

"And now our falling house leans all on thee;
 This little nation to thy care commend them;
 In thee it lies that hence they want not me;
 Themselves yet cannot, thou the more defend them:
 And when green age permits, to goodness bend
 them:

A mother were you once, now both you are;
 Then with this double style double your love and
 care.

"Turn their unwary steps into the way:
 What first the vessel drinks, it long retaineth;
 No bars will hold, when they have used to stray;
 And when for me one asks, and weeping plaineth,
 Point thou to heaven, and say, 'He there remain-
 eth:'

And if they live in grace, grow and persevere,
 There shall they live with me: else shall they see
 me never.

"My God, oh! in thy fear here let me live!
 Thy wards they are, take them to my protection;
 Thou gavest them first, now back to Thee I give;
 Direct them Thou, and help her weak direction;
 That re-united by thy strong election,
 Thou now in them, they then may live in Thee;
 And seeing here thy will, may there thy glory see.

"Farewell, farewell! I feel my long long rest,
 An iron sleep my leaden heart oppressing:
 Night after day, sleep after labour's best;
 Port after storms, joy after long distressing:
 So weep thy loss, as knowing 'tis my blessing;
 Both as a widow and a Christian grieve:
 Still live I in thy thoughts, but as in Heaven I live."

FLETCHER.