

CITY OF CALGARY

THANKSGIVING SERVICES

MONDAY, OCTOBER 20th, at 11 A.M.



ARRANGED BY
THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL.

TO BE HELD IN
Paget Hall, First Baptist Church, and
Knox Church

For the public expression of gratitude to God for the
blessings of this bountiful year, Nineteen
Hundred and Thirteen

KNOX CHURCH

REV. JOHN A. CLARK, Pastor, Presiding

Civic Representative—His Worship, Mayor Sinnott.
Thanksgiving Address—Rev. Dr. Kerby, Mount Royal College
Scripture Reading—Rev. A. D. McKillop, City Mission.
Thanksgiving Prayer—Rev. S. E. Marshall, Central Methodist Church.
Soloist—Mrs. Junkin.
Anthem—The Choir of Knox Church.
Organ Solo—Frank Wrigley.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

REV. JOHN C. SYCAMORE, Pastor, Presiding

Civic Representative—Ald. W. J. Tregillus.
Thanksgiving Address—Rev. Dr. MacRae, Western Canada College.
Scripture Reading—Rev. A. C. Farrell, Wesley Methodist Church.
Thanksgiving Prayer—Rev. A. Mahaffy, St. Andrew's Church
Soloist—Miss Myrtle Mundell.
Anthems—The Choir of First Baptist Church.
Madame Ellis-Brown, L.R.A.M., Choir Director.
C. F. Nidd, Organist.

PAGET HALL

REV. W. G. JAMES, St. Stephen's Church, Presiding

Civic Representative—Ald. S. G. Freeze.
Thanksgiving Address—Dr. A. Melville Scott, Supt. of Schools
Scripture Reading and Prayer—Rev. J. L. Alexander, First Congregational Church.
Soloist—Miss Kate McKrill.
Pianist—Madame Beatrice Chapman, L.R.A.M.

HYMN No. 1

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!

All this world is God's own field
Fruit unto His praise to yield:
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of Harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

Even so, Lord, quickly come;
Bring Thy final harvest home!
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, forever purified,
In Thy garner to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home!

HYMN No. 2

We plow the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's Almighty hand:
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the
Lord,
For all His love.

He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star:
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed:
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
No gifts have we to offer,
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

HYMN No. 3

O Lord, of heaven, and earth, and
sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to
Thee
Who givest all?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love
declare;
When harvests ripen, Thou art
there,
Who givest all.

For peaceful homes, and healthful
days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and
praise,
Who givest all.

For souls redeemed, for sins for-
given,
For means of grace and hopes of
heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to
give:
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all.