

### Gallant War Dead Honoured at Hornby Memorial Service

Gift of Hornby Young People, Un-  
veiled and Dedicated at St. Stephen's  
(Anglican) Church, Hornby, Large  
Congregation attends Special Ceremo-  
ny, Sunday, May 13th.

(By a Special Correspondent)

The century-old church of St. Stephen's, Hornby, was crowded with worshippers Sunday afternoon, May 13, for the special Memorial Service in honour of the young men, John J. Robertson and Frank Joseph Weller, members of the congregation, who made the supreme sacrifice and gave their lives in World War II.

By three o'clock almost every seat in the large edifice was filled, relatives and friends had travelled from as far as Milton and Toronto to be present; the deeply impressive service began with the singing of Kipling's recessional hymn "Last We Forget," followed by the National Anthem.

Recently the large congregation knelt and the deep diapason of men's voices blended with the higher tones of women and children in the General Confession:

"Almighty and most merciful Father, We have erred and strayed from thy ways

Bright sunlight shone through the windows upon the kneeling throng.

Came the voice of the Rector of St. Stephen's, pronouncing the Absolution. The Anglican service of Evening Prayer, with its simple ritual and beautiful phraseology, proceeded and the congregation rose for the reading of the Twenty-Third Psalm, set for the First Lesson from the Book of Wisdom — The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God — and stood to sing the Magnificat.

**MEMORIAL PLAQUE DEDICATED**  
Organ music swelling in crescendo; a volume of song, for all the Saints Who From Their Labours Rest . . . as the hymn ended, the President and officers of the Hornby Young People's Society left their seats to stand with the Rector, Rev. H. Leigh Pink, L.Th., beside the flag-draped memorial plaque on the south wall of the chancel arch. The plaque is the gift of the Hornby Young People in honour and memory of two Anglican members of their society who were killed in action

covered.  
In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I unveil and dedicate this Memorial Plaque given by the Young People of Hornby, in honour and in memory of two members of this church who made the Supreme Sacrifice and gave their lives in the war, that we might live, and the Rector. The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God. The Lord knoweth them that are His.  
The draped Union Jack fell gently to one side revealing the gleaming brass table and its wording:

#### IN LOVING MEMORY

— of —  
**PTX. FRANK JOSEPH WELLER**  
Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders  
of Canada  
Killed in action near Amberg, Oct. 5,  
1944, in his 21st year  
and of

**SER. JOHN J. ROBERTSON**  
10th Canadian Field Park Co., R.C.E.F.  
7614,  
Killed in action at Caen, Aug. 8, 1944,  
in his 24th year

Erected by the Hornby Young People's Society, April, 1946.

Like a benediction rang the words of the following hymn —

O Valiant hearts, who to your glory came  
Through dust of conflict and thro' battle flame;  
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,  
Your memory hallowed in the land you loved."

**OUR THANKS WE GIVE**

This is in every way a Thanksgiving service, said the Rector, in his memorial sermon. "We give thanks to God for all the blessed and lovely things that men like these have saved for us — and for all the things they saved us from.

Instancing the scenes of horror found when the Allied Armies entered the German concentration camps in Europe, he stressed that such scenes would have been repeated in Canada had we lost the war. "And so we owe a tremendous debt of gratitude to our fighting men who stopped these ravagers in their tracks, and won for us victory, peace, freedom. Supremely we owe thanks to those who gave their lives in the fight; for our Saviour Christ said Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Sacrifice, the Greater Love, the debt of gratitude we owe, the future hope, all were summed up, said the Rev. H.

Leigh Pink in the lines of a poem written by a member of St. Stephen's congregation, Mrs. H. Lee, entitled, "The We-Might Live."

Dear God, our humble thanks we give  
For those who died, that we might live,  
The not Thy will that men should meet  
Thy beautiful world with war's red  
— stain!

Thou didst not give but to destroy —  
Thou gav'st in love, creating joy.  
'Twas in the human heart that hate  
was born.

To satisfy men's greed earth's peace  
was torn.  
And men still have free will, which  
they may use

To work for peace or war, as they shall  
choose.  
Lord, soothe each sorrowing heart, and  
ease its pain.

And with Thy healing hand, wipe out  
war's stain.  
Let it not be in vain each honoured  
name

Is blazoned there, upon the scroll of  
fame!

Now as we reach toward the prize —  
The price of human sacrifice —  
We ask Thee, Lord, for lasting peace,  
That war for evermore shall cease.

Dear God, our humble thanks we give  
For those who died . . . that we might  
live.

In words of strong comfort to the bereaved, the Rector emphasized the plain speaking of Jesus Christ, who on the night before the Crucifixion told his followers: "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am ye may be also.

This is our perfect assurance that our loved ones who die in the Christian Faith are not lost to us at all, but only gone on before, and when we too pass over we shall be with them. And so our sorrow is lessened, our sense of loss diminished, and our hearts are glad.

#### THE CHURCH'S TEACHING

"We, the believers on earth, and they, the believers in heaven, form one great serving army. The official teaching of the Church calls it the doctrine of the Communion — or Fellowship — of the Saints. And it warms the heart to think of it, said the speaker. He spoke of the spirit of the gallant dead, passed down to us as a legacy; their spirit of indomitable courage and comradeship, of love for King and country, for the roads and farms and sunlit grasslands they called home; their spirit of righteous anger against the ruthless ravaging of little, helpless nations.

They did not talk much about these

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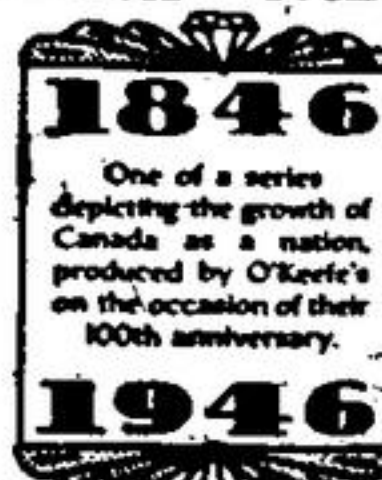
## The Empire Builders

FROM THE MOORS OF SCOTLAND, the rocky coasts of Ireland, from English cities and farms they came, their hearts filled with wonder and a great hope. With them, fleeing from the hardships and oppressions of the Old World, came the sturdy countrymen of Europe.

Canada! and the very name was magic. Canada, land of opportunity . . . where a man's two strong hands could carve out security.

Up the mighty St. Lawrence to quaintly old-world Quebec—on through the rolling fields of Ontario—to the vast fertile miles of the Prairies—to the wooded slopes of the Rockies. And wherever they made their homes new strength was added to the bonds of blood kinship . . . new solidarity to the cause of Empire. Within a few short years they had become a part of the fabric of Canada, their unbounded faith in the country of their choice justified, their dreams merged into the one dream that was to become a reality. The reality of Canada Unlimited—the Canada of today.

And the bright light of freedom and prosperity which they saw, shines today for all of us with an even greater brilliance, beckoning us to the Canada of Tomorrow . . . the Canada that will be more surely and swiftly ours if we give expression to our continuing faith by our purchase and holding of Victory Bonds.



One of a series depicting the growth of Canada as a nation, produced by Ottawa's on the occasion of their 100th anniversary.

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