

held from Thomas alone; how, when he went forth to preach "Jesus and the resurrection," would he have met the question, "But have you seen him alive?" "How are you certain of his identity?" "No, but my ten brethren have: and they told it me; and they would not tell a lie." "But why have not you, who claim to be an Apostle with them, and to stand in the like case, seen him also?" (This argument, observe, can apply only to the Apostles, but it does apply most forcibly to all of them; and however strong such objections might have been then, the exclusion of any one of the Apostles from a full participation in the evidence of the resurrection would be far stronger in all after-times. It was the peculiar boast of Peter, speaking in the name of the Apostles, "This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we are witnesses." (Acts ii. 32.)

The evidence is complete. The sceptic is silenced, if not convinced; and we see that the real nature of the history of the Apostles' incredulity and subsequent conviction is, that, throughout all generations till the powers of heaven shall be shaken, and the Son of man shall sit on the throne of his glory, the believer may safely repose his hopes on this,—"But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept:"—"and in my flesh shall see God."

One thing remains. It is not denied that the Apostles were personally blameable for their incredulity in reference to Christ's resurrection; and especially, for their want of due attention to the prophecies relating to that event, which were contained in their own Scriptures, and to our Lord's explicit and oft-repeated declarations concerning it. Much may be said on that subject; but it in no wise affects the argument. While ours is the benefit, let us adore the Power that hath ordained all things well; and hath so overruled the unbelief of the disciples as to make it a means of confirming the faith of his people in all succeeding ages.

POETRY.

(The following ODE contains the very sublimity of poetry, and its serious perusal cannot fail to excite in the pious mind the most exalted conceptions of the perfection of the Divine Being. The composer we believe, was a Russian; and it is said, "in point of composition the poem is perhaps equal to any of the finest pieces of our own (English) writers on the same subject." We feel confident that its appearance in the Wesleyan will gratify our readers. (Ed. Wesleyan.)

ODE ON GOD.

Translated from the Russian of Derzhavin, by John Bowring, F. L. S.

O THOU ETERNAL ONE! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore,
Who fillest existence with Thyself alone;
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, Philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure: none can mount
Up to thy mysteries. Reason's highest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark:
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence;—Lord, on Thee
Eternity had its foundation:—all
Sprang forth from Thee,—of light, joy, harmony.

Sole origin:—all life, all beauty Thine,
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendour fills all space with rays Divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the measured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspir'd with breath:
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death.
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee:
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams:
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost:—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and array'd
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weigh'd
Against thy greatness; is a cypher brought
Against infinity! O what am I, then? Nought!

Nought! But the effluence of Thy light Divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy Spirit shine,
As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew:
Nought! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely Thou, must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all Thou art:
Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart
Though but an atom 'midst immensity.
Still I am something fashion'd by Thy hand:
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust;
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a God:
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceiv'd! unknown this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy:
For from itself alone it could not be!

CREATOR! yes, Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created ME! Thou source of life and good:
Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Fill'd me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over th' abyss of death, and hale it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to Thee—its author there.
O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall thy shadow'd image fill our breast,
And wait its homage to Thy DEITY.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar:
Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good:
'Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

"COMETH this blessing upon the uncircumcised to Abraham for right he was in circumcision, but in uncircumcision a seal of the right uncircumcised: that have, though they be imputed to them who are not of the steps of that faith: yet uncircumcised. of the world, was no law, but through the are of the law be held of none effect: because, there is no law."

The following is a ring of an imputer circumcision on are uncircumcised Abraham, and to him for rightness was he at the be in circumcision, but sion he received the righteousness was uncircumcised emplar of all though they were even as unto his righteousness; exemplar of the at the same time of that faith which uncircumcised. twin the inheritance through the law faith. For if the law, then faith mise can have r eth wrath, and taken out of the and righteousness.

The first less this passage is, strength of the tim. It looks thing signified sure of the hell this outward o make sure that all this has been force and plausible educed o rite of our faith make a credibil tion of this, we in which these first ages of Ch vert and that c ted; not of an lieving. And grown up per there be any s eumstances, h him in his own faith, be satis you baptize hi Apostles, do t they now labor them; just as i agreeably to P terwards unde mark how it f Me, the first E