

een hundred millions, and, including newspapers, circulars, and packets, there are more than three thousand millions a year.

The gross revenue of the Post Office in Britain has now reached the enormous annual sum of fifteen millions of pounds sterling. In the subsidiary lines of money-order business, post office banking, life insurance, etc., the British Post Office has recently made wonderful strides. All sorts of encouragements are being held out continually to promote the habit of saving among soldiers in the army, navvies on the railroads, the children of the day-schools, and all classes of society. A depositor can have even as small a sum as a penny to his credit. Mr. Wilson Hyde, in his book, the "Royal Mail," gives some amusing answers to the questions asked in the depositor's book: "State here whether the above address is permanent." Rejoinders like the following were given: "Here we have no continuing city," "This is not our rest," "Heaven is our home," "Yes, D.V.," "No, for the place is beastly damp and unhealthy." "Doan't know what permanent is."

When the book is lost or destroyed, the explanations given are sometimes as follows: "Last night when I was sleeping in the tent, one of our elephants broke loose and tore up my coat, in the pocket of which was my bank-book, and ate part of it." "I think the children

has carted it out of doors and lost it, as they are in the habit of playing shuttlecock with the backs of books." In another case "it had been taken from the house by our tame monkey."

A sergeant in the army lost his book "whilst in the act of measuring a recruit for the army," a rather awkward insinuation as regards the recruit.

Evidently the British postal service has not yet reached the zenith of its development. Only a little while ago the two-cent postage for almost the whole British Empire was inaugurated, for which great advance Canada, through its present enterprising Postmaster-General, the Hon. William Mulock, must claim the chief credit.

Vast schemes of cheap telegraphy of Imperial and international extent, are being devised and, with scarce a doubt, will be speedily executed. Perhaps before long there may be a one-cent postage for letters and a five-cent rate for telegrams throughout the whole British Empire. Like a great river, the postal service will flow on in ever-increasing volume and power, and it is a river of life. It is one of the most powerful of all our educational forces, and a mighty moral force as well, for it 'is bringing the whole world together in the bonds of a more enlightened amity than was ever known before.

Paisley, Ont.

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#### FAITH.

Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,  
And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith!  
She reels not in the storm of warring words,  
She brightens at the clash of "Yes" and "No,"  
She sees the Best that glimmers thro' the Worst,  
She feels the Sun is hid but for a night,  
She spies the summer thro' the winter bud,  
She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,  
She hears the lark within the songless egg,  
She finds the fountain where they wailed "Mirage"!

—Tennyson.