

SERMON.

"I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH."—Job xix. 25.

"I believe in the resurrection of the body." Who can refuse to believe in this article of the Christian Faith, after the recorded, attested Miracles of Easter. Heathens in their blindness may regard the earthly house of this tabernacle as a perishable tenement, which, once dissolved, was dissolved eternally. But they know not the triumphs of Jesus Christ,—they have not learned the history of Him that liveth and was dead, and is alive for evermore,—in their dark calendar there is no glorious Easter-tide,—in their comfortless theology there is no resurrection of their dead,—to them, as yet, has not been revealed one whom they may call Saviour—a Saviour who having died, continued not in death, and of whom we, with Job can joyously exclaim, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." They know not of a mighty Being, who investing Himself in our mortal flesh, lived our life, suffered our pains, died our death, and then to justify our souls, and prove the imperishable destiny of our whole being, rose again.

But the Christian who would wish to discredit the resurrection of the dead, disgraces his title to immortality. He who hopes that his soul may sleep eternally, and his body be buried in the unending dishonor of corruption, allies himself in spirit to the brutes that perish. For man's immortality is a priceless treasure,—man's hope of eternal life an invaluable heritage.