

THE KINSMAN REDEEMER.

JOB XIX.

Then Job answered and said :

How long grieve ye my soul?
And crush me with your words.
Ten times it is that ye have stung me thus ;
Devoid of shame, ye act as strangers to me.

Be it so, then, that I have erred ;
My error lodges with myself.
If still against me ye exalt yourselves,
And plead against me my reproach,—
Then be assured that God hath cast me down ;
'Tis He that overspreads me with His net.
Behold I cry of wrong, but am not heard ;
I cry aloud, but there is no redress.
For He hath fenced my road ; I cannot pass :
And darkness doeth he set o'er all my ways.
My glory from me hath He stripped,
And from my head the crown removed.
On all sides doth He crush me ; I am gone ;
And like a tree uproots He all my hope.
Against me doth He make His anger hot,
And counts me as His foe.
Together draw His troops ;
At me cast up their way ;
Around my tent they camp.
My brethren far away has he removed,
And mine acquaintance from me are estranged.
My kinsmen all have failed,
And my familiar friends forgotten me.
Domestics,—maidens,—as a stranger hold me now ;
I am become an alien in their eyes.
Unto my servant do I call ; he answers not ;
I have to supplicate him with my mouth.
My temper to my wife is strange,—
My yearning for the children that she bare.
Yes—even the very boys despise me now ;
They flout at me when I attempt to rise.
Men of my counsel from me all recoil ;
And those I loved are turned against the sight ;
My bone fast cleaving to my skin and flesh,—
All shrunk away the covering of my teeth!