

And sadly disinclined  
I labored to repent ;  
To read God's holy word,  
To say a lengthened prayer—  
All this I tried to do,  
But did but beat the air.  
For, verily, I thought  
That this must all be done  
To gain the heaven I sought,  
The wrath of God to shun ;  
To weave a little dress  
And wrap it round my breast,  
And then a skirt of His  
Would cover all the rest.  
And thus to raise myself  
In part to heaven,  
Instead of all the praise  
To Jesus Christ be given.

## ITS RECTIFICATION.

And thus I plodded on,  
And would have plodded still,  
If I had not been shown  
The heights of Sinai's hill—  
Beheld its dreadful flame  
And heard its thunders roll,  
Till doubt and fear and shame  
Laid hold upon my soul—  
The throne of God appeared  
Above that awful place,  
His justice spoke aloud  
And cursed me to my face.  
I plead good works,