

**THE ANGELUS SERIES. LIFE  
SCIENCE AND  
ART: BEING LEAVES  
FROM ERNEST HELLO**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9781760570514

The Angelus Series. Life Science and Art: Being Leaves from Ernest Hello by Ernest Hello & E. M. Walker

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**ERNEST HELLO & E. M. WALKER**

**THE ANGELUS SERIES. LIFE  
SCIENCE AND  
ART: BEING LEAVES  
FROM ERNEST HELLO**



LIFE, SCIENCE, AND ART

IESUIT  
BIBL. MAJ.  
SEMINARY

The Angelus Series

# LIFE SCIENCE AND ART

BEING

LEAVES FROM ERNEST HELLO

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY

E. M. WALKER

"I have tried to show how Life, Science, and Art  
are three mirrors, each of which reflects the same  
face."—ERNEST HELLO.

JESUIT

BIBL. MAJ.

SEMINARY

R. & T. WASHBOURNE, LTD.

PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

AND AT MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, AND GLASGOW

BL  
43  
H36  
1916

46753

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION - - - -	7
I. The One Thing Necessary -	23
II. The Sphinx - - - -	30
III. Intellectual Charity - -	35
IV. Some Considerations on Charity - - - -	45
V. Great Men - - - -	48
VI. No Time! - - - -	55
VII. Isolation and Solitude -	57
VIII. Hope - - - -	61
IX. Unity - - - -	67
X. The Spirit of Contradiction -	73
XI. Appearance and Reality -	79
XII. Indifference - - - -	86
XIII. Light and the People -	91
XIV. The Age and the Ages -	95
XV. Contemplatives and Lunatics	103
XVI. The World - - - -	108
XVII. The Mediocre Man - - -	112
XVIII. Envy - - - -	115
XIX. On the False Association of Ideas - - - -	121
XX. Art - - - -	124

## Contents

	PAGE
XXI. Contempt for Art -	127
XXII. The Ridiculous -	130
XXIII. The Press -	133
XXIV. History -	145
XXV. Science -	151
XXVI. The Holy Scriptures -	154
XXVII. The Holy Angels -	159
XXVIII. Alone and Poor -	165
XXIX. The Friends of Job -	166
XXX. "Credo, Domine, Adjuva Incredulitatem meam" -	168
XXXI. Work and Rest -	175



## INTRODUCTION

NEAR the grave of the poet Brizeux, in the cemetery of the Breton town of Lorient, is a great stone cross bearing the simple inscription: ERNEST HELLO. Anyone passing that way some twenty years ago might have found on the grave, not only flowers, but a little stocking, a child's shoe—the grateful and touching *ex-voto* of some simple peasant who felt convinced that he whose prayers, affection, and money, had ever been at the service of the poor during his life, still cared for them, and thought of them, and prayed for them, in the silent world beyond. Nothing endures like love; and the memory of the scholar and man of genius, who was also so good a friend, lingered long about Kéroman and Lorient.

Ernest Hello was born at Lorient in 1828. His father was a magistrate

## Life, Science, and Art

of high standing, a just and upright man, greatly respected in the neighbourhood. His mother, a clever, handsome, proud woman, possessing much nobility of character, was almost too careful of her delicate little son, and it seems probable that her excessive precautions did but aggravate his weak health.

Ernest's childhood was passed on the old family estate of Kéroman, near Lorient. Beyond the wooded farms, where the peasants spoke Breton, lay the desolate *landes* and the grey sea. He loved these solitudes as a boy, and in manhood he returned to them to spend the best years of his life in strenuous literary work.

Hello was educated first at Rennes, then at the *Lycée Louis le Grand*, Paris. He studied for the Bar, but threw up his profession because his fellow-barristers decided in conference that it was quite permissible to defend an unjust cause. He could not, he felt, bear to be connected with a body of men, the majority of whom held such an opinion.

Long ago, as a mere child of four, Hello's uncompromising love of

## Introduction

truth had manifested itself. He used to dress himself up in the most fantastic guise and play at being a tiger, crawling round the room on all fours and roaring horribly, while his mother fled from him in pretended alarm. When, however, he one day attempted by the same means to frighten away some rather dilatory callers, he was singularly unsuccessful. Instead of flying from the wild beast, the visitors were amused, and began to pet and caress him. "So, mother," said the child, when they were gone, "you were never really frightened at all! But how could you deceive me—a little boy like me?" Never, said Mme. Hello, did she forget the reproach in her child's voice.

So *intransigent* a nature would scarcely have been fitted in any case for the legal profession, yet his early training stood Hello in good stead when he turned his attention to journalism. For him, writing was a vocation; the writer's art, a sacred art. He was, indeed, endowed with that first and most indispensable gift of a writer—the gift of style; and this gift of his,