

48th Highlanders of Canada



Dedication
of
Memorial Communion
Table

in

St. Andrew's Church, Toronto

Sunday, November 11th, 1934, 3 p.m.



LT.-COL. JOHN P. GIRVAN, D.S.O., M.C., V.D.
Commanding

Chaplain
CAPT. REV. STUART C. PARKER, D.D.

Order of Service

The Regiment and Congregation being assembled within the Church, all shall stand while the Colours are borne to the steps of the Chancel, and shall remain standing until after the singing of the first verse of the—

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

THE LESSON.

PRAYER.

HYMN: "O God, our Help in Ages Past."

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 troubles last,
And our eternal home! Amen.

All shall Remain Standing during the

DEPOSITING OF THE BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE

and

THE DEDICATION OF THE COMMUNION TABLE

THE LAMENT.

THE LAST POST.

THE REVEILLE.

HYMN: "O Valiant Hearts."

O valiant Hearts, who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through battle flame,
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the land you loved.

Proudly you gathered, rank on rank to war,
As who had heard God's message from afar,
All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave
To save mankind—yourselves you scorned to save.

Splendid you passed, the great surrender made,
Into the light that nevermore shall fade;
Deep your contentment in that blest abode,
Who wait the last clear trumpet-call of God.

ADDRESS.

HYMN: "O God of Bethel."

O God of Bethel, by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace. Amen.

THE BENEDICTION.

