

and which will be a great benefit to those who badly need a covering of some sort in the winter season. I thank you all for your kind remembrance of my poor scattered flock, and also personally for the nice presents to myself. Please convey my gratitude to the kind donors.

I am yours faithfully,

JNO. A. MAGGRAH.

AFTER A W.A. MEETING.

(Continued from September LEAFLET.)

We know that there are certain properties common to all matter, and that one of these is Indestructibility. Nothing is lost, nothing is ever wholly destroyed; in some form or other it lives again; there is an unceasing resurrection going on around us, and what is death to day is life to-morrow in some other form. The very dust of our bodies, atom on atom, ere it shall incorporate anew in the final resurrection, enters continually into the life of the grass blade, and the flowers that spring above it. And so God has ordered in the sentient world—In His Church. There can be no death. There is life; though in forms perhaps that we scarcely recognize—and though it seem like death. The time comes, and the dew from heaven drops, and the sunlight glints, and the dry husk bursts, and the bud swells, and flower and fruit appear.

And now from sea to sea and coast to coast in the Dominion, wherever you see the little cross of silver or of gold, you may know that its wearer, if she be faithful, is trying to help on—*On Auxiliary lines*—the cause of the Crucified; is ministering of her substance to the necessities of those who are lifting up the One Cross, the True Cross, to a perishing world; is helping to build the Temples where His name "Shall be glorious"; the "Homes" where His ignorant are gathered in and reclaimed; the Hospitals where the soul's diseases and those of the body, are sought to be healed together. That to prairie wilds and Arctic wastes and Islands and Continents, to which, but for her connection with this Association, she might scarcely have given a thought, her hands are being stretched out in kindly kinship, and her sympathies and her prayers and her offerings are going forth. And note—it is not alone the rich in this world's goods, nor the socially or intellectually distinguished, nor the carelessly liberal who give without a thought, that are carrying on this work. No. These are in it, and it would not be complete without them, but there are others besides, others to whom a cent (given) means a sacrifice, who cannot give anything without *denying themselves*, yet who do give, and will give to the end.

Ed. LEAFLET.

To be continued.