

DE PROFUNDIS.

Not yet are deeds fruition of my thought,
Nor is this body symbol of my soul,
For evil ever in this life is wrought
That shuns the will and its divine control.
Surely I shall not be forever weak,
Halting and stumbling on the chosen way,
Blinded by the pure and perfect light I seek
Upon the threshold of eternal day.
I do not mourn discredit to my fame
Who smile at Time and his confining shores;
'Tis this provokes the burning blush of shame:
The flesh still grovels though the spirit soars—
But my heart's anguish who can understand,
Or stay my folly with a guiding hand?