

RESIGNATION.

I thought to build my world a perfect whole
In happiest semblance of my happiest dreams:
And took no measure of the visionary gleams
Which they who know not doubt, glib-tongued, extol;
Nor prayed to thee that thou, Soul of my soul!
Shouldst blind my sight to that which only seems,
Or mock my foolish heart whene'er it deems
Its wisdom wise and marks no heavenly goal
Of mortal life. But now I lift mine eyes
To thee, O God! whose ways and thoughts transcend
Mine own dim, broken lights. Thro' Faith's surmise
I know thy larger love: and I commend
My will to thine own scheme of destinies
And lose my days in thy diviner end.