

ORDER OF SERVICE

IN COMMEMORATION

of those who fell in the Battle of St. Julien
April 22nd, 23rd and 24th, 1915

and

THANKSGIVING

for the Capture of Vimy Ridge and other successes
won by the Canadian and Allied
Forces April, 1917

HELD IN

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

Bloor Street East

Sunday, April 22nd, 1917

at 3 o'clock

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

THE GREAT WAR VETERANS' ASSOCIATION OF CANADA (TORONTO
BRANCH), HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR, THE CONTROLLERS
AND COUNCIL OF TORONTO AND THE MILITARY
AUTHORITIES OF THE DISTRICT

ORGAN PRELUDE—(a) *Prelude in E minor* - - - - - *Borowski*
 (b) *Funeral March* - - - - - *Mendelssohn*

HYMN

O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.

Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
 Are like an evening gone ;
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away ;
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream,
 Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come ;
 Be Thou our guard while trouble lasts,
 And our eternal home ! Amen.

Opening Sentences, to be said by the Minister, all standing.

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord ; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live ; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord, Jesus Christ.

Then shall be sung the Psalm following :

If the Lord had not been on our side, now may we say : if the Lord himself had not been on our side, when men rose up against us ;

They had swallowed us up quick : when they were so wrathfully displeased at us.

Yea, the waters had drowned us, and the stream had gone over our soul : the deep waters of the proud had gone over our soul.

But praised be the Lord : who hath not given us over as a prey unto them.

The Lord hath wrought : a mighty salvation for us.

We gat not this by our own sword, neither was it our own arm that saved us : but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favour unto us.

The Lord hath appeared for us : the Lord hath covered our heads, and made us to stand in the day of battle.

The Lord hath appeared for us : the Lord hath overthrown our enemies, and dashed in pieces those that rose up against us.

Therefore not unto us, O Lord, not unto us : but unto thy Name be given the glory.

The Lord hath done great things for us : the Lord hath done great things for us, for which we rejoice.

Our help standeth in the Name of the Lord : who hath made heaven and earth.

Blessed be the Name of the Lord : from this time forth for evermore.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. *Amen.*

THE LESSON—*1 Cor. xv. : 50.* (The congregation seated.) To be read by **Lieut.-Colonel the Ven. Archdeacon Cody.**

PRAYER—For the King and all in authority.

“ For Troops on Service.

Almighty God, who are not far from any one of us ; we commend to thy Fatherly care and keeping our Canadian troops on service. Let our loving thoughts of them come before thee as prayers and supplications ; defend them from all danger and harm in body and soul ; in far regions be thou their faithful friend ; enrich them with all blessings, both for this life and for that which is to come ; and grant that in thine own time we may meet together with joy, to thank thee for all thy mercies ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THANKSGIVING—For Victories.

O Almighty God, the Sovereign Commander of all the World, in whose hand is power and might which none is able to withstand: we bless and magnify thy great and glorious Name for the recent successes granted to our arms, the whole glory whereof we do ascribe to thee, who art the only giver of victory. We give Thee humble thanks for the valour and sacrifice of all those who have served and suffered or died for our country by sea and by land in this great conflict. Grant, we beseech thee, that their suffering and deaths may not be in vain. Forbid the triumph of tyranny and wrong. And give such speedy and final victory to the cause for which they have devoted themselves even unto death, that the sins and horrors of war may pass away from the earth, and that thy kingdom of right and honour, of peace and brotherhood, may be established among men. Hear us, we pray thee, for the sake of Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

DOXOLOGY—"Praise God from Whom all Blessing Flow." (All standing)

HYMN

Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass;
Ye bars of iron, yield;
And let the King of Glory pass;
The Cross is in the field.

That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on the march, and guides from far
His servants to the fight.

A holy war those servants wage;
In that mysterious strife,
The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.

The spoils at His victorious feet
You shall rejoice to lay,
And lay yourselves as trophies meet,
In His great judgment day.

Then fear not, faint not, halt not now;
Quit you like men, be strong.
To CHRIST shall all the nations bow,
And sing the triumph song.

Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of Glory pass;
The Cross hath won the field. *Amen.*

ADDRESS—By Major, the Rev. Canon H. C. Dixon.

ANTHEM

Tertius Noble

1. Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God,
Nor hurt nor torment cometh them anigh;
O holy hope of immortality,
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

2. Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God,
To eyes of men unwise, they seem to die;
They are at peace, O fairest liberty!
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

3. On earth as children chastened by Love's rod,
As gold in furnace tried, so now on high
They shine like stars, a golden galaxy;
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

HYMN

For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest
Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress and their
might; [fight;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought
Thou in the darkness drear their one true light,
Alleluia!

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia!

O blest communion! fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong
Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of glory passes on His way.
Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from oceans farthest
coast, [host,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia! *Amen.*

Then shall be sung by the Choir:

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write. From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours.

Then shall be said, all kneeling:

THE LORD'S PRAYER (to be said by all.)

Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity; we humbly leave in Thy Fatherly keeping the souls of our comrades. Accept, O Lord, the offering of their self-sacrifice. And we beseech thee, that it may please thee, of thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of thine elect, and to hasten thy kingdom; that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith of thy holy Name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in thy eternal and everlasting glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O merciful God, the father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life; in whom whosoever believeth shall live, though he die; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in him, shall not die eternally; who also hath taught us, by his holy Apostle St. Paul, not to be sorry, as men without hope, for them that sleep in him; we meekly beseech thee, O Father, to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness; that, when we shall depart this life, we may rest in him, as our hope is our brothers do; and that, at the general Resurrection in the last day, we may be found acceptable in thy sight; and receive that blessing, which thy well-beloved Son shall then pronounce to all that love and fear thee, saying, Come, ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world; Grant this, we beseech thee, O merciful Father, through Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Redeemer. *Amen.*

Comfort, O Lord, we pray thee, all who mourn the loss of those near and dear to them, especially the families of our brothers departed. Be with them in their sorrow. Support them by thy love. Teach them to rest and lean on thee. Give them faith to look beyond the troubles of this present time, and to know that neither life nor death can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord; to whom with the Father and the Holy Spirit be all honor and glory, now and forever. *Amen.*

Grant, O Lord, thy strong support to those who, serving thee by sea or by land, have seen their comrades fall beside them and miss the faces of their friends. Sustain and encourage them; so that neither forgetful nor disheartened, they may fight on bravely, and in thine own good time win the victory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

HYMN

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide;
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs our life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. *Amen.*

THE DEAD MARCH IN "SAUL"

THE LAST POST

GOD SAVE THE KING

BENEDICTION

ORGAN POSTLUDE—March Solennelle,

Tchaikowsky