



## THE BELLS.

P'ry the bell upon its joy-note,  
 Let the merry peal ring out,  
 Above ladies' silver laughter,  
 Over rustics' hearty shout ;  
 Strew the roses, greet her neighbours.  
 As the fair bride leaves her carriage,  
 Stint not, ringers, of your labours,  
 'Tis to hail a happy marriage :  
 Until all within the hearing own, how truly pro-  
 verbs tell,  
 When they liken all that's cheering to the merry  
 marriage bell.

With jarring note and hurried,  
 As men speak in deep affright,  
 O'er the town in slumber buried,  
 Rings the fire-bell out at night  
 Calling aid, wide spreading notice  
 Of the widely wasting flame,  
 Rousing sleepers into helpers  
 Lest their own fate be the same :  
 'Till the drowsiest awakened, amidst terror,  
 mult, yell,  
 Feel that like a call to judgment, rings the fire-  
 alarm bell.

With stifled sound, and slowly,  
 Like some widowed woman's wail  
 When her heart is broken wholly,  
 Send the death-toll on the gale.  
 Slower yet, and yet more slowly.  
 As the coffin leaves the bier,  
 For such a scene meet symphony,  
 Ring down the falling tear :  
 'Till sorrow owns that feelings, which the burst-  
 ing bosom swell,  
 Find their echo in the pealings of that sadly  
 sounding knell.

Through the night air, of an evening  
 When the earth is white with snow.  
 Comes the tinkle of the sleigh-bell, . . . . .  
 Rising high, then falling low ;  
 As onward speed the horses,  
 With light and graceful bound,  
 Borne by the buoyant breeze, . . . . .  
 Chimes forth the fairy sound,  
 And we who listen well may say that, wheresoe'er  
 we roam,  
 We can find no land so pleasant as "Canada  
 our home."

With measured tone and sweetly,  
 Sent as incense through the air,  
 Let the chapel bell chime meekly forth  
 A call to praise and prayer,  
 O'er the quiet of the city,  
 O'er the stillness of the field,  
 Claiming that for God, which all to God,  
 Save the godless gladly yield ;  
 Until all who love the Church chimes, and the  
 message that they speak,  
 Say how sad that some will desecrate, what con-  
 secrates the week.

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