

PASSAGES FROM THE POETS



"Oh Happy time, Art's early days."—HOOD.



"Now is the winter of our discontent."—SHAKSPEARE.



"This faint resemblance of thy charms,
Tough strong as mortal art could give."—BYRON.



"But soft! what light through yonder window
breaks?"—SHAKSPEARE.



"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark."
—BYRON.



"It was an Ancient Mariner—
And he stopped one of three."—COLERIDGE.