

IS MORTAL MAN IMMORTAL ?

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JOB XIV. 1-15.
—

——Man of woman born ;
Few are his days, and full of restlessness.
He comes forth like a flower, and is mown down ;
Flees like a passing shadow—makes no stay. -
On such a being openest thou thine eye,
To bring me into judgment with thyself?
O could there come one pure from the impure !

But there is no such one.
If now his days are all decreed,
And fixed the number of his months by thee ;
If thou hast set a bound he cannot pass ;
Then turn away from him and let him rest,
Till like a hireling he enjoy his day.

For a tree there still is hope.
Cut down, it springs again ;
Nor do its suckers fail.
Though in the earth its roots be old,
Its stump all dead and (buried) in the dust ;
From waters inhalation will it bud,
And send forth shoots like a new planted stem.
But man—he dies and fallen wastes away ;
Man draws his parting breath, and where is he ?
As fail the waters from the sea :
As wastes the flood and drieth up,—
So man lies down to rise no more ;
Until the heavens be gone, they ne'er awake,
Nor start them from their sleep.

(*A brief pause.*)

O that in Sheol thou would'st lay me up ;
That thou would'st hide me till thy wrath shall turn,—
Set me a time, and then remember me.

(*A musing silence.*)

Ah, is it so ? When man dies, does he live again ?
Then all the days appointed me I'll wait,
Till my reviving come.
Then thou wilt call, and I will answer thee ;
For thou wilt yearn towards thy handy work.