

subject Mr. Macgregor found suited to him. Mr. Macgregor introduced Mr. W. T. McIntyre, the *doyen* member of the field force, who read the following address.

R. MACAULAY, ESQ.,

Managing Director of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada.

Dear Mr. Macaulay,

Some time ago we took the liberty of addressing you, asking your consent to have a portrait of yourself painted in oils at your earliest convenience, and we take this opportunity of thanking you for the kind and courteous manner in which you responded to our request.

Your absence from our last annual Convention seemed to emphasize the fact that we could not expect you to be with us always, and there was a desire on the part of all to show by some tangible evidence our respect for the Managing Director and our love for our friend.

We now come to you, asking, on behalf of ourselves and associates, your acceptance of the completed portrait, knowing full well that you will value it chiefly for the sake of the warm friends who present it.

If you derive from the possession of the picture only a part of the satisfaction which its presentation gives us, we shall be more than satisfied.

That your present good health may continue, and that you may be long spared to guide the destinies of the great institution which you have been mainly instrumental in building up, is our constant prayer.

W. T. MCINTYRE,
W. H. HILL,
A. S. MACGREGOR,
T. R. RAITT,

On behalf of the Field Staff.

9th January, 1906.

MR. MACAULAY'S REPLY.

Mr. McIntyre and Gentlemen of the Agency Staff: Procrastination is ever a great thief of time. I had formed the notion that this presentation should take place not earlier than 1.30 of the morning of the 20th of this month, that being a memorable morning in the history of the Clan Macaulay, and so I put off beginning to put together some appropriate thoughts for the present occasion till Sunday next. You may, therefore, imagine my surprise on being told by the Secretary on Friday night that I was expected to hold myself in fighting trim for Tuesday, the 9th. Another illustration that he only is safe against the haphazard of life who takes time by the forelock unless he be a genius.

The presentation of this handsome edition, greatly embellished, of what is now the old man is very gratifying to me—perhaps I ought to say to my vanity—and the exuberant, kindly remarks of friend Macgregor are more than pleasing. If there is one thing on earth that I have coveted, and striven for these many years, it is to merit the confidence and friendship of the Sun Life of Canada's staff. Time and again I have assured myself of enjoying that confidence and friendship, and the presentation of this address, accompanied as it is with this handsome portrait, are but a reiteration, in a more durable form perhaps, of the cordial friendship of days gone by continued on to the present time—a friendship that may perhaps survive the crack of doom, who knows? Gentlemen, you do not need from me the sincere assurance that your friendship is heartily reciprocated.

And, first, a word about the portrait. You, gentlemen, have a great advantage over me in having the original to compare with, while I have only indistinct recollections of it from occasional visits to the mirror. It is enough, however, to know that the portrait is the work of