

work, or the greatness of the worker, one might traverse the pages of history, covering a century or two, and with the mental eye view "the land of our birth or adoption" in its primeval condition. Then adjust our vision to present-day conditions. View the transformation: "The wilderness made to blossom as the rose," by the labor of man. In place of the forest, we have the smiling and cultivated landscape—the fertile fields, gemmed with homes of refinement and wealth. The wigwam and the rude hut have given place to comfortable abodes, to centers of manufactures and commerce, and seats of learning. Think, also, of the facilities for travel and transportation, and of the means for the transmission of intelligence! The unlettered savage has disappeared, and in his place have come in teeming millions civilized and cultured man.

The noble and herculean work of the men who removed the forests and erected splendid architecture, established governments and the social fabric, should stamp each not only a "king," but also a conqueror and benefactor.

Every man cannot be an Alexander Mackenzie or a Lincoln, a Gladstone or a Carlyle, an Edison or a Marconi, but everyone may be great—may be a king in his own sphere.

Kent Co., Ont.

W. J. WAY.

CONCERNING BACK NUMBERS.

I wonder how many of the readers of "The Farmer's Advocate" take care of their back numbers? Those who have done so in years gone by have most assuredly kept within their reach a veritable treasure-store of helpful information and most interesting reading matter, whilst those who have merely read their papers and then dropped them into the waste-paper basket, trusting to a sometimes treacherous memory to retain what they have read, must often wish they had been less improvident, and had stored their "Advocates" away for future reference.

Well, it is never too late to mend, and there can be no better time to begin the process than at the dawn of a new year, and may this new year, 1908, bring health, happiness and prosperity to every reader of our paper in every corner of our wide Dominion to which it is a welcome weekly visitor.

TWO INCIDENTS AND A QUOTATION.

Two incidents started this train of thought in my mind. The first was the sight of a large, bound volume of "The Farmer's Advocate" for 1901, from which I want to offer some quotations presently; and the second was a true story, which has just come to my ears, of one reader, at least, who placed so high a value upon his paper that he took possession of one whole room in his home (fortunately, a good-sized one) in which to store them. His wife had certain designs of a domestic nature upon that room, but, in accordance with the old axiom, that "possession is nine points of the law," she was told that she simply could not have it. "Because," said her husband, "I keep my 'Farmer's Advocate' there. I have taken them for the last fifteen years," and that fact closed the discussion.

It was my privilege, as a member of the National Council of Women, to be a guest at the Macdonald Institute during the late session of the Women's Institutes Convention, held at Guelph early in December, they (the Women's Institutes) being, we are proud to know, in affiliation with our National Council, to which fact we owed our recognized place upon their programme.

The report of the speeches given by prominent agriculturists, educationists and members of the Women's Institutes of Ontario is well given in the issue of 26th December, and need not be more than referred to now, but they were replete with interest and instruction.

Some of the things said came as

echoes of utterances which have (probably by the speakers themselves) found their way from time to time into the columns of our paper—all of them well worthy of reiteration. For instance, one lady, Dr. Annie Backus, "a devotee of the rural life," made an earnest plea for so brightening the home life on the farm that the boys and girls would not be tempted away from them into the city, where often but a precarious livelihood awaits them, and where the home is exchanged for the discomforts of a crowded boarding-house. Dr. Annie Backus claimed for our girls in the country, that a love of nature should be developed. "For," she urged, "if we love nature—flowers, woods, bird-songs—we can seldom be alone or lonely."

FROM A "FARMER'S ADVOCATE" OF 1901.

And now, turning to the pages of the big volume of "The Farmer's Advocate" for 1901, let me give my promised quotations from a six-year-old message "to the girls," which not only embodies the same thought, but is a beautiful expansion of it. The message, coming, as it did, from the pen of one who was then in the full bloom of her early youth, but who has now passed upwards into the larger room, the fuller life, has a very pathetic significance, and perhaps even a deeper meaning for the girls of to-day, who may now read it. After somewhat humorously alluding to its being the usual fate of the women of the farm to be "Everlastingly trying to solve the problem of making one dollar do the work of five, our young writer, under the signature, "One of the Girls," says:

"But, after all, life on the farm is the same as life in any other sphere; it is what we make it. We can live in the kitchen and work, week in and week out; scold about the men, live amid the small worries, small cares and troubles; turn our backs upon beautifully-tinted sunsets; never listen with open hearts to the story the stars and birds are ever trying to tell us; always think of home as mother's and father's home, never as our home; never, perhaps, even try to brighten that home, but always be striving after the unattainable. Then, we can be as miserable as we deserve to be. . . I shall never forget," she adds, "one spring morning, some few years ago, I was out in my garden, feeling very disconsolate, for the chickens had scratched out my bulbs; the poor hyacinths, with their budding spikes, were lying half buried in the soil, and the little crocuses were completely out of sight. These lost treasures I was doing my best to restore, when Mr. Weld, the founder of 'The Farmer's Advocate,' drove up. I remember so well trying to hide behind a shrub, but he saw me, and asked why I was ashamed of being caught working amongst my flowers. I should be a proud and happy little girl to have such beautiful flowers to work among. Do you think he told me it was no use trying to grow flowers because we had chickens? No, indeed! He went to father, and made him promise to get wire netting for the chicken-yard, and encouraged me to work away in my garden. That morning, too, he showed me the beauty in the little catkins of the birches, and flowers of the maples, which I never forgot. It awakened in me a sense of looking for beauty in the common things of every day, making me love my country home." Continuing in this strain, and speaking from her very heart to those other girls she was addressing, their friend continues: "I hope you will not think this a mere flight of fancy, only to be carried out by the ideal country girl we read of in books, who goes about in summer meadows plucking daisies. No, it is for the real girl, one of those who bake bread, churn, wash dishes, and work every day of their lives amid many discordant notes and jangles, but who can yet become 'kith and kin to every wild-born thing that thrills and blooms,' and

thus may she realize how 'the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, may yet grow up through the common,' and so, instead of drudgery, may new interests and pleasures be found in the farm-homes of Canada."

These words are but an echo from long ago, but I am glad to have found them in that old volume of "The Farmer's Advocate," and be privileged to pass them on as an inspiration and encouragement to those of our readers who may not yet, as did their dear young writer, "live so closely in touch with nature that even her sun-risings and sun-settings may have a secret to share with them."

H. A. B.

Current Events.

Mr. Joseph Oliver has been elected Mayor of Toronto.

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Mr. Nosse, Japanese Consul-General to Canada, left Ottawa recently for Japan.

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Twenty-one new boats will go into commission on the Great Lakes when navigation opens.

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It has been decided to enlist dogs into the French Army, to be trained to search for wounded soldiers, convey nourishment, etc.

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A Japanese company has applied for a large tract of irrigable land in Alberta on which to grow sugar beets and locate a Japanese colony.

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Manitoba is now the proud possessor of the first complete Government-owned telephone system on the continent. The purchase of the Bell system for the Province cost \$3,300,000.

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The Transvaal Government is enforcing the law demanding the registration of all Asiatics in the colony. Two thousand natives of British India in the colony have declined to submit to the regulation.

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The agitation for "recovery of rights," which, the Chinese assert, have been alienated from them by foreigners, has spread until the Dowager-Empress has issued an order for the suppression of all public meetings in Peking. This step has probably been taken to suppress the possibility of collision with granted British rights in China.

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A new verse, said to be a heretofore missing portion of the Gospel of St. Mark, to follow Chapter XVI.: 14, has been discovered among some bits of ancient vellum bought at Cairo by a Detroit multi-millionaire. The verse has been translated as follows: "And they answered, saying that this age of unrighteousness and unbelief is under the power of Satan, who does not permit the things which are made impure by the (evil) spirits to comprehend the truth of God (and) His power. For this reason 'reveal thy righteousness now,' they said to Christ, and Christ said to them, 'The limit of the years of the power of Satan has been fulfilled, but other terrible things are at hand, and I was delivered unto death on behalf of those who sinned, in order that they may return to the truth and sin no more, to the end that they may inherit the spiritual, indestructible glory of righteousness (which) is in heaven.'"

"I am so happy," she said. "Ever since my engagement to Charlie, the whole world seems different. I do not seem to be in dull, prosaic England, but—"

"Lapland," suggested her little brother, who was doing his geography lesson.

The Quiet Hour.

THE POWER OF PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

By W. G. Jordan.

The only responsibility that a man cannot evade in this life is the one he thinks of least,—his personal influence. Man's conscious influence, when he is on dress-parade, when he is posing to impress those around him, is woefully small. But his unconscious influence, the silent, subtle radiation of his personality, the effect of his words and acts, the trifles he never considers, is tremendous. Every moment of life he is changing to a degree the life of the whole world. Every man has an atmosphere which is affecting every other. So silently and unconsciously is this influence working, that man may forget that it exists.

All the forces of Nature—heat, light, electricity and gravitation—are silent and invisible. We never see them; we only know that they exist by seeing the effects they produce. In all Nature the wonders of the "seen" are dwarfed into insignificance when compared with the majesty and glory of the "unseen." The great sun itself does not supply enough heat and light to sustain animal and vegetable life on the earth. We are dependent for nearly half our light and heat upon the stars, and the greater part of this supply of life-giving energy comes from invisible stars, millions of miles from the earth. In a thousand ways Nature constantly seeks to lead men to a keener and deeper realization of the power and wonder of the invisible. Into the hands of every individual is given a marvellous power for good or for evil—the silent, unconscious, unseen influence of his life. This is simply the constant radiation of what a man really is, not what he pretends to be. Every man, by his mere living, is radiating sympathy, or sorrow, or morbidity, or cynicism, or happiness, or hope, or any of a hundred other qualities. Life is a state of constant radiation and absorption; to exist is to radiate; to exist is to be the recipient of radiations.

There are men and women whose presence seems to radiate sunshine, cheer and optimism. You feel calmed and rested and restored in a moment to a new and stronger faith in humanity. There are others who focus in an instant all your latent distrust, morbidity and rebellion against life. Without knowing why, you chafe and fret in their presence. You lose your bearing on life and its problems. Your moral compass is disturbed and unsatisfactory. It is made untrue in an instant, as the magnetic needle of a ship is deflected when it passes near great mountains of iron ore.

There are men who float down the stream of life like icebergs—cold, reserved, unapproachable and self-contained. In their presence you involuntarily draw your wraps closer around you, as you wonder who left the door open. These refrigerated human beings have a most depressing influence on all those who fall under the spell of their radiated chilliness. But there are other natures, warm, helpful, genial, who are like the Gulf Stream, following their own course, flowing undaunted and undismayed in the ocean of colder waters. Their presence brings warmth and life and the glow of sunshine, the joyous, stimulating breath of spring.

There are men who are like malarious swamps—poisonous, depressing and weakening by their very presence. They make heavy, oppressive and gloomy the atmosphere of their own homes; the sound of the children's play is stilled, the ripples of laughter are frozen by their presence. They go through life as if each day were a new big funeral, and they were always chief mourners. There are other men who seem like the ocean; they are constantly bracing, stimulating, giving new drafts of tonic life and strength by their very presence.

There are men who are insincere in heart, and that insincerity is radiated by their presence. They have a wondrous interest in your welfare—when they need you. They put on a "property" smile so suddenly, when it serves their purpose, that it seems the smile must be connected with some electric button concealed in their clothes. Their voice has