

The Message

Throughout the length of our thousand-mile journey from the Hospitals and Base-depots of —— to the ruins of Ypres, the region of Hill 60, and of the Sanctuary Wood, through the trenches of the Vimi Ridge and along the valley of the Souchez to the Somme and to the diggers-in on the road to Courcellette, and from the Hospital of St. Cloud at Paris back to the great base-camp and entre-pot at —— from the highest to the humblest, from officers, men and nursing-sisters, messages to those at home never varied. "Tell them at home not to see us stuck. We can beat the Bosche if we can get the men."

Tired and depleted battalions must be relieved and filled up. The war continues. The crisis of the war and, with it, the fate of the British Empire, is not perhaps a year away. Four-fifths of the Canadian fighting force has left Canadian shores. The spectre of a failing supply begins to point with its warning finger. Already those at the Front are apprehensive. The credit, the honour, and the existence of the British Empire, and of Canada, are at stake. The men and women at the Front look wistfully to you. The hour of your trial and theirs is near at hand. It is not necessary to appeal to feeling, the appeal to reason should suffice. Canadians are a people of spirit. It is spirit alone that raises men above the brute. What part then have Canadians in these things? What is the Empire which they have helped to build, to them? It is the home of their valiant ancestors who lie buried in it, of those who knew no such word as falter. It is the home of those who were reared in the simple joys of British freedom. It is the hope of those who must choose between the iron rule of the German and the progress of Democracy. What is the duty of Canada at this hour, what is the urgent need?

The story is a long one though it may be told in a few words. It begins with the Great Elector. Early in the 17th Century, modern Germany had not yet sprung into being. The Teutonic people of the north were content to live in small principalities. But in Prussia, which had a strong infusion of the ancient Hun, there had developed a restless spirit, a desire to take from others, a craving to be one of the great powers. This spirit had its seat in the kings, and sprang into being first in the heart of the Great Elector who early in the 17th century devised that Prussian military and economic organization which has proved one of the wonders and one of the curses of the world. Spain developed commerce and for a time was a blessing to the world. Holland became great and prosperous and helped mankind on its progressive way. Italy has given us the blessings of law and art and is content to be a hand-maiden in the service of humanity. Great Britain and the United States have made the world happier and greater. France has been one of the chief apostles of human liberty. What then has Germany done or what is she doing? She has done great things, things that are very great. And she too would have been a blessing to mankind if she had a heart. But the Prussian and the Hun have no heart. Their aim is not to serve but to rule. Germany does not wish to rise and to raise the world with her. She wishes to impose her system on the world. She is iron in her rule and in her spirit and would put an iron collar on the world and subject it to her will. Not since Genghis Khan or Attila has there arisen such a scourge. It is hard for some to believe that trade and