

of her will guard you from many wrong thoughts and feelings. Yet I advise you not to be too hasty at this time. You are still young, hardly more than two and twenty. You have yet no office which will give you support. But this is necessary before marriage. Augustina is rich to be sure, but you would not be supported by your wife. Nothing is more dishonorable than for a man to make himself dependent upon the property of a wife, and have to thank her for a fortune. The husband should be a man, and by his wealth and his labors support his wife and children. I myself, from my office of forester, derive but a moderate income. I can only give or leave you a small property. You must first labor for yourself, as I have labored for myself.

"These circumstances may perhaps have the effect of causing my friend Waldern to refuse you, at least for the present, the hand of Augustina. She, brought up in the bosom of luxury, is accustomed to certain conveniences, that have become necessities to her. You are not in a condition to provide her with these necessities. Yet another circumstance is added to all these. The ages of both of you are not favorable for a long continued happy marriage. Augustina is about as old as you are. This is not well. Woman comes to maturity earlier, but she fades also earlier than man. You would be unhappy to have an old wife when you are still in the fullness of your manly strength. Between a man and woman of the same age, there is always a difference of at least ten years."

In this manner spoke my father. Every one will perceive he was manifestly wrong. I proved it to him as clear as the sun, and was very much astonished that he did not admit the force of my reasoning. I appealed to my mother.

"Gustavus, you are right," said she, "I must own you are right. Augustina is an angel; I do not wish for a better daughter-in-law. But your father is right, too. I can advise you nothing better than he has done. God help you," said she, weeping and tenderly kissing me.

We had now daily conversations and consultations. We never came to any conclusion. I suffered unspeakably in silence. After a week or two, when I was making preparations to begin my journey to the city, and from there to the little town where I was to shine as a Refendary, a letter came from Waldern to my father. Mr. Waldern's letter was full of complaints and lamentations about Augustina, who, after my departure, was inconsolable, and was obliged to take to her bed with a fever. She had now become more tranquil. But he adjured me, now that I had no

possession by which I could, without making myself ridiculous, think of a serious engagement with his daughter, not to visit the city again. I should only, by doing so, fruitlessly renew her sorrow and endanger her health. He repeated to me what he had already said to his daughter, that he did not object at all to our union, if I were in any office which would afford me a considerable income, and which I could not fail to be in, in a few years. Still farther, he had no objection to my keeping up a correspondence with Augustina, to make up for our separation, if I wished it.

This letter at first entirely overpowered me. I raved and raged against the tyranny and cruelty of men, till from fatigue I became quiet. I then began to think that Waldern had written very sensibly, and had promised me more than, from what my parents had said to me, I had a right to expect. The latter gave me, even, a sort of triumph over my father. I blessed Waldern. I resolved to act like a man, and to win the hand of Augustina by my exertions. The permission to correspond by letter, I availed myself of at once. I wrote Augustina a letter three pages long, and a short one to Mr. Waldern filled with my grateful emotions.

Waldern had wordly wisdom. He knew the human heart, and did not strive to dam up the violent stream of youthful inclination. The stream would only have become more furious and powerful and destructive. Now it flowed more quietly.

I did not journey toward the city, but went to the place where, as Refendary, I was to enter the course which was to lead me to an office of more profit and trust. The parting from my dear parents, the diversions of the journey, the first entrance into my new abode, and the beginning of the business of my office, had no small effect in bringing me to a more tranquil state of mind.

I labored with the most untiring diligence to perform in the most perfect manner the duties of my calling. My exertions were noticed. Every one did honor to my knowledge of business. I had but one fault, I was too young. I must first reach the *annum canonicum*. Oh, how I sighed for my five-and-twentieth year!

At last I reached it. One lives up to any age, if he does not die first! But there was sorrow here. My good mother died at that time, and a few months after her my father also. Yet my father had the pleasure, before his death, of seeing me Assessor in a Provincial College, with the title of counsellor, and endowed with a small salary.—A great step toward the summit of my wishes, the hand of Augustina.