

O Bells that chime from unforgotten hours
In lovely childhood of the long ago !
Sweeter than fragrance of a thousand flowers
Your music falls across the drifted snow ;
And as our gifts before the Babe we lay,
Craving His blessing,—still your rapture
tells
Of yonder Home-land, where we too, some
day,
In God's high streets shall hear His

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

