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Dolnme 13, 27nmber 14
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|  | Wreithen are there, but not the "wordy that burn." Nnurris own ingpiration Gills tho heant with emotions too deep for uterance, hond. with the poetry of tho haarit, lies foreserer: con cesled in its wout mysterious strine. <br> Unwriten pooiry ith is stamped upon the broad blue oky, it twinkles in ovefy star. mingles in the ocenn's surge, and gitters in the dew-drop than geins tho iliy's bell: It glows in the gorgoous colors of the West at the de. cline of the day, and rests in the blackend crest of the gathering toria-clond. It is on the mountain's height, and in the calaract ras- in the towering oak, and in the tian fower. Where we can see the land of God, there beanaty finds her dwelling place.-Good Templar. |
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