

biographers—what human mind could perfectly comprehend or what human hand completely represent the vision of His glory? It is impossible to gainsay such contentions, but they may be the more cheerfully allowed inasmuch as they furnish no inconsiderable argument for the historicity of the evangelic narratives and the Deity of Him they tell of. The fact that Jesus is so manifestly 'above the heads of His reporters' is a conclusive proof that, when they wrote of Him, they were not dealing with imagination but relating in honest simplicity 'things which they had seen and heard.' And the very imperfection of their narratives is an involuntary testimony to His ineffable glory. After every deduction the Evangelic Jesus remains a wonderful portraiture. Blurred though it may be by the unskilfulness of the artists, it is still a picture limned in light of One fairer than the children of men; and if a picture painted by weak human hands be so transcendently beautiful, what must have been the glory of the Divine Original?

And thus we turn from the strife of criticism and, with quiet assurance, rest our souls on the