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## Our Christmas Thought

WITH thankfulness in the memory of recent mercies and a hope in our hearts such as we have not known for many a day, we wish every reader of the "Canadian Thresherman and Farmer" all the joys of Christmas. 1915 has proved a year of fatness to the homes of these western prairies, and therefore the whole Dominion of Canada shares in a material prosperity that in its far reaching character and sheer solidity, is without precedent.



This prosperity has not rushed in upon the wings of inflated land values. It is not made up of "unearned increments," but every dollar of this new wealth represents a real coin of gold, obtained in exchange for the biggest delivery of farm produce the country has ever raised. The bulk of the crop, its wonderful grading, its net result in cash to the farmer, is now a fixed chapter in the national history.



In the midst of all the rejoicing this unexpected fortune inspires, there is but one fly in the ointment. The heart grows heavy as it thinks of the gallant boys—so many of whom had helped to raise this wonderful crop—who are at this moment fighting for the Homeland on the battlefields of France and Flanders. In the name of love and the warm blood of our kindred, let the brave lads have our first and final thought.



The consciousness—expressed continuously in tangible form—that they are never forgotten at home, will do far more to cheer them in their exile, to comfort and sustain them in their lonely vigils, to alleviate the mental anguish of their life in a military prison and the sufferings of their shot-riddled bodies than anything in decorations for bravery or the kind words of strangers.



They are heart-hungry, but your letters can feed them. Many are returning to us with honorable scars and shattered nerves that unfit them for further service on the battle front. Through the rapacity of the ubiquitous grafter and the bungling of heartless officials, some of these, on their way home, have suffered hardships and neglect to which they were unaccustomed at the hands of the great heart and the splendid brain that watched over them in the battle front. But this has been stopped, and the guilty ones will be dealt with.

"God save our splendid men:  
Send them safe home again!"

Let this be the prayer of every Canadian heart this Christmastide. Let every homestead circle catch the refrain that is ringing through the land to-day, and keep singing it till the last shot has been fired on the far-flung battle line.

"Keep the home-fires burning.  
While your hearts are yearning;  
Though your lads are far away,  
They dream of Home;  
There's a silver lining,  
Through the dark cloud shining;  
Turn the dark cloud inside out  
Till the boys come home."

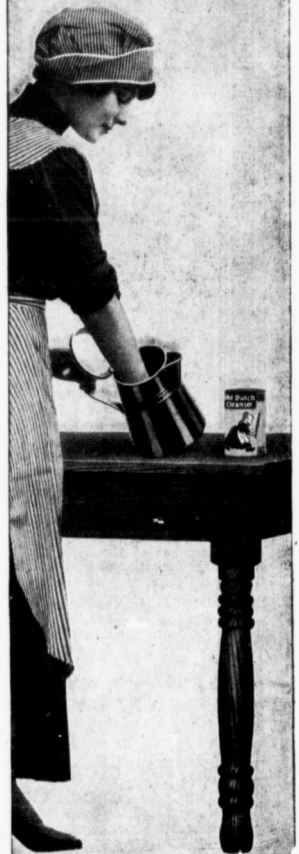


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