I've been roaming. I've been roaming,
Where the honey-suckle creeps,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
With its kisses on my lips.

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RUTH,
A STUDY BY FRANCIS MILES.
A LITTLE QUEEN,
A STUDY BY FRANCIS MILES.
"LOOKING BACK,"
A STUDY BY FRANCIS MILES.
Far up the porch there grew an Eastern rose
That flowering high, the last night's gale had caught
And blown across the walk. One arm aloft,
Gowned in pure white that fitted to the shape
Holding the bush to fix it back she stood.
  — Alfred Tennyson

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HER PORTRAIT,
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THE NEW YEAR,
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2, PERCY ST, LONDON, W.C.
"She had two eyes so soft & brown,
Take care! Take care!
She gives a side glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not;
She's fooling thee."

W. H. Longfellow

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