Hakl Listen to the Angels Sing!

By Rev. Stations Blacker.

And he dreamed, and behold a up on the earth, and the top of it to he aven; and behold the angels of ming and descending on it.

that love film.

But C d hath revealed them unto us by Sprit 1 for the Spirit searcheth all things, the deep things of God." 1 Cor. 2.9.10. 1.

thati, the still that the Augels aing!

Sith the Augels aing!

Withdraw from earth's noisy din;

Stay, from beling "on the wing";

Red and to the Holy Cross cling; I nur salvation surely win to hark! be atill!

cliory be to JESUS,
And to Hits Precious Blood t
All shed to ransom us;
Pour forth as in a flood!

peace ! be still ! to the Angels sing! ase from worry, care and strife; an on God, as man on wife;

ori king " Living Watera" of idpeace I be still !
neten to the Angels sing !
Glory be to The Lamb,
And to His Righteousness
Offered up as God's balm
For our unrighteousness ! III.

rest! bo still ! o rest 1 to still 1
Listen to the Angels sing 1
Rest in The Blood of our King,
We wear His "nuprial ring"!
Every sin far from us fling,
In holiness, 'neath His Wing 1
O rest 1 to still 1
Listen to the Angels sing 1

Glory be to our King.

And to His Holy Name!

And Heaven's choirs sing,

With II's Glory aslame! 17.

() pause ! be still ! Listen to the Angels sing ! Loose the imagination, Soar high to Heaven's station, In angolic condition,
Hear the song of Redemption!
O pause! be still!
Listen to the Angels sing!

Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory be to JESUS! Glory, Glory, Glory, And to His Precious Blood! v.

"atop! be still!
Laten to the Angels sing !
Come, weary wanderer, come;
To Christ Jesus' Bosom, come,
To His Bleedung Wounds, O come;
"Spirit and The Bride say, Come!"
O come ! be still!
Listen to the Angels sing!
Glory, Alleluia,
Glory be to JESUS!
Glory Alleluia,

Hory Alleluia : And to His Pre

Amen : Alleluia, (Rev. 19:4.) Beston, 21 September, 1896.

A SISTER OF CHARITY.

(By FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.)

(By Francis A. Durivace.)

Now abideth," says the spostle, faith, hope and charity; but the greatest of these is charity. Of the various benevolent societies with which the world abounds, there is mone with a nobler record than the Sisters of Charity—a wast organization, the members of which dovote their entiralizes to the succour of suffering lumanity. Truest of heroines, they shunk from no toil, no fatigue, no peril. Where the battle rages, where the pestilence destroys, beneath the trigid skies of the north and the burning suns of the tropies, there these geatle and brave Sisters are found, true to their holy mission. Infidel and believer, Protestant and Catholic, alike do them honour.

do them honour.

Let us follow the career of one of these women and we can judge of the spirit which pervades their entire Order.

Jeanne Marie Rendu, whose reli-Jeanne Marie Rendu, wnose rengious name was Sister Rosalio, was
born at Comfort, in the Dopartment of
Ain, France, in 1786, on the eve of
that terrible Revolution which marks
a turning point in modern history. At
the age of sixteen she entered as a
notice in the house of the Sisters of
Charity, in the street of the Lieux
Colombier, Paris, and subsequently as
a non another house of the same Order commoner, Paris, and subsequently as a nun another house of the same Order in the same of the first of Piepe da Bois, of which she afterwards became the superior, at the age of twenty-free.

fvo.

From earliest childhood she was pitful to the poor and suffering, and her sympathies warmed into that love of her fellow creatures, which is but another name for the love of their Creator. The young, the aged, the poor, the sick, and the well received her aid and another. Women about on the follow creatures, which is but another name for the love of their another name for the love of their creator. The young, the aged, the classor. The young stand an occursed and to Hoaven. The prising the aged, the class and a counsel. Women about the coint of the resident sent a measure of the resident sent a measure of the resident sent a measure of the remaind sent and and counsel. Women about the common mothers were objects of her with the Cross of the Legion of the with the Cross of the Legion of the with the class of the president sent and soungel through the case, into complaint of the prisoner met her controlling the prisoner met her courses on the course of the reserve of t

last sighs in her presence, bodily suffering and want

last sighs in her presence. Not alone bodily suffering and want, but the cravings and sickness of the mind, oc cupied her thoughts and actions. She was often summoned to the houses of the rich, who invoked her sympathy and counsed when they were in trouble. During the famine of 1818, and during the two invesions of 1815, all warts became familiar with her palo and gentle face, for she visited overy part of the city on her mission of charity. In the torrible days of the tholora, braving infection, she was overywhere where help was needed. Ample means were always at her disposal, for each suce. ling government trusted her, and at an appealing look from her the purse strings of the rich were loopened. The Duchess of Angoliume nade her the dasponser of her bountiful charities, and the wife of Louis XVI.

But charity consists not alone in the bestowal of money. Kind, sympathetic looks and words are often more precious than silver or gold. Use experience of sorrow, her ac quantiance with human passions and suffering made her the best of friends. With the most comment statesmen and administrators of her day she held counsed out the questions of leastly, domestic economy, the supply of food, and education—always impressing and influencing them by the soundness of her views and the thoroughness of her sounded to treat the states of the states to trust.

her views and the thoroughness of her knowledge.
She very rarely directly asked alms, and she counseled her Sisters to trust to spontaneous gifts. She only applied in the cases of extremity to those who had authorized her to do so. It seemed that she was unwilling to compromise the dignity of the religion she represented by exposiong it to humilitation of denials.

Sometimes she departed from this Sometimes she departed from the

ation of denials.
Sometimes she doparted from this ule. One day she called on au old entlemen and said:
"I must have a pair of horses."
"You shall have mine," was the

roply.
"They won't serve my purpose."
I must tor show. I must withey wont serve my purpose. Yours are only fit for show. I must have a pair of strong, heavy draught horses. They are for a poor cartman, who has lost his own, and will throw himself into the river if he cannot get a cair to earn his living with." Of course Sister Rosalle obtained the horses.

Of course Sister Rosalle obtained the horses.

She never worked on the sensibilities of the weathly by telling them about cases of distress. She took them to the wretched lodgings of a starving family for instance, and let the sight of misery plead with its eloquent silence.

During the terrible days of the counter revolution of June 1818, she displayed the courage of a Christian heroine. Seated in her arm chair, with the bullets whizzing round her, she dressed the hurts of the wounded, or breathed the word of God in the car of the dying. Even the savage insurgents would have thrown up barricades to protect her house if she had permitted them to do so.

She went in and out of it on her errands of mercy unshrinking amid the hail of lead.

"Keep in doors," said one of the

She went in and out of it on her errands of meroy unshrinking amid the hail of lead.

"Keep in doors," said one of the insurgents; "it's raining bullets outside here."

"Do you suppose I care to live," replied Sister Rosalio, "when you are killing my children? Stop firing! You have made widows and orphaus enough."

nough." At this momenta Mobile guardsman, At this momenta Mobile guardsman, hunted by a dozen infuriated robels, took rouge in the house of the Sister. His pursurers followed him in. They swore to have his life, and sabres, bayonets, and pistols were turned against him.

"You shall not kill my children under my own eyes!" cried Sister Rosalie, and she threw herself in the midst of the savage band.

"Well, mother," said one of the robels, "we'll shoot him outdoors, then."

robels, "we'll shoot him outdoors, then."

"Then you shall shoot me with him!" said the Sister of Charlty, as sho threw her arms about the soldier. Cries of fury rent the air. Sister Rosalio fell upon her knees and olasped her hat.ds.

"Hear me!" she exclaimed. "I have never begged of you, but now I have nours supplies. In the name of your sick whom I have nursed, in the name of your little children whom I have of your little children whom I have blessed, nurtured and loved—mercy, mercy, mercy for this unfortunate young man."

Her pathetic prayer touched the

mercy, nearcy to the way young man."

Her pathotic prayer touched the hearts of the insurgents. They allowed themselves to be disarmed by the Sisters, and the guardisman's life was saved. On the same day, by showing a similar courage, Sister Rosalic saved an officer of the Municipal Guard.

sipal Gaard.
So great was the modesty of this noble woman, that even her associates were ignorant of a tithe of her good deeds. They were known only to those she succoured and to Heaven. So the President sent a messanger to her with the Oross of the Legion to Honor. She was unaffectedly astonished, and said simply.

"This one is enough for me," touching the plain wooden cross of the receary.
Porfect simplicity characterized her

strongth of her intellect survived the strength of her body. She first be-came blind. A medical friend per-formed an operation for the romoval of the cataract, but it was unsuccess ful. Then, knowing that her carthy labors were ended she prepared for death.

abors were ended she prepared for death.

As she suffered in the night from cold feet a jug of hot water was always applied to them. The omission of this precaution one evening is thought to have hastened the hour of her death. Sister Molaine, the num who committed this oversight, was so distressed and felt so culpable that she begged to be sent to the Crimea in expation of the fault.

"I shall join Sister Resalie the sooner by so doing," she said.

Sister Melaine's wish was granted. Sister Resalie the typhus fover and deel.

Sister Resalie died Annel 6 1856

sho soon caught the typius laver and died.

Sister Rosalie died April 6, 1856. She had suggested that her body should be taken to the comotory in the paupers' hearse, but she was too widely loved and mourned to permit such a neglect of her remains. The honors sho rofused in her life-time were lovingy bestowed when she was unconscious to them. Forty or fifty thousand persons walked in the funeral procession. There were bishops and generals, women of fashion, counsellors of state, and poor working people in overwhelming numbers. Sobs and tears mingled with the prayers that consecrated the doad.

A touching tribute to ter memory

prayers that consecrated the dead.

A touching tribute to her memory was the erection of a monument paid for by the voluntary contributions of the poor, whose best earthly friend she had been through her long life of action and self-sacrifice.

action and self-sacrifice.

It is good for us to ponder the record of such beautiful lives. It would be well if history and biography devoted more space to such excess than to the culogy of conquerors and warriors, the destroyers of human liappiness and human life.

A Long Distance Test.

Under direction of the Government, samples of butter were shipped from Victoria to England and back in order to thoroughly test their keeping qualities. It speaks volumes for the perfection to which the Antipodes have attained in the matter of making, packing and shipping facilities when all the samples were found, after their 24,000 mile trip, to be in splended omittion. The striking qualities of one lot were its dryness and absence of salt, it being treated with only two pounds of salt and three quarters per cont. preservitas to the one hundred pounds of butter. In another sample four pounds of salt was used and cue-half per cent, preservitas. The Government expert at the final test felt prepared to pit the samples against any other butter in the world at that ago.—Farmer's Advocate. Under direction of the Govern

TIME ABOUT UP SO HE THOUGHT.

Taken on Time Dodd's Kidney Pills Save a Life Once More.

THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH.

It was Diabetes and Thought Incur-able—But when the Proper Treat-ment Was Used the Patient Re-

Barrir, Oct. 29.—(Special)—Your correspondent had no difficulty in locating Mr. Frederick Stokes, of this town, as he is well known and cujoys the confidence of all who know him. This particulars of his recovery still excite criticals as marvellous curces everywhere do. When found at his business he wait!

ulars of his recovery still excite onthusiagna samarvellous curces overywhere
do. When found at his business he
said:—
"It was about a year and a half age
that I began to suffer with lameness of
the back. I soon began to run down
rapidly in flesh, hecoming in a short
time also very weak.

In misery, and unable to work, one of
the best dectors in town when consulted
told me that my trouble was diabetes.
Meanwhile I had lost forty-five pounds
in weight, and his medicine was doing
no no good.

I thought my time was about up until
a friend told not that he knew of several
curces of eases similar to mine by using
Dodd's Kithney Fills.

This gave me hope though I felt
ashaned to let the dector knew that I
had chauged my medicine, however I
was encouraged by the help I get frem
the first box and so kept, all I have to
say is that four boxes hard completely
restored my strongth suff, and comTo shorten the story, all I have to
say is that four boxes hard completely
restored my strongth suff, and charge
and perfectly cured.

The meases of Dodd's Kidney Fills
have been wen in just such contests as
When the sufferer lots go his hold on
other remedies and realizes the fact that
this great kidney treatment has nover
yot failed, ther. he demonstrates its
value by using it a nd getting well.

In hundreds of cases of Dropsy, Bright's
disease, Diabotes and Paralysis, when
fired has fall given the sufferer up to die,
Dodd s Kidney Fills have promptly saved
the pationt.

With such power to cure in extreme
cases can the doubted that the small

The Prince and the Lions

(A STORY FOR CHILDRESL)

In an Eastern city there once lived a young Prince named Azgid. He was virtuous and accomplished, but lad one fault—he was a bit of a coward!

Prince Azgid's father had recently died, and he was looking forward to his soronstion. A few days before

Prince Azgu a nanor has recently deed, and he was looking forward to his coronation. A few days before the day fixed for the ceremony, the old vizier called upon the Prince and informed His Royal Highness that before he could ascend the throne he must, in accordance with an ancient

must, in accordance with an ancient custom, fight a certain huge red lion which was kept in a den within the precincts of the palace.

The Prince, upon hearing this, was so frightened that he made up his mind to run away. He rose in the night, dressed himself hastily, mount ed his horse, and loft the city. Thus he journeyed for three days.

In the course of the third day, as he rode through a beautiful, thickly wooded country, he heard the sound of exquisite music, and presently overtook a handsome youth, who was leading a few wheee, and playing mean took a handsome youth, who we leading a few sheep, and playing upo a flute.

a fluto.

The young man having courtcously saluted the stranger, Pince Azzid begged him to go on playing, for mover in his life locfore, said the Prince, had he listened to such on-chanting stains.

ougged nim to go on playing, for nover in his life ofcre, said the Prince, had he listened to such on-chanting strains.

The player then told Azgid that he was the slave of a wealthy shepherd mamed Oaxus, to whose abode, which was close at hand, he offered to conduct the traveller.

The Prince gladly accepted this invitation, and in a few moments was entering the house of Oaxus, who accorded him a hearty welcome, and placed food and drink before him. When Azgid bad finished his meal, he felt it incumbent upon him to make some sort of explanation to his hest. "Doubtless," said he, "you wonder who I am, and what is my errand in coming hither? I can tell you this much—that I am a Prince whom trouble has driven from home. Pardon me if I do not divulge my name; that is a secret which must be secure that is a secret which must be secure that is a secret which must be secure that in the delightsome spct. I have ample means, and can remunerate you for your kindness."

Oaxus assured his guest that not ming would give bim greater pleasure than to entertain him for as long a period as he cared to etay, and he begged him not to think of offering any remuneration.

"And now, Isdril," added Oaxus, addressing his slave, "show the Prince our foundations and waterfalls, our rocks and vales, for I perceive that he is one who can appreciate Nature's beauties."

The youth took up his flute, and went out with the Prince

ne is one who can appreciate Nature's beauties."
The youth took up his flute, and went out with the Prince
After wandering awhile amidst romantic scenery, the two young men ast down to rest upon a rock his a shady valley. The slave put his flute to his lips, and began to play. The Prince loved rousic passicately, and the idea had siready occurred to him that, if ever he left this fair retreat, he would like to purchase from Oxus his accomplished slave.

Suddenly Isdril broke the spell of the Prince's enjoyment by rising to his feet, with the word: "It is time

the Prince's enjoyment by rising to his feet, with the words: "It is time

his foet, with the words: "It is time for us to be going."

"Wherefore?" queried the Prince.
"Why should we quit this delicious spot as soon?"

"Bessuse," replied the other, "the neighbourhood is infested with lions. It is well, therefore, to retire early viithin our abodes, and close the gates Upon one occasion I lagged behind, and see the consequence!"
He rolled up his sleeve and revealed a scar upon his arm. Azgid turned as car upon his arm. Azgid turned his mind, and found himself obliged to ride on turther. He thanked Oaxus, bade farewell to him and to Isdril, and galloped off. galloped off.

gailloped on.

Again he journeyed for three days, and came to a vast desert, the midst of which he beheld an Arab encamp-

ment.
Thankfully he rode up to the black tents, for both he and his horse were worn out with hunger and fatigue.
He was received by a dignified Sheik, to whom he made the same speech that he had made to the kindly Oaxus.

Obtail Heiser like the shoulded

speech that he had made to the kindly Oaxus.

Sheik Hejaar, like the shopherd,
answered to the offset that he desired
no other remuneration than the pleasure of the Prince's society, and that
he should be delighted to keep his
guest for ever, if so it might be. He
introduced Azgid to a large number
of his friends, and provided for his
use a magnificent steed.

A week passed. Day by day the
Prince accompanied the Sheik in his
antelope-hunting expeditions, which
he enjoyed exceedingly. He quite
thought that he was now happily
settled for life, when one night, after
he had rotired to rest, Sheik H-jaar
approached his couch, and said:

"My son, I have come to tell you

"I suffered with bronchine for nearly five years. My playering prevention for me writing produ-cing taxonable results, and finally advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have taken six bit-tles of this medicine, and am now a

Ticklish Things.

cing haveable to the Ayer's Cherry Rectoral. I have taken six bettings. Nowhere does the title of this medicine, and am now to the dotter the medicine, and am now to the dotter the medicine, and am now to the dotter the medicine, and am now to the dotter to the medicine, and am now to the dotter the cough. Do you know the feeling? The tickling in the throat, that you writhe under and fight against, until at least you break out in a paroxysm of coughing? Why not cure the cough and enjoy unbroken rost? You can do so by using

Aver's Cherry Pectoral.

This testimonial will be found in foll in Ayer's Curchook with a hundred others. Prec. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

fidence in you it is necessary that they should have some proof of your pro-wess. Two leagues to the south is a range of hells infested with lions. Go,

cho-tid have some proof of your prowess. Two leagues to the south is a
range of hulls infested with lions. Go,
then, early in the morning, mounted
upon your horse. Slay one these firecbeasts, and bring us his skin; so shall
we know that we may rely upon you
in the day of battle."

When the Sheik had left him.
Argid rose, dressed himself, slipped
quietly out of his tent, and bade a
sorrowful, affectionate facewell to the
horse which the Sheik had allowed
him to use, now there with the
others. Then he mounted his own
steed, and rode forth into the night.

By the middle of the next day, he
was rejoiced to find that he was
leaving the desert, and entering a
fair region of hill and dad, meadows and streams. Soon he came
to a splendid palace, built of porphyry,
and standing in the midst of a magnificent garden.

The owner of the palace, a rich
Emir, was sitting in the porch, with
his golden haired daughter, Perizide,
Hero again, the Pronce was most
kindly received. The interior of the
building proved to be even more
beautiful than the exterior. The
rooms blazed with gold and precious
stones; walls and ceilings were covered with valuable pai tings; the windows of the cosiliest stained glass.
The Emir set hefore his guest a collection of delicate viands.

The prince made his accustomed
appeach, avowing his rank, but concaling his name. He added also his
customary request, that he might be
allowed to remain for a time in the
house of his present entertainer.

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house of his present entertainer.

The Emir sol hefore his guest to
consult the mode of his life, if he chose to
do so. Then he begged his guest
to cause him for a few minutes, as he
was expecting some friends, and wished to make preparations for their reception.

and supering some analysis of their reception.

Thus Azid was left alone with Perizido, with whom he was already in love. She took him into the garden, after exploring the beauties of which the pair returned to the house.

The palace, now illuminated from top to bottom, was full of company. The evening passed merrily. Observing a lute which lay upon a couch, the music loving young Prince begged Perizide to play to him. In the was startled by a strange, load sound, and asked his fair companion what it might be.

might be.
"Oh!" replied she, with a laugh,

might be.

"Oh!" replied she, with a laugh,
"that is only Boulak, our black porter, indulging in a yawn."
"Good gracious!" exclaimed Azzid;
"what uncommonly good lungs he
must have!"
After the other guests had left, and
Porizide had gone to bed, the Emir
and the Prince chatted and smoked
together for some time. By-and-by
the former offered to conduct the latter to his sleeping apartment. When
they came to the foot of the grand
staircase, which was of white marble,
Azzid looking up, was horrified to beloid an enormous black ion stretched
upon the topmost landing.
"What is that? 'faltered he.

"That," returned his host, "is

"What is that?' faltered he.
"That," returned his host, "is Boulak, our black porter. He is a tame lion, and will not harn you if you are not sfeaid of him. He knows whon anyone fears him, and then becomes forcoious." "I fear him greatly!" whispered the Prince. As he could not be persuaded to mount the stairs, he had to return to the saloon, and repose upon one of the divans.

the saloon, and repose upon one of the divaus.

After the Emir had left him, Azgid carofully locked the door and fastened the windows. Then he lay down, but not to sleep. For he could hear the lion walking about, and once the beast actually came to the door, and, uttering a terrific roar, sprang against it with his fore-paws.

The poor Prince made sure that the door would burst open, and he should be devoured. Nothing of the kind happened, however. In a few moments, Boulak wont upstairs, and came down no more that night.

Azgid lay thinking. Evidently he had flown in the face of Providence when he had flad from the lion at home. Since then, lions had met him at every turn. He resolved to submit to what was so olearly his destined duty—to return home and fulfil the

man's resolution, and, with a parting blessing, sped him on his way. But the Prince had no opportunity of making his adieus to the fair Perizide.

Then Azzid rode back to the Arab camp, and confessed all to the good Sheik Hajaar. He also inquired after the beautiful horse.

"Ho is well," replied the other, "and I should be grailfied if you could stay with us, and use him again. But it would be wrong to hinder you no your pious undertaking. Return to your home, and do your duty like a man!"

Azzid next visited Oxyge to him.

man!"
Azgid next visited Jaxus, to whom, as to the others, he revealed his name and parentage, confessed his fault, and expressed his repentance.
"Go, my friend!" said the kindiy shepherd, "and may Heaven give you strongth to persevere in your laudable resolution!"

strongth to persevere in your resolution!"

"Farewell!" answered Azgid;

"great Isadril from me, and tell him
that I hope some day to return and
listen to his sewest music, in spite of
the lions."

Without further interruption, the
Prince rode straight home, and announced to the old Vizier his inten-

nounced to the old vizier his inten-tion to fight the lion.

The old man wept tears of joy at

herd, "as a momento of this happy day, allow me to make you a present." So saying, he pushed forward his slave, Isdril.

So saying, he pushed lorwain islave, Isdril, are heartily thank you, Oaxus!" said the Prince, "and you, Isdril, are no longer a slave. From this moment you are free; but you shall be my companion, and delight me with your skill upon the flute."

Presently another little group presented itself. It was composed of Sheik Hajaar, some of his Arabs, and the horse which the Prince had learned to love.

sented itself. It was composed of Sheik Hajar, some of his Araba, and the horae which the Prince had learned to love.

"Azgid!" said the Sheik, "I congratulate you heartily, and beg your acceptance of this steed."

The Prince thanked and embraced the Sheik, and kussed the beautiful creature, who returned his caresses.

The Emir was the next person to appear upon the scene. He was surrounded by a brilliant retinue, with music and banners.

"I have come to congratulate you," said he to the Prince. "I have brought you up present, but I and all my belongings are yours."

"I am rejoiced to see you, noble Emir!" *epided Azgid. "And how is your lovely daughter? As soon as I am crowned, I intend to set off at lightning speed to visit her!"

"That will be needless," said the Emir; "come with me." And he led the young man to a vedel dady, who sat upon a white horse. It was Perizade!

Perizade I

Then, by order of the Vizier, the hole procession wended its way towhole procession wards the palace.

wards the palace.

Many throughts and emotions stirred
within the breast of the young Prince.
"When I fled from duty," reflected
he, "overything wont against me;
now that I kave fulfilled it, fresh happiness meets me at every step."

piness meets me at every stop.
The coronation—and also a wedding—took place on the same day.
Azgid and Prizide reigned long and happily. By the King's command, his adventures were recorded in the annuals of the kingdom And over the door of his palace were inscribed, in golden letters, these words:
"Never run from the lion."