

And still I love to hear the sound,
Ascending from the wide-spread vale,
Filling the spacious concave round,
Deep mellowed by the passing gale.

And while I pause to catch each tone
That vibrates on my pensive ear—
The images of days far gone,
In quick succession re-appear.

I feel, I see, I share again,
In this short hour, all earth has given,
Of hope, of pleasure, or of pain,
To soothe, or cheer my soul to heaven.

But why should fairy fancy stray,
Nor leave me with my griefs to dwell?—
My purest joys have died away,
Since first I heard that morning bell.*

* The above lines were suggested on hearing the morning bell of the General Hospital. The General Hospital is a very fine and a ve-