

# Trinity Church

ST. JOHN, N. B.



## THE LAYING UP OF THE OLD COLOURS OF THE 115<sup>TH</sup> BATTALION



FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER  
MAY 1, 1921

ELEVEN O'CLOCK A.M.



# ORDER OF SERVICE.

ORGAN PRELUDE . March in E minor, . . . *Schubert*

PROCESSIONAL HYMN 566, . . . . . *Croft*

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 fame,  
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.

*The Adjutant knocks with his sword for admission, which being granted, the doors are opened by the Wardens.*

*The Adjutant will then say:*

“Reverend Sir: I have been commanded by Colonel G. S. Kinnear, commanding the 115th Battalion, to inform the authorities of this Church that he has repaired here today with the Colours of the 115th Battalion and desires admission to prefer a request that they be deposited herein.”

*The Rector will answer:*

“Sir: Inform Colonel G. S. Kinnear that every facility will be afforded him in executing his most laudable purpose.”

*The Band will then play the National Anthem in slow time, after which the procession will approach the Sanctuary in the following order:*

The Choir.  
The Corporation.  
The Officers of the Regiment.  
The Colours and the Escort.  
The Regiment.



SECOND PROCESSIONAL HYMN 357 . . . . . *Sullivan.*

O King of Kings, whose reign of old  
 Hath been from everlasting,  
 Before Whose throne their crowns of gold  
 The white-robed saints are casting;  
 While all the shining courts on high  
 With angel songs are ringing,  
 O let Thy children venture nigh,  
 Their lowly homage bringing.

Today, where'er the thrice-crossed flag  
 From tower or mast is flying,  
 By land and sea, 'neath palm or pine,  
 Unnumbered voices crying,  
 Upraise to Thee the ancient prayer,  
 In faith and love entreating,  
 "God save the King"—"God save our men,"  
 Each loyal lip repeating.

"God save the King"—from secret foe  
 In guise of friendship lurking;  
 "God save our men"—in open war,  
 Death and destruction working,  
 "God save the King"—to rule in peace,  
 Thy Holy Faith defending,  
 Thy glorious sway o'er all the earth,  
 By righteousness extending.

Lead on, O Lord, Thy people still,  
 New grace and wisdom giving,  
 To larger love and purer will,  
 And nobler heights of living,  
 And, while of all Thy love below  
 We chant the gracious story,  
 O teach them first Thy Christ to know,  
 And magnify His glory. Amen.

*The Officer in command addresses the Rector:*

"Reverend Sir: In behalf of the officers and men of the 115th Battalion, I have the honour to inform you that these are the Colours of their Battalion, and to request that they may be deposited here for safe-keeping, as a token of their gratitude to Almighty God, by Whom, alone victory is secured, for His providential care and gracious benediction granted them in the discharge of duty. In so acting they also desire to provide a memorial to the men of all ranks who served under these Colours, and to afford an inspiration for patriotic service and sacrifice to all who may worship here for all time to come."

*The Rector will answer:*

"In the faith of Jesus Christ, we accept these Colours for the Glory of God, and in memory of those who were faithful many of them even unto death, and in the sacred cause of King and Country, and in confidence of the inspiration they will afford to all who may behold them; In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

*The Colours are then handed to the Majors and by them to the Churchwardens, who hand them separately to the Rector, and by him they are borne and humbly presented and placed upon the altar, with the following prayer:*



“To the glory of Almighty God, as a token of gratitude for the Great Victory, we dedicate these flags in proud and loving memory of our fallen comrades. May God accept and bless this memorial and grant that those who look upon it may realize the constraining call of duty; the glory of loyalty, courage and self sacrifice; the joy of faithful service and the power of an endless life to which, in His mercy, may He vouchsafe to bring us all through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

*Directly after this prayer the drummers will roll the drums and the buglers sound the last post.*

“SOULS OF THE RIGHTEOUS.” . . . *Tertius Noble*

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.

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.

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.

*Then the congregation will be seated.*

THE LESSON.  
EXODUS XVII: 8-16.

THE BENEDICTUS in G. . . . . *West*

THE CREED, LORD'S PRAYER AND VERSICLES.

THE COLLECTS.

HYMN.

*(To be used at the Laying up in Churches of Colours and Standards)*

— *Boylston.*

Lord of all power and might,  
God of the quick and dead,  
Who through the tumult of the fight,  
Coverest the Soldier's head.

Back from the ranks of war,  
Where death and carnage reign'd,  
Grateful, we bring, from lands afar,  
Torn, shattered, but unstain'd,



Banners Thy servant bless'd,  
Ere the stern conflict came;  
Lord, let their fragments ever rest  
Where dwells Thy Holy Name.

With them we bring to Thee  
All that our hearts can give,  
Praise, honour, for the victory,  
Praise, honour, that we live.

If, when the tempest roar'd,  
A ready help was nigh.  
If near us the devouring sword  
Flash'd and pass'd harmless by.

These were Thy works, O King.  
Thine, Thine, the glory be,  
Hear while Thy ransom'd people sing  
Eternal praise to Thee.

Lord, as on that dark day,  
Be with Thy servants still —  
Hear, when they lift their voice to pray —  
Hear, and defend from ill.

Oh, in the trying hour  
When guilty pleasure smiles,  
Rise Thou, and break the tempter's power,  
Rise, and disperse his wiles.

So when life's march is o'er,  
From sin and danger free,  
Our souls may dwell, for evermore,  
Saviour and God, with Thee. Amen.

OFFERTORY ANTHEM, "O Give thanks unto the Lord" . *Elvey*

BENEDICTION.

RECESSIONAL HYMN 383, . . . . . *Sullivan*

Onward Christian Soldiers, marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus going on before,  
Christ, the Royal Master, leads against the foe,  
Forward into battle, see, His banners go.

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus going on before.

Like a mighty army, moves the Church of God,  
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod  
We are not divided, all one body we —  
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane  
But the Church of Jesus constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot fail.

Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng;  
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph song;  
Glory, praise, and honour unto Christ the King,  
This through countless ages men and angels sing.

Amen.