



## ALL SOULS' DAY.

*"From the depths I have cried unto Thee, O Lord!*

*Lord, hear my voice."*

*"His Hand hath touched me."*

[The plaint of a poor soul whose friends still weep and pray for him, and whose body is not yet buried.]

## I.

His hand hath touched me! Yes, when death  
Released my spirit from its frame,  
I felt His anger's fiery breath,  
His Hand was as a living flame.  
My spirit shrank before His ire,  
My soul, in terror, tried to flee,  
But streams and gyves of molten fire  
Swept over, and encompassed me!

## II.

Of His divine and lovely Face  
That moment's sight showed all I'd lost.  
O God! could I my life retrace,  
Thee would I win at any cost.  
But let the fire that tortures me  
The stains upon my soul consume,  
For in Thine awful sanctity  
I see the justice of my doom.

## III.

In life it seemed so slight a fault  
For which we writhe in anguish here!  
The scornful look, the little halt  
'Twixt false and true; the covert sneer  
At holy things; the idle thought,  
The hasty word that held a sting—  
O God! how lightly then we wrought  
Such fearful punishment to bring!