

the converse were true—that the body was the man! Their profession or business is not a sacred stewardship; it is a busy toil to supply the body's wants, nothing more. To the adornment of the body hours are devoted. At the least touch of pain the physician is summoned. When death approaches, directions are given as to the body's final resting place, whilst the deeper craving, and the keener pain, and the loftier destiny of the soul within, are unheeded and forgotten. I repeat it: the soul is the man. The body has no power to shape and mould your eternal future; the soul has the power. Cherish and shield it as you may, the body will die; the soul never dies. And though the body shall on the resurrection morning be restored, the soul will determine its character and destiny. What your soul is, your body will be forever.

*This house is earthly.* It is formed from the earth and drags the spirit, its tenant, down to the earth. Wonderful as is the architecture, the materials are but dust. From the earth the body first sprung; by the earth it is now sustained; to the earth it shall one day return. For the earth it is adapted: to engage in its pursuits, to perform its duties, to share its joys. Nowhere else in the universe, probably, can such a body be found. Not in Heaven; for the rush of glory and light would overpower its frail faculties. Not in hell, for what of dignity or beauty distinguish it now will have no existence there. It is an earthly house, and when the soul leaves the earth, the house is left behind. By the inclination we feel to the things of sense, we perceive that our body draws our spirit down to sublunary objects. "My soul cleaveth unto the dust: quicken thou me according to thy word." "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the