

should death be your lot, you will be ready for that also. He who is prepared for the archangel's voice, the trumpet of judgment, will not be found unprepared if the summons come in a gentler tone. If you can meet Christ amid the thunders and flames of an expiring world, you will be able joyfully to meet Christ should he come to you in the quiet chamber, where soft hands smooth the pillow and wipe away nature's last bitter tear. Clothed upon or unclothed, Christ will be your sure defence.

"That mortality might be swallowed up of life." We can only see one side of a Christian's death—the setting on earth, the expiring breath, the vanishing life, the still cool chamber. We cannot see the rising on the other side—the angel convoy, Heaven's open gate, the Saviour's welcome of the rapt spirit. Yet none the less is it real. Death to the Christian is a birth into life—a life more sweet, more calm, more pure than could be realized on earth. Nor is the body forgotten. In the quiet cemetery we lay the dead one. "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes." The world in its pleasure and business sweeps by and thinks not of the sleepers lying there. But God forgets not. Over the side of the ships at sea the dead form plunges, and it sinks to rest in the depths below. The ships sail merrily on, and few dream of the silent sleepers far, far below. But God forgets them not. Marble vault and crypt do not more sacredly guard the remains of royalty than do the deep, deep sea and the dark cold earth cherish the dust of God's faithful ones. So, mourner, dry thy tears. The devourer shall be devoured. The resurrection shall restore to you all that death snatched away. And then, oh! joyous hope, "death shall be swallowed up of life."

Just for a moment consider the succeeding verse: "Now He that hath wrought us for the self-same