

Another fact is the reality of the Army of the living God.

"One Army of the living God

"To His command we bow,

"Part of the host have crossed the flood

"And part are crossing now."

One army, one unbroken host, stretching from us as we move in the rear-ward; on, on—in phalanx after phalanx into Eternity; the present ever furnishing its sure contingent to those preceding, whilst they, as real as we are, move ever onward toward the throne of God, re-echoing through millions the text "O Death where is thy sting, O Grave where is thy Victory."

Such is the unquestioned teaching of the word of God, such is the hope of God's Church. That which is beyond is as real as here, more lasting because Eternal, less sad because sinless. But life in its superb majesty is there, human nature as God would have it be, is there; living men and women capable of noblest deeds are there, the vast multitude which no man could number of all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues are there. "All the Saints" that are saved, with "all the Saints" that are being saved thronging behind, saved through the blood of Christ, safe harbored or making towards being harbored in the Home of God.

For without break of rank, backward into time and forward into eternity stretches this great army. Sickness is in their rear, and death; but the dead are carried by Angels into the forward rank, whilst behind in the hard world of time, and to-day with ranks unbroken and pressing onward, are the men and women of this life—none the less Saints of God if Christ be their hope. Here, is contest, and struggle and trial, here the tears and griefs and sorrows, here the advance and charge and attack and repulse, here the battle that in some sense never ceases to rage; whilst Victory after Victory is gained as the giant host presses onward fast, in the rear of those who are crowned as Victors. One Army, the only difference being that we are militant and striving, while they are at rest and crowned—but living men and women here, and living men and women there—one army.

Wise was the Church to keep this thought before us in the service for All Saints day. For there is strength in the thought, that if