

goods just an old cloak and a few parchments, or the proud, wicked emperor who had lived his life for self, who had exhausted life's enjoyments and dissipations and had boundless wealth and power at his disposal.

The trial was soon over. There was no advocate, no defender, no man stood by him. It mattered little. If Christians were accused of destroying Rome and if Paul was accused of being the Christian leader, what defence would avail in the state of public feeling at the time? The vote was for death. The prisoner was to be beheaded. Probably it was only his Roman citizenship that saved him from worse.

We have no details. There is a persistent tradition that, like his Master, he "suffered without the gate" at the Pyramid of Cestius on the Harbour Road.

We can easily picture the scene. The hot, white road, the yelling mob, the small, quiet old man walking silently amid the guards with the light of another world in his eyes.

One hopes that they were men of the old Prætorian Guard who knew him and would shield him from the insults of that howling mob. Then the halt—the headsman's block—a broad sword flashing in the sunlight—and an old white head lying dishonoured on the ground. Not even the band of Christians, as in Stephen's day, "to make much lamentation over him."

The further scene it is not for us to paint when those eyes that closed thus in the darkness of death opened on 'a light that never was on sea or land' and the poor humble soul who felt himself "the chief of sinners" was again with the Jesus of the Damascus road to give up the commission which he had received that day.