

"I prefer, if you please, for my expounder
Of the laws of the feast, the feast's own Founder."

Rev. W. S. Lennon.

—*Robert Browning.*

"His death is our life,
His love is our gain;
The joy for the tear,
The peace for the pain."

Louise Mitchell.

—*J. B. Lancelty.*

"To thine own self be true."

T. J. Hayes.

—*Shakespeare.*

"Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,
And with a fresher growth replenishing the void."

I. L. Mitchell.

—*Byron.*

"My task is done, my song hath ceased,

My theme has died into an echo."

—*Byron.*

Ada Mitchell.

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above ;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.
He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,
He saw thro' his own soul.
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll,
Before him lay."

W. V. Hewson.

—*Tennyson*