

Is it that frail mortality
 May seek him to excess ?
 Can there be such anomaly,
 As *over* righteousness ?

INSCRUTABLE ! Look down on me.
 And listen to my prayer :
 Make me to look with *love* on thee,
 For this is all my care.
 I'm weary of this wretched plight,
 Unknowing where to fly ;
 And *loathe* the damn'd unequal fight,
 With *hidden* Deity !

INCIPIENT ASSURANCE.

I would laud thee, O, Lord !
 In the garden or wild ;
 And would cherish thy word,
 As a mother her child ;
 But my head will rebel,
 And my heart is unstrung ;