

**Would She Care?**

By Will Wendover.

If I were dead,  
Fren from this life by constant sorrow  
cursed,  
I wonder would she care to come  
And touch with hers the lips grown  
dumb,  
Since death had kissed them first.

If I were dead,  
And care's hot hand were taken from  
my brow,  
I wonder, would she choose to say  
Some loving words to the cold clay,  
Though she may grieve them now.

If I were dead,  
And resting quietly where earth's tired  
ones dwell,  
I wonder if the tears would rise  
And swamp the hard look in her eyes,  
Eyes that I love so well.

If I were dead,  
Perchance from out the silence there  
would steal  
Some kindly thought of days gone by,  
When love's rare sunlight filled the  
sky,  
And her strange heart could feel.

**China.**

Type of the changeless, thou; yet not of  
Good,  
Whose high immutable is but the chime  
Of waves that ceaseless through the  
shores of Time,  
Conquerors of fate and all vicissitude,  
For thee, thy calm is of the enchanted  
wood  
And wizard spell: a trance that —  
countless years—  
Has sealed thy heart to love, thine eyes  
to tears,  
And blasted so thy flower of maidenhood.  
Is there no charm to rouse thee save the  
word  
Of impotent hate, whereby thy sleep is  
stirred  
To fevered dreams, not life? Across that  
sea  
Whose waters, circling all, encircle  
thee—  
The eternal Good—shall not a voice be  
heard—  
"Ephphatha, break thy bonds, be strong  
and free."

Mary A. Woods,  
In "The Academy."

**Young and Old.**

By Charles Kingsley.

When all the world is young, lad,  
And all the trees are green;  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen;  
Tucka hey for boot and horse, lad,  
And round the world away;  
Young blood must have its course, lad,  
And every dog its day.

When all the world is old, lad,  
And all the trees are brown;  
And all the sport is stale, lad,  
And all the wheels run down;  
Creep home and take thy place there,  
The spent and maimed among;  
God grant you find one face there,  
You loved when all was young.



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.



THE BRIDAL PARTY.

THE BRITAIN-VEITCH WEDDING, AUCKLAND.

Photos. by Vaile.