From the inner wealth of a divine faith, thou didst deal thy riches to the needy; and thy works of compassion have glorified Christ, the Stower of mercy, O Philaret; for thy whole
If Paul—imprisoned, made fast in the stocks, and threatened with intolerable scourges—praised God along with Silas continually throughout the night (when sleep is most pleasant to everyone); and if neither the place, nor the hour, nor his anxieties, nor the tyrant's slumbers, nor the pain of his labors, nor anything else could bring him to interrupt his singing, so much the more ought we, who live pleasantly and enjoy God's blessings, to give forth hymns that express thanks to Him.

- St. John Chrysostom