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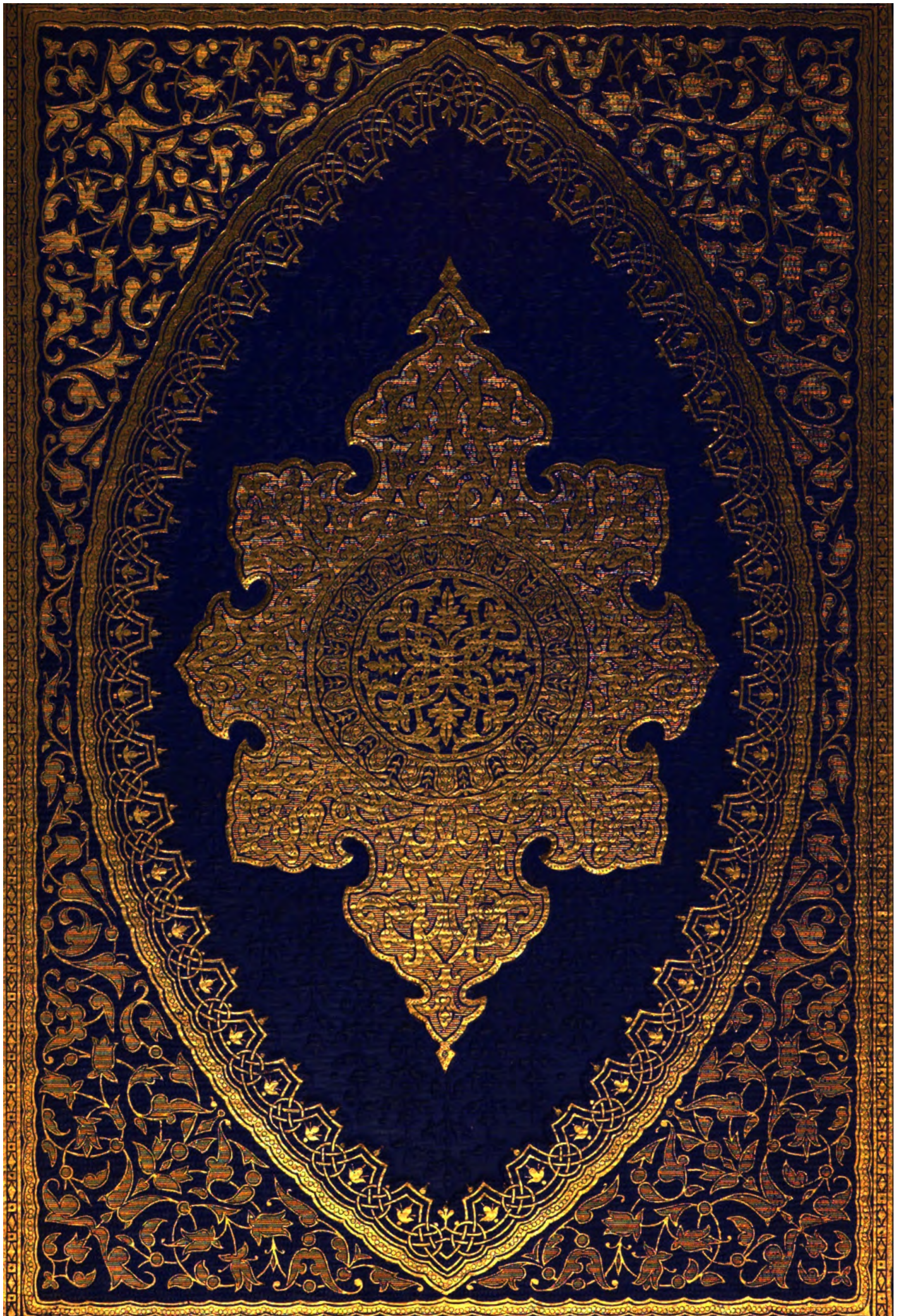
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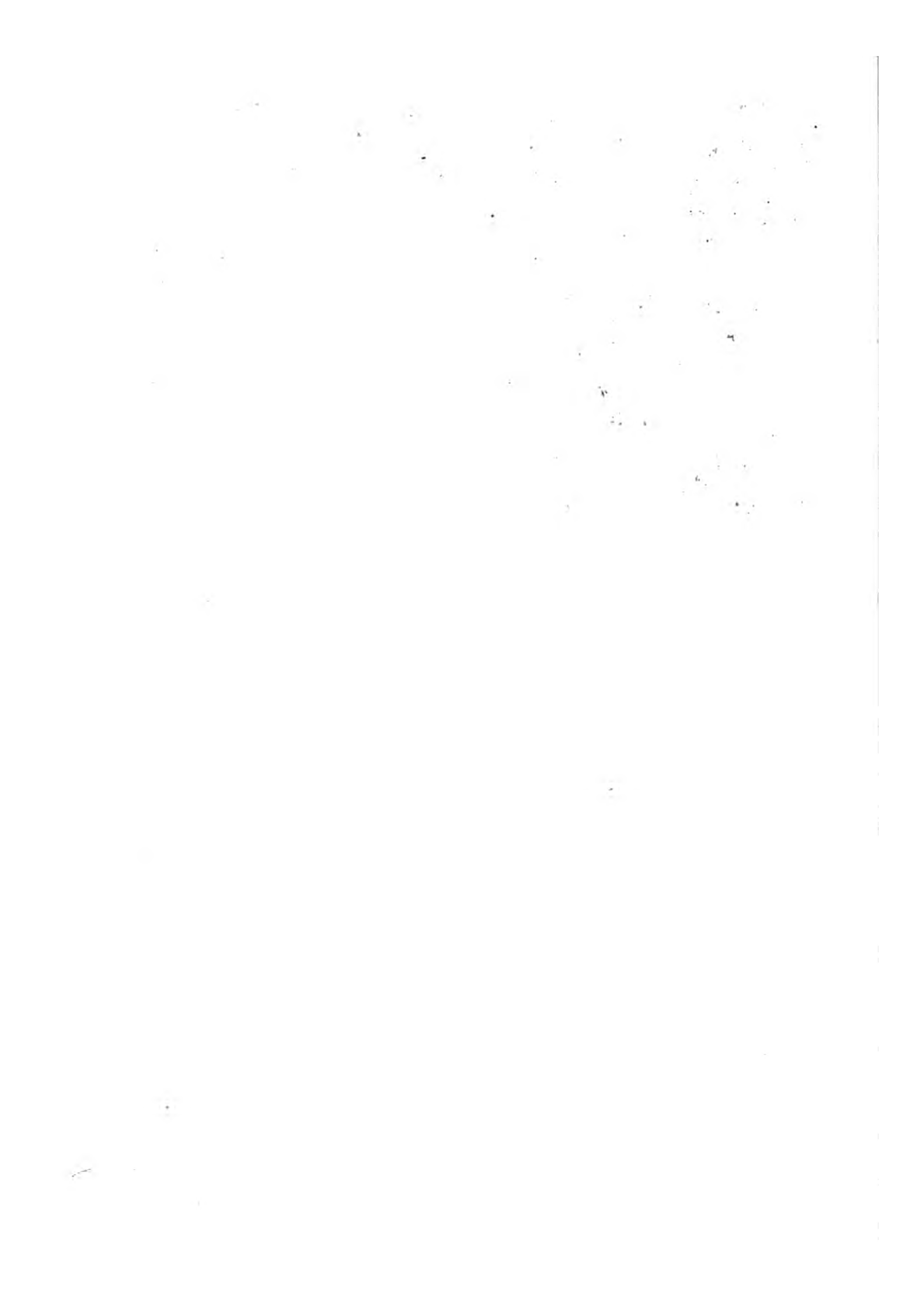


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THE BOOK OF JOB

THE
BOOK OF JOB

ILLUSTRATED

WITH FIFTY ENGRAVINGS FROM DRAWINGS

BY JOHN GILBERT,

AND WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES & POETICAL PARALLELS.



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P R E F A C E.



IN some respects, the **BOOK OF JOB** is one of the most interesting portions of Scripture. It is the oldest poem in the world, and it is perhaps the oldest book in the Bible. It is farther remarkable, inasmuch as its hero (to use the language of literature) is not a Hebrew, and its locality is not the Holy Land. It carries us back to a state of things earlier than the Jewish economy, and it gives us a glimpse of that patriarchal piety which was preserved in the ark, and of which specimens lingered as late as the days of Melchizedek.

But it is not only on account of its antiquity, its antecedence to the Ceremonial Institute, and its patriarchal catholicity, that the **Book of Job** claims our special regard. It grapples with the gravest and most awful questions

which affect our mysterious humanity, and it exhibits many of the perfections of the Most High in a light which at once overwhelms the gainsayer and elevates the worshipper. Sin, Atonement, Acceptance with God, Suffering, Death, Satanic Agency, the Divine Benevolence, are all more or less illustrated in its comprehensive theology; and, whilst the elegiac strain by which it is pervaded must evermore give it a powerful hold on human sympathies in this world of sorrow, few books are better fitted to teach the reader humility, resignation, compassion, and trust in Providence.

At the same time it possesses an unusual amount of incidental attractions. It gives us a specimen of the way men thought and reasoned when the world was young and when lives were long.* It throws not a little light on primitive manners; and, if it cannot be called a history of inventions, it shews us at least how very ancient are writing and book-making, music, the military art, mining and working in metals, the manufacture of wine, the naming of the stars. It sets before us pictures wonderfully vivid of the husbandman, the warrior, the traveller, the sportsman, the stately magnate, and the starving outcast of that departed

* Job's own life could hardly be shorter than two centuries. See the close of the Book.

era. And, not to mention that it contains some of the most magnificent descriptions of natural objects and phenomena to be found in any language, we must search its page in order to find the earliest forms of those sublime and beautiful images which delight us in the poets of our own day, and in which Job anticipated by many ages Homer, Pindar, and Sophocles.

We are not without the hope that some may be induced to read in the present edition this most ancient of poems, who have never yet given it what it so eminently demands, and will so richly repay—a continuous perusal. We have preferred retaining that time-hallowed translation, which is so endeared to the fifty millions of the English-speaking world; but where subsequent research has brought out any important error in that version, or any special force in the original, we have added it in the Notes at the end.

These Notes also contain occasional specimens of the renderings which have been attempted by the bards of our own and other lands, and a few of those poetical parallels, to which every reader of taste will be able to make numberless additions. To our younger readers, especially, we would recommend it as a pleasant and instructive exercise, in their excursions through the fields of modern poetry, whether British or Continental, to take with them

as a companion such a book as Job, Ecclesiastes, or the Psalms. They will detect many curious coincidences, and not a few unconscious plagiarisms; and, especially in that portion of the territory which borders most nearly on the Bible enclosure,—our English and German, in other words, our Protestant poetry,—they will be surprised to find how many of the fairest flowers are exotics which at some time or other have been transplanted from the Volume of Inspiration, but which have been so widely disseminated and so thoroughly acclimatized that they now pass for indigenous productions.

We once thought of adding a short dissertation on the Bibliography of Job; but the subject is too extensive. For many minds this portion of Sacred Writ has possessed a peculiar fascination, and long lives have been devoted to its study. The gigantic commentary on which Joseph Caryl expended upwards of twenty years is well known, and it has more intrinsic value than might be expected from its huge dimensions. But those who are really anxious to understand the book will find better help in authors more attainable; for instance, in Schultens, and Good, and Barnes. One of the most curious contributions to this department of literature was made by the father of John and Charles Wesley. When ready for the press, his

manuscript was burnt along with all his library ; but, in a spirit worthy of his author, the cheerful old man resumed his task, and, amidst gout and palsy, composed it all anew. After his death it was published, with its elaborate plates and widely collected information, in a folio so tall that a modern book-shelf can seldom find standing-room for a full-sized copy.

THE PATRIARCH AND THE POEM.



THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO, in Arabia or some Eastern land, lived a prosperous chieftain. He was very rich. Not that he owned broad acres, nor counted over bags of money like a modern millionaire ; but in the direct and simple fashion of those early days he possessed an ample property. To till the fields he kept five hundred yoke of oxen, and in his flocks his shepherds numbered seven thousand sheep. He must have also carried on an extensive traffic, probably with Egypt, or the shores of the Persian Gulf, as he boasted no fewer than three thousand of those "ships of the desert," the camel. Nor would it be easy to estimate the host of retainers needed to conduct those camels, to tend those flocks, to plough those fields. But with all his wonderful wealth and power, JOB was an upright and God-fearing man. Of his large capital, he took no advantage to drive hard bargains ; by no consciousness of strength was he tempted to deeds of despotism. Alike just and generous, his hired labourers he paid with a cheerful promptitude ; the orphans and widows, the blind and lame, found in him a father ; and the fame of his virtues filled an admiring neighbourhood. To crown the whole, he was blessed with an affectionate and well-doing family. Although some of them had settled in life, and had houses of their own, his seven sons and three daughters had not lost their love for one

another. They made a point of meeting from time to time ; and whether it were a birth-day or other anniversary which brought them together, they anticipated with affectionate eagerness the return of each family festival. These joyful gatherings were graced by the presence of the patriarch himself, who on the morrow after the banquet was wont to convene his numerous household, and round the family altar, and over the blood of victims correspondingly numerous, entreated the pardon of his children's sin, if, haply, excitement had risen to excess, or mirth had been betrayed into impiety. And then, direct from that altar,—with the exhortations, the prayers, and the blessing of a father still sounding in their ears,—in the peace of atonement, and the sweet sense of God's favour, the sons and daughters sought their several dwellings. No wonder that, thus prosperous and flourishing,—with the dew on his branch, and his root beside the waters,—the happy sire exclaimed, “I shall die in my nest: I shall multiply my days as the sand.”

But the same Evil Eye which was pained by the sight of Eden, was disturbed at the smiling aspect of Uz, and longed to turn it into misery. The unexpected opportunity was at last afforded. There was an assembly of angelic beings,—one of those reviews or intermediate days of judgment on which it would seem as if the Supreme Governor took account of his ministers, whether still obedient or revolted ;—and, as Satan presented himself, Jehovah demanded,—“Whence comest thou?” The answer being, that he had just completed a tour of the earth, Jehovah inquired,—“Hast thou considered my servant Job?” giving him as an instance of a genuine saint in a world where Satan had done his utmost to extirpate piety. But Satan is the great sceptic. Since his own fall, and since the overthrow of our first parents, he has no faith in goodness. Yes, he had considered Job, and was far from thinking him invulnerable. ‘True, Thou hast fenced him round so that one dare not touch him. But strip him of those possessions with which Thou hast rewarded his piety and bribed his devotion, and he will CURSE THEE to thy face.’ The taunt was uttered in the presence of the sons of God,—those bright spirits whose associate Satan once had

been, and whose loyalty he did not yet despair of shaking. It was equivalent to saying that all piety is selfishness, and that the holiest man on earth is no better than a hypocrite; and it was a foul insinuation against that second Adam, in whose strength all genuine goodness stands, of whose Spirit all the piety on earth is the immediate emanation. "Put forth thine hand, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face." No, God would not do it; but he would let Satan do it. He would let Satan do it himself; and then there could be no cavil about the fairness of the experiment, and the completeness of the trial. "Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand."

The air is still. In yonder ship the sails droop idly from the glowing yards, and in the shadow the sailors sleep. And here ashore, beneath the downright noon, all life is in a tranquil sleep—a drowse of happiness. And as from under the blossomed alcove the day-dreamer gazes on the smokeless city and the speckless sky, he can hardly hear a sound through all the Sabbath of that hushed and peaceful hour:—when suddenly a hollow rumble passes up into a rapid crash; and as out yonder on the bay the ship trembles, totters, founders, and the mountain billow bursts and sends far into the fields its weltering avalanche,—amidst jangling bells and toppling houses, through the rocky jaws of the yawning earth, a shuddering shrieking city drops down and disappears; and as he speeds to his own cottage, a spirt of blood through the collapsing crevice, a dove fluttering over the spot where her brood was this instant swallowed up, are all to show that here the previous moment his roof-tree stood:—Like such an earthquake at summer's prime,—like a flash of lightning from an azure firmament,—came the Patriarch's calamities.

It was one of those family festivals, and the banquet was given in the elder brother's house. The father himself had not gone to it, but he was looking forward to the morrow when he would meet his children at the stated hour of worship. But being the busy season of spring, his oversight and orders were probably wanted in the field; and as the good man was going about his avocations, in the sober certainty of happiness, and amidst

the sweet promise of the opening year, he espied sundry persons posting towards him. With torn and blood-stained garments the first shouted,—“The Sabeans! They have swept off the oxen and asses, and murdered all the men.” The second exclaimed,—“Fire from heaven! It has burned up the sheep and the shepherds.” And the third,—“The Chaldees! They have carried off the camels and slaughtered their conductors.” But before the startled chieftain had time to realise himself a beggar, the fourth messenger burst in with the wild announcement,—“A wind from the wilderness! It has overthrown the house, and crushed your sons and daughters in the ruins.” The cup was full. The father’s heart was broken, but the faith of the believer did not falter. With torn mantle he sank to the ground and bowed his head: “Naked came I out of my mother’s womb, and naked shall I return thither. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.”

And never, from merely human lips, did there pass a sublimer burst of sorrow. Even that purely imaginary apostrophe which the poet puts into the lips of “the last man,” is not a grander act of devotion:—

“Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up
 On Nature’s awful waste,
 To drink this last and bitter cup
 Of grief that man shall taste.
 Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
 Thou saw’st the last of Adam’s race,
 On earth’s sepulchral clod,
 The darkening universe defy
 To quench his immortality,
 Or shake his trust in God!”*

For to Job the surrounding scene was tantamount. To him the land of Uz was now one vast “sepulchral clod,” and the bright and blessed scene which had been so awfully engulfed was all his world, of which he was now virtually “the last man.” But instead of this great catastrophe swallowing up the current of his piety, it only sent the pent-up waters back into the

* *Campbell.*

past to accumulate till the momentary barrier burst ; and gratitude for by-gone blessings supplied resignation for present woe :—

“ Tho’ now He frowns, I’ll praise th’ Almighty’s name,
And bless the spring whence past enjoyments came.”*

A submission that has never been surpassed except in the instance of that great Sufferer, who, in the foresight of anguish unutterable, but still avoidable, went forward praying,—“ Father, not my will but thine be done ;” a submission which, unknown to himself, the Patriarch had derived from the secret help of that ever-victorious second Adam ; a submission at which Satan was confounded, the Eternal was glorified, and the sons of God shouted for joy.

Here, as in the case of a greater object of his malignity, it is likely that “ the devil left him for a season.” The triumph of Divine grace and the confusion of the Adversary were complete ; for “ in all this Job sinned not, nor uttered folly against God.” And it is probable that weeks or months passed on before the next assault. If so, it made the trial all the greater. It gave him time to realize his loss in all its fearful magnitude, and to taste each bitter in his cup in all its keenness. The first stroke of trial is like the fresh wound in battle. It may be ghastly ; it may be deadly ; but in the surprise or stupor of the moment its sharpness is not felt. In the succeeding days Job had time to view his loss in all its length and breadth, and slowly sip his dreadful draught of misery. He had time to feel the pains of poverty ; and to the sumptuous proprietor it was a distressing contrast from affluence to indigence : from obsequious service and “ troops of friends” to solitude, or perhaps the haughty attendance of a patronizing menial. And from the might of opulence which said and it was done, and which took no thought for the morrow,—it was a mortifying downcome to the petty savings and painful solitudes of threadbare nobility. And he had time to realize the sorrows of bereavement. He had time to count over that wealth of endearment and charming promise which the grave had

* *Blackmore.*

swallowed up in one ruthless moment ; and as the fleet footsteps of one son, and the unerring bow of another,—as the tuneful voice of one daughter, and the bright glance of a second, and the gentle goodness of the third came back on his memory,—with the gauge of past happiness he was able to measure his present desolation. And yet, although nothing was left except bodily health, and the society of his heart-stricken partner,—in all the loneliness and leisure of that dreary interval, the Patriarch's spirits might grow less, but his devotion did not alter. 'To the bosom of mother earth I shall return as rich as I came. I commenced life a little pauper, and the Lord took me up, and made me a prince ; and if he is now pleased to leave me a poor man again,—blessed be the name of the Lord.'

But a sharper trial was yet in store. Appalling as had been the sufferer's calamities, his person was still intact, and faith and patience found a fulcrum in the unbroken vigour of his frame. That last prop was now to be withdrawn. Permitted by God, the cruel Adversary now put forth his hand and smote Job with a hideous malady. His limbs swelled, his skin broke out in grievous boils, and, whilst horrid visions scared the night, the day was drowned in despondency. Crawling away to the obscurest spot he could find, he "sat down among the ashes." Here his wife found him ; but she could not bear the sight. His other woes she had shared, and in mingling tears the two had been a mutual consolation. But to see that once noble form reduced to a living sepulchre, writhing with pain, and festering with repulsive misery,—it was a shock which she could not stand, and, sapped as it had been by woes after woes, her faith now utterly succumbed, and, along with faith, it almost seems as if reason had been swept away. "Curse God, and die!" was her blasphemous exclamation. To her tortured feelings it looked as if God had become their enemy, and, now that life was so loathsome, she would provoke the thunderbolt as the quickest means of annihilation. But though everything was gone,—substance, children, health, and home, and now at last the support of a pious partner—the Patriarch still retained his reason and his trust in God. To his distracted wife he said,—“Thou speakest as one of the foolish women

speaketh. What? shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?"

During this interval, the tidings of what had happened in the land of Uz had spread over the neighbouring regions, Teman and Naamah, and the country of the Shuhites, and three of Job's friends "made an appointment" to go together and try what they could do to comfort him. But at the first sight of his peerless misery, they were utterly appalled. Disfigured by disease, and despoiled of all his grandeur, they did not instantly recognise him, and when they found that in very deed this bloated lazar on the dust-heap was their old friend whom they had so often seen radiant with happiness, and moving in the midst of his magnificence, they could only give vent to their feelings in a paroxysm of tears. "They lifted up their voice, and wept." And then, rending their garments as a token of mourning, they took their places in silent sympathy beside the sufferer.

A week transpired before a word was spoken. Of the condoling visitors none had courage to commence, for none felt that he had any prescription equal to this mighty sorrow. Day after day they resumed their place listening to the groans of their stricken friend, and musing on a revolution which stumbled their faith in Job, if it did not perplex their piety. At last, on the seventh day, a passionate outburst of the poor invalid broke the silence,—“Perish the day in which I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man-child conceived!” But this bitter denunciation drew forth no echo. It rather confirmed a suspicion which had been simultaneously arising in the minds of all the three, and deepened their conviction that Job was not so good a man as they had once supposed. And, taking the initiative, Eliphaz, the oldest and ablest of the party, endeavoured to rouse the conscience of his friend. On the principle, “Who ever perished being innocent?” he hinted that there must be some crime, known only to himself, which had brought on him this awful visitation, and, with evident kindness, although on this erroneous assumption, he urged the sufferer to repent, and so profit by the chastisement. But Job's conscience was void of offence. In all his history he knew that there was no

such crime as that to which Eliphaz pointed. He felt that, tried by man's standard, he had done no more to merit his misery than his sleek and comfortable companions, who had left their goods in peace; and to him such insinuations were as irritating, as to them was Job's denunciation of his destiny. Accordingly the controversy commenced. In eight orations, if not nine, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar endeavoured to convict Job of some secret fault or great transgression; whilst, as a man amongst his fellow-men, Job held fast his integrity, and would not let it go. In this he was triumphant. His visitors at last were silenced, and, as far as concerns vindication at a human tribunal, Job was victor. But just at this stage a new speaker struck in. A young man named Elihu, who had listened to the whole debate, now that his seniors had ceased, begged a hearing. On the one hand he felt that Job's visitors had been harsh, and that it was unfair to keep constantly urging against their afflicted friend the charge of hypocrisy and prodigious wickedness; but he also thought that the eagerness of Job's self-assertion amounted to an impeachment of the Almighty. In his long and fervid interpellation, he therefore sought to lift Job's thoughts from his fellow-men to his Maker, whose eye is so pure as to see sin where man does not see it, but whose heart is so kind that he afflicts only for the sufferer's profit. But whilst Elihu is yet descanting, a tornado is seen to gather. Amidst the swoop of the lightning and the roll of the thunder, the audience cannot listen, the speaker is unable to proceed. The Lord himself is at hand, and with a blaze of his excellent glory he brings to the dust the various disputants; with a crash of articulate omnipotence he concludes the controversy. And then, when every mouth is stopped,—when the sturdy self-assertor “repents in dust and ashes,” and when the measurers of Infinite Wisdom are made to feel their minuteness,—we are allowed to see “the end of the Lord; that he is very pitiful,”* and whilst we rejoice with the Patriarch in his brimming cup and redoubled blessings, we revert with satisfaction to the defeat of the Adversary and the exultation of the sons of God.

* *James* v. 11.—The key to the book, which inspiration itself has supplied.

This last element is too much forgotten by the readers and expounders of the book. So to speak, Job's history is a drama enacted under the eye of angel spectators. They are present at the beginning; we are reminded of them towards the close (xxxviii. 7); they are doubtless ministering spirits joyfully interposing at the end. In the endurance of Job they learn a great lesson. They see the impotence of Satan against a saint of God. They see that the great dragon who overturned the tall cedars of Eden, cannot pluck up a shaking reed in Christ's garden. They see that as long as the Mediator lives in his members, it will be impossible to torture a Job out of his allegiance, or madden a believer into blasphemy. And whilst they are confirmed in their own loyalty, they are comforted by this example of triumphant constancy. Job is "seen of angels;" and in the steadfastness which neither diabolical cruelty, nor wifely urgency, nor the exasperating misconstructions of friends, can move to "curse God," are made known to "principalities and powers in heavenly places" the manifold riches of upholding and preserving grace.

On the other hand, whilst this consideration adds solemnity and importance to the *denouement*, it gives a new significance to the dialogue. Each party has its own hypothesis. A silent, but most active personage, Satan, seeks to render Job suspected by his friends; whilst in Job's mind he tries to awaken dark thoughts of Jehovah; his main object being all along to extort the wicked word, and wring from the writhing victim a curse against his Maker. But neither Job, nor his three friends, nor Elihu allows himself to entertain hard thoughts of the Most High. The three friends have their own theory. They hold that suffering is always penal; wherever the bolt descends, guilt is the attraction. Elihu holds that pain is purgatorial,—intended to reveal secret faults, and restore to the paths of righteousness; wherever there is gold to purify, there must be a refiner and a furnace. And both these theories,—the *vindictive* or *retributionary* theory of the friends, and the *corrective* or *disciplinary* theory of Elihu,—have a certain amount of truth, but neither is exhaustive, and both are dangerous in their personal application. Even Elihu did imperfect justice to the Patriarch, and

it was only when He Himself appeared as his own vindicator, that justice was done to the cause of Jehovah. It was only then that it fully appeared how, in accounting for the proceedings of a Sovereign whose dominions are Immensity, any explanation must be inadequate which confines its regard to one creature or one race ; and that, in every case of suffering, there is a mystery whose full solution belongs to the secret things of the Eternal. And, having given this deliverance, the veil is for a moment lifted, and in Satan's discomfiture, and Job's redoubled happiness, we are allowed a glimpse of the "end of the Lord" in the Patriarch's afflictions.

THE BOOK OF JOB

INTRODUCTION



THERE was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job ; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil. And there were born unto him seven sons and three daughters. His substance also was seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and

five hundred she asses, and a very great household ; so that this man was the greatest of all the men of the east.

And his sons went and feasted in their houses, every one his day ; and sent and called for their three sisters to eat and to drink



with them. And it was so, when the days of their feasting were gone about, that Job sent and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt offerings according to the number of them all : for Job said, It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts. Thus did Job continually.

Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the LORD, and Satan came also among them.

And the LORD said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the LORD, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it. And the LORD said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil? Then Satan answered the LORD, and said, Doth Job fear God for nought? Hast not thou made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face. And the LORD said unto Satan, Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand. So Satan went forth from the presence of the LORD.

And there was a day when his sons and his daughters were





eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house : and there came a messenger unto Job, and said, The oxen were plowing, and the asses feeding beside them : and the Sabeans fell upon them, and took them away ; yea, they have slain the servants with the edge of the sword ; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee. While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, The fire of God is fallen from heaven, and hath burned up the sheep, and the servants, and consumed them ; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee. While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, The Chaldeans made out three bands, and fell upon the camels, and have carried them away, yea, and slain the servants with the



edge of the sword ; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee. While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, Thy sons and thy daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house : and, behold, there came a great wind from the wilderness, and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young men, and they are dead ; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee.

Then Job arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground, and worshipped, and said, Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither : the LORD gave, and the LORD hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the LORD. In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly.

Again there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the LORD, and Satan came also among them to



present himself before the LORD. And the LORD said unto Satan, From whence comest thou? And Satan answered the LORD, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it. And the LORD said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect



and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil? and still he holdeth fast his integrity, although thou movedst me against him, to destroy him without cause. And Satan answered the LORD, and said, Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. But put forth thine hand now, and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face. And the LORD said unto Satan, Behold, he is in thine hand; but save his life.



So went Satan forth from the presence of the LORD, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown. And he took him a potsherd to scrape himself withal; and he sat down among the ashes.

Then said his wife unto him, Dost thou still retain thine integrity? curse God, and die. But he said unto her, Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What? shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil? In all this did not Job sin with his lips.

Now when Job's three friends heard of all this evil that was come upon him, they came every one from his own place ; Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite : for they had made an appointment together to come to mourn with him and to comfort him. And when they lifted up their eyes afar off, and knew him not, they lifted up their voice, and wept ; and they rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads toward heaven. So they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him : for they saw that his grief was very great.



PART I.
THE CONTROVERSY
FIRST SERIES





AFTER this opened JOB his mouth, and cursed his day. And Job spake, and said,

Let the day perish wherein I was born,
And the night in which it was said, There is a
man child conceived.

Let that day be darkness ;
Let not God regard it from above,
Neither let the light shine upon it.
Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it ;
Let a cloud dwell upon it ;
Let the blackness of the day terrify it.
As for that night, let darkness seize upon it ;
Let it not be joined unto the days of the year,
Let it not come into the number of the months.
Lo, let that night be solitary,
Let no joyful voice come therein.
Let them curse it that curse the day,
Who are ready to raise up their mourning.
Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark ;
Let it look for light, but have none ;
Neither let it see the dawning of the day :
Because it shut not up the doors of my mother's womb,
Nor hid sorrow from mine eyes.

Why died I not from the womb ?
Why did I not give up the ghost when I came out of the belly ?
Why did the knees prevent me ?
Or why the breasts that I should suck ?
For now should I have lain still and been quiet,
I should have slept : then had I been at rest,
With kings and counsellors of the earth,



Which built desolate places for themselves ;
Or with princes that had gold,
Who filled their houses with silver :
Or as an hidden untimely birth I had not been ;
As infants which never saw light.
There the wicked cease from troubling ;

And there the weary be at rest.
There the prisoners rest together ;
They hear not the voice of the oppressor.
The small and great are there ;
And the servant is free from his master.

Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery,
And life unto the bitter in soul ;
Which long for death, but it cometh not ;
And dig for it more than for hid treasures ;
Which rejoice exceedingly,
And are glad, when they can find the grave ?
Why is light given to a man whose way is hid,
And whom God hath hedged in ?
For my sighing cometh before I eat,
And my roarings are poured out like the waters.
For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me,
And that which I was afraid of is come unto me.
I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet ;
Yet trouble came.

THEN ELIPHAZ the Temanite answered and said,

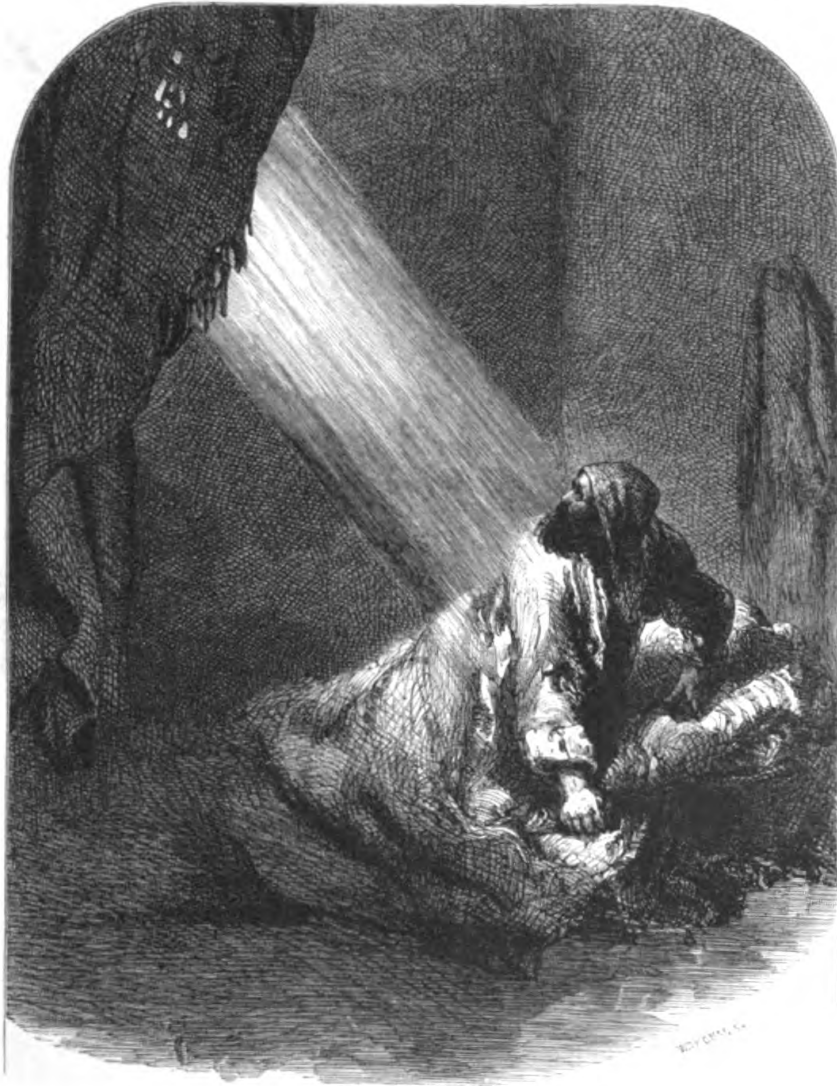
If we assay to commune with thee, wilt thou be grieved ?
But who can withhold himself from speaking ?
Behold, thou hast instructed many,

And thou hast strengthened the weak hands.
Thy words have upholden him that was falling,
And thou hast strengthened the feeble knees.
But now it is come upon thee, and thou faintest ;
It toucheth thee, and thou art troubled.
Is not this thy fear, thy confidence,
Thy hope, and the uprightness of thy ways ?
Remember, I pray thee, who ever perished, being innocent ?
Or where were the righteous cut off ?
Even as I have seen, they that plow iniquity,
And sow wickedness, reap the same.



By the blast of God they perish,
And by the breath of his nostrils are they consumed.
The roaring of the lion, and the voice of the fierce lion,
And the teeth of the young lions, are broken.
The old lion perisheth for lack of prey,
And the stout lion's whelps are scattered abroad.

Now a thing was secretly brought to me,
And mine ear received a little thereof.
In thoughts from the visions of the night,
When deep sleep falleth on men,
Fear came upon me, and trembling,
Which made all my bones to shake.
Then a spirit passed before my face ;
The hair of my flesh stood up :
It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof :
An image was before mine eyes,
There was silence, and I heard a voice, saying,
Shall mortal man be more just than God ?
Shall a man be more pure than his Maker ?
Behold, he put no trust in his servants ;
And his angels he charged with folly :
How much less in them that dwell in houses of clay,
Whose foundation is in the dust,
Which are crushed before the moth ?
They are destroyed from morning to evening :



They perish for ever without any regarding it.
Doth not their excellency which is in them go away?
They die, even without wisdom.

Call now, if there be any that will answer thee ;
And to which of the saints wilt thou turn ?
For wrath killeth the foolish man,
And envy slayeth the silly one.
I have seen the foolish taking root :
But suddenly I cursed his habitation.
His children are far from safety,
And they are crushed in the gate,
Neither is there any to deliver them.
Whose harvest the hungry eateth up,
And taketh it even out of the thorns,
And the robber swalloweth up their substance.
Although affliction cometh not forth of the dust,
Neither doth trouble spring out of the ground ;
Yet man is born unto trouble,
As the sparks fly upward.

I would seek unto God,
And unto God would I commit my cause :
Which doeth great things and unsearchable ;
Marvellous things without number :
Who giveth rain upon the earth,
And sendeth waters upon the fields :
To set up on high those that be low ;
That those which mourn may be exalted to safety.
He disappointeth the devices of the crafty,

So that their hands cannot perform their enterprise.
He taketh the wise in their own craftiness :
And the counsel of the froward is carried headlong.
They meet with darkness in the day-time,
And grope in the noon-day as in the night.
But he saveth the poor from the sword,
From their mouth, and from the hand of the mighty.
So the poor hath hope,
And iniquity stoppeth her mouth.

Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth :
Therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty :
For he maketh sore, and bindeth up :
He woundeth, and his hands make whole.
He shall deliver thee in six troubles :
Yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.
In famine he shall redeem thee from death :
And in war from the power of the sword.
Thou shalt be hid from the scourge of the tongue :
Neither shalt thou be afraid of destruction when it cometh.
At destruction and famine thou shalt laugh :
Neither shalt thou be afraid of the beasts of the earth.
For thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field :
And the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee.
And thou shalt know that thy tabernacle shall be in peace ;
And thou shalt visit thy habitation, and shalt not sin.

Thou shalt know also that thy seed shall be great,
And thine offspring as the grass of the earth.
Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age,
Like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season.
Lo this, we have searched it, so it is ;
Hear it, and know thou it for thy good.



BUT JOB answered and said,

Oh that my grief were thoroughly weighed,
And my calamity laid in the balances together !
For now it would be heavier than the sand of the sea :

Therefore my words are swallowed up.
For the arrows of the Almighty are within me,
The poison whereof drinketh up my spirit :
The terrors of God do set themselves in array
against me.

Doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass ?
Or loweth the ox over his fodder ?
Can that which is unsavoury be eaten without salt ?
Or is there any taste in the white of an egg ?
The things that my soul refused to touch
Are as my sorrowful meat.

Oh that I might have my request ;
And that God would grant me the thing that I long for !
Even that it would please God to destroy me ;
That he would let loose his hand, and cut me off !
Then should I yet have comfort ;
Yea, I would harden myself in sorrow : let him
not spare ;
For I have not concealed the words of the Holy One.
What is my strength, that I should hope ?
And what is mine end, that I should prolong my life ?
Is my strength the strength of stones ?
Or is my flesh of brass ?
Is not my help in me ?
And is wisdom driven quite from me ?

To him that is afflicted pity should be showed from his friend;
But he forsaketh the fear of the Almighty.
My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook,



And as the stream of brooks they pass away ;
Which are blackish by reason of the ice,
And wherein the snow is hid :
What time they wax warm, they vanish :
When it is hot, they are consumed out of their place.
The paths of their way are turned aside ;
They go to nothing, and perish.
The troops of Tema looked,
The companies of Sheba waited for them.

They were confounded because they had hoped ;
They came thither, and were ashamed.
For now ye are nothing ;
Ye see my casting down, and are afraid.
Did I say, Bring unto me ?
Or, Give a reward for me of your substance ?
Or, Deliver me from the enemy's hand ?
Or, Redeem me from the hand of the mighty ?

Teach me, and I will hold my tongue :
And cause me to understand wherein I have erred.
How forcible are right words !
But what doth your arguing reprove ?
Do ye imagine to reprove words,
And the speeches of one that is desperate, which are as wind ?
Yea, ye overwhelm the fatherless,
And ye dig a pit for your friend.
Now therefore be content, look upon me ;
For it is evident unto you if I lie.
Return, I pray you, let it not be iniquity ;
Yea, return again, my righteousness is in it.
Is there iniquity in my tongue ?
Cannot my taste discern perverse things ?

Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth ?
Are not his days also like the days of an hireling ?



As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow,
And as an hireling looketh for the reward of his work :
So am I made to possess months of vanity,
And wearisome nights are appointed to me.
When I lie down, I say,
When shall I arise, and the night be gone ?
And I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day.
My flesh is clothed with worms and clods of dust ;
My skin is broken, and become loathsome.
My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle,
And are spent without hope.
O remember that my life is wind :
Mine eye shall no more see good.
The eye of him that hath seen me shall see me no more :
Thine eyes are upon me, and I am not.

As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away :
So he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more.
He shall return no more to his house,
Neither shall his place know him any more.
Therefore I will not refrain my mouth ;
I will speak in the anguish of my spirit ;
I will complain in the bitterness of my soul.

Am I a sea, or a whale,
That thou settest a watch over me ?
When I say, My bed shall comfort me,
My couch shall ease my complaint ;
Then thou scarest me with dreams,
And terrifiest me through visions :
So that my soul chooseth strangling,
And death rather than my life.
I loathe it ; I would not live alway :
Let me alone ; for my days are vanity.
What is man, that thou shouldest magnify him ?
And that thou shouldest set thine heart upon him ?
And that thou shouldest visit him every morning,
And try him every moment ?
How long wilt thou not depart from me,
Nor let me alone till I swallow down my spittle ?
I have sinned ; what shall I do unto thee, O thou
preserver of men ?

Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee,
So that I am a burden to myself ?
And why dost thou not pardon my transgression,
And take away mine iniquity ?
For now shall I sleep in the dust ;
And thou shalt seek me in the morning, but I shall not be.

THEN ANSWERED BILDAD the Shuhite, and said,

How long wilt thou speak these things ?
And how long shall the words of thy mouth be like
a strong wind ?
Doth God pervert judgment ?
Or doth the Almighty pervert justice ?
If thy children have sinned against him,
And he have cast them away for their transgression ;
If thou wouldest seek unto God betimes,
And make thy supplication to the Almighty ;
If thou wert pure and upright ;
Surely now he would awake for thee,
And make the habitation of thy righteousness prosperous.
Though thy beginning was small,
Yet thy latter end should greatly increase.

For inquire, I pray thee, of the former age,
And prepare thyself to the search of their fathers :

(For we are but of yesterday, and know nothing,
Because our days upon earth are a shadow :)
Shall not they teach thee, and tell thee,
And utter words out of their heart ?
Can the rush grow up without mire ?
Can the flag grow without water ?
Whilst it is yet in his greenness, and not cut down,
It withereth before any other herb.
So are the paths of all that forget God ;
And the hypocrite's hope shall perish :
Whose hope shall be cut off,
And whose trust shall be a spider's web.
He shall lean upon his house, but it shall not stand :
He shall hold it fast, but it shall not endure.
He is green before the sun,
And his branch shooteth forth in his garden.
His roots are wrapped about the heap,
And seeth the place of stones.
If he destroy him from his place,
Then it shall deny him, saying, I have not seen thee.
Behold, this is the joy of his way,
And out of the earth shall others grow.

Behold, God will not cast away a perfect man,
Neither will he help the evil doers :
Till he fill thy mouth with laughing, and thy lips with rejoicing.

They that hate thee shall be clothed with shame ;
And the dwelling place of the wicked shall come to nought.

THEN JOB answered and said,

I know it is so of a truth :
But how should man be just with God ?
If he will contend with him,
He cannot answer him one of a thousand.
He is wise in heart, and mighty in strength :
Who hath hardened himself against him, and hath prospered ?
Which removeth the mountains, and they know not :
Which overturneth them in his anger.
Which shaketh the earth out of her place,
And the pillars thereof tremble.
Which commandeth the sun, and it riseth not ;
And sealeth up the stars.
Which alone spreadeth out the heavens,
And treadeth upon the waves of the sea.
Which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades,
And the chambers of the south.
Which doeth great things past finding out ;
Yea, and wonders without number.
Lo, he goeth by me, and I see him not :
He passeth on also, but I perceive him not.
Behold, he taketh away, who can hinder him ?



Who will say unto him, What doest thou ?
If God will not withdraw his anger,
The proud helpers do stoop under him.
How much less shall I answer him,
And choose out my words to reason with him ?
Whom, though I were righteous, yet would I not answer,
But I would make supplication to my judge.
If I had called, and he had answered me ;
Yet would I not believe that he had hearkened unto my voice.
For he breaketh me with a tempest,
And multiplieth my wounds without cause.
He will not suffer me to take my breath,
But filleth me with bitterness.

If I speak of strength, lo, he is strong :
And if of judgment, who shall set me a time to plead ?
If I justify myself, mine own mouth shall condemn me :
If I say, I am perfect, it shall also prove me perverse.
'Though I were perfect, yet would I not know my soul :
I would despise my life.

This is one thing, therefore I said it,
He destroyeth the perfect and the wicked.
If the scourge slay suddenly,
He will laugh at the trial of the innocent.
'The earth is given into the hand of the wicked :
He covereth the faces of the judges thereof ;
If not, where, and who is he ?
Now my days are swifter than a post :
They flee away, they see no good.
They are passed away as the swift ships :
As the eagle that hasteth to the prey.
If I say, I will forget my complaint,
I will leave off my heaviness, and comfort myself :
I am afraid of all my sorrows,
I know that thou wilt not hold me innocent.
If I be wicked,
Why then labour I in vain ?
If I wash myself with snow water,
And make my hands never so clean ;



Yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch,
And mine own clothes shall abhor me.
For he is not a man, as I am, that I should answer him,
And we should come together in judgment.
Neither is there any daysman betwixt us,
That might lay his hand upon us both.
Let him take his rod away from me,
And let not his fear terrify me :

Then would I speak, and not fear him ;
But it is not so with me.

My soul is weary of my life ;
I will leave my complaint upon myself,
I will speak in the bitterness of my soul.
I will say unto God, Do not condemn me ;
Show me wherefore thou contendest with me.
Is it good unto thee that thou shouldest oppress,
That thou shouldest depise the work of thine hands,
And shine upon the counsel of the wicked ?
Hast thou eyes of flesh ?
Or seest thou as man seeth ?
Are thy days as the days of man ?
Are thy years as man's days,
That thou inquirest after mine iniquity,
And searchest after my sin ?
Thou knowest that I am not wicked ;
And there is none that can deliver out of thine hand.

Thine hands have made me and fashioned me
Together round about ; yet thou dost destroy me.
Remember, I beseech thee, that thou hast made me as the clay ;
And wilt thou bring me into dust again ?
Hast thou not poured me out as milk,
And curdled me like cheese ?

Thou hast clothed me with skin and flesh,
And hast fenced me with bones and sinews.
Thou hast granted me life and favour,
And thy visitation hath preserved my spirit.
And these things hast thou hid in thine heart :
I know that this is with thee.

If I sin, then thou markest me,
And thou wilt not acquit me from mine iniquity.
If I be wicked, woe unto me ;
And if I be righteous, yet will I not lift up my head.
I am full of confusion ; therefore see thou mine affliction ;
For it increaseth. Thou huntest me as a fierce lion :
And again thou showest thyself marvellous upon me.
Thou renewest thy witnesses against me,
And increasest thine indignation upon me ;
Changes and war are against me.

Wherefore then hast thou brought me forth out of
the womb ?
O that I had given up the ghost, and no eye had seen me !
I should have been as though I had not been ;
I should have been carried from the womb to the grave.
Are not my days few ? cease then,
And let me alone, that I may take comfort a little,
Before I go whence I shall not return,



Even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death ;
A land of darkness, as darkness itself ;
And of the shadow of death, without any order,
And where the light is as darkness.

THEN ANSWERED ZOPHAR the Naamathite, and said,

Should not the multitude of words be answered ?
And should a man full of talk be justified ?
Should thy lies make men hold their peace ?

And when thou mockest, shall no man make thee ashamed ?
For thou hast said, My doctrine is pure,
And I am clean in thine eyes.
But oh that God would speak,
And open his lips against thee ;
And that he would show thee the secrets of wisdom,
That they are double to that which is !
Know therefore that God exacteth of thee less than thine
iniquity deserveth.

Canst thou by searching find out God ?
Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection ?
It is as high as heaven ; what canst thou do ?
Deeper than hell ; what canst thou know ?
The measure thereof is longer than the earth,
And broader than the sea.
If he cut off, and shut up, or gather together,
Then who can hinder him ?
For he knoweth vain men :
He seeth wickedness also ;
Will he not then consider it ?
For vain man would be wise,
Though man be born like a wild ass's colt.

If thou prepare thine heart,
And stretch out thine hands toward him ;

If iniquity be in thine hand, put it far away,
And let not wickedness dwell in thy tabernacles.
For then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot ;
Yea, thou shalt be stedfast, and shalt not fear :
Because thou shalt forget thy misery,
And remember it as waters that pass away :
And thine age shall be clearer than the noonday ;
Thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning.
And thou shalt be secure, because there is hope ;
Yea, thou shalt dig about thee, and thou shalt take
thy rest in safety.
Also thou shalt lie down, and none shall make thee afraid ;
Yea, many shall make suit unto thee.
But the eyes of the wicked shall fail,
And they shall not escape,
And their hope shall be as the giving up of the ghost.

AND JOB answered and said,

No doubt but ye are the people,
And wisdom shall die with you !
But I have understanding as well as you ;
I am not inferior to you :
Yea, who knoweth not such things as these ?
I am as one mocked of his neighbour,
Who calleth upon God, and he answereth him :

The just upright man is laughed to scorn.
He that is ready to slip with his feet
Is as a lamp despised in the thought of him that is at ease.



The tabernacles of robbers prosper,
And they that provoke God are secure ;
Into whose hand God bringeth abundantly.
But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee ;
And the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee :
Or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee :
And the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee.
Who knoweth not in all these
That the hand of the LORD hath wrought this ?

In whose hand is the soul of every living thing,
And the breath of all mankind.

Doth not the ear try words ?
And the mouth taste his meat ?
With the ancient is wisdom ;
And in length of days understanding.
With him is wisdom and strength,
He hath counsel and understanding.
Behold, he breaketh down, and it cannot be built again :
He shutteth up a man, and there can be no opening.
Behold, he withholdeth the waters, and they dry up :
Also he sendeth them out, and they overturn the earth.
With him is strength and wisdom :
The deceived and the deceiver are his.
He leadeth counsellors away spoiled,
And maketh the judges fools.
He looseth the bond of kings,
And girdeth their loins with a girdle.
He leadeth princes away spoiled,
And overthroweth the mighty.
He removeth away the speech of the trusty,
And taketh away the understanding of the aged.
He poureth contempt upon princes,
And weakeneth the strength of the mighty.
He discovereth deep things out of darkness,

And bringeth out to light the shadow of death.
He increaseth the nations, and destroyeth them :
He enlargeth the nations, and straiteneth them again.
He taketh away the heart of the chief of the people of the earth,
And causeth them to wander in a wilderness where there
 is no way.
They grope in the dark without light,
And he maketh them to stagger like a drunken man.
Lo, mine eye hath seen all this,
Mine ear hath heard and understood it.
What ye know, the same do I know also :
I am not inferior unto you.

 Surely I would speak to the Almighty,
And I desire to reason with God.
But ye are forgers of lies,
Ye are all physicians of no value.
O that ye would altogether hold your peace !
And it should be your wisdom.

 Hear now my reasoning,
And hearken to the pleadings of my lips.
Will ye speak wickedly for God ?
And talk deceitfully for him ?
Will ye accept his person ?
Will ye contend for God ?

Is it good that he should search you out ?
Or as one man mocketh another, do ye so mock him ?
He will surely reprove you,
If ye do secretly accept persons.
Shall not his excellency make you afraid ?
And his dread fall upon you ?
Your remembrances are like unto ashes,
Your bodies to bodies of clay.

Hold your peace, let me alone,
That I may speak, and let come on me what will.
Wherefore do I take my flesh in my teeth,
And put my life in mine hand ?
Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him :
But I will maintain mine own ways before him.
He also shall be my salvation :
For an hypocrite shall not come before him.
Hear diligently my speech,
And my declaration with your ears.
Behold now, I have ordered my cause ;
I know that I shall be justified.
Who is he that will plead with me ?
For now, if I hold my tongue, I shall give up the ghost.

Only do not two things unto me :
Then will I not hide myself from thee.

Withdraw thine hand far from me :
And let not thy dread make me afraid.
Then call thou, and I will answer :
Or let me speak, and answer thou me.
How many are mine iniquities and sins ?
Make me to know my transgression and my sin.
Wherefore hidest thou thy face,
And holdest me for thine enemy ?
Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro ?
And wilt thou pursue the dry stubble ?
For thou writest bitter things against me,
And makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth.
Thou puttest my feet also in the stocks,
And lookest narrowly unto all my paths ;
Thou settest a print upon the heels of my feet.
And he, as a rotten thing, consumeth,
As a garment that is moth eaten.

Man that is born of a woman
Is of few days, and full of trouble.
He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down :
He fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.
And dost thou open thine eyes upon such an one,
And bringest me into judgment with thee ?
Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean ?
Not one :



Seeing his days are determined,
The number of his months are with thee,
Thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass ;
Turn from him, that he may rest,
Till he shall accomplish, as an hireling, his day.

For there is hope of a tree,
If it be cut down, that it will sprout again,
And that the tender branch thereof will not cease.

Though the root thereof wax old in the earth,
And the stock thereof die in the ground ;
Yet through the scent of water it will bud,
And bring forth boughs like a plant.
But man dieth, and wasteth away :
Yea, man giveth up the 'ghost, and where is he ?

As the waters fail from the sea,
And the flood decayeth and drieth up :
So man lieth down, and riseth not :
Till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake,
Nor be raised out of their sleep.

O that thou wouldest hide me in the grave,
That thou wouldest keep me secret, until thy wrath be past,
That thou wouldest appoint me a set time, and remember me !
If a man die, shall he live again ?
All the days of my appointed time will I wait,
Till my change come.

Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee :
Thou wilt have a desire to the work of thine hands.
For now thou numberest my steps :
Dost thou not watch over my sin ?
My transgression is sealed up in a bag,
And thou sewest up mine iniquity.

And surely the mountain falling cometh to nought,
And the rock is removed out of his place.
The waters wear the stones :
Thou washest away the things which grow out of the dust
of the earth ;
And thou destroyest the hope of man.
Thou prevailest for ever against him, and he passeth :
Thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away.
His sons come to honour, and he knoweth it not ;
And they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not of them.
But his flesh upon him shall have pain,
And his soul within him shall mourn.

PART II.
THE CONTROVERSY
SECOND SERIES



THEN ANSWERED ELIPHAZ the Temanite, and said,

Should a wise man utter vain knowledge,
And fill his belly with the east wind?
Should he reason with unprofitable talk?
Or with speeches wherewith he can do no good?
Yea, thou castest off fear,
And restrainest prayer before God.
For thy mouth uttereth thine iniquity,

And thou choosest the tongue of the crafty.
Thine own mouth condemneth thee, and not I :
Yea, thine own lips testify against thee.

Art thou the first man that was born ?
Or wast thou made before the hills ?
Hast thou heard the secret of God ?
And dost thou restrain wisdom to thyself ?
What knowest thou, that we know not ?
What understandest thou, which is not in us ?
With us are both the grayheaded and very aged men,
Much elder than thy father.
Are the consolations of God small with thee ?
Is there any secret thing with thee ?

Why doth thine heart carry thee away ?
And what do thy eyes wink at,
That thou turnest thy spirit against God,
And lettest such words go out of thy mouth ?
What is man, that he should be clean ?
And he which is born of a woman, that he should be
righteous ?
Behold, he putteth no trust in his saints ;
Yea, the heavens are not clean in his sight.
How much more abominable and filthy is man,
Which drinketh iniquity like water ?



I will show thee, hear me ;
And that which I have seen I will declare ;
Which wise men have told from their fathers,
And have not hid it :
Unto whom alone the earth was given,
And no stranger passed among them.
The wicked man travaileth with pain all his days,
And the number of years is hidden to the oppressor.
A dreadful sound is in his ears :
In prosperity the destroyer shall come upon him.
He believeth not that he shall return out of darkness,

And he is waited for of the sword.
He wandereth abroad for bread, saying, Where is it?
He knoweth that the day of darkness is ready at his hand.
Trouble and anguish shall make him afraid;
They shall prevail against him, as a king ready to the battle.
For he stretcheth out his hand against God,
And strengtheneth himself against the Almighty.
He runneth upon him, even on his neck,
Upon the thick bosses of his bucklers:
Because he covereth his face with his fatness,
And maketh collops of fat on his flanks.
And he dwelleth in desolate cities,
And in houses which no man inhabiteth,
Which are ready to become heaps.
He shall not be rich, neither shall his substance continue,
Neither shall he prolong the perfection thereof upon the earth.
He shall not depart out of darkness;
The flame shall dry up his branches,
And by the breath of his mouth shall he go away.

Let not him that is deceived trust in vanity:
For vanity shall be his recompence.
It shall be accomplished before his time,
And his branch shall not be green.
He shall shake off his unripe grape as the vine,
And shall cast off his flower as the olive.

For the congregation of hypocrites shall be desolate,
And fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery.
They conceive mischief, and bring forth vanity,
And their belly prepareth deceit.

THEN JOB answered and said,

I have heard many such things :
Miserable comforters are ye all.
Shall vain words have an end ?
Or what emboldeneth thee that thou answerest ?
I also could speak as ye do :
If your soul were in my soul's stead,
I could heap up words against you,
And shake mine head at you.
But I would strengthen you with my mouth,
And the moving of my lips should assuage your grief.

Though I speak, my grief is not asswaged :
And though I forbear, what am I eased ?
But now he hath made me weary :
Thou hast made desolate all my company.
And thou hast filled me with wrinkles,
Which is a witness against me :
And my leanness rising up in me
Beareth witness to my face.

He teareth me in his wrath, who hateth me :
He gnasheth upon me with his teeth ;
Mine enemy sharpeneth his eyes upon me.
They have gaped upon me with their mouth ;
They have smitten me upon the cheek reproachfully ;
They have gathered themselves together against me.

God hath delivered me to the ungodly,
And turned me over into the hands of the wicked.
I was at ease, but he hath broken me asunder :
He hath also taken me by my neck, and shaken me to pieces,
And set me up for his mark.
His archers compass me round about,
He cleaveth my reins asunder, and doth not spare ;
He poureth out my gall upon the ground.
He breaketh me with breach upon breach,
He runneth upon me like a giant.
I have sewed sackcloth upon my skin,
And defiled my horn in the dust.
My face is foul with weeping,
And on my eyelids is the shadow of death ;
Not for any injustice in mine hands :
Also my prayer is pure.

O earth, cover not thou my blood,
And let my cry have no place.

Also now, behold, my witness is in heaven,
And my record is on high.
My friends scorn me :
But mine eye poureth out tears unto God.
O that one might plead for a man with God,
As a man pleadeth for his neighbour !
When a few years are come,
Then I shall go the way whence I shall not return.
My breath is corrupt,
My days are extinct,
The graves are ready for me.

Are there not mockers with me ?
And doth not mine eye continue in their provocation ?
Lay down now, put me in a surety with thee ;
Who is he that will strike hands with me ?
For thou hast hid their heart from understanding :
Therefore shalt thou not exalt them.
He that speaketh flattery to his friends,
Even the eyes of his children shall fail.

He hath made me also a byword of the people ;
And aforetime I was as a tabret.
Mine eye also is dim by reason of sorrow,
And all my members are as a shadow.
Upright men shall be astonied at this,

And the innocent shall stir up himself against the hypocrite.
The righteous also shall hold on his way,
And he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.
But as for you all, do ye return, and come now :
For I cannot find one wise man among you.

My days are past,
My purposes are broken off,
Even the thoughts of my heart.
They change the night into day :
The light is short because of darkness.
If I wait, the grave is mine house :
I have made my bed in the darkness.
I have said to corruption, Thou art my father :
'To the worm, 'Thou art my mother, and my sister.
And where is now my hope ?
As for my hope, who shall see it ?
They shall go down to the bars of the pit,
When our rest together is in the dust.

THEN ANSWERED BILDAD the Shuhite, and said,

How long will it be ere ye make an end of words ?
Mark, and afterwards we will speak.
Wherefore are we counted as beasts,
And reputed vile in your sight ?

He teareth himself in his anger :
Shall the earth be forsaken for thee ?
And shall the rock be removed out of his place ?



Yea, the light of the wicked shall be put out,
And the spark of his fire shall not shine.
The light shall be dark in his tabernacle,

And his candle shall be put out with him.
The steps of his strength shall be straitened,
And his own counsel shall cast him down.
For he is cast into a net by his own feet,
And he walketh upon a snare.
The gin shall take him by the heel,
And the robber shall prevail against him.
The snare is laid for him in the ground,
And a trap for him in the way.
Terrors shall make him afraid on every side,
And shall drive him to his feet.
His strength shall be hungerbitten,
And destruction shall be ready at his side.
It shall devour the strength of his skin :
Even the firstborn of death shall devour his strength.
His confidence shall be rooted out of his tabernacle,
And it shall bring him to the king of terrors.
It shall dwell in his tabernacle, because it is none of his :
Brimstone shall be scattered upon his habitation.
His roots shall be dried up beneath,
And above shall his branch be cut off.
His remembrance shall perish from the earth,
And he shall have no name in the street.
He shall be driven from light into darkness,
And chased out of the world.
He shall neither have son nor nephew among his people,

Nor any remaining in his dwellings.
They that come after him shall be astonished at his day,
As they that went before were affrighted.
Surely such are the dwellings of the wicked,
And this is the place of him that knoweth not God.

THEN JOB answered and said,

How long will ye vex my soul,
And break me in pieces with words?
These ten times have ye reproached me:
Ye are not ashamed that ye make yourselves strange
to me.
And be it indeed that I have erred,
Mine error remaineth with myself.
If indeed ye will magnify yourselves against me,
And plead against me my reproach:
Know now that God hath overthrown me,
And hath compassed me with his net.
Behold, I cry out of wrong, but I am not heard:
I cry aloud, but there is no judgment.
He hath fenced up my way that I cannot pass,
And he hath set darkness in my paths.
He hath stripped me of my glory,
And taken the crown from my head.
He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am gone:



And mine hope hath he removed like a tree.
He hath also kindled his wrath against me,
And he counteth me unto him as one of his enemies.
His troops come together,
And raise up their way against me,
And encamp round about my tabernacle.
He hath put my brethren far from me,
And mine acquaintance are verily estranged from me.
My kinsfolk have failed,
And my familiar friends have forgotten me.
They that dwell in mine house,
And my maids, count me for a stranger :
I am an alien in their sight.

I called my servant, and he gave me no answer ;
I intreated him with my mouth.
My breath is strange to my wife,
'Though I intreated for the children's sake of mine own body.
Yea, young children despised me ;
I arose, and they spake against me.
All my inward friends abhorred me :
And they whom I loved are turned against me.
My bone cleaveth to my skin and to my flesh,
And I am escaped with the skin of my teeth.
Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends ;
For the hand of God hath touched me.
Why do ye persecute me as God,
And are not satisfied with my flesh ?

Oh that my words were now written.
Oh that they were printed in a book !
That they were graven with an iron pen
And lead in the rock for ever !
For I know that my redeemer liveth,
And that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth :
And though after my skin worms destroy this body,
Yet in my flesh shall I see God :
Whom I shall see for myself,
And mine eyes shall behold, and not another ;
Though my reins be consumed within me.



But ye should say, Why persecute we him,
Seeing the root of the matter is found in me ?
Be ye afraid of the sword :
For wrath bringeth the punishments of the sword,
That ye may know there is a judgment.

THEN ANSWERED ZOPHAR the Naamathite, and said,

Therefore do my thoughts cause me to answer,
And for this I make haste.

I have heard the check of my reproach,
And the spirit of my understanding causeth me to answer.

Knowest thou not this of old,
Since man was placed upon earth,
That the triumphing of the wicked is short,
And the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment ?
Though his excellency mount up to the heavens,
And his head reach unto the clouds ;
Yet he shall perish for ever like his own dung :
They which have seen him shall say, Where is he ?
He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found :
Yea, he shall be chased away as a vision of the night.
The eye also which saw him shall see him no more ;
Neither shall his place any more behold him.
His children shall seek to please the poor,
And his hands shall restore their goods.
His bones are full of the sin of his youth,
Which shall lie down with him in the dust.

Though wickedness be sweet in his mouth,
Though he hide it under his tongue ;
Though he spare it, and forsake it not ;
But keep it still within his mouth :
Yet his meat in his bowels is turned,
It is the gall of asps within him.

He hath swallowed down riches,
And he shall vomit them up again :
God shall cast them out of his belly.



He shall suck the poison of asps :
The viper's tongue shall slay him.
He shall not see the rivers, the floods,
The brooks of honey and butter.
That which he laboured for shall he restore,
And shall not swallow it down :
According to his substance shall the restitution be,
And he shall not rejoice therein.

Because he hath oppressed and hath forsaken the poor ;
Because he hath violently taken away an house which he
 buildded not ;
Surely he shall not feel quietness in his belly,
He shall not save of that which he desired.
There shall none of his meat be left ;
Therefore shall no man look for his goods.
In the fulness of his sufficiency he shall be in straits :
Every hand of the wicked shall come upon him.

 When he is about to fill his belly,
God shall cast the fury of his wrath upon him,
And shall rain it upon him while he is eating.
He shall flee from the iron weapon,
And the bow of steel shall strike him through.
It is drawn, and cometh out of the body ;
Yea, the glittering sword cometh out of his gall :
Terrors are upon him.
All darkness shall be hid in his secret places :
A fire not blown shall consume him ;
It shall go ill with him that is left in his tabernacle.
The heaven shall reveal his iniquity ;
And the earth shall rise up against him.
The increase of his house shall depart,
And his goods shall flow away in the day of his
 wrath.

This is the portion of a wicked man from God,
And the heritage appointed unto him by God.

BUT JOB answered and said,

Hear diligently my speech,
And let this be your consolations.
Suffer me that I may speak ;
And after that I have spoken, mock on.
As for me, is my complaint to man ?
And if it were so, why should not my spirit be troubled ?
Mark me, and be astonished,
And lay your hand upon your mouth.

Even when I remember I am afraid,
And trembling taketh hold on my flesh.
Wherefore do the wicked live,
Become old, yea, are mighty in power ?
Their seed is established in their sight with them,
And their offspring before their eyes.
Their houses are safe from fear,
Neither is the rod of God upon them.
Their bull gendereth, and faileth not ;
Their cow calveth, and casteth not her calf.
They send forth their little ones like a flock,
And their children dance.



They take the timbrel and harp,
And rejoice at the sound of the organ.
They spend their days in wealth,
And in a moment go down to the grave.
Therefore they say unto God, Depart from us ;
For we desire not the knowledge of thy ways.
What is the Almighty, that we should serve him ?
And what profit should we have, if we pray unto him ?

Lo, their good is not in their hand :
The counsel of the wicked is far from me.
How oft is the candle of the wicked put out ?
And how oft cometh their destruction upon them ?
God distributeth sorrows in his anger.
They are as stubble before the wind,
And as chaff that the storm carrieth away.
God layeth up his iniquity for his children :
He rewardeth him, and he shall know it.
His eyes shall see his destruction,
And he shall drink of the wrath of the Almighty.
For what pleasure hath he in his house after him,
When the number of his months is cut off in
the midst ?

Shall any teach God knowledge ?
Seeing he judgeth those that are high.
One dieth in his full strength,
Being wholly at ease and quiet.
His breasts are full of milk,
And his bones are moistened with marrow.
And another dieth in the bitterness of his soul,
And never eateth with pleasure.
They shall lie down alike in the dust,
And the worms shall cover them.

Behold, I know your thoughts,
And the devices which ye wrongfully imagine against me.
For ye say, Where is the house of the prince?
And where are the dwelling places of the wicked?
Have ye not asked them that go by the way?
And do ye not know their tokens,
That the wicked is reserved to the day of destruction?
They shall be brought forth to the day of wrath.
Who shall declare his way to his face?
And who shall repay him what he hath done?
Yet shall he be brought to the grave,
And shall remain in the tomb.
The clods of the valley shall be sweet unto him,
And every man shall draw after him,
As there are innumerable before him.
How then comfort ye me in vain,
Seeing in your answers there remaineth falsehood?

PART III.

THE CONTROVERSY

THIRD SERIES



THEN ELIPHAZ the Temanite answered and said,

Can a man be profitable unto God,
As he that is wise may be profitable unto himself?
Is it any pleasure to the Almighty, that thou art righteous?
Or is it gain to him, that thou makest thy ways perfect?
Will he reprove thee for fear of thee?
Will he enter with thee into judgment?



Is not thy wickedness great ?
And thine iniquities infinite ?
For thou hast taken a pledge from thy brother for nought,
And stripped the naked of their clothing.
Thou hast not given water to the weary to drink,
And thou hast withholden bread from the hungry.
But as for the mighty man, he had the earth ;
And the honourable man dwelt in it.
Thou hast sent widows away empty,
And the arms of the fatherless have been broken.
Therefore snares are round about thee,

And sudden fear troubleth thee ;
Or darkness, that thou canst not see ;
And abundance of waters cover thee.

Is not God in the height of heaven ?
And behold the height of the stars, how high they are !
And thou sayest, How doth God know ?
Can he judge through the dark cloud ?
Thick clouds are a covering to him, that he seeth not ;
And he walketh in the circuit of heaven.
Hast thou marked the old way
Which wicked men have trodden ?
Which were cut down out of time,
Whose foundation was overflown with a flood :
Which said unto God, Depart from us :
And what can the Almighty do for them ?
Yet he filled their houses with good things :
But the counsel of the wicked is far from me.
The righteous see it, and are glad :
And the innocent laugh them to scorn.
Whereas our substance is not cut down,
But the remnant of them the fire consumeth.

Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace :
Thereby good shall come unto thee.
Receive, I pray thee, the law from his mouth,

And lay up his words in thine heart.
If thou return to the Almighty, thou shalt be built up,
Thou shalt put away iniquity far from thy tabernacles.
Then shalt thou lay up gold as dust,
And the gold of Ophir as the stones of the brooks.
Yea, the Almighty shall be thy defence,
And thou shalt have plenty of silver.
For then shalt thou have thy delight in the Almighty,
And shalt lift up thy face unto God.
Thou shalt make thy prayer unto him, and he shall hear thee,
And thou shalt pay thy vows.
Thou shalt also decree a thing,
And it shall be established unto thee :
And the light shall shine upon thy ways.
When men are cast down,
Then thou shalt say, There is lifting up ;
And he shall save the humble person.
He shall deliver the island of the innocent :
And it is delivered by the pureness of thine hands.

THEN JOB answered and said,

Even to-day is my complaint bitter :
My stroke is heavier than my groaning.
Oh that I knew where I might find him !
That I might come even to his seat !

I would order my cause before him,
And fill my mouth with arguments.
I would know the words which he would answer me,
And understand what he would say unto me.
Will he plead against me with his great power ?
No ; but he would put strength in me.
There the righteous might dispute with him ;
So should I be delivered for ever from my judge.
Behold, I go forward, but he is not there ;
And backward, but I cannot perceive him :
On the left hand, where he doth work,
But I cannot behold him :
He hideth himself on the right hand,
That I cannot see him :
But he knoweth the way that I take :
When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.
My foot hath held his steps,
His way have I kept, and not declined.
Neither have I gone back from the commandment of his lips ;
I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than my
 necessary food.

 But he is in one mind, and who can turn him ?
And what his soul desireth, even that he doeth.
For he performeth the thing that is appointed for me :
And many such things are with him.



Therefore am I troubled at his presence :
When I consider, I am afraid of him.
For God maketh my heart soft,
And the Almighty troubleth me :
Because I was not cut off before the darkness,
Neither hath he covered the darkness from my face.
Why, seeing times are not hidden from the Almighty,
Do they that know him not see his days ?
Some remove the landmarks ;
They violently take away flocks, and feed thereof.
They drive away the ass of the fatherless,

They take the widow's ox for a pledge.
They turn the needy out of the way :
The poor of the earth hide themselves together.
Behold, as wild asses in the desert, go they forth to
their work ;
Rising betimes for a prey :
The wilderness yieldeth food for them and for their
children.
They reap every one his corn in the field :
And they gather the vintage of the wicked.
They cause the naked to lodge without clothing,
That they have no covering in the cold.
They are wet with the showers of the mountains,
And embrace the rock for want of a shelter.



They pluck the fatherless from the breast,
And take a pledge of the poor.
They cause him to go naked without clothing,
And they take away the sheaf from the hungry ;
Which make oil within their walls,
And tread their winepresses, and suffer thirst.
Men groan from out of the city,
And the soul of the wounded crieth out :
Yet God layeth not folly to them.

They are of those that rebel against the light ;
They know not the ways thereof,
Nor abide in the paths thereof.
The murderer rising with the light
Killeth the poor and needy,
And in the night is as a thief.
The eye also of the adulterer waiteth for the twilight,
Saying, No eye shall see me :
And disguiseth his face.
In the dark they dig through houses,
Which they had marked for themselves in the day time :
They know not the light.
For the morning is to them even as the shadow of death :
If one know them, they are in the terrors of the shadow
of death.
He is swift as the waters ;

Their portion is cursed in the earth :
He beholdeth not the way of the vineyards.



Drought and heat consume the snow waters :
So doth the grave those which have sinned.
The womb shall forget him ;

The worm shall feed sweetly on him ;
He shall be no more remembered ;
And wickedness shall be broken as a tree.

He evil entreateth the barren that beareth not :
And doeth not good to the widow.
He draweth also the mighty with his power :
He riseth up, and no man is sure of life.
Though it be given him to be in safety, whereon
he resteth ;
Yet his eyes are upon their ways.
They are exalted for a little while, but are gone and
brought low ;
They are taken out of the way as all other,
And cut off as the tops of the ears of corn.



And if it be not so now, who will make me a liar,
And make my speech nothing worth ?

THEN ANSWERED BILDAD the Shuhite, and said,

Dominion and fear are with him,
He maketh peace in his high places.
Is there any number of his armies ?
And upon whom doth not his light arise ?
How then can man be justified with God ?
Or how can he be clean that is born of a woman ?
Behold even to the moon, and it shineth not ;
Yea, the stars are not pure in his sight.
How much less man, that is a worm ?
And the son of man, which is a worm ?

BUT JOB answered and said,

How hast thou helped him that is without power ?
How savest thou the arm that hath no strength ?
How hast thou counselled him that hath no wisdom ?
And how hast thou plentifully declared the thing as it is ?
To whom hast thou uttered words ?
And whose spirit came from thee ?

Dead things are formed from under the waters,
And the inhabitants thereof.
Hell is naked before him,
And destruction hath no covering.
He stretcheth out the north over the empty place,
And hangeth the earth upon nothing.
He bindeth up the waters in his thick clouds ;
And the cloud is not rent under them.
He holdeth back the face of his throne,
And spreadeth his cloud upon it.
He hath compassed the waters with bounds,
Until the day and night come to an end.
The pillars of heaven tremble
And are astonished at his reproof.
He divideth the sea with his power,
And by his understanding he smiteth through the proud.
By his spirit he hath garnished the heavens ;
His hand hath formed the crooked serpent.
Lo, these are parts of his ways : but how little a portion is
heard of him ?
But the thunder of his power who can understand ?

MOREOVER JOB continued his parable, and said,

As God liveth, who hath taken away my judgment ;
And the Almighty, who hath vexed my soul ;

All the while my breath is in me,
And the spirit of God is in my nostrils ;
My lips shall not speak wickedness,
Nor my tongue utter deceit.
God forbid that I should justify you :
Till I die I will not remove mine integrity from me.
My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go :
My heart shall not reproach me so long as I live.
Let mine enemy be as the wicked,
And he that riseth up against me as the unrighteous.

For what is the hope of the hypocrite,
Though he hath gained, when God taketh away his soul ?
Will God hear his cry
When trouble cometh upon him ?
Will he delight himself in the Almighty ?
Will he always call upon God ?

I will teach you by the hand of God :
That which is with the Almighty will I not conceal.
Behold, all ye yourselves have seen it ;
Why then are ye thus altogether vain ?
This is the portion of a wicked man with God,
And the heritage of oppressors,
Which they shall receive of the Almighty.
If his children be multiplied, it is for the sword :



And his offspring shall not be satisfied with bread.
Those that remain of him shall be buried in death :
And his widows shall not weep.
Though he heap up silver as the dust,

And prepare raiment as the clay ;
He may prepare it, but the just shall put it on,
And the innocent shall divide the silver.
He buildeth his house as a moth,
And as a booth that the keeper maketh.
The rich man shall lie down, but he shall not be gathered :
He openeth his eyes, and he is not.
Terrors take hold on him as waters,
A tempest stealeth him away in the night.
The east wind carrieth him away, and he departeth :
And as a storm hurleth him out of his place.
For God shall cast upon him, and not spare :
He would fain flee out of his hand.
Men shall clap their hands at him,
And shall hiss him out of his place.

Surely there is a vein for the silver,
And a place for gold where they fine it.
Iron is taken out of the earth,
And brass is molten out of the stone.
He setteth an end to darkness,
And searcheth out all perfection :
The stones of darkness, and the shadow of death.
The flood breaketh out from the inhabitant ;
Even the waters forgotten of the foot :
They are dried up, they are gone away from men.



As for the earth, out of it cometh bread :
And under it is turned up as it were fire.
The stones of it are the place of sapphires :
And it hath dust of gold.
There is a path which no fowl knoweth,
And which the vulture's eye hath not seen :
The lion's whelps have not trodden it,
Nor the fierce lion passed by it.
He putteth forth his hand upon the rock ;
He overturneth the mountains by the roots.
He cutteth out rivers among the rocks ;
And his eye seeth every precious thing.

He bindeth the floods from overflowing ;
And the thing that is hid bringeth he forth to light.

But where shall wisdom be found ?
And where is the place of understanding ?
Man knoweth not the price thereof ;
Neither is it found in the land of the living.
The depth saith, It is not in me :
And the sea saith, It is not with me.
It cannot be gotten for gold,
Neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.
It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir,
With the precious onyx, or the sapphire.
The gold and the crystal cannot equal it :
And the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold.
No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls :
For the price of wisdom is above rubies.
The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it,
Neither shall it be valued with pure gold.

Whence then cometh wisdom ?
And where is the place of understanding ?
Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living,
And kept close from the fowls of the air.
Destruction and death say,
We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.

God understandeth the way thereof,
And he knoweth the place thereof.
For he looketh to the ends of the earth,
And seeth under the whole heaven ;
To make the weight for the winds ;
And he weigheth the waters by measure.
When he made a decree for the rain,
And a way for the lightning of the thunder :
Then did he see it, and declare it ;
He prepared it, yea, and searched it out.
And unto man he said, Behold,
The fear of the LORD, that is wisdom ;
And to depart from evil is understanding.

MOREOVER JOB continued his parable, and said,

Oh that I were as in months past,
As in the days when God preserved me ;
When his candle shined upon my head,
And when by his light I walked through darkness ;
As I was in the days of my youth,
When the secret of God was upon my tabernacle ;
When the Almighty was yet with me,
When my children were about me ;
When I washed my steps with butter,
And the rock poured me out rivers of oil !



When I went out to the gate through the city,
When I prepared my seat in the street :
The young men saw me, and hid themselves :
And the aged arose, and stood up.
The princes refrained talking,

And laid their hand on their mouth.
The nobles held their peace,
And their tongue cleaved to the roof of their mouth.
When the ear heard me, then it blessed me ;
And when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me :
Because I delivered the poor that cried,
And the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.
The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me :
And I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.
I put on righteousness, and it clothed me :
My judgment was as a robe and a diadem.
I was eyes to the blind,
And feet was I to the lame.
I was a father to the poor :
And the cause which I knew not I searched out.
And I brake the jaws of the wicked,
And plucked the spoil out of his teeth.
Then I said, I shall die in my nest,
And I shall multiply my days as the sand.
My root was spread out by the waters,
And the dew lay all night upon my branch.
My glory was fresh in me,
And my bow was renewed in my hand.

Unto me men gave ear, and waited,
And kept silence at my counsel.



After my words they spake not again ;
And my speech dropped upon them.
And they waited for me as for the rain ;
And they opened their mouth wide as for the latter rain.
If I laughed on them, they believed it not ;
And the light of my countenance they cast not down.
I chose out their way, and sat chief,
And dwelt as a king in the army,
As one that comforteth the mourners.
But now they that are younger than I have me
in derision,

Whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the
dogs of my flock.

Yea, whereto might the strength of their hands profit me,
In whom old age was perished ?

For want and famine they were solitary ;
Fleeing into the wilderness in former time desolate
and waste.

Who cut up mallows by the bushes,
And juniper roots for their meat.
They were driven forth from among men,
(They cried after them as after a thief ;)

To dwell in the cliffs of the valleys,
In caves of the earth, and in the rocks.

Among the bushes they brayed ;
Under the nettles they were gathered together.

They were children of fools,
Yea, children of base men :

They were viler than the earth.

And now am I their song,

Yea, I am their byword.

They abhor me, they flee far from me,

And spare not to spit in my face.

Because he hath loosed my cord, and afflicted me,

They have also let loose the bridle before me.

Upon my right hand rise the youth ;

They push away my feet,

And they raise up against me the ways of their
destruction.

They mar my path,

They set forward my calamity,

They have no helper.

They came upon me as a wide breaking in of waters :

In the desolation they rolled themselves upon me.

Terrors are turned upon me :

They pursue my soul as the wind :

And my welfare passeth away as a cloud.

And now my soul is poured out upon me ;

The days of affliction have taken hold upon me.

My bones are pierced in me in the night season :

And my sinews take no rest.

By the great force of my disease is my garment changed :

It bindeth me about as the collar of my coat.

He hath cast me into the mire,

And I am become like dust and ashes.

I cry unto thee, and thou dost not hear me :

I stand up, and thou regardest me not.

Thou art become cruel to me :

With thy strong hand thou opposest thyself against me.

Thou liftest me up to the wind ;

Thou causest me to ride upon it, and dissolvest

my substance.

For I know that thou wilt bring me to death,
And to the house appointed for all living.
Howbeit he will not stretch out his hand to the grave,
Though they cry in his destruction.
Did not I weep for him that was in trouble ?
Was not my soul grieved for the poor ?
When I looked for good, then evil came unto me :
And when I waited for light, there came darkness.

My bowels boiled, and rested not :
The days of affliction prevented me.
I went mourning without the sun :
I stood up, and I cried in the congregation.
I am a brother to dragons,
And a companion to owls.
My skin is black upon me,
And my bones are burned with heat.
My harp also is turned to mourning,
And my organ into the voice of them that weep.
I made a covenant with mine eyes ;
Why then should I think upon a maid ?
For what portion of God is there from above ?
And what inheritance of the Almighty from on high ?
Is not destruction to the wicked ?
And a strange punishment to the workers of
iniquity ?

Doth not he see my ways,
And count all my steps ?
If I have walked with vanity,
Or if my foot hath hasted to deceit ;
Let me be weighed in an even balance,
That God may know mine integrity.
If my step hath turned out of the way,
And mine heart walked after mine eyes,
And if any blot hath cleaved to mine hands ;
Then let me sow, and let another eat ;
Yea, let my offspring be rooted out.
If mine heart have been deceived by a woman,
Or if I have laid wait at my neighbour's door ;
Then let my wife grind unto another,
And let others bow down upon her.
For this is an heinous crime ;
Yea, it is an iniquity to be punished by the judges.
For it is a fire that consumeth to destruction,
And would root out all mine increase.

If I did despise the cause of my manservant
Or of my maidservant, when they contended with me ;
What then shall I do when God riseth up ?
And when he visiteth, what shall I answer him ?
Did not he that made me in the womb make him ?
And did not one fashion us in the womb ?



If I have withheld the poor from their desire,
Or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail ;
Or have eaten my morsel myself alone,
And the fatherless hath not eaten thereof ;
(For from my youth he was brought up with me,
as with a father,
And I have guided her from my mother's womb ;)
If I have seen any perish for want of clothing,
Or any poor without covering ;
If his loins have not blessed me,

And if he were not warmed with the fleece of
my sheep ;
If I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless,
When I saw my help in the gate :
Then let mine arm fall from my shoulder blade,
And mine arm be broken from the bone.
For destruction from God was a terror to me,
And by reason of his highness I could not endure.

If I have made gold my hope,
Or have said to the fine gold, Thou art my confidence ;
If I rejoiced because my wealth was great,
And because mine hand had gotten much ;
If I beheld the sun when it shined,
Or the moon walking in brightness ;
And my heart hath been secretly enticed,
Or my mouth hath kissed my hand :
This also were an iniquity to be punished by the judge :
For I should have denied the God that is above.
If I rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me,
Or lifted up myself when evil found him :
Neither have I suffered my mouth to sin
By wishing a curse to his soul.
If the men of my tabernacle said not,
Oh that we had of his flesh ! we cannot be satisfied.
The stranger did not lodge in the street :

But I opened my doors to the traveller.
If I covered my transgressions as Adam,
By hiding mine iniquity in my bosom :
Did I fear a great multitude,
Or did the contempt of families terrify me,
That I kept silence, and went not out of the door ?



Oh that one would hear me !
Behold, my desire is, that the Almighty would answer me,
And that mine adversary had written a book.
Surely I would take it upon my shoulder,
And bind it as a crown to me.
I would declare unto him the number of my steps ;
As a prince would I go near unto him.

If my land cry against me, or that the furrows likewise
thereof complain ;
If I have eaten the fruits thereof without money,
Or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life :
Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of
barley.

The words of JOB are ended.

PART IV.

E L I H U



So these three men ceased to answer Job, because he was righteous in his own eyes.

Then was kindled the wrath of ELIHU the son of Barachel the Buzite, of the kindred of Ram: against Job was his wrath kindled, because he justified himself rather than God. Also

against his three friends was his wrath kindled, because they had found no answer, and yet had condemned Job. Now Elihu had waited till Job had spoken, because they were elder than he. When Elihu saw that there was no answer in the mouth of these three men, then his wrath was kindled. And Elihu the son of Barachel the Buzite answered and said,

I am young, and ye are very old ;
Wherefore I was afraid,
And durst not show you mine opinion.
I said, Days should speak,
And multitude of years should teach wisdom.
But there is a spirit in man :
And the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.
Great men are not always wise :
Neither do the aged understand judgment.
Therefore I said, Hearken to me ;
I also will show mine opinion.

Behold, I waited for your words ;
I gave ear to your reasons,
Whilst ye searched out what to say.
Yea, I attended unto you,
And, behold, there was none of you that convinced Job,
Or that answered his words :
Lest ye should say, We have found out wisdom :

God thrusteth him down, not man.
Now he hath not directed his words against me :
Neither will I answer him with your speeches.

They were amazed, they answered no more :
They left off speaking.
When I had waited, (for they spake not,
But stood still, and answered no more ;)
I said, I will answer also my part,
I also will show mine opinion.
For I am full of matter,
The spirit within me constraineth me.
Behold, my belly is as wine which hath no vent ;
It is ready to burst like new bottles.
I will speak, that I may be refreshed :
I will open my lips and answer.
Let me not, I pray you, accept any man's person,
Neither let me give flattering titles unto man.
For I know not to give flattering titles ;
In so doing my Maker would soon take me away.

Wherefore, Job, I pray thee, hear my speeches,
And hearken to all my words.
Behold, now I have opened my mouth,
My tongue hath spoken in my mouth.
My words shall be of the uprightness of my heart :

And my lips shall utter knowledge clearly.
The Spirit of God hath made me,
And the breath of the Almighty hath given me life.
If thou canst answer me,
Set thy words in order before me, stand up.
Behold, I am according to thy wish in God's stead :
I also am formed out of the clay.
Behold, my terror shall not make thee afraid,
Neither shall my hand be heavy upon thee.

Surely thou hast spoken in mine hearing,
And I have heard the voice of thy words, saying,
I am clean without transgression, I am innocent ;
Neither is there iniquity in me.
Behold, he findeth occasions against me,
He counteth me for his enemy,
He putteth my feet in the stocks,
He marketh all my paths.
Behold, in this thou art not just :
I will answer thee, that God is greater than man.

Why dost thou strive against him ?
For he giveth not account of any of his matters.
For God speaketh once, yea twice,
Yet man perceiveth it not.
In a dream, in a vision of the night,

When deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings
upon the bed ;
Then he openeth the ears of men,
And sealeth their instruction,
That he may withdraw man from his purpose,
And hide pride from man.
He keepeth back his soul from the pit,
And his life from perishing by the sword.

He is chastened also with pain upon his bed,
And the multitude of his bones with strong pain :
So that his life abhorreth bread,
And his soul dainty meat.
His flesh is consumed away, that it cannot be seen ;
And his bones that were not seen stick out.
Yea, his soul draweth near unto the grave,
And his life to the destroyers.
If there be a messenger with him,
An interpreter, one among a thousand,
To show unto man his uprightness :
Then he is gracious unto him, and saith,
Deliver him from going down to the pit :
I have found a ransom.
His flesh shall be fresher than a child's :
He shall return to the days of his youth :
He shall pray unto God, and he will be favourable unto him :

And he shall see his face with joy :
For he will render unto man his righteousness.
He looketh upon men, and if any say,
I have sinned, and perverted that which was right,
And it profited me not ;
He will deliver his soul from going into the pit,
And his life shall see the light.

Lo, all these things
Worketh God oftentimes with man,
To bring back his soul from the pit,
To be enlightened with the light of the living.

Mark well, O Job, hearken unto me :
Hold thy peace, and I will speak.
If thou hast any thing to say, answer me :
Speak, for I desire to justify thee.
If not, hearken unto me :
Hold thy peace, and I shall teach thee wisdom.

FURTHERMORE ELIHU answered and said,

Hear my words, O ye wise men ;
And give ear unto me, ye that have knowledge.
For the ear trieth words,
As the mouth tasteth meat.

Let us choose to us judgment :
Let us know among ourselves what is good.
For Job hath said, I am righteous :
And God hath taken away my judgment.
Should I lie against my right ?
My wound is incurable without transgression.
What man is like Job,
Who drinketh up scorning like water ?
Which goeth in company with the workers of iniquity,
And walketh with wicked men.
For he hath said, It profiteth a man nothing
That he should delight himself with God.

Therefore hearken unto me, ye men of understanding :
Far be it from God, that he should do wickedness ;
And from the Almighty, that he should commit iniquity.
For the work of a man shall he render unto him,
And cause every man to find according to his ways.
Yea, surely God will not do wickedly,
Neither will the Almighty pervert judgment.
Who hath given him a charge over the earth ?
Or who hath disposed the whole world ?
If he set his heart upon man,
If he gather unto himself his spirit and his breath ;
All flesh shall perish together,
And man shall turn again unto dust.

If now thou hast understanding, hear this :
Hearken to the voice of my words.
Shall even he that hateth right govern ?
And wilt thou condemn him that is most just ?
Is it fit to say to a king, Thou art wicked ?
And to princes, Ye are ungodly ?
How much less to him that accepteth not the persons of princes,
Nor regardeth the rich more than the poor ?
For they all are the work of his hands.
In a moment shall they die,
And the people shall be troubled at midnight, and pass away :
And the mighty shall be taken away without hand.
For his eyes are upon the ways of man,
And he seeth all his goings.
There is no darkness, nor shadow of death,
Where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves.
For he will not lay upon man more than right ;
That he should enter into judgment with God.
He shall break in pieces mighty men without number,
And set others in their stead.
Therefore he knoweth their works,
And he overturneth them in the night, so that they are
destroyed.
He striketh them as wicked men
In the open sight of others ;
Because they turned back from him,

And would not consider any of his ways :
So that they cause the cry of the poor to come unto him,
And he heareth the cry of the afflicted.
When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble ?
And when he hideth his face, who then can behold him ?
Whether it be done against a nation, or against a man only :
That the hypocrite reign not,
Lest the people be ensnared.

Surely it is meet to be said unto God,
I have borne chastisement, I will not offend any more :
That which I see not teach thou me :
If I have done iniquity, I will do no more.
Should it be according to thy mind ? he will recompense it,
Whether thou refuse, or whether thou choose ; and not I :
Therefore speak what thou knowest.
Let men of understanding tell me,
And let a wise man hearken unto me.
Job hath spoken without knowledge,
And his words were without wisdom.
My desire is that Job may be tried unto the end
Because of his answers for wicked men.
For he addeth rebellion unto his sin,
He clappeth his hands among us,
And multiplieth his words against God.

ELIHU spake moreover, and said,

Thinkest thou this to be right, that thou saidst,
My righteousness is more than God's ?
For thou saidst, What advantage will it be unto thee ?
And, What profit shall I have, if I be cleansed from my sin ?
I will answer thee,
And thy companions with thee.

Look unto the heavens, and see ;
And behold the clouds which are higher than thou.
If thou sinnest, what doest thou against him ?
Or if thy transgressions be multiplied, what doest thou
unto him ?
If thou be righteous, what givest thou him ?
Or what receiveth he of thine hand ?
Thy wickedness may hurt a man as thou art ;
And thy righteousness may profit the son of man.
By reason of the multitude of oppressions they make the
oppressed to cry :
They cry out by reason of the arm of the mighty.
But none saith, Where is God my Maker,
Who giveth songs in the night ;
Who teacheth us more than the beasts of the earth,
And maketh us wiser than the fowls of heaven ?

There they cry, but none giveth answer,
Because of the pride of evil men.

Surely God will not hear vanity,
Neither will the Almighty regard it.
Although thou sayest thou shalt not see him,
Yet judgment is before him ;
Therefore trust thou in him.
But now, because it is not so, he hath visited in his anger ;
Yet he knoweth it not in great extremity :
Therefore doth Job open his mouth in vain ;
He multiplieth words without knowledge.

ELIHU also proceeded, and said,

Suffer me a little, and I will show thee
That I have yet to speak on God's behalf.
I will fetch my knowledge from afar,
And will ascribe righteousness to my Maker.
For truly my words shall not be false :
He that is perfect in knowledge is with thee.

Behold, God is mighty, and despiseth not any :
He is mighty in strength and wisdom.
He preserveth not the life of the wicked :
But giveth right to the poor.

He withdraweth not his eyes from the righteous :
But with kings are they on the throne ;
Yea, he doth establish them for ever, and they are exalted.
And if they be bound in fetters,
And be holden in cords of affliction ;
Then he showeth them their work,
And their transgressions that they have exceeded.
He openeth also their ear to discipline,
And commandeth that they return from iniquity.
If they obey and serve him,
They shall spend their days in prosperity,
And their years in pleasures.
But if they obey not, they shall perish by the sword,
And they shall die without knowledge.

But the hypocrites in heart heap up wrath :
They cry not when he bindeth them.
They die in youth,
And their life is among the unclean.
He delivereth the poor in his affliction,
And openeth their ears in oppression.
Even so would he have removed thee out of the strait
Into a broad place, where there is no straitness ;
And that which should be set on thy table should be full
of fatness.
But thou hast fulfilled the judgment of the wicked :

Judgment and justice take hold on thee.
Because there is wrath, beware lest he take thee away
with his stroke :
'Then a great ransom cannot deliver thee.
Will he esteem thy riches ?
No, not gold, nor all the forces of strength.
Desire not the night,
When people are cut off in their place.
Take heed, regard not iniquity :
For this hast thou chosen rather than affliction.

Behold, God exalteth by his power :
Who teacheth like him ?
Who hath enjoined him his way ?
Or who can say, Thou hast wrought iniquity ?
Remember that thou magnify his work,
Which men behold.
Every man may see it ;
Man may behold it afar off.
Behold, God is great, and we know him not,
Neither can the number of his years be searched out.
For he maketh small the drops of water :
They pour down rain according to the vapour thereof :
Which the clouds do drop
And distil upon man abundantly.
Also can any understand the spreadings of the clouds,

Or the noise of his tabernacle ?
Behold, he spreadeth his light upon it,
And covereth the bottom of the sea.
For by them judgeth he the people ;
He giveth meat in abundance.
With clouds he covereth the light ;
And commandeth it not to shine by the cloud that
cometh betwixt.
The noise thereof showeth concerning it,
The cattle also concerning the vapour.

At this also my heart trembleth,
And is moved out of his place.
Hear attentively the noise of his voice,
And the sound that goeth out of his mouth.
He directeth it under the whole heaven,
And his lightning unto the ends of the earth.
After it a voice roareth :
He thundereth with the voice of his excellency ;
And he will not stay them when his voice is heard.
God thundereth marvellously with his voice ;
Great things doeth he, which we cannot comprehend.
For he saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth ;
Likewise to the small rain, and to the great rain
of his strength.
He sealeth up the hand of every man ;



'That all men may know his work.
Then the beasts go into dens,
And remain in their places.
Out of the south cometh the whirlwind :
And cold out of the north.
By the breath of God frost is given :
And the breadth of the waters is straitened.
Also by watering he wearieth the thick cloud :

He scattereth his bright cloud :
And it is turned round about by his counsels :
That they may do whatsoever he commandeth them
Upon the face of the world in the earth.
He causeth it to come, whether for correction,
Or for his land, or for mercy.

Hearken unto this, O Job :
Stand still, and consider the wondrous works of God.
Dost thou know when God disposed them,
And caused the light of his cloud to shine ?
Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds,
The wondrous works of him which is perfect in knowledge ?
How thy garments are warm,
When he quieteth the earth by the south wind ?
Hast thou with him spread out the sky,
Which is strong, and as a molten looking glass ?
Teach us what we shall say unto him ;
For we cannot order our speech by reason of darkness.
Shall it be told him that I speak ?
If a man speak, surely he shall be swallowed up.

And now men see not the bright light which
is in the clouds :
But the wind passeth, and cleanseth them.
Fair weather cometh out of the north :

With God is terrible majesty.

Touching the Almighty, we cannot find him out :

He is excellent in power, and in judgment,

And in plenty of justice : he will not afflict.

Men do therefore fear him :

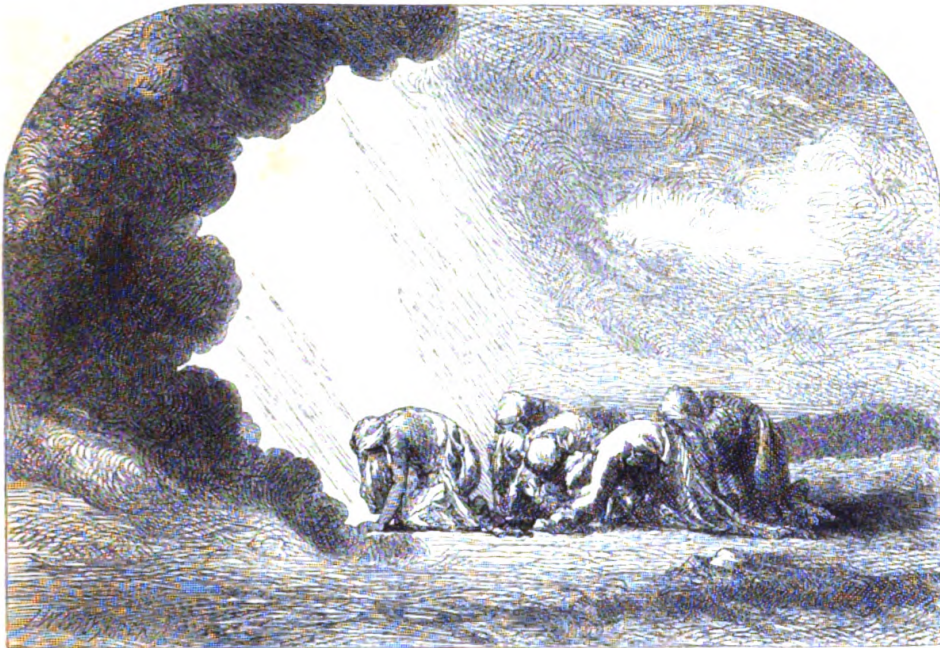
He respecteth not any that are wise of heart.



PART V.

THE DIVINE ARBITER





THEN THE LORD answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said,

Who is this that darkeneth counsel
By words without knowledge ?
Gird up now thy loins like a man ;
For I will demand of thee, and answer thou me.

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth ?
Declare, if thou hast understanding.
Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knewest ?
Or who hath stretched the line upon it ?

Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened ?
Or who laid the corner stone thereof ;
When the morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy ?

Or who shut up the sea with doors,
When it brake forth, as if it had issued out of the womb ?
When I made the cloud the garment thereof,
And thick darkness a swaddlingband for it,
And brake up for it my decreed place,
And set bars and doors,
And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further :
And here shall thy proud waves be stayed ?

Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days ;
And caused the dayspring to know his place ;
That it might take hold of the ends of the earth,
That the wicked might be shaken out of it ?
It is turned as clay to the seal ;
And they stand as a garment.
And from the wicked their light is withholden,
And the high arm shall be broken.

Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea ?
Or hast thou walked in the search of the depth ?
Have the gates of death been opened unto thee ?



Or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death ?
Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth ?
Declare if thou knowest it all.

Where is the way where light dwelleth ?
And as for darkness, where is the place thereof,
That thou shouldest take it to the bound thereof,
And that thou shouldest know the paths to the house
thereof ?
Knowest thou it, because thou wast then born ?
Or because the number of thy days is great ?

Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow ?
Or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail,
Which I have reserved against the time of trouble,
Against the day of battle and war ?

By what way is the light parted,
Which scattereth the east wind upon the earth ?
Who hath divided a watercourse for the overflowing
of waters,
Or a way for the lightning of thunder ;
To cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is ;
On the wilderness, wherein there is no man ;
To satisfy the desolate and waste ground ;
And to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth ?

Hath the rain a father ?
Or who hath begotten the drops of dew ?
Out of whose womb came the ice ?

And the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it ?
The waters are hid as with a stone,
And the face of the deep is frozen.



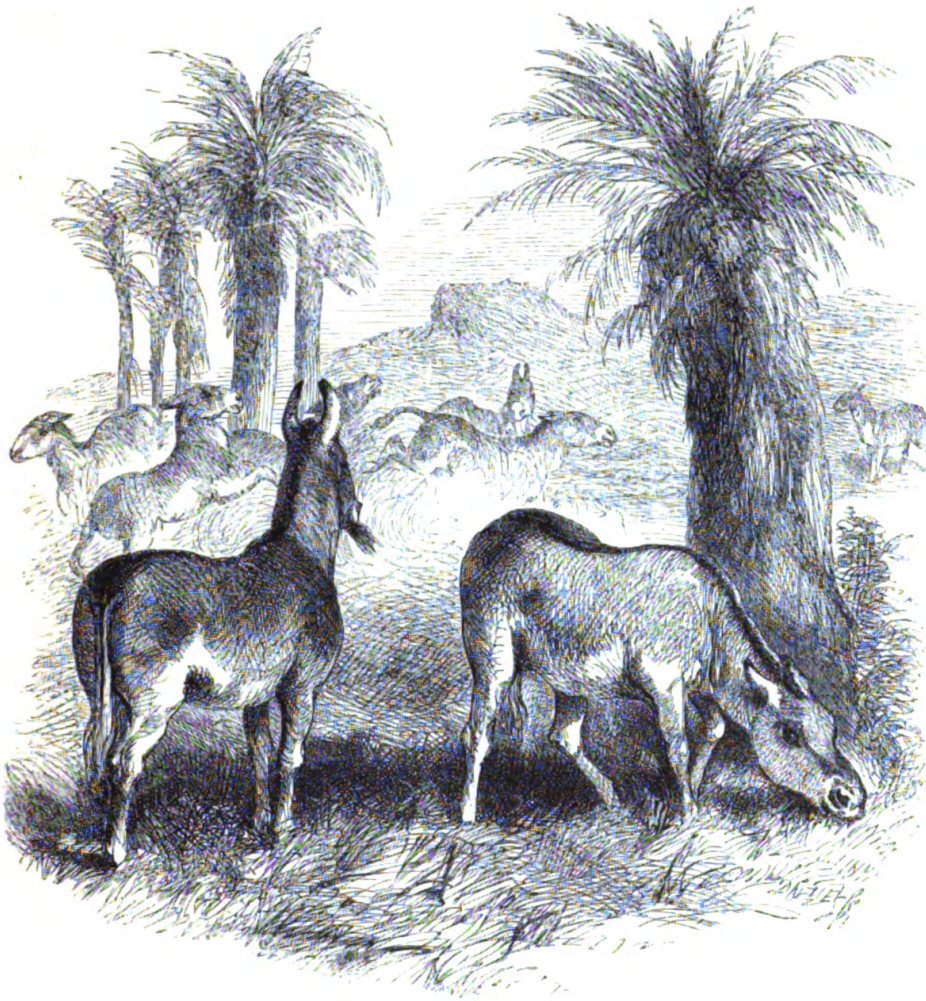
Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades,
Or loose the bands of Orion ?
Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season ?
Or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons ?
Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven ?

Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth ?
Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds,
That abundance of waters may cover thee ?
Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go,
And say unto thee, Here we are ?
Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts ?
Or who hath given understanding to the heart ?
Who can number the clouds in wisdom ?
Or who can stay the bottles of heaven,
When the dust groweth into hardness,
And the clods cleave fast together ?

Wilt thou hunt the prey for the lion ?
Or fill the appetite of the young lions,
When they couch in their dens,
And abide in the covert to lie in wait ?
Who provideth for the raven his food ?
When his young ones cry unto God,
They wander for lack of meat.

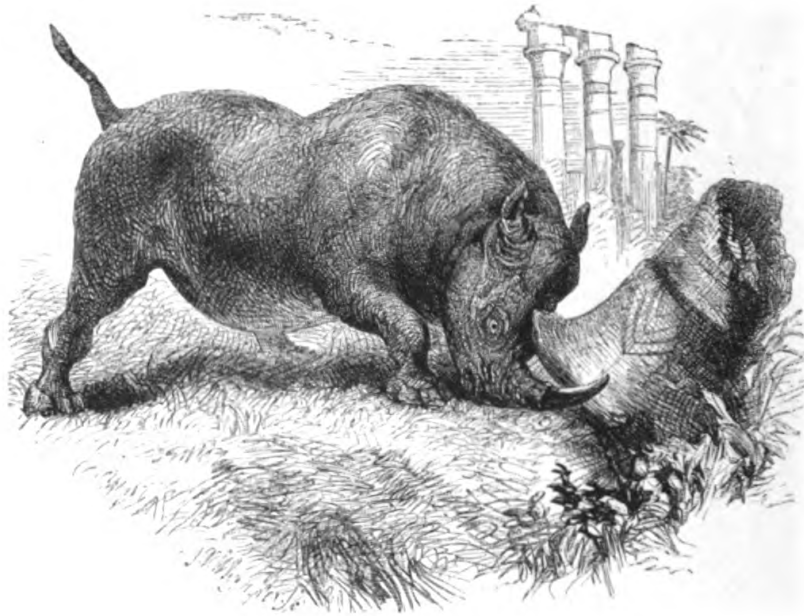
Knowest thou the time when the wild goats of the
rock bring forth ?
Or canst thou mark when the hinds do calve ?
Canst thou number the months that they fulfil ?
Or knowest thou the time when they bring forth ?
They bow themselves, they bring forth their young ones,
They cast out their sorrows.

Their young ones are in good liking, they grow up with corn ;
They go forth, and return not unto them.



Who hath sent out the wild ass free ?
Or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass ?
Whose house I have made the wilderness,

And the barren land his dwellings.
He scorneth the multitude of the city,
Neither regardeth he the crying of the driver.
The range of the mountains is his pasture,
And he searcheth after every green thing.



Will the unicorn be willing to serve thee,
Or abide by thy crib?
Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow?
Or will he harrow the valleys after thee?
Wilt thou trust him, because his strength is great?

Or wilt thou leave thy labour to him?
Wilt thou believe him, that he will bring home thy seed,
And gather it into thy barn?



Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks?
Or wings and feathers unto the ostrich?
Which leaveth her eggs in the earth,
And warmeth them in dust,
And forgetteth that the foot may crush them,
Or that the wild beast may break them.

She is hardened against her young ones, as though they
were not her's ;

Her labour is in vain without fear ;

Because God hath deprived her of wisdom,

Neither hath he imparted to her understanding.

What time she lifteth up herself on high,

She scorneth the horse and his rider.

Hast thou given the horse strength ?

Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder ?

Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper ?

The glory of his nostrils is terrible.

He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength :

He goeth on to meet the armed men.

He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted ;

Neither turneth he back from the sword.

The quiver rattleth against him,

The glittering spear and the shield.

He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage :

Neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.

He saith among the trumpets, Ha ! ha !

And he smelleth the battle afar off,

The thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom,

And stretch her wings toward the south ?



Doth the eagle mount up at thy command,
And make her nest on high ?
She dwelleth and abideth on the rock,
Upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place.
From thence she seeketh the prey,
And her eyes behold afar off.
Her young ones also suck up blood :
And where the slain are, there is she.

MOREOVER THE LORD answered Job, and said,

Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty instruct him ?
He that reproveth God, let him answer it.

THEN JOB answered the LORD, and said,

Behold, I am vile ; what shall I answer thee ?
I will lay mine hand upon my mouth.
Once have I spoken ; but I will not answer :
Yea, twice ; but I will proceed no further.

THEN ANSWERED THE LORD unto Job out of the whirlwind,
and said,

Gird up thy loins now like a man :
I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.
Wilt thou also disannul my judgment ?
Wilt thou condemn me, that thou mayest be righteous ?
Hast thou an arm like God ?
Or canst thou thunder with a voice like him ?
Deck thyself now with majesty and excellency ;
And array thyself with glory and beauty.
Cast abroad the rage of thy wrath :
And behold every one that is proud, and abase him.
Look on every one that is proud, and bring him low ;



And tread down the wicked in their place.
Hide them in the dust together ;
And bind their faces in secret.

Then will I also confess unto thee
That thine own right hand can save thee.

Behold now behemoth, which I made with thee ;
He eateth grass as an ox.
Lo now, his strength is in his loins,
And his force is in the navel of his belly.
He moveth his tail like a cedar :
The sinews of his stones are wrapped together.
His bones are as strong pieces of brass ;
His bones are like bars of iron.
He is the chief of the ways of God :
He that made him can make his sword to approach unto him.
Surely the mountains bring him forth food,
Where all the beasts of the field play.
He lieth under the shady trees,
In the covert of the reed, and fens.
The shady trees cover him with their shadow ;
The willows of the brook compass him about.
Behold, he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not :
He trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth.
He taketh it with his eyes :
His nose pierceth through snares.

Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook ?
Or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down ?



Canst thou put an hook into his nose ?
Or bore his jaw through with a thorn ?
Will he make many supplications unto thee ?
Will he speak soft words unto thee ?
Will he make a covenant with thee ?
Wilt thou take him for a servant for ever ?
Wilt thou play with him as with a bird ?
Or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens ?
Shall thy companions make a banquet of him ?

Shall they part him among the merchants ?
Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons ?
Or his head with fish spears ?
Lay thine hand upon him,
Remember the battle, do no more.
Behold, the hope of him is in vain :
Shall not one be cast down even at the sight of him ?
None is so fierce that dare stir him up :
Who then is able to stand before me ?
Who hath prevented me, that I should repay him ?
Whatsoever is under the whole heaven is mine.

I will not conceal his parts, nor his power,
Nor his comely proportion.
Who can discover the face of his garment ?
Or who can come to him with his double bridle ?
Who can open the doors of his face ?
His teeth are terrible round about.
His scales are his pride,
Shut up together as with a close seal.
One is so near to another,
That no air can come between them.
They are joined one to another,
They stick together, that they cannot be sundered.
By his neesings a light doth shine,
And his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.

Out of his mouth go burning lamps,
And sparks of fire leap out.
Out of his nostrils goeth smoke,
As out of a seething pot or caldron.
His breath kindleth coals,
And a flame goeth out of his mouth.
In his neck remaineth strength,
And sorrow is turned into joy before him.
The flakes of his flesh are joined together :
They are firm in themselves ; they cannot be moved.
His heart is as firm as a stone ;
Yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone.

When he raiseth up himself, the mighty are afraid :
By reason of breakings they purify themselves.
The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold :
The spear, the dart, nor the habergeon.
He esteemeth iron as straw,
And brass as rotten wood.
The arrow cannot make him flee :
Slingstones are turned with him into stubble.
Darts are counted as stubble :
He laugheth at the shaking of a spear.

Sharp stones are under him :
He spreadeth sharp pointed things upon the mire.

He maketh the deep to boil like a pot :
He maketh the sea like a pot of ointment.
He maketh a path to shine after him ;
One would think the deep to be hoary.
Upon earth there is not his like,
Who is made without fear.
He beholdeth all high things :
He is a king over all the children of pride.

CONCLUSION

THEN JOB answered the LORD, and said,

I know that thou canst do every thing,
And that no thought can be withholden from thee.
Who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge?
Therefore have I uttered that I understood not ;
Things too wonderful for me, which I knew not.
Hear, I beseech thee, and I will speak :
I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.
I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear :
But now mine eye seeth thee.
Wherefore I abhor myself,
And repent in dust and ashes.

AND it was so, that after the LORD had spoken these words unto Job, the LORD said to Eliphaz the Temanite, My wrath is kindled against thee, and against thy two friends : for ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right, as my servant Job hath. Therefore take unto you now seven bullocks and seven rams, and go to my servant Job, and offer up for yourselves a burnt offering ; and my servant Job shall pray for you : for him will I accept : lest I deal with you after your folly, in that ye have not spoken of me the thing which is right, like my servant Job.

So Eliphaz the Temanite and Bildad the Shuhite and Zophar the Naamathite went, and did according as the LORD commanded them : the LORD also accepted Job.

And the LORD turned the captivity of Job, when he prayed for his friends : also the LORD gave Job twice as much as he had before. Then came there unto him all his brethren, and all his sisters, and all they that had been of his acquaintance before, and did eat bread with him in his house : and they bemoaned him, and comforted him over all the evil that the LORD had brought upon him : every man also gave him a piece of money, and every one an earring of gold.

So the LORD blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning : for he had fourteen thousand sheep, and six thousand

camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she asses. He had also seven sons and three daughters. And he called the name of the first, Jemima ; and the name of the second, Kezia ; and the name of the third, Keren-happuch. And in all the land were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job : and their father gave them inheritance among their brethren.

After this lived Job an hundred and forty years, and saw his sons, and his sons' sons, even four generations. So Job died, being old and full of days.

NOTES

NOTES.

Page 21, Chap. iii. 3.

“ Let the day perish wherein I was born.”

The abrupt energy of the commencement in the original (יָאֵבֵר יוֹם) “Perish the day in which I was born,” hardly gets justice from the English imperative, “Let the day perish.” Still feebler is Luther’s “Der tag müsse verlohren seyn, darinnen ich gebohren bin.” True to the Hebrew, the Septuagint begins, ἀπολοιτο ἡ ἡμερα; Schultens, “Pereat lux;” Dr. Mason Good, Miss Smith, Mr. Wemyss, and Mr. Noyes, “Perish the day.”

This outburst of despondency and anguish is rendered as follows in a little work of great merit and great modesty, “A Metrical Version of the Book of Job, designed chiefly for the use of Schools,” (C. Gilpin, 1852). We do not know if any more has been published than the first part, containing twenty chapters.

“ Woe to the day that saw my birth,
And when my being first began,
When wept the babe its doom of earth
As weeps the man.

Let darkness still that day entomb,
Unmark'd of God with eye of love;
Let not one ray to chase its gloom
Shine from above. . . .

Because my course it failed to stay,
As stream turn'd to its source again,
Nor on life's threshold barr'd my way
To care and pain.

Why, on my mother's lap caress'd,
Did I not yield my earliest breath,
And on her bosom hush'd to rest,
Sank not in death?

Then still and quiet I had lain,
An infant's grave my hidden bed;
No sound of earth disturbs again
The slumbering dead.

Though kings and counsellors have made
Their tombs apart and desolate,
Yet there, in mingled dust, are laid
Both small and great.

There sleeps the prince, whose palace hall
Was fill'd with gold and silver store;
And with him rests the captive thrall—
His bondage o'er.

Forever loos'd the prisoner's chain—
The bondsman from his master free—
And rest doth in the grave remain
For all but me.

'Twas in no confidence of pride
I held the gifts of love divine—
My heart in fear did still abide
While they were mine.

Nor yet in careless rest, nor sloth,
Nor impious thought that peace must last—
When sudden fell the bolts of wrath,
And all is past!"

Page 22, Chap. iii. 8.

"Let them curse it that curse the day."

"May the cursers of the day curse it,
Who are expert to exorcise Leviathan."—*Umbreit.*

The allusion is to those sorcerers or magicians, who charmed serpents, and who pretended to have power over dragons and imaginary monsters.

Page 23, Chap. iii. 14.

"Which built desolate places for themselves."

"Great princes have great playthings. Some have play'd
At hewing mountains into men, and some
At building human wonders mountain high.
Some have amused the dull sad years of life
(Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad)
With schemes of monumental fame; and sought
By pyramids and mausolean pomp,
Short-lived themselves, to immortalize their bones."

The Task, B. v.

Page 24, Chap. iii. 26.

"I was not in safety."

"I have no rest, I have no quiet,
I am never still,
And fresh storms are coming!"—*Umbreit.*

Page 25, Chap. iv. 6.

"Is not this thy fear?"

"Is not thy piety thy hope?
And thine uprightness thy confidence?"—*Umbreit.*

Page 26, Chap. iv. 12.

*“ Now a thing was secretly brought to me,
And mine ear received a little thereof.”*

Nowhere else does there exist so sublime a description of a mysterious apparition, and of the sensations called forth in the beholder. The authorised version gives it admirably: perhaps the 16th verse might be improved by omitting the italics, so as to bring out the abruptness of the original:

It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof:—
An image before mine eyes:—
Silence!—and I heard a voice.

Nothing can surpass the epic grandeur with which the beholder describes the præ-sentient horror which pioneered the spirit's approach:

In thoughts from the visions of the night,
When deep sleep falleth on men,
Fear came upon me, and trembling,
Which made all my bones to shake.
Then a spirit passed before my face;
The hair of my flesh stood up.

The passage in “Hamlet” which is constantly adduced as a parallel, alongside of this majestic simplicity has a tone of rant or extravagance:

“ But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.”

The descriptive portion of the following metrical rendering by Lord Byron is good:—

“ A spirit passed before me: I beheld
The face of immortality unveil'd—

Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine—
 And there it stood,—all formless,—but divine :
 Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake ;
 And as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it spake :
 ' Is man more just than God ? Is man more pure
 Than he who deems even Seraphs insecure ?
 Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust !
 The moth survives you, and are ye more just ?
 Things of a day ! you wither ere the night,
 Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light !' "

Page 26, Chap. iv. 20.

"They are destroyed from morning to evening."

That is, "*Betwixt* morning and evening they are destroyed." They are more frail than the ephemeris—a comparison too affecting not to have been countless times repeated.

" To contemplation's sober eye
 Such is the race of man,
 And they that creep and they that fly
 Shall end where they began.

Alike the busy and the gay
 Shall flutter through life's little day
 In fortune's varying colours dressed :
 Brushed by the hand of rude mischance,
 Or chilled by age, their airy dance
 They leave, in dust to rest."—*Gray*.

Page 29, Chap. v. 24.

"And thou shalt visit thy habitation, and shalt not sin."

Margin, "not err." (ולא תחטא) "The sense which the connection demands, is that which refers the whole description to a man who is on a journey, and who is exposed to the dangers of wild beasts, and to the perils of a rough and stony way, but who is permitted to visit his home without *missing* it or being disappointed."—*Barnes*.

Page 31, Chap. vi. 13.

"Is not my help in me?"

"Alas! there is no help to me in myself!
For reason [or deliverance, *Barnes*] is surely
driven from me."—*Good.*

Page 32, Chap. vi. 15.

*"My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook,
And as the stream of brooks they pass away."*

"He is gone from the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest "

Sir W. Scott.

Page 33, Chap. vi. 28.

"Now therefore be content."

"But now look favourably upon me, and it shall appear to your faces if I lie. Turn ye now; let there be no unrighteousness; nay turn ye; still in this is my justification; whether there be unrighteousness in my tongue; or, whether my sense discerneth not injurious things."—*Lee.*

That is—Be candid, and you will perceive my sincerity. Give me a fair hearing, without prejudice ("unrighteousness"), and see if I am not one who can discern betwixt good and evil.

Page 35, Chap. vii. 10.

"He shall return no more to his house."

"Dark house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand,—

A hand that can be clasp'd no more—
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here ; but far away,
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain,
On the bald streets breaks the blank day."

TENNYSON'S "*In Memoriam*," vii.

"Neither shall his place know him any more."

"Unwatched, the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away ;

Unloved by many a sandy bar,
The brook shall babble down the plain,
At noon or when the lesser wain
Is twisting round the polar star ; . . .

Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child ;

As year by year the labourer tills
His wonted glebe, or lops the glades ;
And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills."

"*In Memoriam*," xcix.

Less elaborate, and perhaps still more affecting, are the lines on "The rude forefathers of the hamlet :"—

“The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock’s shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them, no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
 No children run to lisp their sire’s return,
 Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.”

GRAY’S *Elegy*.

Page 35, Chap. vii. 14.

“*Then thou scarest me with dreams.*”

“My frame of nature is a ruffled sea,
 And my disease the tempest.
 O ’tis all confusion !
 If I but close my eyes, strange sights
 In thousand forms and thousand colours rise,
 Stars, rainbows, moons, green dragons, bears, and ghosts,
 An endless medley rush upon the stage,
 And dance and riot wild, in reason’s court,
 Above control.”

Dr. ISAAC WATTS’S *Miscellaneous Thoughts*.

Page 35, Chap. vii. 20.

“*I have sinned.*”

“Have I sinned? What have I done to thee, O thou Observer of
 Man?”

Page 40, Chap. ix. 22.

“*This is one thing.*”

“It is all one! [the result is in all cases the same] therefore I say,
 Whether guiltless or guilty—He destroyeth.

Here doth his scourge slay suddenly ;
 There doth he mock the sufferings of the innocent who pine away.
 The land is given into the hand of the oppressor :
 He veileth the countenance of his judges.
 If not he—who other than he ?”—*Umbreit.*

To understand the alternations of bold speculation and meek submissiveness,—the contrition, the invective, the irony,—the tone by turns despairing and defiant, which fluctuates through the words of Job, we must remember the tempest of bodily and mental anguish on which he was tossed. Had he been merely thinking aloud we should have expected many moods and phases of feeling. But he was not merely thinking aloud. He was defending himself. His friends had so far placed themselves in God's stead, and the advocacy of Jehovah, as they conducted it, involved an impeachment of Job. The consequence is, that in self-defence, and in replying to their speeches, he is led to throw out questions and problems as to the divine administration which he knew that they would find it hard to answer and solve. Many of these queries are rash and cannot be commended. But allowance must be made for the circumstances of the speaker. Job is not a philosopher among his disciples, nor a theologian in his study, nor is he even a believer in his closet ; but he is a "stricken deer" at bay,—a victim on the rack,—a sufferer whom anguish and misconstruction together have made "desperate."

Page 40, Chap. ix. 26.

"They are passed away as the swift ships."

Under the somewhat doleful title of "Doodkiste," &c., or "Coffins for the Living," the Dutch poet Jacob Cats has amplified the ten or twelve similes for human life which occur in the book of Job. Adopting the rendering of the Vulgate and some other versions, "naves poma portantes," "ships freighted with summer fruits," he thus expands the metaphor :—

Als yemant met een kaeg, die fruyten heeft geladen,
 Sich op de reyse geeft en na de marckten spoet,
 Hy snelt met alle vlijt, en 't is hem oock geraden,
 Vermits de gansche last is weeck en tanger goet :
 Maer schoon hy veerdig zeylt, noch siet hy menig werven,
 Dat aen het beste fruyt het edel waes vergaet ;
 Oock siet hy menigmael de schoonste vrucht bederven,
 En smackt 'et overboort dat hem ten diensten staet.
 Al gaet ons leven ras, al snellen onse dagen,
 En dat ons soetste jeugd gansch veerdig henen schiet,
 Ons treffen evenwel geduurig harde slagen,
 En druck en ongeval, en allerley verdriet.
 Wy sien het menigmael, dat onse liefste panden
 Zijn van een stil bederf, of ander quael geraeckt,
 Ons oogen, ons gehoor, ons smaeck, ons beste tanden,
 Zijn ons bywijlen dood, ooch eer de dootd genaeckt.
 De vrienden, die ons zijn gelijk als eygen leden,
 Ontvallen ons gestaeg, en sijgen in het graf.
 Siet wat een stagen krijg op aerde wordt gestraden :
 Ach! aertsche vreugd verstuyft gelijk als ydel kaf.

Page 42, Chap. ix. 35.

"But it is not so with me."

"But not thus could I, in my present state."—Good.

Page 43, Chap. x. 17.

"Changes and war are against me."

That is, Host upon host of afflictions, like fresh relays of warriors in battle, assail me.

Page 45, Chap. xi. 6.

"And that he would shew thee the secrets of wisdom."

The original is

ויגדלך תיגלמות חכמה כי-כפלים לתושיה :

It may give some idea of the difficulty in hitting the precise import of a passage, if we subjoin a few of the various renderings of this distich.

“Et ob oculos poneret signaturas sapientiæ,
Quoniam conduplicaciones sunt quoad summam solidatam.”—*Schultens*.

“And that he would unfold to thee the secrets of wisdom
(For they are intricacies of iniquity).”—*Good*.

“That he might shew thee (out of his secret wisdom) how manifold
his law is.”—*Miles Coverdale*.

“And shew thee that the treasures of wisdom are twofold the worth
of substance.”—*Lee*.

“In order to reveal to thee the hidden depths of wisdom!
Yea, wisdom would display herself to thee double.”—*Umbreit*.

“That he would unfold to thee the secrets of wisdom:
Then wouldst thou have double reason to remain tranquil.”—*Wemys*.

“And would declare to thee the secrets of wisdom,
For they are double what we can understand.”—*Barnes*.

“That he would shew thee the secrets of his wisdom,
His wisdom, which is unsearchable!
Then shouldst thou know that God forgiveth thee many of
thine iniquities.”—*Noyes*.

Page 50, Chap. xiii. 12.

“*Your remembrances are like unto ashes.*”

“Your sentences of wisdom are sentences of dust,
Your strongholds are become strongholds of clay.”—*Umbreit*.

When God appears in his “excellency,” your *dicta* and sage aphorisms
will dissolve like ramparts of dust.

Page 51, Chap. xiv. 2.

“He cometh forth like a flower.”

“Thus the fair lily, when the sky’s o’ercast,
At first but shudders in the feeble blast ;
But when the winds and weighty rains descend,
The fair and upright stem is forc’d to bend :
Till broke, at length, its snowy leaves are shed,
And strew with dying sweets their native bed.”

“The Force of Religion.”—Dr. YOUNG.

The place which the context has found in the funeral service of the Church of England gives it associations of peculiar pathos ; and those familiar with Scottish psalmody cannot readily forget Logan’s exquisite paraphrase :—

“ All nature dies, and lives again :
The flower that paints the field.
The trees that crown the mountain’s brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield,

Resign the honours of their form
At Winter’s stormy blast,
And leave the naked leafless plain
A desolated waste.

Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain ;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

But man forsakes this earthly scene,
Ah ! never to return :
Shall any foll’wing spring revive
The ashes of the urn ?

The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne’er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again.

So days, and years, and ages past,
 Descending down to night,
 Can henceforth never more return
 Back to the gates of light ;

And man, when laid in lonesome grave,
 Shall sleep in Death's dark gloom,
 Until th' eternal morning wake
 The slumbers of the tomb.

O may the grave become to me
 The bed of peaceful rest,
 Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
 And mingle with the blest !”

The latter part is finely rendered by James Montgomery :—

“ As fail the waters from the deep,
 As summer brooks run dry,
 Man lieth down in dreamless sleep ;
 —Our life is vanity.

Man lieth down, no more to wake,
 Till yonder arching sphere
 Shall with a roll of thunder break,
 And nature disappear.

—Oh ! hide me, till thy wrath be past,
 Thou, who canst kill or save ;
 Hide me, where hope may anchor fast,
 In my Redeemer's grave.”

Page 52, Chap. xiv. 7.

“ *For there is hope of a tree.*”

“ Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
 Could have recover'd greenesse ? It was gone
 Quite under ground ; as flowers depart
 To see their mother-root, when they have blown ;
 Where they together
 All the hard weather,
 Dead to the world, keep house unknown.”

“O that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!”

“*The Flower,*” by *George Herbert.*

Page 53, Chap. xiv. 14.

“*If a man die, shall he live again?*”

“And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love Creation's final law—
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed—

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills?”

“*In Memoriam,*” lv.

Page 54, Chap. xiv. 21.

“*His sons come to honour, and he knoweth it not.*”

“To think of summers yet to come
That I am not to see;
To think a weed is yet to bloom
From dust that I shall be.”—*Cranch.*

Page 57, Chap. xv. 4.

"Yea, thou castest off fear."

"Truly thou dost make religion void,
And dost make prayer useless before God."—*Barnes.*

Page 58, Chap. xv. 11.

"Are the consolations of God small with thee?"

"Are, then, the mercies of God of no account with thee?
Or the addresses of kindness before thee?
To what would thy heart hurry thee?
And to what would thine eyes excite thee?"—*Good.*

Page 59, Chap. xv. 21.

"A dreadful sound is in his ears."

"And look at Cræsus, old and sad,
With millions in his store,
With parks and farms, and mines and mills,
And fisheries on the shore :—
His money is his bane of life,
He dreads the workhouse door.
He dreams his wife, his child, his friends,
His servants, all mankind,
Are leagued to plunder and deceive,—
He trembles at the wind :
He shakes with palsy and distrust—
He fares like beggar kind.
He grudges nature half the crust
That hungry need demands,
And sees in visions of the day
The auction of his lands ;
His body in the pauper's grave,
His gold in robber hands."

MACKAY'S "*Lump of Gold.*"

Page 69, Chap. xix. 21.

*“Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends ;
For the hand of God hath touched me.”*

“This, of all maladies that man infest,
Claims most compassion, and receives the least :
Job felt it, when he groaned beneath the rod
And the barbed arrows of a frowning God ;
And such emollients as his friends could spare,
Friends such as his for modern Jobs prepare.
'Tis not, as heads that never ache suppose,
Forgery of fancy, and a dream of woes ;
Man is a harp, whose chords elude the sight,
Each yielding harmony disposed aright ;
The screws reversed (a task which if He please
God in a moment executes with ease),
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
Lost, till he tune them, all their power and use.”

COWPER'S “*Retirement.*”

Page 69, Chap. xix. 25.

“For I know that my Redeemer liveth.”

There is no passage in Job, perhaps none in the Bible, the translation of which has given rise to so much controversy as this and the following verses. The rendering of the learned Dr. Samuel Lee is almost identical with the authorised version. The following is offered by Dr. Pye Smith :—

“I surely do know my Redeemer, the Living One :
And He, the Last, will arise over the dust.
And, after the disease has cut down my skin,
Even from my flesh, I shall see God :
Whom I shall see on my behalf ;
And mine eyes shall behold Him and not estranged.
—The thoughts of my bosom are accomplished.”

Substantially the same is that of Dr. Hales :—

“ I know that my Redeemer is living,
 And that at the last (day)
 He will arise (in judgment) upon dust (mankind).
 And after my skin be mangled thus,
 Yet even from my flesh shall I see God ;
 Whom I shall see for me (on my side),
 And mine eyes shall behold him not estranged,
 (Though) my reins be (now) consumed within me.”

In his “ New Translation,” Mr. Noyes gives it thus :—

“ Yet I know that my Vindicator liveth,
 And will stand up at length on the earth ;
 And though with my skin this body be wasted away,
 Yet in my flesh shall I see God.
 Yea, I shall see him my friend ;
 My eyes shall behold him no longer an adversary ;
 For this my soul panteth within me.”

“ Oh ! that my words were written now,—oh ! that they all were trac'd
 Upon a scroll, in characters that could not be effac'd !
 On leaden tablets graven deep, and with an iron pen,
 Ensculptur'd in the living rock, forever to remain.
 I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the latter days,
 I know that He on earth shall stand, and vindicate His ways ;
 And though my body waste away, and worms my skin corrode,
 Yet in my flesh, and for myself, I shall behold my God—
 Whom then mine eyes shall look upon, not in another's guise,
 Though now my reins within me faint, until that day arise.
 And ye shall say, when rooted firm the truth is in me found,
 Why did we persecute the just, and with reproaches wound ? ”

Metrical Version, 1852.

In the eleventh book of his *Messiah*, Klopstock enumerates those saints whose graves he imagines opening, and their bodies arising at the time of the Crucifixion. In his description of Job's resurrection is it not a remarkable oversight that he has not introduced, nor in any way adverted to the language of this passage ? Nevertheless, it is a sublime description.

Job hatte sein Grab mit kühlen Schatten umpflanzt,
 Und er schwebt' in dem wehenden Hain. Ist schienen die Fe'sen
 Seines thürmenden Grabes vor ihm sich wieder zu senken,

Jetzt sanken sie! Schnell entstiegen den ruhenden Felsen
 Wolken wallenden Staubes, doch bligte Glanz aus dem Staube,
 Anderer Staub, und anderer Glanz, wie er je noch gesehen!
 Da er sich freute der neuen Erscheinung mit frohem Lieffinn,
 Sang er entgüct in den strahlenden Staub! Ihn sahe sein Engel,
 Wie er unter des Hand Allmächtigen wurde! der Seraph
 Hielt sich nicht, rief gen Himmel, in seiner Wonne gen Himmel,
 Dass vor des Rufenden Stimme der Hain, und die Felsen erbeben!
 Hiob empfand es! Er war, nun war er von neuem erschaffen!
 Hielt sich nicht, rief gen Himmel, mit stürzenden Thränen gen Himmel,
 Dass vor des Rufenden Stimme der Hain und die Felsen erbeben,
 Heilig! Heilig! Heilig! ist der, der seyn wird, und seyn wird!

Page 76, Chap. xxi. 17.

“How oft is the candle of the wicked put out?”

This would be better pointed as a question. The whole passage down to the 21st verse is evidently an allusion to the argument of Job's opponents, if not a repetition of their language, with a view to its refutation.

Page 93, Chap. xxvii. 13.

“This is the portion of a wicked man with God.”

From this verse to the end of the chapter, the strain is so different from Job's ordinary line of argument, that many commentators give the passage in inverted commas, as Job's quotation of his friends' assertions. Mr. Wemyss, in his instructive and ingenious volume, makes it a distinct chapter, and, as others had already done, introduces it with the words (supposed to have been omitted by the copyist) “Then Zophar the Naamathite answered thus.” For this, however, we think there is no necessity. As Umbreit remarks, “Job had previously exerted himself to point out instances of the prosperity of the wicked, only as a defensive contradiction of his friends, who were always taunting him with his misfortunes as a proof of guilt. But, now that he has reduced them to silence, in order to bring them to

the right point from whence to judge of his misfortunes, he admits their favourite doctrine of the woes of the ungodly; only he maintains that nothing is thereby proved, for his innocence stands as firm and sure as the misfortunes consequent on wickedness. Hence, because the virtuous also suffer, there must be other mysterious grounds of suffering besides guilt. In this way, the contest comes to an issue. Without this apparent contradiction in Job's speeches, the interchange of words would have been endless."

Page 100, Chap. xxix. 11.

"When the ear heard me, then it blessed me."

Compare also Chap. xxxi.

"Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
 Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
 'The Man of Ross,' each lisp'g babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
 He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
 Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate:
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans, blest,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes and gives.
 Is there a variance? enter but his door,
 Baulk'd are the courts, and contest is no more:
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile attornies, now an useless race."

POPE. *Moral Essays.*

Page 107, Chap. xxxi. 26.

“Or the moon walking in brightness.”

“Ship-like, full-breasted,
Travelled the moon,
Swift as a gondola
In a lagoon,
Through the cloud-highlands
In silvery glow,
Through the white islands
Of turretted snow.”

MACKAY'S *“Lump of Gold.”*

Page 107, Chap. xxxi. 31.

*“If the men of my tabernacle said not,
Oh that we had of his flesh! we cannot be satisfied.”*

“Those of my household could not say
That any one had not filled himself with my flesh.”

Umbreit.

That is, there was never an instance known where any one failed to be satisfied with my hospitality.

Page 108, Chap. xxxi. 34.

*“Did I fear a great multitude,
Or did the contempt of families terrify me,
That I kept silence, and went not out of the door.”*

“Then let me be confounded before a great multitude!
Let the contempt of families crush me!
Yea, let me keep silence, and never go out of my door!”

Barnes.

Page 128, Chap. xxxvii. 21.

“And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds.”

“And now—men cannot look upon the bright splendour that
is on the clouds,
For the wind passeth along, and maketh an opening!
Golden splendour approaches from the north:—
How fearful is the majesty of God!
The Almighty! we cannot find Him out:”

Describing the approach of Jehovah in his chariot of cloud, and amidst the peal of the thunder.

Page 134, Chap. xxxviii. 7.

“When the morning stars sang together.”

“There’s not the smallest orb which thou behold’st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.”

Shakspeare.

“Thus was the first day even and morn:
Nor pass’d uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial quires, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of heaven and earth: with joy and shout
The hollow universal globe they fill’d,
And touch’d their golden harps, and hymning praised
God and his works.”—*Milton.*

Page 134, Chap. xxxviii. 8.

“Or who shut up the sea with doors?”

There is something peculiarly grand in this account of the birth of old

ocean. When the Titanic infant leaped to light, who hung with a cloud-curtain his cradle, and clothed him in a robe of thick darkness? When in exulting prowess he threatened to swallow up the world, who marked off a play-ground to the new-born anarch, and said, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed?"—From the time when its noisy fulness sounded in Homer's ear, and its multitudinous smile gladdened the blind minstrel's memory, the sea has sung in every poet; according to temperament or accidental circumstances, a joyous play-fellow as in Byron, a mournful and mysterious power as in Mrs. Hemans. Many of our town-pent readers will most readily sympathize in Campbell's friendly greeting:—

"Hail to thy face and odours, glorious Sea!
 'Twere thanklessness in me to bless thee not,
 Great beauteous Being! in whose breath and smile
 My heart beats calmer, and my very mind
 Inhales salubrious thoughts.
 Though like the world thou fluctuatest, thy din
 To me is peace, thy restlessness repose.
 With thee beneath my windows, pleasant sea,
 I long not to o'erlook earth's fairest glades
 And green savannahs—Earth has not a plain
 So boundless or so beautiful as thine;
 The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,
 Sinks half-way o'er it like a wearied bird:
 It is the mirror of the stars, where all
 Their hosts within the concave firmament,
 Gay marching to the music of the spheres,
 Can see themselves at once."

Page 134, Chap. xxxviii. 12.

"Hast thou commanded the morning?"

"Hast thou, in thy life, given commandment to the morning,
 Or caused the dawn to know its place,

That it may seize on the far corners of the earth,
 And scatter the robbers before it ?
 It turns itself along like clay under a seal,
 And all things stand forth as if in gorgeous apparel."

Barnes.

The allusion in the last lines is apparently to the cylindrical seals used in Babylonia. Just as such a seal rolls over the clay, and there instantly starts up in relief a fine group of objects, so the dayspring revolves over the space which the darkness made "empty and void;" and, as if created by the movement, all things stand forth in brilliant attire. If such be the allusion, it goes far to shew that Uz was in Chaldæa or its confines, where alone such imagery was likely to occur.

Page 136, Chap. xxxviii. 24.

*"By what way is the light parted,
 Which scattereth the east wind upon the earth?"*

"By what way is the light distributed? or the east wind dispersed over the earth?"—*Lee.*

Page 136, Chap. xxxviii. 25.

*"Who hath divided a watercourse for the overflowing of waters;
 Or a way for the lightning of thunder."*

Of the entire Address of Jehovah, an admirable paraphrase is given by Dr. Edward Young. In a prefatory note he reminds us that "Longinus has a chapter on Interrogations, which shows that they contribute much to the sublime. The speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems, indeed, the proper style of majesty incensed."

*"Who launch'd the clouds in air, and bid them roll
 Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole?"*

Who can refresh the burning sandy plain,
 And quench the summer with a waste of rain?
 Who in rough deserts, far from human toil,
 Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile?"

Page 139, Chap. xxxix. 6.

"Whose house I have made the wilderness."

The home of the wild ass and the ostrich is thus described by one who knew right well both the desert and the Book Divine, and from the lips of whose widowed partner we have often heard glowing recollections of their African sojourn.

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
 Away—away from the dwellings of men,
 By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
 By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
 Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartèbeest graze,
 And the kudu and eland unhunted recline
 By the skirts of grey forests o'erhung with wild vine;
 Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
 And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
 And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
 In the fen where the wild-ass is drinking his fill.

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
 O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
 Of the spring-bok's fawn sounds plaintively;
 Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
 With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
 And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
 Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
 Hieing away to the home of her rest,
 Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,

Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

“And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
'A still small voice' comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying, MAN IS DISTANT, BUT GOD IS NEAR!”

Thomas Pringle.

Page 142, Chap. xxxix. 19.

“*Hast thou given the horse strength?*”

“Here are all the great and sprightly images that thought can form of this generous beast, expressed in such force and vigour of style as would have given the great wits of antiquity new laws for the sublime, had they been acquainted with these writings. I cannot but particularly observe, that whereas the classical poets chiefly endeavour to paint the outward figure, lineaments, and motions, the sacred poet makes all the beauties to flow from an inward principle in the creature he describes, and thereby gives great spirit and vivacity to his description.”

Sir RICHARD STEELE in “The Guardian,” No. 86.

The following are the classical poets to whom Sir Richard refers:—

“Freed from his keepers, thus with broken reins
The wanton courser prances o'er the plains;
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds,
And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds:
Or seeks his watering in the well-known flood,
To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood;

He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
 And o'er his shoulders flows his wavy mane ;
 He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high,
 Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly."

Homer, by POPE.

"The fiery courser, when he hears from far
 The sprightly trumpets, and the shouts of war,
 Pricks up his ears ; and, trembling with delight,
 Shifts pace, and paws ; and hopes the promised fight.
 On his right shoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
 Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.
 His horny hoofs are jetty black, and round ;
 His chine is double ; starting with a bound,
 He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.
 Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils, flow,
 He bears his rider headlong on the foe."

Virgil, by DRYDEN.

"So when this ring with joyful shouts resounds,
 With rage and pride th' imprisoned courser bounds ;
 He frets, he foams, he rends his idle rein,
 Springs o'er the fence, and headlong seeks the plain."

Lucan, by ROWE.

This description of the war-horse is one of the non-Hebrew features of the book of Job. But just as the Jews were forbidden to "trust in horses," so this noble animal appears to have been from the earliest period the special favourite of their Ishmaelite and Assyrian neighbours. The fellow-feeling of this passage,—the sympathy with the charger's "inward spirit" which Steele so acutely points out,—is what we might expect in an Arabian poet, and by no modern reader can it be more thoroughly appreciated than by a British hussar. An interesting volume might be filled with anecdotes of the horse,—his heroism, docility, and other virtues,—beginning with Bucephalus who, wounded in the heat of action, bore Alexander to a place of

safety, knelt down for his master to alight, as was his custom, "and having thus, like a true and faithful servant, discharged his duty to the last, he trembled, dropped down, and died."

Page 143, Chap. xxxix. 27.

"Doth the eagle mount up at thy command?"

The noblest description of the king of birds is in Campbell's lines on "The Dead Eagle: written at Oran."

"He was the sultan of the sky, and earth
Paid tribute to his eyry. It was perch'd
Higher than human conqueror ever built
His banner'd fort. Where Atlas' top looks o'er
Zahara's desert to the Equator's line:
From thence the winged despot mark'd his prey,
Above th' encampments of the Bedouins, ere
Their watchfires were extinct, or camels knelt
To take their loads, or horsemen scour'd the plain,
And there he dried his feathers in the dawn,
Whilst yet th' unawakened world was dark below.

"He clove the adverse storm,
And cuff'd it with his wings. He stopp'd his flight
As easily as the Arab reins his steed,
And stood at pleasure 'neath Heaven's zenith, like
A lamp suspended from its azure dome,
Whilst underneath him the world's mountains lay
Like molehills, and her streams like lucid threads. . . .

"He—reckless who was victor, and above
The hearing of their guns—saw fleets engaged
In flaming combat. It was nought to him
What carnage, Moor or Christian, strew'd their decks. . . .

"The earthquake's self
 Disturb'd not him that memorable day,
 When, o'er yon table-land, where Spain had built
 Cathedrals, cannon'd forts, and palaces,
 A palsy-stroke of nature shook Oran,
 Turning her city to a sepulchre,
 And strewing into rubbish all her homes ;
 Amidst whose traceable foundations now,
 Of streets and squares, the hyæna hides himself.
 That hour beheld him fly as careless o'er
 The stifled shrieks of thousands buried quick,
 As lately when he pounced the speckled snake,
 Coil'd in yon mallows and wide nettle fields
 That mantle o'er the dead old Spanish town."

Page 146, Chap. xl. 15.

"Behold now behemoth."

"The flood disparts : behold ! in plaited mail
 Behemoth rears his head. Glanced from his side,
 The darted steel in idle shivers flies ;
 He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills ;
 Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
 In widening circle round, forget their food,
 And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze."

THOMSON'S "Summer."

Page 146, Chap. xli. 1.

"Canst thou draw out leviathan?"

"Along these lonely regions where, retired
 From little scenes of art, Great Nature dwells
 In awful solitude, and nought is seen
 But the wild herds that own no master's stall,

Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas :
 On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
 Like a fallen cedar, far diffused his train,
 Cased in green scales, the crocodile extends."

THOMSON'S "*Summer*."

The leviathan of Job is obviously the crocodile ; but Milton, in his account of the Creation, transfers the title to the whale :—

" There leviathan,
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
 Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
 And seems a moving land ; and at his gills
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea."

Paradise Lost, Book vii.

Page 149, Chap. xli. 22.

" *In his neck remaineth strength,
 And sorrow is turned into joy before him.*"

" *In his neck dwelleth Might,
 And Destruction exulteth before him.*"—*Good*.

Page 153, Chap. xlii. 2.

" *I know that thou canst do every thing,
 And that no thought can be withholden from thee.*"

" *Thou canst accomplish all things, Lord of might !
 And every thought is naked to thy sight :
 But oh ! thy ways are wonderful, and lie
 Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.
 Oft have I heard of thine Almighty power,
 But never saw thee till this dreadful hour.*

O'erwhelmed with shame, the Lord of life I see,
Abhor myself, and give my soul to thee :
Nor shall my weakness tempt thine anger more :
Man is not made to question, but adore."—*Young*.

Page 153, Chap. xlii. 6.

"Wherefore I abhor myself."

"Job's error was this, that he asserted his innocence not only against men, but against God. He not only denied that he was a hypocrite in the common sense of the term, or a sinner according to man's use and meaning of the word, but he seems to have maintained his innocence in a yet higher sense, as if it could endure God's judgment no less than man's. And for this he is reproved by Elihu, and reminded that although he might justly call himself good, in the common meaning of the word, and justly repel the charge of common hypocrisy, yet that goodness in God's meaning is of a far higher nature ; that when tried by his standard, all are sinners ; and that in his sight can no man living be justified. To this view of the case Job at last yields ; he confesses that he had spoken in ignorance, and that now, better informed of what God is, and of man's infinite unworthiness in His sight, he abhors himself and repents in dust and ashes. It is manifest that this is exactly the state of mind which is required before a man can embrace God's offer of forgiveness through Christ. And in the book of Job, no less than in the Epistle to the Romans, we find that he who thus casts away his trust in his own righteousness, and acknowledges that in God's sight he is only a sinner, becomes forgiven and accepted, and that his latter end is better than his beginning."

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