

ORDER OF SERVICE

In memory of

Lieut.-Colonel Samuel Gustavus Beckett

Officer commanding the 75th Battalion C. E. F. (Toronto's Own)
and formerly Officer commanding the 9th Mississauga Horse,
and of

MAJOR J. M. LANGSTAFF

Killed in action in France, March 1st, 1917,

and also of

MAJOR ALEX. MILN

LIEUT. BENSON WRIGHT

LIEUT. FRANCIS CARL HOWARD

of the same battalion, previously killed in action;

and of the other officers, non-commissioned officers and men
of the 75th, who have died for their country,

TO BE HELD IN

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

Bloor Street East

Sunday, March 11th, 1917

at 3 o'clock.

Under the auspices of His Worship Mayor Church, the Controllers and
Council of Toronto,
and the 9th Mississauga Horse, Lieut.-Col. John H. Moss, Commanding.

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.

Then shall be sung the Psalm following:

PSALM 46

- 1 God is our hope and strength: a very present help in trouble.
- 2 Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved: and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea.
- 3 Though the waters thereof rage and swell; and though the mountains shake at the tempest of the same.
- 4 The rivers of the flood thereof shall make glad the city of God: the holy place of the tabernacle of the most Highest.
- 5 God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed: God shall help her, and that right early.
- 6 The heathen make much ado, and the kingdoms are moved: but God hath shewed his voice, and the earth shall melt away.
- 7 The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.
- 8 O come hither, and behold the works of the Lord: what destruction he hath brought upon the earth.
- 9 He maketh wars to cease in all the world: he breaketh the bow, and snappeth the spear in sunder, and burneth the chariots in the fire.
- 10 Be still then, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, and will be exalted in the earth.
- 11 The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.

THE LESSON; I Cor. xv: 42. (The congregation seated)

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;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
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,
Seals 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,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia! Amen.

ADDRESS—By Lieut.-Col. the Ven. Archdeacon Cody.

ANTHEM—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me."—*Sullivan*.

Then shall the Minister say, all standing :

Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.

In the midst of life we are in death: of whom may we seek for succour, but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins are justly displeased?

Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O Lord and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts: direct thy merciful ears to our prayer; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee.

Then shall say :

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take to himself the souls of our dear brothers departed, therefore their bodies have been committed to the ground to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall change our corruptible body, that it may be like unto his glorious body, according to the mighty working, whereby he is able to subdue all things to himself.

THE DEAD MARCH IN "SAUL."

Then shall be sung kneeling :

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

Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of those depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from them of the flesh, are in joy and felicity; we humbly leave in Thy Fatherly keeping the souls of our comrades, O Lord, the offering of their self-sacrifice. And we beseech thee, that it may please thee, of thine goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of thine elect, and to hasten thy kingdom; that we, all those that are departed in the true faith of thy holy Name, may have our perfect consummation and 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—who is the resurrection and the life; in whom whosoever believeth shall live, though he die; and whoever liveth, and believeth in him, shall not die eternally; who also hath taught us, by his holy Apostle Paul, not to be sorry, as men without hope, for them that sleep in him; we meekly beseech thee, O, to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness; that, when we shall depart this life, we rest in him, as our hope is our brothers do; and that, at the general Resurrection in the last day, we be found acceptable in thy sight; and receive that blessing, which thy well-beloved Son shall then give to all that love and fear thee, saying, Come, ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom of God for you from the beginning of the world; Grant this, we beseech thee, O merciful Father, through Jesus, our Mediator and Redeemer. *Amen*.

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

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

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

○ Lord God Almighty, from whom all good things do come, we give Thee humble thanks for the valour and sacrifice of 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 sufferings and deaths may not be in vain. Forbid the triumph of tyranny and wrong. And give each full and complete 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.

HYMN

Abide with me; fast falls the evenide;
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 out 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.

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

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.

Then shall sing by the Choir :

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

THE LAST POST

GOD SAVE THE KING

BENEDICTION

ORGAN POSTLUDE—March Solennelle

Tchikowsky