Sunday, January 26th, 1857

I arose this morning and went to prayers. When I came out, I was directed to look at the belfry. To which all eyes were turned. I could not see until I got on the belfry itself. Above the door, where the gong is, I looked up and saw a large bell painted. The bell was suspended from the belfry. In the bell, I saw the name of James Phillips, who was the builder. It was a large bell and was hung from the belfry with a rope. In the bell, I saw a large bell painted. The bell was suspended from the belfry.

To the left of the bell, I saw a pair of the most beautiful bells any one ever saw. These were the bells of Bute and on a little further was a man, who struck the bells. It was said, when he struck the bells, the music was so sweet that it was the music of Bute and on a little further was a man, who struck the bells. It was said, when he struck the bells, the music was so sweet that it was the music of Bute and on a little further was a man, who struck the bells.