

Job's Query.

Four thousand years ago Job asked the question, "If a man die shall he live again?" He was, no doubt, intensely interested in the question of life and death, but especially in the future of man beyond this life. He looked upon this present life as revealed in his own experience, and thought, no doubt, like Paul, that "if in this life only we have hope we are of all men the most miserable."

Job's affliction, no doubt, had much to do in leading him to reflect for the future life, so it has ever been with man, affliction, sorrow and bereavement are often the means in the providence of God to lead us to contemplate on our soul's eternal welfare.

Job, in the belief that he was going to die, was anxious about his future, in this he is like all others of his kind. Men often feel no particular interest about their future until they are brought face to face with death, then they often begin to cry out, "If a man die shall he live again?" It is safe to say that no more important question was ever propounded by a son of Adam's race. We may realize the importance of it, if we will remember that in the solution of it is involved the destiny of the human race.

There is an innate desire in man to live again. The query of Job is only the outward manifestation of that longing for immortality which we find in the bosom of every man. But this desire is not sufficient proof of the fact that man shall live again. It was the desire of Job that prompted him to make the inquiry, but that desire was not satisfactory evidence of the fact that he should live again, hence the question.

When we lay our loved ones away in the cold earth, then it is that we feel the importance of this question. We look upon the deathly face for the last time, and the question comes up with redoubled force and significance, "Shall he live again?" "We weave our chaplet of flowers and strew the beauties of nature about the grave," but in all these pleasant memories there is no rest to the troubled soul, for the desire of that soul is to know that these loved ones "shall live again."

Where do we find an answer to this great question? There are but two sources from which we may reasonably expect an answer, if the question is answered from neither of these, then may we safely conclude that it is unanswered at all, and that it is unanswerable, and that all is darkness, so far as our knowledge is concerned in reference to the great problem of the future life. These sources, to which we may look for an answer to this question, are Nature and Revelation.

If there is nothing in nature, and God has not revealed anything which proves the future existence and hopefulness of man, then indeed are our hopes blasted, and we can say with Job that "man cometh forth like a plant and is cut down as the waters fail from the sea and the flood decayeth and drieth up, so man lieth down and riseth not."

sire of mankind to be happy, but we would not argue therefore all men are happy or will be happy. On the other hand we look at man as he is, and we see him to-day in the beauty and strength of his manhood, but to-morrow we see him cut down like the plant; the body decayeth and wasteth away, it returns to its mother dust; and, so far as human wisdom and experience are able to discern, it goes down to death forever. So it is in all animal creation. We find no satisfactory proof of the fact that "if a man die he shall live again."

We turn now to the vegetable kingdom. Is there anything in all vegetable life, from which we might suppose, that there is a life beyond this present state of existence. I look out upon the "beautiful hills" covered with their carpets of green, they seem to be fit emblems of perpetual youth; but alas! in a few short months I look again, and all is changed; that grass has withered, and is dead; that flower that bloomed so beautifully has fallen to the earth to rise no more. I look again at that majestic oak, he has stood the storm of a hundred years, but at last he has yielded to the wreck of time and lies prostrate upon the earth never to rise again. Thus it is in all vegetable life, like that of animal, it is swallowed up in death, leaving no evidence behind of returning to life. Once more I appeal to nature and ask of her "if a man die shall he live again?" The history of all animal and vegetable life, if they say anything, say no.

I turn once more to nature, I appeal to the silent earth, is there anything in this department of nature which says that a man shall live again? Ye men of science who profess to have broken the seals of the book of nature, and to be able to reveal to man the secrets of his past and future history, tell us, if you can, if there is written upon the flinty pages of this earth's history anything that teaches us that "if a man die he shall live again?" The answer comes up from the "rock-ribbed earth," No, there is nothing written upon the rocks which assures the future life of man. The voice of science tell us that other worlds have lived and died and that this one is doomed to destruction.

Thus speaks the united testimony of all nature, and the question of Job stands unanswered. Nature does not answer it, she can not.

There is but one other source to which we can look; if we reject that then may we rest assured that the great problem of the future is unrevealed, and whatever may be our desires, our longings, or our expectations, we go down to the grave without a single ray of light to light up the darkness by which it is surrounded. That other source is revelation. If God has not made known the fact of a future life by a revelation from heaven, then that fact is unknown to the world.

We see at once the position that all those who reject the Bible place themselves in, they reject the only source from which we can expect any light on this great question. And herein we see the great adaptability of the Bible to the needs of man. It becomes his instructor where he needs most some one to instruct. It brings joy to his heart where nothing else can. Where every other friend fails it steps in, his truest and best friend, and brings peace to his troubled soul. It is the only book, it is the only place in the wide world where we find a satisfactory answer to Job's question.

Jesus answered that question when he said to those weeping sisters, "Thy brother shall live again," and he stated the why, when he said, "I am the resurrection and the life, whosoever lives and believes in me shall never die." God showed the how, where he said the same spirit that

raised up Jesus from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies. We conclude then with the thought that the Bible is the only place where we can find a satisfactory answer to Job's question.

E. B. W.

Discontented Teachers.

There appears to be at present a general discontent among the teachers of this country. So, at least, we infer from the tone of communications published in the educational journals. The other day we made a list of the complaints contained in about a dozen of these periodicals.

It is not necessary to mention the chronic complaint of insufficient income, because that is common to the whole human race. We have met with all sorts of people in our pilgrimage through this vale of tears; but we have rarely encountered any one who had quite money enough. Passing this by, we find our teachers complaining of the following things:

1. Their profession, they say, has no prizes. "A soldier can win promotion, as well as glory, and can come at last to be one of the chief personages of his country. A man of business can acquire wealth, and surround his family with elegance and safety. An author can make a "hit," and soar at once into fame and fortune. For the teacher there is no issue, no outlet, no reward. For the few prizes which the profession might claim, the presidentships of colleges, even these are always bestowed upon members of another profession.

2. The teacher has no hold upon his place, and can acquire none, no matter if he is the best teacher in the universe. He is no better off in this respect than a politician, who may at any moment, and without a moment's previous notice, receive a note in a yellow envelope, turning him out of a place he has held twenty years.

3. The teacher is compelled to obey his inferiors. The average member of a school committee, say our educational journals, is not equal in knowledge and capacity to the average teacher. This assertion might be questioned; but probably, the average school committee does not know as much about teaching as the teachers whom they elect, direct and dismiss.

4. Holding his place at the mercy of the school committee, the teacher cannot speak his mind freely even on subjects relating to the management of the school. He must please, he must flatter them by acquiescence. He can be sincere, direct and wise, only at the risk of his position.

5. He has no standing in the community. Or, as one of our journals has it, "In a small village he is a man of some importance, but in a large city, the teacher has virtually no social standing."

These are the principal complaints, and there is some cause for them, except perhaps, the last. If there is any circle in any city where a good teacher would not be held in honor both for his own and his profession's sake, the discredit belongs to the circle, not to the teacher.

Our great lack is a better organization of the whole teaching service, so as to keep out the incompetent, and to enable the competent to gain due promotion and reasonable emolument. Either this will be done, or the common school system will gradually decline into inefficiency.

In an ideal State, teachers would constitute an order of nobility, and would consist of the very choice of the inhabitants. The chief business of each generation is to rear and educate the next, and civilization progresses when the best of the present generation does the greater part of the work for the next. How to bring the best minds to bear upon the mass of mind—that is the sublime problem of republican statesmanship.

So many of our readers expect to become teachers, that they may as well begin to think of these things.—Companion.

Don't Worry.

How shall I prevent it?

There is no panacea for worry; the disease is various and the remedies are various. Sometimes the difficulty is physical. It is a brain disease. If a physician could feel your pulse, he would tell you you were a little feverish. Your head is hot; your brain overexcited; perhaps your digestion impaired; at all events, your nervous system exhausted. You need a chance to recuperate. Thinking, even praying, which is sometimes the most stimulating form of thought, only aggravates the trouble. Go to sleep; get a good night's rest; and in the morning the worries will have gone where the black flies go when cold nights come—nobody can guess where.

But perhaps you cannot sleep. Sleeplessness is always a dangerous symptom of a dangerous disease. The trouble is not merely with the brain, or with the digestion; it is with the circulation. Your blood is sluggish; your nervous system is used up; your muscular system has had little or no employment. Then do something to tire the muscles and start the blood. Do not fall into the delusive snare of "gentle exercise;" that is admissible only for invalids. Whatsoever you do, do it with all your might. Take a tramp on the hills; saw wood; ride on horseback; give fifteen minutes to an Indian club or a pair of not-too-heavy dumb-bells; run; jump; dig in the garden; anything to exert your body and stop the exertion of your mind, to set your muscles into exercise and give your nerves a rest. Get into a glow and perspiration, and make yourself feel thoroughly, healthy tired. Then take a bath, get on clean, dry clothes, eat a light meal with a good appetite, and go to bed; and, ten chances to one you will go to sleep.

The cause may be more intellectual than physical. The mind sometimes gets running in a certain groove and it cannot lift itself out of its groove. It thinks the same thing over and over again; trots round and round in the same dry, dusty course; meets the same question, balances again and again the same question, balances again the same arguments pro and con, comes to the same decision—or indecision—and then begins once more. This is one of the uses of fiction; of society; of games; of the home circle. Every man must find his own intellectual pastime; that is best for him which most effectually breaks up the stupid eddy of his thoughts and allows them to resume their onward current. With one man it is a book; with another children; with a third a good horse; with a fourth a social game; with a fifth music. Blessed is the man whose home gives him such employment as to turn the current of his thoughts into new channels; whose wife knows how to make the cares of the household and children a sweet intrusion, who is wise enough never to bring the perplexities of home business up for evening discussion after a hard and wearisome day, and is yet wise enough to use the home perplexities to drive other and greater cares away; blessed is the man who has learned how to enter into his children's worries and make them his own, and in making them his own to find relief from the greater cares of the shop and the counting room.

But the causes of worry are not always physical; they are sometimes spiritual. Worry is sometimes a mild form of remorse. You have done wrong; the memory of it rankles; you cannot get rid of the rankling. An unconfessed wrong is like a splinter in the flesh; it festers, and the only remedy for the festering is to take the splinter out. Nothing but repentance and confession can do that. Confess to God; confess to the individual you have wronged; repair the

wrong as in you lies; and thank God that he has given you a conscience that will let you have no peace while you are transgressing.

The cause may be still deeper. We worry when we are bent on having our own way and fear lest we shall not; we cease to worry when it becomes our habitual and supreme wish that another shall have his way; when we learn to pray without ceasing, "Thy will, not mine be done." The child worries because he is bent on the picnic, and he fears the gathering clouds mean rain; and the man worries because his heart is set on preserving his commercial honor and the impending crisis threatens bankruptcy; the mother worries because she wishes to decide whether her sick child shall live or die, and the decision is not left to her. The remedy for this worry is to have no will but God's will; to wish nothing but that his kingdom should come and his will be done. It is for the child to learn, I am God's child, and he knows best when it should rain; it is for the man to learn, I am God's agent, and he knows whether I can serve him best by success or bankruptcy; it is for the mother to realize that God alone is wise enough to know whether life or death is best, and to be able to thank God that he leaves not the responsibility of choosing to her.

Rest, recreation, confession, consecration—these are the four recipes for worry.—Christian Union.

How He Used His "Pi."

In his youth Sir Richard Phillips edited and published a paper at Leicester, England, called the Herald. One day an article appeared in it headed "Dutch Mail," and added to it was an announcement that it had arrived too late for translation, and been set up and printed in the original. This wondrous article drove half England crazy, and for years the best Dutch scholars squabbled and pored over it without being able to arrive at any idea at what it meant.

The famous "Dutch Mail" was in reality merely a column of "pi."

"Pi," it may as well be explained, is a jumble of odd letters gathered up and set on end so as to save their faces from being scraped, to be distributed at the leisure of the printers in their proper places. Some letters are up side down, often ten or more consonants or as many vowels come together, and the whole is peppered with punctuations, dashes, and so on, till it might pass for poetry by a lunatic Choctaw. The story Sir Richard tells of the particular "pi," he had had a hand in it is this:—

One evening, before one of our publications, my men and a boy overturned two or three columns of the paper in type. We had to get ready some way for the coaches, which at four in the morning required 400 or 500 papers. After every exertion we were short nearly a column, but there stood a tempting column of "pi," on the galleys. It suddenly struck me that this might be thought Dutch. I made up the column, overcame the scruples of the foreman, and so away the country edition went, with its philological puzzle to worry the honest agricultural readers' head. There was plenty of time to set up a column of plain English for the local edition.

Sir Richard tells of one man whom he met in Nottingham who for thirty years preserved a copy of the Leicester Herald, hoping that some day the letter would be explained.—Ec.

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