

First of the foremost of their files who die  
For God, to people heaven in the great day  
When God makes up His jewels.

Nothing in Becket's life became  
him like his leaving it. He proved  
himself more valorous than the  
knights who murdered him. In a  
slowly dragging winter afternoon,  
while the low thunder is heard of  
an approaching storm, and the  
monks are chanting in the cathedral  
choir, soldiers hammer at the doors.  
Becket, unafraid, exclaims:

Undo the doors; the church is not a castle.  
Knock, and it shall be open'd. Are you deaf?  
What, have I lost my authority among you?  
Stand by, make way!

As his cruel murderers approach  
demanding "Where is this treble  
traitor to the King?" Becket replies:

No traitor to the King, but Priest of God,  
Primate of England.

I am he ye seek.  
What would ye have of me?  
I am readier to be slain than thou to slay.  
Hugh, I know well thou hast but half a heart  
To bathe this sacred pavement with my  
blood.

God pardon thee and these, but God's full  
curse

Shatter you all to pieces if ye harm  
One of my flock!

The soldiers attack the archbishop  
with their swords, strike off his  
mitre and put him to death. As  
he falls upon his knees, his last  
words are:

At the right hand of Power—  
Power and great glory—for Thy Church, O  
Lord—

Into Thy hands, O Lord—into Thy hands. ♪

He sinks prone and dies.



## THE SWEETEST OF MEMORY'S BELLS.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

Wild is the way through the woodland; but there are the sweet fields of clover,  
The sighing, sad pines, and the jessamine vines, and the rill that leaps laughingly over;  
The lilies that rim it—the shadows that dim it—and there, winding winsomely sweet,  
Is the path that still leads to the old home through rivery ripples of wheat!

And hark! 'tis the song of the reapers, and I know by its jubilant ringing  
There is gold in the gleam of the harvest and love in the hearts that are singing  
And still as of old to the ether its music mellifluous swells,  
And the wind that sighs westward is swaying the sweetest of Memory's bells.

Let me pass through the wheat and the clover, O men and rose-maidens, who reap!  
I, who come from the sound of the cities, like a child to its mother would creep;  
For through long years of tears and of toiling, like harbour-bells over the foam  
Your voices far winging and ringing were singing me—singing me home!

And here, from the pain and the pleasure—from the sorrow and sighing, I flee  
As the birds when the storm-winds are blowing, as the ships seek the haven from sea  
And I fancy the violets know me in gardens of beauty and bliss;  
And do not the red roses owe me the peace of the prodigal's kiss?

The sun is still bright at the portal: there the love-light all radiant shines:  
Heart! Heart! there's a face we remember in the tangle and bloom of the vines!  
Far off the glad reapers are singing—far off in the rivery wheat,  
And the arms of a mother are clinging, and the kiss of a mother is sweet!