

ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

Arr. by W. H. DOANE.

From "The Silver Spray."

There are an - gels hov'-ring round, There are an - gels hov'-ring round,
 To car - ry the tid - ings home, To car - ry the tid - ings home.
 To the new Je - ru - sa - lem, To the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
 And Je - sus bids thee come, And Je - sus bids thee come,

There are an - - - gels, an - - - gels hov' - ring round.
 To car - - ry the ti - - - dings, ti - dings home.
 To the new, the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
 And Je - - sus, Je - - sus bids thee come.

[The above simple piece was sung with thrilling effect by H. Thane Miller, President of the Y. M. C. A. Convention, recently held in Detroit, after a powerful address to the unconverted, at an immense public meeting, by Rev. Dr. Burns, Junr., now of Chicago, formerly of St. Catharines, Ont.]

Young Folks.

Original.

SOMEBODY'S COMFORT.

"Don't hold me, Nettie," cried Lilian Grey ; "I must hurry home, for mamma is ill, and I am her only comfort."

Nettie's hands dropped upon her lap, and as she watched her companion's receding figure, she murmured to herself,

"I wish I could be somebody's comfort."

Nettie Campbell had lost both her parents when very young, and had never known