

I charge thee in the sight of God and of Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his Kingdom, preach the word, be instant in season and out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and teaching. . . .

Accomplish your ministry fully. For I am now ready to be offered up and the time of my departure is come. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness which the Lord will give me in that day.

Do your diligence to come to me shortly. Demas has forsaken me, Crescens and Titus I have sent on missions. Only Luke remains with me now. Bring Mark with you. Bring with you my cloak which I left with Carpus at Troas and the books, especially the parchments. Do your diligence to come to me before winter. The Lord be with thy spirit. Grace be with you.

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That is our last glimpse of Paul. Whether he ever got that old cloak and parchments, whether Timothy got to him in time we cannot tell. We hope for Paul's sake that it was so. They would have but a short time together anyway. For the end was now very close.

What a picture it would make, that final trial. The best man and the worst man in the world at the time facing each other. The Right and the Wrong meeting. And the Right was in the fetters and the Wrong was on the throne. It is often so in this topsy-turvy world. So often that, even apart from Revelation, men are constrained to believe in a great Setting-Right some day.

But even in this world things are not so topsy-turvy as they seem. For even here, in the long run Right wins. Nay, even in the moment of seeming defeat Right wins. Who doubts which was happier that day—the brave old fighter who had lived his life for God and who, at its close, possessed of earthly