AntiqueXX Extra Condensed

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In this refulgent summer it has been a luxury to draw the breath of life. The grass grows, the buds burst, the meadow is spotted with fire and gold in the tint of flowers. The air is full of birds, and sweet with the breath of the pine, the balm-of-Gilead, and the new hay. Night brings no gloom to the heart with its welcome shade. Through the transparent darkness the stars pour their almost spiritual rays. Man under them seems a young child, and his huge globe a toy. The cool night bathes the world as with a river, and prepares his eyes again for the crimson dawn.

Address by Ralph Waldo Emerson

24/25

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Address by Ralph Waldo Emerson

20/22

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13/14

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Address by Ralph Waldo Emerson

11/12

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