

“MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE UNTO THE LORD.”

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SOMETIMES it is both easy and delightful to obey the above injunction of the Psalmist; at other times it seems almost impossible.

One day there peals out from the belfry a glad, merry chime, proclaiming some joyous event; the next day the bell-ringers have the same ropes, which move the same bells, but instead of the effort resulting in the former gladsome chiming, a hushed tolling creeps out into the air like a sad, subdued voice from beneath a thick, mourning veil. The bells are muffled; they in themselves are unaltered, but yesterday they rang out a wedding peal, to-day they toll for a death.

In the morning of a summer's day, when rosy dawn has lifted night's dark coverlet from the sleeping flowers, and the early sunbeams are kissing away their pearly dew-tears, and the shadows flash into brightness, and the grey into golden, how the bird-songs waken up the slumbering echoes! how the gladness gushes from the warblers' throats! as if the tide of joyous life was eager to find outlet in expression after being pent up during the night's dark stillness. How song answers song, and echo flings abroad the trill and the warble, until forest and dell are choral with the wild rapturous music, and every quivering green leaf seems dropping melody!

Then gradually the sun-rays seem to tire and glow dreamily as they slant from the kindling west. Snowy and rich-hued petals begin to close over golden eyes, where fresh dew-drops already begin to glisten, as though the blossoms had laughed themselves into happy tears and delicious drowsiness. The stars come out and wax bright in the blue dome above. Then grows the stillness which steals on when the last faint crimson has died out behind the western hills, unbroken by the silent breathing of the beauteous sleeping summer life. At last, when the slumberers are wrapt in soft, warm shadows, the odorous air begins to quiver, and, like the cool melodious dripping of a crystal runnel on a silent dry wilderness, there floats out on the listening stillness the thrilling sweetness of an unseen songster's voice. The very breathing of beauty and perfume seems held to listen. The myriad forest leaves and grass-blades seem to pause in their whispering to hearken to the delicious