

direction and expression to his spirit, from the perusal of the following

L I N E S.

It is not what my hands have done
 That weighs my spirit down, —
 That casts a shadow o'er the sun,
 And over earth a frown ;
 It is not any heinous guilt,
 Or vice by men abhorred ;
 For fair the fame that I have built,
 A fair life's just reward ;
 And men would wonder if they knew
 How sad I feel, with sins so few.

Alas ! they only see a part,
 When thus they judge the whole ;
 They do not look upon the heart,
 They cannot read the soul.
 But I survey myself within ;
 And mournfully I feel
 How deep the principle of sin
 Its root may there conceal,
 And spread its poison through the frame,
 Without a deed that men would blame.

They judge by actions which they see,
 Brought out before the sun ;
 But conscience brings reproach to me
 For what I've left undone ! —
 For opportunities of good
 In folly thrown away ;
 For time misused in solitude ;
 Forgetfulness to pray ;
 And thousand more omitted things,
 Whose memory fills my breast with stings.