

.. To Our ladies ..

March 21st, 1899.

Our Lady of the Sunshine, how fares it with you now ?  
Be careful lest yon snowdrift block your way,  
Or lest a flying icicle should light upon your brow  
O, it's awful sad to see you out on such a day !

Our Lady of the Flowers, beware, your posies will get nipt !  
No good can come of facing such a blast !  
Your violets and daisies and rosebuds crimson lipp'd,  
Are flying from your frozen fingers far and fast !

Our Lady of the Roses, your hardships are too sad !  
O that some friend a sealskin sacque could give,  
Likewise a pair of snowshoes, or skees the latest fad—  
With these, doubt not, you still might hope to live !

But hark ! Amid the tempest a merry note sounds clear,  
A well-known form the whirling drifts disclose,  
With glowing cheeks and dancing eyes and spirits void of fear—  
A thousand healths to you to-day, Dear Lady of the Snows !