

ancient gospel. We follow Paul through his vicissitudes, and feel an idle pride in his most conspicuous adventures: and when he stretches forth the hand and speaks before king Agrippa; when idolaters mistake the bearer of a god-like message for a god, and bow before him, as to Mercury; when in Ephesus he becomes the rival of Diana, and ruins the craftsmen of silver shrines; when philosophy listens to him on Areopagus, and the Furies still slumber within hearing in their grove, we vainly think that he derives his greatest dignity from the scenes in the midst of which he stands, a contrast and a stranger. As we would deserve the Christian name, let us look more deeply into his mission, and adopt more fully the spirit of his mind. Watch him even in Rome, where he dwelt, though a prisoner, in his own hired house; and where shall we seek for him in that dazzling metropolis? He was not one to pass through its scenes of magnificence with stupid and fanatic indifference, to find himself surrounded by the monuments of ancient freedom, and listen for the first time to the very language of the world's conquerors, without catching the inspiration of history, and feeling the solemn shadow of the past fall upon him. I do not say that he never paused beneath the senate-house to think of the voices that had been heard within its walls; or climbed the capitol, once the palace of the republic, now its shrine; or started at the fasces, stern emblem of a justice now no more: or went without excitement into the imperial presence through the very gardens where his own blood should hereafter be shed in merriment. But his daily walks passed all these splendors by: they dived into the lanes and suburbs on which no glory of history is shed, and which made Rome the sink and curse, while it