

unusually good proportion." In 1882, 148 persons communicated at St. Luke's alone, whilst by 1886 the numbers had risen to 175, a showing which few villages of a population of 1,500 could equal. It is, however, only fair to mention that there have always been a good number of families from the other side of the river attending St. Luke's.

The sittings of the church have always been free and unappropriated. The envelope system is in use, the salaries have always been paid *monthly*, whilst the churchwardens have never found themselves seriously in arrears. In 1881 the total income was \$1,437.54, in 1885 it amounted to \$1,830.44, and in 1886 it had risen to \$2,022.56. The number of communicants is a fair idea of the spiritual well being, whilst the income testifies to the material, and the application of both of these tests shows the solid character and continually increasing efficiency of Mr. Bradshaw's labours. Failing health, at length, compelled him to leave his work. It was hoped that a temporary absence would suffice to restore him to his parish, but the event proved otherwise. A somewhat unsettled time ensued. Rev. George Warren, M.A., now incumbent of Lakefield, was for a time stationed at Ashburnham, and he was followed in 1891 by Rev. J. W. McLeary, who, however, finding the charge of so large a parish too much for health never robust, resigned in the present year, to seek, and we trust to find, a more suitable scene of labour in Michigan. About the same time Rev. Prof. Symonds, of Trinity University, decided to abandon teaching, and devote himself to pastoral work. After some correspondence between the churchwardens and Mr. Symonds, he received a very cordial and unanimous invitation to the parish which he immediately accepted.

Some of the work initiated by Mr. Bradshaw has been abandoned. Services were held from time to time in various parts of the mission as well as at the little Church of St. Mark's, Otonabee, but the growing Church and Sunday School at Ashburnham, demand all the energies of one man, and it is hoped that means will very shortly be provided by which a missionary may take charge of St. Mark's, and at the same time revive some of the activities that flourished in bygone days.

THE EXPERIENCE OF TWO "MISSIONARY SACKS."

Most Humbly and Respectfully Dedicated to the Woman's Auxiliary of Canada.



MY DEAR RELATIVES,—I hasten to give you some account of our experience as "missionary sacks" in the great North-West.

The last stitch was put in and no longer subject to the gentle pushings and

squeezings, prickings and stitchings of our fair constructors, we had time to imbibe some personal consciousness as to our being, the object of our existence and what lay before us. We had been made up in liberal proportions by our generous donors. It was impossible for us to do otherwise than absorb, as part and parcel of our being, something of the spirit and kindly feelings that had evidently actuated our kind originators. It was well we did so, for I think nothing, but a warm missionary spirit could have enabled us to bear the bangings and bumpings, the painfully intrusive corners of hard-hearted boxes, the cruel fangs of protruding nails, the ripping of jagged iron bands and the unutterable roughnesses to which *our not sufficiently strong* epidermis was exposed throughout our journey. I have heard out here painful reports of frightful lacerations endured by dear relatives who have preceded us in the noble cause, and can only too well believe it.

I pass over in silence, though not without a shudder, the terrors of the land journey. Alas! worse was before us. In course of time we found ourselves with numerous other pieces, much coarser and stronger than ourselves, landed on an island round which rushed and roared in ceaseless turmoil the rapids of a great river. We were not long left in peace.

Not that there was much repose for us, squeezed as we were almost out of existence by huge cases and sacks piled promiscuously over us, cheek by jowl, with greasy sacks of bacon oozing at every pore in the hot sun, or in yet more dangerous proximity to cases of oil. We were pitched head-foremost into a large scow rocking and bumping against the stones, and soon, a motley crowd, we were on our way down stream.

I need not say that our fair constructors had carefully impressed upon us cleanliness inside and out. A more spotless pair of sacks, believe me, dear cousins, could not have been seen than ourselves at starting. Imagine our outraged feelings at being tramped upon by feet often thick with mud and water, to the defiling inroads of which we felt ourselves by no means impervious. Nor could we avoid the tobacco-stained expectorations which were plentifully showered on every side.

It was, I think, about this time, whether from a violent fit of shuddering, or from the constant trampling, that the writer was conscious of something going wrong in her inside. Indeed, she felt somehow internally disordered for the rest of the trip.

Again, considering that we were both constitutionally delicate, we were especially timid about wet or damp. We felt unable to resist the injurious inroads. We felt that moisture might prove fatal to us, and utterly undo the very purpose of our being and of our journey. We were in constant terror about this.