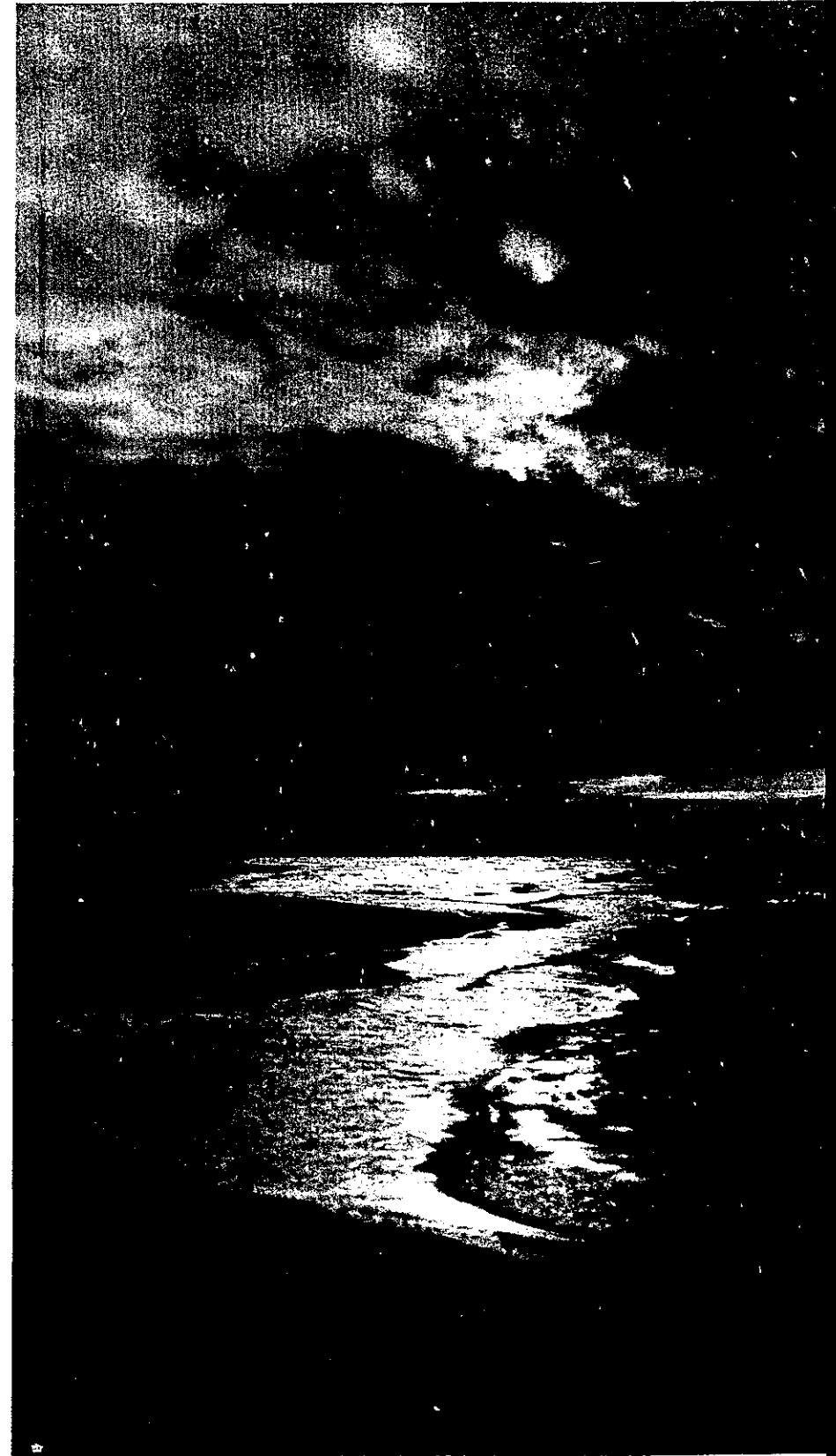


“ Then the Moon, in all her pride, Like a Spirit glorified, Filled and overflowed the night With revelations of her



WHEN THE MOON SHEDS HER LIGHT O'ER THE LONELY PINES.



MOONLIGHT REFLECTIONS ON THE FRINGE OF THE C