

bronze that had so often rung the call to worship. Tarnished and soiled, the bell was unharmed, responding to a mere tap with a sustained hum, and presenting a formidable problem in the mechanics of moving. The young minister would have no room for it, and furthermore could not possibly handle it. Upon whom could the vanishing church bestow its deathless bell?

The gift was offered to the pastor of Gilmanton, where two of the churches under his ministry already have bells of their own. With funds at a minimum and problems seeming mountainous, the Rev.

Donald Osborn questioned his people. It was less than a few days, and the problems dwindled, as Gilmantonians responded with awe and delight.

So it was that Harry Bowdoin and Mel Drew brought the bell to Gilmanton late in the rainy afternoon, having successfully brought it down from the tired steeple in Goshen where it had hung so long. The gathered children read the legend lettered on the bell "Cast by Henry N. Hooper and Sons, Boston, 1856," and stared upward as John Gard removed the green louvers from the church steeple, and the men made fast the chains and pulleys ready to hoist the bell to its new home.

#### Rests in Steeple

It was all so quietly done, and so easily. The great bronze bell rose slowly through the rain, with Harry Bowdoin steadying the guide rope, and John Gard watching from the belfry. There were no bumps,

no thumps, no trouble at all! The bell cleared the outjutting roof of the steeple, and swung gently to the floor high inside the tower. And happy hearts welcomed it to its new home in a church more fortunate than the one in Goshen, for the Corner church has reopened its once-closed doors, and the bell may ring forth with the joy of its resurrection.