

For your lost treasures safe in Heaven lie,  
 The more you loved them the more you try,  
 To seek the road that leads to their abode,  
 Those babes will make more bright the Heavenly  
                   way,

And smiling point to you the Saviour's road ;  
 The Lord in mercy took them ; bow your head  
 In full submission to his chastening rod ;  
 He knows the best and would not have a hope  
 To tempt thee to forget He is thy God.  
 The means were blest unto that mother's soul,  
 She seeks out Heaven for her hopes are there,  
 Her pride is humbled, she the world forgoes.  
 Her sins acknowledged and her Saviour dear ;  
 And she has Heavenly hope and doth confess  
 That God is good to us whate'er betide ;  
 His name is love though he doth punish man  
 For his rebellion—for his sins and pride.

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### THE FUGITIVE.

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A female wept midst forest trees  
 Standing in tall array,  
 No path between the wood she sees  
 To point her tangled way ;  
 She sat upon a tree decayed,  
 She looked to where the sky  
 With welcome light its hues displayed  
 Through the matted leaves on high.

A rosy babe laid on some moss,