

indifference—I think at that time they hadn't taken a feed of Mr. Davin's "sow-thistles," or else they hadn't yet begun to digest them! The service was over. The congregation were enjoined to remain while a woman was received into the Faith. It was Act II. in the wondrous soul-stirring drama of that day: She came forward; such a wizened old woman, bent with her eighty years, and bronzed by the winds she had all her life long lived among. She had come from Old Wives Lake to be received into the Church. The Archbishop himself administered baptism; a priest and a native woman stood sponsors. The service was translated in the Indian tongue by one of the resident priests, and the responses were made in the same language, and translated again to His Grace. I could not spell the name if I could pronounce it, but it signified "Buffalo-that-drinks-by-the-river," and for convenience "Margaret" was used. The tattered handkerchief was drawn back from her hair, and—the water poured on—"Margaret" left the altar, all her eighty years' mistakes and errors washed away; all her darkness enlightened; all her future clear and sin-washed before her; all her past blotted out!

It was pretty close in there, and an odour, not altogether of sanctity, hung over the place; but we followed like sheep out into the outer air where the burst of summer-song was made a discord by a chant from priests and Acolytes who formed into line, and led by His Grace, and followed by the whole congregation, we walked to the hillside where lately I had stood and looked down the way. The *O Salutaris* was taken up by all, sung in unison and if somewhat discordant, sung with fervour; and I saw that the way led to the white tent aforesaid. Before His Grace, who bore the host, went boys ringing a bell, and at their approach all knees bent and all heads were uncovered. The sun was pouring down as if in benediction, and the wild-birds sang madly their wild-wood notes. It was a medley of rhythm, but glorified by the supreme sanctity and adoration of the hour.

I saw that the tent was the point of advance; the priest, leading, opened the tent door again, and within I saw a small table had been arranged, a white cloth covered it and a crucifix stood thereon. The Bishop administered the Sacrament, and all the kneeling people, with bowed heads, prayed. The young squaw, his wife, with no appearance whatever of soap or sanctity about her, stood smiling and stroking the towsted heads of her babes, who clustered about her; inside the tent, the young hunter, stricken down in the very prime of life, looked out upon the hills for perhaps the last time, his face was pale by suffering but it was placid and calm; he had faced death many a time on the hunt, why should he quail now, when it came peacefully, and gave to his soul the consolation of his Belief? There was nothing to regret. He left five babes—that meant five dollars each every year from the Great Mother, the Queen; twenty-five dollars a year! It was a fortune! We left him at peace, there upon the hillside, dying as befitted a brave hunter, upon the grounds where his people had for centuries fought and died.

It was an October holiday; a cheap little holiday trip, that cost *only six dollars*, and in that ramble among the green hills of "beautiful Qu'Appelle" I found something that cost nothing—that has no price—that wears no value-mark—but that for all time will never leave me while memory lingers—Contentment.

QU'APPELLE.

A little land-locked lake that shines so pure and clear,
Half hid by fern and brake, 'twas sure an Angel's tear
Dropped from the starry way, that silently down fell
Where Dawn, the child of Day, soft cradled thee, Qu'Appelle!
Bright opaline thy waves that lap like Seraph's sigh;
Brown hills with pale green naves roofed in by arching sky.
With draperies of Mist 'round evening dews that fell
And o'er thy cradle kissed, and breathed thy name, Qu'Appelle!
Above thy terraced hills the cross its Shadow throws,
And all my fancy thrills to see there twines the Rose,
Whose Thorns His Brow once pressed; 'Tis the same Blood that fell
On Calvary, now stains thy breast, O beautiful Qu'Appelle!
A little land-locked lake half hid by hills that rise
And framed by fern and brake, an Angel from the skies
Winging her Westward way, hath o'er thee cast some spell
Of Heaven's eternal May, that crowns thee, fair Qu'Appelle.

MARY MARKWELL.

Regina, Assa., May 12th, 1896.

Heaven's Music.

What though mine ear could catch th'ethereal song,
Which vibrates from the rays of sun born light,
The solemn hymn of planets in their flight
Echoing the corridors of space among.
The sad grey ocean's dirge-note swept along
The faintly whispering voices of the night.
Loud thunders' roll, wild shriek of tempests might,
One universal psalm, sweet and long.

This were but finite music, low and mean,
The jangling discord of an untuned lyre,
To that which greets the new born spirits sense
When in those mansions eye hath never seen
The strain upriseth from the angelic choir,
"Enter thy rest;" go thou out no more hence."

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Permanent Courts of Arbitration.

FOR many years past the principle of International Arbitration has been steadily growing in favour and the last few months have seen a popular outcry for the institution of a permanent court of Arbitrators between Great Britain and the United States. The immense advantages to be gained by the success of this movement ought not to blind us to its radical nature; in fact, they ought rather to spur us on to examine the whole problem of International disputes and to consider under what limitations and conditions Arbitration can be substituted for War.

The settlement of International quarrels by Arbitration bears on the face of it a certain plausibility, a flattering appeal to the inborn love of justice of the Anglo-Saxon, which obscures its true character. Used, as we are, to see private interests of the first magnitude and even public policies of no small importance, settled by the fiat of a court of law, we are at first led to deem that there can be no more difficulty in the judicial adjustment of the differences of two nations than in the settlement of a suit between ordinary citizens. In this we make a great mistake. The basis on which municipal law rests is purely and simply the hopelessness of a struggle between an individual and the entire forces of the State. Whether he likes it or not, whether justice or injustice has been meted out, the defeated suitor has no choice but to submit to the overwhelming power of society. International Arbitration is founded upon a very different principle. It depends not on the necessities but on the sympathies of those who use it. It appeals to their sense of justice, to their love of fair play. It claims for itself severe impartiality and unimpeachable integrity. It will not resort to force and relies entirely on the honour of the disputants. In short it can flourish only in an atmosphere of the most absolute confidence, and not only its profitableness but its very existence are imperilled by the faintest shadow of suspicion.

Were it once hinted that the Arbitrators were unfair, the system would of course break down. If for any reason, however justifiable, it should happen that in two or three cases, one of the parties to a dispute should repudiate the awards, a deadly blow might be struck at the system and the popular confidence might suffer an almost irreparable injury. In fact International Arbitration requires the most careful handling and the most discriminating use.

To hail it as the unfailing panacea for every international quarrel is sure to lead to disappointment. No greater misfortune can befall an institution than to arouse hopes which can never be fulfilled, and there is at present a real danger that the popular belief in Arbitration will go too far and disillusionment will follow. It may be a good thing to set up the machinery of a permanent court; but it is undoubtedly a bad thing to encourage the expectation that every dispute can be settled by semijudicial means. For it may easily happen that a failure, where failure was inevitable may spoil the chances of a feasible success.

In the first place Arbitration has acquired far too creditable a position in popular ideas. It is glorified now as the most righteous and equitable means of settling disputes, and the only one worthy of a civilized nation. As a matter of fact this is very far from being the case. Arbitration is morally speaking vastly inferior to Diplomacy. It is a better thing to allow an impartial judge to settle a dispute than to