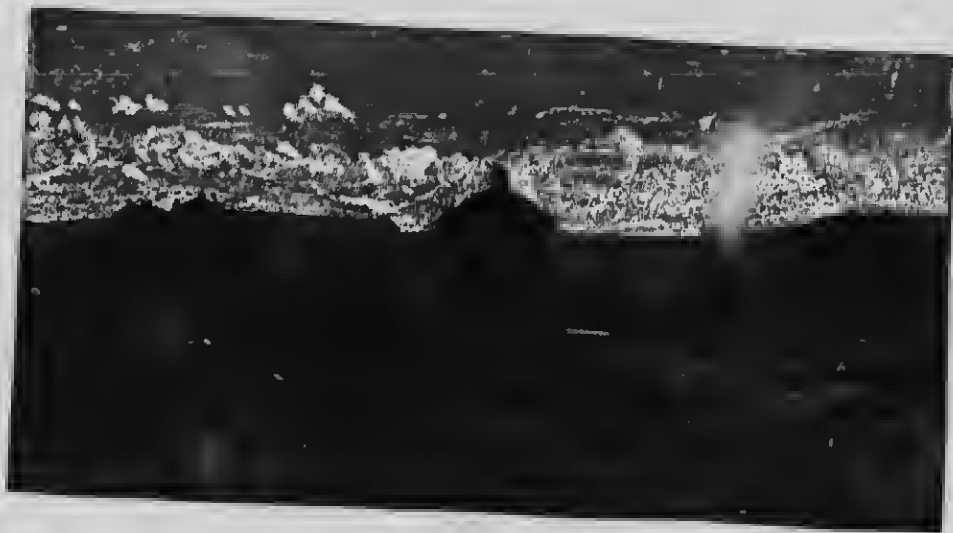


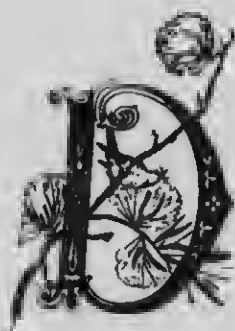


THE FONTANE.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE END.

*"Lieblich wie der Iris Farbenfeuer
Auf der Donnerwolke duft'gem Thau
Schimmert durch der Wehmuth düstern Schleier
Hier der Ruhe heitres Blau."*—SCHILLER.



DID Paul ever get that cloak, and the papyri and the vellum rolls? Did Timothy ever reach him? None can tell us. With the last verse of the Second Epistle to Timothy we have heard Paul's last word. In some Roman basilica, perhaps before Helius, the Emperor's freedman, in the presence of some dense, curious, hostile crowd of Jews and Pagans, he must have been heard once more, in his second defence, or on the second count of the indictment against him; and on this occasion the majority of the assessors must have dropped the tablet C—the tablet of condemnation—into the voting urn, and the presiding judge must have pronounced sentence of decapitation on one who, though condemned for holding a dangerous and illegal superstition, was still a Roman citizen. Was he alone at his second trial as at his first? Did the Gentiles again hear of Jesus and the Resurrection? Did he to them, as to the Athenians, prove that the God whose Gospel he had been commissioned to proclaim was the same God after whom their fathers had ignorantly groped, if haply they might find him, in the permitted ages of ignorance, before yet, in the dispensation of the times, the