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ClearviewText®  
Condensed  
Book & Heavy

TERMINAL DESIGN, INC.

THERE IS A TIME IN EVERY MAN'S EDUCATION WHEN HE ARRIVES AT THE CONVICTION THAT ENVY IS  
ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that  
though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through  
his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him  
is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has  
tried. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact, makes much impression on him, and another  
none. This sculpture in the memory is not without preëstablished harmony. The eye was placed where  
one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. **We but half express ourselves,**  
**and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents.** It may be safely trusted as  
proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have his work made  
manifest by cowards. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his  
best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does  
not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope. **Trust**  
**thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string.** Accept the place the divine providence has  
found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always  
done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that  
the absolutely trustworthy was seated at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in  
all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent  
destiny; and not minors and invalids in a protected corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution,  
but guides, redeemers, and benefactors, obeying the Almighty effort, and advancing on Chaos and the  
Dark. What pretty oracles nature yields us on this text, in the face and behavior of children, babes, and

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**MY FLACK VE**  
**vent pig me**

*vet BACKING*  
*veg cab fil*

**GYM CONVER**  
**font picks v**

**MOVING BRA**  
gentrify va

**mp blocks**  
AT FLYSPECK

**verbal gym**  
TS PINK FLAB

*ms krypton*  
*5 FLY PROMS*

*ocks barfly*  
**ERB POSTING**

Bergaults

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OBSERVE, I DO NOT MEAN TO SUGGEST THAT THE CUSTOM OF LYING HAS SUFFERED ANY DECAY OR INTERRUPTION—NO, FOR THE LIE, AS A VIRTUE, A PRINCIPLE, IS ETERNAL; THE LIE, AS A RECREATION, A SOLACE, A REFUGE IN TIME OF NEED, THE FOURTH GRACE, THE TENTH MUSE, MAN'S BEST AND SUREST FRIEND, IS IMMORTAL, AND CANNOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH WHILE THIS CLUB REMAINS. MY COMPLAINT SIMPLY CONCERNS THE DECAY OF THE ART OF LYING. NO HIGH-MINDED MAN, NO MAN OF RIGHT FEELING, CAN CONTEMPLATE THE LUMBERING AND SLOVENLY LYING OF THE PRESENT DAY WITHOUT GRIEVING TO SEE A NOBLE ART SO PROSTITUTED. IN THIS VETERAN

All things are double, one against another. Tit for tat; an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; blood for blood; measure for measure;

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**All things are double, one against another. Tit for tat; an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; blood for blood;**

UNDER A GOVERNMENT WHICH IMPRISONS UNJUSTLY, THE true place for a just man is also a prison. Unjust laws exist: shall we be content to obey them, or shall we endeavor to amend them, and obey them until we have succeeded, or shall we transgress them at once? Men, generally, under such a government as this, think that they ought to wait until they have persuaded the majority to alter them.

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