

*The Address—Mr. Mackenzie King*

people everywhere. I myself believe that no regime which does not rest on public consent and is not supported by the people can continue permanently.

Here is the conclusion:

Members of the German Reichstag.

I have been at pains to give you a picture of the problems which confront us to-day. However great the difficulties and worries may be in individual questions, I consider that I owe it to my position as Fuehrer and Chancellor of the Reich not to admit a single doubt as to the possibility of maintaining peace. The peoples wish for peace. It must be possible for the governments to maintain it...

We believe that if the peoples of the world can agree to destroy all their gas, inflammatory, and explosive bombs this would be a more useful undertaking than using them to destroy one another.

This is the sentence with which the address concludes:

I cannot better conclude my speech of to-day to you, my fellow fighters and trustees of the nation, than by repeating our confession of faith in peace. The nature of our new constitution makes it possible for us in Germany to put a stop to the machinations of the war agitators. May the other nations too be able to give bold expressions to their real inner longing for peace. Whoever lights the torch of war in Europe can wish for nothing but chaos.

Those are the words of the leader of the German people of to-day, who has just invaded Poland after a series of acts of aggression against a number of the states with whom he said his only desire was to be at peace. Having regard to these statements, which until a year or two ago and even until the very recent past have been put forward as the profession of faith of the nazi regime, I ask hon. members if it is possible to believe anything at all that may be said by that regime and its leader. No, Mr. Speaker. What this world is facing to-day is deception, terror, violence and force, by a ruthless and tyrannical power which seeks world domination. I say there has not been a time, the period of the last war not excepted, when the countries of the world have faced such a crisis as they face to-day.

I want to ask hon. members and the people of Canada: In what spirit are you going to face this crisis? Are you going to face it believing in the rights of individuals, believing in the sacredness of human personality, believing in the freedom of nations, believing in all the sanctities of human life? I believe you are. I believe that through their representatives in this parliament the Canadian people will so indicate in no uncertain way.

Some years ago, in the forties of last century, there was a bitter anti-slavery agitation in the United States. At that time one of the greatest of the American poets contributed to his nation a poem which he thought might have

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its effect in causing the people to see in its true light the significance of the existing situation. The poem was entitled "The Present Crisis." The poet was James Russell Lowell, who some thirty years later became ambassador from the United States to Great Britain. The agitation, as to whether human beings were to be slaves or were to be free, continued over the years, and finally in the sixties the United States found itself engaged in civil war to determine whether the nation was to be half slave and half free. That was a crisis which affected only one country on one continent. The present crisis, the crisis of 1939, affects every country on every continent of the world.

I find in the words of this poem the opposite of all I find in those I have read from the speech of Hitler. I ask hon. members of this house, I ask the people of Canada, and I ask the people of this continent and of all continents: What is to be your choice? I make no apologies for the length of the poem. Its every verse is a call to service. In the present crisis I pray that one and all may play their part in the spirit set forth in the following prophetic and soul stirring words:

When a deed is done for Freedom, through  
the broad earth's aching breast  
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on  
from east to west,  
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul  
within him climb  
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy  
sublime  
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny  
stem of Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the  
instantaneous throe,  
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's  
systems to and fro;  
At the birth of each new Era, with a recog-  
nizing start,  
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with  
mute lips apart,  
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps  
beneath the Future's heart.

So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror  
and a chill,  
Under continent to continent, the sense of com-  
ing ill,  
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his  
sympathies with God  
In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be drunk  
up by the sod.  
Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delving  
in the nobler clod.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct  
bears along,  
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash  
of right or wrong;  
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Human-  
ity's vast frame  
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush  
of joy or shame;—  
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest  
have equal claim.