

Give them early to their maker,
Putting all their trust in God.
And he never will forsake her,
He has said so in his word.

O my children, heaven bless them,
They were all my life to me ;
Would I could once more caress them,
Ere I sink beneath the sea.
'Twas for them I crossed the ocean,
What my hopes were, I'll not tell,
But they've gained an orphan's portion,
Yet he doeth all things well.

Tell my sister, I remember
Every kindly, parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender,
By the thought their memory stirred.
Tell them I near reached the haven
Where I sought the precious dust,
But I've gained a post called heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance,
For they'll find their brother there ;
Faith in Jesus and repentance
Will secure for them a share.
Hark ! I hear my saviour speaking,
'Tis his voice I know so well ;
When I'm gone, O do'nt be weeping,
Brother, here's my last farewell.

Lines on the following incident :

Many years ago two children, daughters of a person residing in this Province, were lost in the woods. What their fate had been none knew, no trace of them could be found, until at length, after a long period of time, one of them was discovered among some Indians by whom they had been taken, and with whom this one had remained since their disappearance. With some difficulty she was brought to meet her only surviving parent. The tide of time swept back from the mother's mind, and she hastened to meet the child of her memory. But alas ! the change. Her spirit shrunk from the wild form before her ; and well it might, for there remained no love or sympathy for her in the bosom of the lost one. She