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first to send him to the school of Gamaliel, they would naturally be aware of the cosmopolitan liberality for which that school was celebrated. To some of the Rabbis—as we see from the Talmud—a knowledge of Greek learning opened a career of ambition; and the Pharisee of Tarsus, seeing the brilliant capacity of the youthful Saul, may have thought that an elementary training in Greek Rhetoric, for which the city of his home offered exceptional facilities, would be the best way of preparing his son for future distinction among the Hillelites of Jerusalem. If so, the lessons which he had learnt were not thrown away, though they were applied to very different objects than had at all been dreamt of by one who meant his boy to be like himself—a Pharisee of Pharisees, a Hebrew of Hebrews.

F. W. FARRAR.

THE SOLILOQUY OF JOB.

SECOND MONOLOGUE. (CHAPTER XXXI.)

AND yet, radical and mournful as is the change in the whole tone and tenour of his life, it is utterly unprovoked. It springs solely from the change in God, who has withdrawn his presence from him and become “very cruel,” although he has done nothing to

blunt his love,
Or lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold or careless of his will.

On the contrary, as he proceeds to shew in *Chapter xxxi.*, he has made that Will the one rule both of his inward and of his outward life.

This Chapter is perhaps the most lovely in the whole Poem, and its theme is worthy of the exquisite

and flowing strain in which it is couched. Certain theologians bid us mark, indeed, that it is a purely natural, not a Christian, morality which Job claims to have attained, a morality therefore which could not render him acceptable to God; and certain critics have been shocked at the immodesty with which his claim is advanced, and all the virtues of his life laid bare to view. But if the morality of this Chapter be not that of the Sermon on the Mount, it would be hard to say where that morality is to be found. As he

Unlocks the treasures of his happy state,

Job represents himself as having been chaste, just, benevolent, pious: too magnanimous even to rejoice in the misfortunes of an enemy, much less to wish him evil; so hospitable, that his house stood open to all comers, and there was not a man in the tribe who had not been "sated with his viands;" so sincere, that he had no secret sin to hide, nor had ever failed to confess any sins of nature, defects of will, taints of blood, by which he had been inadvertently betrayed. He has been chaste in look and desire as well as in action; he has been just to his own hurt, not even wronging his neighbour by so much as a wish; he has not only refrained from wrongful gains, but even when enriched by lawful gains he has not put his trust in uncertain riches; he has not only shunned all forms of open idolatry, but he has not even suffered his heart to be secretly beguiled into any momentary compliance with the current superstitions of his age. And all this inward and spiritual morality—this morality of thought, desire, and emotion, as well as of outward and overt act—has been inspired by a spiritual motive, by a per-

petual reference, and deference, to the will of Him who reads the thoughts and intents of the heart (See *Verses* 4, 6, 14, 15, 23, 28). The theologians who dub this a purely natural morality must surely have a far higher conception of "poor human nature" than they are wont to profess, and should at least point out in what respect it falls short of the morality taught by Christ; while, if they infer that it could not possibly render Job acceptable to God, it would seem that, like St. Peter, they need a special revelation from Heaven to convince them that "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him."

As for the immodesty which certain critics discover in these autobiographical reminiscences, it would be enough, perhaps, to remind them that Job is on his defence; that he had been openly accused of sins of injustice, inhospitality, impiety, greed; and that therefore he was bound to repel them by an appeal to the whole tenour and spirit of his life. But we may go further, and contend that to recognize "facts as they are," even though they be the facts of our own life, is not to o'erstep the modesty of nature. Nothing is more immodest than the sham modesty which hides self-esteem under a cloak of self-depreciation, and seeks to provoke our good word by speaking evil of itself. Even the Almighty, who is also the All-good, when He reviewed his works, saw, and said, that they were "very good." And even if Job had regarded his good works as his own, it would be hard to have blamed him for confessing that they were good. But so far from regarding them as his own, he constantly ascribes all that was good in them to his fear of God, who "beheld all his ways, and counted up all his

steps." The true and singular modesty of the man comes out in the fact that he can do that which would or might be immodest in us without thereby ceasing to be modest.

From a literary point of view the Chapter is so rich in felicitous strokes of art, and in charm of expression, that "none but itself can be its parallel." In many previous Chapters we have met with exquisite pictures elaborated with thoughtful care, but here we have a whole gallery of such pictures, which yet are bound together in unity by their common theme. The various aspects assumed by a just man's life under happy and sumptuous conditions are set forth with rare pictorial art, yet so as to reveal in each case the motives by which his several virtues are animated and inspired. It is the very wealth of beauty—and of that kind of beauty which must be *felt*, since it can hardly be analyzed and demonstrated—which makes it the despair of sympathetic Commentators. Shakespeare affirms—

Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
That to its subject lends not some small glory ;

but even his pen, which touched nothing that it did not adorn, might have faltered had he set it to reproduce and enhance the "glory" of these closing Verses in the Elegy of Job. Of course, nothing will be attempted here but a few brief notes, to indicate the sequence of thought, or to bring out a meaning which might escape the casual reader's cursory eye.

The first Section (*Verses* 1-8), though not destitute of pictorial power, is less marked by it than the subsequent sections of the Chapter: it is more various

in theme, more general in tone, and may fairly be regarded as mainly introductory—as the porch through which we are to enter the picture-gallery. Chastity and justice are perhaps the rarest virtues with all men : in all ages they have been conspicuously rare in the East, rarest of all in the rulers and magnates of the East. On these two virtues, therefore, as those in which men of his blood and station were most commonly deficient, Job places the burden of emphasis, claiming, in general terms, to have exercised them, even in these introductory Verses, expanding and illustrating the claim in Verses 9-23.

He had prescribed a law or entered into a covenant with his very eyes, forbidding them to soil virginal innocence with so much as an impure look (*Verse 1*). At the very outset, therefore, he strikes the key-note of his highest and most spiritual morality—that which rules thought and desire. He had anticipated the penetrating dictate of our Lord : “ Whosoever *looketh* on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.” And (*Verse 2*) this spiritual and high-toned morality was informed by the true motive. It was no fear of man, no dread of consequences, no respect for public order and well-being, no pure and stately self-respect even, which made and kept him pure ; but simply reverence for the will and judgment of God, simply that “ fear of the Lord ” which he believed to be the highest Wisdom of man. “ *The eyes,*” says a Talmudic proverb, “ *are the procurers of sin :*” and Job believed (*Verse 3*) that had he but given license to his eyes he would have become “ wicked,” would have “ done evil,” and would therefore have been overtaken of misfortune and calamity.

For (*Verse 4*) the Divine Omniscience is not to be evaded any more than the Divine Power is to be resisted. He who beholds all our ways, however hidden and secret, has constituted Himself the Avenger of outraged innocence, the Judge and Chastiser of all who offend against his pure and holy law.

And his life has been as sincerely just as it was chaste. There has been no hypocrisy in it (*Verse 5*), no jar between principle and practice, but a plain yet studied sincerity, a clear and unimpeachable integrity. If (*Verse 6*) God will but weigh him in an even, or equal, balance, He will find—as indeed He *had* both found and declared—that Job is, if not a perfect man, at least “an upright.” To God’s judgment, therefore, he once more appeals, sure that He will know his integrity, though he does not so much as dream that God had boasted of his integrity in heaven long before he himself had begun to defend it on earth. If (*Verses 7, 8*) he has suffered his feet to be drawn from the straight path of obedience; if he has looked at his neighbour’s *lands* to lust after them, and any stain of legal chicanery or violent extortion has stuck to his palm, he is content to take the due reward of his deeds, content that strangers should dispossess him of his lands, eating what he had sown, or destroying the harvest for which he had toiled.

In *Verses 9–12* he expands the thought of *Verse 1*, and makes a picture of it. “A hot temper leaps o’er a cold decree.” And he conceives of himself for a moment—though only to repel the conception with abhorrence—as having had his heart “ensnared,” *be-fooled*, by a woman, a neighbour’s wife, despite the covenant he had made with his eyes; and as playing

the part of an Eastern gallant—lying in wait at his neighbour's door for some signal or opportunity of secret access. An Arab poet, Muhâdi ibn-Muhammel, has a curious parallel to Verse 9, which shews that the manners and wiles of that primitive age have survived to more modern days. "*The neighbour's dog never barked on my account,*" *i. e.*, because I was lurking about on an illicit design; "*and it never howled,*" *i. e.*, because it was beaten for betraying, or lest it should betray, my presence. *This* sin Job disavows with vehemence. Lightly as men have commonly regarded it, to him it was an infamy that would be but justly avenged were he who is guilty of it himself to receive the very measure he had meted out to others. It was a public crime; it was a pernicious "fire," consuming him who kindled it, and burning down to the level from which it rose.

In *Verses* 13-23 the other sentiment of the Introduction is expanded, defined, illustrated; and Job depicts himself both in his private (*Verses* 13-15) and in his public (*Verses* 16-23) relations as governed by an exact and generous justice.

No servant of his, however absolutely at his mercy or command, had been willingly wronged by him, nor had any supposed wrong of groom or maid been contemptuously duffed aside. Even when they "strove" with him, and he, a judge, had been summoned by them before a bar of justice, he had treated them with respect. Even, so at least the Jewish commentators seem to have taught, when they strove *with his wife*, he openly espoused their cause if their cause were just; for we read in the Talmud: "The wife of Rabbi Jose began a dispute with her maid. Her

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husband came up and asked her the cause ; and when he saw that his wife was in the wrong, he told her so in the presence of the maid. 'Thou sayest I am wrong in my maid's presence!' cried the angry lady. '*I do but as Job did,*' replied the Rabbi." Neither by affection nor by self-interest, and still less by any despotic humour of the blood, would Job suffer himself to be diverted from the plain and beaten road of justice between man and man. And his motive was still the true motive—the fear of the Lord (*Verse 14*). His servants, his slaves even, were of one blood with him. Made by the same Divine hand, cast in the same mould, possessed of the same miraculous organs, senses, passions, with himself, they had the same claim and right to be weighed in an even balance—a right which he had never refused to admit.

In *Verses 16–23* he passes from his private to his public relations, from client to magistrate, and affirms that, as a judge and ruler of men, he had observed the most exact and impartial justice, and that he had not forgotten that

earthly power doth then shew likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

So far from having abused the authority of his rank and station in order to take advantage of any man, however destitute or helpless he might be, it was precisely those who were most easily, and therefore most commonly, wronged to whom he had shewn the most studied and friendly consideration. This general assertion of his justice and benevolence he clothes in words so picturesque and suggestive that they call up before our minds a whole series of contrasted scenes. We see Job as he appeared in the angry and distorted

imagination of the Friends—holding back the poor man from his lawful and proper desire; suffering the widow's eye to languish for lack of comfort and help; eating his daily morsel in miserly and grudging seclusion, lest the hungry should cast on it so much as a longing look; standing by with an eye of indifference while the naked famished with cold; shaking a threatening fist at the orphan who came to plead his suit before the judges, the moment he (Job) knew the judges to be his friends: and, again, we see the man as he was and lived—training the orphan like a father; leading the widow along her perplexed and solitary path as if he were her child; flinging the fleeces of his flock round the loins of the naked, his own heart warming at the warmth of their gratitude, and singing with their song (*Verses 16–21. Comp. Chap. xxix. 13–16*). “If this,” he concludes, “has not been the manner of my life from my youth up, if I *have* abused my pride and power of place, then let an exact retribution be meted out to my guilt. May my arm”—the symbol and instrument of his power—

“Struck by the impartial hand of injured Heaven,

fall from its socket and be broken at the joint” (*Verse 22*). He takes no credit for this imprecation; it involved him in no danger; the sin of injustice to the poor and helpless, common as it was, had been rendered impossible to him by “the fear of the Lord” (*Verse 23*).

In *Verses 24, 25*, while he hints at still another motive for his unstained integrity, he also advances another and a still higher claim on our respect. Men are commonly prompted to extortion and injustice by

greed. From that base prompting he has been saved by his indifference to wealth. Able to delight himself at all times in the Almighty, finding "the chief good and market of his time" in the service and favour of God, he has placed, he could place, no trust in uncertain riches. That "his hand had gotten much" quickened no emotion of pride or exultation in him; for to get much is not much to the man who has got God, and in Him treasures which no money can buy (Chap. xxviii. 15-19).

Gold cannot be his God, nor can he have any God but the Lord. Even from the slightest and most momentary compliance with the prevailing superstition of his age and race he had kept himself free (*Verses* 26-28). Sabæism, or the worship of the celestial bodies, was the cult of the ancient Arab tribes. To throw a kiss with the hand toward the rising sun, or toward the moon, as she walked the clouds like a thing of life, was a recognized form of adoration, and seems to have been observed in secret long after the public worship of sun, moon, and stars had been forbidden and abandoned. To Job, such an adoration of the rulers of day and night, much as he admired their splendour and beauty—and that he was profoundly moved by them is evident from the terms in which he describes them (*Verse* 26)—was both a legal offence, "a crime for the judges," and a religious offence, "a denial of God above." Both the phrases just quoted from *Verse* 28 are striking and suggestive. The phrase "a crime for the judges" seems to indicate that the powerful clan of which Job was a sheikh had but recently embraced the *din Ibrahim*, as the Arabs still call it; that, like Abraham, they had resolved no longer

to worship gods that set and change, and had made it a public offence to worship the creature instead of the Creator ; but that the change was sufficiently recent to admit of many lapses into the old superstition, since the judges had still occasionally to punish it as a crime : while the phrase " I should have denied God *above*," though it may be meant simply to imply that God was "above" the sun and the moon, can hardly fail to recall the Divine Name so frequent on Arab lips—"the *Exalted One*," He who sits high above the generations of men and all the changes of time.

The rare and pure magnanimity depicted in *Verses* 29 and 30 lifts Job to a still higher pinnacle of moral greatness, a pinnacle on which the noblest of our race have found it hard to maintain their footing. "Love your enemies" is a Christian precept very indifferently observed even in Christendom itself. It was not a *heathen* who spoke of the pleasure most men take in the misfortunes of their friends. But with quiet and obvious sincerity Job affirms that he took no pleasure in the misfortunes of his *enemies* ; that he neither wished them evil, nor exulted when evil found them out. Tried even by the Christian standard, the man who exults neither in his own prosperity (*Verse* 26), nor in the adversity of his enemy (*Verse* 29), must surely take high rank in the kingdom of heaven.

To *us*, perhaps, the hospitality described in *Verses* 31 and 32 may seem a far inferior grace to those which Job has already claimed. But to the men of his own day it must have been an impressive and speaking fact that, "instead of shutting himself up in an inaccessible fortress, like most Eastern nobles in unsettled districts," the fields of which lay open to the raids of

roving clans, Job's "door *gave* on the street," on the road, and stood open to all comers; that his hospitality was so lavish and unbounded, as that "the men of his tent"—*i.e.*, the members of his vast household—could proudly demand, "Who is there that he has not sumptuously entertained?" This virtue of hospitality—a virtue that needed to be enjoined even on the bishops of the early Church—has come down to the Arabs of our own day, among whom "to open a guest-chamber" is a common synonym for setting up a house of their own.

In *Verses* 33, 34, Job claims a plain and perfect sincerity. Though "the general stream of his life," its whole manner and course, give so good a proclamation of him, may he not have been guilty of secret sins which, had they been known, would have stained all his virtues, and marked him for "a spotted and inconstant man"? Canon Cook holds that in *Verse* 33 we have a clear and "explicit admission that he was not free from sin which, had it been concealed, would have been iniquity, but, laid bare by honest confession, lost that character, and deserved pardon." But is that so? I doubt whether Job admits, whether he does not rather deny, that the outward beauty of his life had been blotted by sins at variance with its obvious tenour. It is quite true, as we have more than once seen, that he nowhere claims an absolute sinlessness, that his largest assertions of innocence leave room for errors without which he would have been more than man. And it *may be* that he both admits evil intents, and pleads that, when unlawful impulse awoke within him,

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way ;

or that, when his intent was overtaken by his act, he had purged himself from guilt by frankly confessing it. But throughout this Chapter he has laid such emphasis on his purity of intention and motive, as well as on that of his actions, as to render it improbable that he should close it with an acknowledgment whether of secret or of open guilt. It is better, it is more in harmony with the present mood and tone of his mind, to understand him as repudiating the charge of covert and hidden sin; as reiterating the assurance that he "knows nothing against himself" to account for his loss of the Divine goodwill; as pleading that

his true eyes had never practised how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

But if the general tenour of these Verses is disputed, so also is the rendering of the first line of *Verse 33*. Many, perhaps most, of the best Commentators read it,

If, *like Adam*, I have covered my sin,—

a reading for which I must give my vote, though I have not ventured to put it into the text. In the Hebrew, *âdâm* stands both for man in general and for the father of us all, so that the "like *âdâm*" of this Verse is susceptible of either rendering. Some legend of Paradise, moreover, and of the sin that lost us Paradise, may be found in the traditions of almost every race. All the world over, Adam, hiding himself from the Voice of the Lord among the trees of the Garden, stands as the type of man who sins, and seeks to hide his sin from "the eye of offended Heaven." Very probably, therefore, Job here compares, or rather contrasts, himself with the sinful father of the race, and affirms that *he* has not sought to cloak or dissemble his

sin before Almighty God, to confine the knowledge of it to his own "bosom;" nay, that he has no such fatal and inward-eating transgression to conceal. Had he had any such sin to hide, he would have gone in constant dread of detection and exposure; he would have been afraid to take part in the public assemblies held in the Gate or on the *mezbele*; he would have feared, first and most of all, the "families" of his own tribe, since these were the most likely to detect his iniquity. Instead of publicly challenging inquiry, and maintaining his integrity, as he had done from the very moment he "opened his mouth," he would have sat silent and ashamed in the dark seclusion of his tent.

And now (*Verses 35-37*) he suddenly breaks in upon the sequent flow of picturesque phrases, in which he has been delineating the happy days that are no more, to repeat his challenge. With the keen intensity of highly-wrought passion, he once more, and for the last time, appeals to God for a fair and open trial; and once more, and for the last time, he proclaims his integrity to Heaven.

Many translators sacrifice the effect of this abrupt exclamation by completing the sentence of the previous Verse thus: "*Then* had I kept silence, and not gone out of my door." But to leave the sentence incomplete, as though, choked by the rush of rising emotion, Job could not pause to carry it to an orderly close, comes nearer, I think, to the intention of the Poet, and is surely far more impressive. Indeed, few strokes, whether of nature or of art, could be more impressive than that, when our minds have been held in long suspense as one picturesque clause succeeds to another,

till we long for the words that shall end the suspense, instead of being soothed by some felicitous close, our attention should be roused and stimulated afresh by an outburst of eager passionate appeal.

It is the old touch, too, to which Job responds so eagerly and passionately. Again and again, during his controversy with the Friends, they had pierced him to the quick by alleging, or assuming, secret sins in him, at variance with the known and godly tenour of his life, as the cause of all his woes. Again and again we have seen him goaded to wild resentment and frenzied assaults on the justice of God and man by this very charge. And now, though their voices are mute, it is the same intolerable thought which agitates him once more. It is while he is asserting his clear sincerity, while he is repudiating the mere thought of some occult guilt, some bosom sin, that he breaks into his last appeal to the omniscient and almighty Judge.

The appeal, as was natural, takes a legal form, and by its very form suggests an age of advanced, yet imperfect civilization, such, for example, as existing monuments prove to have obtained in Egypt before the earliest date to which Job has been assigned. An age possessed of courts of justice, in which a written accusation and a written defence were demanded, must have been far removed from the barbarity, the rude and informal administration of the primitive races; while yet an age in which grave legal documents were authenticated by a sign, or mark, instead of a written name, must obviously have been lacking in general culture and education; and the phrase I have translated, "Here is my *signature*," means, literally, "Here is my *sign*:"—*da ist mein Kreuz*, Ewald translates it.

Many an Arab chieftain could do no more at this day, however, than affix his mark; a hundred years ago it may be doubted whether more than one Englishman in ten, or more than one English squire in ten, could have done more; while three or four centuries ago most even of our great barons could but have drawn their "cross" or affixed their seal: and yet even then there had long been much and high culture among us, and an elaborate system of jurisprudence.

But who is the "Adversary" whom Job cites before the Divine Judge? The hypothesis that the Friends collectively are to be taken as the Adversary, and that their speeches reduced to writing contain the counts of his "indictment," while the Soliloquy of Job, which he is about to authenticate with his signature or mark, is the defence on which he relies, is not only too tame to be admitted for a moment, it is contrary to the whole tone and spirit of the Poem, and even to the plain meaning of this exclamation itself; since Job is here ejaculating a wish, and a wish he scarcely expects to be gratified, that his Adversary *would* prepare a formal indictment against him. What he feels most keenly is—for the extravagant misrepresentations of the Friends have long since been refuted—that he has no definite and plausible charge to meet, that he cannot discover *what* it is for which he is being smitten with stroke on stroke.

Nor can we for a moment entertain the hypothesis that at this point Job becomes dimly aware of the dark figure which stands behind the Friends, prompting their hard thoughts of him, as it had before stood beside the throne of God, moving *Him* against Job without cause; for this hypothesis is still more con-

trary to the whole spirit of the Poem, in which Job is throughout in utter ignorance of the Accuser who secretly instigates God and man against him.

It is difficult to see how any thoughtful student of the Book should feel in need of hypotheses so forced and unnatural as these. If there is one fact that stands out more clearly in the Poem than another, it is that, to Job's apprehension at least, God Himself, so long his friend, and in some mysterious way still his friend, has turned to be his enemy. It is *God* of whom he is in quest, whose voice he craves to hear, whose indictment he yearns to see, against whom, yet also from whom, he demands justice. His very Judge is also his Adversary; and yet he has no fear, for his Judge is also his Witness (Comp. Chap. xvi. 18-21), and his Adversary his Friend. We have studied the Poem to little purpose if we have not learned from it that these seeming contradictions in the relation of God toward him were all felt by Job, felt to be true, however contradictory; nay, that they *were* true, difficult as it may be to reduce them to a logical and coherent statement. And, therefore, we need not go in quest of the Adversary. Not only does Job twice expressly call God his Foe (Chaps. ix. 15; xvi. 9), but throughout his long weary trial he is seeking for a God he cannot find, who of set purpose evades his search (Comp. Chap. xxiii. 3-9).

God, then, is the Adversary whom Job still yearns to meet; the cause of whose anger he must ascertain before he can hope for peace; whose very indictment of him, if only he could obtain it, he would parade as an ornament and distinction; to be "near" whom is his one supreme desire, even though He should still

be his Enemy as well as his Judge. He has nothing to hide from Him; he longs to lay bare his soul to Him, to tell Him the very number of his steps. On whatever terms it may be granted, all he craves for is fellowship, intercourse, with the God he has loved, and loves, so well.

The closing Verses of the Chapter (*Verses 38-40*) have much exercised the critics. Even the most sober of them are sure that these Verses have fallen out of their true place, though they can produce no MSS. evidence in favour of their conclusion, and propose to insert them after Verse 8, or Verse 12, or Verse 23. And it must be admitted that there is much to suggest this conclusion, and I, for one, was quite prepared to accept it. Viewed merely as a work of art, it might have been better had the Chapter closed with the impassioned and sublime apostrophe of Verses 35-37. And yet, would it have been better? Is there not, after all, something artificial rather than artistic in the rhetoric of climaxes? Many a fine orator, carried out of and above himself by a passing wave of excitement or enthusiasm, hesitates—and I think wisely hesitates—to close with words so much above his usual level, and lets both himself and his audience gently down to earth again with a few final sentences pitched in a lower key. And not a few of the difficulties which the critics have discovered in the structure of this Poem spring from the fact that they judge it by inappropriate and even inadequate canons of art. Even a modern and Western poet might have scrupled to bring “the pleas of Job” to an end with a high-pitched exclamation or apostrophe. And even if *he*

had preferred to close with a passionate climax, does it follow that an Eastern poet of an antique age should be tried by his conception of an artistic close? Surely it would be but wise and modest of us, before we undertake to recast the Chapter, to study the style and manner of the Poet we are seeking to interpret; to ask whether or not the passage as it stands is not in accord with his canons and his practice of art; and even to shew a little deference for a man so much more highly gifted than ourselves. And when once we raise the question, I am persuaded we shall leave the Chapter alone. Climaxes are *not* in his manner. As a rule, when he is swept up into his highest moods, he does not break off while he still hangs high in the heaven of thought and emotion, but, like the lark, sings on till he nears the ground. In this respect Chapter xix. affords a curiously close and instructive parallel to Chapter xxxi. There, as here, Job rises into his most impassioned mood, touching his highest point as he cuts his immortal Inscription on the Rock (*Verses 23-27*); yet even in the last Verse of the Inscription itself he lapses into a calmer tone, while in the two Verses that follow he comes down to the plain and takes up his controversy with the Friends in a still lower and more colloquial key. It may very well be, therefore, that it was the intention of the Poet not to close Chapter xxxi. with Job's sublime appeal to his Judge, but to shade it off and tone it down by letting him resume that description of his past felicity out of which he had suddenly soared up in his cry for justice.

These closing Verses are, as on this hypothesis we might expect they would be, singularly melodious and tranquil in their tone, as if, now that the pent-in passion

had found vent, Job could look with a calmer and more pensive eye on the happy days that were gone. In a fine pathetic figure he denies that his land had any reason to disown him, to cry out against him as against one who had possessed himself of it by violence or fraud, or to weep as though it mourned for its rightful but dispossessed lord.¹ If he had eaten the fruit of fields which he had not duly purchased, or to obtain which he had caused the rightful owner to breathe out his life, he prays that instead of wheat the thistle may spring up in them,

and all the idle weeds
That grow in our sustaining corn.

At this point Job ceases to plead with God, as at the close of Chapter xxvi. he had ceased to argue with the Friends. We shall not hear his voice again till *he* hears the Voice he had so long yearned to hear. And before we part with him it is obvious to remark that, in this long agony and strife with the Power of Darkness, the victory is clearly with Job. Satan had engaged that, if only he were allowed to "touch all that he had," even to "his bone and his flesh," Job would renounce God and die. He *had* touched, and blighted, both him and all he had. And yet, so far from renouncing God, Job draws near to Him, cleaves to Him with an inalienable affection and trust, and can conceive of no honour or delight comparable with being admitted to his presence, even though it be to receive his sentence from the lips of his Judge. It is the very triumph of disinterested piety and de-

¹ Ewald has a good rendering of Verse 38—

"Wenn über mich mein Acker schreit,
Und sämmtlich seine Furchen weinen."

voted love. Painful and mysteriously unjust as is the doom that hangs over him, vast and heartshaking as is the change in all his outward conditions, his heart knows no change; his fidelity never wavers, or wavers only as the magnetic needle which, though it tremble, points steadfastly to the Pole.

But if the description Job gives of himself in this Second Monologue be true—and by their silence they seem to consent to it; if this was what Job was really like, what are we to think of the Friends who have so “misquoted” him to us? how are we to forgive them for the cruel libels they have “stained him with”? If we would do them justice, we must remember how strangely the judgment of good men may be warped by theological prepossessions. Holding, as they sincerely held, that accidents were judgments, that suffering was an infallible proof of sin, their theory compelled them to assume that so great a sufferer as Job must be a great sinner, however successfully he had hid his wickedness in his own bosom. My friend Mr. Spurgeon, than whom it would be hard to find a man more sincere and devout, affirms¹ that he constantly meets in *THE EXPOSITOR* with “a secret unbelief” which he dreads “more than open infidelity.” And why does he bring this singular and incredible charge against so many of the best men in every section of the holy catholic Church? Simply because most of the gentlemen who write in this Magazine dissent from the narrow and unscriptural dogma of Inspiration which

¹ I only saw the *Sword and Trowel* for February, in which this criticism, or aspersion rather, occurs, towards the end of March, when this Lecture was being written. The illustration may as well stand, though by this time it is somewhat out of date; and though, alas, it would be by no means difficult to find more recent illustrations of the same narrow spirit.

he maintains. Simply because they hold that the Spirit of all Wisdom was poured out in fuller measure—without all measure indeed—on Christ than on the prophets who preceded Him. Simply because they hold that the Son of God both knew and taught more of God than any of the servants in his Father's house; and that the New Testament is better than the Old, and contains a larger and clearer revelation of the Divine Will. And with this "modern instance" before us, we need not be surprised to find that Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar, misled by their narrow dogma, discovered a secret immorality in the pure and noble life of the Man of Uz, which was more to be dreaded than the open and glaring immorality of which they themselves were guilty in bearing false witness against him.

S. COX.

A WORD STUDY IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

PART III.

THE partial revelation, then, to the Hebrews, of Jehovah, and of his law, had already raised their notion of "well-being" to a higher, yet more attainable, level.¹ It cannot of course be safely affirmed that the belief in immortality was much less conjectural in the Old Testament than in the *Phædo*; but it was less vague in proportion as the knowledge of God was more definite. Again, it may be said that the Hebrew was depressed by a consciousness of sin and of consequent disunion with God, a sense of awe and law and moral remoteness, to which the heathen, with his more human

¹ Beyond the *external* and the *intellectual*, to the *spiritual*. See Part ii. of this Article, in THE EXPOSITOR for June.