

of Demosthenes or Cicero would have been at all equal to that of Mark or St. John. The Greek of the New Testament, according to the most accomplished masters of grammar, and of classical and sacred literature, has a caste and a complexion essentially and distinctly its own. It cannot be compared in some respects with the exquisite purity and grammatical smoothness of Attic eloquence. But while lacking some of the finer lines of Greek beauty, the style of New Testament writers has greatly gained by the infusion of *aramaic* robustness and richness, simplicity and fire. Modified by Hebrew idiom and magnificence of idea, especially moulded and reformed by the mind of the Eternal Spirit, it became a forceful and fitting medium for thought that breathed and burned—thought that was new to Greek tongue and language. But though, in comparison with literary productions of Greece's palmiest days, a certain quality of roughness may be thought to cling to the style and manner of certain portions of the Scriptures, they bear none the less distinctly the impress of an inspired origin. But for the breathings of divine light and life these wonderful words of Galilean fishermen could not have charmed the intellectual taste or have deeply moved the heart of the world. In the Seville Gallery of Spain there are said to be eighteen pictures by the great Spanish master Murillo. One is the gem of the collection. The material is coarse enough, only a common napkin, but it reveals all the more the unrivalled genius of the illustrious artist. Murillo, as the story runs, was accustomed for a few days occasionally to seek a quiet retreat with a certain house of Friars. The brethren of the order were cordial-