

Our Indian Department.

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THE following extracts from letters of the Bishops of Saskatchewan, Mackenzie River and Moosonee, will, we are sure, interest our readers. They are from the November number of *Missionary Leaves*, the monthly journal of the Missionary Leaves Association, England:—

Bishop Pinkham writes in August, 1889: "I am writing from Prince Albert, whither I returned yesterday from visiting all our missions eastward and northward. It was my first visit to Cumberland, Pelican Narrows, Stanley, the Pas, Chema-wawin, Grand Rapids, etc., and although the journey is a hard one I have greatly enjoyed it. The work done by our missionaries, who have been supported by the C. M. S. and its friends, seems to have been greatly blessed. If you could have been with us at services held sometimes in a church, sometimes in a school or private house, and sometimes in the open air; or if, again, you could have heard as I have on several occasions, from without, the evening hymn and other portions of family worship conducted in tents and houses in the vicinity, you would have repeatedly praised God for His goodness in bringing these poor Indians out of darkness into light. Many of them are very poor and very helpless, and at some places, where fish constitutes almost the sole article of food all the year round, there seems to be a good deal of scrofula or other diseases; yet the people are patient and cheerful, and their religion seems to be a very real thing with them.

"I left home on May 16th; since that date I have traversed the Saskatchewan from Edmonton

to Grand Rapids, and back to this place, besides going to Stanley and other places—nearly three thousand miles in an open boat; I have driven hundreds of miles in waggons, and some few I have walked. Confirmations have been held at all the places named, as well as at other places. I am now working off arrears of correspondence (for the past six weeks I have been beyond the reach of regular postal arrangements and telegrams), and am preparing for our missionary conference and meeting of Synod to be held on August 27th and 28th respectively."

Under date of June, 1889, Bishop Bompas writes: "As a time of want and scarcity is rather apprehended among the Indians of Mackenzie River, I may venture to mention that we should value gifts of net, twine or fish hooks and lines toward their support, and for their health and cleanliness gifts of soap are valuable. I fear that about thirty Indians, young and old, have been starved to death the past winter at different posts in Mackenzie River, and this from our scanty population is no insignificant matter."

From York Factory, Hudson's Bay, Bishop Horden wrote on August 16th, 1889: "Here I am in our northern capital with weather quite as fine as it is in England; indeed, excepting a few days, when it was as cold as an English December, we have been greatly favored, for we have often complained of great heat, and wished for a wind from the sea to cool the atmosphere. Neither have we been troubled by mosquitoes to the extent usually experienced here, and now they have almost entirely disappeared.

"But I ought to have begun at the beginning, and told you how matters have gone with me since I bid you farewell, in regular order. Well, I left London, accompanied by my wife and daughter, on May 22nd, and the same evening preached in the church of that great friend of the C. M. S., the Rev. Dr. Woodward, of St. Silas, Liverpool. The next day I went on board the *Circassian*, bound for Quebec, and in the afternoon we started on our way. We had a few excellent people on board; with them I had most pleasant intercourse. The Bishop of Ontario, Dr. Lewis, was likewise a passenger, reading prayers each Sunday, I preaching on each occasion. I also delivered a lecture on "Missions in Moosonee" one evening when it was comparatively calm. The passage was a boisterous one, with much disagreeable weather and contrary wind, so we were not at all sorry when we found ourselves in the River St. Lawrence. I landed at Quebec, and, after staying there a few hours, went on to Montreal by train, where, however, I could remain but one night, starting then for Winnipeg; this part of my journey occupied three days and nights by rail. Much of this was through most uninteresting country—rocky, dreary, uninhabited, and almost uninhabitable.

At Winnipeg I was the guest of our good