

orus. Once more, "Do your best to come before winter;"—if he comes after that time he may be too late. "Euhulus greets thee, and Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia, and all the brethren. The Lord Jesus Christ be with thy spirit. Grace be with you."

I have purposely omitted the one simple, touching message, introduced so incidentally, and with such inimitable naturalness. "When you come, bring with you the cloak that I left at Troas, at Carpus' house, and the books, especially the parchments." The verse has been criticised as trivial, as unworthy the dignity of inspiration. But men must take their notions of inspiration from facts, and not try to square the facts to their own theories. Even on these grounds the verse has its own value for all who would not obscure divine inspiration, nor obliterate the true meaning and sacredness of Scripture by substituting a dictated infallibility for the free play of human emotions in souls deeply stirred by the Holy Spirit of God. But even on other grounds how little could we spare this verse! What a light does it throw on the last sad days of the persecuted Apostle! The fact that these necessary possessions—perhaps the whole that the Apostle could call his own in this world—had been left at the house of Carpus, may, as we have seen, indicate his sudden arrest, either at Troas or on his way to it. A prisoner who is being hurried from place to place by unsympathizing keepers is little able to look after his property. But now the Apostle is settled again, though his home is but a prison, and he feels that it will be his home for life. Winter is coming on, and winter in a Roman prison, as he knows by experience, may be very cold. He wants to get back his rough travelling cloak. It was one of those large sleeveless garments which we should call an "overall" or "dreadnought." Perhaps St. Paul had woven it himself of the black goat's hair of his native province. And, doubtless—for he was a poor man—it was an old companion—wetted many a time in the water-torrents of Asia, whitened with the dust of Roman roads, stained with the brine of shipwreck when Euroaquo was driving the Adriatic into foam. He may have slept in its warm shelter on the chill Phrygian uplands, under the canopy of stars, or it may have covered his bruised and trembling limbs in the dungeon of Philippi. It is of little value; but now that the old man sits shivering in some gloomy cell under the palace or on the rocky floor of the Tullianum, and the winter nights are coming on, he bethinks him of the old cloak in the house of Carpus, and asks Timothy to bring it with him. "The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, bring with thee." "And the books, but especially the parchments." The *biblia*—the papyrus books—few we may be sure, but old friends. Perhaps he had bought them when he was a student in the school of Gamaliel at Jerusalem; or they may have been given him by his wealthier converts. The papyrus books, then, let Timothy bring, but especially the parchments—the vellum rolls. What were these? Perhaps among them was the *diploma* of his Roman franchise; or were they precious rolls of Isaiah and the Psalms, and the lesser Prophets, which father or mother had given him as a life-long treasure in the far-off happy days when, little dreaming of all that would befall him, he played, a happy boy, in the dear old Tarsian home? Dreary and long are the days—