

GEO. T. YATES

XXth Battalion, C. E. F.

1915-1918



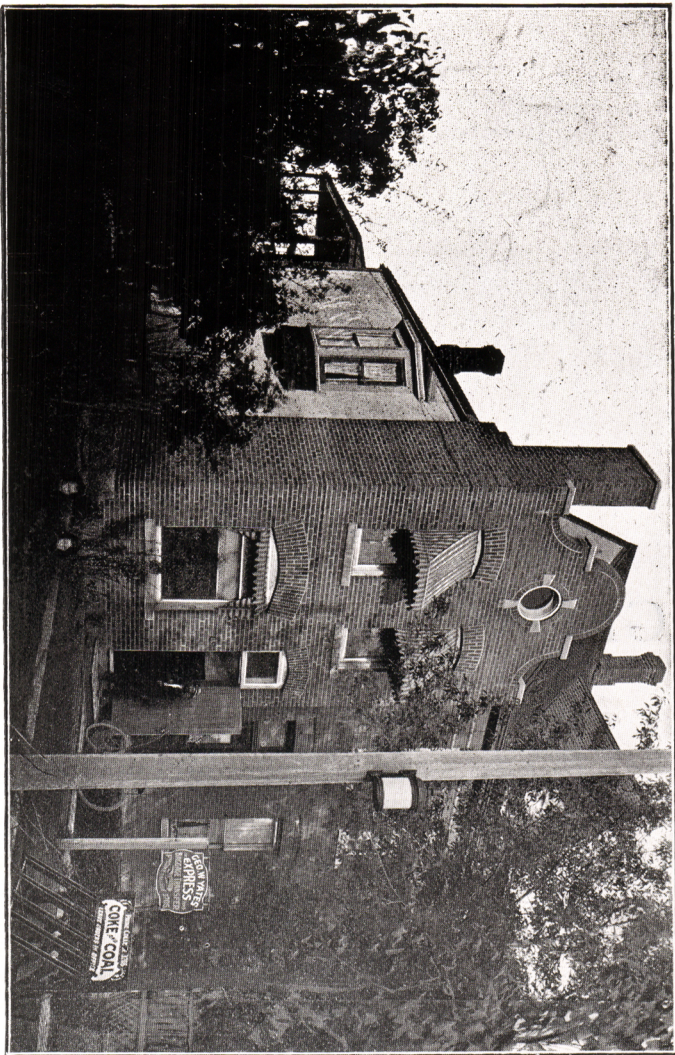
KILLED IN ACTION IN THE DEFENCE
OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND
WORLD DEMOCRACY,

August 28th, 1918.



CANADA—ENGLAND—BELGIUM—FRANCE

DEDICATED
TO
GEORGE T. YATES



BIRTHPLACE AND HOME—469 CLINTON STREET, TORONTO.



BEFORE ENLISTING—AGE 17.



CANADA—IN TRAINING—AGE 17 YEARS.



IN ENGLAND—WHILE IN TRAINING.

A T O K E N .

As is a rich, rare tapestry, woven with skill divine,
So in Britannia's story Jehovah's glories shine;
And ever in its warp and woof to our adversary's dread,
There runs with mystic meaning a line of scarlet thread.

It gleams like the priceless ruby in our Monarch's jewelled crown;
It dyes with its ruddy splendour, our map and the nation's frown,
Of what does it tell this token—this flaming fiery red,
Of the man of War, the Lord of Hosts and the blood that his Christ once shed.

In darkest night of Egypt, when death was all around,
Only beneath this awful sign our fathers safety found;
Here like a streamlet hidden, there like a flowing flood,
We mark its track through the ages, the crimson of the blood.

Behold the blood of the covenant which the Lord hath made with you,
So Moses spoke to God's people with Sinai's mount in view;
Sprinkled with sacrificial blood they heard the commandments read,
And answered, we will follow all that the Lord hath said.

This gleaming, glowing colour, like a fire of living flame,
For Rahab wrought deliverance when to Canaan Israel came;
Backwards to that great passover, forward to Calvary's hill,
It lights the way like a beacon and it flashes its message still.

A drop of its deep, rich crimson lies hid in the heart of the rose;
The red, red rose of England, the fairest flower that blows;
A union of strength and sweetness with the lion her lot is cast;
No power may rend them asunder from the throne of our Empire vast.

As we read in the sacred scriptures of the vesture dipped in blood,
Worn by the blessed Saviour, whose Name is the Word of God.
Our prayers in passionate pleading go up that He will fight
For our valiant men in scarlet and keep there armour bright.

Who cometh from Edom Majestic—from Bozrah with garments dyed,
Blood-red in His apparel, 'tis He of the wounded side;
Mighty to save He cometh, O God, what a thought sublime!
That His colours to-day are carried in the ranks of our thin red line.

For the throne of the Lord to fight true Britons are born and bred;
They water the earth with their life blood and it rises and blossoms red.
What is blazoned there on the banner that over them proudly waves?
The blood red cross of Jesus who lives and loves and saves.

See in the cup of blessing outpoured the crimson wine,
In memory of the blood once shed by the true life giving vine;
Who gave Himself our ransom His people's staff and rod—
For the sinners sure salvation the blood of the Lamb of God.

Some care not for Israel's crimson, for of nations she is the head,
But we'll still sing Rule Britannia while we cover the earth with red;
Foes cannot tear the crimson out if God has twined it in,
A symbol of the conquering blood destined His wars to win.

So for the soul's salvation there is no other way;
No man-made plan can save from sin and lead to eternal day;
This Satan knows and tries to hide from view the stream of blood
Which breaks His power and rolls along right up to the throne of God.

Calgary, Alta.

LUCY JACKSON.



IN ENGLAND.



CONVALESCING—IN ENGLAND.

“ Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”—*St. John xv. 13.*

“ For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the Gospel's the same shall save it.”—*St. Mark viii. 35.*

George T. Gates

Was born at 469 Clinton Street, Toronto, and educated at Palmerston Ave. Public School. Previous to enlisting was in his father's baggage transfer business.

Enlisted at the age of 17 years, the last week of March, 1915, in the XXth Battalion; left Toronto for England May 14th, 1915. Arrived in England May 24th, 1915, in France September, 1915, and was wounded at Ypres and at the Somme. Had four birthdays while overseas.

Admitted to No. 2 General Hospital, Letreport, with gunshot wounds in the shoulder, received September 18th, 1916, at the Battle of the Somme. Spent one year and six months convalescing in England, returning to France in March, 1918, and was

Killed in Action

August 28th, 1918, at the village of Vis-en-Artois, France, by German shell fire.