

Nevermore that voice may charm us;
 All its witchery is o'er;
 Yet, methinks, its tones will haunt us
 Till we reach the eternal shore.
 Pregnant words were his and earnest,
 Words that moulded many a life;
 Nerved us into holier daring;
 Made us heroes in the strife.

Nevermore in yonder Abbey,
 Through the waning summer light,
 That grand earnest face may move us
 With its wondrous yearning might:
 Hushed the thrilling tones for ever;
 Low in death our leader see,
 Chrysostom of modern preachers—
 Flower of English Prelacy.

Come away, the living call us;
 And we know not, never know,
 Which loved face stern Death the Sculptor
 Chisels, as the next to go.
 Come away, and hold the living
 Dearer for each fresh-turn'd sod:
 Shrine the many-sided bishop;
 Leave the holy clay with God.

F. C.

SAINT GUDULE'S BELLS.

Five stories high beneath the sky,
Saint Gudule's bells were ringing;
 Patient, and quiet, and white she lay,
 And weeping, weeping our hearts away,
 We stood there watching her die—
 Dreamily came the hum of the town,
 And behind the roofs and the gables brown
 Slowly the summer sun went down.

The people underneath the trees—
Saint Gudule's bells were ringing—
 Went chatting and laughing to and fro,
 Strangely their voices from below
 Came in on the sighing breeze;
 We seemed more near to heaven so high—
 The poplars, when the wind went by,
 Waved dark against the burning sky.

What are these songs I hear? she said,—
Saint Gudule's bells were ringing—
 Up into heaven they reach—they fade—
 The dying sunset came and made
 A glory round her head;
Miserere, she whispered low,
 Meekly folding her pale hands so,
 And the people sang far, far, below.

Solemnly died the light away,—
Saint Gudule's bells were ringing—
 And slowly deep in the far-off skies
 Closed the sweet gate of Paradise,
 And sank the twilight grey;
 But she had gone—our gentle one,
 Where never sets the glorious Sun,
 Saint Gudule's sad sweet bells were done.

R. M.