

land that seemed too sacred to reveal even to intimate friends. But now I am emboldened to hang my heart on my sleeve and talk to those of my readers both in Canada and the United States who have felt the love of the land and know what it means. I have the good fortune to be living on the farm on which I was born — the farm which my father cleared. Although I was born too late to take a hand in the work of clearing, I learned the history of every acre before an open fireplace many years ago. The history of the clearing of the land, the first crops, the names and characters of the horses and cows on the place, are so interwoven with my youthful recollections that I seem to remember them all as if I had taken part in the battle with the wilderness myself, and had shared in all its triumphs and sorrows. Something of this farm struck a tendril into my heart which neither time nor distance could break. It is the only spot on earth that ever gave me the feeling of home. Even after being away for years I have sat