



MISS MOLLY LINDSAY ROBERTSON

A recent debutante at the Viceregal Ball, Auckland

S. P. Andrew, Studio, photo, Wellington & Auckland

The Lost Land

What wind is it that stirs,
Lighter than gossamers,
In the pines, in the firs?

The Wind of Youth it blows
From Yesterdays, Long Agoes,
Under the rose, the rose.

What song is it he sings?
What news is it he brings
Of old, of beloved things?

The Wind of Youth is young:
He goes with a careless song:
No years have done him wrong.

The Wind of Youth is sad,
Nay, he is merry and glad
With the heart of a lad, a lad.

By the Wind of Youth and its word,
Like the song of a fairy bird,
The secret springs are stirred,
O Wind of Youth in the tree,
Go by, nor trouble me
With news of the lost country.

That all so heavenly shows
Under the rose, the rose,
Where none returns, none goes.
—KATHARINE TYNAN.

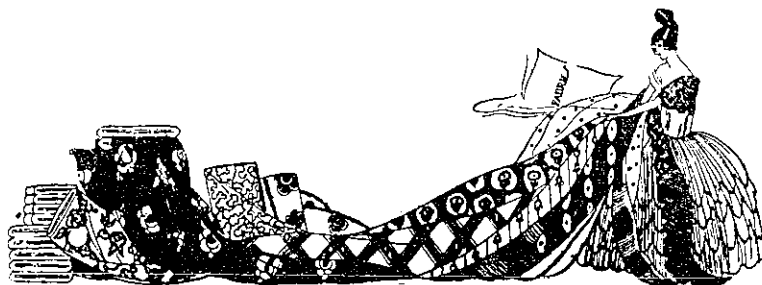
SOME RECENT POEMS

Romance

Have you, by chance,
E'er met Romance?
She wears a robe of silk
And, resting on her hair,
A crown with lilies and violets rare,
While roses white and roses red
Oftentimes bedeck her head.

Or if you meet her by the night
She carries forth a silvery light,
And on her feet hath jewelled shoon
That shine and sparkle by the moon,
Belike you'll meet upon a day;
She wanders forth on many a way,
But do not seek her here or there,
She loves to catch you unaware.

—W. A. CRAWFORD.



Think happy thoughts, O friend, in
sunny weather!

'Tis easier when the skies are deep
and blue.

Let thy heart and the robins sing to-
gether,

And thy clear eyes be tranquil as
the dew.

So rich a store of memories shalt
thou gather,

So tranquil grow thy spirit and
thy brain,

Then when the winds blow fog and
stormy weather,

Thou shalt have sunshine though
the earth have rain.

—CHARLES POOLE CLEWS

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Dance, to the beat of the rain, little
Fern,

And spread out your palms
And say: "Tho' the sun again

Hath my vesture spun,
He had laboured also in vain

But for the shade
That the cloud had made,

And the gift of the dew and rain."
Then laugh and upturn

All your fronds, little Fern,
And rejoice in the beat of the rain.

—FATHER TABB,