of all mankind, and the composition embraces no less wide a range." Does it not, then, deserve a high, perhaps the nighest place, among the world's greatest poems? "It had been assumed that man," Froude proceeds, "if he lived a just and upright life, had a right to expect to be happy." That "right," surely, explains Job's "complaint" against Almighty God wherewith Holy Church has made us familiar in her Office for the Dead. "Hast Thou eyes of flesh, or seest Thou as man seeth?" (c. x. 4). Art Thou, then, as unjust as men?

But "happiness is not what we are to look for.... Let us do right and whether happiness come or unhappiness, it is no very mighty matter. ...On such a theory alone is the government of this world intelligibly just." And failing such an understanding, we have Job's complaint, or Omar's—as we shall see, in the next paper of this series—the complaint of the clay against the potter: "Why hast thou made me thus?"

Yet once more, from Froude, the apostate, speaking, surely, like Balaam, as a prophet, the language of a better time, "The government of the world is a problem while the desire of selfish enjoyment survives, and when justice is not done according to such standard....Self-loving men will still ask why? and find no answer." Job, surely, had found it when he said "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." (c. xiii, 15.) Here, indeed, was a man not mercenary, but willing, as Thomas à Kempis says, "to serve God for naught."

"Not for the sake of gaining aught, Not seeking a reward; But just because Thou lovest me, O ever-loving Lord!"

So Faber, the Christian saint: Job, we may surely say, attained to something higher. "Quis non amantem redamet?" But to trust, in hell,—is not that Job's meaning?—is a more difficult task.

"Justice is done," we read, on the same page; the balance is not deranged. It only seems deranged, as long as we have not learnt to serve without looking to be paid for it." Amor coegit Te Trus. Such services can only be learnt at the foot of the Cross.