

NUMBER 154
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**IN THIS REFULGENT SUM-
MER IT HAS BEEN A LUXU-
RY 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 TRANSPAR-
ENT DARKNESS THE STARS
POUR THEIR ALMOST SPIRI-
TUAL 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
18/20**

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NIGHT BATHES THE WORLD AS WITH A
RIVER, AND PREPARES HIS EYES
AGAIN FOR THE CRIMSON DAWN. THE
MYSTERY OF NATURE WAS NEVER DIS-
PLAYED MORE HAPPILY. THE CORN
AND THE WINE HAVE BEEN FREELY
DEALT TO ALL CREATURES, AND THE
NEVER BROKEN SILENCE WITH WHICH
THE OLD BOUNTY GOES FORWARD HAS
NOT YIELDED YET ONE WORD OF
EXPLANATION. ONE IS CONSTRAINED
TO RESPECT THE PERFECTION OF THIS
WORLD, IN WHICH OUR SENSES CON-
VERSE. HOW WIDE HOW RICH WHAT
INVITATION FROM EVERY PROPERTY
IT GIVES TO EVERY FACULTY OF MAN.
ADDRESS BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON
13/14.8**

NUMBER 154

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