

side of the sky had begun to glow with immense brightness. The soldiers approached Peter to strip him.

On that same wonderful evening another detachment of soldiers conducted along the Ostian Way Paul of Tarsus toward a place called *Aquæ Salviæ*. And behind him also advanced a crowd of the faithful whom he had converted; but when he recognized near acquaintances, he halted and conversed with them, for, being a Roman citizen, the guard showed him more respect. Beyond the gate called *Tergemina* he met *Plautilla*, the daughter of the prefect *Flavius Sabinus*, and, seeing her youthful face covered with tears, he said, "*Plautilla, daughter of Eternal Salvation, depart in peace. Only give me a veil with which to bind my eyes when I am going to the Lord.*" And taking it, he advanced with a face as full of delight as that of a laborer who when he has toiled the whole day successfully is returning home. His thoughts, like those of Peter, were as calm and quiet as that evening sky. His eyes gazed with thoughtfulness upon the plain which stretched out before him, and to the Alban hills, immersed in light. He remembered his journeys, his toils, his labor, the struggles in which he had conquered, the churches which he had founded in all lands and beyond all seas; and he thought that he had earned his rest honestly, that he had finished his work. He felt now that the seed which he had planted would not be blown away by the wind of malice. He was leaving this life with the certainty that in the battle which his truth had declared against the world it would conquer; and a mighty peace settled down on his soul.

The road to the place of execution was long, and evening was coming. The mountains became purple, and the bases of them went gradually into the shade. Flocks were returning home. Here and there groups of slaves were walking with the tools of labor on their shoulders. Children, playing on the road before houses, looked with curiosity at the passing soldiers. But in that evening, in that transparent golden air, there were not only peace and lovingness, but a certain harmony, which seemed to lift from earth to heaven. Paul felt this; and his heart was filled with delight at the thought that to the harmony of the world he had added one note which had not been in it hitherto, but without which the whole earth was like sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

He remembered how he had taught people love,—how he had told them that though they were to give their property to the poor, though they knew all languages, all secrets, and all sciences, they would be nothing without love, which is kind, enduring, which does not return evil, which does not desire honor, suffers all things, believes all things, hopes all things, is patient of all things.

And so his life had passed in teaching people this truth. And now he said in spirit: What power can equal it, what can conquer it? Could

*Cæsar* stop it, though he had twice as many legions and twice as many cities, seas, lands, and nations?

And he went to his reward like a conqueror.

The detachment left the main road at last, and turned toward the east on a narrow path leading to the *Aquæ Salviæ*. The red sun was lying now on the heather. The centurion stopped the soldiers at the fountain, for the moment had come.

Paul placed *Plautilla's* veil on his arm, intending to bind his eyes with it; for the last time he raised those eyes, full of unspeakable peace, toward the eternal light of the evening, and prayed. Yes, the moment had come; but he saw before him a great road in the light, leading to heaven; and in his soul he repeated the same words which formerly he had written in the feeling of his own finished service and his near end:

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

### A Whistling Minister.

THE grace of human sympathy and brotherly love is essential to success in Christian work. Without this all other qualifications are vain. In a conference of Christian workers some time ago in New York, the question of reaching the non-churchgoers was raised, and a prominent pastor in a neighboring city was asked to give his opinion. With a humorous twinkle in his eyes, he related in reply the following episode of his own experience:

While taking a morning stroll in the suburbs of Buffalo, he came across a bright-faced little boy of about five years, who returned his good morning greeting by taking his hand and chatting with the innocent candor of trusting childhood. He narrated among other matters that he had almost lost his pet dog the day before, because when he had gone out of sight he did not know how to whistle him back.

"Not know how to whistle, my little man!" said the minister, "why, how does that happen?"

"Cause nobody hain't had the time to teach me," was the answer, given with quivering lips.

"Well, well, I shall take the time to teach you," and in a few minutes the little fellow was seated on his kind friend's knee, solemnly engaged in mastering the mysteries of the great art of whistling, both teacher and pupil too much engrossed to notice that they were the centre of an admiring audience.

"I had intended to use strong moral persuasion," said the pastor in conclusion, "to bring the godless residents of that portion of the city under the influence of the church, but that simple act of kindness through the grace of God worked out a highly favorable result. I was dubbed the whistling parson, and under the protecting shelter of that sobriquet was allowed the freedom of many homes which would otherwise have been closed to me and to the message I was bound to deliver."