

E. W. HENDERSHOT, ESQ.

The manager of the Sun Life of Canada for the Maritime Provinces was born at Thorold, Ontario, in September, 1851. After a good common school education he entered commercial life at the age of fifteen, and for the next twenty years had a varied experience behind the counter, in the office, and upon the road. He has always been a great believer in the benefits of life assurance, and gave signal proof of his sagacity by taking several policies in the Sun Life of Canada without requiring to be solicited. At the beginning of 1887 Mr. Hendershot accepted a position in the service of the Company for which he had thus shown so wise a preference, joining the agency staff of the Eastern Ontario department. A year later he went to the Maritime Provinces as General Agent, and acquitted himself so well that in the following year he was appointed Manager for the District, which position he still successfully fills.

THE SKATERS.....*Charles Gordon Rogers.....Outing*

Far in the West the dead day's pyre,
Between the spaces of the wood,
Burned low—a dusky, sullen fire—
Beneath the twilight's gathering hood.
But quivering in the dusk and gray
One star, that softly grew more bright,
Gleamed like a promise of the night
Above the embers of the day.

Before us lay the glassy stream,
A crystal path from shore to shore,
That seemed to hold it in a dream
Of limpid, laughing tides of yore.
And still, in memory of June,
The star reflected held a place,
While glimmered o'er its frozen face
The whiteness of the rising moon.

With flashing feet we sped away
Along the silent, snow-clad shore,
That, gleaming in the moonlight, lay
Where swift our shadows ran before!
But though the shore was still and white,
No summer song was e'er more sweet
Than that clear music which our feet
Sent ringing to the winter's night!

We felt the rushing wind go by,
As round some bend with quickening stride
We swept, and heard the pine-boughs sigh—
That leaned across the frozen tide;
Until the ever broadening stream
Stretched straight before to meet the bay,
That in the magic moonlight lay
In silver silence, all a-dream!

And when at last we homeward turned,
With eager, yet reluctant feet,
Our pulses glowed, our faces burned,
And life felt buoyant, strong and sweet!
Within the house one beacon-light
Its vigil kept; within the grate
The fire burned low—the hour was late—
But health's best sleep was ours that night!

A LITTLE VISITOR.....*Helen Standish Perkins.
The Independent.*

There's a busy little fellow,
Who came to town last night,
When all the world was fast asleep,
The children's eyes shut tight.
I cannot tell you *how* he came,
For well the secret's hid,
But I *think* upon a moonbeam bright,
Way down the earth he slid.

He brought the Misses Maple
Each, a lovely party gown;
It was brilliant red and yellow,
With a dash or two of brown.
And he must have had a Midas touch,
For, if the truth is told,
The birches all, from top to toe,
He dressed in cloth of gold.

Then he took a glittering icicle
From underneath the eaves,
And with it, on my window,
Drew such shining silver leaves,
Such fair and stately palaces,
Such towers and temples grand,
Their like I'm sure was never seen
Outside of Fairyland.

Who is this busy little man,
Whose coming brings us joy?
For I'm very sure he's welcomed
By every girl and boy;
The little stars all saw him,
Though they will not tell a soul;
But I've heard his calling card reads thus:
J. Frost, Esq., North Pole.

I was an intimate friend of your late husband. Can't you give me something to remember him by?" Widow—How would I do?