A wonderful serenity has my talents. I should be intaken possession of my entire soul, like these sweet stroke at the present momornings of spring which I enjoy with my whole heart. I am alone, and feel the than now. When, while the

feel that I never was a greater artist than now. When, while the charm of existence in this lovely valley teems with vapour around me, and the mespot, which was created for the bliss of souls like mine. ridian sun strikes the upper am so happy, my dear surface of the impenetrable friend, so absorbed in the exfoliage of my trees, and but quisite sense of mere trana few stray gleams steal into auil existence, that I nealect the inner sanctuary.