

XXXV. To the Excellent Mrs. Anne Owen, upon her receiving the name of Lucasia, and Adoption into our Society, Decemb. 28. 1651.

We are complete, and Fate hath now
No greater blessing to bestow:
No, the dull World must now confess
We have all worth, all happiness.
Annals of State are trifles to our fame,
Now 'tis made sacred by Lucasia's name.
But as though through a [burning-glass](#)
The Sun more vigorous doth pass,
Yet still with general freedom shines;
For that contracts, but not confines:
So though by this her beams are fixed here,
Yet she diffuses glory every where.
Her Mind is so entirely bright,
The splendour would but wound our sight,
And must to some disguise submit,
Or we could never worship it.
And we by this relation are allow'd
Lustre enough to be Lucasia's Cloud.
Nations will own us now to be
A Temple of Divinity;
And Pilgrims shall ten Ages hence
Approach our Tombs with reverence.
May then that time which did such bliss convey
Be kept by us perpetual Holy-day.