

LITTLE MARJORIE.... J. H. Riley.

"Where is little Marjorie?"
There's the robin in the tree,
With its gallant call once more
From the boughs above the door!
There's the bluebird's note, and there
Are spring-voices everywhere,
Calling, calling ceaselessly—
"Where is little Marjorie?"

And her old playmate, the rain,
Calling at the window-pane
In soft syllables that win
Not her answer from within—
"Where is little Marjorie?"
Or is it the rain, ah me!
Or wild gusts of tears that were
Calling us—not calling her!

"Where is little Marjorie?"
Oh, in high security
She is hidden from the reach
Of all voices that beseech;
She is where no troubled word,
Sob or sigh is ever heard,
Since God whispered tenderly—
"Where is little Marjorie?"

THE SUN LIFE OF CANADA IN PARIS.

A genuine London busdriver is reputed to spend a day's holiday—when he takes one—on the box seat of another driver's vehicle, for even on holidays he is not quite happy beyond the familiar sound of "Elefant and Corsal" and "Benk." Let not the thoughtless or irreverent smile at this, for it is not an unloveable weakness that binds the London busdriver to the scenes of his daily toil. Most of us, indeed, are, after all, but creatures of custom, much as was the Prisoner of Chillon, in Byron's pathetic verse—

And thus when they appeared at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own.

In quiet we had learned to dwell—
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are—even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

But pray do not suppose this exordium to be my apology for the foible that change of scene sent me last year to flutter around the Sun of Canada's beautiful office in Brussels, and this year to hover about the Company's still more beautiful office in Paris. They were interesting and instructive visits even if one did not escape from the atmosphere of prospectuses and proposal forms. Wendell Holmes used to say that when good Americans die they go to Paris, and if Paris be a paradise then the Sun of Canada's office in the Avenue de l'Opera is truly the centre of Olympus. Within a few paces from the office, in the Rue Molière, was born in the year 1620 one of the world's greatest dramatists—Jean Baptiste Poquelin Molière. A handsome bronze statue, close at hand, commemorates the immortal satirist who died, even in sunny France, of chest complaint. Chest complaint! Fifty-two years of age! These words awaken the assurance man within us. Had the office of the Sun of Canada been then, as now, at the corner of the Rue Molière would the great dramatist have applied for a policy, one wonders. And if so, what then? Molière "declined!" Sapristi! But if there is a handsome statue outside the office in the Avenue de l'Opera, there is one also inside—a living one, in the stately person of Mr. Georges Pauwels, the Continental manager of the Sun of Canada, who, standing well over six feet in height, and proportionately built, is certainly one of the handsomest assurance men in Europe, and after meeting this veritable son of the Anakim one is apt to furtively review, with the criticism of the inward eye, one's own humble tenement of clay. But if that be so, pay a visit, I beseech you, to the Hotel des Invalides, the Chelsea Hospital of Paris, and there meditate for a while and receive consolation at the glass case containing three small coats once part of the wardrobe of the first Napoleon, that mightiest