

to the Fort while the outstations are served about once a month. Indian Head is well known as the site of the Bell Farm, where I saw a magnificent crop of wheat, covering two whole sections (1,280 acres), all in one block.

There are several Indian Reserves near Fort Qu'Appelle, and various specimens of the "noble Red man" were to be seen every day in the town, often in good numbers. The Indians will not speak English, even though they understand it, considering that it is *infra dig* to do so. It is, therefore, very hard to talk with them. Indeed talking can only be done by one who understands their language, or through an interpreter. The nearest Reserves are those occupied by the Sioux and Crees, between the two upper lakes. The Sioux are not native Indians, but settled in the North-west after the Minnesota massacre. They are said to be a more thrifty people than the Cree or Assiniboine. Whether this is due to the fact that they do not receive Treaty money, or to the fact that they are settlers from another country, or to their own greater intelligence, it is difficult to say. Through the kindness of Mr. Reynolds, agent at File Hills, I was able to pay a short visit to that Reserve, about twenty miles to the north. The nearest Church Mission to the Indians is at Touchwood, about thirty miles to the north. There is a beautiful old Indian legend which gives its name to "Qu'Appelle." It is graphically told, by an unknown author, in the following lines:

THE LEGEND OF THE QU'APPELLE.

The setting sun sinks slowly down behind the western hill,  
While sadly sound, to the woods around, the notes of the  
whip-poor-will.

The evening breeze sighs lowly in its flight toward the west,  
And touches, with its gentle kiss, the lake's unruffled breast.  
No wavelets break upon the beach; the waters seem to sleep,  
The mountains rise above the lake, precipitous and steep,  
In places clothed with foliage, rich with autumn's glowing  
tints;

Adown whose sides the mountain stream in sparkling bright-  
ness glits

Like a silver thread on an emerald ground—it leaps towards  
the lake;

While its babbling tone, as it prattles on, the faintest echoes  
wake.

The sun sinks lower and night comes on, stars twinkle in the  
sky,

And in and out of the darkening woods flits the brilliant fire-  
fly;

The cricket's deafening whir begins, the night hawk booms  
above,

And not unfrequent comes the coo of the gentle forest dove.  
But hark! 'Tis the sound of the paddle's splash in the  
wave it dips,

And the fall of the dripping water as from the oar it drips  
As the paddler ceases, then once more resumes; and now  
darts forth

A light canoe; it rounds the tongue of land towards the north,  
And points towards the shelving shore. It grates upon the  
strand,

And a solitary Brave steps out upon the yielding sand.

He is an Indian warrior; this night his journey lies  
Towards a spot which he can reach ere another sun shall rise.  
His errand is to claim his bride upon the ensuing day.

Why stays he here? He has heard a voice which stops  
him on the way.

A voice from out the darkling woods repeats his name: he  
cries—

"Who calls?" No answer comes; his hands he holds to  
aid his eyes,  
And strives to pierce the gloom around. Once more distinct  
and clear

That voice repeats his name, which falls upon his startled ear.  
He knows that voice, 'tis that of her who waits his coming  
now,

And who will wear the bridal wreath next day upon her brow.  
"Who calls?" he shouts in faltering tones. And still comes  
no reply.

Ech repeats his words. The breeze goes softly whispering by,  
But nought he sees. What mystery is this? He feels a  
calden dread,

Oh! can this be a spirit voice from the realms of the dead?  
His race all know full well that such strange voices often  
speak,

And the very thought drives the pulsing blood away from his  
swarthy cheek.

He knows not what he fears, but still he feels an inward  
dread

Of something, for he holds that voice a message from the  
dead.

He speeds down swiftly to the shore. He boards his frail bark,  
And nerved with superhuman strength, he speeds o'er the  
waters dark.

The spray is thrown on either side as his prow the water  
cleaves,

As far astern in the darkling night the shore the warrior  
leaves.

At length he lands once more, and now afoot he takes the  
road

To the camping ground which well he knew as his cherished  
love's abode.

The morning sun is rising now, the dew lies on the green,  
The birds sing blithely on the trees—by him unheard, unseen.  
He hurries on; afar he sees the smoke in curling wreaths  
Ascend from wigwams where, alas, his love no longer  
breathes.

He gains the spot. He sees a crowd near a well known  
wigwam door.

He hears the death dirge, then he knows that she is now no  
more.

With sympathizing faces now the warriors round him pressed,  
And told him all the mournful tale. His head upon his breast  
In sorrow drooped. He knew what meant the voice which  
he had heard

In yonder wood, and he enquired what hour her death oc-  
curred.

The time was that at which he'd heard the voice' mysterious  
cry.

Full well he knew it was the sound of the maiden's dying sigh.  
His name she'd called before her death, and when the mo-  
ment came

The last word that she uttered was her absent lover's name.  
The warrior heard the tale, then bent his steps towards the  
shore,

And entering his frail canoe was gone—and seen no more."

My two months were up at the end of July, and I came east full of recollections of kind treatment received at many hands, and loath to leave where men were so much needed. The hard working bishop I had the pleasure of meeting in Winnipeg on my way up. He was then starting for England to attend the Lambeth Conference and get some more friends interested in the work of his diocese. During my stay in Qu'Appelle the elections for the North-West Legislative Assembly took place. The open voting reminded one of the old polling days in Ontario, when the state of the poll could be ascertained at any time. After the election some waggish friend of the successful candidate harnessed a single ox to a buckboard and drove through the streets with a large blackboard