

# SUNSHINE

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A. M. MacKAY, *Editor.*



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1902 JANUARY 1902						
Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.
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### From the President.

To the Managers and Agents,

Wintry snows and cold northerly blasts are again paying their periodic visit to our dear "Lady of the Snows," reminding me very forcibly that Christmas is near, and that the year is growing old and will be soon going out like all of its multitudinous predecessors. Ah me! but the "twelve month" so vexatiously slow in its forward movements when we were young, now shews such unseemly haste in gliding past when we are full of business, of cares, and of years. Such, however, is life, hardly have we learnt the wisdom and discretion that come of experience—qualities so needful as a means to escaping the ills, and enjoying the goods of life—than marching orders are received and we pass away.

The season recalls to memory how sadly I entered upon the new century, rocked most wrathfully, for the first three days of January, by the boisterous mermaids of the Pacific—so vilely were we tumbled about that for days it seemed as if the weird creatures, enraged at our embarking during their holiday season, were bent on having us as partners in father Neptune's coral palaces under the sea. Painfully and fastidiously did we hug our bunks, and wistfully did we think of the morrow. It was a wild time.

In youth I was literally a child of the sea-shore, wading, bathing and playing with the tiny ripples as they splashed on the pebbly beach or sandy shore. I thus learned to appreciate and admire Byron's inimitably grand address to the Ocean, in Childe Harold's Pilgrimage:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;  
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
Stops with the shore: upon the watery plain  
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain