

**JOURNAL OF EUGÉNIE
DE GUÉRIN. IN TWO
VOLUMES. VOL. II**

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Journal of Eugénie de Guérin. In Two Volumes. Vol.II by Eugénie de Guérin

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EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN

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EDITED

By G. S. TREBUTIEN

IN TWO VOLUMES

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JOURNAL
OF
EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN.

I.

You are my witness, Lord, that I find consolation nowhere; rest in no creature. — THOMAS À KEMPIS.

10th April (1839), at Nevers.

EIGHT days, eight months, eight centuries, — I don't know what length of time, of endless tedium, since I left thee, my friend, my poor invalid! Is he well, is he better, is he worse? Questions that go on for ever and ever without any reply. Distressing ignorance, hard to endure, — heart ignorance, the only one that causes suffering, or at least that causes us most suffering. It is fine weather, everywhere sunshine, and a flower-scented air which will do thee good. Spring warmth will cure you better than any medicines. I tell thee this out of a hopeful heart, alone in a hermit's chamber, with

a chair, a cross, and a little table under a little window where I write. From time to time I see the sky and hear the bells, and some passers-by in the streets of Nevers, the dull. Is it Paris that has spoiled me, and made me think everything small and gloomy? Never was there a more deserted, dark, tiresome town than this, spite of the *charms that inhabit it*, — Marie and her amiable family. There is no charm, however, strong enough to resist certain influences. Oh, despondency! the most malignant, most pertinacious, most at home of all; which when one has driven it out by one door comes back by another; which costs us so much labour to prevent its remaining mistress of the abode. I have tried everything, even bringing out my distaff from the recesses of its case, where it had been since I left the Cayla. This reminded me of the shepherd who, when he got to court, kept the chest in which his crook lay, and was wont, by way of enjoyment, to open it sometimes. I also found some pleasure in seeing my distaff once more and spinning a little. But I was spinning so many things besides! Lastly, I read 'A Voyage to the Pelew Islands,' — a work about as interesting as tow. I was not able to extract thence any antidote to dejection. How it lasts, this inex-