

POETRY.

THE INCREDULITY OF ST. THOMAS.

BY REV. T. DALE, M. A.

I.

There was a seal upon the stone,
 A guard around the tomb ;
 The spurned and trembling band alone
 Bewailed their Master's doom—
 They deemed the barriers of the grave
 Had closed o'er Him who came to save,
 And thoughts of grief and gloom
 Were darkening, while depressed, dismayed,
 Silent they wept, or weeping prayed.

II.

He died—for justice claimed her due,
 Ere guilt could be forgiven ;
 But soon the gates asunder flew,
 The iron bars were riven :
 Broken the seal—the guards dispersed,
 Upon their sight in glory burst
 The risen Lord of Heaven !—
 Yet one—the heaviest in despair,
 In grief the wildest—was not there.

III.

Returning, on each altered brow
 With mute surprise he gazed—
 For each was lit with transport now,
 Each eye to Heaven upraised.
 Burst forth from all th' ecstatic word—
 " Hail, brother ! we have seen the Lord !"
 Bewildered and amazed
 He stood—then bitter words and brief
 Betrayed the heart of unbelief.

IV.

Days past—and still the frequent groan
 Convulsed his laboring breast—
 When round him light celestial shone,
 And Jesus stood confessed.
 " Reach, doubter ! reach thy hand," he said—
 " Explore the wound the spear hath made,
 The print by nails impressed—
 No longer for the living grieve,
 And be not faithless—but believe !"

V.

O, if the iris of the skies
 Transcends the painter's art,
 How could he trace to human eyes
 The rainbow of the heart ;
 When Joy, Love, Fear, Repentance, Shame,
 Hope, Faith, in swift succession came—
 Each claiming there a part—
 Each mingling in the tears that flowed—
 The words they breathed—" My Lord ! My God !"

THE RAINBOW.

GEN. ix. 13—16.

Refulgent bow, whose glories paint the sky
 When gathering storms obscure creation's face,
 In thy unfading form we still descry
 The pledge of mercy to our fallen race ;
 Still " in the cloud" thy radiant arch appears,
 With glowing tints illumining the gloom,
 To smiles of joy transforming Nature's tears ;
 Thou did'st with magic touch the the desert bloom—
 When on the stormy scene the sunbeams play,
 Glories before unknown burst from each colour'd ray.

So has the soul, enlighten'd from above,
 When sore afflictions overhung his way,
 Seen in more vivid hues the power of love,
 Than in prosperity's unclouded day ;
 Though dark at first the cheerless gloom appears,
 Soon in the stroke a Father's hand is seen ;
 Then filial confidence dispels his fears,
 Removes his doubts, and makes his soul serene,
 Then sorrow's tear, illumed by love Divine,
 But makes its heavenly ray with seven-fold lustre
 shine.

When threatening storms obscure the Christian's path,
 On his adversity a light shall shine ;
 Still mercy's bow shall gild the clouds of wrath,
 Shedding around a radiancy divine :
 When with chastising hand the Lord shall rise,
 When clouds and darkness make his presence
 known,
 The eye of faith shall pierce the gloomy skies,
 And view a rainbow round about the throne ;
 On every judgment love inscribed appears,
 Gladdening his homeward steps along the vale of
 tears.

And when the last great storm shall rend the sky,
 No clouds of terror shall his soul obscure :
 Wean'd from the earth his hopes are fix'd on high,
 Built on a tried foundation, firm and sure.
 When every other hope and refuge fail—
 When earth and heaven, astonished, shrink away ;
 Unmov'd with fear, his joyful soul shall hail
 The glorious dawn of an eternal day ;
 A world by sin and sorrow never trod ;
 Where ransom'd millions bow before the throne of
 God.

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