

*“Their bodies are buried in  
peace, but their name  
liveth for evermore”*



Memorial Service held at Queen's University, Kingston,  
Canada, for Queen's men who have given  
their lives in the War.

DECEMBER 1st, 1918.



# Memorial Sermon

*Preached by*

*REV. PRINCIPAL R. BRUCE TAYLOR, D. D.*

PSALM 50: 5: "Gather My saints together unto Me; those that have made a covenant with Me by sacrifice."

But a few years ago it seemed as if it were the main object of our civilization to provide against all the contingencies of life. Men insured in half a dozen different directions that they might ward off the blows of fate. Life, property, income, soundness of limb—against the loss of all these things provision was made, and the character to be admired was the one that played for safety, and fulfilling its duties in a careful domestic way towards God and man, slept the sleep of the just. It was a view of life that unquestionably had its virtues, and also its very grave defects. It is not possible to make life safe, but the effort to do so may check the fine sense that the years here are a great venture of faith. But the general attitude of providing for the future spread itself till it covered everything, even University training and education. "Efficiency" was the ideal; the "practical man" was the desired product; and the main purpose of the University was conceived to be the instilling of a certain ordered sequence of valuable facts which would at once become available for the making of a livelihood. Worldliness is not the temper of any one age in particular. But when life has for decades run in certain lines, success or failure comes to be measured simply and solely by the standards of the market place. The man who was held to have "made good" was the man who had been able to make money, while the following of learning for learning's sake, the throwing away of material advantages for more leisure in which to grow, was regarded as the mark of an oddity.

Suddenly across this prosperous, domestic, materialistic world the sounds of war rang out, and the only compulsion to take part in it was the compulsion of conscience. Indeed the urgency was not at first fully understood. It was hard to believe that war really meant war; hard to believe that lives were to be thrown away and civilizations to be wrecked in any such monstrous anachronism. It was all to be soon over. The financial stringency would throttle war. The madness of it would never allow the issue to be one purely of endurance and resources. But the war did go on. The weeks spread to months and the months to years. Each mail meant a clearer understanding of the horror that had been unloosed, and strangely enough, because of the knowledge of the horror, a clearer call to take one's place and to do one's part. "Business as usual" was a fatal cry. Nothing could be as usual, and it was only when we discovered that truth that the claim became compelling. The need was men, men, men; men to stop the gaps in the lines, men with the highest intellectual training, or men with no learning at all, but men who could stand the strain, and hold a gun, and shoot straight, and stay where they were placed till they died: men, free men, who should put themselves under the sternest discipline and undertake the severest hardships and carry a light heart into the most desperate endeavour. The call was answered magnificently. The problem was not how to get the men, but how to train them and arm them. The decision was made in full knowledge of all the facts, and men brought up in the faith that to ensure against to-morrow was a first responsibility dropped, on the moment, all that they had undertaken, and crossed the seas to fight in a war that was none of their choosing, and to meet, with little but their manhood, the enemy who had for a generation been laying the train of his assault.

Thank God, it all now lies behind us, and we pray that we, with those who come after us, shall war no more. Victory is ours, victory far more complete than we had dared to hope for. We have come through days that were dark

indeed, when faith seemed but a slender arm to lean upon. We feel that we are in touch with things that we do not wholly understand. "At the helm," to use Stevenson's phrase, "was that unknown Steersman, whom we call God." The mood of the Armistice day has passed. We shall never again awaken with such a thrill, perhaps never again rejoice with such unwonted tears and with such irrepressible laughter. Already we begin to see somewhat of the responsibility of the victors in the building up of a new heaven and a new earth. But we seek to join together in honouring the memory of men who held this place dear, of comrades who trained themselves, far better than they knew, in these classrooms and these playing fields, for the greatest struggle that mankind has ever known, and who, having done their work with conscience and with a free spirit, do now rest from their labours. It was not given to them to see of the fruit of their toil, but we who are alive and remain would send forth the rumour of them upon every wind of heaven.

For their sacrifice, and the sacrifice of tens of thousands like-minded with themselves, has saved the Empire. It is a strange, unstudied thing, this Empire, created in no small part by men who knew not what they were doing, and held together by ties that are all the stronger the more they are indefinite and intangible. The Battle of the Plains of Abraham was hardly even a skirmish as men measure these things to-day, but it secured for the British crown this Canada of ours. The ventures of merchant seamen, the cupidity of traders, the quixoticism of those who fled the conventions of civilized life, the efforts of the missionary, all these have built up this Empire to which we belong, and it has been administered in a temper that has been a marvel of unselfishness. There has been freedom of entrance everywhere for all white men, and the seas have been free to every ship save the pirate. There were days, not so many months ago, when it seemed as though a speedy dissolution might be the fate of this great and unique experiment in government by an unforced loyalty. That shadow has now passed.

For our Empire, as for all the rest of the world, the immediate result is loss, but we shall not allow our enemies in this moment of victory to sow dissension between the Allies as a whole, or the various dependencies of the Empire. We have won the war because we have beaten the enemy on sea and land, and those who have renewed the covenant of our sacrifice are knit together as men never were.

But the victory which our friends gave themselves to win has secured the liberties of the world. The theme is too well worn to be set down here; but it is right that we should remind ourselves that we fought for no merely national cause, worthy though that might have been, but for the liberties of mankind. Surely whom the gods will destroy they first of all make mad. There are other things in warfare besides physical might. The foe that makes the first spring has a vast advantage, but in the long run the things that tell are determination and a sense of a just cause. Our enemies left no possibility of doubt as to the side on which right and justice lay. The cause that was first of all so sure of its physical might that it could flout all the ancient sanctions of civilized life can hardly in the name of civilization appeal to the consideration of the victor after the long years of agony. When a whole people believe that obligations have no moral value, and human life in the person of defenceless women and children no claim on human protection; when they hound to death the captives who are helpless and watch without pity the drowning of maimed men and ministering women, it is time they learned the lesson that as men sow so shall they also reap. We should be heedless of the memory of our dead if in any foolish charity we allowed those who are guilty to escape the penalty of their unspeakable crimes. They have affronted the face of the world. The blood of Abel cries out from the ground, not in vengeance but in the defence of the liberties of those who come after us. There are certain sins that carry within them forever the seeds of death. In the ancient kingdom of Ephraim, the sin of Ahab against Naboth was remembered

against his stock until its final extinction. It was not merely that Ahab had slain an innocent man; it was that he had flouted the rights of humanity; he had sinned against the traditions of the fathers; he had uprooted a household from its seat and broken in wantonness the ties between the citizen and his ancestral land, apart from which he had no place in Israel. Our men died that a crime of the same nature although a million-fold greater might receive its just reward. They fought for the liberties of the world, and we who have been spared must see to it that they shall not have fought in vain.

The sacrifice of our friends has brought back to the world the real meaning of religion, "My saints, those that have made a covenant with Me by sacrifice." But the other day, for many men not heedless of their ways, religion was a mere convention. They may have misunderstood it. Perhaps they never sought to understand it. Perhaps it had never been presented to them as having in it any note of a crusade. They understood it to deal with creeds which they did not feel could be to them a real issue, or with negations which might very well be observed apart altogether from so elaborate a system of things as the Christian Church presented. The Gospel read without commentary or elision had many straight things to say and implied certain claims which the Christian religion, reduced to a system, appeared to ignore. Whenever a faith was turned into a system it lost its soul. "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace but a sword." Whatever the context, that did not appear to give much support to a great many namby-pambyisms and social timidities that hid themselves under the guise of charity and a Christian spirit. "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." Again, on the face of it, there was nothing here to encourage the endowment assurance view of life. And in its broad outline the life of Christ was not a story dealing with the relevance of genealogies or the possibility of miracle. It was the story of a

life that rejected prudential standing and refused to be cautious. In its various assertions of purpose there was evidence of the strong human nature, proof of the pull of merely material considerations even upon our Lord. "Get thee behind Me, Satan," are the words of One not untouched by the setting forward and by the snare of the easier way. But He claimed the right to throw away His life if the object were adequate. He set forth His own purpose as a general statement. No life was saved that was not lost, and it was hard even for Him to put into the sacrifice of the Cross His own knowledge and faith.

There never is any easy way of doing the things that are worth doing. There comes a point when only sacrifice will secure the result; personal, not vicarious sacrifice. Do you remember how our hearts shrank from it when we were told that victory could only be achieved by a military decision on the Western Front? Our experience at that time had been confined to the retreat from Mons, and the first battle of Ypres; the abortive struggle of Neuve Chapelle, and the tragedy of incoordination at Loos. A military decision! The thing seemed to be impossible; but the leaders were right. It was only by sacrifice that the war could be won. So far as the Canadians were concerned, the Salient, the Somme, Vimy, the mud of Passchendaele, Arras, Amiens, Cambrai, these desperate struggles marked the way to the final victory, but on the road blood was shed like water and our long Roll of Honour is our witness to some of those saints who made the covenant with God by sacrifice.

There are men here, I know, who will bear me out when I say that there was on those days of active service a liberty of spirit such as they never before experienced. For the world was behind their backs. They had made the great decision. Whatever might come to them would find them not surprised and not unprepared. And behind it all, even in the case of men of our stock who refused to analyze their motives, there was the sense that here was a quest wholly unselfish; a struggle that meant for them but horror and



dirt and stench; separation from all that made life worth living; wounds and bruises and festering sores; and yet a struggle through which they were able to utter their faith in ideals and their conviction that right must reign. The men who did this were men who in civilian life were slaves to many a trivial fear; to the fear of public opinion; fear of doing the wrong thing; of creating the wrong impression; of wearing the wrong kind of tie. But they gave themselves for what they thought was true, and in a moment these meaner sanctions fell away and they became free. They lost their lives and they found them.

There is a verse in the book of Daniel which describes how the king, looking into the burning fiery furnace, saw four men there when only three had been cast into the flames: "Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; *and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God.*" That divine companionship has been known in these days by many to whom the more formal religious statements meant nothing. But while only some have known it, all have possessed it. And to-day we have in remembrance that noble company who jeopardized their lives to the death.

The following Graduates, Alumni, Undergraduates and Members of Staff of Queen's University have been killed or died while on active military service, 1914-1918; to the number of one hundred and fifty-one.

L. Brooks Adams  
Henry Harold Allen

Herbert Shorey Baker  
William Falconer Battersby  
Vernon Savile Beevor  
Aimers Stirling Bertram  
James Tennent Whitworth Boyd  
John Harrison Branion  
Russel Hubert Britton  
William Elmer Brown  
William Fisher Brownlee  
William Cassels Buchanan  
Adelbert Roy Bush

Douglas Hanley Calhoun  
John Carmichael  
Ernest Dale Carr-Harris  
Percy Calvert Caverhill  
George V. Clark  
C. E. Cole  
Edward Fair Corkill  
Stanley John Creighton  
John Stewart Crerar  
Stanley Lavell Cunningham

John Dall  
Franklin Groves Daly  
Albert Murdock Daniels  
Calvin Wellington Day  
Walter Perry Detlor  
Hew Ramsay Duff  
Harry Dunlop  
William Rutherford Dunlop

Wallace Sinclair Earle  
Elijah John Ellis

Harold Peter Fairbairn  
Thomas Harold Fennell

Gordon Stanley Fife  
Peter McLaren Forin  
Farquhar Caldwell Fraser

Earle Bruce Galbraith  
William Gibbs Garrett  
Edward Welland Gemmill  
Russell Longworth Germain  
Reginald Herbert Gilbert  
Francis Roy Goodearle  
Charles Allen Goodwillie  
Joseph Albert Gordon

Frederick Aubrey Hanley  
Melville Hastings  
William George Hazlett  
Clifford C. Henderson  
Harold Frederick Hill  
Henry Adrian Horn  
Frederick Gordon Hughes

Harry Love Jarman  
Charles Lucas Jeffrey  
James Mills Johnston  
Clare F. Jones

Robert Andrew Kane  
Patrick Sylvester Kennedy  
Stuart Kennedy  
John Kincaid

John Gordon Laing  
Wilbert Stewart Laing  
Ruric Harold Lalande  
Frederick James Larken,  
Frederick Foster Laturney  
Clarence Victor Lawrence  
Wilfred Edwin Lawson  
Norman Ewing Leckie  
Herbert John Lincker  
James Oscar Lloyd

Earle Cornelius McCaig  
 Donald Morgan McCannel  
 James Irwin McClellan  
 John Angus Macdonald  
 Russell Stewart Macdonald  
 Edwin Jamison McDougal  
 Foster Murray Macfarland  
 William Clark McGinnis  
 James Maxwell McIlquham  
 Angus McIntosh  
 Peter Mackintosh  
 Douglas Neil McIntyre  
 William George McIntyre  
 Malcolm Archibald McKechnie  
 Thomas William Fingland MacKnight  
 Peter Malcolm McLachlan  
 Roderick Ward MacLennan  
 Ian Robert Reckie Macnaughton  
 James Grant MacNeill  
 Donald George MacPhail  
 James Leonard McQuay  
 William Manning  
 Herbert St. Clair Marlatt  
 Frederick George Martyn  
 James Frederick Matheson  
 Eric Horsey May  
 Thomas Arthur Metheral  
 John Salter Mills  
 Harry Sutherland Minnes  
 Thomas Wilfrid Montgomery  
 Frederick Norman Moore  
 John Macdonald Mowat  
 John Ernest Muckle  
 Robert James Muil  
 Sterndale Joseph Murphy  
 Andrew Myllymaki  
 Harold Vernon Nethercott  
 John Wesley North  
 William Chas. O'Donoghue  
 George Beattie Patterson  
 John Henry Patton  
 Leslie James Phillips

Ralph Aberdeen Phillips  
 Benjamin Clifford Pierce  
 Weston Ward Pitt  
 John Percy Pringle  
 Claude Chester Purdy

Frank Granger Quigley

Charles McKillop Reid  
 George Taylor Richardson  
 John Ross Riddell  
 Donald James Roach  
 Garfield Redman Rogers  
 Stanley Arthur Rutledge  
 Arthur Charles Ruttan

Campbell Craig Scott  
 John Herald Serson  
 Edgar Zephaniah Sexton  
 Albert Jacob Shaver  
 Allan William Shea  
 Thomas Ralph Shearer  
 George Luther Sills  
 Stanley Douglas Skene  
 John Harold Chattawa Smith  
 Thomas D'Arcy Sneath  
 Lyell Campbell Spence  
 John Herchmer Stewart  
 William James Stewart  
 George Banby Syddall

James Harold Talbot

Richard Herbert Louis Uglow

Alvin Edmund Wartman  
 Claude Edmund Watchorn  
 Charles Gordon Webster  
 Arthur West  
 Kenneth Fenwick A. Williams  
 Eric Victor Wilson  
 Harold Stinson Wilson  
 Arthur Vincent Wood

John Lant Youngs.

*“These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off.”*