

crucified and risen Saviour—has achieved the same victory for us. At the trumpet's summons in the last and terrible day of judgment, "the sleepers of a thousand years" will start forth to "meet the Lord in the air;" those who have fallen asleep in Jesus," will rise to the life immortal. They, when that last and piercing summons shall rend the rocks of earth and the caverns of the sea, will start up from the slumber of the tomb, and unhurt by the flames of a dissolving world, will be invested with new and undecaying bodies. To their eyes the sight of the burning universe will bring no terror—the shrieks of the guilty perishing will appal not their hearts. The only sight to engage their entranced vision is the dazzling cloud on which their dear Redeemer sits enthroned,—the only sound to charm their ravished ears will be this, their Saviour's welcome, "Come, ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world." And then they soar away to blessedness eternal; unfading crowns enwreath their brows, and their hands are graced with golden harps; the song of redemption rises from their thankful lips in unending strain; no taint of corruption can mar the pureness of their bliss; neither decay nor change can affect the eternity of their joy.