

TO THE READER.

Spend all thine hours as if by night,  
An angel from the realms of light,  
Outside thine heart of inward sin,  
Did plead thy saddened Saviour in.

That every day thine eye may see,  
Through His sweet name and charity,  
The image in imperfect man,  
God gave him when his life began.

As noble deeds the angels love,  
To man performed are praised above ;  
So God in mildest merey too,  
May nightly bless and honor you.