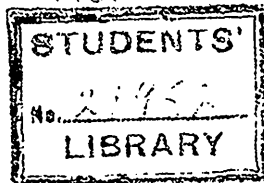


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Major J. M. Langstaff

H.I.A., H.A.S., C.A.

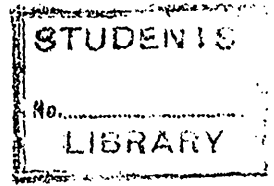
BARRISTER-AT-LAW

A Memorial



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Press of
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Toronto



THIS MEMORIAL
OF
MAJOR J. M. LANGSTAFF
IS DEDICATED
TO HIS MOTHER.



A FOREWORD

NO war in the history of mankind has called forth greater acts of self-renunciation and of patriotism, than has the present desperate conflict against the megalomania of Prussia. We in Canada have striking testimony of this fact by the number of our own brave men who have trooped to the colors. Men of brilliant capabilities with the Dominion's best prospects and gifts within their reach, have forsaken everything for the higher duty to the Empire and for the cause of personal and political liberty.

Many of these men have given their lives on the far-off fields of France, have there "laid the world away, poured out the red, sweet wine of youth, given up the years to be of work and joy" that Canadian ideals of liberty might be perpetuated.

Among these young men of brilliant mind and alluring prospects, who have made the supreme sacrifice for their country, the late Major J. M. Langstaff stands out conspicuously. He was killed in France on March 1st, 1917, during a Canadian attack against the German lines at Vimy Ridge. The news of his death brought deep sorrow to his many friends and associates who had loved and

esteemed him highly for his energy and intellectual qualities, and above all, for his Christian character and engaging personality.

Many of these felt desirous of paying some permanent testimony to his worth, and the following pages contain some of the personal tributes of those with whom Major Langstaff was most intimately associated in various walks of life.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH



A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

By M. P. LANGSTAFF, A.I.A., F.A.S.

JAMES Miles Langstaff (son of the late Dr. James Langstaff) was born on the 25th of July, 1883, at Richmond Hill, Ontario. From early boyhood he evinced those qualities of intellect, industry, and integrity which have adorned his whole life.

Although always a hard student, he was never a bookworm, but took an active part in the life around him. As a boy, he was noted for his active participation in all kinds of sports. As a young man, he was prominent in church affairs, active in political circles, busy in literary work of various kinds, and was a formidable rival on the tennis-courts.

He did not enter the public school till the age of seven, but nevertheless passed the High School Entrance Examinations at the age of nine at the head of the list for the County of York.

Throughout his Collegiate career he had pronounced success, and at the early age of sixteen matriculated at the University of Toronto, carrying off seven scholarships. These scholarships were in Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathe-

matics, and General Proficiency. At the University he stayed only one year, but in that year he carried off the scholarship in Mathematics, the department to which he had confined himself. Entering insurance and the study of actuarial science, he rapidly added the difficult degrees of the actuarial profession to his laurels. While studying for these degrees he took up, in addition, the study of accountancy, heading the list in each year and attaining also the degree of C.A.

Though now an expert in actuarial science, he felt that a broader life lay before him in the profession of law, and accordingly he readily laid aside his bright prospects in the insurance world, to launch upon a new career. His success still continued and he headed the list in the examinations each year at Osgoode Hall, graduating finally in 1912 with the Gold Medal and the Van Koughnet scholarship. He was connected with the legal firm of Rowell, Reid, Wood, & Wright during the next two years and had there been taken into partnership. The war breaking out shortly afterwards, he joined the 75th Battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. Here he was engaged in an entirely new and novel life, but his advancement in this as elsewhere was remarkable. A lieutenant—a captain—a major—he rose in rapid succession; he was mentioned in despatches, and later was recommended for the military cross; and arrangements had been completed for his further

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advancement, when his brilliant and useful life was ended by a Prussian bullet. He died at the early age of thirty-three, on the 1st March, 1917.

The details above given are merely a rapid sketch of his successes in the field of study. But his versatility was extraordinary. He met with great success in his brief business career, both in insurance and in law. During his last summer in insurance work he wrote a handbook for insurance salesmen, entitled "Life Insurance and How to Write It," which has had a large sale in Canada, the States, and England. He was a good speaker and an excellent debater. In his year at the University he was one of the four contestants who brought the University Shield to the class of '04. In his final year at Osgoode he was one of the pair who won the Intercollegiate Debate. He had a thorough acquaintance with many of the best works of literature, but often regretted that he did not have "more time for general reading." His prowess as a tennis player has already been referred to and the manner in which he threw himself into this game illustrates the thorough and efficient way in which he took up everything to which he put his hand. Often in his room at home he could be found with the book of some tennis expert on the desk before him, practising the various strokes and grips necessary to master that difficult game. That he did master it is shown by the fact that for several years he was recognized as among the first ten tennis players in

Toronto, and was a member of the first team of the Toronto Tennis Club.

On his enlistment he was first attached to the Mississauga Horse, and soon became an expert horseman. He purchased a thoroughbred hunter called Foxbar, and showed himself a master of equestrianism in his handling of this spirited animal. His regard for this horse was remarkable and no memorial to Miles himself would be complete without some mention of his favorite horse, Foxbar.

He had a keen sense of humor and although somewhat reserved by nature and the studious habits of his life, always took a leading part in any fun-making that was going on around him. While possessing great confidence in himself, he was entirely unassuming. He was seldom, if ever, heard to make any reference to his various achievements which his many friends regarded so highly. As a matter of fact, he was too busy in the efforts of the present and in plans for the future to give his past record any thought.

The sense of honor was developed in him to the highest degree, or rather, was innate with him. His last great act of self-renunciation, when he so readily threw aside his bright prospects to follow what he believed was for him the path of duty, was typical of his whole life. From the Book of books he had learned to put first things first.

SOME PERSONAL TRIBUTES

SOME PERSONAL TRIBUTES

From THOMAS REID,
Barrister-at-law, Toronto.

IN 1910 the late Major J. M. Langstaff, who had then about completed his third year as a student-at-law, came to see me with the view of changing from the office in which he was then a student to a larger one where there would be greater variety of practice and opportunity for more responsible work. I was much impressed with his evident desire to make progress in his chosen profession and I promptly arranged for him to join the staff of our office, Rowell, Reid, Wood & Wright. This he did in the month of May, 1910, and remained as a student until his graduation in May, 1912. A few months after joining our staff a very attractive offer was made to him to act as law reader for one of Toronto's prominent counsel, but after conference he decided to remain with us, as he felt that merely reading law for other counsel, no matter how prominent, would not give him the training and experience he desired. He was beyond question the most efficient student that we have ever had on our staff and was so faithful and efficient in his work that it was arranged that he should remain with the firm after graduation and in due

time become a member of it. His remarkable industry is illustrated by the fact that during the last two years of his career as a student he frequently lectured at Toronto University from 8 to 9 o'clock in the morning, attended his own lecture at the Law School from 9 to 10, attended to his office duties from 10.15 until 4.15 in the afternoon, when he again attended lectures at the Law School, and was able in the evenings, not only to prepare his lectures for the University, but also to make such progress in his own studies as enabled him to finish his career as a student as the head man of his year and with the Law Society's Gold Medal.

It was proverbial about the office that if any piece of work were entrusted to Miles Langstaff it was unnecessary to charge one's mind further about it, as it was always attended to with efficiency and despatch.

When he graduated in May, 1912, he arranged to take a trip to Europe and enjoy a thorough rest, but so conscientious was he in the performance of duty that he was busily engaged until all hours the night before leaving to catch his boat, going over examination papers in connection with his work at the University. He returned to the office in August, 1912, and immediately entered actively into the practice of his profession. He was entrusted with all kinds of work and the more responsible the work the greater pleasure he seemed to experience in the doing of it.

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He was not only a careful and accurate solicitor, but was also an able and forceful counsel. He was very painstaking and industrious in going over the details of any cases of which he had charge, seeing that all available evidence was ready for presentation at the hearing. He was extraordinarily expeditious in looking up the legal precedents to support his contentions and had unerring judgment in selecting the ruling authorities in support of the view for which he might be contending. He was so industrious, capable, and forceful that one never felt the necessity of superintending any work he had in hand, as nothing was neglected, and the more freedom he was allowed the greater seemed to be the effort put forth in the accomplishment of the task in hand. If his life had been spared, there is not the slightest doubt that at a comparatively early age he would have attained a position of very high eminence among the members of the Ontario Bar.

We found him above all to be a young man of the very highest integrity, whose conduct and bearing in the office, as elsewhere, were always above reproach. His goodness was not, however, of the austere type, as no one had a keener sense of humor, and so he had not only the respect but affection of all in daily association with him.

All his office associates were sorry when at the call of duty he went overseas, and now that he will not return we know that "We shall not soon look upon his like again."

From T. BRADSHAW, F.I.A.,

Commissioner of Finance and City Treasurer, Toronto.

JAMES Miles Langstaff died at the age of 33 on the battlefield of France.

When Major Langstaff left for England I had a conviction that he would not return; not that he was reckless or would expose himself unnecessarily, but I knew that the thoroughness which had characterized his whole business career would be applied to his military duties, and would carry him into unusual danger.

It was his brilliant matriculation record that first attracted my attention, in the year 1900, when he was a young fellow sixteen years of age. It was this that led me to suggest that he associate himself with the Imperial Life Assurance Company of Canada, for the purpose of specializing in actuarial work.

While he was with the Imperial Life his routine work took his time so completely during the day that only the evenings were left to his actuarial studies. These studies proved to be unusually successful. The reason was apparent to all who knew him. He had worked conscientiously at high school and in the one year he attended University, and had a good grounding. He applied himself with system and energy to his work, and he had a more than ordinary mental capacity.

He took the first examination of the Institute of Actuaries of Great Britain in 1902. The other

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three examinations followed in due course, and he became a Fellow of that body in 1909. During the same period he also took the four examinations of the Actuarial Society of America, becoming a Fellow of that Society in 1908. In addition, recognizing that Accountancy would add to his equipment, he commenced its study, and after successfully passing the examinations of the Ontario Institute of Chartered Accountants, he became a Fellow in 1909. In each of these difficult examinations he took an unusually high rank. Thus, in 1909, at the age of twenty-six, he qualified as a Fellow of the Institute of Actuaries of Great Britain, Fellow of the Actuarial Society of America, and Fellow of the Ontario Institute of Chartered Accountants—a record that has no equal, so far as my knowledge extends, on this continent.

And during all this time he was engaged in his official duties, and those who came in contact with him testify that he performed them not only with consummate skill and ability, but with rapidity, thoroughness, and exactness.

He had all the necessary qualifications to command success in actuarial work, and, had he made that his life work, I have no doubt that he would have ranked as one of its greatest authorities. Langstaff, however, became convinced that the profession of law would offer a broader field for his activities, and a greater opportunity for public service, and with sincere regret, the "Imperial" had to part with its brilliant assistant.

He had the courage to begin the study of law at the bottom, which few, under the circumstances, would have done. He counted the cost, and concluded that it was worth while. He put the same energy, perseverance, and enthusiasm into the study of his new profession, with the result that he was the Gold Medallist in his final year.

He had been practising law but a short time when war broke out, but he had already given remarkable promise of a high position in that profession. He took an increasing interest in public matters, and there is little doubt that he would have served his country well in a position of public trust and responsibility.

With all his remarkable endowment and accomplishments, he was unusually modest and friendly. He had a clear vision of those things which counted for most in life. He had a most kindly spirit. His constant interest in the welfare of others evidenced his willingness to sacrifice for those who needed his assistance. His enlistment early in the war illustrated the nobility of his character. He desired to take his full part in the righteous cause for which so many of our finest lives have been, and are still being, sacrificed.

Canada could ill spare a life like his. Another may possibly be found with equal ability, but the magnificent and unselfish impulse from which his life and actions sprang was an asset to his fellow-citizens which can never be replaced.

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From FRANK YEIGH, Toronto.

SO my friend, my good friend, my true friend, has slipped away into another country, just as the doors of his own were opening wide to him.

One envies the other country the possession of this white-souled, pure-hearted son of Canada; one is almost tempted to resent our loss and to charge it up as one of the long list of crimes against the Hun Power that created the loss.

But he would be the first to protest against any note of hate, as Edith Cavell had no word of censure for her judges when she faced the shooting squad. He was willing and ready to serve and fight, and die, if dying were to be the end.

My friend is the type of the Arthur Hallam friend that inspired a Tennyson to a noble tribute in noble verse; a type of friend, and man, who is not unworthy to be described as a twentieth-century knight of the Round Table, a Galahad, in truth, whose strength was the strength of ten because his heart was pure.

I knew Miles Langstaff in many relationships, but chiefly, in the days of his youth and early manhood, in Bloor Street Presbyterian Church and as a member of its Young Men's Bible Class. He was one of a group who graduated from Miss Mitchell's class. The moulding, fashioning work of a Sunday school teacher was never so manifest during the plastic years of a boy's life.

From the start he was a star member of the Bible Class, during which he gave a promise that later became fulfilment. He was the type of scholar who stimulates his teacher and who sets a human, normal, workable, religious example to his companions. His alert mentality was ever in evidence, as was his quiet love of fun and his participation in any Class activity of a social or recreative nature. He was naturally keen in debate and therefore revelled in a mock parliament. How gallantly he led his party, as the leader of the Opposition, to the overthrow of the Government on the momentous question as to whether young ladies should be admitted to a men's Bible Class; how he enjoyed a tramp with the boys or a social evening at the annual "banquet," as the modest suppers were called. He ever and always played the game with an intensity of interest and purpose that, in the closing year of his all too brief life, exhibited itself in his military career.

Behind, above, and through all these passing phases of life there ran the note of deep religious conviction, and there shone the high character and lofty ideals that were bound to find expression in service. It was natural and inevitable that he became a Sunday school teacher. Happy and lucky the group of older boys that had Miles for their adult leader. The coming years are sure to reveal rich dividends from this investment of a part of his life and personality.

And who can estimate the value of such a man,

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not alone to his own Church, but to the Church at large. Rich was Bloor Street Church in having this type of member, as his city was rich in his citizenship, and his country too.

So my friend, our friend, has gone on ahead. Good-bye for a time, dear Miles. We never knew we loved or honored or admired you so much; now that you have moved on, we have not begun to estimate our loss.

From SIR ROBERT FALCONER, K.C.M.G.,
President, University of Toronto.

BY the death of Major Miles Langstaff the Dominion of Canada has lost the service of a most promising son. Indeed, this war has taken from us so many of our best that for the next generation we shall as a people suffer more severely than at present we can realize; but there is in compensation the admiration that those who are left will feel for the worth of those who died for us, and the renewed sacrifices which we believe their example will have awakened for the maintenance of a higher type of citizenship and a more intelligent and devoted service of the public.

The University has been sorely distressed by the death of Major Langstaff because he had been on our staff for a number of years, and, as in all his other departments of work, he had displayed great talent and scrupulous fidelity to his under-

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taking, and had earned much success in his classes. His subject—Accounting—is a difficult one to make interesting, but he showed marked ability in grasping it and in interpreting it to his students. Many a graduate from the Faculty of Applied Science and from the department of Commerce and Finance in the Arts course will be thankful to Major Langstaff for the insight which he received from so thorough a teacher.

He was a man of varied abilities, and as a soldier he showed some of the same characteristics as he displayed in the University. Who can measure the accomplishment of this man who laid such a richly endowed life upon the altar of humanity?

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From A. P. COLEMAN, Ph.D., F.R.S.,
Professor of Geology,
University of Toronto.

DEAR Mrs. Langstaff:—The passing of your son on the field of honor in France while fighting for the freedom of the world has meant for my sister and myself the loss of a valued friend, of one whose ripe judgment, clear vision, and high attainments promised much of service for Canada in years to come. He left us to go to the battlefield of Europe not out of a spirit of adventure but with the calm reflective courage of the mature man who sees a duty and performs it without flinching after preparing himself in every possible way to do his work well. His letters from the front, which you have privileged us to read, showed a keen insight into men and things, a sound grasp of his duties as an officer, a fatherly care for the soldiers under him, and a very notable literary gift. Toronto and Canada have lost in him a man who had already attained much and who promised great things for the future; but his life was offered in the service of mankind and the memory of his sacrifice will live in the hearts of his countrymen.

From N. W. HOYLES, B.A., K.C., LL.D.,
Principal of the Law School,
Osgoode Hall, Toronto.

I AM grateful for the privilege of writing a few words of personal appreciation of the late Major Langstaff. In my report to the Benchers of the Law Society of Upper Canada for the term of 1916-7 I referred to him as "one of the most distinguished of those of our graduates who have recently made the supreme sacrifice; distinguished not only for his professional abilities, which promised him in all human probability a very successful career at the Bar, but also for his military services to his King and Country."

I had watched him during his student days at the Law School and was struck by his quiet and persistent industry. In the final examination he passed very brilliantly, and was awarded by the Law Society their gold medal and the Van Koughnet Scholarship; the highest rewards open to the student on completing his course.

He then settled down to the practice of his profession, no doubt expecting for himself, what all who knew him predicted, a most successful future.

But who could forecast his life and see in the studious lawyer the daring and brilliant soldier?

The touching sonnet written by him when overseas and found after his death among his

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papers revealed, however, a side of his nature unsuspected by most of those who came into contact with him in his student days.

He speaks there of the "secret joy" with which he lived the soldier's life, with its perils and discomforts. This life he took up quietly and courageously at the call of duty, as so many of our bravest and best have done, and in the "path of duty" he found "the way to glory."

Then came another call, to higher service, we may well believe, than any earthly one, and his life here ended.

Well says the Greek poet of such: "In sacred sleep they rest; say not of brave men that they die."

In the words of our own great poet:

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair.
And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

From F. H. KIRKPATRICK, Ph.D.,
Principal, Toronto School of Expression.

IT was my privilege to have enjoyed the friendship of Major J. Miles Langstaff. I shall always treasure the memory of that friendship. The news of his sad and untimely death brought to me the sense of a deep personal loss. He was a staunch and sympathetic friend.

I appreciated his unusually brilliant intellectual gifts very much, but I admired still more his virile personality, his robust conscience, his sense of truth and right and his devotion to principle. He was very practical and an indefatigable worker but he realized keenly also a wider and more abundant life than that of necessity. Consequently, in addition to his professional work, he was an assiduous student of that which produces culture and refinement. This is revealed in his poetry of unusual merit. Also I well remember with what surprise—for he never spoke of his own achievements—I learned of his success in athletics. He attempted everything and with success. To his moral robustness, his intellectual brilliancy, and physical vigor, he added those lovely by-products of a Christian character, thoughtfulness, sympathy, courtesy, and modesty. Surely here was a life worthy of emulation, a life “without fear and without reproach.”

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From E. W. HAGARTY, M.A.,
Principal and late Classical Master,
Harbord Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

THE late Major J. Miles Langstaff was one of the most brilliant boys who have ever passed through the Harbord Collegiate Institute. In 1899 he matriculated with first place in first class honors in Classics, Mathematics, Moderns, Classics and Mathematics, Mathematics and Moderns, Classics and Moderns, and Second Edward Blake Scholarship in General Proficiency. Although first in every department and combination of departments he attempted, he failed to secure the Prince of Wales, or First General Proficiency Scholarship, only because he lacked one branch of Science, which was taken by his successful competitor and classmate, Saul Dushman, who though second to him in everything else, forged ahead by the one subject. With his subsequent brilliant career as an actuary and lecturer in the University of Toronto, I leave others to deal.

From JOHN A. PATERSON, K.C.

At last the sad news is confirmed and your noble son has fallen in battle for conscience and country and Christ. Miles was a young man who had before him a brilliant career and who had not only mental gifts of a high order, but held firmly

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great assets in the moral and spiritual kingdom. The world and the Church are poorer for his loss, but richer for his life—short as it was.

From A. G. F. LAWRENCE, Barrister-at-Law.

I had a great admiration for Miles—his wonderful energy and efficiency in overcoming all difficulties when equipping himself for life's struggle and the wonderful success that crowned his efforts.

From THOS. CHURCH, Mayor, City of Toronto.

Major Langstaff was admired by all who knew him, and was a young man of great ability and a splendid soldier. He was Col. Beckett's right-hand man.

From REV. GEORGE P. BRYCE, B.A.,
Madura, India.

I wonder if I had shown, while with him and you, how much of hero-worship there has always been in my feeling towards Miles. It always seemed right that he should come out at the top of the lists. His capacity for clever work was at all times enough to shame and inspire the rest of us. But above all he was ever absolutely clean, and manly, and straight.



From VICTOR W. ODLUM,
Brigadier-General, 11th Canadian Infantry.

HE had a natural gift for organization, and he was such a manly fellow that men naturally responded to his leadership. In addition, his mind was analytical and inquiring, and consequently he quickly mastered tactical problems. Hence his success as a soldier, for he was successful. The proof lies in the fact that, where thousands were engaged, he was noticed as an outstanding man. He would have gone far had he lived. Short as was his time in the field he was already marked as one fit to command; and, as Lt.-Col. Beckett well understood, Major Langstaff had been selected to take a battalion of his own at the first opportunity.

I well remember the first raid carried out by the 75th Battalion in the Ypres salient. The officer in direct command took sick just before the operation, and Major Langstaff assumed his duties almost at the last moment. I admired the way he jumped into the gap—the willing, cheery spirit he showed. The impression made on me then never passed away.

He met his death under similar circumstances. Another raid, on a very large scale, with two brigades operating, was being attempted under cover of gas. The gas proved ineffective, and warning of some sort had reached the enemy. As a result the attacking battalions suffered heavily.

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It was in an endeavor to drive the fight through to a success that both Col. Beckett and Major Langstaff were killed.

I missed him sorely then and I have missed him ever since. His influence in the brigade was good. I frequently talked with Col. Beckett about Major Langstaff, and I know that a very deep affection existed between the two men.

It is one of the consolations of the war that men over here have learned to throw aside much of their reserve and to be outspokenly frank in their appreciation of each other. Many an officer and many a man have told me in simple language that they loved Major Langstaff. And I understood them.

I am one of those who believe that a true soldier should not be "struck off the strength" with death. Major Langstaff is not off our strength. His memory is a very real source of strength, particularly to the 75th Battalion. The traditions which it will cherish in the future will, in part at least, cluster round his memory.

Your loss has been great; and I offer my sincerest sympathies. But our loss, too, has been great. And so we have at least one very strong common bond.

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From CAPTAIN (REV.) W. L. BAYNES REED,
Chaplain, 75th Battalion.

HE was in charge of the raid and opposition was not anticipated at all. But the enemy was there in force and the raiders had a very warm reception. Miles' death must have been instantaneous, as he was shot right through the head. Col. Beckett, seeing there was trouble, went out to help and was killed also instantly.

The bodies of the two officers were brought out and placed in coffins which our pioneers made and were laid to rest in the Military Cemetery at Villers-au-Bois Station, the most beautiful military cemetery in France. Fifteen of the men whose bodies had been recovered were laid to rest at the same time. Thursday morning early, March 1st, was the date of the action, and on Sunday afternoon the funeral took place. The Battalion was there and many staff officers. The band played Chopin's Funeral March while the bodies were borne from the mortuary vault to the graves. Side by side they lie in this great military cemetery—Col. Beckett, then Miles, then fifteen of the men side by side. The respect in which Miles was held was unique, and I know few men who hold so high a place. The fact that he, a novice at military things, was destined to command the battalion speaks for itself of the wonderful way with which he had grasped the situation and the needs, and had applied himself.

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And now what can I say to comfort you. The very fact that he was there in obedience to the call of duty and made the supreme sacrifice while doing that duty for King and Country in their great need speaks for itself.

Like the Master whom he really and humbly tried to serve, it needed this last sacrifice to perfect his character.

From CAPTAIN R. A. DONALD.

I have sorrowful news for you. Miles is dead and buried alongside his Colonel and others, just on the battlefield, as he would have liked to be, had it to be that way. A noble man, fearless and true, friendly to all, and yet inexorably just in all his ways, no finer man went out to fight than he, and a great man went down when he fell. I did so admire him, and so supreme was he in his way and station, that we all respected his opinions, scruples, and judgments.

From

MILES MENANDER DAWSON, F.A.S., F.I.A.,
Consulting Actuary, New York.

(Extract from article in "Economic World, New York," July 21, 1917).

Mr. Langstaff, when cut down the other day at the front in France, was in the first flush of young manhood, scarcely thirty years of age. For a decade, he had given proof after proof of the stuff that was in him and earnest after earnest

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of the things he would be able to do for mankind. At an early age, he passed the final examinations, with honors second to none in the history of either body, in the American Society, and in the British Institute of Actuaries. Not content with this, he took, with equal credit, the examinations for license as Chartered Accountant; and, seeking yet broader fields, he gave years to preparation for the Bar, at Osgoode Hall, which admitted him to practice as a barrister—again with special honor.

When the war broke out, he was one of the most promising—and, indeed, successful—members of the Canadian Bar, peer of leaders of his profession in the Dominion. It is certain that great honors awaited him also in statecraft, open to few men at any period in his country's history.

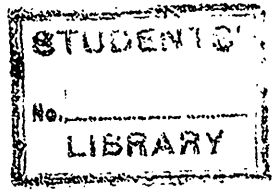
Langstaff had thus made himself ready to do great work. By what he had already done, he had shown that he was equal to whatever might be required of him. He looked forward to many years of service, at the close of which there could be said of him, that his life has been well spent and had counted much for his fellowmen.

From ARTHUR HUNTER, F.A.S.,
President, Actuarial Society of America,
New York.

I have just received word from a Canadian friend that your son has been killed in France. As you are aware, he passed the examinations of

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the Actuarial Society and then resigned to take up law. We have, however, kept track of him and have watched his brilliant career with a great deal of interest. I have been brought in touch with many of the young Canadians, but have never met one who had a finer mind or who had a more promising future. I desire to express my sincere sympathy in your bereavement, while at the same time congratulating you on having a son who was not only able, but proved himself a true patriot.



MEMORIAL SERVICE

MEMORIAL SERVICE

Bloor Street Presbyterian Church, Toronto.

March 18, 1917.

From the address of

MR. THOMAS FINDLEY,
Superintendent of Bloor St.
Presbyterian Sunday School,
Toronto.

Major Langstaff is one who has passed from us very recently, and one whose death I am sure will be taken, throughout the city and throughout the country, as a national calamity. Major Langstaff came up through the different departments of this church. His church connection was one of the kind I am sure every one of us would wish for ourselves. At 15 he became a member of the church. Shortly after he became President of Mr. Yeigh's Bible Class. We know that is a mark of real distinction, an honor looked forward to by every young man in our church. At 20 he was a teacher in the school. Later on he took his part in the work of the young people, and in all departments of the church's work he was one to be counted on, one whose influence will be felt for many years to come, especially by the boys and young men of this congregation.

MAJOR J. M. LANGSTAFF, F.I.A., F.A.S., C.A.

As to his work outside of the church, as to his ability, his brilliant mind, I will leave others to speak. I just wish to say this, that we sometimes find people of the character of Major Langstaff, we sometimes find people with the brilliance of mind of Major Langstaff, but it is very hard to find these two things combined, and when you have them you have a man in a thousand. I do not think it would be an exaggeration to say that he was one in a hundred thousand—a man who, had he lived, would surely have taken a very high place in the affairs of this Dominion.

From REV. W. G. WALLACE, D.D.,

Pastor of Bloor Street Presbyterian Church,
Toronto.

In the death of Major J. Miles Langstaff, Bloor Street Church has lost one of its most efficient workers and Canada one of its most promising sons. As a lad he fixed his eye on high Christian ideals and in the pursuit of these he never wavered. As a student in the Collegiate Institute and in the University, in his actuarial course and in qualifying for the legal profession, he invariably acquired a first place and won signal honors. He had unusual intellectual powers and rare application, and these were always under the control of a high moral purpose. With all the energy of his sensitive and finely balanced nature he gave himself always to the things that are best and

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noblest in human life. This was why, when war broke out, he offered himself at once, in any place where he could be used, for King and Country; he believed in freedom and in righteousness with his whole soul, and was ready to give his life, if need be, that they might be established in the earth. Suddenly his brilliant career on earth has been ended, but he has not ceased to be; still in the undimmed presence of the Saviour, whom he loved, he lives on in an even larger and nobler service.

I think of him to-day more especially as the young man who made right moral choices. He might have shirked his duty, but instead he followed where duty led. He always turned from the easy path, and chose the way of toil and sacrifice. Amid the things of the world he never failed to grasp those that are true and permanent; thus, he developed in himself an earnest and sturdy character and wielded an influence upon his fellows far beyond his years. And all this was because in early youth he gave himself to Jesus Christ. It was in the first days of this century, 17 years ago, that I had the great joy of welcoming Mr. Langstaff into the full communion of the church on profession of his faith in Christ. He told me that he was taking this step in loyal obedience to what he believed was the request, the command of the Lord Jesus. I do not need to say to the boys and girls of the school, that that commitment of himself to his Saviour was one of

the greatest acts of his life; and the spirit of loyalty that marked him that day and ever afterwards, is one of the choicest gifts we can ask for ourselves.

From the address of

**MR. DAVID H. GIBSON,
Toronto.**

Thinking of Major Langstaff and his brilliant achievements in our halls of learning, I am reminded of those lines which Mr. Rankin wrote in memory of Bland Pryor, that phenomenal scholar of Princeton University. To me, it might well have been written for our friend.

“Fearless and honored and beloved he stood
First of a century on a college roll
In various learning and in liberal arts
While in just judgment of remembering hearts
Of all that knew him, first was he in soul.
Fair also unto God, who from the deep
Took him on High, there to uplift our view.
Look, but his glory now, transcending sight,
Is hidden from our gaze till we can bear its light.”

God entrusted these men with rare gifts. Their very intellectual attainments seemed to enable them to discern more clearly. Their high spiritual natures were moved to a deep passion towards the wrong they saw and felt. Because of the greatness of their minds and soul, and compassion, their eyes saw the world, its peoples, and their needs.

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The service that means sacrifice, if we only knew it, is the divinest thing in the world. Our friends whom we remember in this hour of service saw life in this way. May their example persuade us to it.

From the address of

Hon. N. W. ROWELL, K.C., M.P.,

The qualities of Major Langstaff that most impress me, were his keenness of intellect, his untiring energy, his high sense of honor, and his strong sense of duty. His enormous capacity for work was one thing that could not but impress anyone who was at all associated with Major Langstaff. During the period he was in our office as a student he displayed such ability and indicated such energy and industry in the practice of his profession that when he was called to the Bar in 1912 we asked him to stay with us in order that he might later *enter our firm*.

The ability he displayed as a student was even more marked in the practice of his profession. His close and *intimate knowledge of accountancy and of commercial law*, coupled with his great natural ability, and his untiring industry, insured for him a *commanding place in his profession*. Even these things did not absorb all his time and all his energy, and with all this work for him to do he still took a deep interest in the duties and

obligations which we all have as citizens. He recognized the fact that every young man should render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, as well as unto God the things that are God's, and he took a deep interest in public affairs. He was one of the organizers of a club, The Canada Forward Club, for the study of political questions on progressive lines. He took a keen interest in politics, and he had a natural aptitude for public affairs. I recall the deep and unswerving interest he took in the issues at stake in 1914, and he thought there were important issues at stake. I have no doubt myself that if his life had been spared he would have found his way into public life. His capacity for public service and his strong sense of duty would have called him into public lines, and there is nothing more needed in Canada to-day than that just such type of men should enter the public life of our country and give to Canada, which so greatly needs the leadership and help, the best of the intellect and soul which Canada can produce.

It was under these conditions that, after seven years' training in accountancy and insurance, which gave him a mastery of those important departments of business and commercial life, after eight years in law, just when he was fitted to launch out in a career of great usefulness, with every prospect of holding a high and commanding position in this country (for his natural ability, strengthened and developed by study and work,

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justly qualified him, justly entitled him to look forward to any position which his country might give to one of her sons) it was under these conditions that he heard the call of duty—the call of his country. He thought of his home, of his honored mother and how much she depended on him as really the head of the family for years; he thought of his profession; he thought of the career that was opening before him, but as he said to my partner, he had no young children depending on him, and when the call came it was his duty to respond.

He entered his military career with the same zeal and enthusiasm that he had studied accountancy and had studied law. First entering the Mississauga Horse, taking his examinations, passing them all with great credit to himself, he became a lieutenant in the Mississauga Horse. When the 75th Battalion was formed, he accepted a lieutenant's commission. It was not long until his ability was recognized and he was appointed adjutant with the Battalion. He received his commission shortly before he left Canada. I had the pleasure of seeing and spending the day with him at Bramshott just before his regiment went over to France. I shall never forget the day I spent in his company, as he took me around to see the various units that made up the 4th Division, which was in a few days to leave for France.

Owing to the pressure for reinforcements for battalions already in action, the 4th Division had

to be drawn upon several times, and in order to supply these reinforcements the splendid 75th Battalion, "Toronto's Own," which Colonel Beckett, Major Langstaff, and the other officers had trained into one of the finest fighting units Canada has sent overseas, had lost nearly all their men that they had trained. They had to reconstruct their battalion, had to train it over again and get it in shape before they went over to France, and you know the amount of work that would involve on the commanding officer and on the adjutant, who, as you know, is the administrative officer of the battalion under the colonel. I had the pleasure of meeting a number of other friends there, and I had luncheon with the battalion. Major Donald and a number of others were present with the battalion at that time. They went over to France, they had their baptism of fire at Ypres.

It is a matter of passing interest that the 4th Division was not at this time with our other Canadian divisions. The first, second, and third constituted the Canadian corps. They went down to the Somme at the time the 4th Division went to Ypres, the 4th Division forming one of the British corps at the time of their baptism. They went down to the Somme and in the later days of October and in the earlier days of November, by their courage and heroism in that terrible conflict, they added new lustre, new glory, and honor to the name of Canada and Canadians among the

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fighting forces. It was in connection with the splendid service which Major Langstaff had rendered to his battalion that he was mentioned in despatches. I do not know whether there was any special deed which called for his mention; I rather think that he was mentioned in the despatches because of the thorough-going efficiency with which, during the whole period of the engagement, he discharged the important duties of his office.

Let me say in passing, and it is just an illustration of his phenomenal capacity for work, that notwithstanding all the demands upon his time in connection with his duties, while in England he prepared a book on training which I understand has been printed and is in use.

Following the engagement on the Somme, when the Canadian corps moved north at a later date, the 4th Division moved north too. Some short distance north of the Somme an important trench raid was planned, and as you are aware, trench warfare is a method of warfare which the Canadians have discovered, and which they have used with great success upon the Germans; this was a trench raid, which developed into an engagement of some importance in which a whole brigade was involved. Apparently some word of the anticipated attack had reached the German lines, so that our gallant troops, having pushed past the first German line of trenches and on approaching the second were subject to such severe machine

gun and rifle fire that many of the officers and men fell in the engagement. No doubt Colonel Beckett and Major Langstaff both fell when gallantly leading their men on 1st March last.

And to-day we are here to pay a tribute to his memory, and to the memory of the other gallant officers and men to whom Mr. Findley has so fittingly referred to-day. And as we think of these young lives, so suddenly terminated, the thought arises in our hearts, as it did in the disciples of olden time, "Why this waste? Why should those brilliant young lives be cut short at so early a period?" And I cannot but think, and a friend reminded me of the fact, that our Saviour and Lord closed His earthly career at 33 years of age, just the age at which Major Langstaff passed away. Life is not measured by its length of days, but by its high purposes, its noble ambitions, its unselfish service, its spirit of sacrifice; measured by the inspiration it gives to other lives to live more heroically, to live more true, and if we measure the life of Major Langstaff and the lives of other gallant men who have fallen by his side, how nobly and worthily he has lived, and how nobly and how worthily he has died.

Why the sacrifice he made? Prussian militarism, cruel, brutal, remorseless, denying the spirit of the life and teachings of the Prince of Peace, and proclaiming the doctrine that might means right, determined to impose its will and its rule upon our humanity, to deprive us of

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the liberties we enjoy, of the privileges of free government which have been won for us by years of struggle, to turn back the clock of human progress by centuries, and the call went forth, "Who would stand for home and for liberty and for humanity?" Major Langstaff and other gallant men who have fallen, heard that call, and on the sacred soil of France, consecrated by the blood of those who have died for home and liberty and humanity, he poured out his life's blood, that liberty might be preserved. A thousand times better to die that death than to live a thousand years and not have a heart that would respond to the call of duty in the hour of need! A greater honor and a nobler privilege to be the mother of a man like Major Langstaff than to have a score of sons who, in this hour of peril and need, would not hear the call of country and of duty. "He that saveth his life shall lose it." There are some of our Canadian sons, they say, who to be away from the call of country and duty have moved across the line. They, in saving their life have lost it, lost all that is best and truest and most noble. And there are others who in losing their life have found it. Like these gallant men, they have lost their life, but they have found it in a nobler and more glorious experience in the life beyond, and in their death they glorified Canada.

Lives like these, courage and sacrifice like this, makes us prouder of our humanity, and to-day we feel we share in the nobility which they have

won for our humanity. Mr. Findley has fittingly said, let their life and death be a call to us to a new dedication to the cause for which they have died, not a dedication in words but a dedication in deeds. A dedication that means to each of us, in so far as it lies in our power, a sacrifice in some measure commensurate with theirs. And let me say this afternoon, and I am sure I voice your sentiments, that our deepest, our most heartfelt sympathy goes out to Major Langstaff's mother, to the mothers of the other gallant boys who have died, and whose memories we commemorate to-day; the mothers, in giving their sons, have made the supreme sacrifice. And the mothers by their sacrifice have glorified Canada. And let our dedication mean this: that so far as in us lies the power, these gallant men shall not have died in vain, that we will see that their places in the fighting ranks are taken by other Canadian young men, the honor they have won and the cause they have so valiantly served shall be perpetuated in the life and in the service of those who follow after them. I recall, and I recall in closing, the life of a brilliant young son of the Old Land, Rupert Brook, one of the most promising of the younger poets of our time, who himself gave his life in this same cause. Shortly before he died he wrote this poem called "The Dead," and I close with this extract:

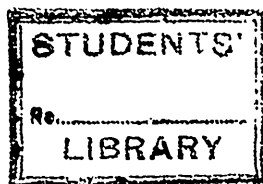
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“These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhopéd serene
That men call age; and those who would
have been,

Their sons, they gave, their immortality.
Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our
dearth,

Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honor has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.”

May God grant that we may prove worthy of
the noble heritage these gallant men have won
for us.



EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF MAJOR
J. M. LANGSTAFF

Bramshott Camp, April 13, 1916.

A Weird Night Scene

“Have been too busy since last entry to make a single scratch of the pen. After writing the above I remember I went out on deck for a short time to see what was going on. Weirdest kind of scene I ever saw but very beautiful. The vessel was heading N.E., as I calculated by the North Star, and I therefore knew for certain for the first time what port we were heading for. The sea was as calm as a river, with a wide track of bright moonlight extending right athwart our course and the vessel was going to beat the band. She was evidently putting every ounce of steam into the last night’s run, for one could feel the decks vibrating and the rigging was humming like a harp. The whole business—the quietness of the sea, the absolute silence except for the droning hum of the rigging (for all noise on the ship was strictly forbidden), the men of the watch and the machine gun crews moving slowly about with their eyes and ears on the qui vive, the little black destroyers darting here and there in the moon-

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light, now on the starboard, now on the port, now across our bows and now astern—the whole business was thrilling as anything I ever saw. I would like to have stayed up on deck all night to watch (as the torpedo boats had been throwing up colored flames occasionally and I wanted to see them do it) but I was dead tired, so decided to go inside and sleep, which I did till my alarm clock awoke me at 5 o'clock. I went outside then and saw the sun rise (beautiful that morning). The ship was evidently past the danger zone as she had slowed down considerably and everything, including the torpedo boats, was merely loafing along."

Kew Gardens, May, 1916.

"It was such an enjoyable afternoon that I decided to go out again to-day, and after church and lunch took underground out to Shepherds Bush, and from there 'bus to Kew Bridge. The Kew Gardens are simply lovely, lovely, lovely. I never saw such a profusion of flowers anywhere in my life. All the spring flowers, wild and tame, are out now and the whole immense Park was redolent with perfume, magnolias, peonies, honeysuckle, lilacs, tulips, violets, daisies and dozens of other varieties that I couldn't classify. The magnolias are beautiful but the most wonderful of all are the rhododendra—hundreds (sic) of trees some of them 20 feet high, covered on every twig with huge blossoms as big as my two fists,

and every color—pink, white, rose, and all kinds of intermediate shades. I wish you could have seen those bushes—great masses of brilliant color, standing out against the dark background of the trees behind. Then there were a great many large bushes of a bright yellow flower, very fragrant, “barberry,” I think the label said. The fruit trees were all in full blossom too, so were the lilacs and horse-chestnuts—you can imagine what the fragrance was like. And birds! I’ve never heard so many birds singing in my life. The trees were lovely, leaves not quite expanded yet and showing every imaginable shade of green. It had been raining a little nearly every day and the turf was just like a carpet of green velvet, with daisies and violets springing up everywhere. But the most wonderful sight of all was a long glade in the forest, probably 200 yards long by 50 yards wide, simply covered with blue-bells. There are literally millions of them. I never saw any scene in my life so beautiful as the expanse of blue stretching away into the forest in the dim light underneath the immense canopy of leaves.

I stayed about an hour and a half in Kew and then took the foot-path along the right bank of the Thames to Richmond. It’s a beautiful walk from two to three miles, with the river close beneath you on your right side all the way, and on the left side Kew Gardens and the Deer Park just separated from the path by a shallow moat. I didn’t know what to watch most of the time—

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whether to keep my eyes to the left where you got wonderful vistas every moment of the glades and avenues in the Park, or to watch the river or the foot-path, which is overhung with trees all the way and well worth the walk by itself. When I got to Richmond, I took the 'bus to Teddington, then came down through Bush Park to Hampton Court as I did yesterday, then by tram to Richmond Park again, but struck off in a different direction through the park (glorious walk through the forest), and after leaving the Park headed across country over Wimbledon Common (lovely, lovely foot-paths) to Wimbledon and thence to London."

September 9, 1916.

A Brave Action

"Our fellows pulled off a wonderful thing the day following in the shape of an attempt to get *their bodies. There was some doubt as to whether the Germans had got them or whether they were lying in a shell hole near the German parapet. Five of our fellows, under cover of a tremendous artillery barrage, marched calmly out to the German parapet 200 yards away, in spite of bullets and shells, searched the whole ground thoroughly, picked up Howard's revolver and cap, and came back safely, though without having seen anything of them. At any rate, it removed all doubt as to

*Lieutenants Haley Howard, Harry Devlin.

their having been left wounded in No Man's Land. The brigadier, who was in our trenches at the time, said it was the finest thing he had seen in the whole war and has recommended all five men for decorations. It's marvellous that they came through without being touched. There are more dramatic situations in a week of life here than in ten years of ordinary living. One gets to understand the fascination soldiering has for some men.

You would laugh at some of the letters the men write. I have no censoring to do (thank goodness) but some of the officers run across some amusing stuff. One of the best is a letter which Major —— spotted from his "water detail" (an A. M. C. man attached to us to look after chlorinating the water supply, etc.). This fellow had a lurid yarn about his deeds of valor, three horses shot under him, shells all around, etc. As a matter of fact, he lives at the Brasserie about 1½ miles back of the line and I suppose he has never been on a horse in his life."

September 18, 1916.

A Raid on the Enemy

"We finished up our tour with a raid on the enemy trenches which proved very successful. The whole Division participated, each battalion carrying out a raid on its own frontage. There was a preliminary bombardment by our artillery

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which was simply terrific. Our men advanced under cover of the artillery barrage and when the barrage lifted, made a dash for the Hun trenches. They stayed fifteen minutes, killed twelve Huns and brought back two live ones. They had to shoot two others who refused to come along. The Division got a great deal of useful information from the documents we captured, including diaries, letters, etc., and we also got some very interesting trophies, such as steel helmets, bayonets, belts, gas helmets, German bombs, etc.

The affair gave our fellows a fine wind-up to their tour in the trenches and as a result they have all kinds of confidence in their ability to handle the enemy in any kind of attack. The best feature of the thing was that we had nobody killed and only five or six wounded—none very seriously except one man who may lose an eye.

I was acting as Officer in Command of the raid in the absence of —, who has gone to the hospital with trench fever, but I had nothing to do of any importance, as the whole thing had been cut and dried and rehearsed beforehand. It was great to hear the bombardment by our artillery—just a steady swish of shells passing overhead and crash, crash as they landed in front of the enemy's trenches. Looking behind us far back of our lines we could see the whole horizon lit up with the flashes of the guns. It was one of the strangest sights I ever saw."

September, 1916.

Getting Accustomed to the Strangeness.

“As a matter of fact one is constantly in the midst of things that are strange but which lose their strangeness because we are getting so accustomed to them. I was thinking this last night as the Colonel and I rode back from the trenches. You ride along the road in the pitch dark and then a flare goes up from the front and lights up the road with a weird greenish light for 20 or 30 seconds—then it goes out and we’re in blackness again. Next we hear the rattling of timbers and pull aside to let a transport train go by—two or three teams of mules on each wagon, with an out-rider on each rear mule, just the dim outlines of the men and horses and vehicles visible. Then we clatter along through a ruined village with gaping shell holes in most of the houses and all the inhabitants moved away months ago. Then we meet a motorcyclist despatch rider riding recklessly 30 miles an hour through the dark. Next we pass a long line of ponderous, creaking, groaning, motor-driven vehicles which jolt and grind slowly along the road and flashing a light on them we find they are enormous howitzers which are being transported by night from somewhere to somewhere else. So we pass a company of infantry slouching along in silence on their way back from the trenches, then a camp and when a rifle lights up the roadside we see the transport animals

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crowded along the horse lines and the sentry and the parti-colored tents (all the tents here are painted a splotchy variegated greenish-brownish-blueish gray in order to make them less visible from an enemy aeroplane). You try a short-cut across a field and duck your head suddenly to avoid an artillery wire which nevertheless catches you in the face and scratches your nose and next second your horse trips on a signalling wire and you pull him up to avoid a spill. You swerve him suddenly just in time to escape falling into a shell hole. Next is heard a squeal as he steps on one of the 15,000,000,747 rats that infest this part of the country. You get back on to the road and miss by three inches running down a peasant who is plodding along without a light and without sense enough to get off the middle of the road. There comes a bright head-light round the corner which grows more and more dazzling till a motor ambulance shoots by, followed by a heavy rumbling ammunition van. The road now runs through a thick forest where the light is so absolutely black that you've simply got to let your horse go his own way and keep feeling the lines to catch him if he stumbles. And so on—I wish I could just picture it so that you could see it. Things get monotonous sometimes here but it is simply because one gets so accustomed to the movement and ceaseless activity that go on night and day in these strange surroundings. I fancy most Toronto newspaper reporters would give their

ears in order to get the chance to see and write about the forced, abnormal, sometimes weird environment in which everybody lives here. It would take an unusually vivid writer to describe it so that folks at home could imagine it—everything is so fundamentally different from normal life in a civilized community.”

September 22, 1916.

On the March.

“You would laugh if you could have seen us marching through these old French towns, with the band playing the Marseillaise, and the whole population out to see and kids running alongside by hundreds. Our fellows, no matter how footsore they were, always brightened up when they got in sight of a town and put their best foot forward. I like the French people more and more. I always liked them but when you are billeted with them you see them more intimately and I’m convinced they are fine people in every way. They are very hospitable and friendly. We had dinner last night at a restaurant, situated in the neighborhood where most of the officers are billeted. Everybody was feeling in pretty good fettle and we had one of the biggest evenings, with songs and jokes and speeches, that we have had since the Battalion was formed. The old fat French lady who owns the place came in and laughed to beat the band. She had two rather nice-looking daughters, very

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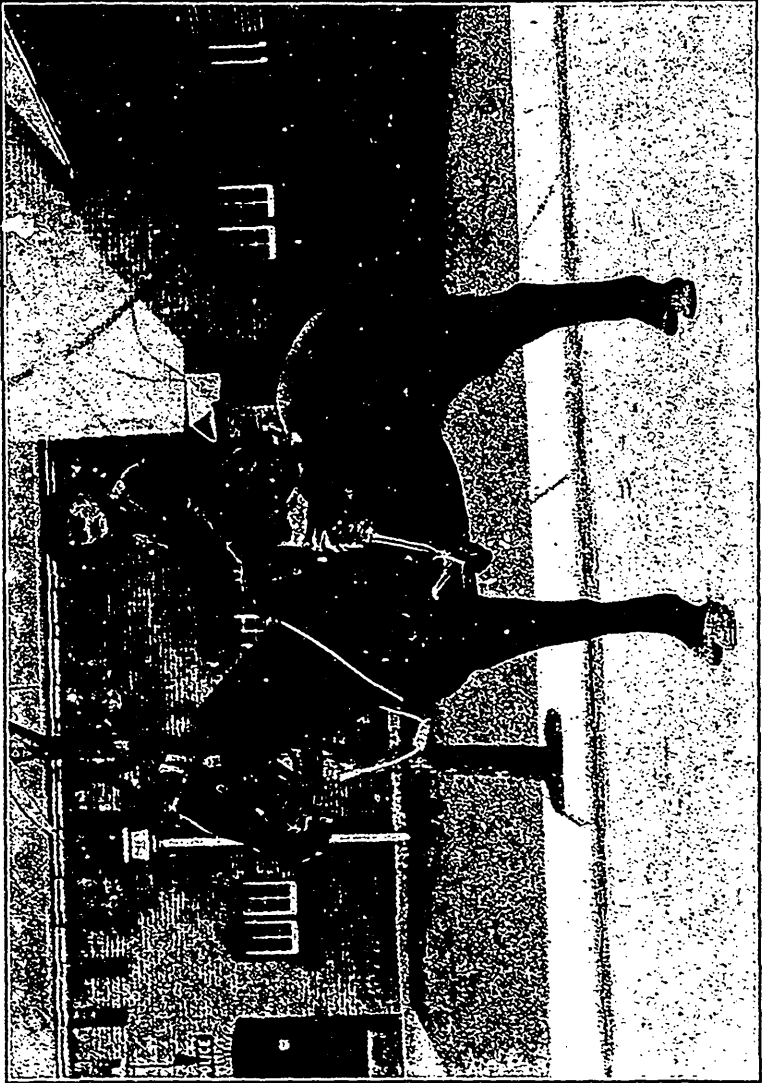
bright and quick, who were waiting on the table and they had a great time trying to find out what all the fun was about. I think the most puzzled man was the interpreter, who could understand enough English to follow all the foolish college and coon songs and soldiers' choruses that were sung, but couldn't see any sense in them (not much wonder at that) and couldn't make out why we laughed so hard."

September 27, 1916.

Work in the Trenches.

"You ask what my work in the trenches consists of, but it isn't very easy to define. When there is no raid or other special fighting on, I generally supervise sending in the report which Headquarters require—the wind report, the trench strength, sick report, casualty wire, report on ammunition, reserves of rations and water, etc. The wind report is important, as the probability of a gas attack depends, of course, on the strength and direction of the wind. Where we were, there was a big bulge in the line, so that the Huns were on three sides of us; consequently a large proportion of the time we had to have a "Gas Alert" on, as with the wind blowing anywhere except one direction there was a possibility of a gas attack. After getting in the reports, you have a chance to get around the trenches. My job in going around was to see that the men had their

equipment on properly (ammunition, bayonet, etc.), so that a rush would not catch them unprepared, that men were not bunched together in bays, where one shell might kill a dozen of them, instead of spread out as they should be, note what work had been done on our trenches by working parties during the night, observe other work requiring attention, visit company commanders and other officers to see how things were going, see that rifles had been properly cleaned before "standing down" in the morning, see that bombs were properly protected from the dirt and weather, take a look at gas alarm apparatus, see that the men were keeping their cooking-fires covered so that smoke would not be seen, do a little observing of enemy's front line if any new work reported done on his trenches, see that the water-carrying parties were on the job, see that the sanitary police were carrying out their duties, visit some of the snipers and machine-gun crews, note what parts of our line the Germans were shelling, make sure that men are wearing their gas helmets in the proper position, etc. It's impossible to write down everything because I never attempted, even to myself, to decide what my job covered. Roughly speaking, it's the duty of the adjutant to keep in touch with everything that he can possibly supervise. He is responsible to the O.C. and to a certain extent to the brigade for a proper system, but of course he can't be blamed if without his knowledge an officer or man vio-



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lates orders. But it is his job to see that things are properly organized so that they will run properly if everybody lives up to the system. If anybody, either officer or man, is neglecting his job, it's the duty of the Adjutant, as representing the O.C., to call him down or see that he is punished for it.

“Our weather here has been very bad for a good while back — rainy and cold, and awful mud. Everybody will be very glad when we get a chance for a decent rest again. You have no idea what conditions are like in wet weather in the trenches — mud everywhere, scarcely any shelter and constant shelling (they say in the Toronto papers that the Huns are running short of ammunition, but the editors must have inside information to which we have not access—we see no indications of it here) and after three or four days everybody is all in. When we came out two nights ago, we pushed the men as fast as possible (which was fully 2 miles per hour) till they got past the worst of the shelled area and then halted them for a rest. You would have laughed to see that line collapse—they just flopped down like seals in the mud and water. We had to move them on again in a very short time for fear some of them would go to sleep there. (As a matter of fact, when we were being relieved one night a couple of weeks ago and halted on the way out for a short rest, the Colonel was so tired that he went fast asleep and had to be waked up again and told it was time to move on.) The roads are getting awful and

have in addition been badly smashed by shell fire. To make matters worse the nights are black as pitch, there being no moon, and every few yards you are precipitated down to the bottom of a shell hole in the road and have to scramble up the other side. We were relieved that night at 12.30 a.m. and it took me till nearly 5 o'clock hard walking with only about 10 minutes halt to get home. Some groups of the Battalion didn't get in till 7 o'clock."

December 6th, 1916.

"Still in billets, where we are likely to have a 10 days' rest or at any rate an interval for training and reorganization. The Colonel is away for a week on a course and I have been riding his charger the last couple of days for a change. It is a great thing to get on a decent horse again—he isn't nearly as fast or powerful as Foxbar but he's a very smooth-paced, good-mannered animal with fair speed and away ahead of my own little "grizzly bear." My fellow has hair about two inches long all over him and is as hard to steer as a canoe going up stream. He must have a strong tinge of donkey in his composition—at any rate he has all the obstinacy of one—and when you want him to turn out for a motor-lorry or some other vehicle he is quite likely to turn his front quarters around so as to jam my leg against the lorry. I am gradually getting him out of that

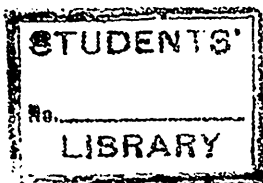
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habit by watching for the moment when he begins to veer and then kick him with the spur on the recalcitrant end. This generally results in him swinging his hindquarters out in the ditch. He is very cute in some ways—goes extremely slowly when he is being ridden away from home, but develops great speed when being headed back to the oat-bin. A few weeks ago he thought he had a new scheme worked out to beat me, and developed a very painful limp which worried me very considerably till I discovered that it disappeared when I headed him for home. So now when doubtful whether he is lame or not, I have only to turn him around and ride about 100 yards back in order to discover that he is no more lame than I am.”

January, 1917.

Shell Dodging.

“Up in the trenches the men get fairly expert at detecting the direction of shells and are able to dodge them to some extent. This is particularly the case with some of the trench mortar shells, “rum-jars,” as they are called, which not only can be heard coming but can actually be seen in the air. They have a very high trajectory and are a long time in the air relatively to the distance they have to go. On the other hand, some other shells are impossible to dodge—“whizz-bangs,” for instance, which have



a very low trajectory and at certain ranges outstrip the sound of the explosion, so that a man struck by one never hears the shell that hit him. It is a very interesting study, comparing the time which is taken by the sound of the shell and the shell itself to traverse various ranges. Sound travels at a constant speed of 1,100 feet per second (whereas a gun starts off with a certain muzzle velocity) and gradually overtakes the shell and eventually precedes it if the range is long enough. Thus, at certain short ranges or with very fast guns the shell beats the sound; at longer ranges the shell passes you at the same instant that you hear it "whirr"; and at still longer ranges you hear the shell before it arrives. It takes one some time to get on to all these phenomena—I can remember I used often to be puzzled at hearing the sharp bark of our own field guns apparently from just behind my back, at the very moment the shell was heard scrunching overhead. The reason was, of course, that I happened to be at just the exact range where the sound of the shell was overtaking the shell itself."

January, 1917.

The Part Fate Plays.

"The more one sees of this business the more one gets to believe in Fate or Providence. You find one or two men in a group hit by a shell which splinters in every direction and misses everybody

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else. Or a man who has just joined is hit on the first tour in the trenches; or another old timer is hit just before he goes on leave. Or a fellow who has a safety-first job in the A. S. C. or on the Brigade Staff is laid out by a chance shot.

"I saw a rotten accident yesterday in the Australian Battery of "heavies," which are generally supposed to be about as safe as anything can be next to a job in the Army Pay Corps or the Record Office. One of the big guns was just firing as I passed on my horse and the shell proved to be defective, i.e., had a premature or too short fuse, and burst just in front of the muzzle. It killed four men and wounded a number of others, while the explosion made the huge gun rock like a baby's cradle."

January, 1917.

On March.

"Our fellows are simply fine when a fight is on. They may grumble at working parties, or marching, or guard duty, but when there is any fighting to be done, the Hun doesn't have the shadow of a chance. Our men are certainly a hardy, tough-looking lot of veterans now. Those that remain are, probably, the hardiest and strongest of the original Battalion. We got a good-sized reinforcement draft just before we commenced our march. It was great to get the band back at the head of the column again. You should have seen us swinging out on the road with the band playing away and

our fellows with their heads up and stepping out their very best. Especially when we passed a new Battalion coming up towards the front, we put on a little extra steam—or when marching through a town. Most people around here have not heard a band for months and especially a band as good as ours is. You have no idea the way it affects you, after not having heard a note of music for so long, to get the really good band ahead of you on your way out. I'm crazy about a brass band anyway, but there's no place where you get the chance to hear it to such good advantage as riding behind it at the head of the Battalion, with the tramp, tramp, tramp, coming steadily behind you and the "swing" of the column carrying you along and your horse trying to keep time and the men with great, big, broad smiles all over their honest, good-natured, weather-beaten, business-like looking physiognomies. The old marching tunes like "Men of Harlech," "Bonnie Dundee," "Pack All Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag," "Hieland Laddie," "John Peel," etc., are the best of them all, and they have a swing to them that none of the new-fangled ones have. I wish you could hear the band on the march. A brass band inside is nothing like as fine as one outside, and I think a band always does its best when it's setting the time for a column of troops, for there is something about the steady swing and "lift" of a moving column which seems to carry the music along."

February, 1917.

In An Old Chateau.

“To-night, about a dozen of the officers are quartered in an old chateau in the village. The interpreter put up a game on the village Maire and made him believe the General was coming with his staff, and so got the chateau which otherwise we should not have had. We have done our best to keep up the bluff by calling the Colonel “General” when any of the people are within ear-shot; but after the row we have been kicking up this evening in the venerated chateau I’m afraid the old chatelain has his doubts about the “General” business.

“It is really a very ancient old place—formerly owned by a Mareschal of France, the Marquis of Mirepoix—who belonged to the same family as the Lavals and Montmorencys and was in Canada for a time himself. There is an engraving of the Bishop of Mirepoix in the room where I am writing, another engraving of the Archbishop Laval in the hall, one of Quebec City Hall in the Salon. It’s odd that we should run up against a place with so many Canadian associations. The Montcalms were a related family.

“The old furniture and pictures in this place would make an antiquarian green with envy. Some of the bedsteads must weigh at least a ton, and there are tables, bureaus, desks, chairs, etc., that look as if they were hundreds of years old.

There is a river which runs within 50 yards of the chateau and fine big grounds around it. General Joffre had dinner here some time ago and I have a picture showing him reviewing troops on the grounds.

We have had a bang-up supper to-night. You would have laughed to see Major Baynes Reed and Major Povah coming across the venerated lawn with three chickens carried by the legs, a bundle of celery and several dozen eggs. Every time they tried to return a salute the chickens squawked."

February 25, 1917.

All in the Day's Work.

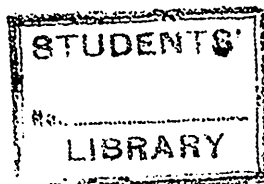
"The work in an infantry battalion seems, if anything, to be increasing. It was child's play to run a battalion in training, compared with handling the unceasing problems that keep bobbing up here. Aside altogether from the fighting—which, of course, is the main thing and must always be the first consideration—it's a big job to keep tab on 1,100 men, ration, clothe, equip them; maintain discipline and punish misdemeanors; see that they get their proper complement of gum boots, ammunition, bombs, flares, periscopes, telescopic sights, range-finders, machine-guns, and all other kinds of special equipment, and see that the men don't lose these things or break them, and that they are kept clean and in proper condition; keep training signallers, bombers, snipers,

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scouts, machine-gunmen, stretcher-bearers, etc., to replace casualties; keep a big transport section with horses, mules, wagons, water-carts, machine-gun limbers and all sorts of other things in shape; see that the men change their socks daily and keep their feet rubbed with whale oil; see that the proper working parties are supplied so that every man does a reasonable amount of work daily and that there are no "artful dodgers." These are only a few of the things to be done. In addition there is the "orderly room work," which of itself is enough to keep a couple of men busy—endless correspondence with Brigade on every subject under the sun: court martials, punishments, reinforcements, casualties, training, equipment, and a million other things. Then there are reports on Direction of Wind, Gas Situation Reports, Intelligence Reports, Wiring Reports, War Diary, Men on Leave, Parade States, Sick Reports, etc.

"Most people seem to think that the only things that engage an officer's attention are getting even with the enemy, raids, attacks, sniping, etc. These are the most important things, but in addition the routine work and organization work involve just as much difficulty as running a departmental store with 1,100 employees—only you have to feed, clothe, train, and discipline them 24 hours every day and 7 days per week, in addition to seeing that they do their work.

"Must quit now as I have been getting very little



sleep for some days, and have a chance to-night to nobble some hours extra. There is not much any-way that I can tell you. Likely in a couple of days' time I shall have a real yarn to spin if everything goes well."

WHAT PRAYER MEANT TO HIM

DECEMBER 25, 1916. I know that I have been guided in many things. Other people might refuse to admit that it was guidance, but I've been there myself, and I've lived through the experiences myself, and I'm sure. Also, since getting over here, I really believe that I have been conscious of guidance and support and wisdom in difficult places. In the raid we pulled off at Ypres, for example, I'm positive that I had special guidance. Our party was to go over at midnight, but the scout officer, who had been out for two hours trying to locate the hole our guns had blown in the German wire, had not returned and nobody knew just where the gap was. Our artillery barrage was beginning and the zero hour arrived and still the scout had not returned. I had to make a decision one way or the other and I ordered the party out to take a chance on locating the gap. It looked like a rash order, but it turned out all right for the party had gone only a few yards when they came across

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the scout officer returning with the information! This may not sound very convincing, but I'm sure of it, and about other things that have happened.

February 13, 1917. Anyhow everything is all for the best, and I'm trying to make the most of the time over here and I hope that I'm learning from these experiences, and picking up from day to day more patience and tact and judgment and firmness and knowledge of human nature and power to handle men, that will perhaps be useful to me in the future and make this not waste time.

*February 27, 1917. I believe more and more in prayer and I'm sure that I've got strength and wisdom through it for tasks over here.

(* Taken from *is last letter).

THE ANSWER.

Written by Major J. M. Langstaff during the early months of his enlistment:

I.

O the tyrant lord has drawn his sword,
And has flung the scabbard away.
He has said the word that loosed his horde
To ravage, destroy, and slay.
“Then where are those who will dare oppose
The blast of my fury’s flame?”
But a salty breeze swept across the seas,
And back the clear answer came:
“We have heard the boast of your mighty host,
And slaves will we ne’er become,
Let our deeds declare what our hearts will dare,
We come! We come! We come!”

II.

O the Mother of Men has called for them,
The nations she reared long ago;
“In Freedom’s name I make my claim,
By the tokens that freemen know.
Let the world behold, as in ages old,
That my strength can never decay.
In a cause that’s right, will ye rise and fight?
Give me answer: yea or nay!”
“We have heard your call, O mother of all,
From the shores of your island home.
Let him die in thrall who denies that call
We come! We come! We come!”

III.

O the lion's young, they forth have sprung
At the sound of the lion's roar,
To defend the lair they once did share
By the far-flung ocean's shore.
With eye aflame and ruffled mane,
They greet the approaching fray.
Let the foe beware who roused that lair,
For list to the lion's bay.
"We have heard on the air the bugle's blare
And the roll of the muttering drum;
To the surging beat of ten thousand feet,
We come! We come! We come!"

A SONNET ON WAR

Written by Major J. M. Langstaff for the Regimental Paper shortly before his death.

I never thought that strange romantic war
Would shape my life and plan my destiny;
Though in my childhood's dreams I've seen his car
And grisly steeds flash grimly thwart the sky.
Yet now behold a vaster, mightier strife
Than echoed on the plains of sounding Troy,
Defeats and triumphs, death, wounds, laughter,
life,
All mingled in a strange complex alloy.
I view the panorama in a trance
Of awe, yet colored with a secret joy,
For I have breathed in epic and romance,
Have lived the dreams that thrilled me as a boy.
How sound the ancient saying is, forsooth!
How weak is Fancy's gloss of Fact's stern truth!
—J. M. L.