

3rd Class.—Those who are not only *unsaved*, but *totally indifferent about it*.

Again I repeat my question—"Which class are you travelling?" Oh, the madness of *indifference*, when eternal issues are at stake! A short time since, a man came rushing into the railway station at Leicester, and while scarcely able to gasp for breath he took his seat in one of the carriages just on the point of starting.

"You've run it fine," said a fellow-passenger. "Yes," replied he, breathing heavily after every two or three words, "but I've saved *four hours*, and that's *well worth running for*."

"Saved four hours!" I couldn't help repeating to myself—"four hours well worth that earnest struggle! What of eternity? What of eternity?" Yet are there not thousands of shrewd, far-seeing men to-day, who look sharply enough after their own interests in this life, but

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