

"Such are the hopes that cheer the just ;
These hopes their God hath given ;
His spirit is the earnest now,
And seals their souls for Heav'n.

"We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith grounded on His word ;
But while this body is our home,
"We mourn an absent Lord."

LET US CONSIDER THE CHRISTIAN'S PRESENT RESIDENCE. "This Tabernacle," or, as amplified in the first verse, "the earthly house of this tabernacle." *It is his physical structure.* The mind occupies the body. Holy Writ often speaks of the body as the soul's residence. For the body is to the soul what the dwelling is to the tenant. For the soul the body was first created, and in all its marvellous arrangements is adapted to the tenant within—to its will, its imagination, its memory. The eyes—the windows of the soul, while the eyelids, ever rising, ever falling, keep the living windows clean. The ears—like open porches, taking in the world's babbling speech. The hands—those versatile workers that build or plough, that paint or write, as the implement is put into their grasp. The tongue—the eloquent ambassador to tell forth the beating thoughts within. "The ivory palace of the skull"—where the soul makes her central abode. And this fabric—so "fearfully and wonderfully made"—is *not* the man, but the house in which the man dwells. Do what we will, we cannot save the tenement, but the tenant may be saved. Therefore does Christ meet every man in the pathway of this world with the startling question, "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The *soul* is the man. Trite as the remark may appear, how many live as though