



MONTREAL:—CONCERT OF THE SHERBROOKE STREET METHODIST CHURCH SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

ADDRESS BY *Henrietta R. Burland*.—RESPECTED PARENTS AND FRIENDS:—We are happy to meet you again at our Fifth Annual Concert. We do not promise to render for you the sublime music of the great composers; we sing simpler strains that tell of Jesus and our distant Home. We hope that you will not be altogether disappointed with our modest efforts to entertain you. In a garden the gaudy flowers attract the eye, but sometimes the richest perfumes come from some almost hidden sprigs of mignonette. You often call us your mignonettes, your little darlings, but we, though only little blossoms, wish to night to make your walk in the garden of song as pleasant as we can. Some day, we trust that we shall be able to sing a nobler song, in which you too may take a part. Meanwhile we ask for your sympathy; and, if we can merit it, your approval too. Now

"Listen, and we will tell you,  
The song creation sings  
From the humming of bees in the heather,  
To the flutter of Angels' wings.

An echo rings for ever,  
The sound can never cease,  
It speaks to God of glory,  
It speaks to earth of peace.

Not alone did Angels sing it,  
To the poor shepherd's ear,  
But the sphered Heavens chaunt it  
While listening ages hear."