

SURDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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The Cathedral Chimes.

I CLIMBED the winding stairway
That led to the belfry tower,
As the sinking sun in the westward
Heralded twilight's hour.

For I thought that surely the music
Would be clearer and sweeter far
Than when through the din of the city
It seemed to float from afar.

But lo, as I neared the belfry,
No sound of music was there;
Only a brazen clangour
Disturbed the quiet air.

The ringer stood at the keyboard,
Far down beneath the chimes,
And patiently struck the noisy keys,
As he had uncounted times.

He only knew his duty,
And he did it with patient care;
But he could not hear the music
That floated through the air.

Only the jar and the clamour
Fell harshly on his ear,
And he missed the mellow chiming
That everyone else could hear.

So we from our quiet watch towers
May be sending a sweet refrain,
And gladdening the lives of the lowly,
Though we hear not a single strain.

Our work may seem but a discord,
Though we do the best we can;
But others will hear the music,
If we carry out God's plan.

