
Bells of Christmas





Bells of Christmas

🔔 🔔 RINGING OUT
IN CARILLONIC PEALS OF JOY
TO FILL YOUR HEART
WITH THE GLORIOUS MELODIES OF
ETERNAL LOVE AND FAITH
SO MAY YOUR CHRISTMAS
RESOUND WITH TRUE PEACE AND
HAPPINESS!

Schulmerich Electronics

INC.

SELLERSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

CHRISTMAS is the re-awakening of good will and friendliness everywhere. As the Bells of Christmas sound their joyful welcome, all our hearts are re-kindled with the warmth of love and the beautiful, and with an understanding of our fellow beings. The spirit of the bells lifts us to a higher plane of living, and to a higher human concern.



The Voice of the Bells

SIGH UP in the steeple hung the Christmas bells. They had been there many, many years. On each Christmas day they had rung beautiful music. One day, one of the bells cracked, and could ring no more. A new bell was hung in its place. Christmas was coming very soon.

“What shall I do?” appealed the new bell; “I do not know how to play the Christmas music; I do not know how to ring.”

“Never mind,” said the other bells, “you will know when the time comes. Just wait and listen, and you will know.”

So the new bell waited and listened. The street below was full of people, some coming this way, and some going that. At night-time the street was full of lights; some were the street lights and some were in the store windows; some were in the trolley-cars and some were on the automobiles.

But the new bell liked best to watch the people passing, and to hear what they said, for it was waiting to learn what to ring on Christmas day.

An old man came by. His arms were full of bundles. The new bell could hear him say, "Now I have something for little John. Won't he be surprised?"

Then came some boys and girls hurrying home from school, talking and laughing together.

"Oh, I have something to give to mother and father," said one. And the new bell could hear them, all telling of what they were going to give.

Soon came a good mother walking past with such a happy face, and more packages than you could count. There was something for everyone at her home. The new bell watched them all, and listened, and thought.

At last Christmas Day came, and the other Christmas bells began to ring. All the people stopped to listen to the beautiful music of their ringing. Then the new bell knew what to say, and it rang out:

"Loving . . . giving . . .

Loving . . . giving . . ."

And all the other bells sang the same story:

"Loving . . . giving . . .

Loving . . . giving . . ."



RING IN THE JOYS

*Peal sweetly, ye Christmas bells,
Sweeter than e'er before;
Another Yule is passing
Through memory's open door.*

*Ring in the joys of friendship,
The loyal hearts are true
Which beat with strong affection,
Whether skies are dark or blue!*



A Legend



HERE has come to my mind a legend, a thing I had half forgot. And whether I read it or dreamed it, ah, well, it matters not ☆ ☆

It is said in heaven, at twilight, a great bell softly swings, and man may listen and harken to the wonderful music that rings, if he puts from his heart's inner chamber all the passion, pain, and strife, heartache and weary longing that throb in the pulses of life . . . if he thrust from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked things, he can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the angels rings.



And I think there lies in this legend, if we open our eyes to see, somewhat of an inner meaning, my friend, to you and to me. Let us look in our hearts and question, "Can pure thoughts enter in to a soul if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of sin?"

So, then, let us ponder a little; let us look in our hearts and see if the twilight bell of the angels could ring for us . . . you and me.



I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day their old familiar carols play, and wild and sweet the words repeat, of peace on earth, good will to men.

And thought how, as the day had come, the belfries of all Christendom had rolled along the unbroken song of peace on earth, good will to men.

Till, ringing, singing on its way, the world revolved from night to day, a voice, a chime, a chant sublime of peace on earth, good will to men!

* * *

And in despair I bowed my head. "There is no peace on earth," I said, "for hate is strong, and mocks the song of peace on earth, good will to men."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep, "God is not dead, nor doth He sleep. The wrong shall fail, the right prevail, with peace on earth, good will to men!"



Memories They Awaken

HIGH AND DIM in church towers, chimes and bells count time in Holy days and feast days, until Christmas comes to bring them the gift of tongues.

There never was such rollicking, jollicking music in the bells as when their tongues are tossed against their vibrant metal throats upon a Christmas morning. From the very first silvery, clashing chord, they seem to be weaving a misty fabric of warmth and color against the clear sky, over the snow-sleeted mounds and roads and gates and happy homes. And that merry weaving goes on until the whole heavens are lined with the rainbow fabric.

Christmas bells! What memories they awaken in old hearts! How the sleepy pasts, at the sound, push their tangled heads out between the sheets of yesterday to blink at half-forgotten pictures!



AT CHRISTMASTIME the joyful bells' refrain fills hearts with gladness that were sad before. It has a message both for rich and poor, in crowded street or in country lane. And weary hearts take courage once again, seeking the pleasure that they felt of yore . . . at Christmastime.





A CHRISTMAS SONG

*Above the weary, waiting world,
Asleep in chill despair,
There breaks a sound of joyous bells
Upon the frosty air.
And o'er the humblest rooftop, lo,
A star is dancing on the snow.*

*What makes the yellow star to dance
Upon the brink of night?
What makes the breaking dawn to glow
So magically bright . . .
And all the earth to be renewed
With infinite beatitude?*

*The singing bells, the throbbing star,
The sunbeams on the snow,
And the awakening heart that leaps
New ecstasy to know . . .
They all are dancing in the morn
Because a Child is born!*



- Ring in the Joys, by Elizabeth R. Bouret.
—A Legend, by Rose Osborne.
—I Heard the Bells, by Henry W. Longfellow.
—A Christmas Song, by Bliss Carmen.



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