A wonderfulful secrentity that taken prossession of my certifice soul, lilite titrese sweet mornings of spring which I enjoy with my whole theart. Hear alone, and feel titre charm of existence in this spot, which was created for the bliss of souls like mine. I am so happy, my dear friend, see also bad in the

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exquisitsens of meretranquiexistence that in eglec mytalents is should be incapable drawning a single stroke at the present moment;