

"Hear the tolling of the bells—iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!

In the silence of the night,

How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone.

For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats

Is a groan."

—*Poe.*

*Portia.*—"The quality of mercy is not strained;

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest. It becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown;

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this scepter'd sway;

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;

It is an attribute of God himself:

And earthly power doth then show likest God's

When mercy seasons justice."

—*Shakespeare.*

"Then shook the hills with thunder riven;

Then rushed the steeds to battle driven,

And louder than the bolts of heaven,

Far flashed the red artillery."