

a simulated cordiality that long-training may have made almost natural. But they never play their part absolutely true, the mask will slip down sometimes; their cleverness cannot teach their eyes the look of sterling honesty; they may deceive some people, but they cannot deceive all. There is a subtle power of revelation which makes us say: "Well, I cannot explain how it is, but I know that man is not honest."

Man cannot escape for one moment from this radiation of his character—this constantly weakening or strengthening of others. He cannot evade the responsibility by saying it is an unconscious influence. He can select the qualities that he will permit to be radiated. He can cultivate sweetness, calmness, trust, generosity, truth, justice, loyalty, nobility—make them vitally active in his character—and by these qualities he will constantly affect the world.

Discouragement often comes to honest souls trying to live the best they can, in the thought that they are doing so little good in the world. Trifles unnoted by us may be links in the chain of some great purpose. In 1797, William Godwin wrote *The Inquirer*, a collection of revolutionary essays on morals and politics. This book influenced Thomas Malthus to write his *Essay on Population*, published in 1798. Malthus' book suggested to Charles Darwin a point of view upon which he devoted many years of his life, resulting, in 1859, in the publication of *The Origin of Species*, the most influential book of the nineteenth century, a book that has revolutionized all science. These were but three links of influence extending over sixty years. It might be possible to trace this genealogy of influence back from Godwin, through generation and generation, to the word or act of some shepherd in early Britain, watching his flock upon the hills, living his quiet life, and dying with the thought that he had done nothing to help the world.

Men and women have duties to others—and duties to themselves. In justice to ourselves we should refuse to live in an atmosphere that keeps us from living our best. If the fault be in us, we should master it. If it be the personal influence of others that, like a noxious vapor, kills our best impulses, we should remove from that influence,—if we can possibly move without forsaking duties. If it be wrong to move, then we should take strong doses of moral quinine to counteract the malaria of influence. It is not what those around us do for us that counts; it is what they are to us. We carry our house plants from one window to another to give them the proper heat, light, air and moisture. Should we not be at least as careful of ourselves?

To make our influence felt, we must live our faith, we must practice what we believe. A magnet does not attract iron, as iron. It must first convert the iron into another magnet before it can attract it. It is useless for a parent to try to teach gentleness to her children when she herself is cross and irritable. The child who is told to be truthful, and who hears a parent lie cleverly to escape some little social unpleasantness is not going to cling very zealously to truth. The parent's words say "don't lie," the influence of the parent's life says "do lie."

No man can ever isolate himself to evade this constant power of influence, as no single corpuscle can rebel and escape from the general course of the blood. No individual is so insignificant as to be without influence. The changes in our varying moods are all recorded in the delicate barometers of the lives of others. We should ever let our influence filter through human love and sympathy. We should not merely be an influence; we should be an inspiration. By our very presence we should be a tower of strength to the hungering human souls around us.

I have copied the above chapter from W. G. Jordan's book, "The Majesty of Calmness," feeling sure that, in spite of kind assurances to the contrary, some of our readers must be glad of an occasional variety. I should like to insert the whole book in the *Quiet Hour*—perhaps, another time, I may give you another chapter.

I heartily thank the writer of the following letter for her words of encouragement.

HOPE.

Dear Hope,—I have often intended to let you know what a help the "Quiet Hour" is to me, but kept putting the matter off on account of not knowing to whom I would be writing; but so many of your talks seem to be specially for me, that I wish to thank you for them, and assure you that we are far from being tired of hearing what you have to say. That unconscious influence must have something to do with softening the hard, cross feelings that come at times when work is pushing one every way, and scarcely leaving time to read the "Quiet Hour" without interruption. I know it helps to influence me in the right direction.

C. H. KING.

Children's Corner.

[All letters intended for the Children's Corner must be addressed to Cousin Dorothy, 52 Victor Ave., Toronto.]

THE STORY OF PETER PAN.

(Continued.)

The lost boys who lived in Never-Never Land were in the woods near their home, looking out for Peter Pan. They were afraid to go very far on account of the Pirates. They all had on their big fur coats, and carried their bows and arrows. They were wondering whether he would ever come back, or if he had gone back to his mother, from whom he had run away when he was a baby, because he heard her say to his father that some day he should be sent to school. They were all feeling very much worried at his being so long away, when up rushed a pack of terrible gray wolves.

"Oh, if Peter were only here to show us what to do!" cried one of the boys.

"I'll show you what he'd do!" cried another, and quick as a wink, they all turned their backs to the howling wolves, put down their heads, and looked at them between their legs, which surprised the wolves so much that they all ran away. But just then the Pirates were heard coming through the woods, and the boys were more frightened than ever, and had to hide behind the trees. The Pirates were indeed fierce-looking ruffians, and I expect the boys trembled when they heard them talking in savage voices about their wicked plans to kill poor Peter.

"Ah ha!" muttered the Pirate King. "I will have my revenge for my left hand, which Peter cut off in a hand-to-hand fight. This rascal threw it to a crocodile, who liked it so well that he will not be satisfied till he makes a meal of the rest of me. I am tracked by the voracious beast, and, some day, he may catch me unawares. Fortunately for me the crocodile has also swallowed an alarm clock, which is still ticking inside him, and warns me of his approach. But—that clock may one day run down!"

"I think your enemy lives in this neighborhood, with his followers," said another Pirate, who had a red nose, and a red handkerchief round his head. "Let us capture them all at once, and despatch them."

"Ha!" growled the King, pulling out his sword. "Well said. Let us—"

"Tick-tock, tick-tock!" came the hollow sound of a clock through the woods. Just in time the Pirates fled down another path, before along came a tremendous crocodile, whose jaws opened in a fearful manner. He waddled off down the path after the Pirates, and soon all was quiet again, and the boys came creeping from behind the trees.

"Oh, why doesn't Peter come back!" said one. "Perhaps the Pirates will find him, and what shall we ever do all alone. Peter has always told us what to do."

"Look!" cried a boy in a gray fur coat. "What is that big white bird flying this way?"

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle! A lot of little bells seemed to be ringing near by."

"Why, there's Peter's fairy, Tinka!" shouted the boys, joyfully. "She says that is a Wenda-bird, and that Peter wants us to shoot it."

(Now, this was not true, but the fairy, Tinka, was jealous of Wenda, because Peter was bringing her to keep house for him.)

"All right!" said a boy in a brown

fur coat, and he drew his bow, and the arrow went right into poor Wenda, who was flying ahead of Peter. Presently she dropped to the ground, and lay still.

"This is a queer bird," said the boys, and they were all looking at her when up flew Peter.

"Why, what has happened to Wenda?" he cried. "Get up, dear Wenda, and speak to us. We want you to tell us stories, and be a mother to us. We have no mother, you know."

But Wenda did not move, and Peter wept because she must be dead. And then he found the arrow sticking in her, and he was very angry. The boy in the brown fur coat confessed that he had done it, and begged Peter to kill him. But when they had explained about the mischievous fairy Tinka, Peter forgave him, and said he would try what singing would do. So he sang a sweet little song, and presently Wenda opened her eyes, to Peter's great joy.

"What shall we do for you, now?" said he, when she sat up.

"I'd like a little house," said Wenda.

And Peter got the boys to work, and they put up a little red playhouse, with a window and a door, and then Peter and Wenda and John and Michael and all the other boys went inside, and shut the door. The woods got very dark, and you could just see a little light shining through the window. Once a great lion came stalking through the woods, but Peter came out and pulled off his tail, and he ran away. And that is the end of this part of the story, but there is still more to come.

(To be continued.)

THE NEXT DEBATE.

"Have Animals Any Feelings?" Is it necessary to consider their feelings, if they have any?

More About Onondaga.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I like to read this column, and wish to help build it up. I live on the bank of the Fairchild's Creek. I will tell you how it got its name. Once, a long time ago, the Indians roamed this part of this Province, and they found a little white baby on the banks of this creek, and they said that it was a fair child, so they called it Fairchild's Creek. Onondaga, the nearest village, used to be an Indian village, as someone said before. There are four churches in it, one school-house, a township hall, two blacksmith shops, and a station. The Grand River runs past the village.



A Young Canadian Farmer.

We have five horses—two colts, a young team and an old horse that is twenty-one years old, and is quite smart yet; he used to pull an old-fashioned engine, and, also, helped draw the separator and tank sometimes. He drew this until not many years ago, and he takes someone to town nearly every Saturday now. I have learned to ride him, and my sisters, who are older than I, drive him. I am sending my picture, with the youngest colt, Jess. I like skating, and I think that all little folks do. We have the creek near, and so do not have much trouble to get to where we want to skate. There is a saw and grist mill on the creek not far from our place, where we may skate "round to the mill." I will close now, wishing Cousin Dorothy and the Cornerites success.

A YOUNG CANADIAN FARMER.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have a pet dog, and her name is Topsy, and a cat, whose name is Fanny (she catches from eight to ten mice a day), and a little black colt, which I lead by the bridle and water her; her name is Trixie; she has a white nose, and she will follow me when I go out in the field. When I come home from school, I feed the hens and ducks. I enjoy reading the *Children's Corner*.

ANGELA HENDERSON.

Crathie, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have been reading the letters which you have been getting; some of them are very interesting. I live on a farm of one hundred acres, one mile north and a quarter of a mile west of Crampton. We have a dog, named Sport. As I have no one else to play with, I sometimes play with him, and he likes me to play with him, too. I like going to school, and am in the fourth class. I read the letter that Evelyn Willis wrote about "Life in the Sick Children's Hospital," and thought it was a very nice letter.

ABBIE HOLMES (age 12).

Crampton, Ont.

Cat vs. Dog.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have always been a silent reader, but I cannot keep quiet any longer. We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for quite a while, and think it is a splendid paper. I am interested in the debate on "Which is the Most Useful, a Dog or a Cat." I really think both are nice, but I guess a dog is the most useful. Cats are very nice at times, but they have a temper as well as anything else. Dogs can be taught to do so many different things which a cat could not do. Well, I must not take up the whole room of the precious Corner. I think that girls can be as useful as boys, and perhaps more so; but I suppose it is natural for me to think that way.

ELAINE.

The dogs seem to have won the day this time. I hope poor Pussie will not be offended. You must pet her all the more to make up.

C. D.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my second letter to the Corner. As I saw the debate on dogs and cats, I thought I would write a few lines on it. I would rather have a dog than a cat. I think a dog is more useful. A dog can go after the cows; that saves a girl on boy a little. Cats are more of a house animal. They want to go in at every chance they can get. Cats are all right in their place. A dog can be trained to do a great many things that a cat can not; a dog is so much stronger. I think David McAlister is a very cruel boy, don't you, readers? Poor little kittens, I don't see how he could hurt them so. It is dreadful, even the thought of it. I would like a few letters from some of the members about my own age (ten).

MURIEL E. BRYAN.

Thorndale, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am a little boy, eight years old, and would like to correspond with another little boy about my age, somewhere about Quebec and New Brunswick. My brother takes "The Farmer's Advocate," and thinks it is a pretty nice paper, and I read the *Children's Corner*. I think it is pretty easy to decide whether I would rather have a cat or a dog. I would prefer a dog, because a dog can be taught to do tricks, and a cat can't. A dog can swim, and if you put a cat into the river for it to swim, it will just go to the bottom; and a dog can pull you in a little wagon, and a cat can't, because, when I was three years old, I hitched a big yellow cat up to my little cart, and it ran away and broke the cart; and, when you are not looking, a cat will get into a cream can and drink a lot of cream, and run into the pantry and knock down some dishes. In the summer I help with the harvest, and in the fall I help to take in the roots. I saw in the paper where a little girl was writing, and she said, "that she thought that girls were more careful than boys, and that a girl could carry dishes for mother a year and not break one, and that a boy would break one every month." I think she is wrong. I