

the heavens. He declares aloud from the excellent glory, "*This is my Son, the beloved, in whom I delight;*" and to identify the person of whom he thus spoke, the Spirit of God, as a dove covers down, descends upon his head, and there abides until it disappears in him.

Having thus introduced him with these high recommendations, with these credentials from earth and heaven, his own deeds are permitted to speak for him. All nature then feels and owns him universal Lord. His hand is never stretched out, but its benign and beneficent power is displayed and felt. His lips are ever teeming with grace and truth. Not only does the race of living men, amongst whom he is reckoned, feel and attest his omnipotence; not only do the air, the earth, and the sea, lay their respective tributes at his feet; but even the dead, and the spirits of the dead, of times past and present, both good and evil, come and own him as the Lord of all. Strange assemblage of evidence! Unparalleled concurrence of things human and divine, of things animate and inanimate, of things above and things beneath, of all ranks and orders of intelligences, both good and evil, of the whole universe, in confirmation of his pretensions! Nothing like this was ever seen or thought of before. The only occurrence the least analagous to it, and that will not bear a comparison with it, which the annals of the world exhibited, was the universal assemblage of the inhabitants of the earth and air to Noah when entering the ark. Moved by Heaven, they forgot all their antipathies and their discords, and all concurred in avouching Noah as their saviour, and the founder of a new world. This is but a feeble type; yet it is the only one all history affords of this universal suffrage in acknowledging Jesus of Nazareth as God's own Son, and our only Saviour.

These sacred historians, then, had no model which they could imitate; no lesson, nor instructions in their plan from all that had gone before them. Moses himself failed to instruct them. No age, no history, no people set them an example. Their success in this cannot be attributed to any other cause, than to the supernatural qualifications which they possessed, than to the all-creating energies of that Spirit which brought all things to their remembrance, and to that unparalleled character which is the subject of their memoirs.

Touching their own character, too, it may be observed, that they exhibit themselves to be the most artless, the least accomplished, and the most faithful historians that ever wrote. They are the least indebted to human accomplishments of all writers whose works survived one century; and yet they have excelled all others in the essential attributes of a historian. Their honesty and fidelity constitute the most prominent trait which arrests the reader's attention, whether he thinks of them as men or as of biographers. They seem always so completely absent to themselves and each other; so regardless of their own reputation; so entirely absorbed in their Master's praise, that they tell their own faults, and expose each other's weaknesses, without ever seeming to think, or to care what opinion the reader would form of them, or of any thing they record. They seem to have no feelings in common with other writers. They are so full of facts; so enamoured with the words and deeds of their Master, that to record these was all they aimed at, was all they