

FOUR hundred members to date is the record of the P. S. of C. Very few but what have paid their dues, and these will be published as *expelled* next month. Moral—Pay up before it is too late.

ANYONE sending 25 cents for a year's subscription to this paper will be entitled to 25 different stamps from the following countries, no others: Porto, Rico, Dutch Indies, Argentine, Cuba, Brazil, Wales, Jamaica, Newfoundland, New Zealand, Columbia, Queensland, Guatemala, Mexico, Luxemburg, Wurtemberg, Australia, Turkey, and an officially sealed to every fifth subscriber. The above offer holds good for this month only. We will also give back numbers of this paper *free* to new subscribers.

THE INVENTOR OF PENNY POSTAGE.

The engraving we produce in this issue of one of the world's greatest benefactors, Sir Rowland Hill, is taken from an excellent electrotype, kindly loaned by Mr. J. R. Hooper, who received the original from Mr. Pearson Hill, a son of Sir Rowland. The latter states that it is the best likeness extant of his father. All the older philatelists know the wonderful work of this great Englishman; we simply produce the picture in

order to give the rising generation a chance to revere the memory of



the originator of the Uniform Penny Postage System and inventor of the adhesive post stamp. The following lines were written on his death:—

What if the wings he made so strong and wide
 Bear burdens with their blessings? own that all
 For which his bold thought we oft hear decried
 Of laden bag, too frequent postman's call,
 Is nothing to the threads of love and light
 Shot, thanks to him, thro' life's web dark and wide,
 Not only where he first unsealed men's sight,
 But far as pulse of time and flow of tide!
 Was it a little thing to think this out?
 Yet none till he had hit upon the thought;
 And the thought brought to birth came sneer and flout
 Of all his insight saw, his wisdom taught;
 And his reward came late, but sweeter so,
 In the wide sway that his wise thought had won:
 He was as one whose seed to tree should grow,
 Who bears him blest that sowed it 'gainst the sun,
 And now that he is dead, we see how great