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生活的艺术

THE ART OF LIFE

[英] 克罗蒂斯·克列尔 著

Claudius Clear

沈鸣鸣 张晓哲 译

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出版前言

在欧美诸国，普通家庭在客厅、壁炉旁或卧室等处，一般都置有一个书架，上面摆满了他们所谓的“家庭读物”。在中国，所谓的家庭常备读物似乎固有所指，通常为菜谱、医疗保健或旅游指南之类，但西方的家庭常备读物却主要是经典的文学艺术作品；这些书不是整整齐齐码在书架上，纯粹为了装饰或摆设，少有开卷，仅供观瞻，而是放在床头、茶几、阳台甚至卫生间，触手可及，可以随时翻阅。出门旅行前也可以顺便带上一册，在候机候车间隙捧而读之，既打发时间，又时时受益。这样的书，父母看过可以传给孩子，孩子看完再传给自己的子子孙孙，代代相传。文化的传承就这样在不知不觉间静悄悄地进行，伟大的文明就这样绵延于世。

令人遗憾的是，以文明悠久著称的中国，在经济飞速发展的今天，却缺少和自己的民族文化地位相对应的普通家庭常备读物。走进一个个越来越宽敞明亮的中国家庭，我们能看到琳琅满目、充满了艺术感的家具，能感受到灯光营造出的朦胧诗意的氛围，却很少能看到一个书架，一个承载人类文明积淀的书架；乘飞机或火车出行，多见旅人们百无聊赖无所事事地等候、聊天、打牌，亦多见时尚杂志或街头小报人手一份，却少见有人手捧一册文学艺术作品在喧嚣的环境中静静阅读。承续了五千年文明的中国人，在现时代表现出的对精神生活的漠视，让人生出一种巨大的遗憾和忧伤……

正是这样的感时伤怀，正是这样的遗憾和失落，正是这样一种久违

了的文明意识，正是这样一种萦绕于心的担当，让我们起意策划出版这样一套充满着人文气息的“家庭书架”。

这是一套在西方文化发展和文明积淀过程中影响久远的读物，这是一套影响了欧美诸民族心灵世界和集体文明无意识的读物，这是一套可以让个体的精神世界变得无比丰富和无比强大的读物，这还是一套人人皆可阅读但充满着贵族气息的读物。

这套“家庭书架”，凝聚着人类文明中最美妙的智慧和最敏锐的灵感，一群最善于思考最长于想象的伟大作者，将神奇而微妙的精神活动进行到底，凝结成人类文明最璀璨的结晶体。

这些作品是思想的圣坛，回响着每个与之结缘的个体在文明深处徜徉徘徊时细微而悠远的脚步声；这些作品是人类语言的丰碑，文字垃圾在这里被无情地埋葬，快餐文化在这里灰飞烟灭。

这套大型汉英双语版图书大致可以分为文学艺术类、传记类、历史类、游记散文、社会文化类等。作者们虽然身份、职业不同——他们或为文学家，或为艺术家，或为政治家，但都以文辞优美著称，即使深奥难测的美学著作，如佩特的《柏拉图和柏拉图主义》，也因作者优美的散文笔法而让人亲近。其他如奥威尔的《政治与英语》、吉卜林的《谈谈我自己》、康拉德的《生活笔记》、罗斯金的《艺术十讲》、杰罗姆的《小说笔记》、兰姆的《兰姆书信精粹》、卢卡斯的《佛罗伦萨的漫游者》、萨克雷的《巴黎速写》、鲍斯韦尔的《伦敦日志（1762—1763）》等，皆出名家之手。这些游记或散文，不仅充满着精神感召的力量，而且因其文辞隽美，还可以作为美文来欣赏、诵读。执一册在手，当是畅快的精神旅行。

众所周知，译事沉痾业已成为当代中国知识领域难以治愈的顽疾，草率、随性、误译、漏译、跳译、畏难等等随处可见。虽然当前仍有少数译者在译事丛林中艰难爬梳并屡有优秀成果问世，但我们已经很难看到当年傅雷先生之于《约翰·克里斯朵夫》及王道乾先生之于《情人》的译事之工了。在今天的译著中，我们看不到修辞，看不到信达雅，看

不到前人遗风，我们看到的是急功近利，看到的是用电脑翻译工具草译出来的种种无厘头。这是翻译者的悲哀，是出版人的悲哀，是读者的悲哀，是文化的悲哀。

在这种恶劣的翻译环境和悲哀的心境中，我们开始了充满挑战的组译议程。组织会聚了许多大师著作的“家庭书架”的翻译出版，于我们而言，与其说是建立出版功业，毋宁说是进入了布满陷阱的出版丛林。我们规避陷阱的种种努力，都是为了给读者朋友提供一个可资借鉴的阅读文本。

我们深知，大师著作的翻译是艰难的，用汉语来传达他们的思想总会留下或多或少的缺憾，甚至我们都怀疑这些思想是根本无法用另外一种语言传达的。这时候“迁就阅读”就必须成为我们出版人唯一的选择。尽管译者和我们都想“用优秀的作品来鼓舞人”，尽管译者和我们都努力地走在通往理想之塔的道路上，但在这些图书即将付梓之际，我们的内心仍然深感惶恐。我们深知，为读者奉献的译文仍然存在着有待克服的种种问题。

但是我们有勇气，有足够的勇气用这种英汉对照的方式将这些文本呈现给我们的读者。一则希望读者可以在英语与汉语的比照下更深地体察语言的精微和文本的精致；一则希望读者朋友在阅读过程中可以方便地提出自己的疑问，指出我们的不足，使这套丛书在今后不断的修订过程中日臻完备。

译事惟艰，出版惟艰。冀希读者朋友们一如既往地支持我们的翻译事业和出版事业。丛书如存有不当之处，希望读者朋友们宽容并谅解。

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生活的艺术

I . The Art of Life

AT the end of Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Grandfather's Chair*, after the Chair has told many stories, it is asked by the Grandfather to confer a final favour. "During an existence of more than two centuries you have had a familiar intercourse with men who were esteemed the wisest of their day. Doubtless with your capacious understanding you have treasured up many an invaluable lesson of wisdom. You certainly have had time enough to guess the riddle of life. Tell us poor mortals, then, how we may be happy.' The Chair assumed an aspect of deep meditation, and at last beckoned to Grandfather with its elbow, and made a step sideways towards him as if it had a very important secret to communicate. 'As long as I have stood in the midst of human affairs,' said the Chair, with a very oracular enunciation, 'I have constantly observed that Justice, Truth, and Love are the chief ingredients of every happy life.' 'Justice, Truth, and Love !' exclaimed Grandfather. 'We need not exist two centuries to find out that these qualities are essential to our happiness. This is no secret. Every human being is born with the instinctive knowledge of it.' 'Ah!' cried the Chair, drawing back in surprise, 'from what I have observed of the dealings of man with man, of nation with nation, I should never have suspected that they knew this all-important secret.' The Chair announced that its lips are closed for the next hundred years. 'At the end of that period, if I shall have discovered any new precepts of happiness better than what heaven has already taught you, they shall assuredly be given to the world.' Here we have the explanation of the fact that precepts on the conduct of life often read like trite, threadbare, incontestable platitudes, and that many are inclined to deny that there is such an art as the art of living. A good heart, sound principles, and an honest purpose, it is said, will bring you safely through, and the experience of other travellers is of small account. It is not so. Life is never the smooth path it seems to confident youth. It is a rough road cut with dangerous ruts, and apparently little mended by the successive

第一章 生活的艺术

在纳撒尼尔·霍桑《爷爷的摇椅》一书的结尾，在那把摇椅讲述了许多故事之后，爷爷想和摇椅讨论一下他们的终极至爱。“‘在活着的两百多年里，你和被他们的时代认为最聪明的人交往频繁。毫无疑问，深邃的洞察力让你拥有许多无价的智慧和教训。你当然有足够的时间来猜想生活之谜，而我们这些可怜的凡人，怎样才能快乐起来呢？’摇椅装出一副若有所思的样子，末了，用它的胳膊肘轻轻召唤，朝一旁的爷爷跨了一步，好像它有非常重要的秘密要讲。‘只要我参与到人事之中，’摇椅说得头头是道，‘我总觉得公正、真理和博爱是每个快乐人生的主要组成部分。’‘公正、真理和博爱！’祖父感叹道，‘我们不需要经历两个世纪才发现这些品质对我们是重要的，这不是秘密，每个人生下来就有这种直觉。’‘哦！’椅子恍然大悟，诧异地缩了回去，‘鉴于我对人与人交往、国与国交往的观察，我从未怀疑他们知道这个非常重要的秘密。’于是椅子宣布，在接下来的几百年中它将三缄其口，保持沉默。‘在那个阶段的尾声，如果我发现了新的幸福格言，而它比上苍已经告诉你们的更好，我肯定也应该向世人公布。’”事实上我们有这样一种解释，生活的格言读起来好像陈词滥调、迂腐不堪，并且大都倾向于否认有一种艺术谓之“生活的艺术”。一颗善良的心、合情合理的原则、诚实的目的，据说会让你平安地度过人生，而人生旅途中其他同行者的经验便无足轻重。事实并非如此。对于踌躇满志的年轻人而言，生活从来不是坦途，而是一条崎岖之路，车辙纵横，充满危险，一代又一

generations of pilgrims. The highest wisdom is to be found in commonplaces. The best help that can be rendered to humanity is the representation of commonplaces as they are confirmed and illuminated by experience. Pascal said that the best books were the books which each man thought he could have written for himself. Few men imagine that they could have written great scientific or historical books. They all think themselves capable of writing observations of life and manners, and in a sense they are, for they have had the opportunities of acquiring the knowledge on which such observations must be founded. La Bruyère, one of the greatest writers on the art of life, says; "I restored to the public what it has lent me."

So through the ages we have a line of books on conduct written by men and women of very varying powers, and yet all are valuable in some way, if they are written honestly from a real experience. Often the lessons of life are best conveyed indirectly. Thus we have a significant, if not very extensive, literature of characters. In Professor Jebb's admirable preface to his edition of *Theophrastus*—a book which should not have been allowed to go out of print—we have many excellent remarks on character writing. A very good second is Mr. Alfred West's introduction to the Pitt Press edition of Earle's *Microcosmography*. Mr. West describes the books of Joseph Hall, of Sir Thomas Overbury, of Samuel Butler, and others. Perhaps it scarcely was within his scope to set forth the singular merits of William Law's character sketches, which are, on the whole, the most finished and satisfactory in English literature. But even Law himself must yield without a struggle to La Bruyère. Of him no less a critic than Sainte Beuve said:

"Happy La Bruyère! When so many more lofty glories have sunk, when the eighteenth century has passed away, and men speak of it as of an old fashion—when the seventeenth itself is exposed to attack on all sides, to the irreverence and incredulity of new schools—he, as if by a miracle, is alone respected, he alone holds his own, he is spared. What do I say? He is read, he is admired, he is praised, precisely for the marked, incisive manner, a little too strong perhaps for his own time, but which is no more than we require now. Of this style he remains the first model. Fénelon, all Fénelon, pales and trembles; but his colours stand as bright as when first laid on the canvas. Time has deprived his solid and vigorous manner of no excellence. The artist has not ceased to reverence him. . . He is still everybody's classic."

Among later writers no one has more deeply considered the art of life than Walter Pater, though I do not forget the quiet but sterling merits of such authors as Arthur Helps, P. G. Hamerton and Anne Mozley.

代朝圣者前仆后继，也未能使之变成阳关大道。给人类莫大帮助的是那些平凡的代表，最高深莫测的智慧存在于平凡之中，因为它们得到了经验的证实。帕斯卡说最好的书就是人们为自己写的书。很少有人能够想象自己撰写伟大的科学和历史著作，但许多人都认为自己能写出对生活和行为的观察，而在某种意义上，事实的确如此。因为他们有机会获得知识，而观察必须基于这种知识。拉布吕耶尔是生活的艺术这个题材上最伟大的作家之一，他曾说过“我把从人们那儿汲取的东西再归还他们”。

千百年来，我们有一系列关于行为的书籍，由众多具有这方面专长的人撰写。如果他们如实地记录一段真实的经历，那么这些书在某些方面确实极具价值。生活的经验教训最好以间接的方式传递，这样，我们就能拥有一种意义非凡的文学，它即使内容并不广泛，也汇聚了丰富多彩的人物。在杰布教授的《狄奥弗拉斯图》（这本书不应该让它绝版）令人折服的前言中，有许多关于人物描写的精彩见地。阿尔弗雷德·韦斯特为厄尔写的《微观世界图志》（皮特出版社出版）所做的序中，韦斯特先生描述了约瑟夫·霍尔、托马斯·奥弗伯里、塞缪尔·勃特勒等人的书。他很少对威廉·劳的人物刻画所呈现的单一优点进行阐述，但总体而言，威廉的人物刻画是英国文学中最完美和最令人满意的。但是，甚至威廉本人对拉布吕耶尔也毫无异议甘拜下风。谈及拉布吕耶尔，像圣伯夫这样的评论大家也会说：“多么幸福的拉布吕耶尔啊！诸多荣耀已经沉寂，十八世纪也已逝去，人们谈论它时就像论及一种过气时尚——当十七世纪直面来自各方的攻击和责难，遭遇新流派的怀疑和否定时，唯有他依然奇迹般地独享尊荣，逃过此劫，捍卫着自己的一席之地。为什么至今他仍被拜读、景仰、称颂？恰恰因为他那鲜明犀利的文风，虽然在他的时代略显强硬，却正是我们现在需要的。他一直是这种文风最杰出的典范。当众人皆显得苍白而脆弱的时候，拉布吕耶尔其人其文却像最初写在粗帆布上的文字一样色彩鲜明。时光丝毫没有使他坚实有力的文风褪色，艺术家也从未停止过对他的膜拜……他依然是每个人心中的经典。”

In teaching the art of life there can be no more useful books than biographies. I have for years read every biography I could lay my hands on, and not one has failed to teach me something. Mrs. Oliphant, who was herself a skilful biographer, and who observed life more shrewdly and keenly than most, has a passage in which she describes the fascination of watching from the gallery the combat of a human soul, its defeats, its victories, and its last issues. A very able writer of recent times has said the worst that can be said against biographies, and especially the biographies of prophets and sages. The prophets of the Highest, says he, are degraded and despoiled by ill-judging biographers who in truth's name lay bare the life, not of the man whom they pretend to honour, but of his meaner and mortal double. Of the greater men in any generation, poets, orators, preachers, prophets, biographies should not be written. "Let them be as voices crying, if in that cry they deliver themselves in some measure from the material encumbrances of life. Let them be advantaged thereby themselves, and advantage their hearers. Why replace the voice in its fleshly tabernacle?" He goes on to compare the practice of biographers to the art of embalming. It preserves bodies of men in a sort of ghastly caricature of those who once wore them. "For a shorter time or a longer it preserves from entire decay that which it better had suffered to perish, but it cannot aid in perpetuating the crying voice or the spirit that, begotten from God, partakes in God's eternity and infinitude. Nay, it tends to abridge the voice's compass and curtail the spirit's power to suffer." He might have said with perfect justice that autobiography even more than biography gives a less favourable impression than that made on contemporary observers by the actual characters of its subjects. It may be that a man cannot directly reveal himself, and that his autobiography is written rather in his less personal books than in the book which professes to give his own account of himself. There are luminous exceptions, no doubt, but in a good many cases a man's deliberate self-portraiture is both libellous and indistinct, giving perhaps the picture of a mind occupied with its own past, and reflecting its aspect in the solitude of self-communion, but giving no true idea of what the man was in relation to others. Thus one of the least amiable autobiographies is that of Mark Pattison, in which, as a critic of the time remarked, he stamped with a strange concession of authenticity a supposed caricature of himself in a clever novel. Yet Pattison was a man of whom one of his intimates said, "In *tête-à-tête* he possessed in a rare degree what seems to me essential to good talk—a vivid consciousness of the person to whom he was speaking." And he was the man who put the question, "What is most worth living for?" and answered it thus:

在以后的作家当中，没有人比瓦尔特·佩特更深刻地思考过生活的艺术，当然我也不曾忘记像阿瑟·赫尔普斯、P. G. 哈默顿以及安妮·莫兹利等人朴素纯正的优点。

在传授生活的艺术时，没有比传记更有用的书籍了。多年来，我阅尽所能找到的每一本传记，它们无一不让我获益。奥利弗夫人是一位传记高手，她对生活的观察总是比多数人来得更为细腻和敏锐。在一篇文章中她描述自己热衷于在“画廊”流连驻足，因为在那里她看到了人类灵魂的斗争、失败、胜利和终结。但近代一位颇为能干的作家却用最刻薄的言辞反对传记，尤其是那些关于先知和英雄的传奇。他认为轻率的传记作家们打着真理的旗号让生活变得空洞无物，上帝的先知们也由此走下神坛变得卑微，他们自身平庸冗长的生活取代了他们假意去歌颂的人类理想生活。所以不应为任何一位伟人、诗人、演说家、布道者或是先知立传。“不用理会他们的吵吵嚷嚷，倘若那样的叫嚣能在一定程度上解救他们，让他们从生活的物质拖累中抽身的话，就随他们去吧！不妨让他们受惠并延及他们的听众，只是不知道他们为什么非要取代神龛中传来的声音？”继而他又把传记作家们的做法比做用香油涂尸的古法防腐，即以一种恐怖的手法把人的尸体加以保存。“在或长或短的时间内，使之免于完全腐烂，其实这样做还不如让它彻底腐烂消亡。但这无助于人们分享上帝的永恒和无限，也无助于上帝的精神永驻，只会缩小传播的范围，削弱精神的张力。”他认为传记不如当代评论家的个性给人留下的印象深刻，而自传则显得更微弱。这个观点可能是深中肯綮的。也许是因为个人总是无法直接地展示自己，因而与其声称自传确系对自己生平的叙述，倒不如说是不含绝密隐私的个人著作。毫无疑问，在很多情况下一个人审慎的自我描述其实是对自己的诋毁，其认识也未必清晰明了。也许只是描绘了被过去时光占据的头脑和独处时与自己的交流；并没有说明相对别人，他是怎样一个人。对自传最不友善的当属马克·帕蒂森，作为一个那个时代的批评家，他在自己的一本小说中展示了其特有的讽刺，却奇怪地对自传的真实性作出了让步和妥协。一

"To deliver one's message." Nevertheless when all is said and done, the world would not part willingly either with its biographies or autobiographies. The lessons of life are not won lightly, and all that is said against biography reduces itself in the end to this—that the ultimate secret of any human personality remains a secret after all observation and all research and all expression have done their best or worst.

That there is an art of life which needs to be cultivated may be shown by various examples. Especially the need is clear when we turn to life's most intimate relations. We are apt to take for granted that natural affection will make them all that they should be without thought or painstaking. A man and woman marry; they are heartily in love with each other. What more is necessary for a happy life? Much more is necessary. Happiness is neither a vested right nor a self-maintaining state. What is necessary is to make sure that love shall not only last, but grow stronger. It is not a matter of course that this should come to pass. It takes skill and science to maintain life through life's various stages, and both the man and the woman must do their part. La Bruyère, I believe, never married, but the story of a young girl is woven through the texture of his life. His ideal woman was woman in her early girlhood. After that period, he thought that she deteriorated, that she did not cultivate her gifts, that her moral sense was injured, that she indulged a natural repugnance for things serious and difficult, and that great beauty did nothing more for her than to lead her to hope for a great fortune. He believed, indeed, that a beautiful woman with the qualities of a worthy man had the merit of both sexes, and was the most delightful companion in the world. But of these there were very few, and so he was content to regard woman with a kind of fatherly tenderness. The bookseller to whose shop he daily repaired to turn over the new books and hear what was going on, had a bright little daughter, with whom he made friends. One day when playing with the child he took out of his pocket the manuscript of his great work, and offered it to the bookseller, saying, "If you get anything by it, let it be the *dot* of my little friend here." When the girl married, her husband received with her a fortune of a hundred thousand livres. Married people must look forward to the close of one stage of life, and prepare for the other. This can only be done by self-denial, by the resolute endeavour on both sides to maintain a community of existence. The marriage that is truly successful is the marriage where each becomes by degrees necessary to the completeness of the other's life, and that happiness will grow more and more if each grows side by side with the other. It is so with the family. Parents must not take for granted that their sons and daugh-

位挚友如此描述帕蒂森：“私下里，对交谈的对象他通常缺乏强烈的意识，而这恰恰是一次成功的谈话所必需的。”正是帕蒂森向我们提出“生之意义何在？”这样的问题，而后又告诉我们是“为了传递人类的信息”。该说的一切都已说尽，该做的也已悉数做完，然而人们还是不愿与传记或自传告别。生命中的教训并非轻易得来，所有反对传记体的言论最后可以归结为这样一句话：纵然我们极尽观察研究，极尽是非臧否，人类的性格终究是个谜。

诸多事实表明，生活的艺术需要培养，而当我们把视线转向人类最亲密的关系，这种需要尤为凸显。我们难免会想当然地认为：只要是自然而然的爱恋，就能让人们不假思索或是不费吹灰之力成为应该成为的那个角色。自由结合的男女真心相爱，他们的幸福生活还需要什么？所需尚多。幸福不是天赐的权利，也不能自我保鲜，所以必须让爱情火焰日益强烈，永恒持久。爱情来了又走了，这不是一个过程问题，想在人生的不同阶段保有生命活力，需要技巧和科学，男女两性都必须扮演好自己的角色。我相信拉布吕耶尔一生未婚，但是一个年轻女子的故事却与他的生命交织在一起。他的理想女性是年少的女子，一旦告别少女时代，她们就逊色了，因为她们不再去培养天资，不再具有良知，对于严肃和困难的事物会产生自然的抵触，美貌只会导致她们对大笔财富的向往。他认为，一个美丽而又受人尊敬的女子拥有男女两性的优点，是世上最令人愉悦的伴侣，但这样的女子世间甚少，所以他更乐于以父辈的仁爱去善待女性。每天他去书店翻阅新书，获取新闻，书店老板有个聪明的小女儿与拉布吕耶尔成了忘年交。一天，他与小女孩玩耍时，从口袋里掏出著作的手稿给书店老板：“如果你用它换到了什么，就把它作为我的小朋友的嫁妆。”后来女孩结婚了，她的丈夫同时得到了一笔价值十万英镑的嫁妆。结了婚的人一定期待着人生一个阶段的完结，并为尚未展开的人生作好准备，而这唯有通过自我否定以及双方坚定地维护其生活共同体，方能实现。真正成功的婚姻在于彼此不同程度地成为对方生命的一部分，倘若两人携手同行，幸福也会与