

this is the lowercase
of the mamillius type
by george horton

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the door of my own cottage. right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnized by the power of dreams. there were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet; but the mountains were raised to a more than alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of meadows and forest lawns; the hedges were rich with white roses; and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green church-yard there were cattle tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly round about the grave of a child whom I had tenderly loved, just as I had really beheld them, a little before sunrise, in the same summer, when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and I said aloud, as I thought, to myself, it yet wants much of sunrise; and it is easter sunday; and that is the day on which they celebrate the first-fruits of resurrection. I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten today; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to heaven; and the forest glades are as quiet as the church-yard; and with the dew I can wash the fever from my forehead, and then I shall be unhappy no longer.