

I thought of the green banks, that circled around, ^{and}
 With wild flowers, and sweetbriars, and asplandine ^{and}
 I thought of the river, all quiet and bright
 As the face of the sky on a blue summer night.

And, I thought of the trees, under which we had ^{stayed}
 Of the broad leafy boughs, with their coolness of shade
 And I hoped, though disfigured, some tokens of time
 Of the names, and the carvings, impressed on the pine

Alas! I hastened the scene to behold.
 Rendered sacred and dear by the feelings of old;
 And I deemed that unaltered my eyes should explore
 This refuge, this haunt, this Egyptian of you.

It was a dream - not a token or trace could I view
 Of the names that I loved, of the trees that I knew;
 Like the shadows of night at the dawning of day,
 Like a tale that is told - they had vanished away.

Ms. A. 9. 2. 5. 5

Temple Anniversary

"Who framed the whole, the whole so bless,
 Ours mutual wants built mutual happiness;
 So, from the first, eternal order ran,
 And creature linked to creature - man to man."

What I was weak to do,

'Tis weaker to lament, once being done;

"Diao, means Chira, & in Hebrew means 'well beloved'

John Howard Payne, Author of 'The Sweet Home'
 was Consul at Tunis Aug. 20th 1845-