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The Message of the Bells.

BY MAY CARROLL,

Silver-toned their notes are pealing,
Through the silent shadows stealing
Crisp and clear,—they breathe of cheer,
And the toilers pause to hear
What they tell.

Sad hearts, lone hearts,
Cease thy mournful grieving !
Proud hearts, cold hearts,
Bow to Heaven's King !
Forget until to-morrow
This world of pain and sorrow ;
All earth is gay—be thine to-day
That Peace His birth doth bring !

Merrily their tones are ringing,
Unto men glad tidings bringing ;
Ransomed earth in holy mirth
Swells the song that since His birth
Angels sing.

Sweet bells, glad bells,
Pealing out to Heaven !
Loud bells, wild bells
Ring the glad refrain,
Till all with one acclaim
Swell the glory of His Name,
And every heart doth bear a part
In Heaven's festal strain !