

was Luke by a comparison with the Acts. It is needless to rehearse the process as it is familiar. There is a difference in the style we allow; but the difference is so small as easily to be explained by the different ages of life at which they were penned—for no man writes at fifty as he did at forty.

There is a lately-found evidence. Paul reverts to Luke as the "beloved physician"; and the third Gospel bears traces of a medical authorship. The miracles of our Lord are closely described; and there is an exacter reference to organs and blood-vessels in the third Gospel than in the others. The evidences are convergent, and the probability as to Luke being the writer is so high that any sensible person (even an evangelist or a rhetorician!) accepts it.

The question rises: Since the case for one side seems so clear, what are the objections which critics have flung against it? The controversy has been sharp and acrimonious, and wherefore? The author has shown his good judgment in the method of his answer. It is obvious that the reader would only have been wearied out by a lengthy review of the objections. The man of the world, reverently or not, is thrown into a comic temper by the spectacle of furious and vehement discussions over a date, or over a patristic letter; and he concludes the smaller the point the louder the sounds of strife. Even schoolboys would be ordered off to an asylum if lavishing such hot and abusive names upon each other as the gentle gladiators in the olden times used to indulge in when mentioning each other. This is the opinion of those who care not for subtle and finely-drawn disquisition; it is the feeling of those who will die without the degree of Doctor of Divinity (however common it becomes!) but who possess common sense. We do not defend this sentiment altogether. The pub-

lic is thankless; people never imagine their peace to be the result of these earlier antagonisms; they are the inheritors, and as is the usual case, they never dream of the labour and bloodshed which preceded the agreeable settlements of doctrine. They forget the doughty champions whose achievements forced the fiercest infidels to feel that the Gospel was a power not to be ridiculed. On the other hand, it is no delicious treat to read the word-catching asperities of schools, where the mere name of another sect was the signal of stormy rage, where there was greater love for the creed than for the truth.

Dr. Wace has accommodated his reasoning to this popular sentiment. He, therefore, selects M. Renan—a critic whose knowledge of the assailants of the Gospels, and who, moreover, was biassed somewhat against the orthodox formulas. We compliment him for this skilful stroke. It is literary diplomacy.

M. Renan, whose thinking career, by the way, was singularly fickle, was a rationalist. He recoiled from miracles. But he is too clear-sighted to throw away the histories. There are records of Buddha, of Confucius, of Xerxes, which are authentic even although interspersed with incredible exploits; the fictions do not necessarily injure the works. There is a flippant scepticism which satirizes the miracles, and therefore respects the Gospels. These aspiring infidels are not abreast of their own profession; they are lagging behind. Formerly their champions disdained the miracles, and therefore disclaimed the Evangelists; latterly, they refuse the miracles, but receive the Gospels. The change is subtle but it is deadly too. The former thought that the cargo sunk the ship altogether. Modern critics, however, throw over the miracles to lighten the vessel; but if so they make it so light that every little gust