

"If he be not in love with some woman, there's no believing old signs;

He brushes his hat o' the mornings; what should that bode?"

Robt. A. Diplock.

—*Shakespeare.*

"For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place, the flood
may bear me far,

I hope to see my Pilot face to face, when I have crost the bar."

Tena McDonald.

—*Tennyson.*

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join,
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Mr. John Murphy.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." —*David.*

C. Allardth.

"This above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

T. W. Wingham.

—*Shakespeare.*

"And the heart of the eternal
Is most wonderfully kind."

—*Faber.*

Julia A. Wingham.