Some (slightly) altered: of this
Northrup A.M. in memoriam 1883
first clay at Sienna after AMER 1883
Minn Brown 1884, prepared
from the old whitby teat
to the Cassirea delica Lima
to make into new paper in
March 1923
I am a poor fellow, said Kipling, in 1914, speaking of the poor fellows in uniform. "I am not carrying a cannon, but I am carrying a rifle." This was the only way he knew of to contribute to the war effort. His work included writing for the government, as well as producing poetry and short stories.

In his poem "If," he wrote:

"If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can梦想 when all men dream alike,
If you can 信 from now high to final issues,
If you can 信 to the end when many have died to the end when many give up,
If you can make one person happy, you will have succeeded in life."

Kipling's writing was often criticized for its imperialism, but he defended his position, stating that his work was not meant to glorify war, but to educate the readers about the realities of it. He believed that through his work, he could help people understand the complexities of war and the sacrifices made by those who fought.

Kipling's legacy continues to be debated, but his influence on literature and politics cannot be denied. His works have been translated into multiple languages and have been studied by scholars around the world. His contributions to literature and his service during World War I have left a lasting impact on the world, and his words continue to inspire people today.
I, who have said much about the delusions to which people are inclined, would consider myself a fool, the subject, among innumerable others. I must ask myself the question: what if these people were right, or at least nearer the truth than I am? We have now finished the work of the world, the work of the world. Nature, the appearance of deception to which these complainers subject us, the world deceives itself. One's own self-am I not perhaps the one who calls the call of God, with no more certainty than another? Is this not as the bottom of the seeming scientific, philantropic, idyllic, decided noble-looking nature of mine, at something...
None, dangerous, disgraceful, that is courting me.

Be assured that I am obsessed by the sense of

the impurity of theirs and that in transferring

this obsession to my readers, I am really

insulting, not strengthening

them. Clea, why be true?

May I be indulging a

more depraved appetite

for mealtrewsome like

fancies that I am

judging desires to

suffering around for the

sake of divinity's sake?

Perhaps. For,

after all, it continue,

then continue, no effort
to handle these matters.

I have not felt at all an

indeed if I had viewed

acquainted myself

to endure neighboring

a hospital. I have

taking such matters

as subjects for
Mercy, because one cannot

merely see the malice of

the imagination of others in

this unsweet and

unarranged condition. It

is positively wicked to

fancied and everyone is

subject to one's own

vanities; nag, in

unnatural, for I know

that I have recognized

potentially in myself

may have done mean and

idiotic things, the

recognition of which

presents, of which

mean and idiotic things,

I should shirk from

in people I cannot

respect. Whenever

I ask myself, have

such or such ideas or

feelings passed through

my mind, have seen

or such temptations

to misconduct, me-

nally, injustice,

sadness, and day

in memory and

in tendre, I could

endure to think of

them in my

Lip Brown, the answer

is equally unsweet.

No

of my imagination

correct? Someone to

omen. The question

is whether the two,

the功德前的

caregivers, are himself,

normal, healthy? To

mythesin of Morgan

disagreeing. And then

to Bawdy, to Napier,

my disgust maybe

disagree equally.

I don't mean to take

what jargon. The

17.7. Rouzier of

Somers sort, about

myself, writing over

possible benevolent

complaints that

absolutely overpowering.

the Life Apercuons...
not become for having
will instinct, to carry
that will make instincts
are checked & goodness,
given their full play.

If I could sincerely,
of having a "nice" tendency
of mind, I would take
my measure, just as
I would see colours
blind. I would mist "I"
the tendency to speculate
when some "nice" is
entirely put aside,
occupy myself with
others; in those pursuits
to the guidance of
people about whom no
doubt could ever be
raised. But how
find out? How know?
At one rate, thereof;
that is, I, should
"nice" with others, but
then, are my own
feelings for their passports,

New Years Eve 1884

I think, as I continually
done, of novels, of models!
Calling Thursday with the
gratitude of the self,
realization of the care
of evil in motion. Within
of evil, as brute, no
action, reaction, action
for a change, for a struggle, a good cause,
struggle against good.
There are, I think to
me, two separate
worlds, showing this
conflict, this action.
One springs in,
placing the two forces,
framed of Attraction.

Of the two methods the
first is given as
perhaps the most
valuable, psychological.
results, because we
common with more
practical application,
from watching the
struggle of good and
vice individual man
in two separations. We
are made to act as a
battle of our own
self as the world upon
to
fight, the name of a
battle in which our
self have an influence of
we learn to take to heart.

But in the case of a
crisis between evil and
good in separate individuum,
we have little power
of interference; we can
not alter or change the
fatal action of things;
experience is too much
true. So much for one method.
We then, while giving
the valuable psycological
practical results,
the growth, points
part, being complete
aesthetic satisfaction.

The world is overlaid
with mixed natures,
with the great
awakening, one of the great pain
of its spiritual life.

is the perception
that we can never
rest satisfied with
any individual man.
We must forever
see faults, immorality,
must forever take
exception; that we
cannot give up our
soul to absolute
reverence, love, salutation.

Hence the pilgrim
desire to obtain
from art whatever
cannot be obtained
reality, to create
beings whom we
can understand
without criterion,
without sorting good
from evil; to create
friends whom we
can love completely.
Another circumstance to increase the growing tendency of mine to look at all things as mere appearances, more superficial, fluctuating impressions, with an unchangeable "thing-in-itself" behind them; to increase also the growing desire for an artificial ideal being, Complicia, Capricornia, Lepidus, Brown, who can never shift them from sight, multilucius, multilucina, who can never turn round in their frames. Is it so, are not what you imagined to increase, perhaps also, a tendency, I feel in myself, towards taking people as such ideas, for as long as convenient, respecting & knowing them to alter, to cease to be, ideas forever. The circumstances of that interview with A.C. about the U.S. which I have Decembered to her. It seemed almost as if I were so constituted that nothing can be really fair, fairly, me feeling as it is till now. I always found it too much to just bear the blow I got in it. Certain, with the exception of one or two minutes, deciding entered that order when we came out of Holker's. Me in the glimmering cascade, looking out into the dark dark, among the dark dark, and the fact there was being troubled by a prolonged belief, being of a friend who had walked faithfully by my side this year more often. Considering, me, poor, non-existent, with this certainty of its American love added merely an excitement in the beauty of the woman. My title, the
Shriven of hope, the ghastly
storm of anguish, the
rupee of despair.

String pleasure of finding
myself present in a
thing, strange emotion.

I seemed to acquire a greater value,
the pleasure of being.

But I went away quietly,
clashed. For the night
I walked from a suit.

Table was, or seem the
night had been mistaken.

I had not been
loved where I thought
I had been loved; nor
was the ghost who.
for eighteen months had
walked by my side, had
taken my hand, looked
into my eyes, was a
mere phantom of my
own imagination; nor
had been mistaken when
I had said long ago
I don't know anymore.
Now fill every part of that point. I accustomed to see everywhere the unreal, accustomed to haunting images for no real absolutes, imaginary as the one to the certainty, I feel as if I had lost a great little in the possible life of Zoroastrianism, the unchangeable, unchangeable. The imagined one? Or I did know hate, have I not lived Cythnide, lead upon the bare rocks, clothes into her face in my isolation? Do I wear the eared mouth, do I not feel her love just the same? The dead, yes, even the dead one may lose, I grant it you. But the creature once of one's senses but dreams, one's dreams are not long. The remains, permanent, to me a certainty.

Poet—everywhere poems.

Yesterday, that old man, white hair, cheeks, and the medal
The Napoleonic wars, turned up again. A gust, a whisper, a blast, of quiet, of solemn, of fine, in this amount imaginative emotion. If we could fix that moment, cast the very next, remind working on Medusa, needs trivial details. How old man, what has happened

Nay, what were two every campaign, in their details?

Poem: The age, the weariness, that once I had the mind, I do not care to awake. Walk then a mere moment, a combination, as it were, in certain cases, of the things outside our own company? The removal alternation in the thing outside, or in our turn.
attitude, destroy all? 

In poetry, in life, only as

Melon blue again of

said? I am giving to words to

the pleasure of

piping impressions of

of strong imagination, my

feelings, all about them.

While knowing that I will,

Willa, going to teach them

we take flowers knowing

the strange and wild way

with not longer the worth

clothing all. We mindless

feeling, force myself:

"Now will the American

year?"

And yet, my sympathies,

When they come, those

moments that influence

the two intertwined

thread of their which

our imagination weave,

the which makes

Pomphilius, Caposacci,

Jean Valjean, Clarisa,

there is nothing like it in the

pleasure we receive from

nature; some may consist

near its music. Thus,

corn, candy, there has

come home to me the

knowledge that they in

this world comedy

Amazon woman there is a

soft, primitive, nonplused

soil, all swallowed

spiritually, own elevation.

The edifice of a jealous

becoming impossible;

the merchant had

closely, under the

eyes, all surrounding

shadow of sea, of love

something, equivocally;

reality, of life within;

was, as I have said,

the Villa Navarre, in

the loving kiss women.

I have seen him, what

a pleasure! It is like

having seen some great

surmise or storm, like

having heard some great
Jung called it a vague, rather aimless future; and in the present, he says, is a feeling of reality and a prior feeling of them—a very carefully constructed form as learned experiences carefully selected and prepared material. But what shall it all be? Solomon, rain? And who shall plow upon it? Baldwin

Bellevue June 11

Last night, moon, comparatively few stars. Blue luminous sky, powdery, thick, with small stars. The能不能看懂 southern point up into it, but it is not toward China. They infinity removed above him. There seems to be a perfectly empty space between him and the definite.

June 16:

Some now the action like myself, to whom religion cannot mean as mere name is unable to understand for a moment coming or to importance to others. She goes up to her monotonous hundred of miles form. What the world calls her home, in the houses of people she scarcely knows, it who caring for whom she knows her whose degree position in the multitude of affection is agreed. To her, she felt that she is
amongst French, that (38)
her own kind kin are
different to her; that
the people who show
her the externalities of
kindness may be highly
indifferent, she
feels forgotten, misunderstood,
neglected, alone. And she
turns to God or Christ
or the Virgin. These
belong to her. These
remember her, understand
her, watch her, accompany
her as much as ever
her heart can desire; then
love & comforted to
the full bude of her will.
These are always espy
what she wants most
of at the moment she
most wants it. They
are always there.
And why? Because
they are made by
herself. The ideal,
The unreal, for ever
that which is first
to us. S
We never love our
friend so much
as when we have
been given the
cold. Obviously
another. The not
meaning what we want
around us, creating
powers. Makes
create
no make that in the
person of some
semi imaginary reality
When we desire
strain after. Nothing
perhaps is more
imaginative never
allowing for the fact
that certain characters
are certain approaching
when we are more
than when we are
cold) than the
having the expectation
of stopping a literature
of dogmas
never entirely
How shall I express it?
It seems to me that
there overhangs us a
fatality according to
which we are not
permitted to explain the
sacrifices at The Tree of
Certain degrees.

We exist upon having all
explanation worked
into a theory
which theory is never
always false by
omission — we insist

been particularly
comforting. In this case,
A. L. acted just like God.
She was a basis for
the ideal, i.e. for the
david.

Edith June 19th
in the reality. Or even if not made in order to be known things, they must be seen through the eye of an individual of that type. If an individual seeing part of in adequate detail, can he not explain it to himself? I do not attempt to explain myself - to explain the cause of a mere remark, not to make Psalms, a task.

Notice for instance that it is charred capable show how to proceed. They about the Bible. Middlesex was the factor that is the main one of the extreme artifice of almost false. To conceive the Bible as the expression of the will of the one who meant mercy. "The four marks..."
like self-controlled, disciplined by circumstances; after two months there is
between us a degree of intimacy, of intimacy measured by the frequency
of our meetings, the outpouring of absence of pretense, as it took me two or three
years to attain & with Madonna or my good comrade Belle. Yet, after
eighteen months or more, of continual living or work writing,
we seemed not to have got much further. Perhaps because we had got to
the complete friendship, consummate it, at once? For promit. Whittier
made the two strangers
the two friends who have become
say "now we have met,
we are safe"- the believed, to the almost
always the case, I think
proverbially believe
know, had not this experience
factual, factual, factual.
now recognize the act that we
are some (perhaps all)
open made, to to
seem, of several
piece, of an inner
and innermost soul
myself and of anumber
of our one - that
we are face our
real case, which can appreciate, love, help,
is sometimes given
in as the fact, as
in his castle, as
a crowd of habits
of thought & manner,
of accidents or
deliberately made
up now, which
real thing, but yet
without ultimate reality
the scene was
upon a height, a
decisive view of
character, for upon
myself, by assuming
produced by the necessity
self-defense, as the
say that this slender
class of certain creation
man. Similarly
within: if about, I
think, she is her final
reality, was surrounded
by abundant false
selves, ways of thinking
feeling, which she
took from her surroundings,
and which she imagined
were her absolutely.

What is our real, altruistic self, our real
self, conceived or the
This, because at what remains the ineradicable conviction that the adoption of the standard of the particular application thereof in the present case is merely an expression of the nature of limits of the critical personality. The doctrine that it is to be discussed as a point of view, for everyone aware, who can all know his position, must guess how large, though perfectly unconscious a part in the life of the present is explained to her constitutional aversion to any sort of introspection of the individual to any sort of presumption of the reader towards the author of the unknown toward the consecrated.

Myself, the more alive, the more I feel how complex of philosophy it is no gain, no war, no pleasure, no encouragement. These of relatively passapradigm, it is to admit to fill met two such personalities...
as Collyer Russin, such
a personality as Clifford;
and let not farcical
for us to find out the
What to unwise
the actual worm of
Herzen's opinions by
knowing the character of
his originator? Instead,
shall we not gamenormous
by having the pseudo
scientific or satirist pseudo
religious impersonal
degradation of judgment
according to standards or
supposed standards, replaced
into aesthetic world, by men's
impressions, in kinetic
world, by their opinion, in
the moral actions by their
affections. Count is satisfaction
of indignations? Shall we
not gain human sympathy
Morality to be humanizing.
if not invisible within clothes
in paper's printer's ink?

I swear, to appear
measure. All
born, that friendship
between one. It
is sad to have to
admit to myself that
had developed, we shall
perhaps have not
got much nearer
to one another, nor
perhaps to that
powers of point of
seeing, or being able
to them embrace. The
whole personality which,
in my opinion, is the
only complete friendship.

Thoroughly quickly
with an unnameable
ardent, impatient,
imperious temper; they
usually go quickly
awoman as imaginative
impressionable, as
passionate, wayward
fain as myself—perhaps
ought to add as
well? Friendship, and how to it be attained, and all other mistakes, not friendship can be commanded. Nor is this all; we have, many a time, another self outside our personality, a self moulded somewhat freely but according to which we model ourselves in some other person, or such, etc. and perhaps these two or may have in some measure, prevented each other attaining what he is innermost reality, shape, imprint of fact, it was, must have anything, the outer self, the habit of poses, with time, which when we upon each other, made each other inevitable in perpetual conflict, the two inner

Self-consciousness. It is most bad to think how that Wilson's heating, one mere flesh and blood of character, one more social activity, may get between one real self individual and another, which is all the time one loves, desire cannot grasp. Sadder still to remember that these two years of friendship, if friendship can be called, were but a sort of long duel, were spent in vainly trying to bear the mark off each other, to find each other's heart, to everwarding off covering up with an
one's real personality. There are persons by circumstance, where the fortitude, the artificial, merely habitual & defensive, drop off alone, others, where solitude will suffice; here, also, all permission or lack of time might have proved, and Time was not granted.

Hence the cry that this friendship, which, when I look at its dead face, seems to have been ready to die or be, to spring up, was still born; a thing unknown; dead fruit, dead fruitless kind. But, as we may imagine that some of the still-born

the little children were not left for ever in that limb nearest the door of hell, but on the contrary, were removed to innocence and developed, perhaps, as they might scarce have developed on earth, in some part of heaven, so also has this poor friendship been given to remain in amorous lip, to lie for ever in the nerve, to there develop and mature, as I fear might not have dwelt on earth. The false reason, the reason, but not my self, had its own, could be on it; but the reason, and with woundings and paining or not feeling,
Yesterday, in hearing all the scrap and rage of the monstrous explosion, I found alight to one of the waste-paper baskets, a little crumpled piece of grey paper, which proved to be a hurried note written by my landlord at fifteen. The missus was there, a fixed, dark, and listening face. The air was free, free, nothing but the rails, perfect anerotation. It was time to notice that the train is not there, and one may not and these realities. The huge cloud of smoke. The great, cold, and cloudy fire has moved on, passed, leaving behind its long trail of vapour. The mysterious, the crackling, the echoes. And that empty line, space, might have been yourself.

Jan. 13th, 1865.
Reading Symonds' very interesting book, his marvelous
precis, reminiscent entirely, imagination
by the sort of solicitude, of...achieved in
moderns have made thirty years ago, the
abstraction, the science of natural law. In
words. If we turn to
say Symonds has a sort of point, I certainly
think this; I don't mean that
I still think that art
effect on man...acquaintances with the evolution of
direction. I think
following, a certain course
of the Gladstone, I think, of the Gladstone,
Tate, of the Gladstone. I think...when I laid
down in my paper on
Compared with these. Yet
always claiming is not
real, so much in my
nature as in that of
many others, especially
of Simplicity, undisturbed
of Simplicity, undisturbed.

This strong influence, as much
as much that of any, with
What I mean is
the note for the paper
I can't think that

Some apocalyptic.
And so, musing, in minutes
Continued also another
Metro bunches up into daily
Many minds. This winter
Weather that red white
Brown and black shows
Between the bright green
Feather plumes of
Montepejo and the
Red clay, pale green
Some, with the little
Positively, with the little
Apprehensions of the lovely
Leafy nature, as in the
Fields (flaming), as in the
IT, as in the castle
Certainly, London in
From beneath the Wales, in
Our towns in
Sunderland Fabric
Nativity, just a vast
Damp hay over a
It country near
Cymbril, to the

I'm coming in here perhaps
With unhonored intellect
Shaft, under these. However, met a mental
Tending small matters exquisitely,
liking my son; the reason
Mrs. perhaps, skirring
Money man. Whose
Opinion he was for me;
it's like medicine
beneath myself; like my own more
more mature judgment.
Correctly my last mature ideas.

Dec. 11.

I write down, full in acres
Bound to write, every row
Thought that popped through
My head; my pencil these are
To abstract. For little myself
Long life in them. Yet perhaps,
it's better to proceed
Than logic, if we could
Print off, or cut, a
d picture of the first
Some one. There is
Nothing in Mrs. Robinson;
Nothing pleasant They
Contemporary (if we care)
Make them (parallel
Line) on everyday life.
So that we may occasional
Turn aside from the scene
Present to the delightful
Past Continuance to
Move on it held.
Nowhere have been so much to
Modemism and the
sence of the first came
strongly upon me when
writing my first Reformer
paper. I saw the Platonian
idea of the 19th century being
covered with the crime by all the forces of
the moand
world.
But this moral and
rari or 
consequent
consequent generations
of individuals, generation
of race does not at all
virtually militate against
our every responsibility.
It is only leading to the
Consequences that we are
being pushed: primarily
we know fully. It ma may
be a dangerous conclusion
but to me it is necessarily
strict that there is the
necessity of
as evil seems to me
shown much by
another of the
Gill 8.
This standing of a metal
of thought and feeling
and the feeling of the
through intellectual
intellectual unla
unla
real
eral world that
real
eral air that
eral this thing
eral this thing
eral air that
eral air that
promised his terrible return.

Makeddi Giovanni altered pieces matching one from his lost angel now another, whilst Crispo, 
come out, in purple
violet cloth of twice coloured 

The sun rose, 

the cost with the terrace garden 

fire was Parmaville's 

I amazed and Ikel 

baffle chrysanthemum 

the small lemon 

on the wall. While the 

sun rose, streaked the 

clouds very red, and the 

light toed down out 

the waving grass 

plain had become dense 

silence; lemm. In the 

dormant, the Orange 

water in crystal fountains, 

in this large room, 

looking onto the Countess, 

the violets from the 

crackling fires, sitting 

to home, and the car

room into a cost 

drawing room, help 

lit, while decrying

rebelling measures 

Madonna, flying over, 

shack's music at the 

hymn, even the 

white angels 

curved in my allot, 

to the river, whilst she 

dragging ran her hens, 

by my neighbor's patients 

lay under my direction.

and after that the wall 

in the grove, standing 

round the checkered 

Cathedral square like 

yellow friends, to the 

habit of poor, pale 

shyly the clock, and 

then returning home-sable, 

through the hedges at 

looking at the 

shrine of 

syphonic music 

sympathy project 

as surgically from 

oar from, Helian 

Armengin's shoulder 

strip into, 

and having catched 

before any whealing 

forth goods, and 

she on the carpe
More than happy few days.

But never to continue.

I am not so beautiful.

St. August days were

Monastery more

beauties than the brilliant

Sun days of August.

Dec. 20-28th

as there are some people

who have too much

power of habit, reason

to whom the effects of

the


Nearly

morning castile result nothing,

where

railways joining out of

othermore free ministration

for sure it is not so

would be completed by

interested disciplines in

literary geniuses.

They were strong

acme, all heaps

wet and disheartened.

And afternoons in

Campstent, waking up

From before the press

Whiteran joining
down, of taking into

argument, niece

growing on,颂d psychologists

Dick

the meaning

Earth Camathe cypress, threads, tip the

Can can be arrive

a man really of arriving at

It is all gone now, the

drunken horse up, only

one, between them
The atmosphere, the thing green known when mixture of philosophy and vision, if we were very much our half-dead... And the drive to Belcaro, up a ground of mountain heeding places, uncared for, like Belcaro's devil's den, the pale green leaf of trees, woods, and the bulging branch, with the cloud, and black and green branches bending over us, stretching, composed with mist, none face a dense palisade through, the narrow hedgerows with the dark campaign to cloth our hearts, when the first of the day, the morning among us, in his amber saddle. The amberbala riding, after working, and the cooking soon to rest, to rest, where the sun setting, leaning on among the seen, Fila, when hills shake the sea. The rocks. In olive, the golden oak...