

From the American Exchange and Review  
of Philadelphia.

"To express properly the progress made by an assurance company it is necessary to quote a few figures. To comprehensively show what the Sun Life of Canada has been doing during the past ten years, a glimpse at a few comparative items will suffice. In 1892 this company had \$23,901,046.64 of assurances in force; on December 31 last it had \$67,181,601.63. On corresponding dates its income was \$1,134,867.61 and \$3,561,509.34 respectively. During the same time it increased its assets from \$3,403,700.88 to \$13,480,272.88. This is a pretty good showing and cannot fail to inspire confidence among the field force and with its policyholders.

"The Sun Life of Canada though conservatively managed, is progressive. It issues all kinds of policies within the limits of safety. It pays its claims promptly and regards the interests of its policyholders as a sacred trust.

"Its affairs in the United States are in the hands of competent men, some of whom have represented the Company for several years.

"'Sunshine,' the official organ of the Sun Life of Canada, is one of the best company papers published. It is always illustrated with excellent half-tones of views of widely separated countries, which are interesting and instructive. The reading matter is likewise along these lines, with an occasional good word for the Company or some of its workers. And who are more deserving of good words than those who help to build up a company—the field men. That the Company may have continued success, with equally satisfactory growth in the coming ten years, as in the past, is our most earnest wish."

The best savings bank for old age is  
endowment life assurance.

The Wheel of Life.

Bound to the wheel of life we whirl through space.  
Whence the beginning, where the resting place,  
And what the purpose, no man can explain.  
But this we know—God made no thing in vain.

Each is essential to the rounded scheme.  
The anchored mountain and the moving stream,  
The sea below us, and the stars on high,  
All, all obey the Cause, nor question why.

Glad is the mountain in the morning's kiss.  
The river laughs and leaps the precipice.  
The sea shouts loud Hosannas, while above  
The eyes of planets radiate with love.

Thou art a portion of the perfect whole.  
Be glad, be glad of life, immortal soul.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX,



In a Scotch church an old minister who was very deaf was very anxious to introduce some new hymn books into the church, and asked the precentor to give out the notice immediately after the sermon. The precentor, having a notice of his own, gave out that members of the congregation wishing to have their children baptized were to send their names into the vestry. The old minister, thinking that it was the notice about the hymn books, stood up and said: "And I wish to say, for the benefit of those who have not any, that they may be had in the vestry any afternoon, between the hours of 3 and 4. Ordinary little ones at a shilling each, and special little ones, with red backs, at one and three."

—New York Tribune.



Sir Fletcher Norton, whose want of courtesy was notorious, happened, while pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial right, to say: "I can illustrate the point in an instant in my own person. I myself have two little manors." "We all know it, Sir Fletcher," the judge interposed, with one of his blindest smiles.