

God"; and in another place, "Ye know how through infirmity of the flesh I preached the Gospel unto you." The Italian artists of the Renaissance did not study to be technically correct in their representations. They painted golden-haired virgins with blue eyes. And so Raphael, in his magnificent picture of Paul preaching on Mars' Hill at Athens, delineates the man quite other than he was. When the painter represented the Apostle tall of stature and of commanding presence, he painted him as he was mentally, not as he was physically. Doubtless to some burly Corinthian worker in iron, or to a porter of herculean proportions, the bodily presence of St. Paul might have appeared weak. To those who could understand true greatness, there could have been nothing weak about that noble nature, whose giant intellect to-day dominates the world. And although now and again, through physical infirmity, the utterance of his words might have been indistinct, none who listened to those winged words could have thought his speech contemptible. If Felix, who learned afterwards to tremble at his reasoning, was inclined to think slightly of him, or if King Agrippa shrugged his shoulders carelessly, was it not because the Roman governor despised Jews and Jewish superstitions alike; and the king, in his pride of position, was blind to see anything beautiful or great in a religion springing from the common people, and founded on the death of a Galilean peasant?

Paul would not have been the great man he was had there not been a deep strain of pathos in his nature. He was ready to dare and to die. It was not an idle boast when he wrote that he counted not his life dear to him in comparison with the fulfilment of his life's work. He could face pain and disgrace unflinchingly. The Jewish stripes, the Roman scourging, the lawless stoning by the wild mob of Lycaonians, the terrible hardships of constant travel, the hunger he had to suffer, the thirst he endured—these things did not move him. With lacerated back and feet strained in the stocks, his very prayer takes the form of thanksgiving. He can look with calmness on the infuriated rabble of Jerusalem, shrieking for his blood,