

We gather, too, that his imprisonment this time was very strict. No lodging in his own hired apartment as before, but shut up close within prison walls. We hear nothing of preaching or conversing with friends. We hear no word of hope that he might some day be free and visit old friends again. He is a doomed man, no prospect but death. "The time of my departure is come."

## VIII

We get one closing glimpse of him that goes to our heart in the second epistle to Timothy, so far as we know, his very last written words.

In the great crises of life there is usually one friend whom above all others a man specially wants near him. With Paul it was Timothy. We remember how deeply he was attached to him. Ever since the day when he first met the lad in Lycaonia, living with his mother and grandmother on the Lystra road<sup>1</sup> he had made him his closest friend. He was associated with him in his epistles, entrusted with important missions, taking the troublesome details of work off his hands in his care for all the churches. The childless old man loved him as a son and he writes to the Philippians "You know that as a son with his father he has been to me."

Now, in the lonely prison facing death, he wants to see Timothy again that he might give him final directions and advice and that his soul might bless him before he died.

Not that we are to imagine him sad and dispirited, thinking sentimentally of himself and his loneliness. Not a bit of it. Paul is not of that kind. The letter is full of hope and encouragement and wise advice for

<sup>1</sup> See page 72.