A friar still in youth,
En-ters the abbot's cell;
He mod-est-ly begins his mis-er-y to tell, In
hope confession will In-surgent doubts dispel; "De-

spite my fast and pray'r, With me no peace doth dwell!"

The

old man kindly looks In his repentant face. Quoth
"Thou must believe in God and in His grace!"

"Ah, father, that I could

These thronging doubts efface,

And simply as a child The
THE FRIAR.

hope of Christ embrace, and simply as a child The hope of Christ embrace.

My conscience nevermore from sin can find release. The

more I ponder them, The more my doubts increase.
Oh, to have faith in God! Oh, that this pain would cease, A-

last! is there no truth, And holdeth life no peace?"

Tomes on musty shelves Are ranged the cloister round. Their au-

thors
THE FRIAR.

anxiously Had sought truth's depths to sound.

vain! The mystery is none the less profound. Now, thro' the books, methinks, Com-

passion did resound."

The
MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PRIEST.

abbot wistfully Gazed on him in his pain.

silence long and sad did all his heart explain; But

In his thoughtful eyes

Was
writ this dole-ful strain: "Thou look'st for peace and truth In
this our world in vain, In this our world in vain!"

\( \text{\textit{meno mosso,}} \)