

CHIMES AND KNELLS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649350346

Chimes and knells by Ellokenna

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Cover @ 2017

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ELLOKENNA

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AND KNELLS**

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BY

ELLOKENNA.



LONDON:

CHARING CROSS PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED

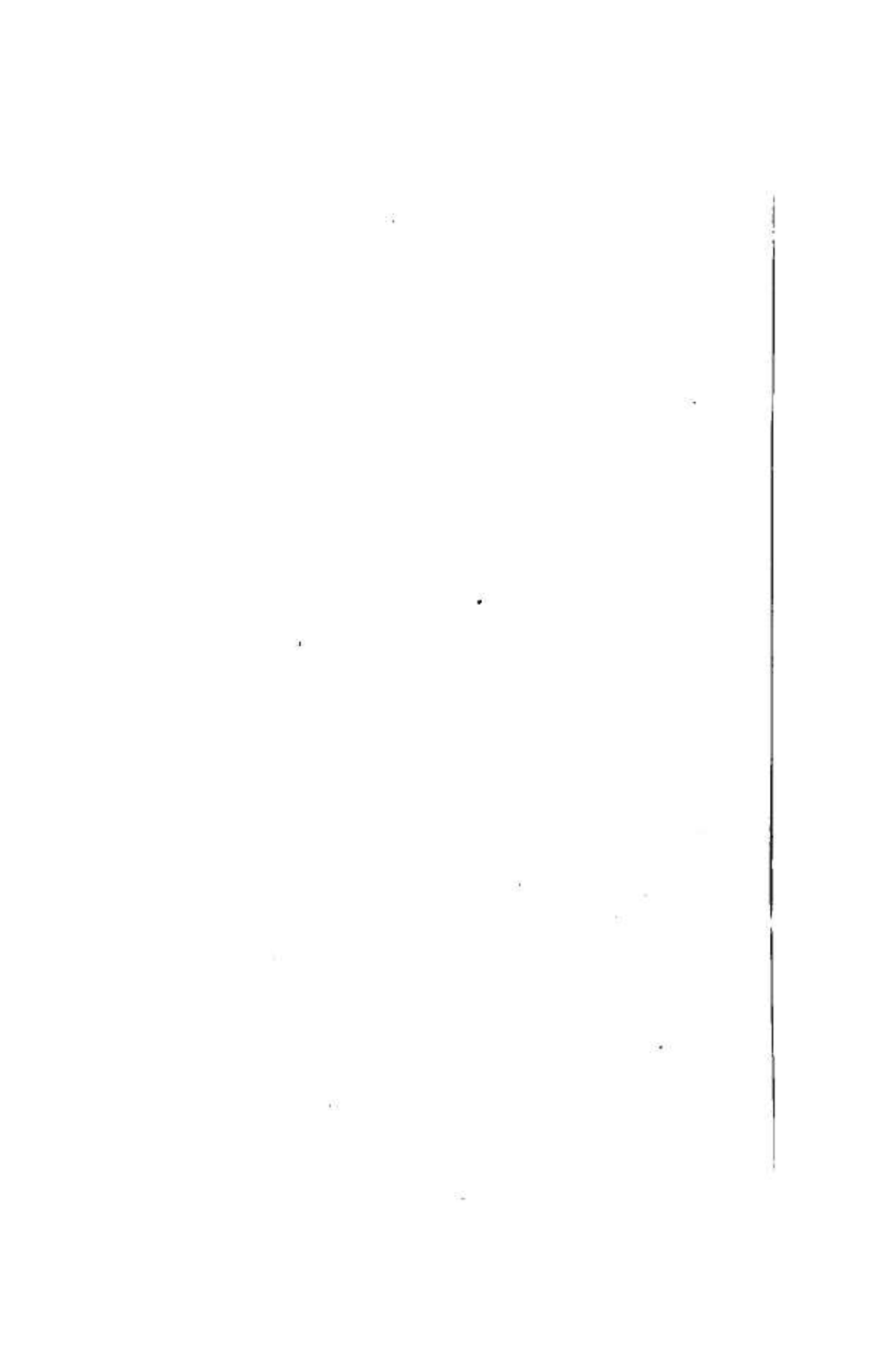
5, FRIAR STREET, BROADWAY, E.C.

1876.

280. j. 558.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Something to do	5
There's work for thee	8
Poesie	11
The Stranger's Grave	13
To an Old Maid	15
Night	16
The Old Year's End	17
The Lament of the Dewdrop	18
Raising of Jairus's Daughter	20
Ruins	24
Music	26
Friendship	27
St. Paul in Prison	30
Universal Beauty	35
A Hymn	37
The Past, Present, and Future	39
Joy in Heaven	42
A Prayer	43
The Spirit of Dreamland	43
Fear not, Christian	48
I'd choose to dwell in Fairyland	49
Bells of Creation	51
Legend of a Sunbeam	52
The Treasury of the Heart	54
On those who Perished in the "London"	58
Christmas Thoughts	60
Hymn for Good Friday	62
On the Death of the Rev. John Keble	64
To a Baby sleeping	67
On St. Martin's Church, Canterbury	68
Realities and Idealities	





CHIMES AND KNELLS.

SOMETHING TO DO.

SOMETHING to do—O God of life and light,
Give us to labour, aye as in Thy sight,
Through life's brief day, till closes death's dark night,
Something to do.

Not idly in earth's sunshine would we bask,
A higher, nobler lot should Christians ask ;
Within Thy vineyard, Lord, a daily task ;
Something to do.

Something for Thee—e'en though it be to bear
The Cross and follow Thee—while Thou art near,
It's weight we'll dread not, nor its anguish fear.
Something to do.

Some place amid Thy glorious ranks to fill ;
Some post to guard against the foemen still ;
To raise Thy standard high on this world's hill ;
Something to do.

Something for Faith ; some rising doubt to quell,
And drive it from the mind's proud citadel,
No more to enter where belief should dwell ;
 Something to do.

Something for Hope ; to shed its healing balm
O'er some poor wounded heart ; its storms to calm ;
To point to Heav'n's white robe, and glittering palm.
 Something to do.

Something for Charity ; its cloak to throw
O'er other's faults ; their virtues strive to show ;
And seek the *sunbeam*, not its *mote* to know.
 Something to do.

Something for Mercy's sake ; some foe to win
To friendship, though he oft against us sin—
Some home to cheer, when trouble reigns within ;
 Something to do.

Something for Holiness ; to strive and pray
For grace to purify our house of clay ;
Some sin to conquer, while 'tis called to-day ;
 Something to do.

Something for Sympathy ; its tears to shed,
When bowed by grief we see a brother's head ;
Or joy to know that brother's sorrow dead ;
 Something to do.

Something for Knowledge ; nature's page to scan,
To read the marvels of her wondrous plan,
And learn what science may reveal to man ;
 Something to do.

Something for Wisdom ; in each world's design,
To trace the working of a power divine,
And own the universe God's glorious shrine ;
 Something to do.

Something for Patience, too ; good seed to sow,
Nor murmur though life's autumn breezes blow
Ere ripens the fair fruit that thence shall grow ;
 Something to do.

Something for Good—in childhood's morning hours,
When manhood's noon-tide radiance on us pours,
Or shades of life's declining day are ours ;
 Something to do.

Something when in the silent grave we lie,
A voiceless sermon to the passer-by
To preach, the hope of immortality.
 Something to do.

And when the fetters of the tomb are riven,
Some angel task, O Lord, to us be given !
Yea, e'en amid the ransomed throngs of Heaven,
 Something to do.

THERE'S WORK FOR THEE.

SERVANT of God, where'er thou hast a home,
Where'er thy wand'ring footsteps chance to roam,
Thy Saviour's voice still calls, "My brother, come!"
 " There's work for thee."

Dream not, thou canst do nought. Where'er thy lot
Be cast, in nature's sunniest, loveliest spot,
Or region drear, where light and joy come not,
 There's work for thee.

Where'er thou findest grief, or want, or shame,
Seek not, in Pharisaic pride, to blame;
Strain rather every nerve to help the same—
 There's work for thee.

Where'er a sinner's steps from right are straying,
Where'er a broken heart for peace is praying,
Where'er is doubt arising, faith decaying,
 There's work for thee.

Why stand'st thou idle here the livelong day?
"No man hath hired me," we hear thee say;
'Tis true, for *God* hath done it—then away!
 There's work for thee.