hope he will find occasion to represent those facts at some time during the session of this convention.

Before concluding, I desire to offer a suggestion to the members of the association. The instruction needed in this locality, in my judgment, should be chiefly of a rudimentary character. First, principles should be aimed at. Not that our people are not fully the peers of those of any other locality in the state in point of general intelligence; but their reading and thought have been along other lines. We need to learn the A B C of dairying before we are prepared to grapple with its subtleties, its abstractions, its logistics.

Interested in this beautiful little city, which here and elsewhere, I am always proud to call my home, I bid you, gentlemen, God speed in your further deliberations. You are welcome to our homes and our firesides. You have honored us by your presence, and we hope you will not depart with any misgivings as to the warmth of our hospitality. The results of your meeting, I am sure, will be to us like bread cast upon the waters. It will return after many days.

SECURITY IN ASSOCIATION AND KNOWLEDGE.

BY H. C. THOM, Madison.

I wonder why we are here to-night and assembled in convention. Of course the intrinsic value of what we gain here is plain, but is the knowledge which we acquire here the only good that comes from these conventions? The state dairymen's convention which first started many years ago with seven members at Watertown has been growing all these years until you find it to-day in your midst. The farmers' institutes draw men together from different parts of the county and they go away with a certain amount of knowledge. The state agricultural convention comes together and they go away with a certain amount of knowledge, but is that all? Oh, no, my friends, we come together for another purpose, too, to enhance the sociability which is natural in our hearts and we meet here friends and neigh-
bors that we have not seen for years and we grasp their hands and ask them of their health, and if there are those among them who have been unfortunate we condole with them, and if they have been fortunate we congratulate them, and we renew old acquaintances and form new friendships and go away better men and better women because we have found something good in the men and the women we have met. It was an old custom you know for those that we called the "old settlers" from adjoining counties to come together and talk over old times, that have gone by years ago when they first came to Wisconsin and they found it covered with trees and the unbroken sod, and such meetings are good; they teach the young men to better appreciate the toil that our fathers went through. They are planting their feet to-day upon the experience of our fathers gained through toil and sacrifice. They rooted up the trees, they plowed the fields and shook with the ague and have left a land that we younger ones can enjoy. Then, too, the Grand Army posts meet together and they talk over past experiences and renew old acquaintances. There seems to be a great charm to old people in talking over things that happened years ago.

I have heard old men talk about the time when they had houses sixteen feet square with tar roofs, and the maidens of those days would walk six miles through the snow to attend a country dance, and they had a good deal of fun, too. Our old army boys will sit down and talk for hours about those dark days, and how things happened at Bull Run and Gettysburg. They will tell you how Bill died just as brave as a tiger, they will tell you how they converted a stray dog into a rebel spy and followed him down through the brush, and they will tell you how, if it hadn't been for the Fourth battalion of the Third regiment, the battle would have been lost. These old scenes are very dear to them, and you would not take them away from them. My friends, these meetings are a great source not only of comfort and pleasure to those who take part in them, but they are in the line of education. Every man goes out with a new influence in his heart that goes on and on forever, and we are better men
and better women for meeting this way. It won't be but a few years before we pass to our children the helm which guides this state of ours which we love so well. Some day the drawn-out glass will snap suddenly and we are gone. So our children must learn these lessons. I find myself surprised every week by some young fellow asking me how long it is since the civil war. Men with beards on their faces ask these questions. To the men who went down with Col. Parkinson it seems but a few short years, and these girls and boys are responsible for the future of our country.

The most important duty that we have in this world is the education of our children, to see that they are imbued with the same spirit that has made this country ours. We must all see that this is an important duty that we owe to our children. This thing which we call "liberty" and boast so much about is simply a cylinder, no wider at the base than it is at the top, unless we foster it as a man fosters his own honor, and a woman cares for her own virtue, it will fall to the earth at once. It exemplifies the old statement that those things which live must be protected with the best heart of the people. Liberty is not an institution made from men, it comes from the inside and it is of them. Unless we take care of it, it will simply be like the old building which rose until it was the pride of the whole world, but at last its foundation stones were eaten away by the insidious tooth of time. We talk about our American institutions, how great and how grand they are, but we are teaching our children to look more at the turrets and the domes than they do at the foundation. Our children, it seems to me, are building up these beautiful structures, but they are not placed upon the bed rock of our fathers. Our fathers built strong on heavy masonry, but we are trying to get at results too rapidly. I heard a speaker say years ago with great emphasis that the only free people that this earth has ever known or can know are those who know the truth. It is only by the truth that we can be free. The operator at the telegraph stands at the little instrument and with his right hand touches a button and a message leaps under 3,000 miles of water to the further shore and
then in a moment it comes back again, but the man who touches the button always knows what is going on, he knows the truth; and so the ponderous engine starts from your beautiful city westward and it draws its long train over the western plains and lands it at San Francisco with mighty throbs, but it is an absolute slave of the engineer who has his hand upon the lever and is free because he knows the truth.

Our liberty of which we are proud, and our institutions which are so dear to us, come to us only through knowledge of the truth. In the beginning a child was born in Bethlehem, and a cross arose and it made the onward sweep of the star which has swept over the whole world. It was a new truth which was born there that day, and soon Martin Luther knocked at the doors of ignorance, and the truth swept through Europe. We come down nearer home and we find a man kneeling at the foot of crowned heads asking for help, and at last a noble woman grants it, and three small vessels plow the untried main and the crew mutinied, there is murder under the decks, but he holds them off with hope, and at last the day comes and strange birds are seen in the air, and strange flowers and weeds are seen upon the water, and at last Columbus kneels upon American soil and says, "It is a new truth, and I have discovered it." And so we come down nearer home, and we find a military man standing on the banks of a stream with a three-cornered hat on his head and a brave heart in his chest, and he raises his head and he says, "The American colonies shall be free." And then we come down nearer than that to a man, whose name I speak with reverence, and his name is Lincoln, that man who stood in the face of convictions of thousands of years and had the moral courage to say that "every man is born free and equal, and I know it to be true."

My friends, after you and I are dead and gone our children will form a pilgrimage to the grave of Lincoln, and there I hope they will realize the great truth to be learned from that man's life. I cannot help but refer to a little incident that occurred in my own childhood in reference to
this man, the best man that America has ever known. I was down near the railroad which passed below the house one day and the train came along through there, and there was a piece of black cloth extending from the engine to the rear coach, and I rushed up to the house and said, "Mother, there must be some great doings going on in the town, there's a long cloth on the train." "And what is its color, my son?" "Black." My mother caught her breath. Those were portentous times you remember, and while we waited a neighbor drove into the yard and jumped from his wagon and rushed into the house and said, "Lincoln is dead." My mother caught her breath again. My father was back in the forty-acre lot, he and his brother were at work there. I rushed down there and said, "Father, Lincoln is dead." "My God!" said he, and his brother with the blue coat on, and the straps on his shoulders, laid down in the dust and cried like a child. We know how we remember these things, we owe it to our children to instill into them that they may learn these lessons of heroism and love of country that will make them better men and women and this a stronger and nobler nation.

There is one question that I hesitate a little to speak about and still we have to meet it every day. Every year across the ocean and through the doors of Castle Garden thousands upon thousands of foreigners come to our shores. They are coming to us with foreign superstitions; with ears attuned to the martial tread of men, and they sing their children to sleep with lullabies set to martial tunes. God forbid that I shall set my hand against the coming of any living man, but if I had the power I would demand one condition of every one, and that would be patriotism to the country which he adopts.

Although I think Wisconsin is the best state in the Union, I am a little bit ashamed of one thing, and that is that there is in this state such a thing as a German settlement or an Irish settlement. I would have a general American community. It seems to me if we could keep, that we could cement our interests better, that we could live more in harmony one with another, and as we shouldered against each
other in business, and met each other in social circles, that we would find that there are good men and women in every nationality, in every creed. We are all alike so far as the state is concerned. I tell you, my friends, that this little common school of ours is the foundation of this commonwealth. When the Pan-American Congress came to this country a short time ago, America, with her prodigal hospitality, invited them into the manufacturies of Wisconsin, into state prisons of other states, they showed them the busy wharves and the hurrying ships, the boards of trade and the immense commercial marts, but I have yet to hear that they showed them an institution of education, and I wonder why, because they are acknowledged to be the most potent and important feature in our whole government. It is the institution that we pay taxes most cheerfully for. If a stranger came to me and asked me, "Upon what is the foundation of your country rooted that it grows so strong and so vigorous," I would show him all these great things, too, connected with the industries of our country, but I would take him by the hand and lead him into the little school-room where the children were busy humming their daily lessons, and I would say, "Here is the foundation of our country, this is what makes the United States of America the greatest country on God's earth."

I will only say in closing that we have a hope that we shall perpetuate the great advantages and glories of liberty, but we shall do it only through disinterested effort and this will bring down upon us that which we ask for when we ask God to bless the purest government and the noblest nation of the world.


Music—Solo—Miss Mary Jones.