

even though the remembrance of other days, when that same rabble—he himself consenting—stoned the first martyr, rushes across his mind. Among the despairing crew of shipwrecked men he almost alone is not perturbed. Even as he stands before Nero's dread tribunal he does not lose his courage, but tells how God stood by him and strengthened him. Yet this strong man is full of kindly affection, and longs for human love. He is not self-contained as was Elijah, but fellowship and words of kindness are a necessity to him. He quarrelled, as alas! the best will quarrel, with Barnabas, yet the tie between the two men was strong, and its severance must have caused deep pain. His companions are the very apple of his eye. He could bear with their weaknesses; he could overlook in their weaknesses what he would not have tolerated for a moment in himself. Their small wants were not beneath his care. He could break off in a treatise upon the duties of a bishop in the Church of Christ, in order to recommend the use of a little wine for health's sake. What unbounded love for his converts shines out through his letters! The pathos crops up in every line. They are "his dearly beloved, and longed for;" they are his "little children of whom he travailed in birth;" they are his "hope," his "joy," his "crown of rejoicing;" he has them "in his heart;" he is "affectionately desirous" of them; he exhorts and comforts every one of them, "as a father doth his children." He prays for them unceasingly; he remembers without ceasing their "work of faith and labour of love;" he has "great desire" to see their face. Timothy is "his dearly beloved son" of whose tears he is mindful, and whom he is greatly desiring to see that he may be filled with joy. What joy comes over the man's heart as he acknowledges the present which his Philippians have sent him! The gift in itself was nothing—he knew how to suffer want—but the loving thought, of which the gift was the token, that is welcomed with a joy almost tremulous in its intensity. Or take that scene at Miletus, which St. Luke has drawn in such vivid colours. How they clung round his neck; how, as the custom was in those days, they kissed; how their tears fell as they