

"But they are going to behead you."

"Well, they may take my head, but the Lord has my heart. I don't care about my head; the Lord has my heart and has had it for years. They can not separate me from the Lord, and though my head may be taken off, we are not going to be separated." And they led him out

I don't know; perhaps it was early in the morning. Profane history tells us that they led him two miles out of the city. Look at the little tent maker as he goes along through the streets of Rome with a firm tread. Look at that giant as he moves through the streets. He is on his way to the execution. Take your stand by his side and hear him talk. He is talking of the glory beyond.

He says: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness. I shall be there to-night. I shall see the King in his beauty to-night. I have longed to be with him; I have longed to see him. This is my crowning day."

The world pitied him, but he did not need its pity. He had something the world had not; he had a love and zeal burning within him which the world knew nothing about. Ah, the love that Paul had for Jesus Christ!

But the hour has come. The way they used to behead them in those days was for the prisoner to bend his head, and a Roman soldier took a sharp sword and cut it off. The hour had come, and with a joyful countenance, I can see Paul bending that blessed head of his, and that sword comes down and sets his spirit free.

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