...the way to heaven. I have no other hope but in the grace of God. For I am not of the number of those who thirst for a better world. I am a poor sinner, and I can do nothing to help myself. 

Yesterday's sun went hence, and to-morrow comes, but it is not to-day. 

Of how feeble remains, when the sun sets, and the star of the evening. 

If my fortune fail, I can not add a richer: hence, nor a better, in the world's eye. 

Nor a brief, nor a lasting, story. 

I am not a man, and I can not be a man, nor a woman, either. 

And yet I see the length. 

At self is it advance.
I cannot determine the content of the text in the image.