



The Central Brotherhood Choir, which will sing at the great festival.

THE RALLY CAMP

THE "Evening World" Hikers Legion and other campers are grateful to Lady Wills for her kindness in granting the loan of an excellent field which is particularly well suited for the purpose of a camping ground during this week-end.

This field adjoining Burrington Combe is being used as a camping ground not only by members of the "Evening World" Hikers Legion, but by people who have come from a distance to attend the Rally.

Since the field has been lent without charge it has been only necessary to make a nominal charge for the cost of supervision.

HYMN.—Jesu, Lover of My Soul.

Jesu, Lover of my Soul,
Let me to Thy Bosom fly,
While the gathering waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me,

All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenituous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou, of Life the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY.

HYMN.—Rock of Ages.

ROCK OF AGES, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy riven Side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

When I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.—Amen.

HYMN.—All Hail the Power of Jesu's Name.

All hail the power of Jesu's Name,
Let Angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His Altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's Rod;
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall;
And shout in universal song,
The crown'd Lord of all.

THE ADDRESS.

OLIVER H. McCOWEN, Esq., C.B.E., LL.B.,
Chevalier of the Crown of Belgium, who was in charge of all Y.M.C.A. work in France, Belgium, and Italy, throughout the World War.

An Appeal for the Hospitals of Bristol by COUNCILLOR WALTER BRYANT, Ex-Lord Mayor of Bristol and Chairman of the Appeals Committee of the Bristol Hospitals Extension Fund.

The Appeal will be followed by a collection, the proceeds of which will be divided between the Bristol Hospitals Extension Fund and the Lord Mayor of Bristol's Hospitals Fund for maintenance.

The Military Band Section of the Professional Bands Association (Bristol) will play during the Collection.

AN APPEAL TO EVERYONE

BURRINGTON COMBE is one of Britain's beauty spots. It is earnestly requested that everyone taking part in the Rally at the Rock will be careful to leave no litter in the Combe.

Take your programme home with you as a souvenir. Do not throw it away at the end of the service.

The Conservators of the Combe wish it to be known that no stalls or hawkers will be allowed on any part of the commons.



The Midsomer Norton Male Voice Choir, winners outright of the Sidney Fry Challenge Shield, who are taking part in the festival.