


Church Bells (England), says:—"Just at the present time the episcopate of the Canadian Church is strongly represented in England. Bishop Sweatman, of Toronto, is paying us a visit; Bishop Courtney, of Nova Scotia, is making a brief stay on his way back to his diocese from the East, where his Lordship went in search of health, and which, judging from his appearance, he has found; Bishop Pinkham, of the united dioceses of Saskatchewan and Calgary, and formerly the genial Archdeacon of Manitoba, has come over to raise a bishopric endowment fund for the latter of his two dioceses; Bishop Reeve, the new Bishop of Mackenzie River, is making a flying visit, principally to see through the press the sheets of some works which his Lordship has translated into the vernacular tongue of the Indians who inhabit his vast diocese—the beginning of a literature of their own. Probably the Bishops, or some of them, will take an opportunity of urging the Archbishop to reconsider his decision not to visit Canada this autumn, when the General Synod of the Canadian Church will meet, and questions of great importance concerning the consolidation of the Church in British North America will be discussed."

The Bishop of Nova Scotia, we are glad to learn, has since returned to his diocese. The Bishop of Toronto has also returned.

THE Woman's Auxiliary of Toronto are indeed to be congratulated upon the splendid meetings held in that city on the 27th, 28th and 29th of April. The missionary meeting on the evening of the 27th, which was also the Board of Mission's Semi-Annual Missionary Meeting was one of the finest that the Queen City had ever witnessed.


WHAT MISSIONS ARE FOR.

 HE servants of Jesus Christ go forth to subdue every form of evil, and to mitigate every species of suffering on the whole earth. They go to lead sinners to trust in Christ and to take His yoke; to substitute the revelation of God for the lies of heathenism, and the moralities of the Gospel for all the evils which reign unchecked throughout the regions of an accursed idolatry. They go to enlighten the ignorant; to civilize the barbarous, to rescue women from a degrading servitude, and children from an early death. They go to educate whole nations, to communicate to them the knowledge of our literature, our laws, our arts, and our institutions. They go to set the slave free, to put an end to all wars of plunder and revenge, to substitute everywhere order for anarchy, law for despotism, benevolence for cruelty, and justice for oppression. They go to let loose men's imprisoned energies, and to chain up their lawless passions. They go to make property secure, and industry profitable, to

secure to the rich man his palace, and to the poor man his cabin; and to spread contentment, domestic affection, and general happiness where penury, vice, and discord make existence a curse. They go to give children the blessing of parental care, and parents the joy of filial gratitude. They go to protect the weak against the strong, to unite in brotherly affection the rich and poor, and to make the nations one family. Finally, they go to turn men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God; to teach them how to live and how to die; to show them the way to glory; to make them know their God; to prepare them for heaven and to guide them safely to its bliss—*Christian Missions to Heathen Nations.*

Our Indian Department.

Edited by Rev. W. A. Burman, B.D., Principal of the Rupert's Land Indian Industrial School, St. Paul's, Manitoba. Missionaries having items of interest regarding the Indians will kindly forward them.

 HE following extracts from the letters of one of our missionaries give a vivid picture of travel in parts of the mission field. Wabuskang is a very difficult and lonely post—north of the C.P.R. and about 270 miles from Winnipeg.

MY FIRST JOURNEY TO WABUSKANG.

Early one morning I arrived at Eagle River Station at about 6 o'clock, that being the terminus of my rail route. It was still snowing and continued till eight o'clock, and it was several inches deep on the ground. I brought a letter from Rat Portage with instructions to Mr. Moar (who keeps the H. B. C. Post at Eagle Lake) for him to get a canoe and Indians to convey me to my destination. His place being about six miles distant through the bush, it was several days before I could find an Indian to take the message. It was three weeks from the day I left Winnipeg before I could get Indians to take me on and it was Indians from Wabuskang, who had come to the station, who took me then. One was the chief's brother and the other the chief's wife's brother. My route was now by canoe down Eagle River, across Portage to escape the falls, and across lakes. We have to cross nine portages, one of which was nearly four miles long. Left the station about three o'clock in the afternoon of the last day in September. We put ashore about six o'clock for the night, which was rather cold, and it being the first time I had slept in the open air and the fire nearly going out several times till I rekindled it by placing more fuel on by the light of the moon, I felt it much. On Friday, October 3rd, about noon, we arrived at our destination, and I cannot say I was sorry the journey was come to an end. I heartily thanked our Heavenly Father for bringing me safely. It was not a large canoe and