

friends that we are
that something has
w by whom—about
abo? Give a call,
into that we may
f the katyids that
We can not hear at
e cowering in their
time; and there is
and no huge cask
t the heavy beards
Vendrick Hudson—
pass on: we leave
us, under the silent

* * *
for our prayer,
favoring air!
eam runs fast;
e daylight's past!

of the light-houses,
unset skies, and the
g the last red flush.
singing to us, with
of a Thousand Isl-

re look dim,
parting hymn.'

urns into our eyes;

* * *
wild roaring in our
ling, and we are in
whirling gray cata-
n the narrow foot-
d, our throats are
th at the dripping
e eee your shining
black demon—you
child of the nether
go no fonder dem-
y? We shout to
that we can—we
our dusky fingers.
well. Let the wa-
we have lived—
to the white sun-

* * *
at all. We can
she is standing
grave; and she is
is still lingering
the white man go-
r. For our part,
road valley is de-
sign of life; on
nd only the reed-
well, White Cow;
, at least the si-
to you, and no
e of your grave.
hink; we would
you a friendly
ur eyes, and we
ot make out the
May you have
of dreams!

* * *
udson, will not
our voices can

not reach across the desert plains? Awaken,
you cowed heads, and come forth into the star-
light; for the Christmas bells have not rung
yet; and there is time for a solemn passing of
the glass! High up in your awful solitudes, you
can surely hear us; and we will tell you what
you must call across the plains, for they are all
silent now, as silent as the white skulls lying in
the sand. Vanderdecken, for the sake of Heav-
en—if that has power to conjure you—call to
our listening friends; and we will pledge you in
a glass to-night, and you and your ghastly crew
will nod your heads in ominous laughter—"

* * *
But what is this that we hear, suddenly shak-
ing the pulses of the night with its tender sound?
O friends far away! do you know that our En-
glish bells are beginning to ring in the Christma-
time? If you can not hear our faint voice across
the wild Atlantic and the silent plains, surely
you can hear the sounds you knew so well in the
by-gone days! Over the crisp snow, and by the
side of the black trees and hedges, we hurry
homeward. We sit in a solitary room, and still
we hear outside the faint tolling of the bells.

The hour nears; and it is no dire spirit that we
expect, but the gentle soul of a mother coming
with a message to her sleeping children, and
stopping for a moment in passing to look on her
friends of old.

And she will take our message back, we know,
and tell that other young wife out there that we
are glad to hear that her heart is at peace at last.
But what will the invisible messenger take back
for herself? A look at her children: who knows?

A second to twelve. Shall we give a wild
scream, then, as the ghost enters; for the silence
is awful? Ah no! Whether you are here or
not, our good Bell, our hearts go forth toward
you, and we welcome you; and we are glad that,
even in this silent fashion, we can bring in the
Christmas-time together. But is the gentle spir-
it here—or has it passed? A stone's-throw from
our house is another house; and in it there is a
room dimly lit; and in the room are two sleep-
ing children. If the beautiful mother has been
here with us amidst the faint tolling of these
Christmas bells, you may be sure she only smiled
upon us in passing, and that she is now in that
silent room.

THE END.