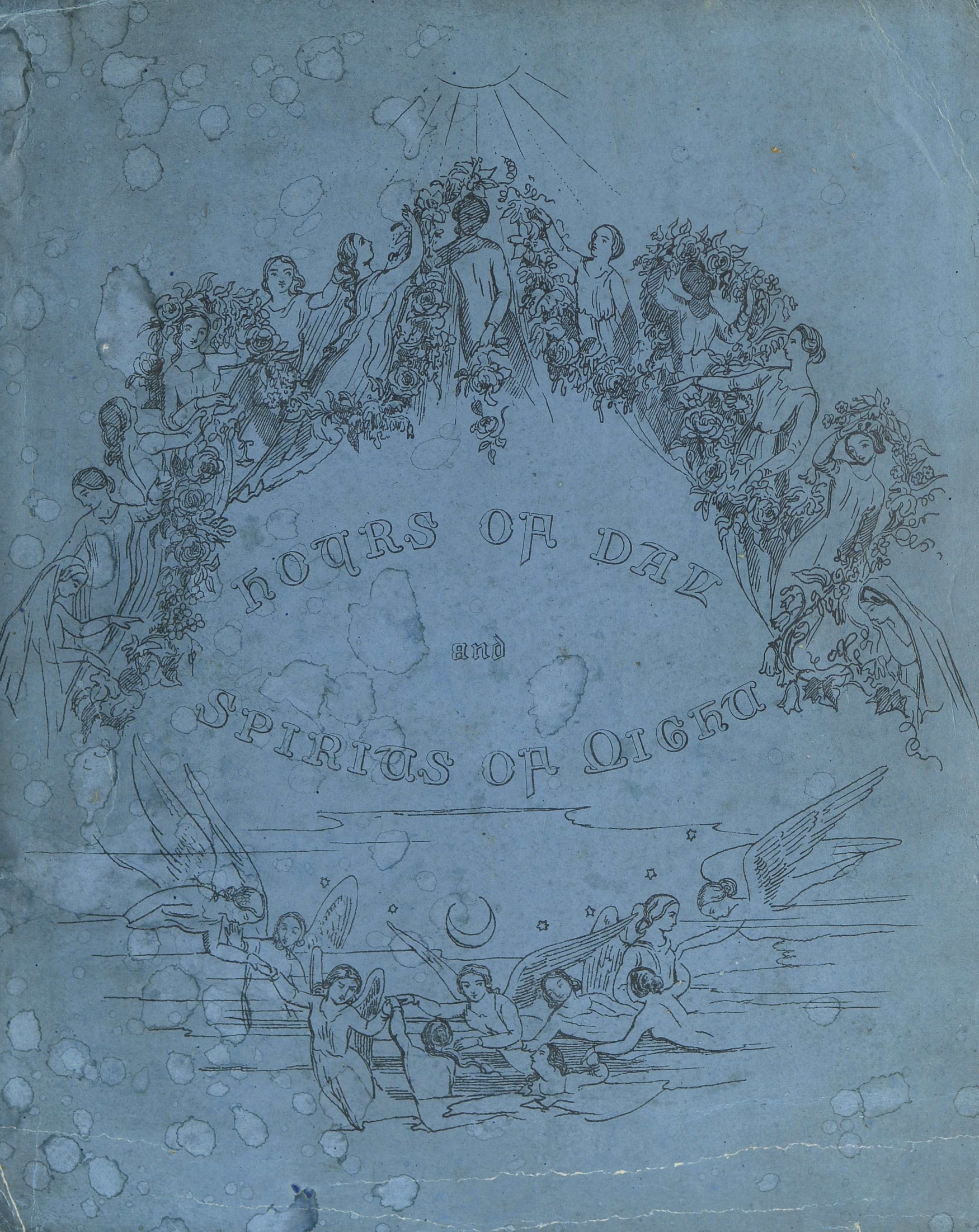




HOURS OF DAY

and

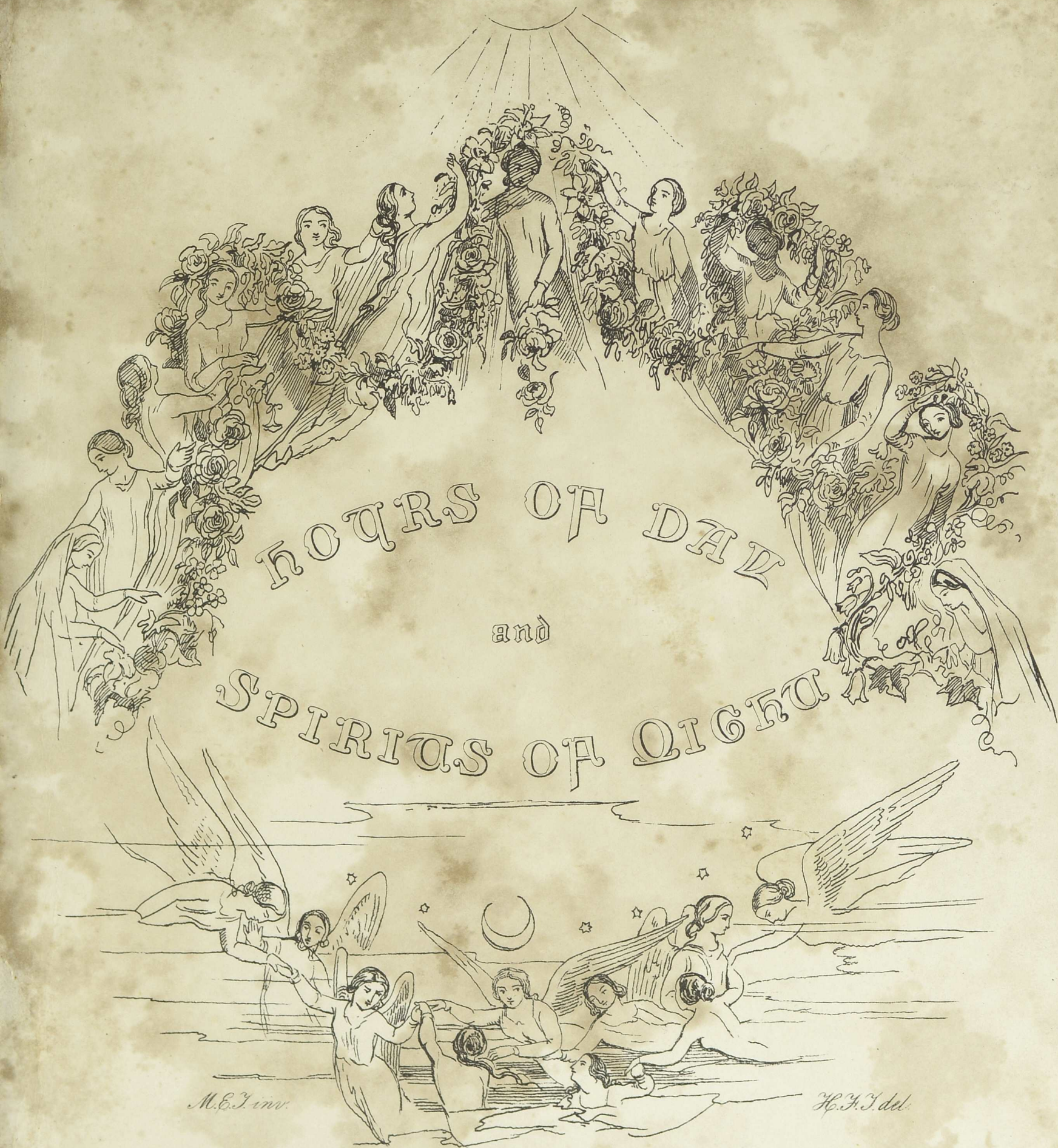
SPIRITS OF NIGHT

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London: Joseph Cundall, Old Bond Street.

MDCCCXLVII.

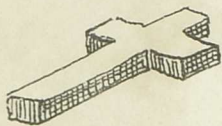
F. Dangerfield, Fifth 20, Bridges St. Covent Garden.

*The flowers appear on the earth ; and the time of the singing
of birds is come.—SONG OF SOLOMON.*



*From his dewy bed the blithe lark springs,
And away! away! his wild flight wings,
To mingle his spirit with better things
In Heaven*

*Earth is too dull for the song he sings,
And blended with Angels echoings,
His passionate praise to the King of Kings
Is given!*



*Oh Lord! as the lark leaves earth's fair flowers,
To soar in realms above,
So seeks my soul in days first hours,
The blessing of thy love.*

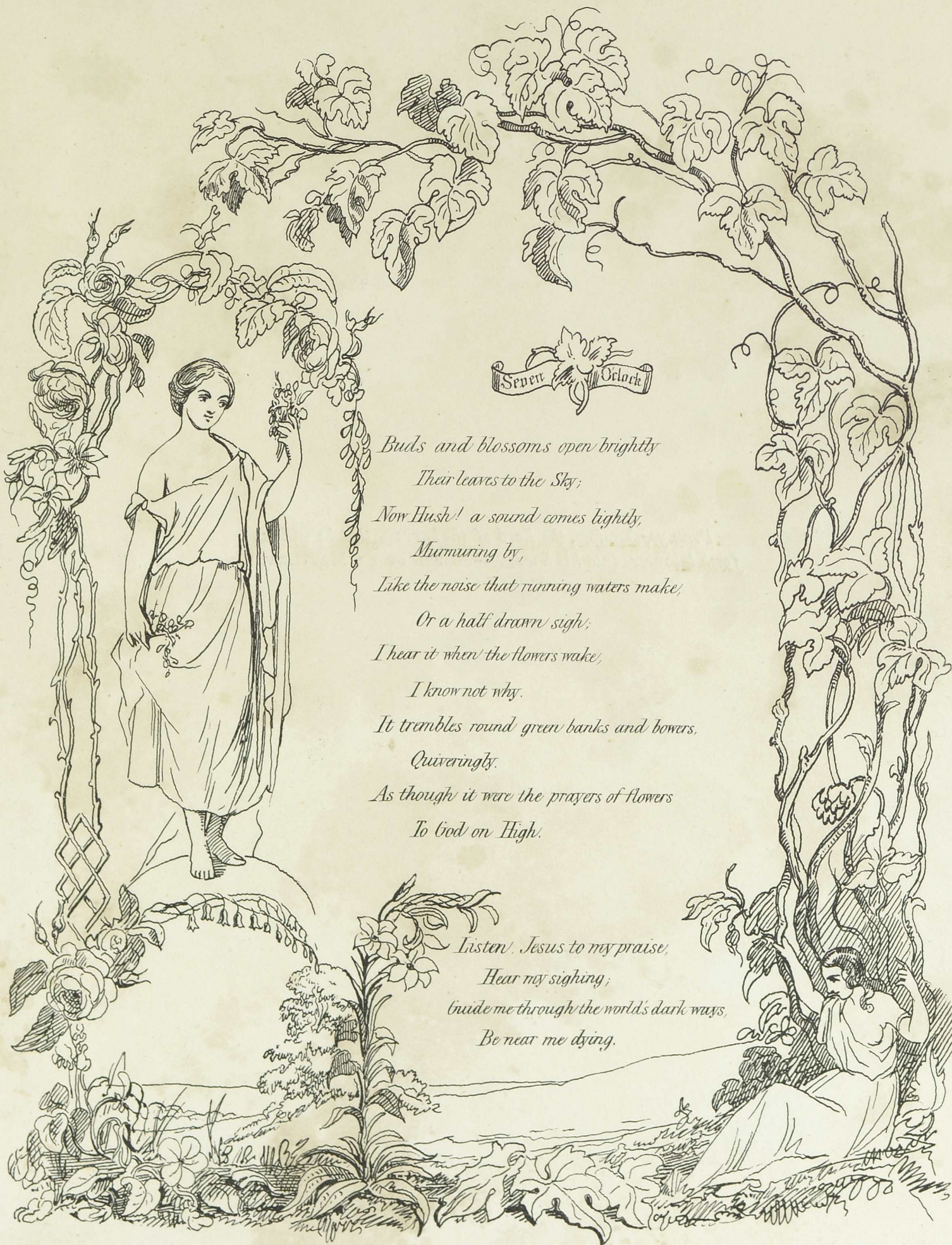


Consider the lilies of the field ; how they grow !—GOSPEL OF
ST MATTHEW.



*Buds and blossoms open brightly
Their leaves to the Sky;
Now Hush! a sound comes lightly,
Murmuring by,
Like the noise that running waters make,
Or a half drawn sigh;
I hear it when the flowers wake,
I know not why.
It trembles round green banks and bowers,
Quiveringly,
As though it were the prayers of flowers
To God on High.*

*Listen, Jesus to my praise,
Hear my sighing;
Guide me through the world's dark ways,
Be near me dying.*



*Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will send
forth labourers into his harvest.*—GOSPEL OF ST MATTHEW.

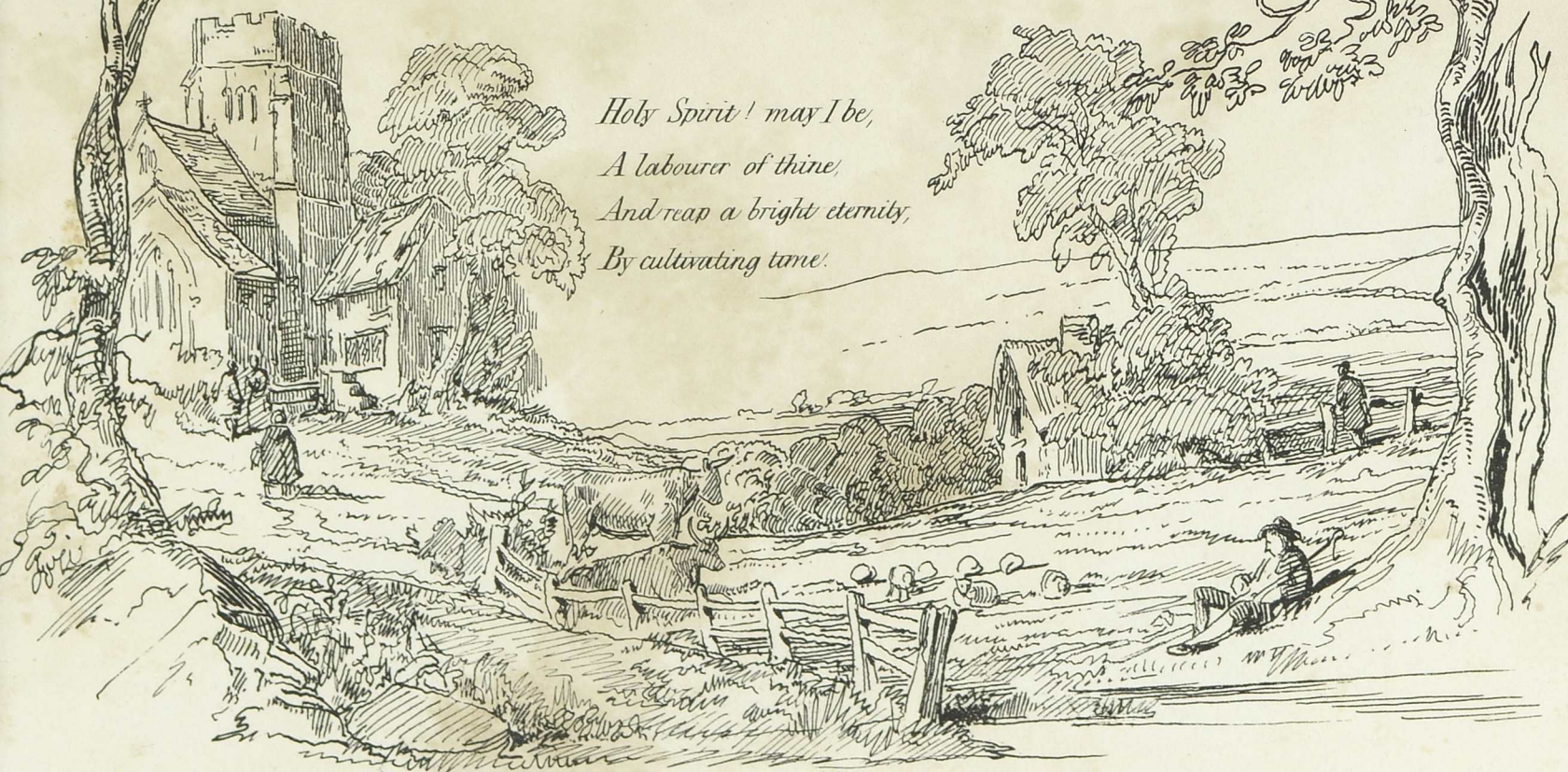


Eight O'clock



*It is the hour when village chimes
Upon the air come stealing,
Like voices from the Holy Church,
To every heart appealing;
The Peasant as he leaves his home,
To labour thro' the day,
Perchance, shall linger in the throng
Of those who meekly pray,
Then passing on to fields and flowers,
All bath'd in dawning light,
Shall worship, thro' their loveliness,
The God who made them bright.*

*Holy Spirit! may I be,
A labourer of thine,
And reap a bright eternity,
By cultivating time.*



*Man that is born of a woman, is of few days and full of
trouble : he cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down.—BOOK
OF JOB.*



Nine

O'clock

*Look on the fairest rose-bud,
Which blossoms in the morn,
And you'll say that Life is quivering,
From the young leaf to the thorn;
Look deeper in the dew-cup,
Of that ill fated flower,
And you'll see that Death is hovering
Beneath, with fatal power.
For tho' 'tis bright to outward sight,
It hath its inward dart,
Tho' beauty's stamp is on its leaves,
The worm is at its heart.*

*Father, Son' and Holy Ghost,
Prepare my soul to die,
Lest on Death's rock-hidden coast,
I wreck in misery.*

They are not dead, but gone before.—CANTICLES.



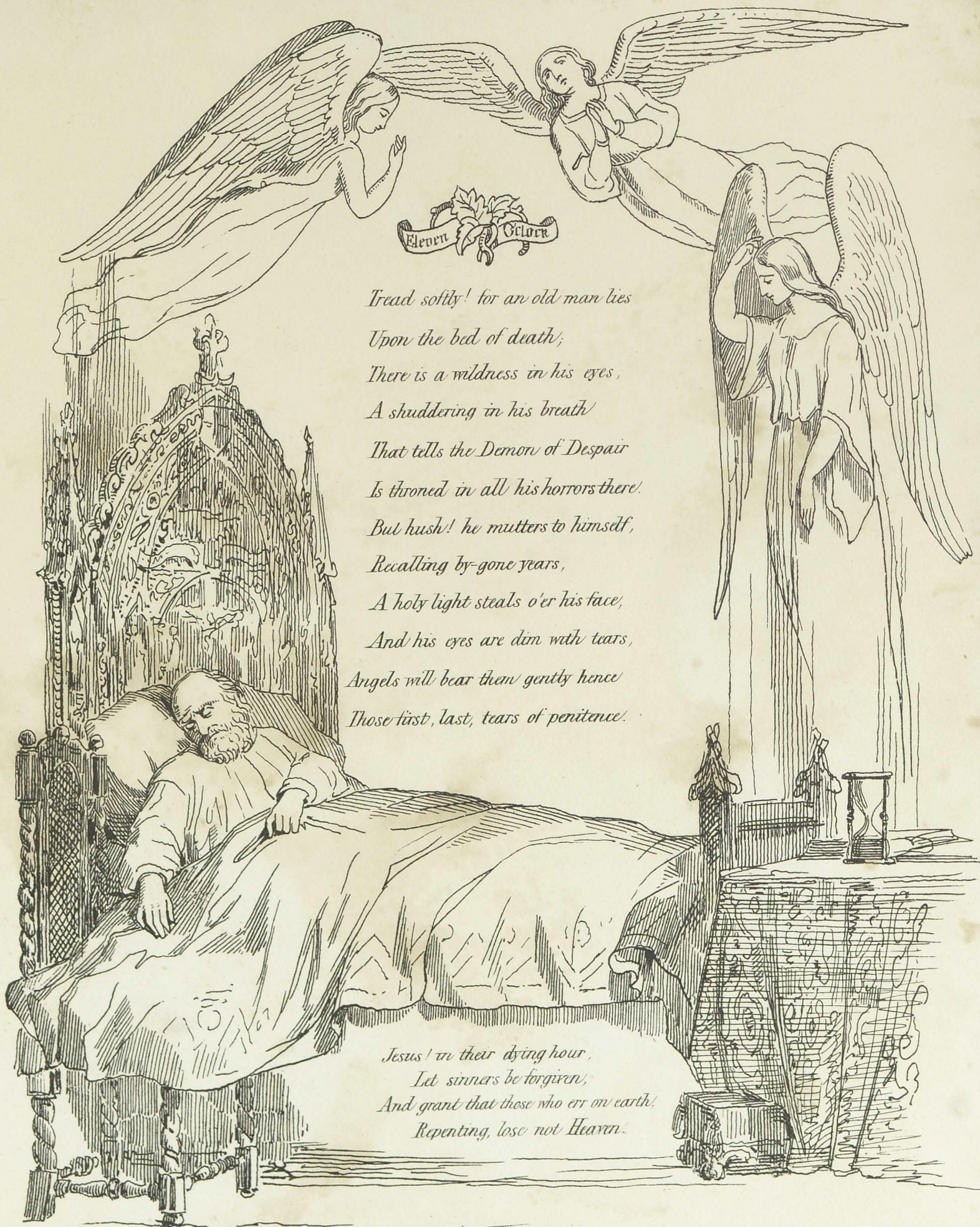
Ten O'clock

*The memory of by-gone years,
Steals o'er my soul again,
Like a fleeting cloud upon the Sky,
In its transitory reign.
Voices long hushed in a tranquil grave,
Are thrilling in mine ear,
And soft eyes beaming on me,
Which have clos'd for ever here;
The morning breaks in beauty now,
And gilds each flower and tree,
But they are mouldering in the earth,
Who made it bright to me.*

*Grant Lord that we may meet again
Dear ones departed,
And swell with them the Angel train
Of the Holy-hearted!*

And about the eleventh hour he went out and found others standing idle ; and he said unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard.—ST MATTHEW.

There is more joy in the kingdom of heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.—ST LUKE.



Eleven O'clock

*Tread softly! for an old man lies
Upon the bed of death;
There is a wildness in his eyes,
A shuddering in his breath
That tells the Demon of Despair
Is throned in all his horrors there!
But hush! he mutters to himself,
Recalling by-gone years,
A holy light steals o'er his face,
And his eyes are dim with tears,
Angels will bear them gently hence
Those first, last, tears of penitence!*

*Jesus! in their dying hour,
Let sinners be forgiven;
And grant that those who err on earth,
Repenting, lose not Heaven!*

*So teach us to number our days that we may apply our
hearts unto wisdom—for we spend years as a tale that is
told.—THE PSALMS.*



Twelve O'clock

*Swiftly and brightly are fleeing
The hours of day,
And a link in the chain of existence
Is passing away.
The clock in the old Church Tower
Speaks of Time's flying,
The bell with its dreamy power
Of the dying,
And moments, on moments for ever press
Down, down to the gulf of nothingness.*

*Spirit of God! may my time be spent
As a talent for holy purpose lent,
Then shall I hear those words of love,
"Come faithful servant to rest above!"*

Thou makest thy flock to rest at noon.—CANTICLES.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.—PSALMS.

One O'clock

*I saw the burning Sun at noon,
In his flood of yellowlight,
And Nature droop'd beneath his gaze,
It was so fierce and bright,
The Shepherd led his wandering flock,
To the silence of the deep wood shade,
Where the fairest flowers and freshest grass,
A sweet and soft bed made,
And there, while the waters their light tale told,
Rest fell upon, that weary fold.*

*Be thou, my Shepherd, blessed God,
Thro' this dark world of strife,
And lead me by the water-brooks,
That flow to deathless life.*



*Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.—ST
MATTHEW.*

Charity covereth a multitude of sins.—1ST OF PETER.

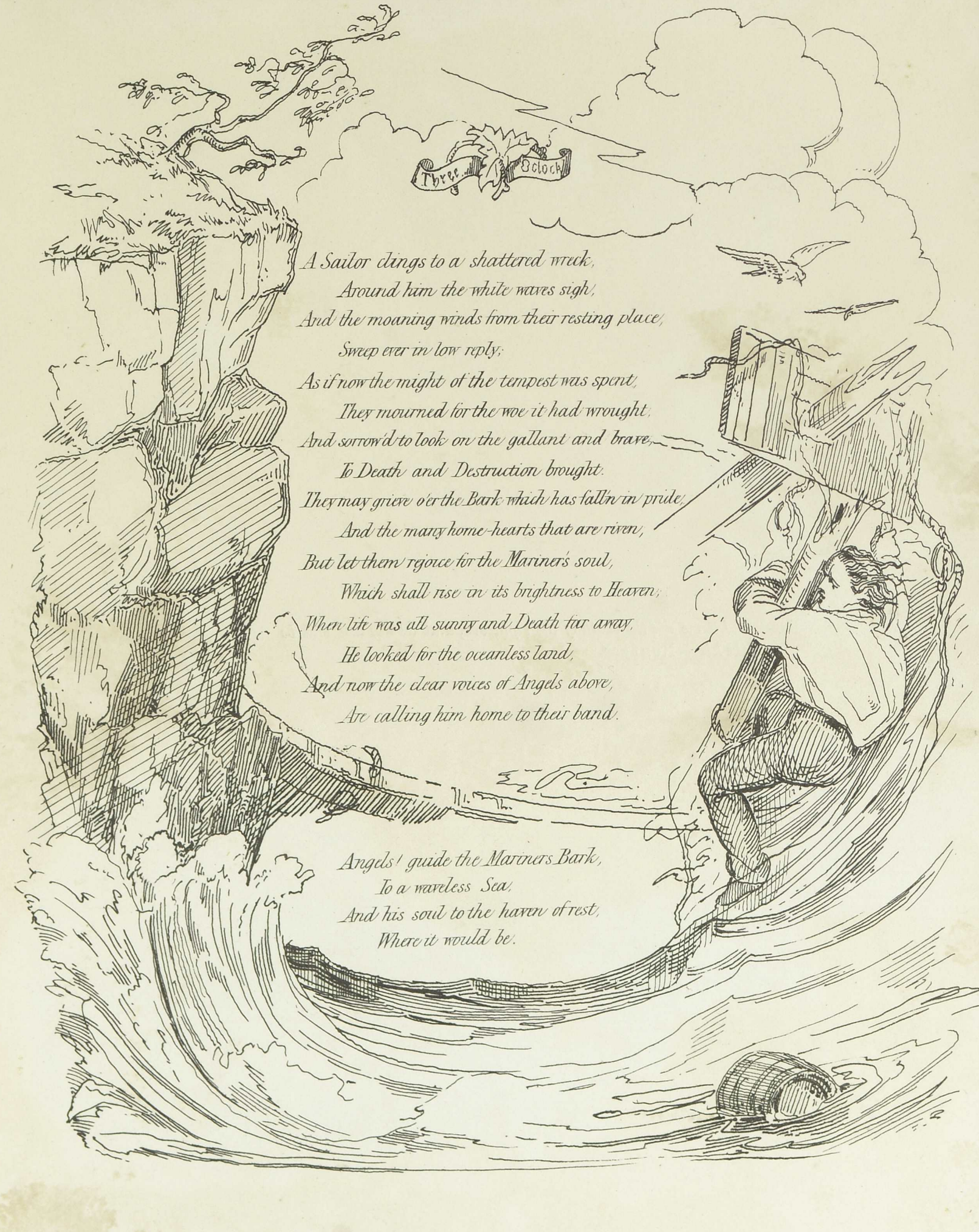
Two O'clock.

*Faith is a Flower,
Of silver and white,
Which blooms in the soul,
And makes darkness light.
Hope is a Star,*

*That shines on the spirit,
Giving glad gleams
Of the joys we inherit.
But Charity, oh! it is better far
Than beautiful Flower or brilliant Star.
'Tis the one pure gem that has power to cast
A shadowy veil on the sins of the past.*

*Saviour! Grant the gift to me,
Of never-dying Charity,
Fix my heart on Holy things,
And sanctify my offerings.*

*They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their
business in the great waters : these men see the works of the
Lord, and his wonders in the deep.—THE PSALMS.*



Three O'clock

*A Sailor clings to a shattered wreck,
Around him the white waves sigh,
And the moaning winds from their resting place,
Sweep ever in low reply;
As if now the might of the tempest was spent,
They mourned for the woe it had wrought,
And sorrow'd to look on the gallant and brave,
To Death and Destruction brought.
They may grieve o'er the Bark which has fallen in pride,
And the many home-hearts that are riven,
But let them rejoice for the Mariner's soul,
Which shall rise in its brightness to Heaven;
When life was all sunny and Death far away,
He looked for the oceanless land,
And now the clear voices of Angels above,
Are calling him home to their band.*

*Angels! guide the Mariners Bark,
To a waveless Sea,
And his soul to the haven of rest,
Where it would be.*

*Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be
like his.—NUMBERS.*

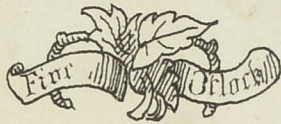


Four O'clock

*I would have low music playing
Near me when I die,
And hear lov'd voices praying
For my soul's eternity.
I would look on dear home faces,
I shall hope to see again,
In higher, holier places,
Where Death has ceased to reign;
And so, with the bright Sun setting
In the quiet evening Sky,
And with those I love around me,
It is thus that I would die.*

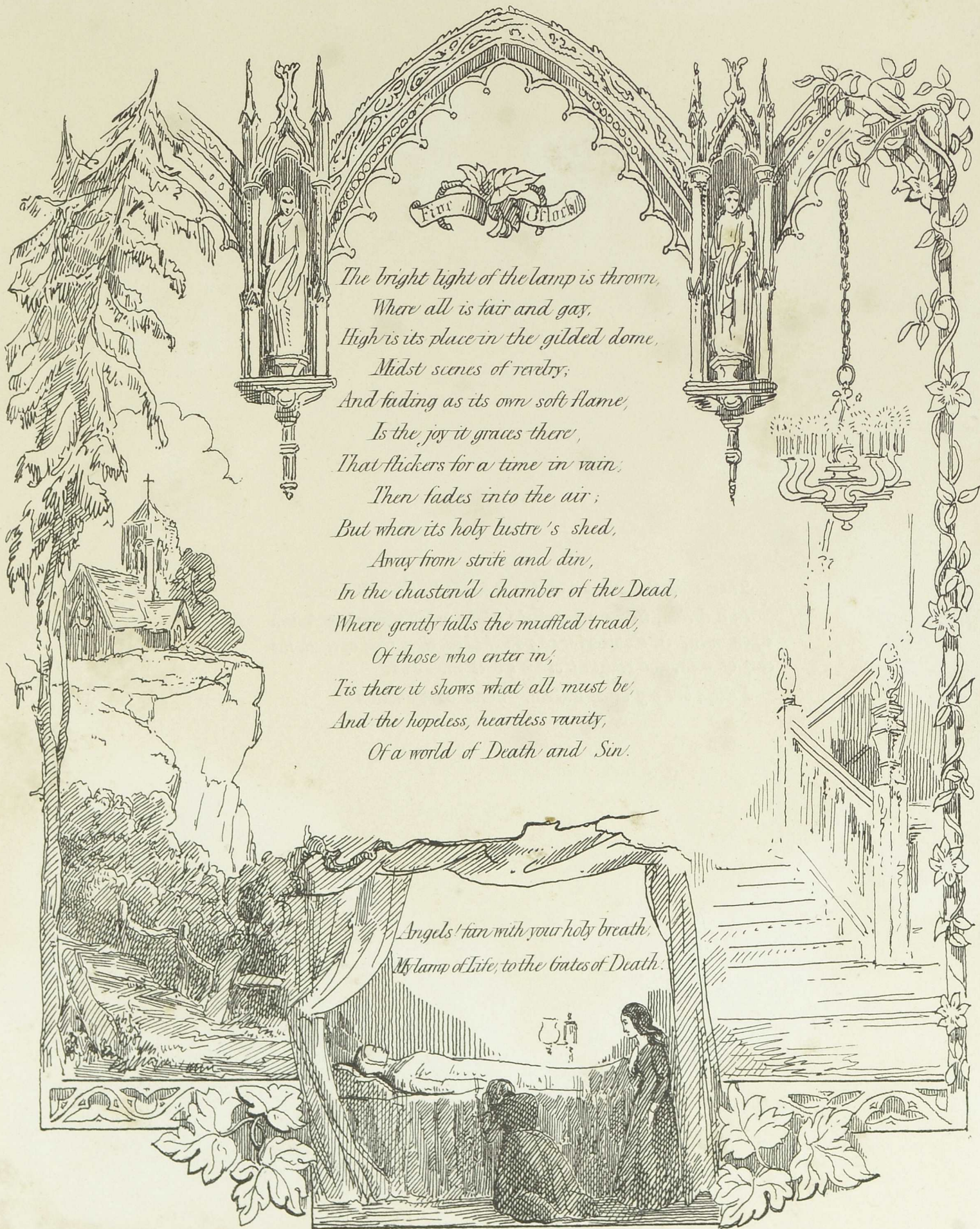
*Grant Lord that Death may steal on me
As sleep at even!
That this sleep may be in peace,
And this peace in Heaven.*

Then all those Virgins rose and trimmed their lamps.—St
MATTHEW.



*The bright light of the lamp is thrown,
Where all is fair and gay,
High is its place in the gilded dome,
Midst scenes of revelry;
And fading as its own soft flame,
Is the joy it graces there,
That flickers for a time in vain;
Then fades into the air;
But when its holy lustre's shed,
Away from strife and din,
In the chaster'd chamber of the Dead,
Where gently falls the muffled tread,
Of those who enter in;
Tis there it shows what all must be,
And the hopeless, heartless vanity,
Of a world of Death and Sin.*

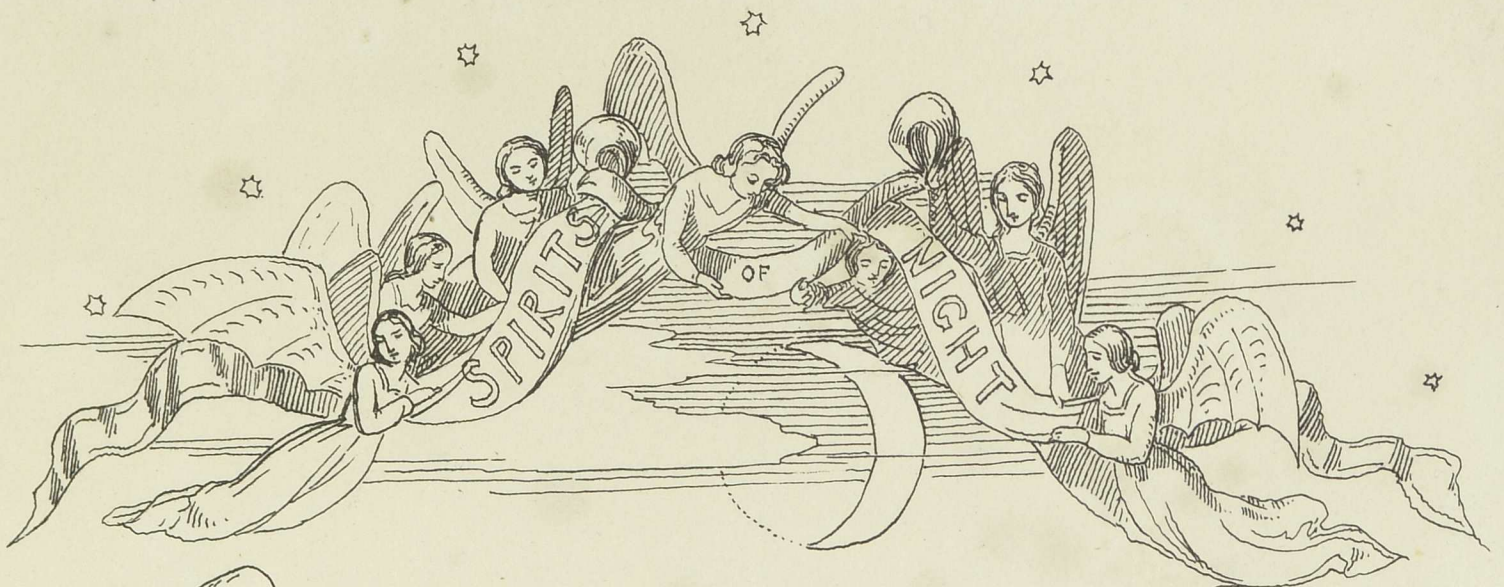
*Angels' fan with your holy breath,
My lamp of Life, to the Gates of Death.*



Thou makest darkness, and it is night !—THE PSALMS.

In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed, then God openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction.—JOB.

I sleep, but my heart waketh.—SONG OF SOLOMON.

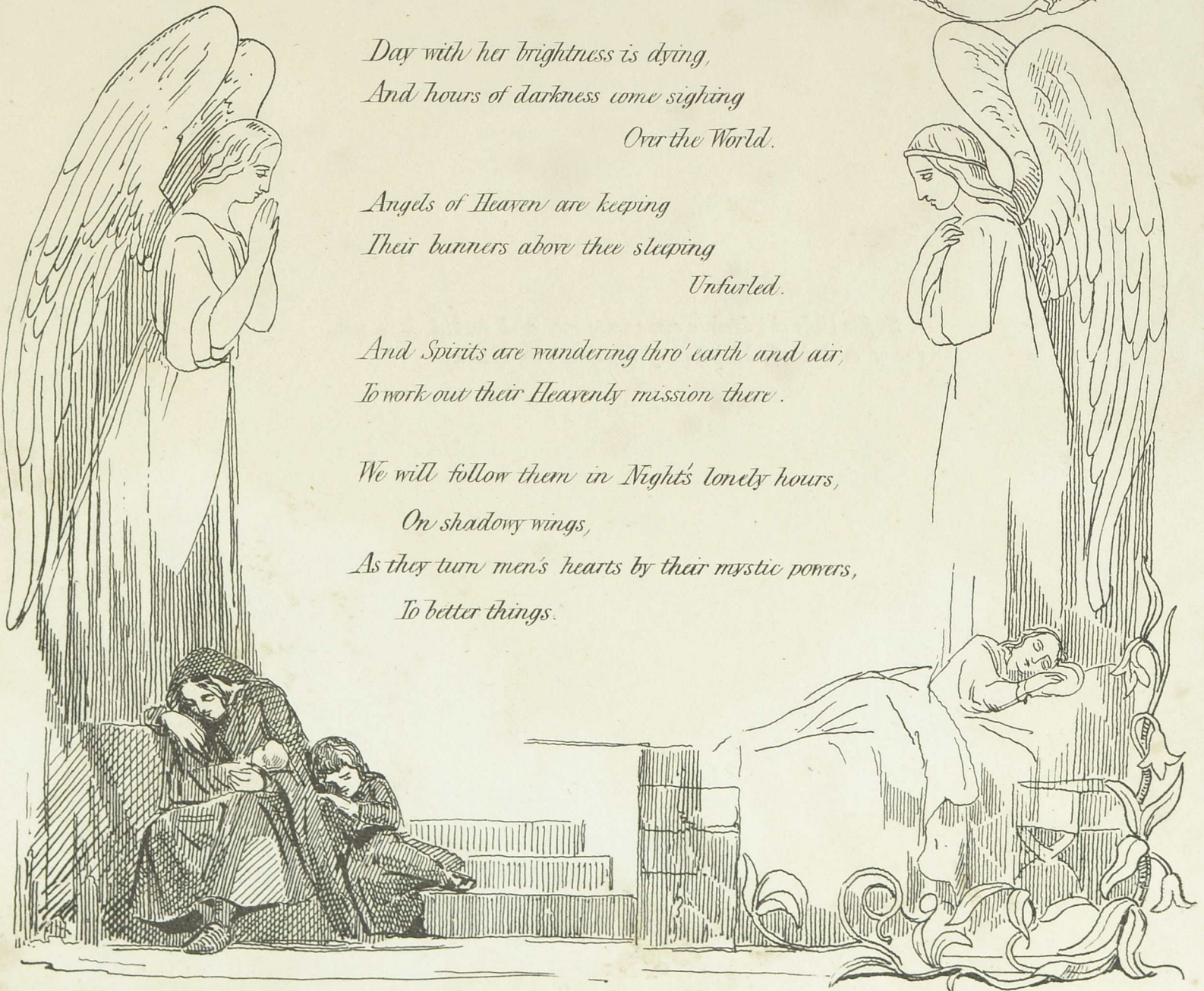


*Day with her brightness is dying,
And hours of darkness come sighing
Over the World.*

*Angels of Heaven are keeping
Their banners above thee sleeping
Unfurled.*

*And Spirits are wandering thro' earth and air,
To work out their Heavenly mission there.*

*We will follow them in Night's lonely hours,
On shadowy wings,
As they turn men's hearts by their mystic powers,
To better things.*



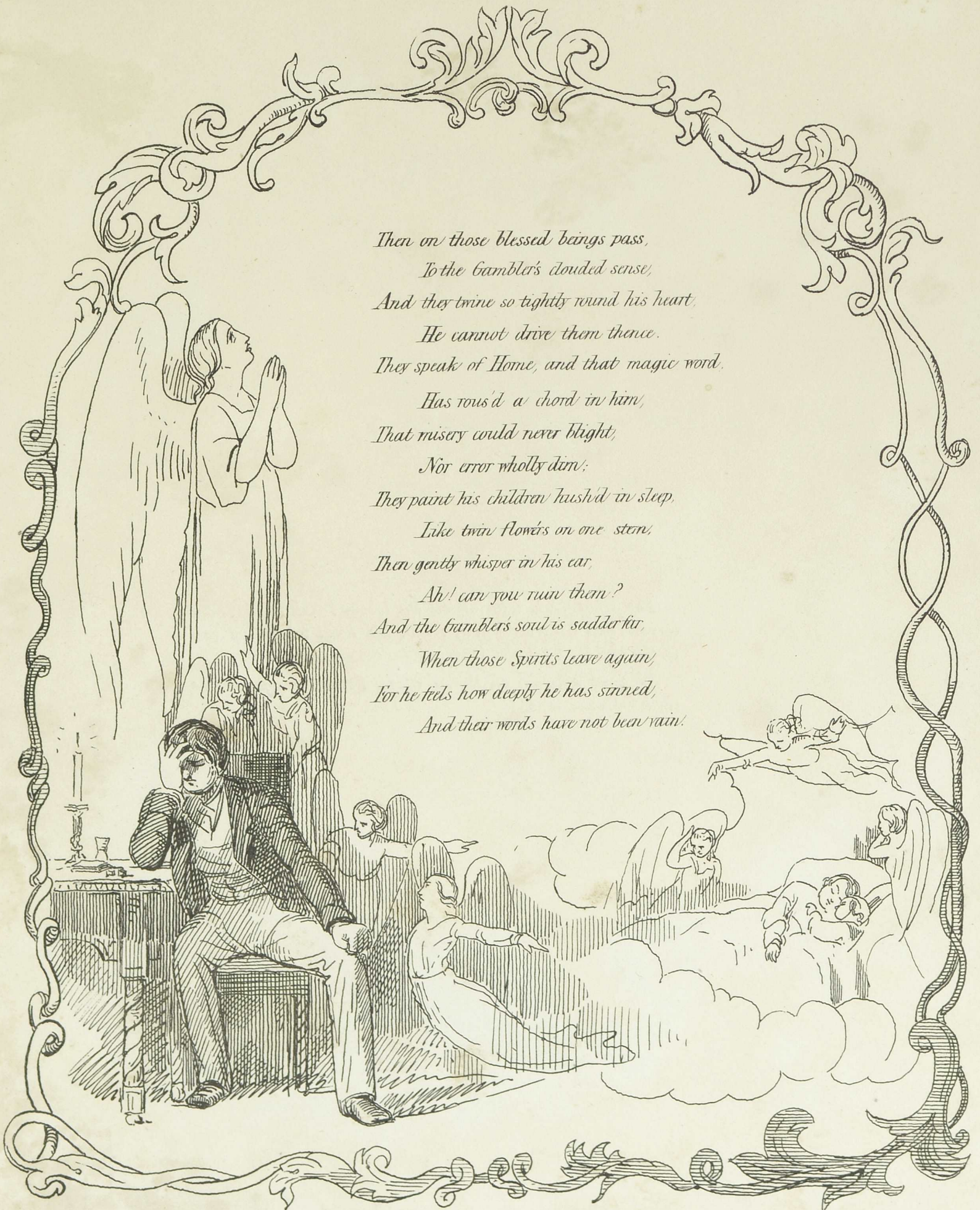
*Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,
for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.—ST MARK.*



*For the welfare of a sleeping child,
Their first good watch is given,
They fill his dreams with fluttering hopes
Of another life in Heaven;
A life so bright, so full of bliss,
He feels he was not born for this,
He knows there's a hereafter now,
And tho' he cannot speak,
The knowledge brings a brighter bloom,
To that fair infant's cheek:
His mother wonders when he wakes,
To see his eyes so bright,
She knows not that his soul has been
With the Spirits of the Night.*

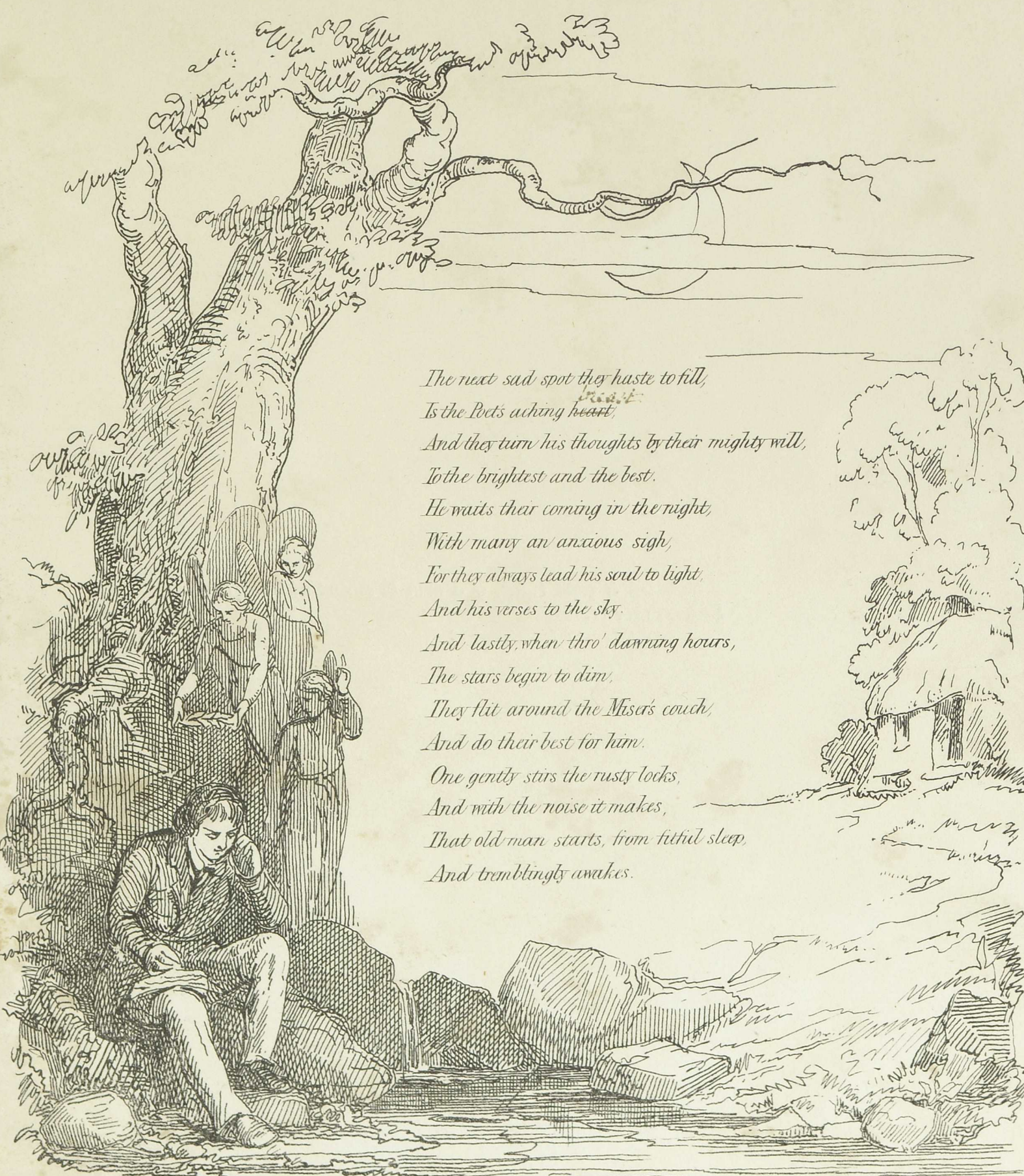
*The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil
and the good.*—PROVERBS.

*Then on those blessed beings pass,
 To the Gambler's clouded sense,
 And they twine so tightly round his heart,
 He cannot drive them thence.
 They speak of Home, and that magic word,
 Has rous'd a chord in him,
 That misery could never blight,
 Nor error wholly dim;
 They paint his children hush'd in sleep,
 Like twin flowers on one stem,
 Then gently whisper in his ear,
 Ah! can you ruin them?
 And the gambler's soul is sadder far,
 When those Spirits leave again,
 For he feels how deeply he has sinned,
 And their words have not been vain!*



For what hath man of all his labour?—all his days are sorrows and his travail grief; yea, his heart taketh not rest in the night. This also is vanity.—ECCLESIASTES.

Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.—COLOSSIANS.

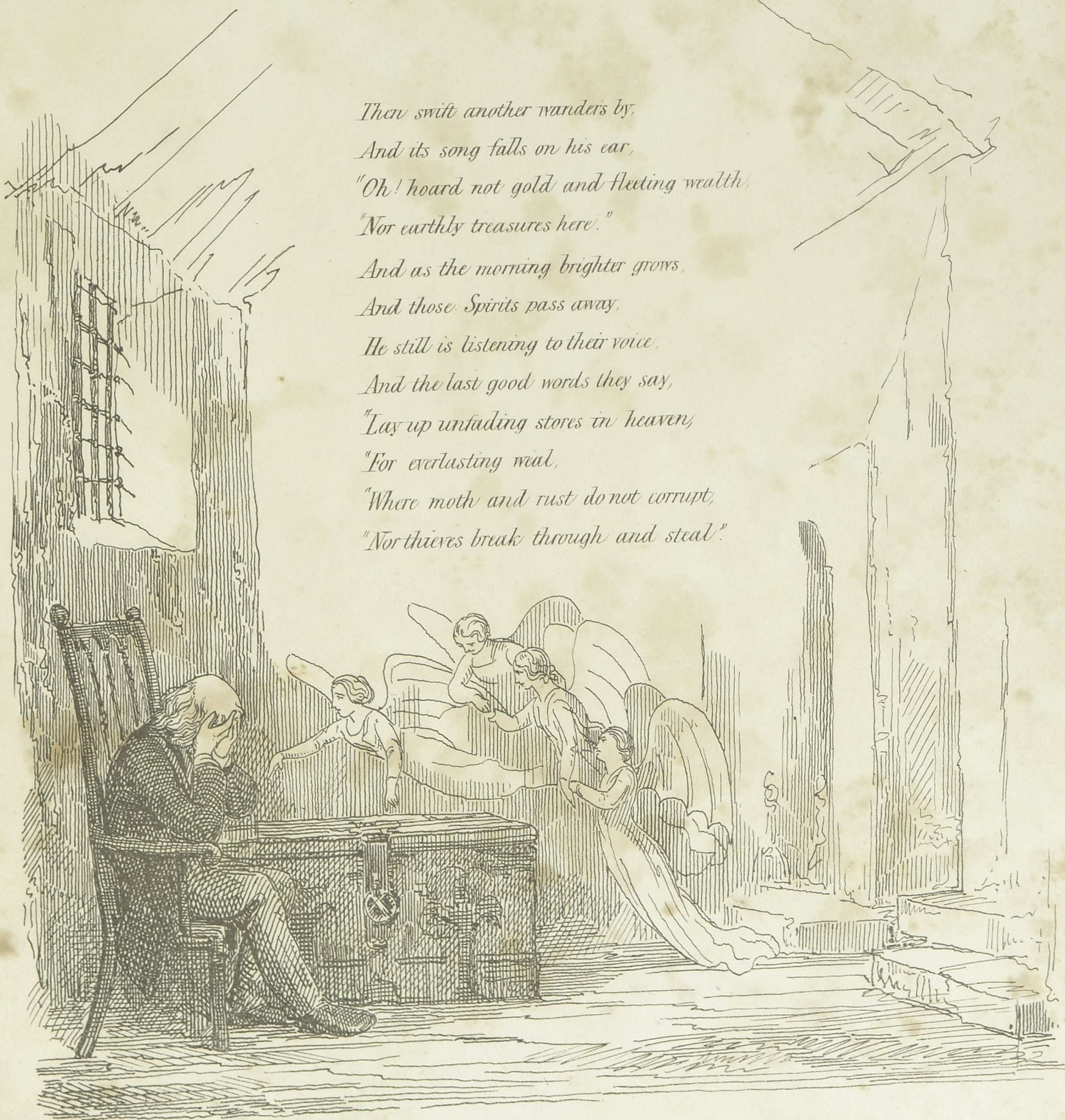


*The next sad spot they haste to fill,
Is the Poet's aching heart,
And they turn his thoughts by their mighty will,
To the brightest and the best.
He waits their coming in the night,
With many an anxious sigh,
For they always lead his soul to light,
And his verses to the sky.
And lastly, when thro' dawning hours,
The stars begin to dim,
They flit around the Miser's couch,
And do their best for him.
One gently stirs the rusty locks,
And with the noise it makes,
That old man starts, from fitful sleep,
And tremblingly awakes.*

*Godliness is great riches, if a man be content with that he
hath.—TIMOTHY.*

*Then swift another wanders by,
And its song falls on his ear,
"Oh! hoard not gold and fleeting wealth,
"Nor earthly treasures here."*

*And as the morning brighter grows,
And those Spirits pass away,
He still is listening to their voice,
And the last good words they say,
"Lay up unfading stores in heaven,
"For everlasting weal,
"Where moth and rust do not corrupt,
"Nor thieves break through and steal."*



FINIS.

