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RECRUITING MESSAGE, No. 14

The Right Point of View



A capital "hit" was made at a recent Recruiting meeting when one of the speakers, of age much beyond the recruiting limit, said—"it it could only be arranged that twenty years might be taken off his own life, and added on to the eight years of his young grandson, King George would have two more fighters in the Ranks."

There was an example of "the right point of view ; only, unfortunately, not feasible.

Take "the Right Point of View" in another direction. Yesterday you saw on the walls a poster telling you in flaming red letters—"YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU!" and when you saw it, you asked—"Why should I give myself and my service to the Country?"

We will try to answer that question, as simply and clearly as possible.

If the one who reads these lines is fit and qualified, then "Your Country needs you because your Country, or the nation, or the government, whichever term you like to use, stands for *you*; represents *you*; exists for *you*, as much and as truly as for the proudest and greatest in the Land; and therefore fighting for your Country means fighting for yourself, for your own home; for those belonging to you.

If the house you live in were suddenly attacked by armed bandits; if your mother, your wife, your sister, were in danger, you would think it right to defend your house, your mother, your wife, your sister. The attack is just as real, and the danger just as real, coming as it does from those worse-than-bandits of Germany, though as yet they are far away. You would need no coaxing to defend your home from those other bandits—why should you need it now, when the question is defence of both yours and all others from those German marauders and despoilers?

There can be no freedom for any of us—no happiness—no assured prospect in life—unless we beat down our foes; and for that work, "*Your Country Needs You!*" Take the "right point of view," and act accordingly, and act to-day.

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Had Canada deserted Britain in her hour of trial in August, 1914, there

would have been few examples in history of ingratitude so black. The Mother Country had lavished upon Canada, her son, both her care and love, she had supported and protected him. Now that the parent was in danger, would the son like a selfish coward disown her and abandon her to her fate ?

Permit me to ask what would be your answer to that question so pointedly put by a well-known Minister of this Country ?

What is the answer of a man in the trenches ? "*Am I sorry for having come ?*"—he asks. And his answer is—"NO ! A THOUSAND TIMES NO ! *In spite of the nights spent oft-times watching in the cold : in spite of the long marches ; in spite of the sometimes hunger and thirst : in spite of the Germans with their gases, their shrapnel : and last, though not least, in spite of the ex-ile, after all this I AM GLAD I ANSWERED THE CALL, TO THE COLOURS, AND THAT I FIND IN THE SATISFACTION DUTY FULFILLED, AMPLE REWARD.*"

That is a straight message from the trenches, from Pte. A. Deslauriers, of Montreal ; formerly in the employ of Greenshields Limited—known all over the Dominion of Canada.

Had Deslauriers remained at his post in Victoria Square, he might ultimately have attained distinction in the commercial life of the City : but he took "The Right Point of View," and already he

has attained far more enduring distinction by his splendid response to the call
"YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU !"

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"THE RIGHT POINT OF VIEW"—even in death.

It was during a fierce engagement in the Dardanelles. A British Officer, wounded, unable to stand, was lying on the ground, giving words of encouragement to his men : and frequently waving his arms to urge them onward. A piece of an enemy shell gave him what proved in a few minutes his death-stroke. Again raising his arms, just before the end came, his last words were — "*Are our fellows winning ?*" No lingering thought of himself : no word of any pain or loss : but with unobscured mind he serenely passed away, having made the supreme sacrifice. And as he gently laid life down, the final moment was given to the scene of conflict : and the words came slowly a y—
"ARE OUR FELLOWS WINNING ?"

Such a death, in such a cause, so calm, so heroic, was robbed of all terror : there was no "sting" in it ; the grave had no power of "victory" over him. And the Wife, or the Mother : the Father or the Son, of that Officer, could feel the silent pride of absolute triumph more enduring than their grief : a precious heritage to them for all time,

Someone was condoling with Lady Drummond for the death of her son, Guy Drummond—her only son—of glorious memory: "Yes" answered Lady Drummond, "it was sad—but it would have been sadder if he had not been willing to go!"

That was "the Right Point of View" for the mother to take. She had a brave son: he had a truly noble Mother!

"When kings and captains die the world
regrets them;
My boy is proud to serve the self-same
State.
Proud though he die, and all but I
forget him.
I will not grudge him, for the cause is
great."

Our Country, our Canada, has called for five hundred thousand soldiers. That means that every unmarried man, fit to be a soldier should enlist unless he is not free to do so: either because parents or others absolutely need him, or because he has good reason to believe that he is rendering more service to the Empire by remaining in Canada than by serving under the Colours over-seas.

And here every man should bring himself to the Bar of his own conscience: should try himself: cross-examine himself unsparingly: and pass judgment accordingly. It means also that the married men, of military age and fitness, should recognize the duty to enlist

suitable provision being readily available for their wives and children, from well established and fully reliable sources : unless wife and children are independent of such sources.

Again it is a matter of conscience :— strict accountability to one's self : strict accountability in all honour to the paramount claims of Duty to Empire.

It is a fact, regret it as we will, that many men among us, some of them possessed of fine physique, and ability that would be of great use at the front, are too enamoured of the hockey-stick and other kindred games, to take up the Rifle and the Bayonet in this great World-War.

If there are some people across the border whose boasted creed is that they are "*too proud to Fight:*" it ought to be equally true of our Canadian manhood — "TOO PROUD TO PLAY WHILE OTHERS FIGHT!"

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Men of Canada! whether French or British or Canadian-born: permit the appeal to your Patriotism: to your honour: — in Heaven's name—"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG." Take "the Right Point of View." Throw aside the play-stick: and "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one!"

Faithfully yours,

A CITIZEN.