

PERPLEXITY.

vrought,

Why am I thus cast down, my soul ?
 Why aches my weary head ?
 Am I too vile to be made whole,
 For all that I have read ?
 Sure there's a righteous God above,
 And can I be deceived ?
 Does he prefer my *fear* to *love* ?
 Would He be *thus* believ'd ?

How runs the invitation ? Ask :—
 To you it shall be given :—
 So saith the Book of books ; a task,
 As it is said, of Heav'n !
 Have I not *fervently* desired,—
 Nay, *kiss'd* the sacred rod ?
 Sacred in seeming ; and aspir'd,
Humbly, to walk with God ?

Have I not *wish'd*, at least, to act
 According to his will ;
 And found it doubtful ? Is the fact,
 More than illusive, still ?