

down in shorthand, translated into a hundred tongues, and flashed, as the news of the day, to the ends of the earth. Each gesture and mannerism would be described with a minuteness derived from admiration, curiosity, or malice; and I like to think of Him as One whose wisdom is unexhausted—a Friend who, when we meet Him, has still new things to say to us.

The historians of Rome, like Dio, ignored Him, and He was content to come without their observation. Knowing the fallibility of man, He yet entrusted His message to the memory of those who loved Him through death. He took no visible precautions to secure what the Speaker of the House of Commons calls "the greater accuracy" of their reminiscences. He applied no critical safeguards. He wished nothing to survive that had not helped someone who needed help. And His confidence in the generation that slew Him was incredibly justified.

The Gospels and their Writers.

Incomparably the most illustrious books ever written in the immortal language of Homer and Æschylus have been neither Homer nor Æschylus, but the colloquial and declassical Gospels. Merely as translated they have become, by consent, the noblest masterpiece of English literature. They are, like Jesus, both human and Divine. On the one hand, He said and did these things. On the other hand, they only come to us in so far as somebody of our own flesh and blood treasured them in his heart and handed them on.

We find the Sermon on the Mount both in St. Matthew and St. Luke. The first report is fuller than