

down in New York or London, England, and have been as homesick for this farm as a little boy who makes his first journey away from his mother's side. At any time I could close my eyes and see the quiet fields, and I would wonder what crops they were sown to. At all times it was my place of refuge, and, when I finally returned to it, it was with a feeling that my wanderings had ended, and that I could settle down and enjoy life where I belonged.

At the present time this love of the land appeals to me as being especially significant. The turmoil in the world to-day recalls to me the great purpose which moved my father and mother to undertake the task of making a home for themselves in the wilderness. They wanted to establish a home where their children and their children's children could be free. I know the oppression and hardship from which they escaped in the old world, and the toil and hardship they endured in the new before their dream was realized. It is high time that we who are native-born realized the