

the sombre shades of night to the noontide blaze of glory. He would have preferred to plead for death. Of Christ he speaks with a solemnity and majesty of power that arouses the voluptuous Agrippa, and compels even his enemies to hear. His judge wavers. The intense earnestness of the man, the cogency of his arguments, and the power of his appeal had their effect. "Almost," he says, "thou persuadest me to be a Christian." At these words, rising to the height moral of sublimity, he replies, "I would to God that not only thou, but all here present, were not only almost but altogether such as I am;" and then, lest any should think of his captivity, he adds, lifting up his hands, "except these bonds."

See him in the Mamertine prison at Rome. Tomorrow he is to die. The Emperor has appointed it as the day for his death, and the King of Heaven as the day for his crown. He feels that his trial is past and his victory is won. The gates are opening: the voices are welcoming the soldier to his rest. Before him rise the awful, the majestic form of Christ, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. It is the same who stopped him at the gates of *Damascus* who now meets him at the gates of *Heaven*. Then He asked Saul to serve, but now has He girded Himself to serve Saul. Sternly the Roman guard watches his prisoner the long night through, lest in some moment of weariness he should escape his grasp. His hand clutches the spear; the fetters