

are upon his limbs, while the pale light that steals through the narrow chink shows him all is safe. But the thoughts—the thoughts of that strange prisoner—are far away. All the past rises in solemn retrospection before him, from the day he shouted for the blood of Stephen, down to this very night, when absorbed in prayer and praise, he waits for the coming morn, that on its golden beams his spirit may enter the city of God. No longer is he in a strait between two opinions; the desire to depart, which was far better, was to be gratified. The perils of waters and of robbers,—the perils in the city, and in the wilderness,—the weariness and the painfulness,—the fastings oft,—the cold and nakedness—are past, and now are to come the rest, the joy, the glory, and the crown. The morning at last broke—the day on which he was *ready* to be offered up,—and the time when his departure was at hand. Gladly he follows his executioners on their sad but triumphal journey. Along the Ostian way the procession moved. As he passed out of the mighty city thousands must have met him; but no one cares to notice him. Roman merchants, hurrying to their marts of commerce; Greeks, from the fallen cities of Athens and of Sparta; Egyptians, from the banks of the reedy Nile; dancing-girls, from the voluptuous East; and broken-hearted Israelites, from the land of Immanuel: *all*, no doubt, he met—*they* going to their work, *he* to his rest. At last the procession