

impress on the Church in all ages. Saul of Tarsus and Paul the apostle were one and the same man. He was a scholar of many parts, acquainted with Grecian philosophy, as well as trained in Jewish traditions and rabbinical sophistry. He was a poet of deep emotions and brilliant imagination, who could compose the Hymn on Charity and the Epic on Death and the Resurrection. His own writings, as well as Luke's description of him, are in harmony. They depict a thinker whose mind compelled him to theorize on the facts of his belief and work them up into a consistent philosophical system. At the same time he was a man of physical endurance; he never wearied of travelling from place to place, organizing his converts into congregations and communities.

St. Peter and his Jewish followers clung to Jewish ritualism more ardently than pleased Paul, who, as the apostle of systematic theology and doctrine, apparently ignored all formality, perhaps because he dreaded in himself the domination of the emotions over his reason. All the writings attributed to Paul confirm the supposition that, as a philosopher, he could not help reasoning on the life of Jesus, his teaching, and the meaning of both, instead of yielding himself unresistingly to the emotions which they might excite.

In a more or less fragmentary way, as occasion called for them, he worked out some detached propositions which Augustine, Calvin, and the dogmatists of all the Churches, have endeavoured to elaborate into complete systems of morals and theology. The material on which they had to work was so incoherent and vague that it is not to be wondered at if the results of their theorizing are even more incongruous than ingenious; and that, having been accepted by their followers, they have become the battle cries of many a quarrel in the Church. Had Paul foreseen the result, he would have been more precise in his language and explicit in the expression of his thoughts.

There is a beautiful picture by Raphael in Bologna, where St. Cecilia, wrapt in an ecstasy, is looking upwards to catch the music of a heavenly choir. The harp hangs