

" 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.