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Christmas Bells.

(ACROSTIC.)

By Marcella A. Fitzgerald.

As sound waves of music that ebb and flow

Merrily, merrily over the earth;

East wind and west wind, as chill they blow;

Ring, musical bells, ring loud, ring low,

Ring out the tidings of Jesus' birth.

Yea, till the northland and southland hear

Christmas' psalmody, praise and peace,

Hope and the love that shall know no fear—

Radiance of Bethlehem's starlight clear,

In whose rare splendor all troubles cease.

Sing the glad *Gloria* over again;

Tell to each listening, faithful heart

Message of mercy sublime to men,

And all countless favors given them—then

Sing the great blessings Christ will impart.

Till ans'ring your summons so loud and long,

O Bells of Christmas, we seek His shrine,

As shepherds of old, a rude, eager throng,

Led by the angels with midnight song—

Like them to worship the Babe Divine.