

A week passed, and again the eleven were assembled. and Thomas there. And even he, the last doubter, was convinced. We all remember how. I need not repeat *that* story. But what of Simon Peter all the while? He kept silence. He, the ever-ready spokesman of the twelve, had not yet uttered a word recorded in the gospel since he opened his lips to speak the denial. What was he thinking all the while?

Pass a few days more, and the disciples are in Galilee, on their way to "the mountain where Jesus had appointed them." Seven of them are found in company "at the sea of Tiberias." "There were together Simon Peter, and Thomas called Didymus, and—what a singular combination, but most significant, occurring where it stands,—and "Nathaniel of Cana in Galilee, and the sons of Zebedee, and two other of His disciples. Simon Peter saith unto them,—pray mark the abruptness of the sentence—says Simon Peter to them, "I go a fishing." *What* did he say? Not that exactly. A little more, if you follow the precise words of the original. "I go my way to be a fisherman." They looked at him to see what he meant. Not another word. I am going my way, to be no longer an apostle, but a fisherman. Not worthy to be one of you any longer, no fisher of men, but a weak and shameful defaulter, I retire. Fisherman, not apostle, is the name for me. I give it up. I am not worthy.

What other exclamations may have burst from the lips of the twelve on hearing this announcement, I will not stay to conjecture. Their ultimate determination is expressed in the Gospel, in terms no less inflexible than his. "*We also go with thee.*" If you go to be a fisherman, we are all coming too. We are not going to leave you, to let you depart and fall into despair. We are one crew. We are all in the same boat. We sink or swim together." Peter makes no response. For all answer he goes forth into the night, and puts out the boat into the sea, and casts the net grimly, in a sort of despairing silence, time after time. They toil all the night through. Only St. John, the old partner, keeps fast by Peter's side. At last the morning breaks, and a voice is heard from the shore. "Children, have ye any meat?" (Anything good there, my lads?) "No," is the short reply. "Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast therefore, and **now** they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes.