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BLACKSMITH AND HARNESS SHOP.

Christmas Bells.

By Martha McCulloch Williams,
(In Frank Leslie's Monthly.)

Bells, silver, and golden bells,
The peering bells of the peering year,
Ring out! ring out! O chimes!
A bell for the sun, and the summer food,
For the velvet autumn fall slowly sped,
And the blossomy April time.

Lightly, lightly, the swift days pass,
As shadows creep on the long green grass
In time of the setting sun.
Aching to beget to, and down and pale,
Love, and longing, and loss and pain—
The year that is almost done.

Bells, silver, O Christmas bells!
Your diamond chime we fall to while
In a chime richly ringing
Hark! hark! Hark! in the upper air,
To join the stars, so firm, so rare,
The earth, the heavens, are ringing.

Richly silver and high and fit,
As the dazzling gleam of a falling star,
Hark to the angels crying—
"Peace upon earth! Good will to men!"
And bells from hushed, plain and gleam,
In hark, sweetly replying.