

BATTLES.

JOAQUIN MILLER.....Poems.

Nay, not for fame, but for the Right ;
To make this fair world fairer still.
Or lordly lily of a night,
Or sun-topped tower of a hill,
Or high or low, or near or far,
Or dull or keen, or bright or dim,
Or blade of grass, or brightest star,
All, all are but the same to Him.

O pity of the strife for place ;
O pity of the strife for power ;
How scarred, how marred a mountain's
face ;
How fair the fair face of a flower.
The blade of grass beneath your feet,
The bravest sword : ay, braver far,
To do and die in mute defeat,
Thou bravest Conquerer of war.

When I am dead say this, but this,
He grasped at no man's blade or shield,
Or banner bore, but helmetless,
Alone, unknown, he held the field ;
He held the field with saber drawn,
Where God had set him in the fight ;
He held the field, fought on and on,
And so fell fighting for the Right.

PLENTY OF SUNSHINE.

The month of March will be remembered for a while as the most polar-bearish month in many a long year. It will take some weeks of May and June's gentle persuasion to shrive the anatomy of some of us from rheumatic and other twinges caused by a conscienceless spring opening, but there are months to come which may be relied upon to return to us all the good humor we have lost. Let us be cheerful : The Sun of life assurance still performs his seasons and recks not of meteorological blow nor bluster and small need have

we of a weather prophet to guess for us what shall be the weather on the morrow. We care not. A policy in The Sun Life of Canada is good in any weather. The holder of such a policy has hay made for him, rain or shine.

G. M.

"THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST."

The process by which the weakest go to the wall and the strongest keep away from it ; by which the unfit die in their tracks and the fit alone maintain the running ; by which the mighty climb to the topmost rung of the social ladder, and hold their own against all odds, and the puny are ground up into material for the foundations thereof, is called "the survival of the fittest."

It is a pity that such a glib phrase should stand for so little in actual fact, should in fact be such an utter absurdity in actual practice, as calculated to stem the tide of human progress and paralyze all human effort. Who are the fit, and who are the unfit ? Do not the good die young, and the sinners fulfil their years ; or if not, in what does this fitness for survival consist ? Who is able to lay down a law for the information and guidance of the unfit, or rather of those who would attain to this fitness (or unfitness) ?

Fitness for survival would seem to require strength of some kind, whether mental or physical, (perhaps both). To say that a man is strong seems as easy of demonstration as that he is so many feet in height, or pounds in weight, but apparent strength is no criterion of endurance. Men who are strong physically may be capable of great exertion in certain directions, but great power of exertion may coexist with the most delicate organism and with organic disease. There have been sons of Anak who have performed the most stupendous feats of physical exertion, who have succumbed to the