

The first of these, who stand with thee
 The first, the best, the truest of thy race,
 Whose souls are pure, and whose little cares,
 And whose, though bliss and sorrow, we must
 Before we see, first see our willow youth,
 Through pleasures' mazes, up the steep of truth,
 Ever to guide, to succour, out to save,
 Who blamed, and sought, thy life's sake for gave;
 Who generous quell'd the heart's rebellious strife,
 And smil'd the faint respect, and in to lips;
 Gentle, not weak; and firm, not severe;
 For we, for folly, and for ~~sin~~ for fear;
 Oh! how she shielded from the infant bed,
 The shafts of sickness on her own dear head,
 Drew from reviving lips the ever-mourning breath,
 And, life returns, thank'd the sighs of death!
 What could thy fear, thy energy, could bind?
 What could thy tabernacle hold, that could bind?
 - soon, where's flame beneath the incense, but thy
 Not mortal man's feet, and temples to a pier;
 And as thou, then, as the dull heap decays,
 See thy bright soul, and the unchangeable
 The ethereal soul, all adent to us face,
 Breaks the waves, the shells of mortal things,
 Points through the ruin, and victorious flies,
 Precipit and foot anons, to her native skies.
 There a sad hour announced thy quick release,
 To thy address, to sword, & peace;
 The chariot, and to thee's, heavenly light
 As we lower'd, and as the Egyptian night
 Dews widow's & father, my soul's vacant throne
 Her bed, then, seek, and claim it for thine own;
 And mutual grief, with the kind consolatory arts,
 Wove the torn fibres of our bleeding hearts.
 With thee, I live, and the dark, and heavy way
 Where thorns lay, the bath, and wide the way,
 Roam'd on the wasted heath, in trouble, and
 And thine, and the salt, and the salt, and the salt,
 In low, and the salt, the valleys of Idumea,
 Still have I walk'd, and in my, with thee side,
 Each joy to double, and each care divide.

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James Parker
The Editor of the London Magazine
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the insertion of a notice in your Magazine, relative to the late publication of a book, entitled "The History of the Christian Church, from its first planting to the present time." &c. &c. &c. I have the honor to inform you, that the said notice has been inserted in your Magazine, in the issue of the 10th inst. and I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
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Handwritten notes on the left page, including the date "1776" and the name "Parker".

Handwritten notes on the top right page, including the name "Parker" and the date "1776".

Travelling alone, quite forlorn, unattended,
he hopes, that soon or soon my wanderings will cease,
I have, then with care sympathetic attended,
I rest unnumber'd, and deludes us peace.
From the friends, few heart less divided,
Expectation with joy Law and life!
From far distant regions, by Providence guided,
now will we see us most happily meet.
Big days of labour each other succeeding,
I moving and toil Law's my heart's content,
He assure to think, at the last as need is,
or now will be sweet sabbaths of rest.
See the vain shadows of time are rational,
Life is fast fleeting, and death is in sight,
Christian believing, exulting, aspiring,
Old & tomorrow of end less delight.

Daniel Parker.
to the Writer of the foregoing stanza. He also died young in 1812
of the Christian Bells has always been customary to his mother the
with the hope of "spiritual friends" supposed to "the bonds of the dead"
To my Father: on his birthday.
morning day. But heart returning light!
we shine in gentle glow bright,
Leaves all by all the grateful blest,
steer a solemn presence to rest
ed! Balm on my mind at heart,
thy image that will never depart,
and secure thy ear, ~~renewed~~ day
up around, and guards it from decay,
used to rest in central feeling fast,
though it will to death shall yield the last.
I review the hours I've spent, faint, flee
in thy arms, or danced by foot the knee,
thy shoulder giving to accept,
I there playmate as it were thy friend.
There was no flow, counting years,
I am not dead, I am not dead, I am not dead.