

*"Citizen" Series*

RECRUITING MESSAGE No. IX

For all We Have  
and Are



Prefaced by the King's appeal to the people.

# The King's Appeal

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“To my people :

“At this grave moment in the struggle between my people and a highly organized enemy who has transgressed the laws of nations and changed the ordinance that binds civilized Europe together, I appeal to you.

“I rejoice in my Empire's effort, and I feel pride in the voluntary response from my subjects all over the world who have sacrificed home and fortune and life itself in order that another may not inherit the free Empire which their ancestors and mine have built. I ask you to make good these sacrifices.

“The end is not in sight. More men, and yet more, are wanted to keep my armies in the field and through them to secure victory and an enduring peace. In ancient days the darkest moment has ever produced in men of our race the sternest resolve. I ask you, men of all classes, to come forward voluntarily, and take your share in these fights.

“In freely responding to my appeal you will be giving your support to your brothers who for long months have nobly upheld Great Britain's past traditions and the glory of her arms.”

GEORGE V.

*No material things are now of any moment, except in so far as we can use them to add to the Power of The State.*

## “For all We Have and Are”

Since the world was founded no greater sacrifice has ever been demanded from living man than that which is expressed in the five short words—“ALL WE HAVE AND ARE.” No lesser sacrifice than that which the five words express will avail to bring us to our goal in this the most stupendous of all conflicts since time has had any reckoning.

Whether it be in some form of service in our own Land : or over the Seas in other Lands : the Call to us : the rightful Sovereign claim upon us, is urgent and imperative ; admitting of no evasion, no parleying, no needless delay.

“ ALL WE HAVE AND ARE ” :—without reckoning on our part, and therefore without reservation; must be at the service of The Empire. We are all its servants : and no less is it the servant of us all. The noblest in the Land can justly claim no more than that he serves the Empire : the humblest equally can maintain the like claim, and if he will may add—“The Empire also serves me.”

But it is a large demand, you say :—“ALL WE HAVE AND ARE : ”—the like of which we have never known before. It means to many of us the complete dislocation of everything we had come to look on as settled and fixed in our lives : and for how long no one can tell. Maybe you think such demand is harsh and tyrannical ? Listen—

*“In a false dream I saw the Foe prevail,  
The war was ended ; the last smoke had rolled  
Away : and we, erewhile the strong and bold,  
Stood broken, humbled, withered, weak and pale,  
And moan'd, ‘Our greatness is become a tale  
To tell our children’s babes when we are old:”*

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The nightmare passes :—What a relief !—only a dream it was ; and a “false” one at that !

But suppose that that Dream came true : that that Nightmare which held for but a second's space became the actual the indelible thing, and that during all the sanguinary months of conflict you had held back, had simply watched while others went, had been soothed into a contented passivity by equally false dreams, which left you undisturbed, unshaken, so that you had calmly stood aloof whilst some of your Kith and Kin had given their all for the cause of Liberty :—What would your life be to you then ? A joy ? An ecstasy ? Never, Never ! But a bitter reproach : a painful memory ; a perpetual nightmare of accusation against yourself. And what would your Country be to you :—your Canada, that inspired—"true patriot love," in others, but, alas ! not in you. What would it be ?—An earthly Paradise, do you say : a second Eden ?

Here is a pen picture of once happy, prosperous Belgium, which if that dream of the mystic seer came true will have its terrible counterpart multiplied in every Province of Fair Canada :—

*"The clinging children at their mother's knee  
Slain ; and the sire and kindred one by one  
Flayed or hewn piecemeal ; and things nameless done,  
—Not to be told."*

That is not Dante, or Milton : but rarely has it been given to any Poet to put in so few words the record of such appalling desolation, mutilation, inventive brutality of massacre ; unspeakable barbarity of deed. But to-day Germany knows no law : except the mandate to pillage and slay, with utter disregard of condition, age, or sex. Germany is absolutely devoid of the smallest shred of respect for any and every International Obligation. Cities that from times almost forgotten have lain open and undefended, are treated as fortified-enemy-cities, and are bombarded with awful loss of civilian lives, at the caprice of a band of marauders, who come and go in the name of cultured Germany !

In the red blaze of light from such facts look at the position squarely :—we must be the ultimate victors, or the victims ; absolute conquerors, or absolutely conquered. No middle course is open to us. If we do not utterly beat down those who have so beaten down Belgium that now "her cities are wasted, without inhabitant" :—then Belgium's fate, and far worse, will be meted out to us ; to our children,

our sisters, mothers and wives, without any element of mercy or justice. The Germany that could so despoil and ravage a country whose greatest crime was in resolving to preserve her neutrality, will, if victorious, visit with far more ruthless vengeance the Land which has freely sent of her bravest and best to combat the Germanic Power.

This is a fight for "ALL WE HAVE AND ARE," in a most literal sense. Our vast commerce : our hitherto unchallenged freedom of the Seas : our Civilization : our Children's future : our Country's safety : our honour—are all involved, are all at stake at this very hour.

We have often proudly boasted that—"What we have we'll hold"—and shall so boast again. But just now we have got to realise that what we hold we must fight to keep. And to "*Meet the War*," we must, also in a most literal sense, bring into it—"All we have and are." Our manhood, brain-power, physical power, our material resources—ALL, ALL ! No man in the land has the moral right to enrich himself or his family by profits on War Contracts. Any one so doing, whatever else he may be, is in no sense Patriotic. What the Nation demands in the name of the Nation and for the life of the Nation, alike from Aristocrat and Artizan, is nothing less than

—"The iron sacrifice  
Of body, will, and soul."

—which binds us to the simple comprehensive word  
—"All we have and are."

And I think better for the fallen soldier's little grave plot, out in France or Flanders, with its tiny rude cross or garland, and tag-number, telling so eloquently, without words—"Here lies a Man, who loved his Country, and gave himself for it,"—More glorious than the most stately mausoleum on this vast continent of America !

And now to you who may have heard the call many a time and oft, it comes once again in the humble guise of this little pamphlet. Will you confer a fresh nobility on yourself this day by making the sacrifice ? It is not a light thing to do—no one can say that. It is a brave a manly thing, and requires of a man that he should have a brave spirit. But you would not wish to accuse yourself of having the other thing ; nor would you tamely submit to it if the

charge came from your friend : and much less that your mother or daughter or little son should think of you as one not acting the manly part ?

A Soldier's death on the field of Battle were better far than a long-drawn-out life of ease under the stigma of that repellent word SHIRKER : the mere thought and memory of which you would loathe for the rest of your life.

Chronicling a Recruiting Rally of some centuries ago, the historian says :— "*All who entered did so of their own accord: there was no compulsion: but there was no turning back: the Shirker was to be shunned of all.*" That brief sentence takes us back more than seven centuries : it is a vivid picture of the man who was ostracised by his fellows. We seem able to see him right now—there !—in a sort of moral pillory, as you perceive, with the hateful word SHIRKER inscribed above him. Surely the breed does not exist among us in Canada !—East, or West ?

Some ties which though precious in themselves are not supreme, may have held back one and another. Now is the time to take the decisive step—"**FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE.**" The decisive step that for you means honour ; for your Country—Victory !

"He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one :"—figuratively that stands for prompt action, parting ungrudgingly even with necessary things in order to acquire the essential.

In closing I repeat the words which stand at the heading of this appeal :—

**NO MATERIAL THINGS ARE NOW OF ANY MOMENT EXCEPT IN SO FAR AS WE CAN USE THEM TO ADD TO THE POWER OF THE STATE.**

Never since the Nazarene walked by the shores of Galilee has there been a time when that mystical saying of His was so intensely applicable as now :—"*He that keepeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall keep it—unto—LIFE—ETERNAL.*"

May I leave you to make the great decision in the light of his words ?

Faithfully yours,

A CITIZEN.

*Citizen Series of Recruiting Messages: No. IX.*

The little Poem which follows was first published 25 years ago. It is of more than transient interest to-day ; the half-prophecy of its closing lines is being very literally fulfilled. Every fresh Recruit is an answer to that call

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## ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES

She stands a thousand-wintered tree,  
By countless morns imperaled ;  
Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,  
Her branches sweep the world ;  
Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed,  
Clothe the remotest strand  
With forests from her scatterings made,  
New nations fostered in her shade,  
And linking land with land.

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O ye by wandering tempest sown  
'Neath every alien star,  
Forget not whence the breath was blown  
That wafted you afar !  
For ye are still her ancient seed  
On younger soil let fall—  
Children of Britain's island-breed,  
To whom the Mother in her need  
Perchance may one day call.