

day and to day, a Friend from Kansas, a member of the other branch of society, of the conservative order, who expressed great satisfaction in being with us. He thought we had left the position we held at the time of the division, or he had been misinformed. His communications were in line with those of our own ministers.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS.

As proof of the cordial manner in which the news of Canada's action is received there, the accompanying fine poem by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, published in the London Times, will be convincing :

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS.

By Rudyard Kipling, in the Times, London, England, April 27, 1897.

A nation spoke to a nation,
A queen sent word to a throne,
Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close,
And I set my house in order,
Said Our Lady of the Snows.

Neither with laughter nor weeping
Fear or the child's amaze,
Soberly under the white man's law
My white men go their ways.
Not for the Gentile's clamor,
Insult or threat of blows,
Bow we the knee to Baal,
Said Our Lady of the Snows.

My speech is clear and single,
I talk of common things,
Words of the wharf and market place,
And the ware the merchant brings,
Favor to those I favor,
But a stumbling block for my foes,
Many there be that hate us,
Said Our Lady of the Snows.

I called my chiefs to council,
In the din of a troubled year,
For the sake of a sign ye would not see,
And a word ye would not hear,
This is our message and answer,
This is the path we chose,
For we be also a people,
Said our Lady of the Snows.

Carry the word to my sisters,
To the queens of the east and the south,

I have proved faith in the heritage
By more than the word of the mouth.
They that are wise may follow,
Ere the world's war-trumpet blows,
But I, I am first in the battle,
Said our Lady of the Snows.

A nation spoke to a nation,
A queen sent word to a throne,
Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close,
And I abide by my mother's house,
Said our Lady of the Snows.

CANADA TO KIPLING.

Hail to thee, Poet Kipling,
My love to you over the sea,
With thanks for the gallant verses
You've lately inscribed to me.
At your praise in fervid English
The flame to my cheeks arose,
And my bosom heaved—tho' you call me
"Our Lady of the Snows."

The title is pretty, I grant you,
And I know you meant to be kind,
But I wish you could hit on another
Less risky, if you don't mind.
Of course, as implying my "whiteness,"
I modestly murmur, "It goes,"
But I fear few will give that meaning
To "Our Lady of the Snows."

You see, there's a prevalent notion—
Which does me a grievous wrong—
That my climate is almost Arctic,
And my winters ten months long.
Perhaps that is your idea,
For it's widespread, goodness knows !
And this phrase will make it more so—
"Our Lady of the Snows."

Now the fact, dear Mr. Kipling,
As I'm sure you'll be glad to hear,
Is that my climate is peerless
Throughout the circling year.
I've snow, of course, in season,
And a blizzard sometimes blows,
But you might as well call England
"Our Lady of the Snows."

Come over and see, good Rudyard,
My spring, my summer, my fall.
And you'll own that for perfect weather
My specimen "dowms 'em all."
I will treat you to air that's nectar,
And a sky that no other land shows ;
Then, after seven months of sunshine,
Call me "Lady of the Snows."

No ; I've just enough of winter
To give a glow to my cheek ;