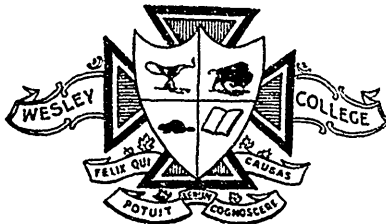


Wor Wesleyana

April, 1899



From "A Song of the English"
—Rudyard Kipling

Halifax * *

Into the mist my guardian prowls put forth,
Behind the mist my virgin ramparts lie,
The Warden of the Honor of the North,
Sleepless and veiled am I.

Quebec and Montreal

Peace is our portion. Yet a whisper rose,
Foolish and cause less, half in jest, half hate,
Now wake we, and remember mighty blows
And, fearing no man, wait.

Victoria * *

From East to West the circling word has passed
Till West is East beside our land-locked blue.
From East to West the tested chain hold fast,
The well forged links ring true.