

*THE CRY OF TWO SOULS.*

## PERPLEXITY.

If Lord, I seem sometimes to turn  
 From those who strive to tell of thee ;  
 If Lord, I seem sometimes to yearn  
 For more than mere philosophy,  
 Wilt thou, O Lord, who read'st my heart,  
 Not find therein some saving part ?

If Lord, in stress of pain, I cry,  
 "An end to all perplexity ;"  
 If Lord, in selfishness, I sigh  
 For signs thou can'st not give to me ;  
 Wilt thou, O Lord, who know'st my love,  
 Send absolution from above ?

## FAITH.

Dear Lord, I cannot pierce the haze  
 That hides from us eternity ;  
 Dear Lord, in all thy secret ways,  
 I see but cause for loving Thee.  
 Cleanse thou, O Lord, my sinful heart,  
 Take for thyself the better part.

THEODORE McMANUS.