

ture to relieve the sadness of the scene. There was not a single thing to indicate that one ray of hope had pierced the gloom of the mourner's heart. One almost fancied, as he looked at it, that he heard the shriek of the despairing widow, "*Vale! vale! Eternum vale!*"—"Farewell, farewell; eternal farewell." Thank God, the Christ has come since then. Yes, our Saviour, Jesus Christ, has brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel. He went into the grave and passed out at the farther end, leaving the door there for ever open; and so that which to the pagan was a dreary cave with no possible outlet, is for us and for our loved ones only a tunnel through which we pass to glory, changing the mortal for the immortal, the corruptible for the incorruptible, on the way.

"I know that my Redeemer lives;
What comfort this assurance gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my ever-living Head.

"He lives, triumphant from the grave,
He lives eternally to save,
He lives all glorious in the sky,
He lives exalted there on high.

"He lives, all glory to His name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
Oh the sweet joy the assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!"

In the volume of revelation, this doctrine has a conspicuous place, and appears even amid the shadows of the patriarchal dispensation. The translation of Enoch was a glorification of man's whole nature, and a confirmation of a truth which had probably a place in the earliest revelation given to man. Job, though a Gentile by birth, and probably a contemporary with