

comes to a halt. No chariots of fire, or horses of fire, caught up the great Apostle into heaven; he died the common death of all men, but his spirit, free from all clog or chain, rose on high to rest on the bosom of its Father and its God.

“He sank as sets the morning star, that goes not down  
Behind the darkened West, nor hides obscured  
'Mid tempests of the sky, but fades away  
Into the pure light of heaven.”

St. Paul was great while he lived; he is greater, if possible, now that he is gone. His writings remain to instruct, cheer and exalt mankind. They have proved too deep for the loftiest intellect fully to grasp,—too clear for the feeblest understanding possibly to mistake. They have thrown a full strong light upon that dark untrodden land that lies beyond the sphere of time, and even lit up with a substantial glory the dark valley of the shadow of death. Dying martyrs, wrapped in sheets of fire, have been sustained by their mighty promises, and pillows on which protracted suffering has laid its weary head, have been made soft by the example they exhibited and the comfort which they spake. Princes who would brook no rebuke from the living, have reverently listened while the mighty Apostle has reasoned with them of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. Spirits, fierce and intractable, have been tamed to meekness by their power;