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M 24 N 526F "There is a little province, held close against the breast of green hills by the embrace of a mighty river; a little province that bears the name of Vine Acre—yet to every one who has passed its gates it is remembered by the sweeter name of Home."—Randolph Hartley.

Panorama.



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"A last long look to the far away, Ere the night builds round me her prison walls."

Sylphs.



"And the winsome maids from the land o' dreams Steal thro' the twilight beneath the trees." As the Moon Rose.



"Proudly she rose from the river's breast, Pure as the lilies slumbering there."





"In the dusk the fire-flies dart and gleam— The souls of the fair deeds done by day."