

THE following patriotic poem appeared in the *Times* of last Tuesday:—

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 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 clamour—
Insult or threat of blows—
Bow we the knee to Baal"
Said our Lady of the Snows.

"My speech is clean and single—
I talk of common things—
Words of the wharf and the market-place
And the ware the merchant brings;
Favour to those I favour,
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 South.
I have proven 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 Throne 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.*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

The annual general meeting in connection with the Central National Society for Women's Suffrage was held on Tuesday at Westminster Town Hall, Mrs. Russell Cooke in the chair. The report referred with "deep satisfaction" to the second reading of the Bill in favour of the movement, and stated that this event justified the hopes of the most sanguine of its friends. Mr. Faithfull Begg, in proposing a resolution, congratulating the women of the United Kingdom, observed that in order to secure success the women of Great Britain should show that they really wanted the franchise, and meant to have it. In New Zealand it had been a great success, and the votes were recorded with quietness and decorum.

A Book of the Week.

"THE EVOLUTION OF DAPHNE."*

THE great puzzle in this book is to find out in what the "Evolution" consists. Daphne Dene, when we are introduced to her, seems to be a very full-blown specimen of the modern girl of the best kind. Fortune has been, perhaps, more liberal to her than that fickle dame is wont to be, outside the pages of a beginner's novel. She is immensely wealthy, entirely her own mistress, remarkably handsome, and the writer of a successful novel, which has made her quite the talk of the hour.

She has never been in love—has no experience of the capacity for emotion which exists in her own nature. She falls in love with a brainless, penniless Adonis, who is the guilty lover of his cousin's wife, as all the world knows. Algy Denis is not quite dead to all sense of decency. He has quarrelled with Pansy Lorraine, and, at the time of his proposal to the heiress, imagines that the connection is "off." But that the heroine, being, as she is represented, a highly-cultured, enlightened woman, five-and-twenty years old, under the sway of no bad influence, and having studied the question of sex sufficiently to write a book which, we are given to understand, is decidedly of the outspoken order—that such a woman should have been so blinded by her senses as not to see that Algy had neither mind nor morals, that he and she had no tastes in common, nay, that he was not even in love with her—this seems to show, if it shows anything, that nothing can avail to make a woman use her intelligence in matters of the heart; and with this conclusion we most emphatically disagree.

The worthless Algy induces his unsuspecting wife to invite the odious Pansy to stay in the house; and, on the morning of her guest's departure, Daphne, whose suspicions have been aroused, finds pretty conclusive proof of her husband's unfaithfulness in the room which Pansy has occupied.

Here is much the same situation as arises in Miss Brooke's wonderful novel, "Life the Accuser," and it is curious and interesting to note the different way in which the horrid subject was handled by the master-hand. In the book before us it takes Daphne just about twenty minutes to make up her mind to condone, not only before the world, but absolutely, her husband's misconduct. The wrestling of the loving wife with this same temptation makes the finest scenes in Miss Brooke's story.

It is to be supposed that Mrs. Alec McMillan is not a person of very exalted ideals; and this is disappointing, because the tale opens well, and is in parts well told. Some of the love-making between Daphne and Geoffrey Maryon is vivid and not commonplace, though the man is a very earthly specimen, and even his love for Daphne seems to be very largely indeed a matter of the senses.

There can be only two endings to a tale of this kind; either the husband must be got rid of, or things must remain *in statu quo*. In the "Evolution of Daphne," the husband is got rid of, the very day that Daphne was prepared to bolt with Maryon. By the way, I hope that in a succeeding edition Mrs. Alec

* "The Evolution of Daphne," by Mrs. Alec McMillan. (Hutchinson.)

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