

# In Memoriam

Pro Patria Mortuorum

1914 - - - - 1918



Victoria College  
Toronto

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# **In Memoriam**

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**Pro Patria Mortuorum**

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**1914 - - - - 1918**

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**Victoria College Chapel**

**10.30 a.m. - - - October 17th, 1919**

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Pro Patria Mortui

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Coleman Boyd Adams  
Joseph Reginald Adams  
Frederick Stanley Albright  
Elton Culbert Allin  
Wilbur Fawcett Annis  
Joseph Alburn Bassett  
Ewart Arthur Blatchford  
Harold Staples Brewster  
George William Bruce  
William James Gordon Burns  
Warren Knight Campbell  
Allen Charles Mackenzie Cleghorn  
Carleton Main Clement  
Gordon Willson Crow  
Melville Allen Duff Davis  
Clesson John Dickinson  
Douglas Dickson  
Hubert Samuel Dowson  
George Wheatley Dundas  
Norman Oliver Dynes  
Hubert Jefferson Fenton  
Hedley John Goodyear  
Thomas Seton Gordon  
William Robert Green  
Orville Dwight Haist  
Douglas Kipp Hamilton  
William Neil Hanna  
Alfred Hall Henry  
Asa Milton Horner  
George Edwy Caldwell Howard  
Lincoln George Hutton  
Frederick Arthur Huycke  
James Harvey Jackson

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Eric Franklin Johnston  
Reginald Heber Manning Jolliffe  
Albert Caton Jourdan  
Nelson Clarke Kenny  
Lily Denton Keys  
Sidney James Luck  
John Gordon Lumsden  
Aubrey Milton Marshall  
Thomas Allan McComb  
Aubrey Thomas McFadden  
Reuben De Lemme Millyard  
Charles Wesley Deepprose Mooney  
James Henry Oldham  
Balfour Malcolm Palmer  
George Lewis Roberts Parrish  
Charles Forrest Patterson  
Roy Irvine Poast  
Laurence Henry Rehder  
William Percy Richings  
Frederick Gundy Scott  
Colin Simpson  
Harry Roy Smith  
Thomas Vincent Sparling  
John Herbert Adams Stoneman  
William Alexander Denison Sutterby  
Alfred Livingstone Taylor  
Ross Malcolm Taylor  
John William Tribble  
Hugh Jarman Watson  
James Symington Wear  
Edward Alfred Webb  
George Roy Weber  
W. Kenneth White

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### Order of Service

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INVOCATION

HYMN: "O God, our Help in Ages Past."

PRAYER: Rev. Dean Wallace

SCRIPTURE READINGS: Dean Robertson

Psalms 124 and 126.

The Wisdom of Solomon iii. 1-6 ; iv. 7-10.

Rev. vii. 9-17

HYMN: "For all the Saints who from their Labors Rest."

ADDRESS: Rev. Chancellor Bowles

HYMN: "Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow."

BENEDICTION

THE LAST POST

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### Invocation

**O** COME, let us sing unto the Lord; let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

O come, let us worship, and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker. For He is our God; and we are the people of His pasture and the sheep of His hand.

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy holy name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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### Hymn

O GOD, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home:

Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone,  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their cares and fears,  
Are carried downward by the flood,  
And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,  
And our eternal home. Amen.

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### Prayer

**A**LMIGHTY God, our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee that through all the agony of the long tragic years of the war, Thy grace sustained us and enabled us to endure with patience and with hope.

We thank Thee for answers to the prayers of Thy people throughout all the world, and especially those offered here in our College Chapel, as we lifted up trembling voices of intercession day by day.

We thank Thee for those who saw the vision splendid of duty, of loyalty to King and Country, of devotion to the liberties of mankind, and were not disobedient to the heavenly vision. We thank Thee that they turned from home and friends, from the studies, ambitions, and companionships of College, from alluring hopes and prospects of honorable careers amid the dear surroundings of the land they loved, and accepted exile and hardships and cold and hunger and danger and wounds and death, rather than the dishonor of selfish ease and safety. We thank Thee that they maintained the standards and traditions of our race and College with high-souled devotion to duty, patience under suffering, and heroism amid danger.

At this time we specially praise Thee, O God, for the noble life and heroic death of those brave men who did not return to us, who "poured out the red



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sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be of work and joy," all for honor and duty and God. Their names, their faces, their voices come back to us to-day in vivid memory; as we think of them, our hearts' ache and yet rejoice.

We pray Thee, O Thou loving Father in Heaven, to comfort those who are to-day mourning for the loved and lost. Help them with high courage and humble heart to drink their cup of woe. Bring gleams of brightness to-day to darkened homes. O Thou Saviour who didst weep with the mourners at Bethany, visit now those who weep. May their memory of their beloved dead be proud and thankful as well as loving. May the story of the courage and devotion of their dead be a family treasure, handed down through all the years to come. May generations yet unborn rise up and call them blessed and emulate their splendid service of high ideals.

With glad hearts we thank Thee for all who have been spared to come back to us. O God, reward them for all their sacrifices on our behalf and on behalf of the world which they helped to save. Keep them as unselfish and as brave in the service of God and man in these days of peace as they were in the strenuous days of war. May they be a power for good in this land, leaders in every crusade for righteousness.

Help us all to catch the inspiration and to follow the gleam of the high courage and unselfish sacrifice of our men, both of those who have returned and of those whose white crosses mark their resting-place in the fields of Flanders and of France.

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O Father of all men, we pray Thee to look in mercy upon a weary, suffering, distracted world. Still the tempest of war where it rages yet; stay the ravages of famine and disease; bind up the wounds which still bleed; bring together in just and happy relations alienated and suspicious classes of the people everywhere.

O may the ancient song of angels yet come true according to Thy mercy and Thy gracious providence: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom He is well pleased."

Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name.

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us:

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:

For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

## Scripture Readings

### Psalm 124

**I**F it had not been the Lord who was on our side, now  
may Israel say;

If it had not been the Lord who was on our side,  
when men rose up against us:

Then they had swallowed us up quick, when their  
wrath was kindled against us:

Then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream  
had gone over our soul:

Then the proud waters had gone over our soul.

Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a  
prey to their teeth.

Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of  
the fowlers: the snare is broken and we are escaped.

Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made  
heaven and earth.

### Psalm 126

**W**HEN the Lord turned again the captivity of  
Zion, we were like them that dream.

Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our  
tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen,  
The Lord hath done great things for them.

The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof  
we are glad.

Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams  
in the south.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious  
seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing  
his sheaves with him.

**The Wisdom of Solomon iii. 1-6: iv. 7-10**

**T**HE souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and no evil shall touch them. In the eyes of the foolish they seem to have died; and their departure was accounted to be their hurt, and their journeying away from us to be their ruin; but they are in peace. For even if in the sight of men they be punished, their hope is full of immortality; and having borne a little chastening, they shall receive great good. Because God made trial of them, and found them worthy of Himself; as gold in the furnace He tried them, and as a whole burnt-offering He accepted them.

A righteous man, although he die before his time, shall be at rest. For honorable old age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor is its measure given by number of years; but understanding is gray hairs unto men, and an unspotted life is ripe old age. Being made perfect in a little while, they fulfilled long years; and being found well pleasing unto God, they were beloved of Him and were translated.

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### Revelation vii. 9-17

**A**FTER this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands;

And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God,

Saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

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### Hymn

**F**OR all the saints who from their labors rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,  
Thy Name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.

Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;  
Thou in the darkness still their one true Light.

Alleluia!

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

Alleluia!

O blest communion! fellowship divine!  
We fight as they did, 'neath the holy sign;  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

Alleluia!

And, when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west;  
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors comes their rest;  
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

Alleluia!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day,  
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;  
The King of glory passes on His way;

Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Alleluia!

Amen.

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### Address

THE part taken by Victoria in this war makes one of many similar stories to be told of all our English-speaking colleges in Canada and throughout the Empire. It is the story of a great patriotic duty nobly accepted and nobly done. Without stint these colleges gave their young manhood's life. No community or class of young citizens gave so large a proportion of its numbers as did the university men of Canada. Perhaps this is what might have been expected. Is not a college the peculiar home of great enthusiasms and high sentiments? Almost every great movement for the benefit of the nation's life has been fostered in College Halls. Thither go up the more adventurous minds. There dwell your dreamers and idealists. There can be found the prophets of great reforms and the chivalrous champions of forlorn hopes. I think so. And yet such a generalization and such a description of colleges and college men will appear to you, like most general descriptions of things, complex, inadequate, and quite extreme. Certainly many of our students, perhaps most of them, who heard and answered this call could best be described as healthy, every day boys, with a boy's love of fun and sport, with a boy's idle, care-free laughter. For a realistic description you recall the little verse:

The years go fast in Oxford,  
The golden years and gay.  
The hoary colleges look down  
On careless boys at play.  
But when the bugle sounded war,  
They put their games away!

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We have no hoary colleges—but perhaps these lines tell better what actually happened than more high-sounding words about enthusiasm and visions and adventurous spirits. Some, it is true, could not very suitably be called careless boys at play. They were older and more familiar with the stern things of life. The iron had already entered their souls. Of the authority of duty, of life's final law of sacrifice, of life's inevitableness and mystery, they knew something. But others, very many others, stood only on the threshold of these experiences. As yet they were, as we know and as they would testify, best described as "careless boys at play." Their going away mightily disturbed us. The calling away of such young fellows gave some of us our first revelation of the grim terribleness of war. We feared for them as they went out from the genial and secure life here to hold high consort with suffering and danger and death! But what a splendid and worthy part they have played—those of maturer years and graver spirit, and those who at their going had scarcely rounded a score of years. In all they numbered about six hundred, of whom sixty-six do not return! These reached the place of supreme sacrifice, and there made their souls an offering for the peace and justice and freedom of the world.

We are here this morning on an occasion which shall never be forgotten in the history of Victoria, to pay in the name of the College our tribute of respect and reverence to the memory of these brave and gallant soldiers and comrades who for their country died.



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Memory is very active to-day. The great events of four years of war on the most stupendous scale crowd the canvas. We see the swift onset of the mightiest army that ever had trodden the earth, its sweep westward beyond its own borders, death and destruction, terror and anguish going before and following after—the turning back of these hosts at the Marne—then the siege of great armies on far-flung battle lines such as the most war-mad imagination had never dared conceive; the lifting of the siege here and there in colossal battles which made insignificant the greatest battles of history—the appalling roll-call of the dead and wounded—and flaming against the blackness of it all, deeds of bravery and heroism, and nations stirred and thrilled with sublime passions; above the tumult of it all, we hear the great voices of Justice and Liberty and Humanity calling men and nations to their service even unto death. To-day these gigantic events form the background for our more intimate and familiar memories. Particularly do we see the bright faces of the men who once had their places in these halls and classrooms, but who will not return. We hear their voices as they hail one another and their shoutings on the campus. And some of you have vivid memories of these men as you saw them last in Flanders or France, in Italy or Egypt or Mesopotamia or India. In the light of such memories we think to-day of these our immortal dead.

Our first reflection, the one to which we most naturally turn, is that they died in a high and worthy cause. There are some things worth dying for. These men fought in such a cause, and the victory

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they helped to win was a victory for righteousness and freedom—a victory essential to the welfare of humanity.

We believed this when the war began, and every month of the war and every month since fighting ceased has fortified and deepened this conviction. Never since the moral ideal emerged in humanity and the courses of history were set toward its realization were the issues in any great struggle of the nations so clearly drawn. These were surely great days of Divine judgment when nations and their ideals were tested and revealed. Pitiful indeed is it not to see the inner meaning, the interior and spiritual significance of this great agony of our civilization. To such how wasteful, how sordid, it all must seem. But it was not a struggle of commercial rivalries. Nor was it a welter of blind instinct and passion. No biological law of struggle and survival compasses its meaning. Nor was it a convulsive upheaval of mysterious forces such as cause the volcano to belch forth its destruction. It was on the one side, and in the persons of its leaders, a wilful and deliberate assault on the rights and liberties of men, and it was made possible by the wicked teaching that might is right and the State is unmoral. On the other side, it was a testimony valuable because of its costliness to the worth of liberty and the inviolability of right and justice. And it was a declaration written in blood of the essential and imperishable humanity of our race. All coming history will make it clearer that in this war all moral ideals, all fine and good things which lie in the heart of our civilization, were at stake. If men

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had not had the devotion and passion and sacrificial spirit to stand and endure and die for these things, then these things had perished from the earth.

After the Civil War in the United States, Henry Ward Beecher, who had been so mighty a champion of the North, addressed a gathering of citizens in the South. He called on them to re-unite with the citizens of the North to rebuild the nation, "on one condition, namely, that you were wrong and we were right." To-day it is on this one condition and understanding that the nations in this great struggle can proceed to the fellowship of a newer day and a nobler civilization. They were wrong. Our cause was just and right. The fighting passion which won the war, the morale that remained with the army and the nation, were born and nurtured in this consciousness of the righteousness of our cause. The precious lives given for such a cause were not wasted. They were not as waters poured on barren sands. The darkness is lightened. The gloom is relieved. Into the heavy shadows which fall on us are woven rich colors of light and beauty.

Again, we reflect that the spirit in which these men responded to the call, in which they endured the discipline and hardness of the soldier's life, and finally died for this cause, was worthy of it. They went freely. Long before the nation conscripted men they had sworn allegiance to this cause. They hated war. For the pomp and pageantry and military glory of it they had no taste. They damned the men by whom this offence had come. They went

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forth, men of war to fight for what was fair and reasonable, for what was right and good, and they hoped and prayed that this might put an end to the ghastly tragedy of war upon God's earth and among men who should brothers be the world o'er. In their hearts they were peacemakers. The atmosphere they had been raised in in this country—its teaching and ideals—made them haters of war and lovers of peace. But much as they hated war they hated wrong and oppression more. Much as they loved peace they loved liberty and justice more.

Listen to this from a letter written by one of our men the evening before a great engagement: "My eye is fixed on to-morrow with hope for mankind and with visions of a new world. . . . A blow will be struck to-morrow which will definitely mark the turn of the tide. I have no misgivings for myself. . . . It does not matter whether I survive or fall, a great triumph is certain, and I shall take part in it." . . . Then he notes how that he is near consecrated ground where already his three brothers had died in the cause, and adds: "I trust to be as faithful as they." "I have no regrets and no fears for to-morrow. I would not choose to change places with anyone now, except" (and then the inevitable touch of humor) "perhaps General Foch." And I do not think that Hedley Goodyear, who thus reported his soul, was different from the other men of our College. They too endured because they saw the triumph of a great cause, and had visions of a new world and hope for mankind. As the cause was worthy, so was the spirit of these men who for it died.

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Men and women of the College, students and teachers, we are entering this year upon a great heritage of fine example and inspiring memory. Being dead these speak—speak to us in stirring tones and with persuasive power. This institution has henceforth its greater history, its own more enriched tradition, and its own higher life standards. We have our own choir invisible of immortal dead. Indeed, than these memories we have here no greater treasure, no better inheritance. Often we shall stop in our work and in our play to think of these men, and as often as we do our hearts will be strengthened and purified. We cannot live meanly and selfishly. We cannot forget this country and its need. We cannot refuse to bear the burden of the weak or defend the cause of the oppressed. We cannot refuse to say in our hearts, in the day of our own testing:

O Cross that liftest up my head  
I dare not ask to fly from Thee.

Let me make more definite and concrete my meaning. Some of these fallen comrades (you will recall them) were leaders on the campus. There they played the games with skill and prowess and with a clean and chivalrous spirit, fair and generous alike in defeat and victory. To lose self-mastery in speech or in action, to take unfair advantage, to show a grudging or envious or boastful spirit, I ask you, would it not be to violate the sacred memory of some of these men who so well represented you on the athletic field? True to them, keep always on the campus the ideals of clean speech and clean sport.

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Some of these were our scholars. They won honors for themselves and their College in the exacting, if less spectacular, competitions of the Examination Hall. Some of them had won the highest prizes in the gift of the University. If ever these standards fall, and we as a College are content with second rate, mediocre scholarship, we shall have forgotten these men who forsook their brilliant university careers, gave up their scholar's ambition, to fight and die for honor and freedom.

And some of these men were known as leaders in the religious life of the College. Of some of them you were accustomed to say: "If there is a Christian among us, he is one." There was about them the indescribable touch, the grace and the authority, of the spirit of Christ. Such men were the salt of your common life, and the memory of them will abide a spiritual inspiration—a benediction upon the College for years to come. Cold, calculating rationalism, cynical indifference to religious feeling and conviction, would pour contempt upon these sacred memories.

Indeed as I think of it, while none of our men were perfect (for which we thank God) I am sure I may say there was nothing pure or true or of good report—there was no praise and no virtue which did not find its exemplification in some of these several men who died.

It is told of one soldier that to his friend, whom he rescued and for whom he gave his own life, his message was: "You must live for both of us." He wished for

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his friend life so complete and so rich that it would be as the life of two. May it not be that there is no cause in our land which shall be the poorer, and no ideals which shall suffer, because and inasmuch as you, upon whom come these memories, shall have lived your lives richer and nobler by that much the more.

Let us put away depression and unbelief. These men, your fallen comrades, did help to vindicate and establish Justice and Honor; they did this on this scandalized and disgraced earth—they did this amid the weaknesses of the flesh. In the New Land and Morning to which they have gone not less but greater will be the tasks assigned them—and so

At noon day in the bustle of man's work-time

Greet the unseen with a cheer!

Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be.

"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,— fight on, fare ever

There as here!"

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Hymn

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow  
Onward goes the pilgrim band,  
Singing songs of expectation,  
Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear before us through the darkness  
Gleams and burns the guiding Light;  
Brother clasps the hand of brother,  
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the light of God's own presence  
O'er His ransomed people shed,  
Chasing far the gloom and terror,  
Brightening all the path we tread;

One the object of our journey,  
One the faith which never tires,  
One the earnest looking forward,  
One the hope our God inspires;

One the strain that lips of thousands  
Lift as from the heart of one;  
One the conflict, one the peril,  
One the march in God begun;

One the gladness of rejoicing  
On the far eternal shore,  
Where the One Almighty Father  
Reigns in love for evermore. Amen.



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### Benediction

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be with you all evermore. Amen.

The congregation stood at attention.

The names of the fallen were read.

The "Last Post" sounded through the halls.