

"OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS."

A poet sung of a nation in words that were kindly meant,
And his song on ethereal pulses throughout the Empire went,
It breathed the Imperial spirit at which the bosom glows,
But he slurred the land that he fain had praised, as "Our
Lady of the Snows."

She has lands unknown to summer, but she keeps them for a
park

For such as find little Europe too small for ambition's mark.
She keeps them to pleasure Nansen, for a Franklin to repose,
But they lie remote from the marts and home of "Our Lady
of the Snows."

True, she has somewhere, sometime, winters when keen winds
bite,

And in the frosty heavens gleams the auroral light,
When in the drifted forest she counts the ringing blows
Of the axe that reaps a harvest for "Our Lady of the Snows."

But while the sturdy Briton still shivers in east winds,
The winter flees and the rivers no more the ice king binds,
And blossom calls upon blossom, & each its fair form shows,
In the land that is called by Kipling "Our Lady of the Snows."

She has woods of pine and maple, where England might be
lost ;

She has ports that are ever open to ships that are tempest
tossed ;

She has fields of wheat unbounded, where the whole horizon
glows,

And the hot sun laughs to hear her styled "Our Lady of
the Snows."

She has vineyards hanging heavy with clustering purple
and white,