

of the goods offered to the public will not only largely determine the prosperity of the individual but will also determine the prosperity of the country from an agricultural standpoint.

In all our efforts to build up and maintain individual and national prosperity in material things, we should not overlook the importance of citizenship. It was for an ideal of citizenship that seven hundred students of the Ontario Agricultural College volunteered their services even at the risk of their lives. It was for an ideal of citizenship that fifty-five thousand Canadians have laid down their lives on the field of battle, and over half a million have served in various capacities. In the victory which

has now been secured we have the assurance that the ideals of citizenship held so dear shall be permanent.

In the days of old it was the proud boast of any man that he was a citizen of the Roman Empire. To-day it may be a still prouder boast to be a citizen of the British Empire. The Roman Empire faded and fell, the British Empire has emerged triumphant from the greatest Armageddon of all times and stands stronger in its ideals as well as its power than ever before. These facts should be noted with feelings of gratitude and with fresh resolves to make the most of the heritage which has been secured at so great a cost.



## *When Christmas Calls*

*Christmas has called—and I want to go home  
 Christmas has whispered—and out through the night  
 There's something which beckons to us who must roam  
 Far from the berries of scarlet and white,  
 There's something which beckons—and out on the road  
 We follow the way of a dream that is old.  
 And weary the travel and heavy the load  
 Of those who may never turn back to the fold.*

*I want to go back to the day where at dawn,  
 A tow-headed youngster rushed forth with a whoop  
 To the clarion call of the Little Tin Horn  
 And the roll of the drum as it summoned its troop  
 Of the tin soldiered legion with muskets agleam  
 Serried and straight in an unbroken row.  
 I want to go back where a fellow can dream  
 Of Christmas like that in the longtime ago.*

—GRANTLAND RICE.