

In Memoriam

Lieutenant

Harold Heber Owen



*"Greater love hath no man
than this"*

"Nothing is here for tears"



Harold Heber Owen



"Harold is promoted to service
with God."



Lieut. H. H. Owen, 1915.

Harold Heber Owen

Student in medicine, third year,
University of Toronto, and
of Wycliffe College.

Lieutenant in Seventh Battalion, First Division,
Canadian Expeditionary Forces.

Only son of Rev. C. C. and Mrs. Owen,
Christ Church, Vancouver, B. C.

Born at Toronto, Ont.,
July 2nd, 1894.

Killed in action, Blanders,
January 31st, 1916.

"A Man of God."



Harold's Father.

A Dedication

I dedicate this little book to Rev. C. C. Owen and Mrs. Owen, whose friendship, love and guidance have meant so much to me, that its words and messages may be a comfort to them who have given their only son for their King, for Freedom, and their God.

I dedicate it to the sacred memory of one of my noblest boys, Harold Owen, that his name and life may not be forgotten even if that were possible, and that the influence of his noble, manly, Christian character may reach many a heart and many a home, that it may be an inspiration and an ideal for many a boy fighting life's hard battle.

I dedicate it to the mothers and fathers who also have given their sons in this great war, that in these pages they may find some word of comfort and cheer and strength which may help them to say: "Father, Thy Will be done."

Harold was to me an ideal type of Christian boyhood and manhood, a boy who though now gone to be with His Master, still lives in the lives of thousands.

A. H. SOVEREIGN.

St. Mark's Rectory,
Vancouver, B. C.,
January 31st, 1917.



Two Months Old,
Winnipeg, September, 1893.

GOOD-BYE!—and off he strides, six-foot of straight
Young English manhood! Passing through the gate,
Looks back; then, with a smile and a salute,
He's gone—and we stand watching. And we see
A little figure in a sailor suit,
With fat, bare knees and a shy little smile,
The "Little Laddie" of so short a while
Ago, twisting the elastic of his wide straw hat
(The one with the blue ribbons, you remember?),
With a hairy cardboard donkey, now pressed flat
Under his arm, his best-beloved toy,
Broken and worn but never out of sight,
Played with by day and hugged in bed at night—
This is the little fellow who has grown
And gone—not now to school to play
His schoolboy games, and fight
In schoolboy fights—but gone to-day
To join in the terrific game the nations play—
This little fellow of not long ago.

—V. M. Doudney, in the Daily Mail.



Age Two Years,
Winnipeg, Man.



HAROLD'S EARLY LIFE

HAROLD was born in Toronto, while his father was Assistant at St. Peter's Church. When only nine weeks old, the family went to Winnipeg, where Mr. Owen became Assistant to Venerable Archdeacon Fortin at Holy Trinity Church. Here Harold spent the first six years of his childhood, when another move was made, returning to Ontario when his father was made Rector of the Bishop Cronyn Memorial Church, London. Here our soldier boy spent four years of his childhood, and looking back, we recognize many prophecies of the man-to-be.

His godmother tells many little stories of incidents which so clearly manifested his character. One day, while looking at a picture, Harold said, "What does that man in the picture want?" "I do not know; what makes you think that he wants something?" Harold answered, "Because he looks like 'Fawdy' when he asks God for things."

His father was taking a Mission in Virden and I found Harold wide awake in his crib. "Why are you not asleep, Harold?" He answered, "Oh, I am just resting here, looking up into Heaven." "What do you see?" I said. "Nothing—I was just asking God to tell Fawdy what to say to the people at Virden."

When I took him to the country on a visit, everything was a source of delight. Once I found him on his knees beside a little toad. "What is it? Oh, what is it?" Being told, he said, "Where is he going?" "Home to its father, I expect," I answered. Then Harold said, "Is it Fawdy a toad?"

The birds were an endless pleasure to him. He was sure a flock of yellow birds were butterflies. One wet day, a little gull followed the carriage, flying quite low. Seeing it, Harold stretched out his arms and said, "If I had wings like that bird, I would fly right up to Heaven, and then when God wanted anyone, I would come—oh, so quick—and carry them straight up to their home."

Machinery had a great attraction for him. On seeing a tread-mill, he grasped the idea at once. "I see," said he, "the horse pushes that round with his heels, but when you want to stop the churn, take off that strap and then it can't go."

He was much interested in a mowing machine, working near the house, but my brother was troubled for fear of an accident, so I put my boy on a woodpile so that he could see. Some time after, Lily was going to a neighbor's home and asked if Harold might go. Presently she returned and said, "Auntie, will you come and take Casabianca off the woodpile, for he says you told him to stay there and he refuses to come down until you come." I had quite forgotten about him and had concluded that as the machine was gone, Harold would have run off to play.

HAROLD IN VANCOUVER

These few incidents show something of his early character. But once more his surroundings were changed. When ten years old, his father was chosen as Rector of Christ Church, Vancouver, and Harold found himself by the snow-capped peaks and the rolling sea—an environment perfectly adjusted and tuned to the heart of the brave youth, with his love of adventure and his nature-loving spirit. Here by the mountains and the ocean his life was moulded, and it could be said of him, as of his Master at Nazareth, "He increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man."

His was an all-round development of perfect manhood. In his classes at school he usually found a creditable place, and year by year advanced, passing from the Public School to the High School and graduating with his matriculation.

In Vancouver, he first attended Queen's School on Barclay Street (now Westminster Hall buildings), then at the Dawson School, where he passed his entrance examinations. His High School was the King Edward, where he took a keen interest in all the school activities. He was a member of the Cadet Corps, which, under Captain R. N. Davy, ranked with the best in Canada. Many are the little incidents connected with his High School life. In the geography class one day, while taking the cities of Ontario, the teacher asked, "Where is Owen Sound?" On being asked to answer, Harold tapped his head.

But he was never a bookworm nor a student recluse. Nature had endowed him with a strong, healthy body, and he cared for it well. He sought to make his body, the house where God's Holy Spirit might dwell, "beautiful, entire and clean." He loved the out-of-door life and for three years slept in a tent in the yard, and for two years on an outer balcony. His room at the Rectory was quite a complete gymnasium, with dumb-bells of various weights, Indian clubs, boxing gloves, punching bag, etc., etc., all of which he used in the most scientific and systematic way.

In the Boys' Brigade at Christ Church, he showed exceptional ability as an officer in the military department by his powers of leadership, especially in the instruction of recruits. But it was in the gymnasium classes that he was seen at his best. As a boy, his physical strength was remarkable and his movements rhythmic and graceful. In an open competition at the Vancouver Athletic Club, Harold, when only 13 years of age, won the Challenge Cup against all comers, some of whom were three years his senior. In the contest, he scored 23 points, while the next in order scored only 12 points, a boy 16 years of age.

He was a skilful player in every kind of game. In basketball he was a splendid "guard," in football he could hold his own with any. But it was in baseball that he truly excelled. As a baseball strategist and pitcher he had few equals anywhere. He was one of the leading members of the Christ Church Boys' Brigade team which won the City Championship, playing that year 27 games and winning 25, many of these games being played against men.

He was a member of the Brigade Basketball team which won the championship of British Columbia. He was a very skilful boxer and wrestler, and few of his age were even a match for him.

In the Brigade Summer Camps he was always particularly happy, for here his love of adventure and his whole boy-nature found free vent. In the water and on land he was equally at home. In a paper-chase or a mountain climb, he was always in the lead, and here can be traced the first

manifestations of the scouting spirit which afterwards made him famous in the game of war. His powers of accurate observation, his unique sense of location and his remarkable resourcefulness were early displayed. Thus throughout all of his boyhood, and also in his manhood, he cared for the body which God had given him.

HAROLD IN HIS RELIGIOUS LIFE

But Harold not only "increased in wisdom and stature," but also in favor with God. Harold was always a religious boy in the truest sense of the word, without ceasing to be a man. He loved his God and served Him, but there was nothing of cant or hypocrisy or effeminacy. So often, this has been the remark of his soldier friends, officers and men, in France. He was often, in the later days of his trench life, known as "the man of God." This characteristic was also very early manifested. He has taken the prayers at camp for me when I have been absent, and there was always order and reverence. When some boys began to interrupt the service (and there were one hundred boys in the camp), Harold said, "Cut it out, fellows; Mr. Sovereign is away, and this is our hour of worship"—and there was quietness. He seldom said much about religion, and generally penetrated very correctly the motives of true and false worship. His influence over his boy companions was invariably of the best, and that influence will never be lost.

At Christ Church he was a member of both the Junior and Senior Choirs. He often helped in the musical part of the services at the Churches of St. Mark's, St. Agnes' (North Vancouver), and St. Thomas' in South Vancouver. At the latter Church he at times took charge of the whole service. From notes we gather these extracts from his first sermon preached in the same Mission:—

HIS FIRST SERMON.

"No thoughtful person can question the fact that for many the Christian life is not thought of as a particularly happy one. Many a Christian in his relation to his Christianity is like a man with a headache. He does not wish to lose his head, but it hurts him to keep it. Surely we do not expect outsiders to seek for anything which would seem to make the possessor so uncomfortable.

"What, then, ought to be the relationship of Christ to the Christian who loves his Christ? Something to make him miserable, or something to make him happy? What was Christ's attitude towards this question? He said, 'Come unto Me and I will give you rest.' 'God will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Him.' 'O taste and see that the Lord is good.'

"Can you not remember when you first came to Christ? All things seemed possible and for a while all things went well. But then the defeats became many and disastrous and the victories fewer and fewer. What was the difficulty? The trouble was this. You had found Christ as your Saviour from the penalty of sin, but you had not found Him as your Saviour from the power of sin. You forget that Christ did not sacrifice Himself for a partial deliverance. Christ's death gave promise of a complete victory over sin and that we are to be made more than conquerors through Him that loved us. Can you imagine the Christ who suffered as He did for us, being satisfied with the lives of many Christians who fill the Church to-day? No, they only partially know Him. Christ saves us not only from the penalty of sin in a life to come, but saves us from its power to-day.

"Sin must be rooted out completely, for the loving God, who hates sin in the sinner, is not willing to tolerate it in the Christian. If you say that your sin is too deeply rooted in you, you forget that the power of Christ can reach down deeper still and drag those roots out. If you deny this, then throw away your Bibles.

"What is responsible for this condition? It is lack of faith. 'Wherefore do ye doubt?' But what is faith in its essence? Faith is something which has been greatly misunderstood and yet it is the basis of every intercourse of life. We have faith in the bridge-builder and the engineer, faith in the captain of the boat, faith in the grocer. The child has faith in his father. So we must trust and have a complete faith in our Heavenly Father, for He worketh in us. The completed state must be Christ in us—a St. Paul said, 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.'

"Oh! The pitiableness and smallness of some of the things which prevent us from entering into this partnership with God! Some secret sin, perhaps, comes in as the insulator between us and God, some secret sin which we are loathe to give up, a sin which is eating and corroding the very heart of our life and making the rest an empty shell. If your sin is one peculiar to yourself, or if it is one common with others, whatever it may be, are you man enough, or woman enough, to face that sin, and by God's help—and that is no empty phrase if we are prepared to accept His help—to cast out the only hindrance which prevents you from accepting to the full that position of brother, friend and joint-heir which Christ holds out to you? Think of what it means; which will you choose? On the one hand, the gratification of a sin of which you are secretly ashamed and which enslaves you; on the other, the peace of the living God which passes all understanding. We will become a help and a joy to all with whom we come in contact. It will mean a final expulsion of all worry, care and anxiety; it will mean a resting in Him; it will mean a gradual growth and expansion of His love and the reflecting of His light wherever we go. May we not procrastinate! May we choose to-day!"

This sermon was delivered when Harold was nineteen years of age. He was also a lover of Sunday School work, and was a successful teacher, not only at Christ Church, but also in the Vancouver Japanese Mission. Harold grew "in favor with God."

A LIFE OF SERVICE

There still remains the fourth side of his four-fold manhood—he grew "in favor with man." This was his ideal of service. His perfect body, his well-trained mind, and his religious education were not for any selfish aim, but were to be used for others, in the service of his fellows and his community and his country. Harold quite early showed his powers of leadership. In the Boys' Brigade, both in the military and gymnastic departments, he very frequently acted as instructor. At the Summer Camps he generally was in charge of the athletic side of the camp life. He was the captain or the guiding spirit in all of the teams in which he played, and when Vancouver decided to control the play life of the children of the city, Harold was chosen as one of the Supervisors, and his work was invariably of the highest order, for he was loved and obeyed by all of the children committed to his care. His sense of justice and his knowledge of the rules of the games, even to the most minute details, made him an ideal umpire and referee. His work was accepted without question by friend and foe. Following is a letter from the Japanese Baseball Team:—



Eight Years Old.
London, Ont.

Vancouver, B. C.,

July 2nd, 1913.

Mr. H. Owen,
1146 Melville St., City.

My Dear Sir,—

On behalf of our team I am very pleased to send you this small token, for which you will appreciate our hearty thanks.

I assure you that your umpiring has given entire satisfaction to our boys, as well as to the visitors.

Thanking you again for your favor, I beg to remain,

Yours sincerely,

K. ITO,
Manager Nippon Team.

His ideal was always one of service.

Before we pass to his college days, it might be well to mention a few further incidents of his Vancouver life.

One afternoon, when the High School boys were coming home in the street car, there was the usual happy, though sometimes unruly, mob. On this special day Harold was with them. The conductor, in his excitement, wrongly accused a girl of not paying her fare. Harold took the girl's part—a habit not uncommon in his life—and explained to the conductor that he was wrong. The latter became angry and seized Harold, intending to put him off the car, but he unfortunately chose a powerful subject. Harold skilfully seized his wrists and with a wrestler's quick twist brought the conductor to his knees, whereupon the latter apologized and the car sped on.

While at the Province office, Harold's department was the distribution of the papers to the newsboys, who would line up in the lane, anxiously waiting and crowding so as to receive their papers and hasten up the street with the new edition. Frequently a large and powerful boy would use his strength to push forward and gain a position of advantage, even when he came late. Harold noticed one big fellow do this on the first day on which he took up the new work, and he remonstrated with him, but the "bully" swore and gave vent to some pointed remarks about the new manager which were not meant to be complimentary. Harold stepped out into the lane and though much smaller than the "bully," hit him once. That was enough. He raised himself from the dust, partly dazed, took his place in the line, and from that time forward there was no bullying, and peace and order reigned.

Harold also was in the employ of Malkin's Wholesale Co., and of the B. C. Electric, where he did line-work and special routine at the sub-station, working there for eight months.

COLLEGE LIFE

HAROLD always had looked forward to a college course, and gradually his aim focussed on the life of a medical missionary. At last, in the autumn of 1912, his dream was realized and he went east to begin his studies at Toronto University in medicine, and at Wycliffe College in theology. Here he was admired and loved by his fellow students, and his athletic ability at once brought him into prominence. In his first year he played on five different teams. At the University he came second in boxing and first in wrestling, and in his second year carried off first honors in boxing. He pitched for the "Meds." in the inter-faculty games, winning all five games in one year, while in two of them no man who faced him got further than second base, and in no game did his opponents gain more than two runs. At the same time he taught a Bible Class and assisted in preparing a Confirmation Class. In connection with this task he wrote telling of his astonishment on learning that not a single boy of the whole class had been instructed or even spoken to by his father as regards personal purity. He loved his work at the University, and a life of usefulness was gradually looming up before him and his visions of life were to some extent being realized; but on August 4th, 1914, Great Britain took up the sword to protect little Belgium, to prove her honour and pledged word, and to strike the blow for freedom, for truth, for justice and for righteousness. At the time, Harold was in Vancouver on vacation. He heard the call. There was no hesitation, and he enlisted at once with the North Vancouver Engineers. Then he accepted a commission in the Sixth D. C. O. R., and left Vancouver with the now famous Seventh Battalion.

AT VALCARTIER

At Valcartier, many of the lieutenants were removed in the general reorganization which took place there, and Harold was one of these. He was afraid that he might not be able to go overseas at once, so he enlisted as Staff Sergeant Wardmaster with the Third Field Ambulance. A typical instance of Harold's thoughtfulness is recorded in a letter from Mr. T. H. Hutchinson, General Secretary of the St. John, N. B., Y. M. C. A.:-

"You may probably remember that for a number of years I was Secretary of the Boys' Division of the Vancouver Y. M. C. A., and have for these past eight years been more or less closely in touch with Harold, and with all others who knew him at all well. I, too, came to have a very high regard and warm personal attachment for him, because of his sterling Christian manhood. The last time I met him was at the Valcartier Camp, a year ago last September. On the eve of the day that I spent there, I had the pleasure of speaking to about a thousand of the boys at a Y. M. C. A. meeting. Harold was standing behind me, and just as I was about to speak he whispered to me, 'You have a great chance to give the boys a message to-night, so give it to them for all you're worth.' I think that that statement was typical of Harold's religious life, which was vigorous, warm-hearted, with a sincerity that was absolutely free from cant of any kind."

Another letter from Corporal A. W. Walsh, C. A. M. C., who has been a prisoner in Germany, tells of Harold's first work at Valcartier and afterwards in England and France:-

"Dad was not a talker, but a worker. As you know he joined us at Valcartier. No one in the Corps knew much about him and many of the N. C. O.'s and men rather resented a new man coming in and being given the rank of Staff Sergeant.

"A day or two after he had joined us, a 'Sports Day' was held. 'Dad' took such a keen interest in all the events that the fellows began to remark, 'Owen is a good sport.' Later, after a parade, 'Owen knows the drill,' was remarked.

"Then the men in his section suddenly discovered they had a good N.C.O. and the objectors of a few days previous were silenced. He was never found wanting in any clean game or sport that was going on. If a man was sick or in trouble, he was always ready to help.

"If a boxing match was arranged, 'Dad' would put on the gloves with any man. If a baseball player was needed, 'Dad' was in the game. If a concert was being arranged, he was always on hand to assist in the arrangements or by taking some part in the concert. No programme was complete without Owen's name, and no item more applauded than his mouth organ selections. It is small wonder that he became one of the most popular members of the Corps. On the boat while crossing from Canada to England, Owen had a class in gymnastics in the early morning on the upper deck. The exercise taken at that time was purely voluntary and the attendance spoke volumes for the instructor.

"During our stay on Salisbury Plains, cerebro spinal meningitis broke out in the camp. One battalion in particular had a large number of cases. Staff Sergt. Owen was detailed as acting medical officer to superintend the cleaning up of the lines of that battalion and thus prevent, if possible, the spread of that fatal disease.

"His work was so satisfactory that in a short time he had become the idol of the officers and men alike. The Colonel tried to have him appointed permanent Medical Officer, but only a certified M.D. could occupy that position.

"Then the Colonel asked 'Dad' to remain in the battalion and take a commission as an ordinary officer. 'Dad' partly consented, but a few days later learned that the battalion was to remain in England as a reserve. Consequently he returned to the Third Field Ambulance that he might get over to France a little sooner. Owing to some official red tape, which need not be discussed, another man had been raised to the rank of Staff Sergt., and there was no vacancy above the rank of Sergeant. Your son accepted the lower rank. Everyone admired the man who accepted what was offered for the sake of getting over to France rather than remain in England. Until the Battle of Ypres everything went along rather quietly with us.

"One night, near midnight, while that battle was on, I met 'Dad' leading a party of volunteers up to the trenches to bring out the wounded. I did not see him again, as I was captured by the enemy the following night.

"The other day I had a letter from Sergt. Bye, who came from Vancouver with the Medical Corps. He wrote that only a few nights before your son went out with his last scouting party, "'Dad' dropped into our dressing station to have a chat, and before leaving said to me, 'Sam, they will get me yet.' And only a few nights later the report was brought in to Sergt. Bye, by the men who accompanied your son, that he had gone."

By the end of August, 1914, the troops had gathered at Valcartier. They left Valcartier about September 23rd, and arrived at Plymouth on the evening of October 14th.

ON THE TROOPSHIP

An interesting incident took place on Harold's troopship, while crossing the Atlantic, as told by an officer.

"The men complained that the ship needed a sanitary inspection and cleaning. 'Dad' inspected some of the bunks and found that the complaint was warranted. He reported to two officers, but no notice was taken of it. 'Dad' boiled. He sent an accusation to the higher officers asking that the ship's steward be courtmartialled for neglect of duty. This brought things to a head. The court was held and 'Dad' openly made the accusation and proved his charge, which showed everyone that the boy could not be trifled with. Harold was then asked to supervise the cleaning of the ship, with every assistance at his disposal. In 24 hours the ship was clean and disinfected. From that time 'Dad,' the 'wardmaster,' was known all over the boat. Incidentally he ran the sports, concerts, etc., on the long, tedious voyage over. He was always strong, straight and pure, very seldom antagonizing anyone except the absolute rotters, and anyone who antagonizes such is a blessing to the world, for they save it from dry rot."

Another incident in the voyage is worth mentioning. When he found there was no Sunday evening service on board, he took up Prof. Henry Drummond's well-known book, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," and asked the Sergeants' Mess if they would care to have him read a chapter to them. They replied in the affirmative, and Harold, the youngest Sergeant, read to them one of the deeper chapters, "Eternal Life," one which would appeal more to scientists, perhaps, than to a company of N. C. O.'s. But they listened with intense interest and seemed to enjoy it, quite as much as the usual card playing and story telling.



Christ Church
Boys' Brigade,
No. 2 Company.

Harold,
15 years old



AT SALISBURY

When the Division left Salisbury early in February, Harold was attached to the Third Field Ambulance as one of the Sergeants. They sailed from Avonmouth and landed at St. Nazaire, on the Bay of Biscay, and immediately entrained for the Front, reaching Ploegsteert, Belgium—known among the troops as "Plug Street." Here Harold carried out his medical duties, as related in letters which follow, especially after the Battles of Langemarck and Festubert. In June he received a Lieutenancy in the Seventh Battalion, his old Vancouver regiment, being made Lieutenant in No. 4 Company, remaining with them until the end.

Here are two poems composed by Harold while at Salisbury:—

(Dedicated to those Canadians who died at Salisbury Plain.)

'TIS even, and the sun has set;
The sick, O Lord, around me lie;
It seems so very hard that some
Before the battle have to die.
O'er them no "Braves' Lament" is sung,
These men who face the call so soon;
They're quick forgot—the bugle's rung—
Their memory like a fading moon.

But stay, 'neath some poor cottage roof,
From Scotia's shores to western slope,
A mother, wife, or sweetheart even,
Unconscious all, lives on in hope;
Till flashed across the ocean deep
The news comes in—"He's gone to sleep,"
And grief un'suaged enshadows all
For a man who answered country's call.

Not his the plaudits of the brave,
Who live to see their deeds engrave
The hearts of all with deathless fame,
And for himself—a glorious name;
Just simply this—he did his best.
What matters it for all the rest?
Comrades in arms and brothers all,
He died in answer'ing country's call.

—Harold Owen.

N. B.—There were 900 men who died at Salisbury, before the Division went to France.

THE CALL

What Constitutes a Call?

TO some of us who live in this enlightened age,
Whose eager minds the progress of the world engage;
A question comes: What answer shall we make
To Duty's Call?

Now, Duty's Call to some of us may mean
Advance, ambition gratified, and heights unseen.
So, shuffling all, we make one glad response
To Duty's Call.

But comes the call to others yet again
To shoulder weaker brother's cares, and 'neath the strain
To cheerfully toil on, and sing a brave refrain
To Duty's Call.

And, last of all, the call that none can miss—
"Your King and Country need you"—what say you to this?
One answer only—"Yes"—lest we should seem remiss
To Duty's Call

No thought of all that now we've left behind—
Our work, our pleasure; for each a concentrated mind
Must now retain, to answer with the bravest of his kind
To Duty's Call.

—H. H. Owen.

HAROLD IN FRANCE

LAST night was my turn in the trenches," he remarked in the first section of his letter, written on April 22. "Three of the 72nd have passed out during the past week. Ypres is a sight now; shelled to absolute ruins. It is absolutely weird by moonlight and deserted but for an occasional sentry. Everything sounds hollow and ghostly. Bodies are strewn among the ruins. Refugees pass through all day, carrying all their worldly possessions wrapped up in a handkerchief or shawl. Most of them are women, children and old men.

"Yesterday by the dressing post an old man was plowing. A shell dropped about 25 yards in front of him, covering him with debris. He stopped, looked up a minute, then continued, his furrow passing through the hole made by the shell. He is the father of nine youngsters. His wife was killed by the Germans and the kiddies live, stupefied, but uncomplaining. Some of the boys pass them out rations to help the meagre produce of the shrapnelled farm. What indemnity could recompense them!

"To-day we had a few hours off and played the Queen's Own at baseball. Our pitcher was under arrest, so I had to go on in spite of a torn shoulder, and was lucky enough to hold them to two hits. We beat them 6 to 5. Every inning was torture. Their pitcher was one of Toronto's best. Shells were breaking a few hundred yards away while we were playing—but the human animal gets used to nearly everything."

The narrative breaks off to resume on May 4 with the following:—

"A gap—full of life, death and hell. You will have read more than enough of the slaughter house of Ypres and Langemarck. I am too weary of blood to dilate at any length upon the sacrifice of Canada's lads, now called Canada's heroes. I have lost nearly every personal friend with the contingent. The losses are irreparable—over what? It may sound unutterably selfish, but war is robbed of all its tinsel, glory and pomp when a hero friend smiles his last, while another, hypnotized by the spirit of wholesale sacrifice, steps into his place with no hope of ever coming back. It is then that war is shown up in its true colors, as the primitive survival in the mass of what the state denounces as criminal in the individual. The Canadian division put not only its hand but its body and soul into the breach and suffered it to remain, broken and mutilated. Those who survived ask themselves: 'What right have we to live when the rest have been taken?'

"I could tell you stories innumerable that would make the deeds of the so-called Greek heroes seem tame and insignificant by comparison. At present I am still numbed. I, myself, feel a morbid shame that I was not with McHarg. Thank God, I was able to do what I could without that haunting fear that I dreaded might come at the critical time. Though you never hear a word you need never feel ashamed of your son's portion. Strangely enough, I thought of that when I was under fire.

"We only had a score of casualties in our corps. In seven days we treated and salvaged over 5,000 wounded—a record, I believe. We handled 1,700 in the second 24 hours. I was allowed double work, being of exceptionally strong stamina. I bandaged and dressed all day long and collected from the trenches all night. It was the most strenuous week of my existence—a blind struggle against the havoc of shot, shell and gas bomb."—
(A letter from Harold to his mother.)

At Festubert, Harold handled 800 cases at his own table, and during the night looked after the stretcher bearers and ambulance wagons. He and 13 stretcher bearers brought in 39 wounded men the last night, over ground which was taken by the Germans the next day. At another time he and 90 of his men got 54 wounded men out of a temporary hospital under heavy shell fire.

In the Winnipeg Telegram is a letter written by a soldier to his mother in Alliston, Ont., giving an interesting account of the battle at Langemarck. After telling of the dreadful sights, etc., he goes on to say: "Next night (or was it next? for they are all the same to us, nights and days make no difference, for we did not sleep for 72 hours), about fifteen of us fellows went up to St. Jean. We could not go as far as St. Julien this time, for the Germans were there, and arriving at St. Jean we could not find our officers, as they had been compelled to retreat. So being there without orders, we were useless until Sergt. Owen, our most popular N. C. O., who was in charge, realized that the place was too hot for us, and that if we were not to be all killed, we would either have to go on to the trenches, or back to the hospital. So he asked for volunteers to go up to the brigade headquarters to report for duty, to act as regimental stretcher bearers. Needless to say, every man stepped forward, and after crawling through fields, ditches and mud, we arrived at headquarters, not 50 yards behind the reserve trenches. Here we reported to Capt. Haywood, the Medical Officer of the Third Battalion of Toronto, and volunteered to go up to the trenches for wounded. He nearly threw his arms around us with pleasure, for practically all the Third Battalion stretcher bearers had been cut up."

CAPT. ALLAN BROOKS

Harold's Senior Officer.

Officer Commanding Fourth Company, Seventh Battalion, writes thus:—

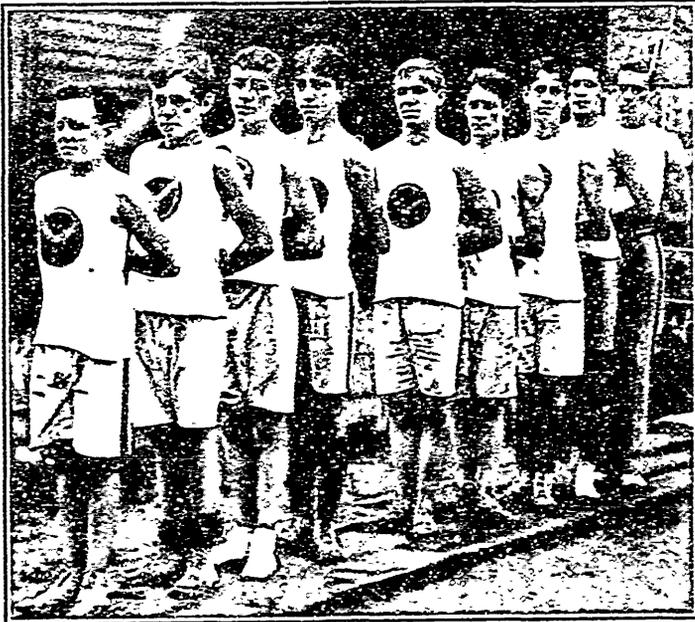
"I first met him when we relieved the First Canadian Brigade in the trenches at Givenchy, just after the gallant and costly attack made by the First Brigade, where, though they took three lines of trenches, they had to retire again because the attack on our left flank had failed.

"We moved in, I think, on the 19th of June, to find the ground between the front trenches (only 40 yards apart in places) covered with our dead and a few wounded men. Any exposure meant a stream of rifle and machine gun bullets, and we had to wait until dark. Even then the trenches were so close, and the German lights, including a searchlight, so incessant, owing to their expecting another attack, that it was more than risky to attempt any rescue.

"Only one man in front of us seemed to have any life left in him, and as soon as it was dark enough, your son went over the parapet and brought him in single handed, although the wounded man was a big man and tangled up in the wire. I did not then know how splendidly proportioned your son was physically and wondered how so small a man could do the job. Subsequently we got in all the bodies, including another wounded man.

"We moved up to our present sector on the 24th day of June, and shortly afterwards, about the last of the month, I was delighted to have your son transferred to my Company, No. 4, which was then in trenches 133 and 134, though at the time I think they were numbered 64 and 65.

"Very soon after he commenced to display his singular ability as a scout and his influence with Col. Odium was so great that he was allowed to organize our system of listening posts and scouts on a different plan to that we had been adopting.



The Leaders' Corps
Christ Church Boys' Brigade.

Left to right—G. Dixon, D. Pratt, J. Ralston, J. Coutts,
R. Kennedy, H. H. Owen, C. Anstle, L. Raines, H. Higgs
(Instructor) All enlisted but one.

"This plan of a complete chain of listening posts outside our parapet at night, was followed, I believe, by the whole brigade, and our freedom from any raids and our domination of the 'No Man's Land' was due to this.

"For a considerable period, up to 27th of August, we were very fortunate in my Company, few casualties and everything working smoothly. Later we commenced to have more casualties, chiefly from shell fire, and I cannot express my admiration for your boy's conduct during such trying episodes. He was always cheery, unaffected by his many narrow escapes, and always on hand to attend the wounded.

"Here in saving life he shone best, never losing his head; when the word was passed, 'Stretcher bearers on the double,' it was pretty certain that Harold would be attending to the wounded man or men before the stretcher bearers arrived.

"I remember how hard he worked to try and resuscitate a poor chap called B—, who had been buried and wounded badly in the head, B's poor brother looking on and seeing the life slowly fade from the inanimate form before him. At the close, it was your son who had to comfort the heart-broken boy, and I thanked God every day that I had a man who could do just such things better than any other.

"About the end of September, Harold was down with a touch of trench fever and told me he was feeling pretty done up. I asked Col. Odlum to appoint another reconnaissance officer for a while, which he gladly did, and Owen had only his platoon to look after.

"A little later he was up to his old form and conceived the idea of a raid with a dozen or so men on the enemy's trench near the Douve River. The Colonel gave his permission and the scheme was put into execution. Choosing a dark night, Harold and Sergt. Ashby crawled up to the enemy's wire and after about two hours' work cut two narrow paths right through it, right under a machine gun emplacement. Few can realize how great a strain such an undertaking is.

"Leaving two scouts to watch, he returned, and about an hour and a half later led his little party out, and they all got up to the front of the parapet. Here a new difficulty presented itself in the shape of a lot of barbed wire which covered the face of the slope of the parapet.

"While Owen and Ashby were cutting this, one of his party slipped and fell into the ditch containing wire at the foot of the parapet. At once the Huns were on the alert, the slide was opened and the machine gun covered the party only a few yards away, while the sentries passed the alarm. It speaks well for the coolness of their leader, that the whole party was at once carefully and quietly withdrawn without a single shot being fired.

"Later, Owen used this gap in the wire and successfully bombed a sentry with only a single companion, and the same opening was used (and indeed ensured the success of) when the successful attack was made on the night of the 16th of November. This was the first of these very effective attacks which formed the key-note of our operations on the whole British front during this winter, and the credit of conceiving such a plan is due in the first place to your son's originality, as all these attacks were only an elaboration of his conception.

"How well do I remember the little details of our work in the trenches all through the long fine summer and wet fall, and always associated with them the gallant figure of your boy. The short summer nights when the 'Stand to' came at 1:30 a.m., all too soon very often for Harold's activities in 'No Man's Land,' it was always a relief to me when he reported in, as he was always scheming some risky little adventure. He loved the work.

Sometimes I would go out to him or with him, and we would lie together silently watching and listening while the German star lights soared over our heads; and later when we returned to the trench it was always the same formula, 'Now, Skipper, you turn in 'till "Stand to!" I'm fresh as a daisy and everything is quiet,' and though I looked on him as a son, he almost played the father to me, always worrying because I would not sleep at night.

"One of his escapades he probably told you about, when he took his batman, Laxton, who could speak German, and in daylight waded down the Douve up to their necks in water, and when right under the German parapet started a conversation with the enemy to try and ascertain whether they were Saxons or Bavarians.

"It was always a bitter disappointment to Harold that he was not in the raid of November 16th, which was worked up while he was on leave. He came back and was in the front trench, but Col. Odum would not give him a place, reserving him for the next offensive.

"The last time we were under fire together was during the sharp night bombardment after we went back to the trenches on the 10th of December, when we were destroying the 'barricade' on the Messines Road which had been put up while we were away on our brigade rest.

"Shell fire at night in a flooded trench is a horrible thing and it brings out all that is best in a man. One night it was very bad, and though I had thinned out the garrison of the trench, the casualties were rather heavy. The first was one of the sentries on the extreme right. Harold was on his way to see if they were all right, when he heard one was wounded. He told me afterwards what his thoughts were as he bolted from traverse to traverse while the big black 5.9 shells were bursting overhead with a terrific noise, but he never faltered, and a little later I found him under a fallen tree-trunk, putting the finishing touches to a poor chap's bandaged head. While there, the word came that there were a number of men killed and wounded back near where we had come from, and away went Harold faster than I could follow him, and when I got to him he was toiling among the poor shattered wrecks of humanity, trying to wash the slimy mud from a poor fellow's shattered hands and arms. And yet, after it all, he would be quite bright and cheery, only solicitous that his 'skipper' should turn in for an hour or two.

"There is not anything more I can tell. I was not with the Battalion on the black night when he gave up his life for his men, but I saw these men when they stood at his graveside and heard their broken words as they shook hands with me again. Very few there were there, who would not have willingly have taken the place of that quiet form if they could have given him back to you, and this must be your chiefest solace—that you had a son that could so inspire strong men.

"It may be they will give him the V. C.; he deserved it well; but if they don't, you will always know that his memory will always be in the hearts of his men and brother officers, and this will inspire them with some of the courage he so abundantly possessed."

THE STORY OF HIS DEATH

The following account of the death of Lieut. Owen is given by the Officer Commanding the Seventh Battalion:

DURING an attack by our scouts under command of Lieut. Owen, Sergt. Ashby and Corp. Weir were wounded. Lieut. Owen ordered his men to withdraw—they previously having wounded a number of the Germans—telling his men that he would cover their retirement and follow. He remained and held the enemy's fire. A few minutes after, Corp. Weir noticed that Lieut. Owen was not following. He at once went back and found Lieut. Owen shot through the head with a rifle bullet. Corp. Weir was almost at once joined by Sergt. Ashby, and these two, themselves wounded, carried their young officer back, who was unconscious. Lieut. Owen passed away just as the trench was reached. In the meantime the enemy had retired, carrying four of their wounded and leaving two more seriously wounded behind.

Lieut. Owen's career with his battalion has been a splendid one. At Festubert, in the attack on K-5, he was one of the coolest and steadiest of the officers in the advance. At Givenchy he attracted attention several times, particularly by the rescue of a man wounded during the first brigade attack, who had been lying for two days between the trenches in front of the Duck's Bill. In the present divisional area he made a name for himself as reconnaissance officer. It was his steady, daring work at the head of the scouts that gained for us domination in the inter-trench area, and made the attack of November 16-17 possible. Prior to that time he and his men had repeatedly penetrated the enemy's wire, brought away stakes as trophies and bombed out their listening posts. On one occasion he and twelve men actually climbed on the parapet of the enemy's trench.

But the alarm had been given, and while they were there the enemy "stood to." In this precarious position, Lieut. Owen successfully withdrew his men and by location of this point enabled the artillery to destroy both machine guns and trench bomb, which had been annoying our troops. On another occasion he and Pte. Laxton went up the Douve during daylight and entered into conversation with the enemy from beside a log, in an effort to get information. Throughout Lieut. Owen displayed skill and courage, tempered with judicious caution.

When he was on a task I never felt any anxiety. He was always a source of comfort, and I leaned on him heavily. Repeatedly I have recommended him for rewards—these never came through. No officer or men in this battalion have earned a reward more thoroughly than Lieut. Owen.

The Colonel then referred to the splendid conduct of Sergt. H. Ashby and Corp. K. Weir, who had both won D. S. M., and he hoped would have a bar added. "Nothing," he said, "could have been more gallant than their action in returning, though wounded in the head, to rescue their leader, to whom they were devoted."

Lieut. Owen met his death in obeying orders, running no foolish or unnecessary risks. He had explained his plans to me and they met with my approval, though as he always had a free hand in carrying out his work, this was not necessary. He died in his usual effort to leave the danger post last and care first for his men's safety.

LETTER FROM LANCE-CORPORAL WEIR.

"Mr. Owen was loved by all who knew him, and especially by those who have worked with him as often as a few of us have. To two or three of us, it was the worst blow we could possibly receive to our nerves and minds, and those are the things which count out here.

"Mr. Owen and I had caught a working party who were putting up barbed wire the night of January 29th, and bombed them. Mr. Owen figured that they would come out the next night to continue the work, and we waited between the trenches in 'No Man's Land' for six hours. They came out at five minutes to eleven, about 40 strong. Sergt. Ashby, Mr. Owen and myself put up the fight. We had three other lads who watched the flanks. We beat them in with about eight or ten losses, and when they got back they turned two machine guns and rapid fire on us from their parapet.

"We held our ground until they started to throw bombs at us from behind their trench. Sergt. Ashby and I had slight wounds, and Mr. Owen had sent Ashby in before this. He did not want to go, but orders are orders. I told the rest to go in and asked Mr. Owen if he was coming, he said he was, but covered us part of the way. I went into the listening post and stood up and looked, but found that Mr. Owen was not following me. I turned right back, and Sergt. Ashby and Corpl. Carlyle, when they found we were out, followed us. I did not think Mr. Owen was hit. I got back to where he had left me and found him lying there. I spoke to him and he did not answer me. I called to Ashby, who was about 30 feet away, and told him he was hit. Ashby and Carlyle hurried to me and the three of us rushed him across the open to some shelter. We made him as comfortable as possible, but when a German light went up, I saw there was no chance. Sergt. Ashby went in to get dressed and Corpl. Carlyle and I along with a couple of lads, stayed to the end.

"It was then I realized what I had been through, for the machine guns were playing around us all the time and also the rapid fire from their parapet. It was one of those chance shots that hit Mr. Owen. He never knew what hit him and had no pain. He was never conscious, for I was not more than thirty seconds away from him."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY LIEUT. F. F. ELLIOTT,

Seventh Battalion, Who was appointed Reconnaissance Officer
to succeed Harold.

"About the last of January, I lost my best friend in the Battalion, in the death of Lieut. Owen. He was one of the finest fellows I have ever known, and I consider the *most usefu*' man in the Battalion outside the Colonel. Moreover, as I have known him for over five years, I felt his loss very keenly.

"His whole service with the Seventh Battalion, dating from the time when he left the Field Ambulance last June, has been one continuous succession of good work. On this front he gradually wrought out a line of service of his own as Reconnaissance Officer, his own work practically his only precedent, and his keenness and his life his limit. When we came to this front, 'No Man's Land' was more German than ours. Now we call it 'Canada.' With his band of scouts he, step by step, took possession of it, bombed their listening posts, lay in wait for their patrols and harrassed any working parties they sent into their wire at night. Before long every fold of ground, every tree, every shell-hole was known to them, and the Germans dare no longer put out their listening posts, and rarely venture forth with patrols; while nightly our listening posts lie well out from the



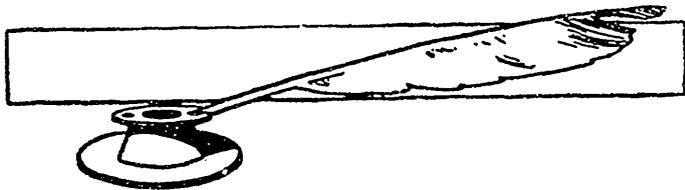
As a member of Christ Church Choir,
Age 19 Years.

trenches listening, and our patrols scour the ground as far as the German wire. Except for Owen's work, the attack on the Petite Douve Farm, of which I have frequently spoken, would have been impossible.

"Last month, though, after lying for five hours on the edge of the German wire, with three scouts, waiting for an expected working party to come out, and after they had come out and an open battle had taken place, in which our men had dropped at least six Germans (how many more they could not see) and the bulk of the party (some twenty or thirty) had run in, and due to shock to two of his men from a German bomb, and also due to the probability of the Germans opening from the parapet, he ordered his scouts back, saying he would follow. They had not gone far, however, before they heard his revolver talking again, and found that he was not following. They immediately doubled back, but found him lying mortally wounded. They picked him up, however, and carried him in, but he died before they got him to our trench.

"The Colonel called me up next day, and after a conference with him I became the new Reconnaissance Officer.

"To show how complete Owen's mastery of the situation had become, I can give as an example of the German dread of any ground in front of their trenches the fact that, ten nights after his death, my Sergeant took me up to where he had been killed, on the edge of the German wire, and we found there, undisturbed, his revolver, gloves and hat; also a German rifle and an unexploded bomb, all of which we brought back. Apparently they had not ventured out again."



FROM A LETTER

Written by Pte. T. Etherington, of Harold's Company.

I

THINK I described in my last letter the scrap we had with Fritz on January 30th, the time when Lieut. H. Owen lost his life. He was our Scout Officer and the most popular officer in the whole Battalion. In the raid, Sergt. Ashby was wounded slightly in the head by the concussion from a German bomb. He was ordered back by Mr. Owen, and he went back. We all followed about the same time, except Mr. Owen himself, who remained behind to cover our retreat. We had got about 20 yards from the German wire when they opened up with a machine gun, and unfortunately got Mr. Owen just as he had turned to follow us. Sergt. Ashby and Corpl. Carlyle went back for him when he did not show up, and they carried him right from the German wire to our own wire, but it was too late. He died before we could get him into the trench. There was no possible chance of saving him, for he was shot through the head, and never knew what hit him. If he had only come with us, he would have been safe, but he thought it his duty to cover us, especially Sergt. Ashby. We cannot speak too highly of him, for he practically gave his life for us. We buried Mr. Owen the next night, and it was the saddest funeral I ever took part in. He lies in our cemetery, buried by the rest of his companions—the most popular officer of the Second Brigade. Lance-Corporal Weir stayed with Mr. Owen until the finish, for he was only ten feet from him when he was hit. I myself was also present during the raid and stayed to the end, but to my sorrow, could do nothing for him. This is the correct account of Mr. Owen's death."

THE BURIAL

He was buried on a wooded hillside, about two miles from Messines, by Red Lodge at the edge of the grounds of a chateau, on January 31st, 1916, at six o'clock in the evening. The Rev. Capt. Barton (of Victoria, B. C.) took the service, being Chaplain of the Seventh Battalion. Two other Chaplains were present, not including his father, Rev. C. C. Owen, who had ridden for three hours in order to be present. He himself had just come from the burial services of four men of the Twenty-eighth. The scouts, the Third Field Ambulance, the buglers and representatives of other departments were present. One of the most touching things was the number of wreaths (for floral tributes are unknown at the Front). There was a cross four or five feet long, made of lilies, hyacinths and roses from the officers, and three others, a cross, an anchor and a crown, made of creeping vines and flowers, from the N. C. O.'s and men. These all came from the Third Field Ambulance, although Harold had not been with them for six months. They had purchased the cross at a near-by city and had made the others themselves.

A military cross was erected, which will be replaced by a stone monument already completed, which has been prepared by the Third Field Ambulance.

There his fellow soldiers left his earthly remains, but Harold is not there. He is with his God, serving Him in a brighter world, but Christ's soldier still, "a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

HIS LIFE AS SEEN BY OTHERS

Written by a Soldier Friend.

"What a splendid retrospect as we look back over his life! Many an aged man has never, through all of his years, had the definite influence for good that Harold's short life exercised. He never compromised with anything that was wrong. He always stood for that which was right. Even swearing and dirty stories were eliminated when he was around, and this was true also of his life at High School. Long before he was honored with the name 'Man of God,' his influence had been felt, not only for clean sport but also for clean living. Boys have come to him and told him of their temptations and their weaknesses and their falls, and have asked him to help them to keep straight. When he was Lieutenant with the Seventh Battalion, he was constantly caring for his men in a medical way. One came to him with an injured hand, and Harold fixed him up. He went away with many thanks, saying, 'Your stuff always touches the spot.' For two weeks he left his usual scouting duties to act as Medical Officer for an Artillery Brigade, as they were without a Medical Officer. In his work as Scout Officer he was utterly fearless. One night he walked along the whole length of the Seventh Battalion parapet to make a careful examination of the line and to find out the weak spots. He never slept during the night and very little during the day, often not more than two hours in twenty-four. It is of little wonder that his Colonel was heard to remark, 'When Owen is in the front, I feel I have nothing to worry about.' In January, 1916, for a short time, he was Acting Commanding Officer for his Company and Senior Major of the Battalion. He was offered a Staff Captaincy in the Imperial Army and refused it, preferring to stick to his own Canada where he was born and educated.

"In August, 1915, he was the only officer and one of less than 30 men who had never missed a parade since coming to France. He always looked after his men and worked harder and did more unselfish, self-sacrificing work than any other officer we have known. A superior officer said the other day, 'We haven't a better man in the regiment.'

"He had many narrow escapes. In October, 1915, he was in a dug-out which was hit by a heavy shell and completely shattered, but Harold crawled out only covered with mud. In December, six men were killed by a 'coal box' in a front trench square, but Harold and one other were not touched. His work as Scout Officer was of the highest order. He knew every tree and every hillock in 'No Man's Land.' Nightly he would crawl around between the trenches, under the German wires, where he had cut a little path, right up by their parapet, under the muzzles of their machine guns. On several occasions he left articles on their parapet to show the Huns that he had paid them a visit during the night. In the midst of all of this he was still a noble, straight man. His companions called him 'The Man of God.' In one of his last conversations, he said: 'Don't imagine that because I feel our forms of religion need revision, that God is any less to me. God was never so much to me as He is now.' A few weeks before his death he was the only one of 175 men who remained for Holy Communion. He said afterward: 'I am glad I did it. It was a shame so few stayed, the majority going away through fear of the opinion of others.' Thus he lived and thus he died.

**MAJOR-GENERAL A. W. CURRIE WRITES OF HAROLD
IN THESE WORDS:**

December 18th, 1915—Before Harold's death.

"Your son is one in whom I put great trust, and I look forward to his rapid promotion if he is spared. I could not say anything better, could I, and mean it."

January 31st, 1916—After Harold's death.

"I wish I could say something that would lighten the great blow you have suffered in the loss of your dear and gallant son. His loss to us is irreparable. I do not think there has ever been in this Division an officer who for his years and experience, was more capable and efficient. No battalion does its reconnaissance more thoroughly, and few anything like as well, as the Seventh. For this thoroughness, to your son and his gallant scouts belongs the credit. Brave to a fault, he was an inspiration to us all. Not one night alone, but almost every night, he proceeded in his light-hearted way on his dangerous mission, a mission absolutely necessary and performed so well that we, with every right, claimed 'No Man's Land' as our own. For his brilliant work and for his gallantry as well, he has been twice recommended for reward, and I believe it was more a disappointment to some of us than to himself, that his name was not included in the last list. He was a son of whom his parents must at all times have been very proud. I looked for him to go far. His loss we deplore, yet his memory will always be revered. I can assure you that the influence of his many soldierly qualities will be lasting, not only in his Battalion but in this Division."

**FROM MAJOR J. SLATER, SECOND ARMY SCHOOL OF
SNIPING.**

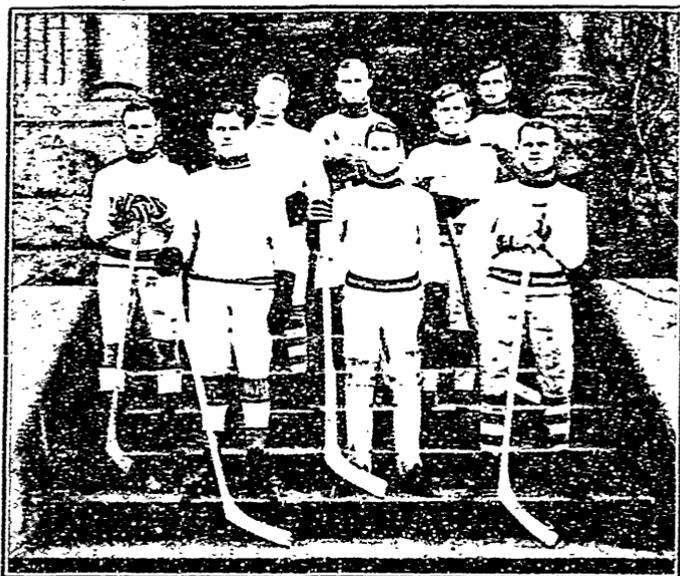
"Your son was a true soldier and a most fearless one, never flinching from duty. His gallant conduct will be an inspiration to the men of his Battalion."

**FROM REV. CAPT. J. PRINGLE, THIRD CANADIAN
FIELD AMBULANCE.**

"I know of his character and his faithfulness to duty and how he commended himself to all the officers and men. One of our men said to me, yesterday, 'The best man in the Third Field Ambulance.' The value we all placed on him makes the loss seem all the greater to us as well as to you. But he has made the supreme sacrifice, a fitting ending to his short but faithful life. We know he is with One who will value his sacrifice aright."

**FROM REV. CAPT. L. W. MOFFIT, METHODIST CHAPLAIN,
SEVENTH BATTALION.**

"I always found him pleasant and friendly, and knew him as a man marked out by his strong Christian spirit. He always held a high place in the esteem and affections of his brother-officers and of the men. His bravery was often remarked upon, and I know his work was highly appreciated by his superior officers. For the first time in my experience in France, flowers were brought to his funeral."



Wycliffe College Hockey Team.

Harold, 20 years old.

"IN ARDUIS FIDELIS."

To Mrs. C. C. Owen,
Christ Church,
Vancouver, B. C.

We, the N. C. O.'s and men of No. 3 Canadian Field Ambulance, desire to express to you, in your great trial, our most sincere sympathy.

Although Lieut. Owen left our unit last May, we still cherish fond thoughts of his many kindly acts and constantly remember many things he did to brighten our lot and make us more satisfied with our often-times rather uncomfortable surroundings.

When he rejoined the Seventh Battalion at Festubert, each one of us felt that he had lost one of his best comrades, and now, when parted by his glorious death, we all deeply mourn him and realize that in him we had a true, ideal friend, and as such join with you in your sorrow.

This individual feeling of mutual sympathy is borne in sorrow and regret; for in losing your dear son we lost (each one of us) an incomparable brother-in-arms.

On behalf of N. C. O.'s and men, No. 3 Canadian Field Ambulance.

WILLIAM E. CASE,
Sergt.-Major.

FROM A LETTER

Written by Pte. John Boardman to his mother in Winnipeg.

"Do you ever see the Rev. C. C. Owen? His son is a Staff Sergeant in our Company and is as near perfection in every sense of the word as any young fellow I have ever run across. The Rev. C. C. Owen has every right to be proud of his son, who in his own quiet way is possibly accomplishing greater things than his father.

"I have seen 'Staff' Owen kneel down by his bed on a cold windy night, and leaning against the side of his trench, say his prayers, while some of his companions were sitting huddled around the cook's fire and others had gone to bed, and I was rolling in myself.

"On another occasion, when we were sitting around the camp fire, 'Staff' Owen was playing his mouth organ for us, when the most foul-mouthed man in our crowd joined us and passed a few boisterous remarks. Owen stopped playing and looked at him, whereupon the gink said, 'I'm sorry, Staff; I always try to remember to talk half-decent when you are around.'

"Owen is one of the most popular boys in the corps, and it is the first time in my life that I've seen the combination worked out."

TRIBUTE TO GALLANT MAN.

Memory of Lieut. Owen Is Held Dear by His Fellow Men.

A tribute to the memory of the late Lieut. Owen, the son of Major the Rev. C. C. Owen of Vancouver, Senior Chaplain of the Second Division, C. E. F., is paid by Lieut. J. R. McIlree, D. S. O., in a letter to relatives here, dated February 6th, 1916. He says:—

"He was the finest little fellow I ever struck, and had been recommended five times, and twice mentioned in despatches. He and his beloved

scouts were out in the German wire when a working party came out. They hopped to it, cleaning the ' out. 'Fritz' came back from the trenches and got Owen through the head. I was out just behind them, with a few of my infernal machines, and wished myself somewhere else. However, we got back with only two more wounded, and brought Owen in. He is the greatest individual loss we have had yet."—Vancouver Daily Province.

**EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM PTE. ALEX. WALLACE,
SEVENTH BATTALION.**

"The Battalion mourns the loss of one of its most popular, valuable and daring officers in Lieutenant H. H. Owen. He died where he worked, or rather fought—in that strip of ground known as 'No Man's Land.' If there was ever a man who put his whole energy into a task it was Mr. Owen. He went into this war for all there was in him, and he generally succeeded with all he undertook. Pluck with him was not demonstrated by just one act of daring. It was consistent.

"The raid during which he was killed was his third successive night visit to the German wire, and on each occasion Hun working parties and patrols were decimated. He persistently harried the German listening posts and chased them to the cover of their own parapets. On more than one occasion, he found his way along through the German wire and bombed their trenches. Through his efforts and those of his scouts, he made 'No Man's Land' Canadian territory. He knew every inch of the strip and, armed with nothing more 'frightful' than a walking stick, he would often go out at night to reconnoitre.

"His exploits did much to win the Battalion the good name it now bears. As coming from one of the boys, I think the best tribute I can pay him is that he was one of the boys and one of the best at that. He was esteemed and popular with all who knew him.

"Of course, we all knew that such work as he carried out could not last without casualties, but I think it was more his skill and knowledge of 'No Man's Land' that won him through unscathed so many times, rather than pure good luck."

**FROM ANOTHER SOLDIER OF THE SEVENTH BATTALION,
PTE. CHARLES JUDGE.**

"In Lieut. Harold Owen we have lost one of our best officers, and a man who did not know what fear was. It does seem a shame that he should have been killed after so many brilliant exploits."

One of his superior officers said of him: "He was the purest, cleanest, straightest type of manhood I have ever met in this world. The boys all loved him; there was no one in the Battalion like him."

WRITTEN IN 1915 BY A WINNIPEG SOLDIER.

"The most popular man of the Corps, and rightly so, is Harold Owen, son of Rev. C. C. Owen of Vancouver. Physically, morally and intellectually, he is the best all-round man. He is a third-year 'Med.' from Toronto, and Canadian born. He is a prince!"

The Quartermaster of the Seventh Battalion said: "That boy was nearer perfection than any other man I have ever seen in this world."

G. L. (BUD) FISHER, A B. C. LOGGER.

A returned soldier, who has come back unfit for further military service, has conveyed the esteem and respect that the boys in the trenches felt for Lieut. Owen in verse that is somewhat on the order of the work of Robert Service, the Canadian poet, and selections are given here as follows:

"To Lieut. Owen, Scout Officer, Seventh Canadian Infantry Battalion, B. E. F.

"A Gallant, Fearless, Godfearing Man—Killed in Action at Peter Douve Farm."

* * * * *

"There are strange things done to the worst of Huns, by Canadians brave and bold;

But their deadly raids have their secret tales, that would make your blood run cold.

The flarlights, say, make night like day, and your life is the cost of a move.

I have seen queer sights, you can bet your life; but the weirdest I ever saw, were the Seventh in the trenches grim, on the banks of the Peter Douve.

There was Owen bold, with a heart of gold, a bomb in each pocket and hand.

(How he left B. C. and came out here, it's hard to understand.)

He was an officer, pal and friend, and gentleman all in one.

Why, every man in the regiment loved him true and well.

For the twist of his little finger—we'd have followed him to hell.

* * * * *

The Douve Farm loomed up close at hand, through the evening's fog and mist,

Until our advance was halted by Owen's warning hiss:

'Stay here, boys, till I advance and see that all is clear.'

That way was a habit of Owen's when danger and death lurked near."

LIEUT. HAROLD OWEN,

Wycliffe Student,

Killed in Action.

ENLISTED AS A PRIVATE.

Was Studying Here as a Medical Missionary.

It was with no ordinary sorrow that the many friends of Lieutenant Harold H. Owen, of Wycliffe, 1T6, and Meds. 1T7, received the news of his recent death in action in Flanders. He was one of the first to answer the call at the outbreak of the war, and received a commission in the Seventh Battalion, going overseas with the First Contingent. While at Salisbury

he was appointed Acting Medical Officer, but anxious to go to the Front, in spite of the fact that there was a surplus of officers, he resigned his commission and went as a Staff Sergeant in the C. A. M. C. In this corps he fulfilled his task as an assistant surgeon with such fidelity that he was asked to again take his commission in the Seventh Battalion.

He was in command of a Company of the Seventh which in a gallant charge on Christmas Day, took, after very strenuous fighting, a line of trenches from a powerful German force. When he and his Company had been ordered back to billet for a well-earned rest after their arduous task, a counter-attack by the enemy succeeded in retaking the trench. Lieut.-Col. Odlum, the O. C. of the Seventh Battalion, again called upon Owen, who was a second time successful in dislodging the enemy.

Owen was several times mentioned in despatches for conspicuous bravery and was also recommended for the D. S. O. He won such favour in the eyes of the senior officers that he was offered a Captain's appointment on the staff of one of the British divisions. This he declined, preferring to stay with the Canadians.

Dr. O'Meara, Principal of Wycliffe, received a wire on Wednesday with the news of his death.—Varsity Magazine, Feb. 4th, 1916.

LIEUT. HAROLD H. OWEN.
(Seventh Batt., C.E.F.)

Harold Owen (1T6) was a sport. No matter what the game, "Dad" was always in it. He excelled in boxing, gymnastics, rugby and basketball, was always ready for a game or a scrap, and once in it would see it through. Besides his love of athletics, Owen was a good student and a clean, straight man. We could do with many such as he.—The Wycliffe Magazine, April, 1915.

Hero of "No Man's Land!" Exactly as we expected! Right in the forefront of the lines—closer to the enemy than the first line of trenches—fearless of danger, and eager for the fray! That was Owen through and through.

In college days he was just the same. If it was a baseball game, there was Owen on the base; if it was the Rugby team, there was Owen in the scrimmage; if it was the gym., there was Owen in the lead again—hockey, track, tennis—everything claimed him as a sport.

As a student he was brilliant, with that great power of concentration which for him meant a green shade over the eyes and Gray's Anatomy or the Medical Dictionary before him night after night. With Medicine and Theology combined he was preparing to take his place in the world as a medical missionary.

At the first call for men in August, 1914, Owen responded. He advanced from Private to Lieutenant, to Acting Medical Officer, to Scouting Officer. It was while on duty in this latter capacity, spying out the land between the opposing trenches—that most dangerous and loathsome of all places on the battlefield—that he lost his life.

Killed at midnight while on the most dangerous work he could be given. In his death both the College and the University have lost a most promising son. He was respected by all who knew him. His energy, his zeal, his earnestness we all admired. He put his heart and soul into all that he did, and all his actions showed his unselfish life—a life lived for others.

We expected great things of Owen, and he lived up to our highest expectations—this Hero of "No Man's Land."—C. E. Elliott, in The Wycliffe Magazine, April, 1916.

AN APPRECIATION VOICED BY A FRIEND IN VANCOUVER.

Universal regret was expressed in the city to-day at the death, while fighting at the Front, of Lieut. H. H. Owen, son of Major Rev. C. C. Owen of Christ Church, a Chaplain with the Vancouver boys in France. A reader of The Province sends the following appreciation:—

"In the brief report of the death of Lieut. Harold H. Owen at the Front, it is not stated how the deceased met his end. But of one thing we may be sure: it would be fully in keeping with the noble character of a typical young Canadian officer endowed with the highest physical attributes and without an atom of fear in his constitution. His letters home were full of the joy of life and love. He spoke of hairbreadth escapes from German bullets with a simplicity that breathed of the knight-errantry of Sir Nigel. He was ever in search of 'some small deed' whereby he could win 'honorable advancement.' Prior to the outbreak of war Lieut. Owen was studying for a medical missionary and had he been spared he would undoubtedly have made his mark in that calling, which demands of its votaries those striking physical, moral and intellectual attributes so finely typified in the deceased's young life. To soften the severity of the blow which has fallen upon his parents and sisters will be the pride which comes of the knowledge that he died fighting for his country. 'Dad' was never a shirker when there was important work to be done, and when danger threatened the Old Flag, he was one of the first to rally to its support.

"In Lieut. Owen there was exemplified the ideal specimen of young athletic manhood. A rich product of the open-air life he took his place with credit in all branches of athletics. Swimming, gymnastics, clubs, baseball, tennis, boxing—he was proficient in all these manly recreations. He was regarded with deep affection by all who knew him, because in him the elements of a true sportsman and a thorough gentleman were indelibly stamped. He is buried somewhere in Northern France, but his memory will ever be enshrined in the hearts of his many friends. Thus has ended a life full of golden promise and goodness. 'Dad' has played his part in a man's game and has written his name in burning letters on the scroll of Vancouver's heroes. Of him we may repeat the lines:

"You played your part; you wrote your name
Upon our simple annals clear,
In field and cloister still the same,
A knight without reproach or fear.

"We thought your radiant soul was meant
For greater things—we should be sure
No life is short that's nobly spent,
No hero's death is premature."

H. H. SKELTON.

"Daily Province," Vancouver, February 1, 1916.

AN APPRECIATION.

He was Canadian born! What a new lustre has been added to these few simple words since Canada drew sword from scabbard to help the Motherland in her great struggle for humanity. This simple epitaph over the lonely graves of some few of those who have fallen "somewhere in France" is as eloquent a tribute to the fallen as "He fell on Gallipoli," which marks the glorious end of many of our Australian and New Zealand brothers.

Necessarily (on account of the youthfulness of this country) most of those Canadians whose blood dyes the battlefields of France and Flanders, first saw light in the British Isles. All the greater, therefore, is the thrill which runs through Canadian veins when it is possible to write over the grave of a hero, "He was Canadian born." It is inevitable that one should speak well of all men who die for their country, and there are even instances where the death of a man fighting thus blots out a hundred failings and places a halo round a head that would otherwise never have deserved one.

Of Harold Owen it is difficult to speak except in superlatives. The firm hand grip, the clear bright eye that looked so straightly into yours, the well-knit, athletic young figure, the manly voice, were always attributes to remember even when you had no idea that a bloody war would so soon claim their possessor for one of its many victims. Harold had a way with him which invariably attracted boys to his side, and this characteristic was invaluable in the work of superintending the games on Vancouver playgrounds during the vacations which he spent away from his college in the east.

Though deeply religious, there was not the slightest cant about this stalwart young Canadian—any more than there is about his gallant father. He stood for muscular Christianity. He had decided years ago to devote his life to service in the mission fields of South America, and the war found him fitting himself by medical, as well as religious, training for this life. Those who have had the privilege of seeing many of his letters home (one or two of which have been published) are aware that he had a vivid imagination and a keen sense of humor, qualities which often expressed themselves in fine descriptive prose and sometimes in happy verse. And those who have seen letters from his superior officers and from others at the Front (and in the ranks) who have come into personal touch with him during his brief but almost brilliant military career—for he carried out more than one piece of dangerous work single-handed—are aware that the self-sacrifice, courage and efficiency which characterized him were greatly appreciated by those above him and made him beloved by all who came into a close personal touch with him.

While the deepest sympathy will be felt for the mother, father and sisters of this gallant young soldier, that sympathy will be tempered by the feeling that he has died where duty called him to a position of responsibility and danger such as he himself would have selected.

And so we number Harold Owen among those of whom it has been recently written:

"They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God."

NOEL ROBINSON.

—From The Vancouver Daily Province.

AN APPRECIATION.

That poetry of "Dad's" was very characteristic of him. Any one who knew him at all knew that he possessed a very rich temperament, and I really prided myself in my appreciation of him. To see "Dad" every day of the week was to see an exhibition of the most striking and manly qualities that could be found in any student. From the first he impressed me as a chap who had, to a superlative degree, self-control. I have seen a good many fellows at the University who tried to make their lives the instruments with which they could realize their noblest ambitions, but none of them seemed to have all the elements of life so completely under the control of the will, none seemed to strike such a splendid adjustment of the serious and recreative phases of student life as did "Dad" Owen.

Then, too, there was the practical side of his nature, which few ever saw, but which was often evident to me in occasional flashes. I have noticed it scores of times, that same depth of perception, and that same throb of intense feeling, which can be so readily seen in his poetry.

H. A. MOWAT,
A Fellow Student.

FROM REV. PRINCIPAL O'MEARA, D.D., of Wycliffe College, Toronto.

"He was always so bright and happy and brought sunshine and cheer to every life he touched."

AN APPRECIATION.

From Lady Markham, South Kensington, London, England.

September 16th, 1916.

Last October a letter came to me from my friend at the Front, saying: "I am sending you one of my officers—a boy such as you so often have said you want to meet. He is one of the bravest lads I have, plucky, full of go, yet sensitive, highly strung, and the war, with its many horrors and the ghastliness of it all, must make him shudder, for soldiering is not what he would choose."

I was interested, and looked forward to meeting this young Canadian officer. He came late one evening. The moment I met him, my heart went out. His bright fresh young face, the earnestness of the eyes—eyes which looked straight into yours—eyes, though closed forever now, I still so often see. The face of this young boy was one of a thinker. Shrewdness and honesty shone from it, and one you could not forget—a rather whimsical mouth, yet the minutest smile and laughter ever seemed to be playing over the face as he spoke. We made friends at once, all of my family, and though he was hurrying back to the Front again, he promised to come back to us for his Christmas leave. At Christmas he came. In the meantime I had had letters from his Colonel, telling me of what splendid work he had been doing. I not only heard from his Colonel, but from other officers working with him, of his courage. The many little deeds of heroism which the great world never hears of, the many tender little actions to his men—all these I heard.

It has been one of my joys, and to my family, that we were able to spend that Christmas leave with that dear boy in our midst. He became one of

us, and I loved him. Many were the earnest talks we had; how he discussed his plans when the war would be over, how he intended to work out God's will. Great were the schemes for the future, those great, grand, beautiful plans! I used to sit in my chair and watch the eager, enthusiastic young face, and sometimes a fear would cloud my heart. Would God spare him? We so badly needed men to live on, like this young one, who already was giving the helping hand to so many.

I think what attracted me almost more than anything was the bright sunshine he seemed to bring with him—the joyousness of living. There was no morbidness in his way of looking at life. He was the very essence of happiness. How he loved fun, and how happy we were that Christmas week! When he left us, he had, dear lad, a presentiment he would never come back, for he told my little daughter. I had many dear letters when he returned—precious to me now.

Then came the day when I opened the letter from his Colonel, telling me the beloved young boy had passed over to the Great Land Beyond. His words were: "I am heartbroken—our Harold has gone. His last deed of bravery cost him his life. I have recommended him for the V. C. I am sending you the two men who were with him." I cannot describe to you what I felt—it was almost impossible to realize, his personality was so great. I felt he was here with us all. I shall not attempt to describe how we mourned, for he had entered so completely into our family. His two men came to us and told us the story of how he gave his young life. Those men who had served under him, told me what I already knew—they had had "God's man" with them. They described many a pathetic little act of gentleness and tenderness they and others had received from his hands. It is difficult for me to write it all. I cannot adequately describe what they told me—those two splendid men, with tears blinding their eyes and words difficult to get out. One told me he had never thought of God at all until Lieut. Owen had come. Now he also has passed over. Since that day I have received letters and have seen many of his brother officers, all telling me the same story. Lieut. Owen was a grand man. I can write little more now.

The work he did out there you know. Others can describe this better than I, but the words his Colonel wrote me when he sent him here, came true. I have met many splendid men—men, too, who have given their life, grand, glorious men—but Harold Owen's second I have never met. Proud must be the father and mother be to have owned such a son. Truly he was "God's man," and all we can say is: "Patience, Thy will be done."

D. MARKHAM.

FROM HAROLD'S TWO GODFATHERS.

Rev. R. P. McKim, of St. John, N. B.

"I thank God for the boy who is yours and was partly mine. He has finished his work quickly, as far as his earthly career is concerned, and so nobly and splendidly. It takes some of us long years of plodding along a wearisome way, making so many mistakes, falling so often, pierced with so many regrets. I am sure that God specially loves the dear fellows who go straight ahead and finish up so quickly and are ready so early in their earthly life for promotion and the joy of their Lord."

Rt. Rev. Heber Hamilton, Nagoya, Japan.

"Harold's fitness for a higher service will always be a comfort to you, and the knowledge of his influence for good over so many."

FROM ARCHBISHOP MATHESON.

Bishop's Court, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
2nd February, 1916.

My Dear Mrs. Owen,—

I cannot tell you how very much shocked both Mrs. Matheson and myself were this morning to see the notice of the death of your dear son. We both grieve with you from the bottom of our hearts, and pray that God may sustain you in the loss of such a noble lad. I have had many evidences in letters from the Front of the brave devotion to God and what was right of that dear boy. He was manly, physically, morally and spiritually, and though young, was a strong man of God. It is difficult to know how to comfort you, but it must be a consolation to you to know that he gave his life in the cause of righteousness and liberty and all that is dearest to us in life. I hope that his father was near him when he passed away.

Kindly accept for yourself and family our heartfelt sympathy and the assurance that we are remembering you in our prayers.

With kindest regards and all good wishes, I am,
Most sincerely yours,

S. P. RUPERT'S LAND.

RECOLLECTIONS OF "DAD" OWEN.

The year 1903 saw the welding of a friendship with one who was a staunch Christian, a born leader of men, a boy with a character without tarnish or stain.

We were brought together through the school and were the happiest of chums. I well remember that one day, in coming home from school, I was waiting for Harold, but looking up the street I saw a group of boys scattering in all directions. Harold had suddenly come upon them as they were preparing to attack a Chinaman and upset his laundry cart. Harold broke up the plans. This gives a glimpse of the nobility and sense of fairness in the lad, who dared to fight a crowd of cowards who intended to molest a stranger in a strange land.

At the Y. M. C. A. he had a class in "gym." work, and I well remember him putting me through my facings on the high bar. He was a gymnast of no little ability, and the quickest boy with the "gloves" I have ever seen for his age.

He has entered into rest, but Memory brings to me the recollection of one who, in all his words and works, proved himself to be upright, true, and manly.

E. M. McKECHNIE.

FROM CHAS. E. TISDALL, EX-M.P.P., VANCOUVER, B. C.

"For a young man, few stood so high in the general estimation of the community, and few had distinguished themselves with greater glory on the field of battle."

**FROM "BUD" WEDDLE, KELOWNA, B. C.,
One of Harold's Closest Friends.**

"To me 'Dad's' friendship was one of my most sacred possessions."

NOTE.—Over four hundred letters were received by Mr. and Mrs. Owen referring to Harold's death.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

Tribute to the Late Lieut. Owen.

GREATER love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

From this text Rev. A. H. Sovereign, on Sunday, preached an impressive sermon at the well-attended memorial service held at St. Mark's Church, Kitsilano, in memory of the late Lieut. H. H. Owen, son of (Major) Rev. C. C. Owen, Rector of Christ Church, now at the Front. The circumstances relating to the death of Lieut. Owen were recounted in a recent issue of *The Province*.

The Sixth Regiment D. C. O. R. sent a detachment of men and officers to represent their Battalion, of which Lieut. Owen was a member. The service closed with the "Dead March," followed by the "Last Post" sounded by the buglers.

Rev. Mr. Sovereign said in part:—

"The world honors those who die for others, while the selfish man and the coward are soon forgotten. Go where you will over the earth, and you will find the nations bowing in honor by the grave of the patriot and placing on it a wreath of remembrance. Self-sacrifice and faithfulness unto death are part of that universal language, known and understood by all. Likewise, in this war, those who fall will live for ever in the memory of their nation, for they have died for others. One of these is Lieut. Harold Heber Owen, who, in the time of youth, with all of his strength and manly vigor, with his mind fresh and keen, with ideals and visions of a life of usefulness looming up before him, gave his life that others might live.

"He, with his comrades, have died for England and the Empire. The Empire is great, strong and powerful because of those who have given their lives for her. The English name resounds round the earth through the death of her martyrs. Go where you will, you will find the British dead; by the foothills of the Himalayas, they sleep, having won India for the British crown, and now India gives itself to her; by the Soudan, where the rivers lose themselves in the burning sands of the desert, you will find them. In the frozen North, brave Franklin rests; in the South, under the Southern Cross, Scott and his intrepid companions await the call of Judgment; by the mountains, where the trails are lost on the pine-clad slopes, there, too, you will find the British dead. Harold Owen, likewise, has given himself for the Empire.

"Oh, Mother England, he heard thy call,
And gladly gave his life and all.

"They have fallen in the cause of Liberty—and could there be a nobler cause? What ideals are held within that one word Freedom? They have fought for the liberation of Belgium and the protection of all small nations. Look at Belgium to-day—her cities in ruins, her homes destroyed, her children orphans, her women dishonored, her land desolate! And why? Her only crime that she trusted an Emperor's word. Lieut. Owen fell in the fight for Liberty.

"Who stands if Freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?"

"May this be our comfort, then, to know that our brave men have made the great sacrifice for England, for liberty, and for their friends and dear ones.

"A word as to Harold's character, for by that name we know him best. He grew up with me as my right-hand lad, as we sought to raise the boys of the church and city to nobler, purer, stronger lives. He was a born leader. Among his chums, in the Boys' Brigade, in the Cadets, at college, on the playground, he was always a leader. Then when he went forth at the call of duty he was given a post of honor and responsibility and danger, as Lieutenant of the Battalion scouts.

"There was something of the heroic in him; he never knew what fear was. In leading his companions on many a mountain climb his confidence gave them courage as they overcame the rocky cliffs. He was always the first to volunteer for tasks which had in them a touch of danger. In company with his equally brave father he crossed from Victoria to Vancouver in a small canoe. The crisis always reveals the man, and his past life. No man can be brave in a moment who has not been brave all his life. Harold's heroic death only revealed his heroic life. I believe he was mentioned for special bravery five times in the despatches. He died as he would wish to die, as any true man would ask to die, doing his duty. He died as he had lived, bravely, playing the hero."

Lieut. Owen had, the preacher added, been studying at the University of Toronto in preparation for a life of service as a medical missionary, and in one of his last letters he wrote: "I only ask that I may be able to play the game."

After referring to the need of "a revival of religion, true and deep, permeating all strata of our life and work," Rev. Mr. Sovereign added:

"Major Owen, Harold's father, thus writes to me from the trenches twelve days before Harold's death: 'When this war closes we shall be either better or worse—if not better, we shall have missed the day of our visitation and I dread the results. To suffer and not receive the cleansing means that we are of clay and not of gold. Nothing is more needed than prayer, but I believe the nation is not yet roused in any real sense.'"

Memorial services were also held at Christ Church, Vancouver, and at St. Clement's, North Toronto.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT CHRIST CHURCH.

The Services in Christ Church on the Sunday following the news of Harold's death were both in memory of him. On both occasions our church was filled, other congregations besides our own being represented. The Rev. C. S. McGaffin, Rector in charge, preached from the text, Hebrews 2-19. "It became Him.....in bringing many sons unto glory to make the Captain of their salvation perfect, though suffering." The purpose of the sufferings of Christ was to bring 'many sons unto glory.' A great procession with its long interminable files sweeps onward under the guidance of the one Captain into the possession of His Glory. The many are invested with the dignity and privilege which belong to their Leader. There is an identity of fate here and of destiny hereafter of the army with its Leader. The humblest private shall partake of the glory of the Captain. But in order to do this the Captain must be identified with the soldier. The Leader must have no exemptions from the hardships of the Company. The soldiers weary on the march, bethink themselves 'headquarters was here yesterday,' and where He has stretched Himself on the cold ground and bivouacked

they need not be ashamed or afraid to lie down. The Captain of their Salvation has shared every hardship and plodded with bleeding feet every inch of the ground over which He would lead them. Through suffering He was enabled to bring them to glory.

In the life of Harold Heber Owen the necessity of Christ's suffering finds again its vindication. Here surely is one of the great army of redeemed sons brought to glory through the Captain of his Salvation. How simply he told us of what life was to him. In a letter in which he referred to the dangers of the battlefield he wrote. . . . "I have never asked that I should be kept when here so many young and better are going. I only ask that I may be able to play the game." The 'game' for him was a brave, manly, strong life, lived for his Master, Christ, and when the 'game' was over, what? Listen, this is it, in the message from his brave father. "Harold promoted in service for God. . . ." He lived in the fellowship of his great Captain and at the last was promoted into His Glory.

The splendid choir of which Harold had been a member more than filled the Chancel; members past and present were there in loving sympathy. The Anthem "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" was sung. Some of Harold's favorite hymns were chosen for both services, among them: "Fight the Good Fight," "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand," "Oh Love That Will Not Let Me Go," "F - All the Saints." In the evening his favorite Anthem "Crossing the Bar" was beautifully sung. Mr. F. Chubb very feelingly played the Dead March at the close of both services. It was a quiet and solemn day, but full of the most loving thought of him whose memory we would thus honor. And through it all there rang the note of a splendid Triumph, the Triumph of Christian faith grandly manifested in a brave young life.

A beautiful memorial window will this year be placed in the transept of Christ Church in memory of Harold. Also, in the Vancouver Military Hospital, in the Hart McHarg Ward, a bed is being placed to remember, among the sick, our soldier boy.

SERVICE AT ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH, TORONTO.

While a student at Wycliffe College and the University of Toronto, Harold was accustomed to spend his week-ends with his relations in North Toronto. His Sundays were spent in the work so near to his heart always, and at St. Clement's Church, he assisted in the Services and taught a boy's Bible Class, besides superintending their games on Saturday afternoon. His name is on the Service Roll of the Church and at the time of his death a Memorial Service was held, conducted by Rev. A. J. Fiddler. Harold had many friends among the boys of the congregation who will greatly miss his interest and influence in their Sunday School activities. His name is mentioned with those of the other members of the Church who are on Active Service, when the Honor Roll is read during the Communion Services on Sunday.



Father and Son.
The Day Before Harold Left Home.

TELEGRAMS AND CABLES

Grundy, Malkins',
Vancouver.

Harold is promoted to service with God.
Somewhere in Belgium.
Feb. 1, 1916.

OWEN.

Rev. C. C. Owen,
1146 Melville St., Vancouver, B. C.

Ottawa, Ont., Feb. 3, 1916.

Deeply regret inform you Lieutenant Harold Heber Owen, Seventh Battalion, formerly Third Field Ambulance, officially reported killed in action January 31st. ADJT. GENERAL.

Mrs. C. C. Owen,
1146 Melville St., Vancouver, B. C.

Ottawa, Ont., Feb. 2nd, 1916.

Kindly accept my sincerest sympathy and condolence in the loss of your gallant son, Lieutenant H. H. Owen, who fell on Monday gallantly leading his men in a daring attack. Your husband, who is at the Front, will doubtless have already informed you of the sad event. It must be some consolation to you to have a husband and son both at the Front, gallantly doing their duty. They both have long had not only my highest regard and esteem, but also that of all who knew them.

SAM HUGHES.

Minister's Office,

(Personal.)

Ottawa, February 7th, 1916.

Dear Reverend Owen,—

Will you kindly accept my sincere sympathy and condolence in the decease of that worthy citizen and heroic soldier, Lieutenant Harold Heber Owen.

While one cannot too deeply mourn the loss of such a brave comrade, there is a consolation in knowing that he did his duty fearlessly and well, and gave his life for the cause of Liberty and the upbuilding of the Empire.

Again extending to you my heartfelt sympathy,

Faithfully,

SAM HUGHES,

Major General, Minister of Militia and Defence for Canada.

Reverend C. C. Owen, 1146 Melville St., Vancouver, B. C.

Ottawa, 8th February, 1916.

Dear Sir,—

As you are reported by the Militia Department to be the next-of-kin of the late Lieutenant Harold Heber Owen, Seventh Battalion (formerly Third Field Ambulance)—although the relationship is not stated—I am commanded by Field Marshal His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught to say with what deep regret he has heard of the loss you and the Dominion have sustained by the death of Lieutenant Owen in the service of his Country. His Royal Highness deeply sympathizes with you in your sorrow.

I am,

Yours very truly, E. S. STANTON,

Lieut.-Colonel, Governor-General's Secretary.

Rev. C. C. Owen, 1146 Melville St., Vancouver, B. C.

OFFICIAL HONORS

"Our patrols and scouts have displayed their customary enterprise and vigilance. While out between the trenches with three Battalion scouts, Lieut. H. Owen, British Columbia Battalion, encountered a patrol of fifteen Germans and immediately gave fight. Bombs were thrown and revolvers freely used. Four of the enemy were seen to fall. Lieut. Owen was killed.

"Among those who have most distinguished themselves in the dangerous work of scouting and patrolling in 'No Man's Land,' none has been more conspicuous than Lieut. Owen."—From Sir Max Aitken's weekly communique, January 27th to February 2nd.

To the O. C. Seventh Canadian Infantry Battalion :

The General G. O. C. Officer Commanding has asked me to request that you will, in his name, congratulate Lieut. H. H. Owen and Pte. Laxton on their very successful reconnaissance, showing such highly commendable initiative. The metal screw stake has been sent to the Division, and the other one may be kept by Lieut. Owen, if he wishes to keep it.

(Signed) J. W. BOWER, Major.

To Lieut. H. H. Owen :

In forwarding the above copy of the congratulatory message received from the Brigadier General, I desire to add a word of my own. Your work with this Battalion has invariably met with my approval; and I trust that a continued display of the same daring spirit may lead to a higher reward. Please convey to Pte. Laxton an expression of my deep appreciation of his work.

Belgium, 3-10-15.

J. W. ODLUM,
Lieut.-Col., O. C. Seventh Can. Inf. Bat.

War Office,

Whitehall, S.W., 15th July, 1916.

Sir,—

I have it in command from His Majesty the King to inform you, as next-of-kin of the late Lieutenant Harold Heber Owen, of the Seventh Canadian Infantry Battalion, that this officer was mentioned in a despatch from Field Marshal Sir John French, dated 30th November, 1915, and published in the Supplement to the "London Gazette" of 31st December, 1915, dated 1st January, 1916, and in a despatch from General Sir Douglas Haig, dated 30th April, 1916, and published in the Second Supplement to the "London Gazette" of 13th June, dated 15th June, 1916, for gallant and distinguished service in the field.

I am to express to you the King's high appreciation of these services, and to add that His Majesty trusts that their public acknowledgment may be of some consolation in your bereavement.

I have the honour to be,

Your obedient servant.

M. D. GRAHAM,

Lieutenant-Colonel, Assistant Military Secretary.

The Reverend C. C. Owen,

1146 Melville St., Vancouver, British Columbia.

POEMS



"CARRY ON."

(Dedicated to the Rev. Cecil C. Owen, of Christ Church, Vancouver,
Chaplain Major of the Twenty-ninth Battalion, Sixth Brigade,
C.E.F., whose only son, Lieut. Harold Owen, lost his
life in covering the retreat of his patrol.)

SOLDIER and priest, with suppliant hands upraised,
Erect before the altar of great Jove,
The sacrificial garland on his brow,
Stood Xenophon, the friend of Socrates,
Who led his Greeks from Tigris to the sea,
And offered up both sacrifice and prayer
For victory against the Theban hosts,
His country's foes, on Mantinea's plain.

But lo! as from the altar rose the flame
Comes a swift messenger, who from afar
Cries out: "O Xenophon, thy son is slain!"
Firm stood the father, but removed the wreath
As one who mourned the dead, and carried on
Unfaltering his prayer and sacrifice.
But when the messenger of death spake on:
"Nobly he fell, fighting to save his friends";
No longer mourning, Xenophon restored
The wreath, and offered thanks unto the Gods,
Bending his own will to the Will Divine.

And so, dear friend, whose only son was slain,
Giving his life that others might be saved,
Thou, too, a soldier priest, wilt carry on
Undaunted still, both sacrifice and prayer,
Blending thine own will with the Will Divine.

—W. H. Van der Smissen.

University College, Toronto, 10th March, 1916.
(From The University Monthly, April, 1916.)

TO YOU WHO HAVE LOST.

3 KNOW! I know!—
The ceaseless ache, the emptiness, the woe,
The pang of loss—
The strength that sinks beneath so sore a cross—
“Heedless and careless, still the world wags on,
And leaves me broken . . . Oh, my son! my son!”

Yet—think of this!—
Yea, rather, think on this!—
He died as few men get the chance to die,
Fighting to save a world’s morality.
He died the noblest death a man may die,
Fighting for God, and Right, and Liberty;
And such a death is Immortality.

“He died unnoticed in the muddy trench,”
Nay—God was with him, and he did not blench;
Filled him with holy fires that nought could quench,
And when He saw his work below was done,
He gently called to him: “My son! My son!
I need thee for a greater work than this.
Thy faith, thy zeal, thy fine activities,
Are worthy of My larger liberties”;
Then drew him with the hand of welcoming grace,
And, side by side, they climbed the heavenly ways.

—JOHN OXENHAM.

* * * * *

REMEMBER what he was, with thankful heart,
The bright, the brave, the tender and the true;
Remember where he is, from sin apart,
Present with God—yet not estranged from you.
But never doubt that Love—and Love alone—
Removed thy loved one from this trial scene;
Nor idly dream, since he to God has gone,
Of what, had he been left, he might have been.



At Rest

SOMEWHERE IN FLANDERS.

SOMEWHERE in Flanders he lies,
The lad with the laughing eyes;
And I bade him "Good-bye" but yesterday;
He clasped my hand in a manly grip,
I can see him now with his smiling lip,
And his chin held high in the old proud way.

Salt of our English earth,
A lad of promise and worth,
Straight and true as the blade at his side,
Instant to answer his Country's call,
He leapt to the fray to fight and to fall,
And there, in his youth's full blood, he died.

Victor yet in his grave,
All that he had he gave;
Nor may we weep for the might-have-been,
For the quenchless flame of a heart aglow
Burns clear, that the soul, yet blind, may know
The vision splendid his eyes have seen.

Weep but for the wasted life
Of him who shrinks from the strife,
Shunning the path the brave have trod;
Not for the friend whose task is done,
Who strove with his face to the morning sun,
Up and up to his God.

TRUST.

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."—Isaiah 30: 15.

IT comes to the heart like a whisper,
Soft and sweet and low,
When the road is rough and dreary
And the feet so tired and slow;
Like a strain of sweetest music
Borne on the evening breeze,
Or the faintest zephyr floating
'Mid the tops of the forest trees.

"Let not your heart be troubled,
Nor let it be afraid,"
For the Lord is always with thee
In sunshin and in shade;
Though we know not where we're going,
Yet the Master knows the way:
He will lead us safely onward
To the everlasting day.

Sometimes the sky is cloudy,
And the angry billows roar,
And our hearts grow faint as the billows
Come thundering up the shore;
Though the waves dash e'er so wildly,
They cannot overwhelm:
For it never is too stormy
With Jesus at the helm.

He'll pilot us safely over,
Through the roughest, wildest gale,
Though the heart be well nigh broken,
Yet He will never fail;
And when the twilight gathers,
And the voyage so nearly done,
He'll guide us into the Harbour
Through the gates of the setting sun.

Right into the Golden Harbour,
Over the glassy sea,
Into the quiet haven
Where we would ever be;
And up the shining pathway,
Amid the white-robed throng,
Till we fall at the feet of the Master
And hear His glad "Well done."

IN DARKNESS, LIGHT.

LET me be still and trust,
While Thou art dealing grievous things,
Thy love enfoldeth him who from the dust
Flies to the shadow of Thy wings,
And who in Thy strong wisdom rests and waits,
The gate shall bring him precious freights.

Lord, make my spirit still,
All things that vex me or alarm
Can happen only by Thy righteous Will,
Who nothing sendest to my harm.
Thy powerful hand brings changes one by one,
But what Thou doest is well done.

But Thou, Thou knowest all—
And knowing, choosest still the best.
Father, my heart from murmuring recall,
In this sure confidence to rest.
So in the deepest pain, Thy praise I'll sing:
What my God will, let each day bring.

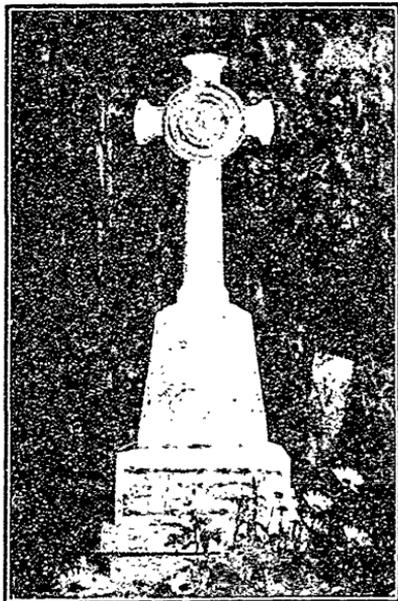
The hour at last shall come,
Which shall my life's whole longing fill;
When Thou shalt lead our weary spirits home
To the New Day on Zion's Hill.
Then by our opened eyes it shall be seen
How perfect all Thy work has been.

Then shall from all my night
The Eternal Sunshine set me free;
Then shall my heart break forth in full delight,
Then on my lips this song shall be,—
The Lord, who my salvation sought and won,
Hath everything thereto well done.

HE KNOWS.

HE knows, He loves, He cares,
Nothing this truth shall dim;
He gives the very best to those
Who leave the choice to Him.

Death hides, but it cannot divide,
Thou art but on Christ's other side;
Thou art with Christ, and He with me,
In Him, I still am close to thee.



To be Placed by the Grave at the Close of
the War.

The Gift of the 3rd Field
Ambulance Corps.

WARD, ELLWOOD & CO.
PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS
VANCOUVER, B. C.,
CANADA