

beautiful thoughts and pretty music completes the card and is for use when closing a meeting. The card is too large to be carried away as frequently happens when hymns are printed on paper. The card itself is very stiff and lasting; the type is clear, and the meter of the hymns is given to assist in finding suitable tunes, and the cost is very small. It is hoped that all the Parochial Branches from Atlantic to Pacific will supply themselves with the cards so that these hymns may rise from W.A. hearts all over Canada, and become the "Spiritual Songs" of our W.A. Apply to the Literature Secretary of your Diocese for these hymn cards.

Letters from our Missionaries.—Domestic.

QUEBEC. *From E. B. Matheson, Onion Lake, Sask., N.W.T., March 7th, 1899, to Mrs. Sewell.*

"Your bale, spoken of in your letter of December 12th, 1898, reached us safely and was unpacked last week, and I take the first opportunity of writing to acknowledge it with warm thanks. You say you are sorry you could not send more, but, to us, as we opened it, it seemed a generous supply of most useful articles and each one was pleased as something rolled out that he or she needed in his or her special department. Mr. Matheson was glad to see all the men's clothing, of which he was entirely out; while I was no less glad to see the malt. I had just been thinking that I must send for some for a delicate little girl we have in the school, and here it was just in time to prevent me sending. We use such a lot of Cod Liver oil, too. Miss Phillips fitted out three of her little boys, at once, with new Sunday suits, and they looked so nice last Sunday. The Indian girl's trousseau comes in nicely for our oldest girl, Minnie Painter, although some of the things are too large, but that is a fault easily remedied. Miss Shaw was delighted to see the girls' stockings and boys' socks were badly needed. Some of the things I put aside for my little children and ourselves, and thank you very much for the help they are to me. We get so little time for sewing here. A number of the women's jackets are given out for work already, and the quilts were appropriated at once. I had just promised a poor, half-naked woman, the day the bale came, that as soon as I got one she should have a quilt. I saw her when I was out visiting a sick child