

PROGRAMME

10. ALTO SOLO—"The Children's Home," Cowen

Miss Christina Biscott.

They played in their beautiful gardens, The children of high degree; Outside the gates, the beggars Passed on in their misery; But there was one of the children Who could not join the play, And a little beggar maiden Watched for him day by day.	Once he had given her a flow'ri And oh! how he smiled to see Her thin white hands thro' the railings Stretch'd out so eagerly, She came again to the garden, She saw the children play, But the little white face had vanish'd, The little feet gone away.
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She crept away to her corner,
 Down by the murky stream;
 But the pale, pale face in the garden
 Shone thro' her restless dream,
 And that high born child and the beggar
 Pass'd homeward side by side,
 For the ways of men are narrow,
 But the gates of Heav'n are wide.

11. DUET—"Hope Beyond," White

Miss Gilmour and Mr. Williams.

No hope beyond, no hope beyond, You say there is no hope beyond; No God, no future for man, Oh, sister! there is a living God, Serve Him while you can; Oh! is it some sad remorse That has driven you to this great despair? Brother, all the world seems cold and drear. Shall we live again above the sod?	Yes, in the bright world beyond, Because there is a living God. Many long weary days have I wandered, With my heart filled with grief and despair; But the dark cloud of doubt now is waning, And my griefs I will now try to bear. Yes, this life we'll enjoy while we can, Let us shrink not from duty and right; Tho' to-day life may look dark and dreary, Yet to-morrow the sun shall be bright.
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12. HYMN—"Praise ye the Lord," (Tune—Duke Street).

Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise Your hearts and voices in His praise; His nature and His works invite, To make this duty our delight.	He formed the stars, those heavenly flames, He counts their numbers, calls their names; His wisdom's vast and knows no bound,— A deep, where all our thoughts are drowned.
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Sing to the Lord, exalt Him high,
 Who spreads His clouds above the sky,
 There He prepares the fruitful rain,
 Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

(The audience is kindly requested to rise, and join heartily in the singing of this Hymn.)

13. BASS SOLO—"The Mighty Deep," Jude

Mr. J. Marshall Williams.

Ah! could we but fathom the mighty deep, And count up the treasures there, Or tell of the noble spirits gone To that home so lone and drear; 'Tis then we can feel as the sailor feels, When his lonely watch he keeps, And hears midst the howling of the raging storm, The voice of the mighty deep.	Ah! we cannot speak to the mighty deep, And tell of the mourners left, Nor e'en for a moment join their souls To the loved ones now bereft; They shall rise again when the trumpet sounds, And the Lord of the seas shall send Bright Angels to call them from the deep, To the life that has no end.
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Sadly telling the tale of brave hearts that sleep,
 Ah! never to rise again from the mighty deep.

Gladly telling the tale, the brave hearts that sleep
 Shall rise again on the wings of love,
 From the mighty, the mighty deep.

14. SEXTETTE AND CHORUS—"Hark, Hark, My Soul," Shelley

With Solo by
Miss Ida Smythe.

Hark, hark, my soul: Angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wavebeat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more. Angels of Jesus, angels of light, Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.	Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing, The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea; And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
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Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Rest comes at length; tho' life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darkness night be past;
 Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at
 last.

Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

15. ORGAN SOLO—Overture to "Zampa," Herold

Mr. C. E. Wheeler.

16. QUARTETTE—"Abide With Me," Danks

Misses Ziegler and Biscott; Messrs. Carroll and Williams.

17. CHORUS—"Mighty Jehovah," Bellini

The Choir.

Mighty Jehovah, accept our praises. God our Father, O hear us in mercy: Unto Thee we offer thanksgiving, unto Thee we offer praise. For Thy goodness and kindness to Thy children, and Thy undeserved mercies, we now offer Thee our thanks. Accept, O Lord, our heartfelt praise: thanks be to Thee, O God. He is gracious, slow to anger, and repenteth him of the evil. If therefore, ye truly seek Him with all your hearts, ye shall surely find Him, saith our God. O be joyful in God all ye nations, praise Him evermore. O be joyful in God all ye nations, sing praises to His name, and rejoice before Him with thanksgiving and gladness.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

N. B.—A Silver Collection (of not less than Ten Cents from each person) will be taken at the door.