



My Dear,
I already love you your beauty,
but I am only beginning to love in
you that which is eternal and ever
precious - your heart, your soul.
Beauty one could get to know and
fall in love with in one hour and
cease to love it as speedily, but the
soul one must learn to know.
Believe me, nothing on earth is
given without labours, even love, the
most beautiful and noble of all
feelings.

Yours always, L. V. T.