

One day my dear companion was lying in the side of the scow, doubtless trying to shrink away from the trampling feet and the too free expectoration, when, in passing one of the many rapids, the scow struck on a stone, swung round, and a heavy wash of water deluged my poor friend.

Imagine my anxiety on her account, delicate as I knew her to be, and any lengthened wetting so injurious. For myself I was only too thankful to have escaped a soaking, which, in my disordered condition, I felt would have been yet more fatal. But it was a narrow escape.

Great was our relief, shortly after this accident, to be pulled out of the scow and transferred to the deck of a steamer. Here we both hoped to get some medical treatment. An individual we had not seen before, he might have been a doctor or, perhaps, a clergyman, skilled in such matters; anyhow he appeared to take a personal interest in us, extricated us from our uncomfortable surroundings. I assure you a little care and tender treatment after so much rough handling was very, very comforting. Our new friend carefully diagnosed our state, but, like too many of the medical profession, he failed to detect the internal disorder from which I was suffering. The precarious condition of my dear fellow-sack was, however, sufficiently evident.

He at once went to the root of the matter, turned my dear friend inside-out, and thoroughly dried every part. She was soon restored to me not much the worse for the soaking, but we both felt but for the kind interposition of what proved to be our owner, my companion would have arrived, six weeks later, at her journey's end utterly ruined.

I will not dwell further on the hardships of the journey.

One evening about dusk I was carried into the house. I gathered that my receivers were very tired after a hot and wearing day. They seemed to regard my opening out as an agreeable change, and a little pleasure after the dust and weariness of the day. I was still feeling very disordered (I must beg my fair readers' pardon) in the stomach. I think it must have been of the nature of "la grippe," which, you know, is so infectious, for I noticed that no sooner did these good people get into my company than they began to cough and sneeze very much. Feeling so poorly myself, I felt quite sorry for them.

One of them, I think, remarked as he opened me out that the good people who had sent me must have used an unshaken flour sack!

Alas! what with the heat and the dust from my inside, the coughing and the sneezing, my poor hosts had to flee outside, hurriedly shake my contents and stow them in an out-house till the pungency of my disease was mitigated.

I heard one of them say something about soap powder, and how useful it might have been.

Then, for though I am now reduced to an attenuated "sack," somewhat the worse for wear, I still continue to take an interest in the purpose of my existence, and the object of my journey, in the faithful discharge of which I have fairly exhausted myself; but this, I think, is expected of all missionaries. I found there were eleven children inhabiting the house which was my destination, besides outsiders. Some were lighter skinned and some were darker, but light and dark alike were possessed with a strong craving for candies. Oh! how I rejoiced—I love children—I imbibed that from my parents who had stowed a sackful of love and a bagful of candies inside me.

But, alas! that wretched complaint of mine had fastened itself on *those* candies.

It was no use trying to make believe that they were sugar-coated. No, it was nothing more or less than a coating of *soap-powder*.

But how those dear bairns, light and dark alike, did work with those dusted candies!

They blew them, rubbed them in their hands, licked them with their tongues, wiped them on their dresses, and finally getting down to the underlying sweetness, crunched them up and craved for more.

Oh! how I longed that I could impart from my inside some good "heavy cotton" dresses for summer and *good wearing* serge dresses for winter for the girls ranging from five to twelve years of age; new handkerchiefs, *home-knitted stockings* and a few boys' suits, strong wearable material, yarn and knitting needles to match.

Should any of you, my dear relatives, feel inclined to follow us out to this missionary field—and, I think, a missionary spirit is spreading among us "sacks" and "bales" of Canada—I trust you will be charged with such-like articles. I trust also that you will be somewhat *thicker skinned* than we were, and so more capable of enduring the roughness of the journey, and more able to resist wet. We came through in an unusually dry and favourable season or we might have fared much worse.

Should *soap-powder* or kindred ingredients enter into your internal composition, I would venture to suggest it being packed in empty tins and sewn up *tight* in cotton. The latter precaution prevents the lid slipping off.

Lastly, my receivers evidently could not make out who had sent us. I was utterly incapable of telling them about our dear, good, kind parents.

I would, therefore, urge you my dear brother and sister "sacks," and my good cousins the "bales," to come out provided with letters of introduction or some internal proof whence you originate.

"SACK."

THE perfection of God being infinite, to become Godlike means infinite growth.