The inner life of ... père Lacordaire, of the Order of preachers, tr. by a religious of the same order [A.T. Drane].

by
Bernard Chocarne

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THE INNER LIFE

OF THE

VERY REVEREND

PÈRE LACORDAIRE, O.P.

Translated from the French of the Rev. Père Chocarne, O.P.,
by the Author of "Knights of St. John," "St. Dominic and the
Dominicans," etc., etc.

(With the Author's permission.)

WITH PREFACE

BY THE VERY REV. FATHER AYLWARD,

PRIOR PROVINCIAL OF ENGLAND.

LONDON:
R. WASHBOURNE, 18 PATERNOSTER ROW.
1878.
PREFACE.

It is not without reserve and hesitation that I have consented to write a preface to this translation of the "Life of Lacordaire." For I cannot but feel that anything I can say must derive its interest solely from my recollection of his visit to me during his brief stay in England; and the shortness of that visit, and the merely adventitious circumstance of my holding the office of provincial at the time, will scarcely, perhaps, in the reader's judgment, entitle me to assume that familiar style which a writer of personal reminiscences is supposed to claim as his right.

It was in the spring of 1852 that he arrived at Hinckley. I had scarcely had notice of his coming, and the short time during which I had expected him, the reader may well suppose, was not passed without emotion on my part. Nor need I say how subdued and reverent I felt when I stood in our little front parlour in the presence, for the first time, of that great and illustrious brother—and he, too, at my feet.
and asking my blessing—whose name for nearly twenty years before had always had greater power than any other to awaken my enthusiasm, and who, as an orator and champion of religion, had won a place which, in the estimation of many Frenchmen, had remained unoccupied since the time of Bossuet.* He had shortly before preached the sermon at St. Roch which brought his work in Paris to a close; a result which, as I gathered from subsequent conversation with him, although he alluded to it with great reserve, seemed to surprise him. He appeared to be unaware that he had said anything of a particularly strong kind, and seemed to think he might justly have said things much stronger.

"From that day, however," says M. de Montalembert, "it became impossible for him to preach in Paris." He therefore took advantage of the respite to make a tour of the northern provinces of the Order. He thus writes in one of his "Letters to Young Men" (Letter xxxv.): "I write to you from Ghent, where we have a house. I came intending to visit our convents in the northern provinces, namely, in Belgium, Holland, England, and Ireland. They are provinces upon which we count for the general restoration of our Order, and I thought it very useful to get an accurate knowledge of them, especially as we are just about holding our first provincial chapter in France."

Much therefore that we had to commune upon had

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* "When I look around for one greater, one more eloquent than he, I can only think of Bossuet."—(Montalembert, Memoir of Lecordaire, p. 311.)
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reference to the interests of the Order, its discipline, its doctrinal traditions, its studies, its prospects for the future. He spoke with great interest of the little course of homilies on the Scripture text, which he had commenced not long before in our church of Carmes, Rue de Vaugirard, and mentioned with signs of great pleasure the attraction which the simple display of the riches of the Bible seemed to exercise upon the crowds who came to listen. Father Chocarne alludes to this course in chap. xviii. Now and then in the midst of his conversation a gleam of gaiety would break out, and when the delivery of his thought demanded two or three minutes of uninterrupted talk, one remarked all the rapidity and decision which characterise his style. But, on the whole, the idea with which he impressed you, at least for the first day or two, was one of pensiveness and reserve. I thought at the time this might be occasioned by the sense of wrong under which he was suffering; I now see, from his life and letters, it was part of his nature. "Despite myself I weigh what I say, in order not to appear too simple and too loving" (Letter xxxii.).

We had much free and happy conversation upon a variety of questions, very disconnected, and for the most part ending in nothing. I could not at all times agree with him—(may I not unpresumptuously say it?)—nor he with me. Of several of these questions I have a vivid recollection. For instance: How easy it is to misinterpret St. Augustin, taking him ad litteram, and to make it appear that the
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doctrine of the "Augustinus" is deducible from his works; whether (speaking of matters within the limits of Catholic teaching) if Molina verges to one false extreme, some of our Thomists do not seem to tend towards the other; whether there may not be a natural beatitude, such as Catherinus understood it; what was the effect of strict observance on the health and working powers of our students and brethren at Woodchester, particularly in the points of perpetual abstinence and midnight rising. Next to these things, he was chiefly inquisitive concerning the English constitution; and in the interchange of thought on this subject I had to express my doubts as to the success of most of the continental experiments in constitutional government, as being sudden, violent, and revolutionary, the work of men intent on change, discarding national tradition, breaking up old kingdoms, and endeavouring to piece them together again in accordance with a pre-formed theory. To all which he seemed either to demur, or to give only a very cold and silent assent. He appeared interested in hearing it maintained that England could not serve as an example herein to other nations, because its constitutional liberties and representative system are the slow growth of many centuries, originating in our Saxon times, and rooted in our Saxon habits; checked under the early Plantagenets; stimulated into rapid development under the leadership of De Montfort; surviving the despotism of the Tudors, and the fanaticism and exclusiveness of the Puritans; and
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passed on through the Revolution of 1688, with changing fortune down to our own times; extending to every portion of our public society, and regulating every portion of our public business, from the Imperial Parliament to the municipal council and the village vestry. He asked what book could be recommended as containing a good treatise on our Constitution? which, as he did not understand English, was a difficult question to answer; for, with the exception of Guizot, with whose writings on our constitution and history he was already well acquainted, I could not then call to mind any French author who had written professedly about it. I could only therefore mention a few English books; but as I knew of no translations of them into French, my answer did not serve for much.

He repeatedly mentioned his surprise and disappointment at the apathy shown, as he thought, to the memory of O'Connell. And on my expressing my conviction that posterity would do him justice, and that his fame would grow greater as time went on, he would only reply by confessing again and again his inability to understand how the present generation of English and Irish Catholics, the very ones he had raised up and emancipated, should seem to have forgotten his life and services. He little knew that men would arise claiming the leadership of his countrymen, and owing everything to him, who would confess no love for his name, but would glory in discarding his plans, disowning for themselves all part
with him in his loyalty to the Church and in his allegiance to the principles of a true Catholic politician, and treating them with open derision.

We had to touch upon the freedom of the press. The Catholic body were still undergoing the persecution which licentious journals had not ceased to inflict upon us from the time of the re-establishment of our hierarchy. But I forget just now what, and upon what subjects, were the attacks which seemed then particularly intended to wound our minds, and to add to the bitterness and mistrust of our neighbours. I could not help complaining to him of the want, on the part of our governing authorities, of reasonable powers of repression; for if I remember rightly, those attacks were of a quasi-personal kind. I was driven by stress of argument to urge that the fact of the press being perhaps (but not surely) open to you for defence, as to others for aggression, signified little; that you were still kept under a powerful tyranny, hostile or favourable to you according to caprice, or accident, or the expediency of those who undertake to create and to tutor public opinion; that there was an essential immorality in subjecting men to the action of a vast and mysterious kind of being, arbitrary and irresponsible, a corporate intelligence, invisible, ever present, powerful of intellect, but refusing to own a conscience. As I have already said, we were chafing under a sense of unfairness, and were all, of course, very angry (as the reader will doubtless have already perceived), and as men are likely to be when "leading journals" agree
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...make you unhappy, and try to write you down. None felt this more keenly at times than our late great Cardinal. I was wishing that Father Lacordaire would be on my side. But, although I know I used my best French, I could get no hearty response from him; naught but a grave, tender, and patient look, which seemed to me to show that he endured the expression of my views.

This, I remember, was whilst I was driving him to Desford, a village about five miles from Hinckley, on our way to M. de Lisle's, of Gracedieu Manor, the friend of his friend Montalembert. He was much interested with his visit to Gracedieu, the resort, in years past, of so many eminent Catholics, whether foreigners or Englishmen, converts or others. I well remember the varied talk which all took part in, as well in the house, as during our walk through the woods to St. Bernard's Abbey, and on our return by the way of the little mountain chapel of the "Calvary." He was struck with everything; and almost everything suggested a topic of conversation—the wild scenery of Charnwood Forest—the foundation, only a few years before, of the abbey—the progress of the Catholic religion in the neighbourhood, and throughout the kingdom generally—the politics of the day, and the rumour of what Louis Napoleon was said to be contriving against England.

But I fear the reader will hardly pardon all this personal gossip, which, however, although it is trifling, will not be without interest for those who approach
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this charming book of Père Chocarne to try and gain a closer acquaintance with that noble and engaging character whose intimate life it professes to reveal.

Lacordaire himself has said something of the impression made upon him during this visit. In one of his Letters (Letter xxxvii.) he writes: "I spent the last ten days in visiting very beautiful things: first of all, two of our monasteries, one situated at Hinckley, a little town in Leicestershire, and the other in Leicester itself; then a mansion in which I received hospitality, the Cistercian convent called Mount St. Bernard, Alton Towers, belonging to Lord Shrewsbury, Cheadle Church, a Passionist monastery not far from there, the town of Birmingham, and lastly, the Catholic College of St. Mary's, Oscott. All this, which says but little to you, said much to me, and taught me a great deal touching the marvellous growth of the Catholic Church in England. You can form no idea of the magnificence of these establishments, of the beauty of their situation, nor of the touching sight afforded by this resurrection of the works and arts of the faith upon a heretical soil. This, you are told, is a church built by a converted minister; this monastery was built in the solitude by such and such a gentleman; this chapel upon a rock contains a picture of our Lord's Passion, and Protestants themselves come here to sing hymns; this cross is the first which has appeared for three centuries upon a high road."

I am sorry to say I could not accompany him to Oxford, whence the above letter is dated. He was not
one who could be insensible to the charm of such a place; accordingly, there is great beauty of manner in his expression of the thoughts and feelings which possessed him whilst walking through the streets and colleges of that wonderful city; unequalled for many things by any other in Europe, and which, of all non-Catholic cities, is the one which interests a Catholic mind the most. "After ten days thus employed, I came alone to Oxford to rest, and to write in peace to those I love. What a sweet and lovely place this Oxford is! Picture to yourself, in a plain surrounded with hills, and watered by two rivers, an assemblage of Gothic and Greek monuments, churches, colleges, quadrangles, porticoes, scattered about, profusely but gracefully, in noiseless streets terminating in vistas of trees and meadows. All these monuments devoted to science and letters have their gates open; the stranger may walk in just as into his own house, because it is the resort of the beautiful for all who appreciate it. One crosses silent quadrangles, meeting here and there young men wearing the cap and gown; no crowd, no noise; a gravity in the air as well as in the walls darkened by age, for it seems to me that nothing is repaired here for fear of committing a crime against antiquity. And still the most exquisite cleanliness is visible from top to bottom of the buildings. I never saw anywhere such well-preserved monuments with such a beautiful air of decay. In Italy the buildings look young; here it is time which shows without dilapidation, simply in majesty.
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"The town is small, and still it does not seem to want in size: the number of the monuments makes up for houses, and gives it a look of vastness. How my heart yearned for you, as I walked solitary amidst these young men of your own age! Not one of them knew or cared for me: I was to them as though I did not exist, and more than once tears started into my eyes at the thought that elsewhere I should have met friendly looks."

This sense of loneliness would have been relieved had there been some one to trace out to him the situation and boundaries of the well-known "island," (no longer an island,) which were also, formerly, the situation and boundaries of our famous Oxford schools, convent, and church, but of which, I believe, scarce a vestige now remains. He who knew so well the power of the love, "far brought from the storied past," with which a man loves his land, and a religious (no less laudably) loves his ancient Order, would have felt additional emotion on having the spot pointed out where stood those halls which had heard of old the voices of our most famous men, Fishacre and Robert Bacon, Bromyard, Stubbs, Kilwardby, Joyce, Holkot, and Trivet. Had there been a Catholic Oxford in his days, no voice would have had greater power of fascination than his over such minds as those amongst whom he felt as an alien and one unknown. For his peculiar gift from God seems to have been to bring his very soul to play on all the higher and purer feelings of educated young
men; that soul "which," as Montalembert says, "like Almighty God Himself, loved souls above all things: 'Domine qui amas animas' (Sap. xi. 27); that soul in which austerity and firmness were blended with such a wonderful sweetness, in which tenderness and loftiness went hand in hand, in which the candour of the child was allied to such intense manliness" (Memoir, p. 9).

The Count de Montalembert, his old associate and brother in arms, has expressed in manly and affecting language the tenderness and truth of his love for Lacordaire. It reminds you of David's lamentation for the death of his friend: "Doleo super te, frater mi Jonatha, decore nimis, et amabilis super amorem mulierum. Sicut mater unicum amat filium suum, ita ego te diligebam" (II. Reg. i). He thus concludes his Memoir:—"What neither time, nor the injustice of man, nor the 'treachery of glory,' will ever take from him, is the greatness of his character, the honour of having been the most manly, the most finely tempered and most naturally heroic soul of our times."

The reader is now going to be introduced to an intimate acquaintance with this great character, this "heroic soul," through Père Chocarne's delightful pages. His "Vie Intime et Religieuse de Lacordaire" has had extraordinary success in France and elsewhere. And this is not to be wondered at, considering the subject of the book, and the charm with which the writer has invested it.

I cannot conclude without saying that, but for the
suggestions and kind importunity of the Very Rev. Dr. Russell, O. P. Provincial of Ireland, whose taste as a man of letters is only surpassed by his love for his Order, this translation would not have been undertaken. Père Chocarne himself was good enough to write from America a word of approval and encouragement. He also wrote to the Paris publishers (Mme. Poussielgue et Fils), to whom all rights of republication were reserved, and they kindly granted the necessary permission. As to the translation itself, every intelligent reader will acknowledge the ability with which it has been executed. It is due to a writer who has already enriched our English Catholic literature with many original works, the interest of which, both for matter and style, is confessed and appreciated by every one.

J. D. A.

St. Andrew's, Newcastle-on-Tyne,
October 2, 1867.
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CHAPTER I.

Childhood of Henry Lacordaire—His first Studies at Dijon—He loses his Faith—He completes his Course of Law Studies.

It happened, in the year 1793, that the parishioners of Recey-sur-Ource, a small village near Chatillon-sur-Seine in Burgundy, rose in revolt against their curé. The Abbé Magné, who had been called on once before to accept the civil constitution of the clergy, had hitherto contented himself with keeping silence, and had continued the discharge of his sacred functions. This time the malcontents returned to the charge, and were resolved to have their way.

All the revolutionary, as well as all the timid inhabitants of the parish collected round the presbytery, and, tumultuously forcing their way in, obliged the curé to repair to the church. There, before the altar, they called on him to take the oath. The Abbé Magné, whose disposition, though naturally gentle, showed itself firm and intrepid in the presence of danger, endeavoured to explain his conduct. He reminded his people of the law of God, of the rights of conscience, and his own duty as a priest; and appealed to the religious sentiments of those around him, and their affection, which had been so often
tried. But his words were drowned in a clamour of threats and blasphemies. Guns and sabres were pointed at his person. The abbé bared his breast; "Kill me," he said, "if that be your pleasure, but know that I will never take a sacrilegious oath." There was a moment's hesitation, then a voice made itself heard above the tumult, crying out, "Let him go! but woe be to him if he come back again!"

The crowd drove before them the pastor of whom they were not worthy, accompanying him to the end of the village with their yells and hisses. Then they returned to the presbytery, in order to satisfy their rage by sacking and pillaging its humble contents.

Meanwhile the curé journeyed on, abandoned to the care of God, with his head bowed down, and his heart drowned in sorrow, when, at a turn in the road, he suddenly came upon a group of children, who surrounded him, weeping and kissing his hands. They were those whom, a few months previously, he had received to their first Communion. Guided by their hearts they had come by different roads to this spot in order to bid adieu to their pastor. The tears of the old man and of the children mingled in a last embrace. It was a simple and sublime leave-taking, which, to the desolate heart of the poor priest, was at once his reward and the viaticum of his exile, and in the midst of so dark a night gave him a gleam of hope for the future.

The Abbé Magné wandered for a long time in the neighbourhood of Langres, living almost on nothing, and hiding himself among the rocks and forests. His retreat being at length discovered, he crossed over into Switzerland, with a soldier's knapsack on his back, and thence found his way into Italy, and lived for some years at Rome. But Rome was not his parish; the dome of St. Peter's could not make him forget the steeple of his own church; and one evening he re-entered Reccey, with his knapsack on his shoulders and his stick in his hand.
His Birth.

The popular excitement was by this time quieted; nevertheless, there still existed no little danger for the proscribed priest, as well as for those who should offer him an asylum. He went to the house of M. Nicolas Lacordaire, the village doctor of Recey. He well knew his liberal opinions, but he knew him also to be the friend of order, and to possess a generous heart. He was not deceived in his expectations. The door was opened to him, and the priest was kindly welcomed and carefully concealed. An altar was raised in a retired part of the house; and there, for three months, those Christians who still remained faithful were enabled to assist at the Holy Sacrifice, to have their children baptized, and to listen to the Word of God.

Three years after these events, the Abbé Magné baptized John Baptist Henry Lacordaire. It was on the 12th of May, 1802, the same year in which France beheld her churches re-opened, and restored to the service of public worship. If the Abbé Magné could at that moment have rent the veil which conceals the future, and have foreseen what the child was one day to become, he would not have failed to recognise the blessing of God which had rested on this house, in recompense for the protection granted to the persecuted priest—Jesus Christ thus rewarding in the son the father who had given him shelter under his roof—and, whilst returning thanks to the good Providence which had at last restored to the faithful their desecrated temples, he would also have thanked God for sending an apostle who was one day to fill those same temples with wondering and enraptured crowds.

In 1806, M. Lacordaire removed to the village of Bussières, where he died of a chest complaint, leaving his widow with four sons, of whom Henry was the second. Madame Lacordaire, who was a native of Dijon, was the daughter of an advocate in the Parliament of Burgundy; her name was Anna Maria Dugied. Left thus alone, with the care of her children's educa-
tion, and with a moderate fortune, which, if it raised her above poverty, was yet far from ample, she was not dismayed. A strong and courageous Christian, she placed her confidence in God, and desired before all things to make her children Christians also. She cultivated within them the germs of that faith which all were to lose, but to which all were also one day to return. In spite of her narrow means, she desired to give them a first-rate education. But it was especially on their will that this admirable woman succeeded in stamping the impress of her own soul, conveying to them that singular quality of masculine strength and decision which was her own most characteristic feature.

On the death of her husband, Madame Lacordaire went to reside near her family at Dijon. Henry was then four years of age. He had hardly, therefore, known his father. At a later period, his affectionate heart felt this as a wound from which he secretly suffered; and the pain was renewed from time to time, when the chance spectacle of paternal joys, or a word from one of his father's friends, would call up a breath of old childish memories. One old man, who had formerly been intimate with M. Nicolas Lacordaire, and had often held Henry in his arms when a child, came to see him a few years since, at the convent in the Rue de Vaugirard at Paris. Father Lacordaire was never weary of hearing him relate those thousand trifles which complete in our hearts the imperfect sketch of a portrait which has been interrupted by the stroke of death. He evinced visible signs of emotion, and when this friend prepared to take his leave, "I entreat you," said Father Lacordaire to him, affectionately taking his hand, "let us talk a little longer of my father."

A sincerely good man, animated with an inexhaustible fund of charity for the poor, M. Nicolas Lacordaire had been the simple village doctor of Recey-sur-Ouche. His family had earnestly pressed him to settle in the capital, where his merit could
His Childhood.

hardly have failed to have earned for him a distinguished position; but his taste preferred a country life. His son Henry inherited this predilection. "No one would believe," he wrote one day, "how happy it makes me to think that I was not born in a town." Somewhat above the middle height, with a lofty forehead, and large sparkling eyes, in which there sometimes appeared a slight expression of melancholy, M. Nicolas Lacordaire was a man of cultivated mind and simple tastes, and possessed the talent of graceful and engaging conversation. Whenever he spoke, a circle of listeners was sure to gather around him; he had the same gift of charming his audience which his son exercised to so high a degree of fascination. In his features Henry bore a remarkable resemblance to his father; from him also he inherited his intellectual gifts, as from his mother he received the qualities of his soul—his indomitable strength of will—his almost Spartan austerity—his love of simple, sober, and regular life—and, above all, his early impressions of the faith.

In one of his journeys he made a long round, in order that he might go and kneel at his father's grave. He wished once more to see his paternal home, that house which for three months had been the house of God. All his memories of his childhood then returned upon him. Though fifty years had elapsed since then, nothing had been changed. He felt himself at home again; everything was the same—even the old hangings remained on the walls. He expressed his astonishment to the person then owning the residence. "Ah, my Father," replied the latter, "this house has a priceless value in my eyes for the sake of the name which it recalls. As long as I live, I shall not allow any of the objects associated with such memories to be disturbed."

No doubt, when he bade farewell to his old home, and gave it a last look, he felt those sentiments arise in his heart which he elsewhere expressed in words:
"O home of our fathers, where, from our earliest years, we drew in together with the light of day the love of everything holy! It is in vain that we grow old—we return to you with a heart for ever young; and were it not eternity that calls us, and removes us from you, nothing could console us for the grief of seeing your shadows lengthen, and your sun grow pale!"  

His mother loved him more than any of her other children. He wrote at a later period: "Of my mother's four children, her heart clung to me more than to the rest. The gentleness of my temper won me this preference." He was, in fact, a child of charming beauty, in whom sweetness was united to petulance, and quiet tastes to the sallies of a lively and ardent temperament. By a sort of presentiment of his future vocation, he liked in his childish play to imitate a priest. His mother had arranged a little chapel for him, in which nothing was wanting. Henry used to officiate at the altar, and his brothers served his Mass. It was a fine opportunity for preaching, and he did not at that time require much pressing. He preached to everybody who came, but particularly to his nurse, who was his most willing listener." Sit down, Collette," he would say, "the sermon will be long to-day." And, in fact, he would preach with so much force and vehemence that the nurse was sometimes terrified, and, clasping her hands, she would exclaim, "But, Master Henry, that's enough; you will do yourself harm! Don't make yourself so hot!" "No, no," he would reply, "people commit too many sins. It is no matter being tired; I could preach for ever." And then he would recommence his tirades on the decay of faith and the loss of morals. "Persons remember having seen him, when only eight years old," says

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1 XXXIV. Conférence de Notre Dame.  
2 Unpublished Letter, Nov. 1849.  
3 Collette Marquet, whose married name was afterwards Crollet, died on the 20th November, 1862. She delighted in relating these anecdotes to a good priest, by whom they were repeated to us.
His Childhood.

M. Lorain, in his excellent biographical notice,¹ "reading aloud to the passers-by the sermons of Bourdaloue, and imitating, at a window which served him as a pulpit, the gestures and declamations of the priests whom he had heard preach."

He has himself related in his Memoirs his first childish recollections. These have already been given to the public, in the "Letters to Young Men," published by M. l'Abbé Perreyve; but they naturally find a place here, and we shall therefore be pardoned for reproducing them. I do not know if anything like them has ever been written of a similar kind. For myself, I have never read anything which went more directly to my heart—I know nothing more touching, more eloquent, or more simply sublime; and when we remember that he dictated these lines on what was a few days later to be his death-bed—when we call to mind in the midst of what agony his soul preserved this serenity, this freshness and fulness of ideas—we are no doubt filled with admiration for his genius, but far more are we moved to render homage to God, who, after having bestowed on one of His creatures such gifts, consecrated and immortalised by the service they rendered to the truth, left him the full use of them up to his last moment, and commanded death to respect them to the end, even as He has often protected from the corruption of the tomb the bodies of those saints whose virginity has never been tarnished.

"My personal recollections," he writes, "begin to grow clear about the time when I was seven years old. Two events have served to grave that epoch in my memory. My mother at that time sent me to school to begin my classical studies, and she took me to the curé of the parish to make my first confession. I passed through the sanctuary, and found a kind, venerable old man all alone in a fine large sacristy. It was the first time I had ever spoken to a priest; hitherto I had only seen him at the altar,

¹ Correspondant, tom. xvii. p. 817.
surrounded by religious ceremonial, and in a cloud of incense. The Abbé Deschamps—for that was his name—was sitting on a bench, and made me kneel beside him. I quite forget what I said to him, and what he said to me; but the remembrance of this my first interview with the representative of God left on my soul a pure and most profound impression. Since then I have never entered the sacristy of St. Michael's at Dijon, or breathed its air, without the scene of my first confession reappearing before my eyes, with the forms of that beautiful old man, and myself in the ingenuous simplicity of childhood. Indeed, the entire church of St. Michael's is bound up with holy associations, and I have never seen it without experiencing a certain emotion with which no other church has since inspired me. My mother, St. Michael's church, and my first religious ideas, form in my soul a picture, the earliest, the most touching, and the most durable of all. At the age of ten, my mother obtained for me a demi-bourse at the Lycée of Dijon. I entered there three months before the end of the scholastic year. There, for the first time, I felt the hand of sorrow, which, while it afflicted me, made me turn to God in a more earnest and decided manner. From the very first day, my schoolfellows selected me as a kind of plaything or victim. I could not take a step without being pursued by their brutality. For several weeks they even deprived me by violence of any other food than my soup and bread. In order to escape their ill-treatment, I used, as often as possible, to get away from them during the time of recreation, and, going into the schoolroom, conceal myself under a bench from the eyes alike of my masters and companions. There, alone, without protection, abandoned by every one, I poured out religious tears before God, offering Him my childish troubles as a sacrifice, and striving to raise myself, by tender sentiments of piety, to the cross of His divine Son.
His School Days.

We must interrupt this narrative to dwell for a moment with pious emotion on these religious tears, this first revelation of God to a child's heart by suffering, this first vision of his salvation in the cross of Jesus Christ. This little sufferer, hidden under a bench in the college of which he was afterwards to be the honour, and taking refuge at the feet of the Great Victim, gives the key to the entire life of Father Lacordaire. He was not to be raised by God until he had been abased. He was to know glory, but only at the price of hard humiliations and bitter disappointments; and in the hour of success, as in that of trial, his refuge, his resource, his life, his very passion, was to be the cross, the cross of Him who sought the little schoolboy hidden under his bench. "Brought up," he continues, "by a strong and courageous Christian mother, the sentiment of religion had passed from her bosom into mine like a sweet and virgin milk. Suffering transformed that precious liquor into the manly blood which made me, whilst still a child, a kind of martyr. My persecution came to an end, however, when the holidays began and when school recommenced, either because they were tired of tormenting me, or because it may be I earned their goodwill by sacrificing something of my innocence and simplicity.

"About this time there came to the Lyceum a young man of twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, who had just left the normal school, whence he had been summoned to undertake the direction of an elementary class. He took a great fancy to me, though I was not one of his pupils. He occupied two rooms in a separate part of the house, and I was allowed to go there and work under his care during part of the study hours. There for three years he gratuitously lavished on my education the most assiduous attention. Although I only belonged to the sixth form, he made me often read and learn by heart, from one end to the other, the tragedies of Racine and Voltaire, which
he had the patience to make me recite aloud. As a lover of letters, he tried to inspire me with similar tastes; and as a man of honour and integrity, he endeavoured, at the same time, to make me gentle, chaste, sincere, and generous, and did his best to master the effervescence of a somewhat indocile nature. But as to religion, he was a stranger to it. He never spoke to me on the subject, and I observed the like silence in my conversations with him. Had he not been wanting in that precious gift, he would have been the preserver of my soul, as he was the good genius of my intellect; but God, who had sent him to me as a second father and a true master, was pleased in His providence to permit that I should fall into the abyss of unbelief, in order that I might one day the better understand the glory of revealed truth. My revered master, then, M. Delahaye, suffered me to be swept along in the same current which bore my schoolfellows far away from all religious faith; but he fixed in my soul the love of literature and the love of honour, which had been the guiding principles of his own life. The events of 1815 deprived me of him unexpectedly; and he entered the public service as a magistrate. I have always associated his memory with everything good that has since befallen me.

"I made my first Communion in the year 1814, being then twelve years of age. It was my last religious joy, the last ray which my mother's soul was to shed on mine. Ere long the shadows thickened around me, a dismal night surrounded me on every side, and no longer did I receive from God in my conscience any sign of life.

"At school I was considered but a middling sort of scholar. My understanding deteriorated with my morals; and I proceeded along the path of degradation, which is the chastisement of unbelief, and the very reverse of reason. But suddenly, in my course of rhetoric, the seeds of literature sown in my mind by M. Delahaye began to spring up and blossom, and at
the end of the year prizes without number came to rouse my pride far more than they rewarded my labour. My classical studies ended with a very indifferent course of philosophy, which had neither breadth nor depth."

The years passed by Henry Lacordaire at the Lyceum of Dijon left a lasting impression there. His earnest and studious disposition, his very countenance, with its thin, regular features, his large eyes, broad and open brow, and, above all, the prodigious success of the closing years of his school-life, left a deep impression on the minds of his young companions. He was cited on all occasions as a diligent worker and an unexampled prize-man. They used to relate how, in his time, when the day-scholars collected under the portico before the opening of the classes, the children would climb the bars of the enclosure, in order to see the pupils defile into the court, and would cry out, pointing to Henry Lacordaire, "See! there he is!"1

The Memoirs continue as follows:—

"On entering the school of law at Dijon I returned to my mother's house and the unspeakable charms of domestic life. In that house there was nothing superfluous, but a severe simplicity, a strict economy, the fragrance of those antique times so different from our own, and a certain sacred character which clung to the virtues of the widowed mother of four sons, who saw them grouped around her already growing out of boyhood, and who might hope to leave behind her a generation of good, perhaps even of distinguished, men. Yet sadness often clouded the heart of that excellent woman, when she felt that among her sons there was not one who was a Christian, not one who could accompany her to the holy mysteries of her religion.

"Happily, among the two hundred pupils who

1 Recollections drawn up by the Abbé Joseph Reignier, who entered the Lyceum of Dijon a year after Henry's departure, and was his fellow-student at Saint-Sulpice. These notes have been inserted in the Annales Dominicaire for July, 1865, p. 281.
frequented the school of law, about a dozen were to be found whose understandings penetrated a little farther than the civil code, who wished to be something more than avocats de murs mitoyens, and to whom patriotism, eloquence, glory, and the virtues of citizens, furnished more powerful incentives than the vulgar chances of fortune. They soon became known to each other by that mysterious sympathy which, if it unites vice to vice, and mediocrity to mediocrity, sometimes also brings together souls of higher aspirations. Almost all these young men owed their natural superiority to Christianity. Though I did not share their faith, they were disposed to acknowledge me as one of themselves; and before long, in our social meetings or long walks, we discussed together the highest questions of philosophy, politics, and religion. Naturally enough I neglected the study of positive law, absorbed in pursuits of a higher intellectual interest, and as a law-student, I was no more distinguished than I had been as a pupil at college.\textsuperscript{1}

The above is all that Father Lacordaire has told us of this interesting period of his life. Happily, one of the friends of his youth, a fellow-student, and, like him, a member of the Dijon Society of Studies, has preserved some records of this time, written during the lifetime of Lacordaire. M. Lorain paints in warm colours the enthusiasm which animated the young men of that time with regard to all the exciting questions then agitating the world; and the ardour with which Henry engaged in these discussions, wherein politics and literature, philosophy and religion, were handled by turns, and judgments passed by the young critics, who were more absolute in their views from the fact that their decisions went no further than their conference room. He calls to mind the distinguished position held by Henry Lacordaire among this select society, and takes pleasure in relating

\textsuperscript{1} Mémoires.
His Early Studies.

his triumphs, both of written and oral eloquence. He analyses with precision the most striking features of his genius, and it is easy to distinguish in the speeches of the student of Dijon the future orator of Notre Dame. Whilst describing the unbelief and the exaggeration which appeared in his political doctrines, he points out their precise nature, and measures their tendency with just moderation. Let us quote a few passages which throw great light on the character of the man, and on his religious opinions at the period of his first entrance into life.

"In all these discussions," says M. Lorain, "Henry Lacordaire took a leading part. In spite of his extreme youth, he gained at once the first place among all his equals.

"We still seem to hear those brilliant bursts of eloquence, those arguments so full of skill, of rapidity, of ready and delicate wit; we seem to see that eye so fixed and sparkling, so penetrating and so motionless, that looked as though it would pierce into the most secret depths of our thoughts: and we seem once more to listen to that voice, clear, vibrating, full of emotion, intoxicated with its own richness, attentive to its own echoes alone, abandoning itself without reserve or constraint to the quenchless fulness of its poetic inspiration. O beautiful years! too quickly flown! O precious and magnificent outpourings of genius, full well did you predict the incomparable orator who was one day to be gained to the cause of God!

"The literary compositions which the young law-student read to the Dijon Society of Studies in 1821 and 1822 prove still better the progress and the tendency of his mind. In one of them he relates with much richness of imagery the story of the siege and ruin of Jerusalem by the Emperor Titus. In another he speaks of patriotism, and gathers out of Biblical, Greek, and Roman antiquity, as well as from modern history, the most touching recollections, the most
pathetic sorrows, which have ever been inspired by exile or regrets for lost national independence. Finally, in a third he treats of liberty after the manner of Plato’s Dialogues, and the speaker whom he introduces is no other than Plato himself, conversing with his disciples on the promontory of Sunium, and exclaiming—'Liberty is justice!'

"In these first essays of a yet untried intellect, in the very choice of subjects at once so grave and so noble, might be recognised the best characteristics of the orator of Nôtre Dame.

"Were we still in the age of antithesis, I should say that the character and the genius of Henry Lacordaire abounded in singular contrasts. That mind which so often surprised one by its sudden and brilliant success, was capable also of continued, obstinate, and daily work: his nature was as patient as it was energetic—it united at one and the same time vivacity and gentleness. With his lively and impatient imagination he was still capable of maturing a profound design; to promptness of views he joined cool reflection and deliberate calculation. By the side of his glorious youth you saw the anticipated gravity of age; and a rattling gaiety, which even verged at times on childish buffoonery, was mingled with the meditations of the deep thinker. Together with a temperament full of ardour and passion, he had a natural liking for order and method, for the nice arrangement of small matters, for a simple elegance and a studied neatness and exactitude. Whether in verse or prose, he could stop at will in the midst of a phrase or a measure. When a friend looked into his study, symmetry of arrangement met his eye on every side. There was no disorder in the books; the paper, the pens, the desk, the very penknife, were all disposed with a sort of correct art on the little black table, forming no disagreeable angle. The same neatness and regularity were observable in his manuscripts, in his writing, in everything he did or touched; in a
word, there was in all things a kind of material symbolism of that prudence of the serpent joined to the simplicity of the dove, which, in one of his finest Conferences, he declares himself to possess, adding with a charming grace, that, like St. Francis of Sales, he would willingly give twenty serpents for one dove.  

Father Lacordaire has related how it was that he came to lose his faith, and on this point the testimony of his friends agrees with his own. He had so often publicly confessed his errors, and proclaimed aloud in the pulpit how impossible it is to preserve purity for any length of time without the supernatural help of grace, that it is unnecessary for us to dwell here on the share which independence of mind, and the effervescence of the passions, always have in the apostasy of a lad of fifteen. But if he bade adieu to his mother's faith, it was only because there was no one at the Lyceum to keep it alive. "Nothing," he said, "supported our faith." He did not renounce his faith, it rather died within him. He drank, like so many others of his generation, at the poisoned sources of the preceding age, but he was not intoxicated by them. His incredulous mind took pleasure in objections, but hatred was foreign to his soul. His natural sympathies so fully harmonised with the gospel, his sincere love of truth and candour of soul were such, that Catholicism even then must needs have appeared to him as the solitary Pharos of life in the midst of that chill night which surrounded him on every side.

"I love the gospel," he said at this time, "for its morality is incomparable; I respect its ministers, because they exercise a salutary influence on society; but I have not received as my share the gift of faith."  

"I left college at the age of seventeen," he writes in his Memoirs, "with my faith destroyed, and my

1 Lorain; Correspondant, tom. xvii. p. 823.
2 Ibid. p. 822.
morals injured, but upright, open, impetuous, sensible to honour, with a taste for letters and for the beautiful, having before my eyes, as the guiding star of my life, the human ideal of glory. This result is easily explained. Nothing had supported our faith in a system of education in which the Word of God held but a secondary place, and was enforced neither with argument nor eloquence, whilst at the same time we were daily engaged in studying the masterpieces and heroic examples of antiquity.

"The old pagan world, presented to us in these sublime aspects, kindled within us a love of its virtues, while the modern world created by the gospel remained entirely unknown to us. Its great men, its saints, its civilisation, its moral and civil superiority, the progress made by humanity under the influence of the Cross, totally escaped our notice. Even the history of our own country, scantily studied, left us wholly unmoved; and we were Frenchmen by birth without being so at heart. I am far, however, from joining in the condemnation which some in our own time have passed on the study of the classics. We owed to them the sense of the beautiful, many precious natural virtues, great examples, and an intimacy with noble characters and memorable times; but we had not climbed high enough to reach the summit of the edifice, which is Jesus Christ;—the friezes of the Parthenon concealed from us the dome of St. Peter's."¹

"There are both exaggeration and falsehood," says M. Lorain, "in the view which represents Henry Lacordaire as a sort of impious tribune and atheistic democrat. That the Deism of the student was tinged with something of Voltairean railery, or rather with the philosophy of Rousseau, which better suited the conscientious gravity of his mind, cannot be denied; for we must make the sad avowal, it was through this phase that all France at that time passed. But farther than this he never went. The beardless philo-

¹ Mémoires, p. 386.
sopher already said, in his own beautiful style:

"Every one is free to engage in a combat against order, but order can never be overcome. It may be compared to a pyramid which rises from earth to heaven: we cannot overthrow the base, for the finger of God rests on the summit."

"At another time he wrote: 'Impiety leads to depravity, corrupt morals give birth to corrupt laws, and licentiousness plunges a people into slavery before they can raise an alarm. Let us be on our guard; there is no question here of the life of a day, of an apparent tranquillity, of an accidental vigour which sports with its triumphs, and is soon expended. Sometimes nations die out in an insensible agony, which they love as if it were some sweet and agreeable repose; sometimes they perish in the midst of feasts, singing hymns of victory, and calling themselves immortal!'

"He who wrote thus was not yet twenty. By what an immense interval was he already separated from vulgar sceptics and foolish revolutionists!"\(^1\)

In fact, we already see, in this young thinker and writer, all the lineaments of that grand character which was soon to develop its magnificent proportions before God and man. He has lost his faith, it is true; but he is perplexed to know what shall replace it as the guide of his life; he measures at a glance the consequences of religious indifference for individuals as for nations, with an astonishing maturity of judgment, and he is already honestly seeking the truth. He might easily be drawn into the errors of a lively imagination, of an ardent temperament which spurns restraint; had he not felt himself held back by the earnest side of that same nature, by his love of work, and by a certain natural humility and distrust of self, which make him avoid the vortex where so many unripe minds are lost—the facility of their genius. He chooses his ordinary and exclusive society amongst

\(^1\) Lorain.
studious young men; and though he is not insensible to their warm applause, he nevertheless prefers the charm of those generous friendships, many of which will survive through all the vicissitudes of his life, and be to him a living memory of those happy years at Dijon, on which he so loved to dwell. Who will not be touched at the affectionate homage which he rendered on his death-bed to the memory of his old master? Who will not there recognise the faithful evidence of a heart which forgot nothing but injuries, and was never able to understand that deformity of the soul which is called ingratitude?

Paris was soon to develop all these germs of promise; Paris was to restore to him what it causes so many others to lose—his religious faith. It was to give him the vocation from on high, and was to point out to him his future path. For this great battle-field is the arena of the strong; and the fire which dissolves and decomposes all metal of baser alloy does but test and purify gold.
CHAPTER II.
1822—1824.

_He goes to Paris—His first appearance at the bar—His character—
His return to religious belief._

ATHER LACORDAIRE continues thus the narrative of his early years, and his arrival at Paris: "My law studies ended, my mother, in spite of her narrow means, determined to send me to Paris, that I might go into residence there, with the view of entering at the bar. She was urged to this by her maternal hopes in my regard; but God had other designs, and she was in reality, without knowing it, sending me to the gates of eternity. Paris did not dazzle me. Accustomed to an exact and laborious life, I lived there as I had lived at Dijon, with one sorrowful exception, that I was no longer surrounded with friends and fellow-students, but found myself in a vast and profound solitude where no one cared for me, and where my soul fell back on itself without finding there either God or faith, but only the pride of anticipated glory. Introduced by M. Riambourg, one of the presidents of the royal court of Dijon, to M. Guillemin, an advocate of the council, I worked in his office with patient diligence, occasionally attending the bar, and attached to a society of young men,
called the Society of Good Studies, which was at once Catholic and royalist and where, therefore, I found myself on both accounts a stranger. Having become an unbeliever, at college, I had become likewise a liberal in the school of law, though my mother was devoted to the Bourbons, and had given me in baptism the name of Henry, in memory of Henry IV., the dearest idol of her political faith. But all the rest of my family were liberals, I was so myself by natural instinct, and scarcely had I caught the echoes of public affairs than I belonged to the age by my love of liberty, as entirely as I had already been identified with it by my ignorance of God and of the gospel. It was M. Guillemin who had introduced me to the Society of Good Studies, in the hope that there I should change my views, which differed from his own. But he was disappointed. No light came to me from that quarter, and no friendship either. I lived poor and solitary, labouring in secret at twenty years of age, without exterior enjoyments, or agreeable ties in society, without attraction for the world, or enthusiasm for the theatre; in fact, without any passion of which I was conscious, unless it were a vague tormenting desire of renown. Some slight success in the Court of Assize moved me a little, but without taking any great hold on me.  

Here, then, the inner life of Father Lacordaire begins to reveal itself. This period contains no exterior fact worthy of notice. The whole progress is interior, the whole interest is concentrated on this dialogue of the soul with itself, in which it is faithfully portrayed. We find here none of the brilliant strokes, whether in speaking or writing, which distinguished the young law-student; as yet we see neither the priest, the orator, nor the religious; we see only the man. The drama is limited to the struggles of this soul thrown back on itself, and

1 Mémoires, p. 389.
Life in Paris.

anxiously inquiring what it is, and towards what unknown shore it is led by destiny.

If, then, we wish to know the man in Father Lacordaire, it is here, in his little advocate's chamber at Paris, that we must study him. Never, perhaps, has he let fall expressions truer or more eloquent, or which throw a clearer light on the depths of his singular nature. He speaks neither from the tribune nor the pulpit; it is not a book that we are reading, nor even a correspondence; he writes to his friends at that age which is generally so unreserved; but his friends do not understand him, and do not know what to reply. It is a soul wrestling with itself and with God; a soul which has gone unarmed into the combat, and which, without knowing it, struggles on the confines of eternity. It is the hour of Divine vocation; that grave and solemn hour when a man, "left in the hand of his own counsel" (Ecc. xv. 14), hears himself called from on high, and required to choose his future path—an hour yet more grave and solemn for the soul whom God predestines to great things. He hears himself called, but whence comes the voice? Is it from heaven? Alas! he no longer believes in the God of his mother, the only One to whom man dares to speak, and Who deigns to reply. Voices of earth likewise call him, and seek to hold him back. One of his dreams is friendship. He seeks for friends, and when he finds them, believes them perfect. He writes letters to them, in which his tender and ingenious nature opens with transport to the most delightful prospects, and gives itself for eternity without hesitation or calculation. The next day the light breaks in, and the charm vanishes. He shares neither the religious faith nor the political views of those whom he seeks to love; he perceives, when he is disenchanted, that true friendship is impossible without unity of belief, and he sinks back with regret into his former sad isolation. Glory likewise calls him, but, hidden under the form of
this phantom robed in purple, his calm reason displays to him only emptiness and death. Solitude attracts him; but without God or friends, it is a barren desert. He is fond of reading, but finds no enjoyment in his books: everything wearsies and disgusts him, and he understands that there are some wants which earth is powerless to satisfy. The world, in fact, is too little for him. He requires the Infinite, he aspires after It, but heaven is closed against him; and on this side also there is neither sign, nor answer, nor certainty, nor repose.

Worn out by his wanderings in this bitter void, his soul is cast down and exhausted. He avows his own incapacity; he seeks for light in good faith, and prays God to take pity on him. Then it was that he found God waiting for him. The clouds then began to break, truth unveiled herself before him, and as she did so drew to herself this wandering and suffering soul. It was the second revelation of God to His beloved child by the way of suffering, and it was not the last. There was no middle stage for him between belief and devotion. On the day of his conversion, he was already in heart a priest.

Such is an abstract of the history of those two years which decided the career of Henry Lacordaire. The numerous extracts from letters of this epoch, collected by M. Lorain, throw light on the interior progress of this soul, so uncertain of its future course, agitated with anxiety under the Etna of life.

He lived at this time in the Rue Mont-Thabor, in a small attic chamber. Accustomed from childhood to a life directed by reason, and regulated by duty, he knew how, in the midst of the fire that devoured him, to compel himself to diligent and monotonous labour of a nature contrary to all his tastes. But he suffered from it. "This fire of enthusiasm and imagination which consumes me," he writes, "was certainly never given that it might be quenched under the ice of the law, or stifled in positive and arduous meditations.
Life in Paris.

But I am detained in my present position by that force of reason which convinces me that to try everything, and to be always changing one's place, is not the way to change one's nature."1 Here, no doubt, we see one feature of his character. His was pre-eminently a practical mind; he was, more than anything else, a man of duty. No one, as he acknowledges, might have been capable of more follies, on one side of his nature; but imagination, passion, restlessness, in a word, all the inferior powers, were held tamed and docile under his powerful hand, like so many foaming coursers.

"There are in me," he says, "two contrary principles always at war, which sometimes make me very unhappy: a cold reason opposed to an ardent imagination; and the one disenchant me from all the illusions which the other presents." This victory of reason over imagination, however, was often dearly purchased.

We must remember what the times then were, in order to understand how much of their teaching Henry Lacordaire accepted, and how much he rejected. France had not then, as now, reached a precocious maturity by paths sown with disappointed hopes and sad experiences, nor had she withdrawn from public affairs out of very weariness. All was then young: the world, liberty, and poetry, were all full of vigour and enthusiasm. The ruins heaped up by the preceding generation—the broken fragments of arms and banners which the early years of the present century had scattered over our soil—lay on the heart of France like an immense and stifling weight of bloody memories and humbled glories. At the first dawn of liberty and public life, the powers so long forcibly repressed woke once more to vigour, and opened in a sunshine which was destined, it is true, to see more flowers than fruits, yet for all that the flowers were beautiful and radiant with life. A soul

1 Lorain—Correspondant, tom. xvii. p. 825.
Like that of Henry Lacordaire could not remain indifferent when, arriving at Paris in this season of universal spring, he heard the most harmonious voices singing, in numbers too quickly forgotten, the awakening of a great people. He beheld the grand spectacle of social reconstruction in which enthusiasm, and hatred, aspirations, and regrets, together with dreams which, if wild, were yet often generous, were mingled pell-mell together. To those who had more taste for the invisible revolutions of the soul, there came from the savannas of America enchanting perfumes, breathing of a dreamy life of freedom, which intoxicated many young minds. Henry drank of this cup, like so many others; but he knew how to stop where extravagance begins; and whilst his imagination was wandering among the enchanting solitudes of the new world, his patient pen was copying memoranda and drawing up consultations. "Who among us," he exclaimed, thirty years later, "has not fancied in the days of his youth that he was wandering free in the solitudes of the new world, with no other roof than the heavens, and no drink save the water of unknown rivers—no other food than the fruits of the earth and the game he has killed in hunting—no law but his own will—no pleasure save the sense of independence, and the chances of a life without constraint on a soil without a possessor? Such dreams were ours also. Our heart bounded, recognising its own portrait, when, in a celebrated book, we came upon that passage in which the man of civilisation says to the man of the wilderness: 'Chactas, return to your forests: resume that holy independence of nature of which Lopes will not deprive you—for myself, were I young, I would follow you.' It seemed to us, as we read these words, that we were listening to ourselves: our oppressed soul escaped to these ideal regions, and came back with regret to the monotonous burden of reality."

His imagination cradled him in these dreams of

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1 Conférence, li. p. 604.
His Love of Independence.

excessive independence, which agreed so well with his nature, his college education, and the atmosphere he inhaled in Paris. "The child of an age which scarce knows how to obey," he says, "the love of independence had all my life been my nurse and guide." Moreover, in that agitated atmosphere he felt ill at ease, and was tormented by vague desires, in which already God lay concealed in the fictitious tears of kind. "Where is the soul that can comprehend me, and will not be surprised, when I say that the very name of Grande-Grece makes me weep and shudder? . . . . But the minds of other men are not made to understand mine: I sow my seed on a slab of polished marble." What he especially sought and desired to find was some friendship which should people for him the vast desert of Paris. He hoped to meet with such in the society of young men to which M. Guillemin had introduced him; and about a year after he came to Paris, he wrote to one of his young comrades at the bar the following unpublished letter, in which his soul, his heart, his judgment, and his mind all discover themselves in an interesting manner:

"Paris, November 10, 1823.

"My dear Friend,—When I saw you this morning, I felt more than ever how far off from you I was, and I felt with pain that our meetings would be merely passing ones, and would never assume that intimate character which long habit, and the reciprocal interchange of mind and heart, establish between two persons. Nevertheless, I acknowledge to you that one of my favourite ideas, and one of those which most delighted me in looking forward to my residence at Paris, was the hope of uniting myself to you by very strong ties. I consol'd myself for the loss of friends who could only love me at a distance by the thought that I had found one who would take their place, and supply for the want of their daily intercourse, and that

1 Memoires. 2 Lorain—Correspondant, tom. xvi. p. 826."
sweet goodwill which all men require to give and to receive. I took pleasure in saying to myself that, like them, you had religious principles which I love, without being as yet able to adopt them; that, like them, you had sound political opinions, without joining to them that asperity and narrowness of views by which the truth is too often dishonoured; and that, like them, you were pure in your life and in your tastes. I loved in you the living memory of my friends, and I drew a happy presentiment for my future life, from the fact that I am always meeting with people better than myself. The mere thought of your friendship, therefore, peopled for me the vast desert of Paris, and I waited there for you in order to complete my existence. But we are so far apart, that if I were to leave it to chance, our souls might journey on side by side without ever touching; and really there are so many amiable men who live unknown in this world, that it seems wrong to let those escape from you who do fall into your hands. Then, again, the time of life will soon be passed at which we can hope to form such friendships: in riper age it is interest rather than affection which binds men together, for there is a certain effusion of heart which expires with our youth. As we are still both of us young, and as you understand me and know me well enough to appreciate all that there is in me, whether good or bad, I offer you what will be a lasting friendship, entreating you to grant me yours in return. See, now, I will try and paint myself to you a little, in order to give you a first mark of confidence; it shall be the earnest of my affection.

"There are in me, then, two contrary principles, which are always at war, and which sometimes make me very unhappy—a cold, calm reason, opposed to a burning imagination—and the first disenchant me of all the illusions which the second presents. Nobody would commit more follies than I should do on one side of my being, were I not withheld by a