the things that were no more, and a strange, sad silence reigned where glad strains had filled innumerable churches and homes in the brighter and happier days.

When the various palaces of art, where had been the celebrated paintings whose fame had filled the world, were searched, not a single picture inspired by Christian truth could be found; they, too, had joined the great procession of departed treasures during that dark and tragic night.

Show me, I cried, in those hours of strange disaster, the thousands of institutions where pain had found a shelter, and the various forms of human anguish had in other times secured a couch upon which to lean their weary heads; and to my surprise and dismay, I found that the vast, beneficent hospital system of the world had sunk