

A young man of Christian principles and ideals, the training and discipline involved in Boys' Brigade and soldiering, as represented by the "Volunteers," made a strong appeal to him. Before the war he had done no inconsiderable service in training a Boys' Brigade in North Vancouver; while, after it had started, he had stories to tell of thrilling letters received from young Scottish soldiers at the front who had been boys in his Brigade Bible class or connected with his other work in the homeland.

The words in the title to this tribute were used by a business associate of Mr. Houston's when the report of his death reached Vancouver, and others who had friendly intimacy with him would unhesitatingly endorse the characterization.

The late Lieutenant Houston was by nature one of the mildest-mannered and most kindly of men, but at the same time he was a soldier of the very best type—a soldier of the soul. Recognizing the eternal principles involved in the great struggle, and feeling strongly his own fitness by training and years for service overseas, he, from the outset of the war, chafed to be free to go; and even after the tenderest of homely ties linked him to Western Canada, his ardent patriotism constrained him to suggest in deed—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more";

and in a way and under circumstances that may have seemed open to question by those who did not understand that the inspiration of his action lay in the high ideals of the man, he volunteered for service overseas.

That Lieutenant Houston was respected and valued by the management and company of standing in whose service he was an accountant goes without saying. His initial engagement with them involved a break in three years, and the writer has the best of reason to know that some time after coming to Vancouver, Mr. Houston seriously considered taking steps that would enable him to enter upon training for the Christian ministry as soon as his business obligations would permit. As it was, he was one of the youngest elders in the Presbyterian Church, and for some time he acted as Session Clerk in St. Andrew's Church, North Vancouver. He was in the early thirties. Though, like many thousands more, he has passed from this sphere of initial training and discipline in manhood's morning, it may be said of him, as of one of old:

His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might  
stand up

And say to all the world, "*This was  
a man!*"

#### FIGHT ON!

Fight to the last!  
Until the scene has shifted,  
And the black veil is lifted  
From battles overcast.

Fight on! Fight on!  
We are but just awaking,  
Already day is breaking.  
Look! Yonder shines the dawn!

—Ernest McGaffey.