

Fate!

I feel that I am quite as smart
As Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart.

I'm also every bit as bright
As Walter Scott, the Scottish knight ;

And in my own peculiar way
I'm just as good as Thackeray.

But, woe is me that it should be,
They got here years ahead of me,

And all the tales I would unfold
By them already have been told.

—J. K. Bangs.

Thank You!

The following from one of the staff of
a prominent assurance journal in New
York City cheered us up the other
morning :

NEW YORK, Aug. 23, 1901.

I have long had it in mind to write you
a line by way of compliment in regard to
"Sunshine." The last number was excellent
and I think you have hit upon a good idea in
thus localizing each issue, thereby giving each
issue not only a local value but also greatly
enhancing its general value. To edit a com-
pany paper and make it readable and accept-
able is a most difficult task. We get all kinds
of them here, and I have often wondered
whether some of them really fulfills any useful
purpose. I hope you will keep up this special
series of illustrated articles—why not call them
"Following the Sun," "Around the World
with the Sun," etc. ?

With best wishes.

Heads Up.

Don't kick and whine,
Just get in line

With the fellows who've grit and pluck ;
Don't frown and scowl,
Look glum and growl,
Stop prating about ill luck.

Lift up your head,
Don't seem half dead,
Stop wearing a wrinkle face ;
Give smiling hope
Sufficient scope,
And joys will come apace.

Out on the man
Whose little span
Is full of grief and gloom,
Always dreary,
Never cheery,
From trundle-bed to tomb.

Give me the chap
Who, what'er may hap,
Looks up, and is cheerful still,
Who meets a brunt
With a smiling front,
And nerve, and vim, and will.

We were turned down, the other
evening, by a "prospect" who prospect-
ively was good for ten thousand. We
came across the above in our "heap"
and went at our prospect again with the
result that—we didn't get him yet. It
wasn't the fault of the above though.

Man's Works Shall Follow Him.

'Tis truth that painter, bard and sage,
Even in earth's cold and changeful clime,
Plant for their deathless heritage
The fruits and flowers of time.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the Life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of Destiny
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And painted on the eternal wall
The Past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song
On Milton's tuneful ear have died ?
Think ye that Raphael's angel through
Has vanished from his side ?

Oh, no ! We live our life again :
Or warmly touched or coldly dim,
The pictures of the Past remain—
Man's works shall follow him !

—John G. Whittier.

The Sun Life of Canada is
"Prosperous and Progressive."