



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.