



TO THE
GLORY OF GOD
AND TO THE MEMORY OF
ONE MILLION DEAD
OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE
WHO FELL IN THE GREAT WAR
1914 1918

THEY DIED
IN EVERY QUARTER
OF THE EARTH AND
ON ALL ITS SEAS
AND THEIR GRAVES ARE
MADE SURE TO THEM
BY THEIR KIN

THE MAIN HOST
LIE BURIED IN THE LANDS
OF OUR ALLIES OF THE WAR
WHO HAVE SET ASIDE
THEIR RESTING PLACES
IN HONOUR
FOR EVER



Unveiling of **M**emorial **T**ablet

TO

ONE MILLION DEAD
OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE
WHO FELL IN THE GREAT WAR
1914-1918

BY

Major General Sir J. M. Gibson, K.C.M.G.

ERECTED BY

THE OFFICERS AND EX-OFFICERS
OF

The **R**oyal **H**amilton **L**ight **I**nfantry

IN

THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION

HAMILTON

OCTOBER 2nd, 1927

Order of Service

Processional 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 troubles last,
And our eternal home! Amen.

Opening Sentences

LET us now praise famous men.

The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through His great power from the beginning.

All these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times.

And some there be which have no memorial, who are perished as though they had never been.

But their seed shall remain forever, and their glory shall not be blotted out.

Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth forevermore.

The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will shew forth their praise.

Ecclesiasticus XLIV. 1-15

The Lesson

WHAT are these which are arrayed in white robes?
and whence came they?

And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest.

And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Revelation VII. 13-17

Memorial Hymn

(By the Choir only)

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.

(Solo)

LONG years ago as earth lay dark and still,
Rose a loud cry upon a lonely hill,
While in the frailty of our human clay,
Christ, our Redeemer, passed the self-same way.

STILL stands His Cross from that dread hour to
this,
Like some bright star above the dark abyss;
Still, through the veil, the Victor's pitying eyes
Look down to bless our lesser Calvaries.

Memorial Hymn—(Continued)

(By the Congregation)

THESE were His servants, in His steps they trod
Following through death the martyr'd Son of God;
Victor He rose: victorious too shall rise.
They who have drunk His cup of sacrifice.

O RISEN Lord, O Shepherd of our Dead,
Whose Cross has brought them and Whose Staff has
led—
In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing Land
Commits her Children to Thy gracious hand.

Amen.

Major General S. C. Mewburn, C.M.G.
will speak.

Unveiling of the Tablet

BY

Major General Sir J. M. Gibson, K.C.M.G.

TO the Glory of God and in grateful and loving memory of the One Million Dead of the British Empire who fell in the Great War, 1914-1918, we unveil this tablet.

THEY died in every quarter of the earth and on all its seas, and their graves are made sure to them by their kin.

THE main host lie buried in the lands of our Allies of the War, who have set aside their resting place in honour for ever.

Dedication by the Lord Bishop of Niagara

IN the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

WE dedicate this tablet to the Glory of God, desiring that it shall stand as a perpetual Memorial of our brothers who died for the freedom of the world; and shall ever remind us of the supremacy of the eternal principles of Truth and Justice for which they gave their lives in sacrifice.

OUR Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation, But deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, For ever and ever. Amen.

Hymn

FOR all the saints who from their labour 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,
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 ocean's farthest
coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia !

—Amen.

Closing Prayers

ALMIGHTY God, we praise Thy glorious name for Thy servants, who gave their lives to defend us. Accept, O Lord, the offering of their self-sacrifice, and grant that we with them may find re-union and peace where the light of Thy countenance shines forever, and where all tears are wiped away, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O ALMIGHTY God, Who hast knit together Thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of Thy Son Christ our Lord; Grant us grace so to follow Thy blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys, which Thou hast prepared for them that unfeignedly love Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Benediction

God Save the King

IMMEDIATELY after the National Anthem *A Lament* (Flowers of the Forest) will be played by the pipes of The Princess Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders of Canada. Then will follow the *Last Post* by the buglers of The Royal Hamilton Light Infantry.

The *Silence of Remembrance* will follow the last note of the bugle.

The silence will be broken by the *Reveille*.

Organ Postlude:—*Land of Hope and Glory*.

ROBERT DUNCAN & CO.
PRINTERS

