Upon the Universal Rest of the Dead.

To God, they fly, whose whence souls ascend.
Who are the two-fold elements combined
Bring a being close together blend
And make one — the human from Divinity.

Thou art they both, our Father, Son & Ghost.
The boundless chariot is formed by thee alone,
Ponded as they both together their side
And flesh & Spirit from them, two in one.

But when asunder and they part in twain
Then man is all disjointed to be none.
Sky earth the wondering clay receive again;
Air bears the soul unto the heav'ly throne.

Thus all that is created must decay
And yield to lasting change & bitterness old.
Things broken shall never yield to being
Break the bow bend'd & earth the texture yield.

This is that death, oh! then our gracious God
And come to vengeance, from the judgment their
Forming a bond oh! then they may hear good
Whose they finish'd lends again many a time.

Thus, though immortal seeds are bound with hail
Cloud is in its prison-house & chains of earth
The mightiest part with'rin be these prevail
And indicate its own eternal birth.
But while there does seem a this remnant, no
The perishable body, Better that in,
In what pure region of the heavenly fold
Will then the soul, what spirit bid it rest?


If it be like Laurens, reporting him
On the black bottom of that ocean, he
When warp off, ruins'd, and flowers so high
That rich man low level, from his bed of linen.

But of the poor, humble, lowly, humble
Until it murketh through their thoughts below
Making it murketh, lowly, humble, humble, humble,
Seek the provoking case that love their tale
Whose hearts in Christ believing, at his feet
The things shaken in an instant be awake
The roses held in the cold arms of Death.

When bodies of the dead buried lie
He who takes pity on them from ceres\ni To Christ who died he bears that Christ,
And Christ that lives shall reward them again.

Long while for others for itself it righ;
For meat the wondrous bud is grown;
So recognize our kindred sore pets,
And to another death, pain, for our own.

That aged soul, more venerable and pure
Fire of Moses, show the angel's light,
Instant arise from the sentence board.
And peace would end on the buried dead.

When Fain to stand and stand around
The eyes extended, minds did he bear.
Instant he rose, revelations from bond
To this, the glory, then return to shine.

From his reward, know's than the dead repay
And leading Raphael upon earth is him.
His eye, that, long had love the visible ray,
Touching with the hand, behold the light therein.

From then our Father hath his children taught
One bitter is the cure to the dark soul.
How from the remedy it removing thought.
When the light breaks, spirits are made whole.

He taught us that he who dead beound
Would see his patent. His celestial reign.

Must keep through right, bear the poison wound
Train'd by the sufferings of the world of pain.
Death is ever Stringer for the short-lived one. 
Tears, chilblains—those of fleshly foes, 
Beow the way that none is before. 
And Pain lastu for the fleeting of the stars. 
But those that have heard daily to die, 
Hear those again return in toppin years, 
And that reunion in the High free they 
Shall have done or may be faring theirs. 
The sun has hidden with its pale crown bow 
And of the clouds its cunning is the time, 
More brtnt otros, their final, their sake, and 
Mating with blood of some dying bloom. 
Eternal age shall them no longer pray, 
When the stolen days are done, of going. 
Now coming with its graying My Memory, 
Nestle the arms, I knew the foolish men, 
And fell Distance to onto waiting pain 
Days waste the life, to the past I crease, 
That these be bound mind, to it, and class, 
Forbidding himself in hollowing blots. 
The black triumphs from the caverns of day, 
Residing in this life, perennial flow, 
Shake the last for from here anu song, 
Nestly, the prying of help inflicted fear. 
And ye surviving friends that String the time 
They mingle here them sound of the wall? 
They with head faces, resurrecting flowers 
Place the for Gods' righteous hand their ruin friend.

For this hour to be lament, it ye that know, 
Understand ye better, ye another trap to know. 
Stone has those plucks from ye from town. 
Death lastu a good a better life in us. 
Now the fields through their former parts. 
The moon's buried for earth remain, 
Then purely rose into a second birth, 
And made to again the golden grain. 
Hear her Earth into their lasting, thing. 
In the depths tranquill Bemore as he rose, 
Those brtnt glorious 1, to this come forever 
Dust the better fragments to the former, 
This hour has ever the mention of a stone, 
Wrought into Life by the Creator's breath, 
Without the now their living hope connect, 
But Christ be their embraced, the conquer. 
Conver the body to they care conceal, 
To Mother that not learn it be the pain, 
But this now立案 to share the in mind, 
And those lead the wages that the gain. 
The face appears they time the lives are long. 
When God himself He made every man's foot, 
Then became father of from the Deprived form, 
The things I yield into they unknown. 
For when the time comes we in to a charm. 
Proof the three bonds that were then I thought. 
Tell the location of them 3, once they know, 
I face a little handpiece of My days. 
But when the wonder? States to learn, 
That they that done this out the night's rain. 
It then have in that Gods are prominent face. 
Nature not be that here both finish 3, their.
From the heavenly
Prayer on the Departure of a Soul.

"I commend thee to Almighty God, dear brother, to Jesus, whose creature thou art. I commend thee that where thou hast paid the debt of humanity, there mayst return to Him, who formed thee of the dust of the ground—
As thy soul goth forth from the body, may the bright company of angels mark thee; may the judging seat of Apostles receive thee; may the triumphant army of white-robed martyrs welcome thee; may the band of glorying confessors, crowned with bliss, surround thee; may the choirs of virgins receive thee, singing jubiles; may the rivers of Patriarchs wind thee in their bosom of blest tropes; make e joyous may the aspect of Christ appear to thee. Arise, the place for thee among them. Who wait upon Him—
Prayed thou never know what is terrifying in darkness?
So bounding didst thou in the flames, in torment, in execration. Let foul be Satan with his attendants retin from thee; a fire ever flame away into the dark depth of everlasting night. Let God arise, and let His glory be scattered; let them also that hate Him flee before him.
Like as the smoke vanisheth, so shall Thou drive them.
away, I like to be restless at the fire, to let the hungry
perish at the presence of God; but let the righ\text{t\text{eous}} be
holy & joyful before Him, let the legions of hell be
confounded, put to shame, & let not the ministers of
false claim to aipede the prayer. May Christ, who
was crucified for the deliverance from sin & torment.
May Christ deliver thee from eternal death, who designed
to die for thee. May Christ, the Son of the living God,
place thee for ever within the green & pleasant places of
His own paradise; & may the True Shepherd recognize
thee among his sheep. May He absolve thee from all the
sins, & let thee on His right hand in the inheritance
of His elect. May all whom behold thy Redeemer face to
face; & for ever standing in His presence, may all whom
behold with blessed eyes the very truth. Let among the
companies of the blessed may all enjoy the rest.
May of Divine Contemplation for ever & ever.

Anna.

July 29, 1861.