

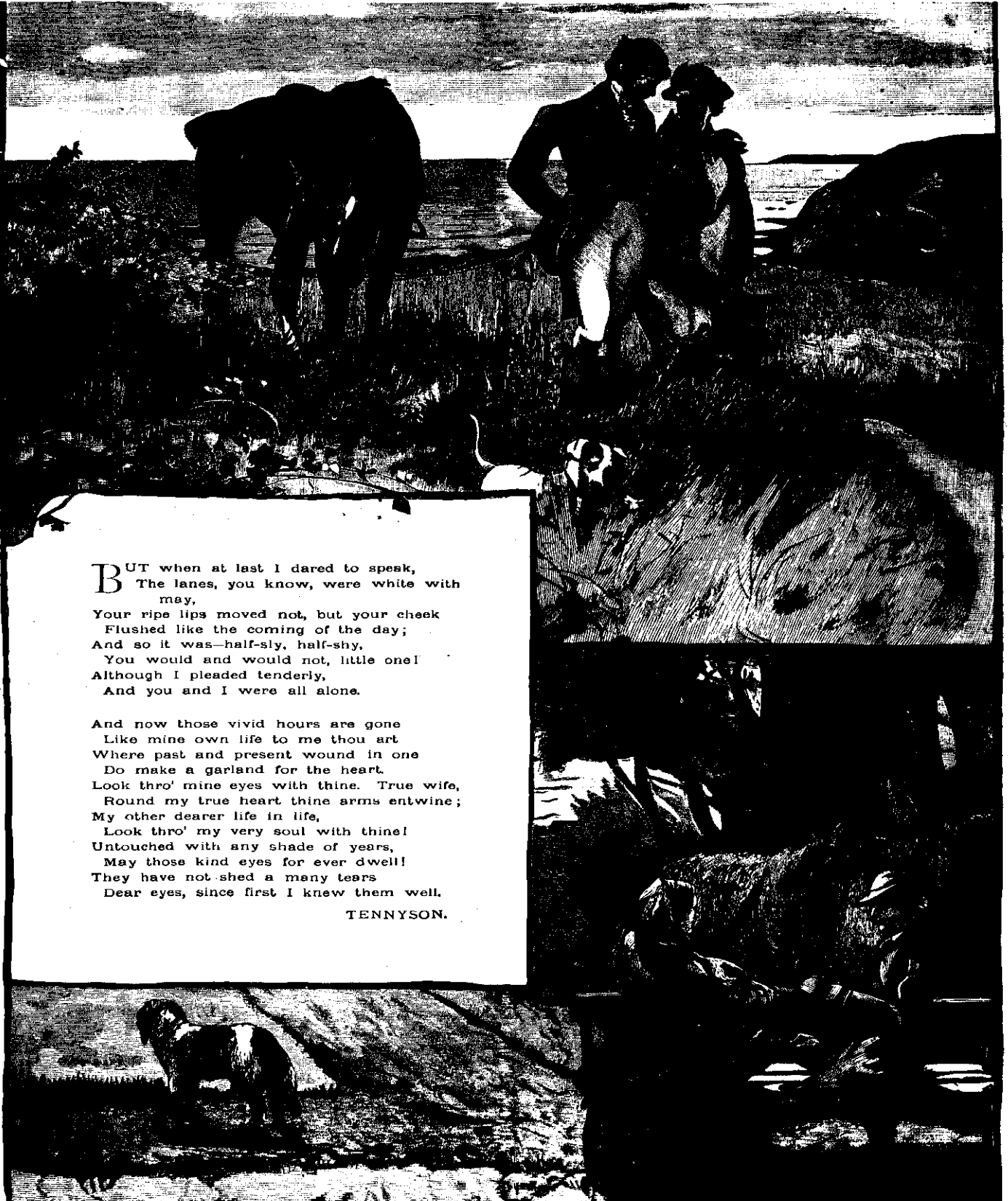
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But when at last I dared to speak,
The lanes, you know, were white with
 may,
Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek
 Flushed like the coming of the day;
And so it was—half-sly, half-shy,
 You would and would not, little one!
Although I pleaded tenderly,
 And you and I were all alone.

And now those vivid hours are gone
Like mine own life to me thou art
Where past and present wound in one
Do make a garland for the heart.
Look thro' mine eyes with thine. True wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine;
My other dearer life in life,
Look thro' my very soul with thine!
Untouched with any shade of years,
May those kind eyes for ever dwell!
They have not shed a many tears
Dear eyes, since first I knew them well.

TENNYSON.

THEN AND NOW.