

doubt His ability. Those who object do greatly err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God.

But the Apostle, in the passage under consideration, says, "Not for that we would be unclothed." He drops the figure of a tent for that of a garment. The abrupt transition may be accounted for by remembering his occupation. To a tent maker, the Cilician haircloth would equally suggest the idea of a tent and a vesture, for it was capable of being applied to both uses. To be unclothed is to die. "Not for that we would be unclothed." Even Paul, burdened with a worn-out body, prematurely old through the sufferings he had endured, knowing that a crown of righteousness awaited him in Heaven, even he shrinks from the dissolution of the body. For that frank confession I admire the Apostle. Generally there is such a grandeur about the man, that we find it difficult to realize he was one like to ourselves. He stands on the deck of a sinking ship, tossed on a roaring sea, his cheek alone unblanched by fear. He stoops beneath a dungeon doorway to wake the prisoners at midnight with his song. Fettered, a prisoner at the bar, he makes the judge tremble before his terrible appeal. But now Paul lets us into his inmost heart. Speaking as freely and as frankly as we do, or ought to do, in our communion, one with another, he tells us that to him death was not a pleasant thing. As we listen to his confession, we too can tell how oft we wish we could thus reach Heaven: "Not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon." Christians love life. The body is beautiful, and death separates from it. In common with men who do not know the Saviour, Christians love the bright blue sky, the song of birds, the undulating landscape, the society of friends, the shelter of home, the sleep of night, the cheerful faces of the

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