

is a summons. Death is a lightning flash. "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound."

You stand by the couch of a dying friend. One moment here is alive. The next moment he is gone. What has happened? That has been the question of all the years. The head asks: "What is truth?" But love asks: "What is death?" In the Catacombs of Rome we find two answers. Pagan inscriptions stand in contrast with Christian inscriptions. Thus read the inscriptions which are pagan: "Remember that thou art dust!" . . . "While I lived, I lived well. My drama is ended. Soon yours will be. Applaud me. Farewell!" . . . "I, Bo-copé, do lift up my hands against the gods who snatched away my innocent child!" . . . Hark to the pagan lover's lament in grief for his loved one: "Farewell, most sweet, forever and forever, farewell!"

The Egyptians believed that the soul was imperishable and would return and repossess the body of its earthly mortality. This was one step in advance of the blind unbelief of the pagan world, but in the New Testament we have a grander revelation than that of Egypt or Rome. This is a faith which outshines the glory of obelisk and pyramid and sheds a golden light over the gloom of catacomb and cemetery. That faith declares that the soul survives. The soul is conqueror over death. The soul sleeps not. The soul is death-proof. No poverty can degrade it. No slander can defame it. No fire can consume it. No frost can wither it. No labor can enfeeble it. No work can weary it. No toil can tire it.

Born into beauty. Born into bloom.  
Victor immortal o'er death and the tomb!

Heaven will be instantaneous. "In a moment." "In the twinkling of an eye." The soul never sleeps, never rests, never stops, never waits, never lingers, never hesitates—the soul is a piece of radium which sparkles forever. Whether in the body or out of it, the soul is alive. "The sleep of the dead" is a myth. There are no sleeping souls. Neither on the earth or under the earth, or in the sea, or in heaven, or in hell, or in any region between heaven and hell. The soul wears out the body but the body never wears out the soul. The soul never gets weary, or tired, or exhausted or sick. To the Christian sudden death means sudden glory. Absent from the body, present with the Lord. Lady Jane Grey, when she heard that the execution of herself and her husband would be in separate rooms, but at the same moment, sent a message to her husband in these words: "Cheer