

remarks. She did not hesitate, sometimes to bear hard upon her own guests. Ah, could I have thought the adored, angelic being of fourteen would have reached this point? I felt weary and disgusted; and when, after supper, the cards were resumed, I took my leave.

It distressed me to find myself in the city, or rather to have seen Augustina so changed. I visited her once or twice with reference to the progress of her lawsuit, but I did not find her more agreeable than at first. In spite of the wrinkles in her face, she was not willing to be thought old. She freely applied rouge. I acted as if I did not perceive it. She now and then appeared willing to talk sentimentally of our former tender relation to each other, but it was disgusting to me. When I once let fall a word of her being forty years old, she looked at me with astonishment.

"I believe you are dreaming, Mr. President," said she, "your memory fails before its time. When we were first acquainted, you were ten and I five years old. I was still playing with my dolls,—I remember it perfectly. A girl of ten years thinks no longer of her dolls, but on more serious matters. Therefore I am now five-and-thirty; and, between ourselves, it is not impossible that I should marry again. A very excellent man, one of our first poets, has been long seeking for my hand. All the poems to the Madonna, to the saints,—all his holy legends, breathe the sweet fire of pure affection for me."

I gave my good wishes to the success of "the sweet fire of pure affection," and was glad to leave the neighborhood of the court, and return again to my Adela and her children.

One does not realize he is old until he sees the ravages of time in the well-known faces of his youthful friends. I returned from the city older than I went there. But as I embraced again my true my faithful Adela, and my children clamoring about me, I unpacked first this thing and then that, which I had brought as presents from the city; then I grew young again. In the domestic circle of innocence and love, is eternal youth.

"In the course of time, many go before us into the better and enduring and higher world of spirits, and our hearts bleed for them. But even these separations make life and the world more important to us; they join the Here and There more firmly in our minds, and carry something more spiritual, more exalted, into our thoughts, wishes and actions. The child is well pleased with a flower, a colored stone, a narrow playground, and grieves himself little about the pursuits of grown up men. The young man and the

young maiden press out into the broad world and the free air. The nursery becomes too narrow for them. They would have something more, they win, they lose, they strive, they never are satisfied. They would gain all the good of the earth; at last even this is not enough. With years, life grows broader, and our views of life. To the child, the flower and the colored stone become too little; to the man and woman the enjoyment of all honour, all wealth, indifferent; the earth has too little for the spirit,—it stretches out its arms into the universe,—it demands and it receives eternity."

These were the words which the respected father of Adela said to us, on his death-bed. We wept, as we stood over the departed, but we loved him with a still more earnest, holy love which sanctified ourselves. Adela and I lived a higher life, since there was no barrier between us and eternity, and we had something to love there as here.

The purest of all joys comes to us from our children. I accompanied my eldest son to the University; and it was the most agreeable surprise to Adela and myself, when I received, on my fiftieth birth-day, the royal appointment to the easy and honorable office which I now hold. This office made it necessary for me to live in the city; and from there to the University, where my son was pursuing his studies, was only a moderate day's ride. We were together as often as we wished.

Adela, indeed, left with regret her native city; but of the court residence she had heard often, and it had a charm for her maternal heart in its proximity to her first-born son. She was in her fortieth year,—no longer the ideal beauty which I thought her, when, at our first meeting, I saw her beside me in the carriage; but her features had acquired more exalted charms, her form had added dignity to grace. The heart of Adela had retained its youth. I loved her with the first love. Her lovely face, distorted by no passion in her youth, needed no false coloring to make it charming.

She knew my early relations with Augustina, and when we came to the city, she was very curious to become acquainted with my first love.

Three or four months passed away before I visited Madame Von Winter, for I felt little inclination to do so. We were told she no longer received company, that she lived extremely retired and had become in her later years as avaricious, as she had before been extravagant. This change of feeling might be considered as a consequence