

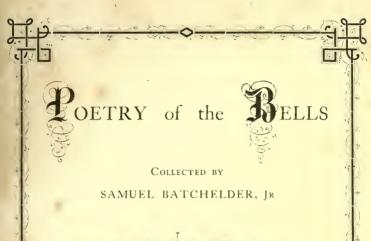




Anna H. Triles from her Brothers L'Estre.

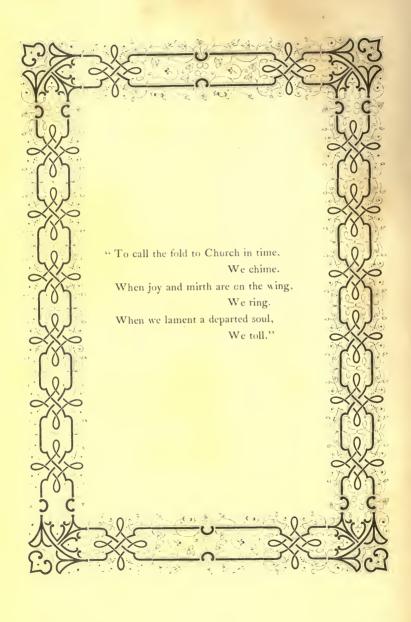
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1858



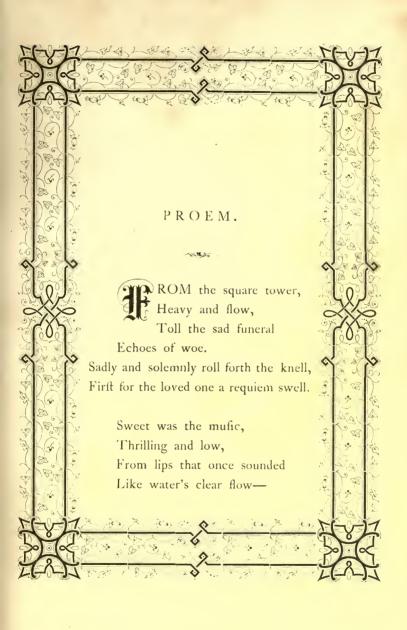
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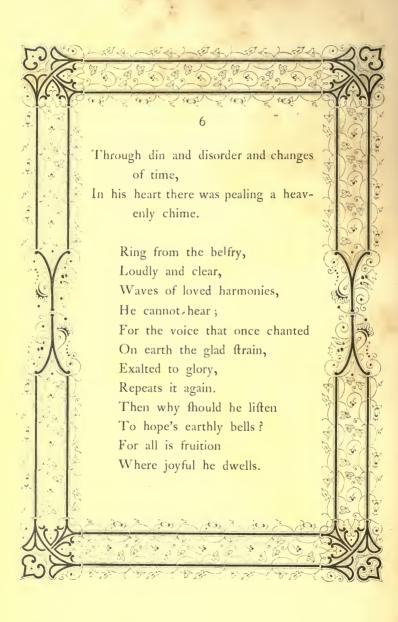
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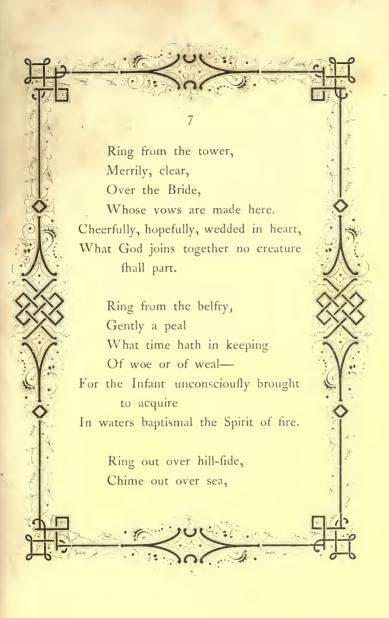
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The gospel's glad sound,

To the bond and the free;

Bid the deaf and the blind and the lame to the feaft,

And tell to the nations the tidings of Peace.

Isabella James.

THE BELL AT SEA.

HEN the tide's billowy swell

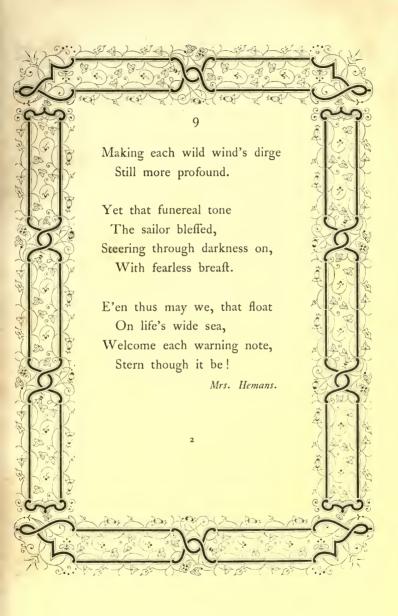
Had reached its height,

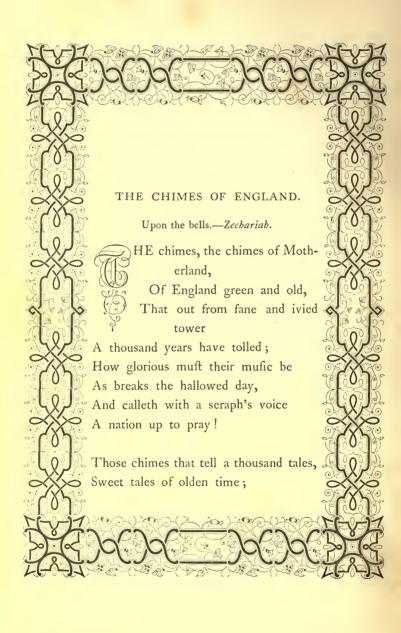
Then pealed the Rock's lone

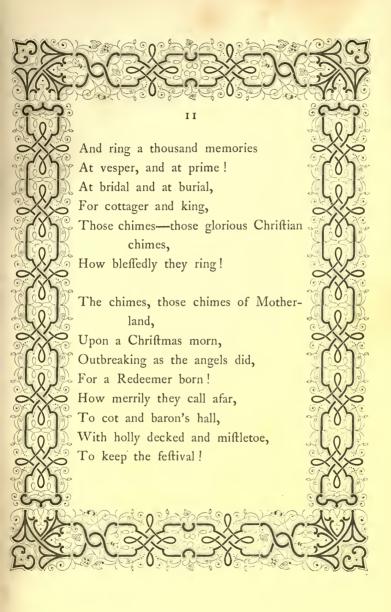
Bell

Sternly by night.

Far over cliff and surge, Swept the deep sound,







The chimes of England, how they peal

From tower and Gothic pile,
Where hymn and swelling anthem fill
The dim cathedral aisle;
Where windows bathe the holy light
On prieftly heads that falls,
And ftain the florid tracery
Of banner-dighted walls!

And then, those Easter bells, in Spring,
Those glorious Easter chimes!
How loyally they hail thee round,
Old Queen of holy times!
From hill to hill, like sentinels,
Responsively they cry,
And sing the rising of the Lord,
From vale to mountain high.

I love ye—chimes of Motherland,
With all this soul of mine,
And bless the Lord that I am sprung
Of good old English line:
And like a son I fing the lay
That England's glory tells;
For she is lovely to the Lord,
For you, ye Christian bells!

And heir of her ancestral fame,
Though far away my birth,
Thee too I love, my Forest-land,
The joy of all the earth;
For thine thy mother's voice shall be,
And here—where God is King,
With English chimes, from Christian
spires,
The wilderness shall ring.

Arthur C. Coxe.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FIRE AT HAMBURG.

THE tower of old Saint Nicholas soared upward to the skies,

Like some huge piece of Nature's make, the growth of centuries;

You could not deem its crowding spires a work of human art,

They seemed to struggle lightward from a sturdy living heart.

Not Nature's self more freely speaks in crystal or in oak,

Than, through the pious builder's hand, in that gray pile she spoke;

And as from acorn springs the oak, so, freely and alone,

Sprang from his heart this hymn to God, sung in obedient stone.

It seemed a wondrous freak of chance, so perfect, yet so rough,

A whim of Nature crystallized slowly in granite tough;

The thick spires yearned towards the sky in quaint, harmonious lines,

And in broad sunlight basked and slept, like a grove of blasted pines.

Never did rock or ftream or tree lay claim with better right

To all the adorning sympathies of fhadow and of light;

And, in that forest petrified, as forester there dwells

Stout Herman, the old sacriftan, sole lord of all its bells.

Surge leaping after surge, the fire roared onward red as blood,

Till half of Hamburg lay engulfed beneath the eddying flood;

For miles away, the fiery spray poured down its deadly rain,

And back and forth the billows sucked, and paused, and burft again.

From square to square with tiger leaps rushed on the lustful fire,

The air to leeward fhuddered with the gasps of its defire;

And church and palace, which even now flood whelmed but to the knee,

Lift their black roofs like breakers lone amid the whirling sea.

Up in his tower old Herman sat and watched with quiet look;

His soul had trufted God too long to be at laft forsook;

He could not fear, for surely God a pathway would unfold

Through this red sea for faithful hearts, as once he did of old.

But scarcely can he cross himself, or on his good saint call,

Before the sacrilegious flood o'erleaped the churchyard wall;

And, ere a pater half was said, 'mid smoke and crackling glare,

His ifland tower scarce juts its head above the wide despair.

Upon the peril's desperate peak his heart flood up sublime;

His first thought was for God above, his next was for his chime;

"Sing now and make your voices heard in hymns of praise," cried he,

"As did the Israelites of old, safe walking through the sea!

"Through this red sea our God hath made the pathway safe to shore;

Our promised land flands full in fight; fhout now as ne'er before!"

And as the tower came crushing down, the bells, in clear accord,

Pealed forth the grand old German hymn,—"All good souls, praise the Lord!"

Lowell.



MATIN BELLS.

I myself will awake right early.—Psalter.

HE Sun is up betimes,

And the dappled East is blushing,

And the merry matin-chimes,

They are gushing—Christian—gushing!
They are tolling in the tower,

For another day begun;
And to hail the rising hour

Of a brighter, brighter Sun!
Rise—Christian—rise!

For a sunshine brighter far
Is breaking o'er thine eyes,

Than the bonny morning star!

The lark is in the fky,
And his morning-note is pouring:
He hath a wing to fly,
So he's soaring—Christian—soaring!
His nest is on the ground,
But only in the night;
For he loves the matin-sound,
And the highest heaven's height.
Hark—Christian—Hark!
At heaven-door he fings!
And be thou like the lark,
With thy soaring spirit-wings!

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The merry matin-bells,

In their watch-tower they are swinging;

For the day is o'er the dells,

And they're finging—Christian—finging!

They have caught the morning beam

Through their ivied turret's wreath,

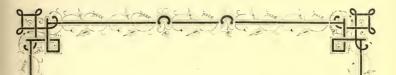
And the chancel-window's gleam

Is glorious beneath:

Go—Christian—go,
For the altar flameth there,
And the snowy vestments glow,
Of the presbyter at prayer!

There is morning incense flung
From the childlike lily-flowers;
And their fragrant censer swung,
Make it ours—Christian—ours!
And hark, our Mother's hymn,
And the organ-peals we love!
They sound like cherubim
At their orisons above!
Pray—Christian—pray,
At the bonny peep of dawn,
Ere the dewdrop and the spray
That christen it, are gone!

Arthur C. Coxe.



THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

ITH deep affection and recollection
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sound so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells;
On this I ponder where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee,
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

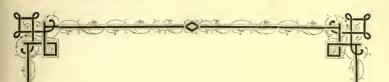
I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in Cathedral fhrine,
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,—
But all their mufic spoke naught like thine;
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling "old Adrian's mole" in, Their thunder rolling from the Vatican, And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame; But thy sounds were sweeter than the Dome of Peter

Flings o'er the Tiber tolling solemnly,— Oh the bells of Shandon Sound so grand on

The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosko In St. Sophia the Turkman gets, And loud in air calls men to prayer From the tapering summit of tall minarets; Such empty phantom I freely grant them, But there's an anthem more dear to me,-'Tis the bells of Shandon That sound so grand on The pleasant waters of the River Lee. Rev. Francis Mahony.



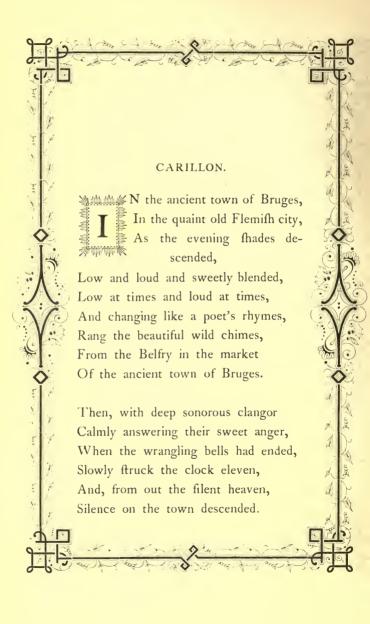
THE SABBATH BELLS.

HE cheerful Sabbath bells, wherever heard, Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice

Of one who, from the far-off hills, proclaims

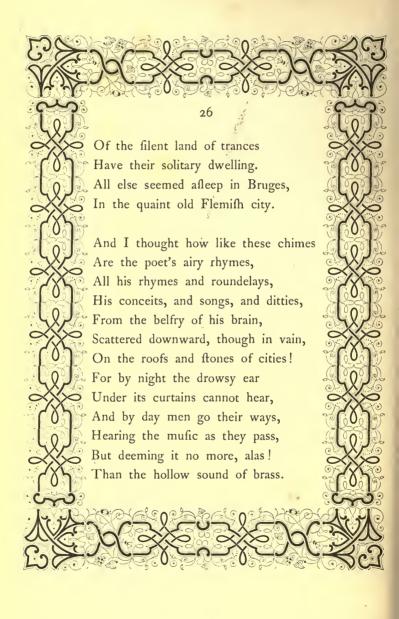
Tidings of good to Zion: chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall sudden on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,
Whom thoughts abstruse or high have chanced to lure
Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,
And oft again, hard matter which eludes
And baffles his pursuit,—thought-fick and tired
Of controversy, where no end appears,
No clue to his research, the lonely man
Half wifhes for society again.
Him, thus engaged, the Sabbath bells salute,
Sudden! his heart awakes, his ear drinks in
The cheering mufic; his relenting soul
Yearns after all the joys of social life,
And softens with the love of human kind.

Charles Lamb.



Silence, filence everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
Save that footsteps here and there
Of some burgher home returning,
By the street lamps faintly burning,
For a moment woke the echoes
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken flumbers
Still I heard those magic numbers,
As they loud proclaimed the flight
And ftolen marches of the night;
Till their chimes in sweet collifion
Mingled with each wandering vifion,
Mingled with the fortune-telling
Gipsy-bands of dreams and fancies,
Which amid the waste expanses



Yet perchance a fleepless wight, Lodging at some humble inn In the narrow lanes of life, When the dusk and hush of night Shut out the inceffant din Of daylight, and its toil and strife, May listen with a calm delight To the poet's melodies, Till he hears, or dreams he hears, Intermingled with the song, Thoughts that he has cherished long; Hears amid the chime and finging The bells of his own viilage ringing, And wakes, and finds his flumberous eyes Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé, Liftening with a wild delight
To the chimes that, through the night,
Rang their changes from the Belfry
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

Long fellow.

SONG OF THE BELL.

From the German.

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ELL! thou soundest merrily,

When the bridal party

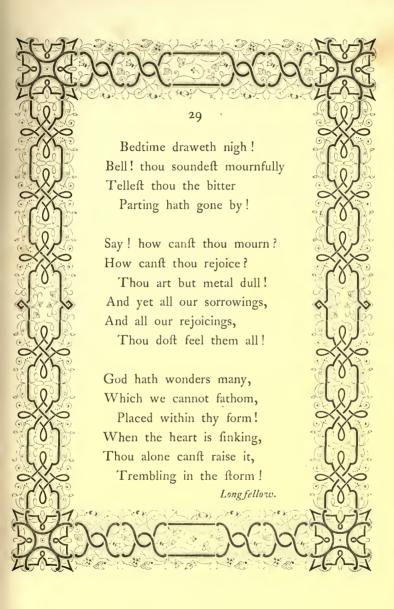
To the church doth hie!

Bell! thou soundest solemnly,

When, on Sabbath morning,

Fields deserted lie!

Bell! thou soundest merrily; Tellest thou at evening,



THE CAMBRIDGE CHIME.

TUDENTS rowing on the river,
Brilliant clubs in blue and white,
Lay upon their oars to liften
To the mufic of the bells;
While the waves beneath them quiver
In the sunset's golden light,
And the bubbles dance and gliften
Far behind them, gay and bright,
While their song responsive swells
To the mufic of the bells.

Hark! upon some Class-Day morning,
Gayest day of all the year,
Gloriously we hear them ringing
Out "Fair Harvard," loud and clear;
Then, when round "the tree" entwining
All Fair Harvard's sons shall stand,
While the sun's last ray is shining

On the academic band,
"Auld Lang Syne" shall flowly sound,
And the student chorus swells
To the music of the bells.

Many a maid shall, sweetly dreaming,
Walk around our ancient town,
And, her eyes with pleasure beaming,
Hear some merry marriage peal
From the belfry floating down
Gently o'er her senses steal;
See the Bride in bright array
Gayly drive from church away,—
While each heart responsive swells
To the music of the bells.

Homeward, toward his Alma Mater,
Turns the son in after years,
And, with heart and look sedater,
Views each scene which reappears
Peopled with familiar faces,
Voiceful with remembered mirth,—
Swift the vanished past retraces,

Bringing back the loft to earth;—
Then descends the soothing chime,
As in that delightful time,
While his heart responsive swells
To the music of the bells.

E. Batchelder.

OLD CHURCH BELLS.

@ING out merrily,

Loudly, cheerily,

Blithe old bells from the steeple tower.

Hopefully, fearfully,

Joyfully, tearfully,

Moveth the Bride from her maiden bower.

Cloud there is none in the fair summer sky;

Sunshine slings benison down from on high;

Children sing loud, as the train moves along,

"Happy the Bride that the sun shineth on."

Knell out drearily, Measured and wearily, Sad old bells from the fteeple gray.

Priefts chanting lowly;

Solemnly, flowly,

SO B SO DE S

Paffeth the corpse from the portal to-day.

Drops from the laden clouds heavily fall

Drippingly over the plume and the pall;

Murmur old folk, as the train moves along,

"Happy the dead that the rain raineth on."

Toll at the hour of prime,
Matin, and vesper chime,
Loved old bells from the steeple high—
Rolling, like holy waves,
Over the lowly graves,
Floating up, prayer fraught, into the sky.
Solemn the lesson your lightest notes teach;
Stern is the preaching your iron tongues preach;
Ringing in life from the bud to the bloom,
Ringing the dead to their rest in the tomb.

Peal out evermore— Peal as ye pealed of yore, Brave old bells, on each Sabbath day,

In sunshine and gladness,

Through clouds and through sadness,

Bridal and burial have both passed away.

Tell us life's pleasures with death are still rife,

Tell us that death ever leadeth to life;

Life is our labor, and death is our rest,

If happy the living, the dead are the bless.

A Jase J M Cost / Se

Dublin University Magazine.

THE BELLS.

EAR the fledges with the bells—

Silver bells—

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night!

While the ftars that oversprinkle

All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night

How they ring out their delight! From the molten-golden notes,

And all in tune, What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that liftens, while fhe gloats
On the moon!

Oh from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!

How it swells!

How it dwells

On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,

To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—

Brazen bells!

What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!

In the startled ear of night

How they scream out their affright!

Too much horrified to speak,

They can only shriek, shriek,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavor, Now—now to fit or never,

Out of tune,

By the fide of the pale-faced moon—
Oh the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!

How they clang and clash and roar!

What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air!

Yet the ear it fully knows,

By the twanging, And the clanging,

How the danger ebbs and flows;

Yet the ear distinctly tells

In the jangling,

And the wrangling,

How the danger finks and swells,

By the finking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—

Of the bells-

Of the bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells— Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!

In the filence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats

Is a groan—

And the people—ah the people— They that dwell up in the steeple, All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:

And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls,

A pean from the bells!

And his merry bosom swells

With the pean of the bells!

And he dances and he yells;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

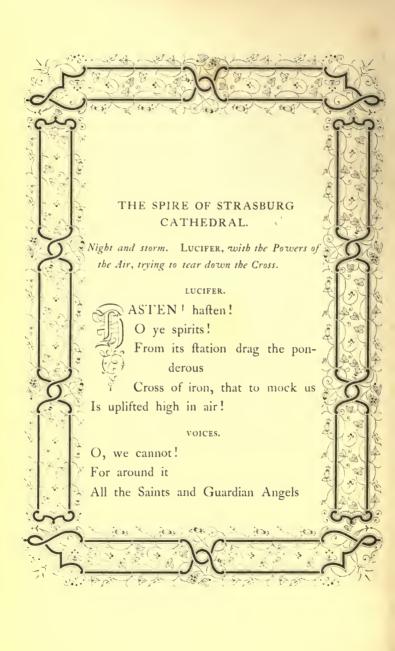
To the pean of the bells—

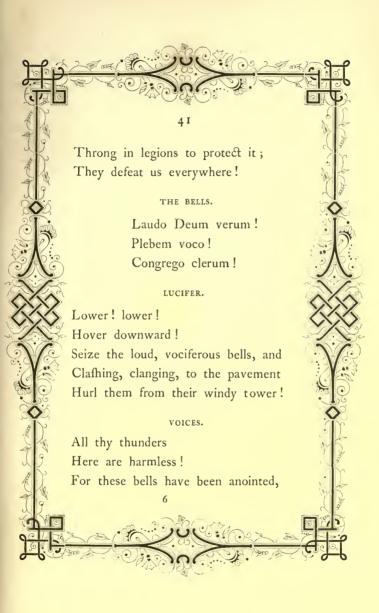
Of the bells:

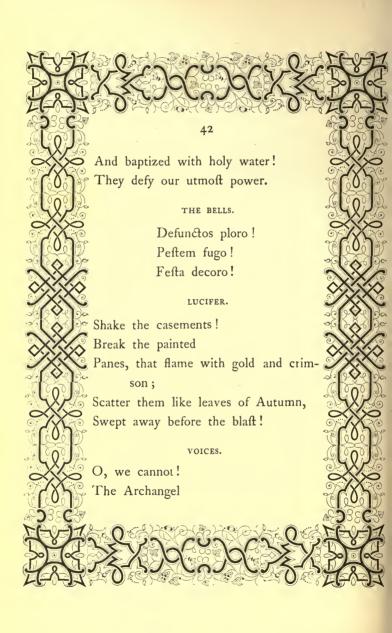
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
Bells, bells, bells,—

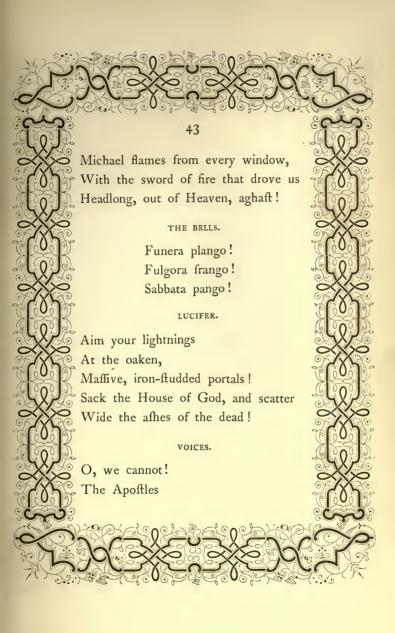
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

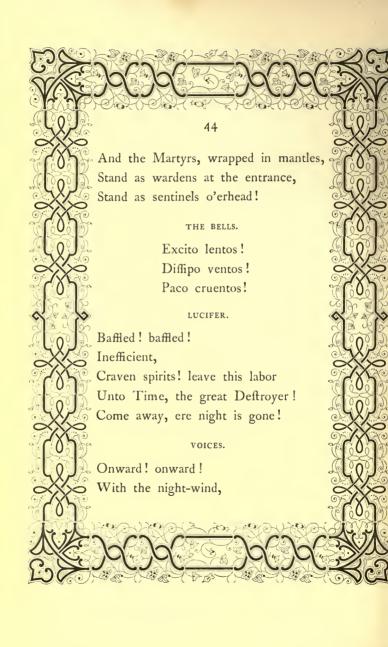
Edgar A. Poe.

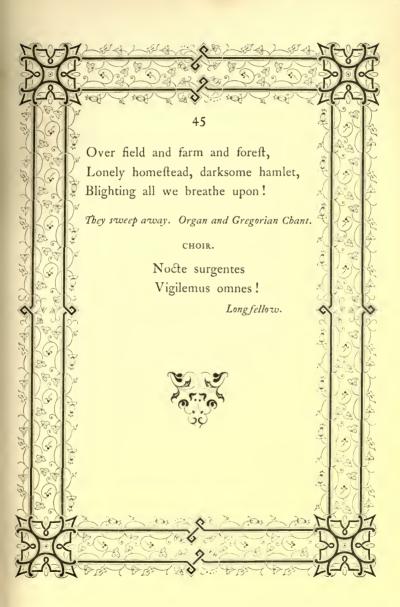












CHURCH BELLS.

" Let the hills hear thy voice."

AKE me to-night, my mother dear,

That I may hear

The Christmas Bells, so soft and

The Christmas Bells, so soft and clear,

To high and low glad tidings tell,
How God the Father loved us well,
How God the Eternal Son
Came to undo what we had done,
How God the Paraclete,

Who in the chafte womb framed the Babe so sweet,

In power and glory came, the birth to aid and greet.

"Wake me, that I the twelvemonth long
May bear the song
About with me in the world's throng;

That treasured joys of Christmas tide

May with mine hour of gloom abide;

The Christmas carol ring

Deep in my heart, when I would fing;

Each of the twelve good days

Its earnest yield of duteous love and praise,

Ensuring happy months, and hallowing common ways.

"Wake me again, my mother dear,
That I may hear
The peal of the departing year.
O well I love, the step of Time
Should move to that familiar chime:
Fair fall the tones that steep
The Old Year in the dews of sleep,
The New guide softly in
With hopes to sweet sad memories akin!
Long may that soothing cadence ear, heart, conscience win."

In the dark winter, ere the snow Had loft its glow, This melody we learned; and lo!

We hear it now in every breeze

That flirs on high the summer trees.

We pause and look around—

Where may the lone church-tower be found,

That speaks our tongue so well?

The dim peal in the torrent seems to dwell,

It greets us from afar in Ocean's measured swell.

Perhaps we fit at home, and dream
On some high theme,
And forms, that in low embers gleam,
Come to our twilight Fancy's aid:
Then, wavering as that light and shade,
The breeze will figh and wail,
And up and down its plaintive scale
Range fitfully, and bear
Meet burden to the lowly whispered air,
And ever the sweet bells, that charmed Life's
morn, are there.

The pine-logs on the hearth sometimes

Mimic the chimes,

The while on high the white wreath climbs,
Which seething waters upward fling,
In prison wont to dance and fing,
All to the same low tune.
But most it loves in bowers of June
At will to come and go,
Where like a minster roof the arched boughs show,
And court the pensive ear of loiterer far below.

Be mine at vesper hour to stray
Full oft that way,
And when the dreamy sounds decay,
As with the sun the gale dies down,
Then far away, from tower or town,
A true peal let me hear,
In manifold melodious cheer,
Through all the lonely grove
Wasting a fair good-night from His high love,
Who strews our world with signs from His own
world above.

So never with regretful eye
Need we descry

Dark mountains in the evening fky,
Nor on those ears with envy think,
Which nightly from the cataract shrink
In heart-ennobling fear,
And in the rushing whirlwind hear,
(When from his highland cave
He sweeps unchained over the wintry wave,)
Ever the same deep chords, such as home fancies crave.

Ever the same, yet ever new,

Changed and yet true,

Like the pure heaven's unfailing blue,

Which varies on from hour to hour,

Yet of the same high Love and Power

Tells alway:—such may seem

Through life, or waking or in dream,

The echoing Bells that gave

Our childhood welcome to the healing wave:

Such the remembered Word, so mighty then to save.

Keble.

ST. SYLVAN'S BELL.

Desire of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession.—Psalter.

FORTNIGHT it was from Whitsuntide,

And a service was said that day,

In a little church, that a good man built

In the wilderness far away.

A twelvemonth before, and there was not there Or temple or holy bell;

But the place it was free from holiness As the soul of the Infidel.

Five thousand years this world is old,
And twice four hundred more,
And that green spot had forest been
From the eldest days of yore:

And there had the red-man made his hut,
And the savage beaft his lair,
But never, fince this old earth was young,
Was it hallowed with Christian prayer.

But now, for the first, a bell rung out,

Through the aisles of the wild greenwood,
And echo came back from the far, far trees,
Like the holla of Robin Hood:
And the red-deer woke, in his bosky nook,
That strange, strange sound to hear,
And the jestamine-buds from his side he shook,
And he listened awhile in fear.

But the bell that rings for the Prince of Peace Is never a beaft's alarm,
And down went his antlered head agen,
Like an infant afleep on its arm:
And the woodman went by, and stirred him not,
With his wife and children round,
And the baby leaped up on its mother's breast,
And laughed at the church-bell's sound.

For the babe, he was all unchristened yet,
And well might he leap for joy;
A fountain was gushing, where rung that bell,
That should make him a Christian boy!
And his mother—she thought of the Catechist,
And she blessed the Lord above,
That her child should be baptized for Christ,
And taught in his fear and love.

And she prayed in her heart, as Hannah prayed,
He might kneel in the chancel fair,
Like children they brought to the LORD of old,
To be blest with the Bishop's prayer:
And she saw, far off, the vested priest,
The ring, and the marriage-bann,
Making some maiden a happy wife,
And her boy a happier man.

And the bell rung on; and the wood sent forth,
From their log-built homes around,
The yeomanry all with their families,
A-wondering at the sound;

And tears I saw in an old man's eye,

That came from a far countree;

It minded his inmost soul, he said,

Of the church-bells over the sea.

For a boy was he, in England, once,
And he loved the merry chimes;
Had heard them ring out of a Whitsuntide,
And waken the holiday-times!
And a boy was he when hither he came,
But now he was old and gray;
He had not thought that a Christian bell
Should toll on his burial-day.

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A boy was he when he first swung axe
Against the strong oak limb;
He was gray-haired now, when he heard the
bell,

And threw it away from him;
And he followed the sound—for he thought of home,

And the motherly hand so fair,

That led him along through the churchyard mounds,

And made him kneel down to prayer.

And now did an organ's peal break out, And the bell-notes died away:

And a holy Bishop, in robes, was there, And priests in their white array.

And I heard a voice go up the nave,

And the priefts, responding plain;

"I if up your heads we gates"—they

"Lift up your heads, ye gates"—they said, "For the King of Glory's train!"

And I could not but weep, for I knew, on high,

The Saviour had asked of God,
That the utmost lands might all be his,
And the ground whereon I trod;
And I blessed the good Lord, that here at
length

His own true heralds came,
To challenge for Christ his heritage,
And hallow it with His Name.

Now pray with me, that ever there St. Sylvan's bell may ring, And the yeoman brave, with their children all,

The praise of the Saviour fing:
And pray ye still, that, further west,
The song of the bell may sound,
Till the land, from sea to sea, is blest,
And the world is holy ground.

Arthur C. Coxe.





ODMINSTER! is it Fancy's

play?

I know not, but the word

Sings in my heart, nor can I say
I dreamed the name, or heard;

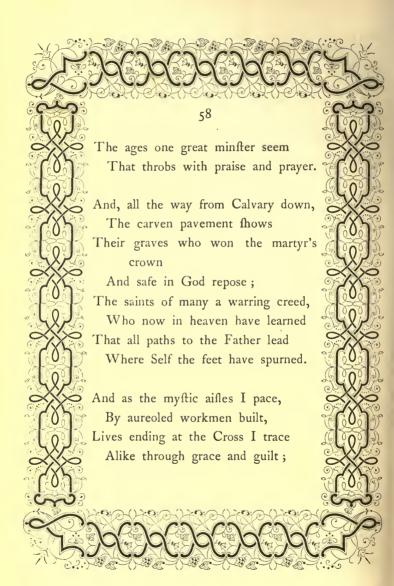
Yet fragrant in my mind it clings
As bloffoms after rain,

And builds of half-remembered things

This vision in my brain.

Through aifles of long-drawn centuries
My spirit walks in thought,
And to that symbol lifts its eyes
Which God's own pity wrought;
From Calvary fhines the altar's gleam,
The Church's eaft is there,

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One Mary bathes the bleffed feet
With ointment from her eyes,
With spikenard one, and both are
sweet,

For both are sacrifice.

Moravian hymn and Roman chant
In one devotion blend
To speak the soul's eternal want
Of Him, the inmost friend;
One prayer soars cleansed with martyrfire,

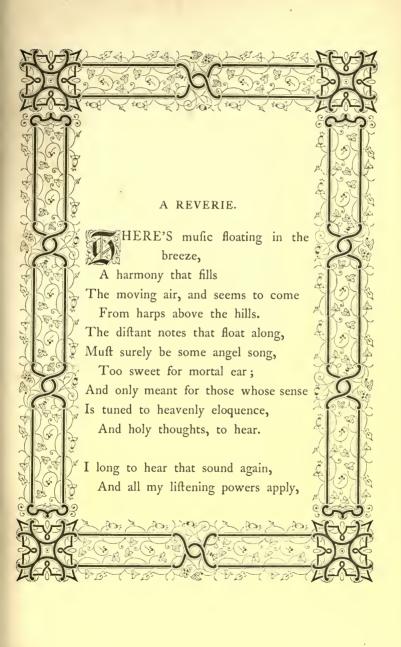
One hoarse with finner's tears; In heaven both plain with one defire, And God one mufic hears.

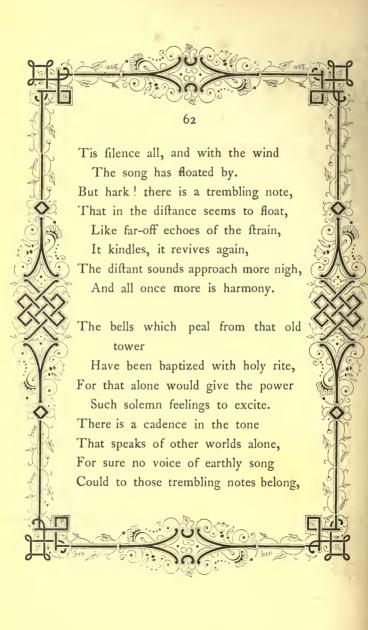
While thus I dream, the bells clash out Upon the Sabbath air,

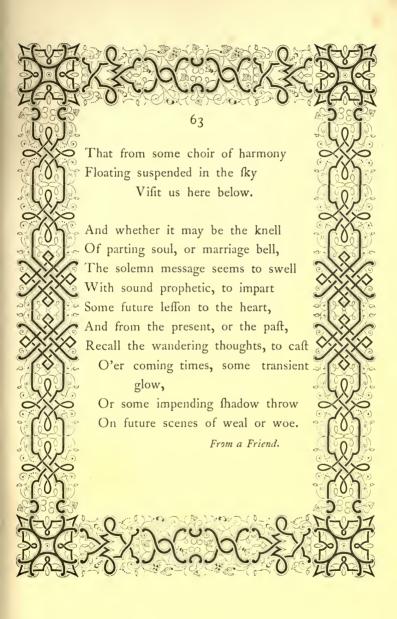
Each seems a selfish faith to shout,
A hostile form of prayer;
My dream is shattered, yet who knows
But in that heaven so near,
This discord into music flows
In God's atoning ear?

O, chime of bleffed Charity,
Peal soon that Easter morn
When Christ for all shall risen be
And in all hearts new-born!
That Pentecost when utterance clear
To all men shall be given,
When all can say My brother here,
And hear My son in heaven!

J. R. Lowell.
Dec. 9, 1858.







FROM "URANIA, A RHYMED LESSON."

HE air is hushed; the street is holy ground;
Hark! the sweet bells renew their welcome sound;

As one by one awakes each filent tongue, It tells the turret whence its voice is flung,— The Chapel, last of sublunary things That shocks our echoes with the name of Kings, Whose bell, just glistening from the font and forge, Rolled its proud requiem for the second George, Solemn and swelling as of old it rang, Flings to the wind its deep, sonorous clang;— The fimpler pile, that, mindful of the hour When Howe's artillery shook its half-built tower, Wears on its bosom, as a bride might do, The iron breaftpin which the "Rebels" threw, Wakes the sharp echoes with the quivering thrill Of keen vibrations, tremulous and shrill; -Aloft, suspended in the morning's fire, Crash the vast cymbals from the Southern spire; The Giant, standing by the elm-clad green,

His white lance lifted o'er the filent scene,
Whirling in air his brazen goblet round,
Swings from its brim the swollen floods of sound;—
While, sad with memories of the olden time,
The Northern minftrel pours her tender chime,—
Faint, fingle tones, that spell their ancient song,
But tears still follow as they breathe along.

O. W. Holmes.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM, CIV."

ING out wild bells to the wild sky,

The flying cloud, the frosty light:

The year is dying in the night;

Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,

For those that here we see no more;

Ring out the feud of rich and poor, Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a flowly dying cause,

And ancient forms of party strife;

Ring in the nobler modes of life,

With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the fin,

The faithless coldness of the times;

Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,

But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,

The civic flander and the spite;

Ring in the love of truth and right,

Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,

The larger heart, the kindlier hand;

Ring out the darkness of the land,

Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Tennyson.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

bells!

Hose evening bells! those evening bells!

How many a tale their music tells,

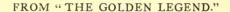
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,

When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are past away; And many a heart that then was gay, Within the tomb now darkly dwells, And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

Moore.



OR the bells themselves are the best of preachers;

Their brazen lips are learned teachers,
From their pulpits of stone, in the upper air,
Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,
Shriller than trumpets under the Law,
Now a sermon and now a prayer.
The clangorous hammer is the tongue,
This way, that way, beaten and swung,
That from mouth of brass, as from Mouth of
Gold,

May be taught the Testaments, New and Old.
And above it the great cross-beam of wood
Representeth the Holy Rood,
Upon which, like the bell, our hopes are hung.
And the wheel wherewith it is swayed and rung
Is the mind of man, that round and round

Sways, and maketh the tongue to sound!

And the rope, with its twifted cordage three,
Denoteth the Scriptural Trinity
Of Morals, and Symbols, and Hiftory;
And the upward and downward motions show
That we touch upon matters high and low;
And the constant change and transmutation
Of action and of contemplation,
Downward, the Scripture brought from on high,
Upward, exalted again to the sky;
Downward, the literal interpretation,
Upward, the Vision and Mystery!

Long fellow.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM, XXVIII."

HE time draws near the birth of Christ:

The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
each other in the mist

Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,

From far and near, on mead and moor,

Swell out and fail, as if a door

Were shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind,

That now dilate, and now decrease,

Peace and good-will, good-will and peace,

Peace and good-will, to all mankind.

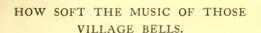
This year I flept and woke with pain,
I almost wished no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break,
Before I heard those bells again:

But they my troubled spirit rule,

For they controlled me when a boy;

They bring me sorrow touched with joy,

The merry, merry bells of Yule.



OW soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where Memory slept. Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
That in a few short moments I retrace
(As in a map the voyager his course)
The windings of my way through many years.

Cowper.

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Forsake the heated ropes, and all around Collect in liftening groups, what time the sound Of harmonies aërial is caft
In one completed cadence, far and faft
Across the dark, or thro' the hufh profound
Of early dawning, deftly interwound
With waking bird-note, "night is overpast;"—
So nave we heard the various descant rung
From many a poet's heart, (like ivied towers
Vocal within, if seeming cold and dull,)—
And now their tales are told, their songs are sung,
Prolonged vibrations on our thoughtful hours
Are chiming yet, divinely musical!



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