



A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 1879.

No. 2.

CHRISTMAS CAROL—"RING THE BELLS."

BY ISAAC N. MAYNARD.

Ring the bells! let praise resound,
 "The Promised King" at length is found,
 And in a manger lies!
 Behold the Babe of Bethlehem!
 Surrounded by the "wisest men,"
 And angels from the skies!

Ring the bells! the round world o'er
 Let praise resound from shore to shore,
 The Virgin's Son is born!
 He who was promised ages long,
 By Prophets in their glorious song!
 Hail! bright, immortal morn!

Ring the bells! Salvation's come!
 "Men of good will!" let every home
 Resound with joy and praise!
 Earth wears more roseate tints to-day
 Than it hath worn since the first ray
 Of light made golden days!

Ring the bells! the prisoner's free!
 Heaven's gates are opened gloriously,
 And Hope sits smiling there!
 And Mercy spreadeth her dove-like wings,
 And hails her sovereign "King of Kings!"
 The Babe of Bethlehem fair!

Ring the bells! for Heaven to-day
 Resounds with choral song and lay,
 And Halleluiahs high!
 "Our God hath made his promise good!
 His word shall stand, hath ever stood,
 Embazoned on the sky!"

Ring the bells! let praise resound!
 "The Savior of Mankind is found,
 Low in a manger laid!
 Behold! His Virgin Mother fair!
 Behold! the Infant Jesus there,
 With angels round His bed!

Halleluia! Halleluia!
 Hosannah in excelsis!
 Amen! Amen!

THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG.

AN IRISH STORY OF '48 AND '49.

BY VERY REV. R. B. O'BRIEN, D. D.,
 Author of "Alley Moore," "Jack Hazlitt," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

SHOWING POOR PADDY HAYES'S JOURNEY
 AND HIS VISION BY THE WAY; HOW
 HE FARED WITH HIS LANDLORD.

WHILE Paddy Hayes writhed in the agony of suspense and hunger under the old hawthorn tree, where he had spent so many peaceful hours, there gradually came out of the very intense-ness of the struggle a strange calmness—not quite the apathy of despair, but that which quietly accepts the most terrible crisis as an inevitable necessity, and stares horror in the face with a soul too numbered to recognize its danger. For a while Paddy found himself nerved by the very extremity of his position; he found himself also repeating the old saying that "when things come to the worst they often mend;" and in the ful-ness of his faith, he grew to realize a new hope in his entire submission to the Divine will. Then, saying "God's holy will be done," he roused himself to his feet, and started up hill towards the "Crag" with a strength born of excite-ment and undefined expectations. "Who knows after all," he thought, "what the ould master may do? The devil is'n't always as black as he's painted,—and, besides, 'tis my first application for an indulgence. He can't help seeing