

the old bell lay at the foundation. It was grieved at the cruel sentence but it scorned to complain; it was voiceless.

They came weeks after to remove it; the remains would still be of use; but strive as they would, no strength was able to raise the bell. It had grown ponderous; it defied them; rooted to the earth as it seemed.

"They cannot make me leave my post," thought the bell. "I will still watch over this holy spot; it has been my care for years."

Time passed and they seek no longer to remove the relic. Its successor rang clearly from the tower above its head, and the old bell slumbered on, in warm sunshine and in dreary storm, unmolested and almost forgotten.

The afternoon was calm but the sun's rays were most powerful. A bright noble boy had been walking listlessly under the whispering trees. He was high in health and was resting from eager exercise, for there was a flush upon his open brow, and as he walked he wiped the beaded drops from his forehead.

"Ah, here is the place," said he, "I will lie down in this cool shade and read this pleasant volume." So the youth stretched his weary limbs upon the velvet grass and his head rested near the old bell: but he did not know it, for there was a low shrub with thick serrated leaves and fragrant blossoms spreading over it, and the youth did not care to look beyond.

Presently the letters in his book began to show indistinct, there was a fly creeping over the page and while he wondered at the marvel a low clear

voice spoke to him. Yes, it called his name, "Novalis."

"I am here," said the lad though he could see no one. He glanced upward and around, yet there was no living creature in sight.

"Listen" said the voice. "I have not spoken to mortal for many, many years.—My voice was hushed at thy birth. Come I will tell thee of it." The youth listened, though he was sadly amazed. He felt bound to the spot and he could not close his ears.

"Time has passed swiftly away," said the voice, "since I watched the children, who are now men and women, at their sports in the neighbouring forest. I looked out from my station in the old tower, and morning and evening beheld with joy those innocent faces, as they ran and bounded in wild delight, fearless of the future, and careless of the present hour. They were all my children, for I had rejoiced at their birth; and if it was ordained that the Good Shepherd early called one of the lambs to his bosom, I tolled not mournfully, but solemnly at the departure. I knew it was far better for those who slept thus peacefully, and I could not sorrow for them.

"I marked one, a fair delicate girl, who very often separated from her merry companions. She would leave their noisy play and stealing with her book and work through the dark old trees, would sit for hours in the shadow of the tower. Tho' she never came without a volume, such a one as just now you were reading, the book was often neglected; and leaning her head upon her hand, she would remain until twilight tenderly veiled