The second edition of her book (a 16mo. of 255 pages) was printed at Boston in 1678, six years after her death. This contains some new pieces, which were found among her papers, and seem not to have been intended for publication. Among them were some lines in reference to her children, dated June 23, 1656, and several funeral pieces, in memory of her deceased grandchildren. One upon her eldest son Samuel's going to England in 1657 and his return in 1661, and another upon her dear husband's going to England on public business and his safe return in 1662 were also found but not inserted.

These are full of gentle sentiments, showing her to have been a very kind and affectionate wife and mother.

Several of her prose and poetic productions have only recently been printed. The following hymns and meditations are yet preserved with great care by some of her lineal descendants. After having shrunk from the light so long, they may seem rather sensitive to the scrutinizing eyes of criticism.

May 11, 1657. I had a sore sickness and weakness took hold of me, which hath by fits lasted all this spring till this 11th of May.

May 13, 1657.

"As spring the winter doth succeed,
  And leaves the naked trees do dress,
The earth, still black, is clad in green;
  At sunshine each their joy express.
My sun's returned with healing wings,
  My soul and body do rejoice,
My heart exults and praises sings
  To him, that heard my wailing voice;
My winter's past, my storms are gone,
  And former clouds seem now all fled;
But, if they must eclipse again,
  I'll turn where I was succored."

* * * * * *

FOR DELIVERANCE FROM A FIT OF FEVER.

"In my distress I sought the Lord
  When nought on earth could comfort give;
And when my soul those things abhorred,
  Thou, Lord, thou said'st unto me, 'live!'

* * * * * *

My wasted flesh thou didst restore,
  My feeble loins didst gird with strength;
Yea, when I was most low and poor,
  I said I shall praise thee at length.

What shall I render to my God
  For all his bounty shown to me?
Even for his mercy in his rod,
  Where pity, most of all, I see.