

stocked with them. Hence, 1,000 1, 2, 3, cent mixed of these, are worth only 25 cents at most, Jubilees are better value, 1 cent brings 50 cents per 100, 2 cents are worth \$1 per 100, and 3 cents 25 cents per 100. The maple leaf issue, (four leaves) are worth about \$1.50 per 1,000 for a well mixed packet of 1, 2, 3, cents. The present numeral issue (two leaves and figure) are worth about \$1 per 1,000, for 1, 2, 3 cents, mixed. Higher values are worth more. The Imperial 2 cent stamp averages 25 cents per 100. An average packet of 1,000 (all kinds mixed) such as I have been receiving for months past, is worth about \$1. None of these prices are final; but will give a general idea of the worth of the stamps. The business end of this plan is conducted by me with due regard to economy, and the largest possible returns made in every case. Any questions not anticipated above will be cheerfully answered on receipt of postage stamp for reply.

N.B.—On no account will I undertake the sale of stamps for any other object than that herein set forth. I am not a stamp dealer; but merely the selling-agent of all who commit their stamps to me for missions.

Address all communications, packets, etc., to my address as given below. If you receive more than one copy of this little circular, kindly send it to some friend who may be interested, and oblige,

REV. S. T. BARTLETT,
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They Count Up.

A pastor one day visited one of his parishioners, a poor woman who lived in one small room and made her living by her needle. He says:

"She put three dollars into my hand and said: 'There is my contribution to the church fund.'"

"Put you are not able to give so much."

"Oh yes," she replied, "I have learned how to give now."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Do you remember," she answered, "that sermon three months ago, when you told us that you did not believe one of your people was so poor that if he loved Christ, he could find some way of showing that love by his gifts? Well, I went home and had a good cry over that sermon. I said to myself, 'My minister don't know how poor I am, or he never could have said that,' but from crying I at last got to praying, and when I told Jesus all about it I seemed to get an answer in my heart that dried up all my tears."

"What was the answer?" I asked, deeply moved by her recital.

"Only this: 'If you cannot give as other people do, give like a little child,' and I have been doing it ever since. When I have a penny over from my sugar or loaf of bread, I lay it aside for Jesus, and so I have gathered it all in pennies. Since I began to give to the Lord I have always had more money in the house for myself, and it is wonderful how the work comes pouring in; so many are coming to see me that I never knew before. It used to be I could not pay my rent without borrowing something, but it is so no more. The dear Lord is so kind."

He concluded by saying that this poor woman in five months brought fifteen dollars, all saved in a nice little box he had given her, and in twelve months twenty-one dollars. He says: 'I need hardly add that she apparently grew more in Christian character in that one year than in all the previous years of her connection with the church.'—Pacific Methodist.

A Cornish Miner.

The uses which even past crimes may fulfil in God's world are shown in an anecdote told of the work of John Wesley among the Cornish miners. One of his converts, an old man whose life had been exceptionally base and vicious, after a year of sober, honest effort, came to Wesley, and said in the broad dialect of the coast:

'I'd like to help my neighbors as I've been helped; but I can't do it.'

'Why not?'

'I can't read or write.'

'You know the story of Christ; you can tell it to them.'

'I don't speak English, only Cornish.'

'So do they.'

The miner hesitated, then took a step nearer.

'Sir, I've been a drunkard and a thief in my time.'

Wesley was silent.

The old man's voice failed for a moment. Then he said hoarsely, 'There's blood on my hands. I killed a man once.'

'Why, you are just the man I want!' exclaimed the preacher, 'you know better than any of us how great is God's forbearance and mercy. You have been deeper in the pit than your comrades, and you can show them how to escape from it. Go and do it.'

The miner worked humbly and faithfully among his fellows, and became an earnest helper of the Methodist gospellers on the coast.

Among the heathen superstitions which yet linger in Cornwall, is the belief that if a man once perjures himself, God's sun refuses ever to shine upon him again. The summer day may be warm and bright, but he does not see the light nor feel the heat. He walks in the cold and twilight for the rest of his life.

But the Christian faith teaches us that even the man who has blackened his soul in gross sin, may by repentance and an upright life find hope in God's love and mercy.—Youth's Companion.

What a Tract Did.

A lady who was a Sunday-school teacher was engaged in filling up a box of things to be sent to a missionary in the interior of India. One Sunday morning, she mentioned it to her class, and told them, if they had anything they would like to put in the box, they might bring it to her house during the week, and she would put it in. One little girl in her class wanted very much to send something in the box, but all she had to give was a single penny. She knew that this would be of no use in India, as our money is not used there. She was at a loss for a while to know what to buy with her penny.

At last she made up her mind to buy a tract. She did so, and prayed over it before it was sent. Then she took it to her teacher. It was put in the box, and the box was carried across the great ocean. It reached the missionary to whom it was sent. The wife of that missionary had a young chief from the mountains of Burma attending at her school. She taught him to read, and when the time came for him to leave and go to his distant home, she gave him some books and tracts to take with him. Among these was the very tract which that little girl had bought with her penny and put in her teacher's box. The young chief read that tract. It caused him to see the folly and the wickedness of his heathenism, and led him to Jesus. He went back to his mountain home a changed man—a Christian. That little girl's tract had saved

his soul. But that was not all. When he reached home, he told the story of Jesus, which he had learned from that tract, to his friends. They listened to what he said. God blessed his words. More came and heard him speak. They gave up worshipping idols. A missionary was sent there. A church was built, a congregation was gathered into it, and fifteen hundred persons became Christians in that neighborhood.—Free Church Monthly.

The Franklin Buttonholes.

Whatever you do, do it with all your might; that is the secret of success.

Benjamin Franklin, in the midst of his labors to establish the Republic on a safe and solid basis, came into his house one day and found his little daughter sewing.

'Those buttonholes, Sally,' he said, 'are good for nothing. They will not wear. If you make a buttonhole, child, make the best buttonhole possible.'

Not content with rebuking the child, he went down the street and sent up a tailor, who had orders to instruct Miss Sarah in the art of making a buttonhole properly.

A great-granddaughter of the American philosopher, a woman who had a national reputation for her inherited talents and executive ability, told this anecdote lately, adding with pride, 'Since then the Franklin family make buttonholes that will last.'

What great statesman now, employed in the formation of a nation, would observe such a seeming trifle? How many young girls of Sarah Franklin's age think it worth while, if they make a buttonhole, to make the 'best possible'—'Wellspring.'

Juvenile Street Cleaning Brigades.

In some of the large cities like New York, Boston and Philadelphia, the school children have been formed into companies for the purpose of helping to keep the streets of the city clean. They are pledged to pick up stray bits of paper, fruit skins, etc., and throw them into receptacles provided by the city for the purpose. They also promise not to injure, mark or deface in any way buildings, fences or any other property.

Some people are so careless as to throw banana or orange skins where they will make the place around very untidy. The juvenile street cleaners, with their eyes wide open, see and remove the unsightly skins and perhaps teach a little lesson in neatness at the same time. Would it not be well to have a little brigade of this kind around the post-office in every town and city? Some people thoughtlessly tear off the wrappers of papers or letters and scatter the bits of paper around, making the place untidy for many days. If there is no brigade formed, each one must make himself one of the company, which is every day growing larger, and take pride in making the place where he lives as neat and orderly as it is possible to make it.—'Union Signal.'

'God be with thee, my beloved—God be with thee!

Else alone thou goest forth,
With thy face unto the north,
Moor and pleasance all around thee and beneath thee,

Looking equal in one snow!
While I, who try to reach thee,
Vainly follow, vainly follow,
With the farewell and the halo,
And cannot reach thee so.

Alas! I can but teach thee—

God be with thee, my beloved—God be with thee!

—'Waif.'