

## THE BELL OF ST. MARK'S

Full many a year in the old church tower,  
Hung the little gold-throated bell;  
And far and near, ever shrill and clear,  
Did its pleading message swell.

"God bids you come," it seemed to say;—  
"These graces to you He'll give,  
"To hear His Word and eat His Bread,  
"The Bread that makes you live."

And so throughout the whole long year  
The little bell did ring;  
And the faithful all, at its tender call,  
Gathered to worship their King.

On Sunday morn, 'mid shine or storm,  
It pealed its message clear,  
"The Sabbath day, you must obey,—  
"His holy word to hear."

And every eve at the twilight hour,  
From its throat the Angelus rung,  
Then heads were bowed, in home or crowd,  
While the simple prayer was sung.

A willing servant, that sweet-toned bell,  
As it swung in the lonely tower,  
Its duty true 'twould always do,  
No matter what the hour.

It called the young, it called the old,  
It called those bent with care;  
The strong, th'infirm, the meek, the stern,  
All came to join in prayer.

For weddings gay, for funerals sad,  
 Whatever the occasion be,  
 It summoned to Church, the old gray Church,  
 St. Mark's Church by the Sea.

But ah! how sad must be the thought,  
 That bell we'll hear no more  
 Its throat is worn, ah! warped and torn.  
 'Tis gone from that high tower.

Many indeed who heeded its plea,  
 Are silent as the bell;  
 In the graveyard nigh, they calmly lie,  
 Since it tolled their funeral knell.

There is a moral to this song,  
 'Tis—do thy duty well,—  
 And oh! that we could always be,  
 As faithful as that bell.

—J. T. O'Meara, '28.

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A merely fallen enemy may rise again, but the reconciled one is truly vanquished.—*Schiller*.

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Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—*Franklin*.

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Great souls by instinct to each other turn,  
 Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.—*Addison*.

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A picture is a poem without words.—*Horace*.